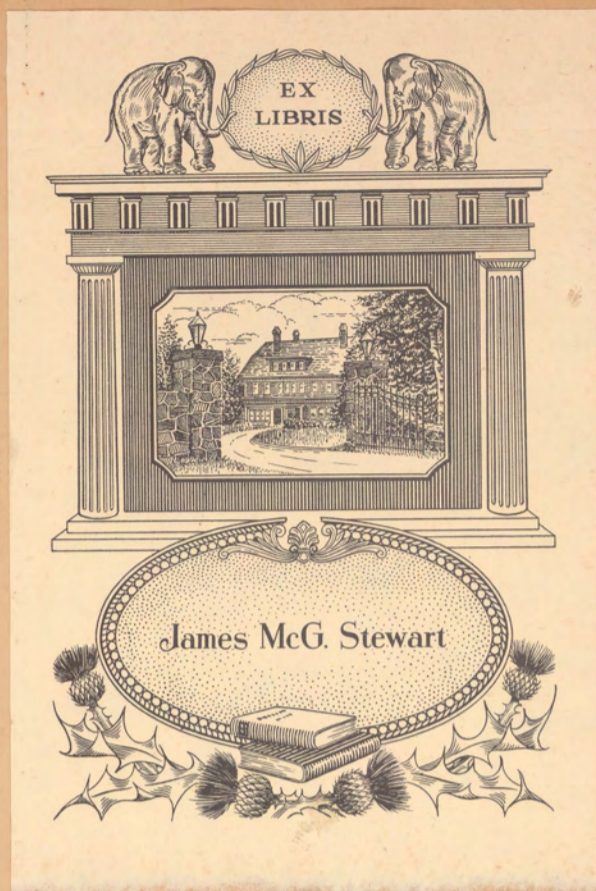




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Loto



"With Number Three"  
by  
Rudyard Kipling  
N.Y. Herald. Apr. 21, 23, 24<sup>th</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 1900.

*gigord*

*Best thing in the collection*

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PAT. MARCH, 22, 1892.

# WITH RUDYARD KIPLING ON A RIDE TO THE FRONT

## WITH NUMBER THREE

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Copyright, 1900, by Rudyard Kipling.)

All the world over, nursing their scars,  
Sit the poor fighting men broke in our wars,  
Sit the poor fighting men, surly and grim,  
Mocking the lit of the conqueror's hymn,  
Dust of the battle o'erwhelmed them and hid—  
Fame never found them for aught that they did,  
Wounded and spent, to the lazar they drew,  
Lining the road where the legions went through.

Sons of the Laurel, that press to your meed—  
Worthy God's pity most ye that succeed—  
Ye that tread triumphing crowned toward the stars,  
Pity poor fighting men broke in our wars!

The sun had faded the Red Cross on her panels almost to brick color, had warped her woodwork and blistered her paint. For three months she had jackedal behind the army—now at Belmont, now at Magersfontein, now at Rensburg, and in that time had carried over thirteen hundred sick and wounded.

In her appointments, her doctors, her two nursing sisters and her nineteen orderlies, there was neither veneer nor pretence, co-

ony, and because Cape Colony is—we have the highest authority for it—loyally trying to be "neutral," every bridge, every culvert, every point at which the line may be cut or blown up was guarded by a little detachment of armed men.

These are drawn chiefly from local corps, such as the *Loose of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles*. They do not like the work; they love still less the "loyalty" which has made the fatigue necessary.



"We haven't had a look-in at the front yet. We sit here and patrol the line. Lovely work!"

quetry of uniform, nor the suspicion of official side.

She was starkly set for the work in hand, her gear worn smooth by use and habit, detailed for certain business only, and to that business most strictly attending.

As she started from no known platform I came aboard early, and while we lay silent as a ship in port, the big stock-pot purring in the kitchen, the bottles clicking in the pharmacy as the doctor counted them over, I felt that peace had never been in our generation—that number three hospital train—iodoform scented, washed, scrubbed and scoured—had plied since the beginning of time.

Know now that hospital trains have the right of way over all traffic, and since their crews feed aboard them, need only stop to water and change engines.

We slipped out of Cape Town into the twilight at a steady twenty-five mile an hour on our six hundred mile journey north.

Some day you in England will realize what it means to handle armies and their supplies over this distance on a single three-foot-six line.

The war has been a war of shunting and sidetracking, of telegraphs and time tables; so we may hope that the railway men, who have worked like devils, will not be overlooked when the decorations come time.

Said a dust spotten, begrimed sergeant of the "Duke's" as Number Three, double-headed, panted up the Hex River pass into the Karroo:—"We've been here since November. I don't mind telling you we're pretty sick of it. We haven't had a look-in at the front yet. We sit here and patrol the line. Lovely work!"

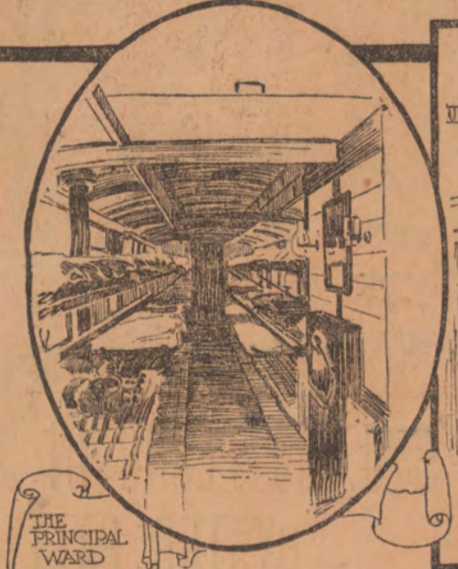
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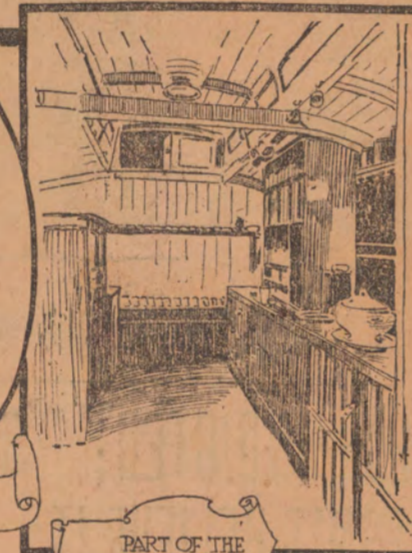


HOSPITAL TRAIN AND STAFF

"THERE WAS NEITHER VENEER NOR PRETENCE, COQUETRY NOR UNIFORM, NOR THE SUSPICION OF OFFICIAL SIDE."



THE PRINCIPAL WARD



PART OF THE KITCHEN

"IODOFORM SCENTED, WASHED SCRUBBED AND SCoured." "THE BIG STOCK POT PURRING IN THE KITCHEN."

[From Black and White.]



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED

"WOUNDED AND SPENT TO THE LAZAR THEY DREW."

[From the Sphere.]

The setting of the picture hardly varied a hair's breadth. The single track, lifting and dancing in the heat; the brown, hairless hills dusted with split stones; the sleek mirage, the knot of khaki figures, the dingy tents, repeated themselves as though we were running in circles.

Here was a water tank. Number Three drank of it, sneezing thirstily; here was a speckle of ten houses and a refreshment room, which we had no need to enter; here was a new laid suling, and Number Three flung them all behind her; but from the men with rifles, the red eyed, bristle bearded, disgusted truck watchers there was no escape.

Suddenly we overhauled a trainload of horses, Bhowanagar's and Jamnagar's gifts to the war; stolid saices and a sovar or two in charge.

"Whence dost thou come?"

"From Bombay, with a Sahib." He looked like a Hyderabadi, but he had taken off most of his clothes.

"Dost thou know the name of this land?"

"No."

"Dost thou know whither thou goest?"

"I do not know."

"What, then, dost thou do?"

"I go with my Sahib."

Great is the East, serene and immutable. We left them feeding and watering as the order was.

A few miles further on—forty or fifty are of no account in this huge place—were guns, infantry and buck wagons, rumbling toward De Aar, and, I think, New South Wales Lancers. Then a Victorian contingent camped by the wayside, happier than the "Duke's," because they were nearer the front, but wrathful in that certain Cana-

dians still further up the line had had the audacity to make a camp called Maple Leaf.

They wanted news of the Burmah Military Police—long men on little clockwork ponies, recently landed, and vanished. Corps have a knack of disappearing bodily in this country.

Of the Burmans I knew nothing, but could furnish information more or less accurate of some Malay Light Horse lately seen in Cape Town, and of some Yeomanry details.

"Ah!" said Australia, with a rifle, by the water tank, "wait till you see our Queensland bushmen. My word! They're something."

Then he expressed a private and unprintable opinion about those arrogant Canucks up the line, which opinion twisted the other way I got back again from a Canadian, an Eastern Province man, a few hours later.

Strictly in confidence, I may tell you the colonial corps are riding just the least little bit in the world jealous. They have each the honor of a new country to uphold, and it is neck and neck between them.

So I sat joyously on the rear platform while Number Three ran the links of empire through my hands.

English of the Midlands, Cockney, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Africa-born, Queenslander (he had been in the Sunnyside "dair" and "blew" furiously), Victorian and Canadian—one after another, we picked them up and dropped them with a flying word.

There was nothing wrong with that chain, and by the same token it seemed to have got hold of something at last, for a truckload of Boer prisoners slid by in charge of a few disreputable bearded cornets.

"Ho?" said an orderly, critically. "And where did you pick them up?"

"Round Paardeberg. There's more to follow. Most of these is Transvaalers."

"That's all right," said the orderly.

The army, you see, is collecting Transvaalers, and has come a long way for samples.

"An' which might be prisoner and which is guard?"

Said the head cornet with a battered helmet, "I'm a sergeant of the Northhamptons in charge."

"Oh, you are, are you? Then, what are you doin' with Labby's friends? Take 'em along. Mr. Labouchere won't be pleased at you."

But the sergeant was mightily pleased, save that his prisoners had not washed for some time. He said it.

Was So-and-so alive? Well, he was a week ago—some one had seen him.

After De Aar time tables ceased. We were cut adrift on the Sargasso sea of accumulated rolling stock between that place and Orange River.

Here the rumors begin.

There has been a killing—a big killing—the first satisfactory killing—at Paardeberg, up the Modder. Roberts held Cronje in a ring of fire burning day and night. That was none of our concern.

We had some news that many wounded waited for us at Modder—thirty officers, at least, and twice as many men—all more or less bad cases.

Here and there one could catch the name of a dead man, and the sister's lips tightened.

Was So-and-so alive? Well, he was a week ago—some one had seen him.



"North, a bluish lump in the morning light, rises Magersfontein."

is De Aar—a junction, the pivot of many of our manoeuvres and a telegraph centre.

It smelled like Umballa platform in the hot weather, and they kept a hell there of fifty naked telegraph operators, sweating under the blazing kerosene lamps, each man with two pairs of hands and some extra ears.

Outside was thick darkness, and the shunting of trucks—thousands of trucks—but the steady boom of the racing instruments beat through all other noises like the noise of hiving bees.

There was some need to work, and, at least, one very good reason in the shape of a big saloon that glided past us in the night, a lit window revealing just a chair and a neat empty table.

The Sirdar was on the move; going down to Nanaupoort to arrange surprises, and it is not at all healthy to be idle when Kitchener passes by.

Therefore, and before this war is over, you will hear all sorts of baseless tales from a certain type of officer who has been made to work; and you must not believe them.

And Such-another? Oh, Such-another had been buried a week back.

Could Number Three go ahead? Oh, yes; but there was a block at the Modder, and Kimberley was sending down a train full.

Number Three whistled madly. Her business was to get up, load, and get away again. Belmont, with the bullet holes through the station name board, interested her not, nor Graspan either. She had been that road too often—hot on the heels of the very light itself. She checked despairingly, fifth in a line of long trains on the red smear of Modder Plain. The old bridge, wrecked by the Boers, was now all but repaired.

At present Number Three would go over the trestle, but as to when Number Three would get across authority could not say, and whistling was just waste of steam.

Merciful rain had laid the dust, which normally lies ten inches thick, and one could look all across the brick red land.

By this time you probably know more about Modder than I; will have seen a hundred photographs of the naked, coverless plain that tilts to the thin line of trees and the dainty little river; lifting again northward, as a slow wave of the Atlantic lifts, toward Shooter's Hill, where the naval gun played.

North of this again, a bluish lump in the morning light, rises Magersfontein.

At that precise moment—but the camp fills and empties as swiftly as the river—most of our men were out with Roberts nearly thirty miles to the westward. Vast empty acreages showed where their accommodation had stood. Men, horses and wheels had wiped out every trace of herbage, and the diminishing perspective of their patient single files attested how far afield the camp oxen must go to graze. Horsemen by twos and threes wandered forth attacking interminable distances in which they were swallowed up. Sidings solid with trucks spurred left and right across the plain, and the trucks on the main line backed up to the very shoulders of the resettlers repairing the bridge.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONDAY.]

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To get a better result after pasting the leaves on the leaves, STAND the book up on END, the leaves spread apart so that the air can flow through and dry. This will prevent MOULD, and the leaves will be less liable to wrinkle.

PAT. MARCH, 22, 1902.

# RUDYARD KIPLING

## PAINTS THE SEAMY SIDE OF WAR

### WITH NUMBER THREE

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Copyright, 1900, by Rudyard Kipling.)

Number Three fought her way inch by inch, and was met by a little knot of army sisters. In civilization their uniform is hideous, but out here one sees the use of the square cut vermilion cape. Everything else is dust colored, so a man does not ask where a sister may be. She leaps to the eye across all the camp.

"And where are our wounded?" asked Number Three.

"Still coming in from Paardeberg. They're being dressed. You'll get them later. Where are your spare doctors?"

We had come up with six surgeons taken from the big Wynberg and Rondesbosch hospitals, where for months they had lived on a promise of work at the front.

They were not R.A.M.C. men, but house surgeons, fresh from the home hospitals, young, enthusiastic and happy, though their baggage had been cut down to the thirty-five pound scale, and they had not the ghost of a notion where they were going.

They were uncarted like stags on Modder platform, gazed awhile, met a man in authority, and were swiftly commandeered. Two or three doctors lay dead or wounded across the plains, and it was a hot press for the medical service.

Half a mile across the plain, behind the graves of the Highland Brigade, lay the hospital tents, and thither loaded mule and ox wagons were heading. Like Number Three, they had been at work a weary while. There came no surprise or bewilderment, hardly even any pity, to the onlooker as the big Red Crosses lurched and pitched. This, said the wagons, is the custom with the wounded. Stricken men are gathered as soon as possible by the bearer companies, whose casualty list is a heavy one.

They are dressed for the first time swiftly

Magersfontein and back on all fours. But I am glad I stayed by Number Three. It is early days to make that field of blood a show place, and—one can collect shells on other beaches when peace comes again.

The station was the centre of local society.

The staff, including a German Prince, lived across the road in a battered caravanserai with scores of ponies tied to the veranda.

The platform was banked with Red Cross cases, badly needed at Kimberley, and with mail bags badly needed by the men who came up, fingered them curiously, and slunk away. Business first, mails later.

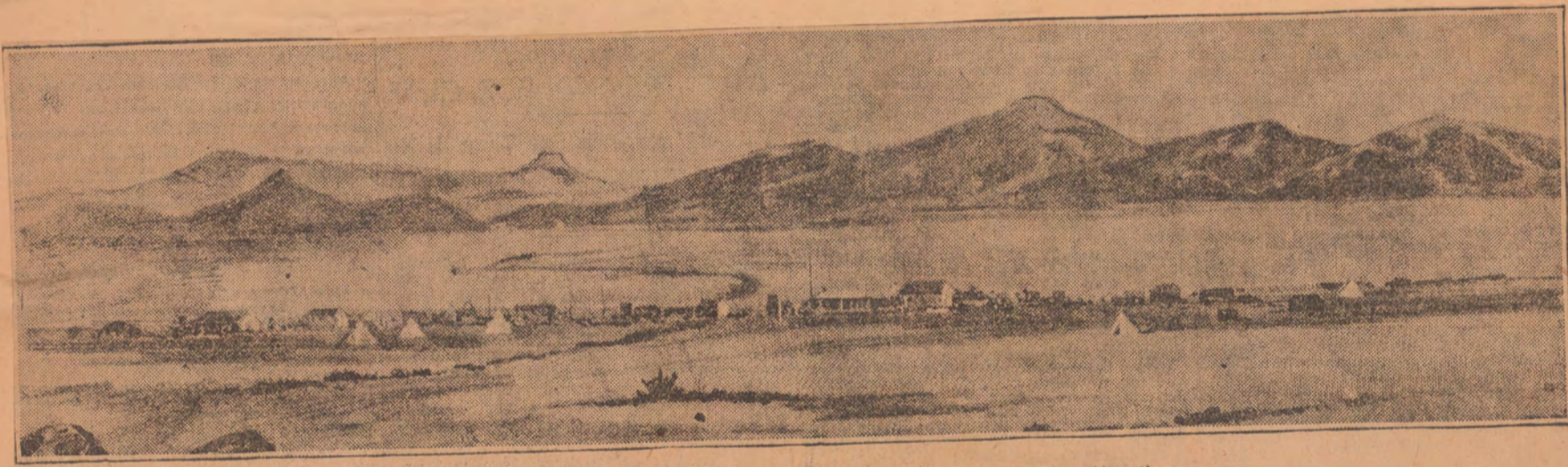
The telegraph office was a small edition of De Aar—hideously overworked.

A knot of sappers came up from the river, where they had been tamping ballast under a new siding. Other sappers with "R. P. R." on their hats followed.

These last were the details of the Railway Pioneers, skilled mechanics, and the like, of Johannesburg, and under the grime and the khaki one met a host of a certain weird dinner given in the Gold Reef city two years ago.

One gets used to privates with visiting cards, and it is perfectly natural to discuss bacteriology, West African exploration and the ethics of publishing, the intricacies of the Bankruptcy act and the prospects of the labor party in South Australia with spurred troopers.

So it was not disconcerting to meet men of the Chitral siege, once prisoners in the hands of Omra Khan, old schoolmates, Indian staff corps men doing duty as "trail twist-ers" in the transport, lost acquaintances of ten years ago, side by side with the fellow passenger of three weeks ago, unrecognizable to-day under the sunburn, hair and dust.



"Then we drew to the home of lies, which is De Aar—a junction."

and efficiently; they are then put into the tilted wagons till they reach the hospital that sends them to the rail. The rail takes the badly wounded to Cape Town and the sea that leads to Netley.

This is the system, said the wagons, and here was the system all naked to the glaring day.

Three nights had the wagons been on the road—rained upon, thundered over and lightened about—jolted and jerked and jarred, but the long and short of it was that of eight hundred wounded the wagons had lost not one.

Would the hospital take delivery, please, said the wagons, and they drew aside to rest, for their cattle were very, very tired.

As for Number Three? No, it would not be wise to visit Magersfontein. The train might be filled and sent away at any moment.

There was an old official ring about this, and I was not the least surprised that we waited eleven hours—time to have gone to

It was only an undress rehearsal for the Day of Judgment.

A detail of army service men en route for Kimberley spread themselves at ease on their baggage and chaffed a quartermaster-sergeant who had lost his sword, but by the regulations was miserably tied to the empty scabbard till he could return the thing to store.

A knot of excited Liffe Guards demanded news of French's division.

"Out since Sunday week and no news. We belong to 'em. We were sick. We want to rejoin. Do you know where he is?"

A colonial suggested that cavalry divisions always suspend operations for a corporal of horse and two dozen troopers.

A gunner driver in a cart pored over a three days' old Cape paper, for there is no news at the Modder.

A man with a drawn face came out of nowhere and told a story. His wife had died at home of influenza, and was dead and buried. His people could look after the children.

Pat the air car flow  
WOULD, and the leaves will be less  
PAT. MARCH, 22, 1892.



"THEY ARE DRESSED FOR THE FIRST TIME SWIFTLY AND EFFICIENTLY."

thank God! but it hurt—it hurt cruelly. He spoke and vanished.

Half a mile up the line a private of Highlanders was cooking potatoes and semolina together. He was in luck. He had helped "swipe" a Boer wagon overturned by our shell fire, and picked up the semolina from the dust.

A knot of officers had made themselves a rude mess house in a roofless hut, with a blanket for shade. One of them wished to see a sister of Number Three—to tell her that So-and-So was dead.

A little gathering moved across the dust to look for the graves of the Highland Brigade. Even now the nameboards are split and blistered, and the date carries us back a thousand years.

And so it went on, hour after hour, this

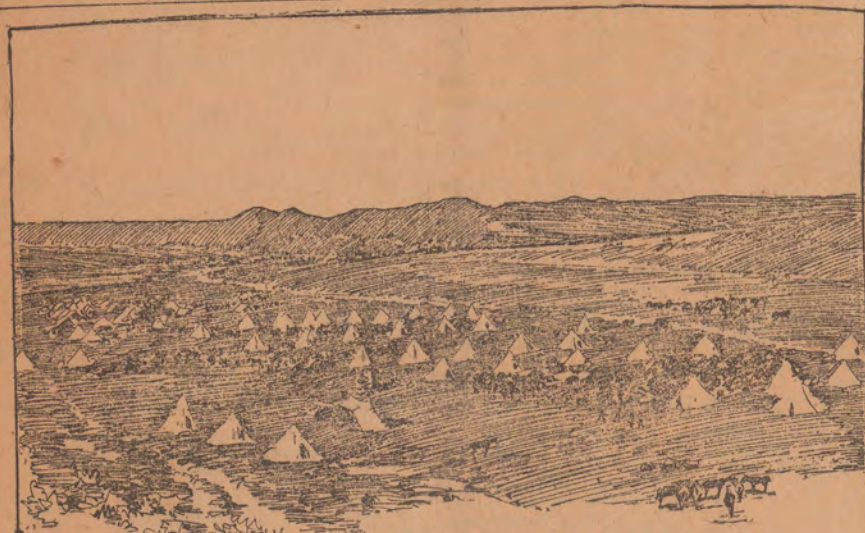
merciful cushioning shock of a severe wound—in acute and annoying pain. They would go down to Naauwpoort by the Kimberley train, but first they must be called over.

They reached the platform haltingly; their uniforms were darkened in places by patches as of carelessly spilled varnish, and sometimes their trouser hems were gummy with the same stuff.

They sat down by companies in the dust, half a score of regiments mixed.

Their officers got them fruit and cigarettes; the mere sound filled their companions' water bottles.

They chaffed greatly in undertones, but they did not say one single word which by any construction could be considered even



MODDER RIVER CAMP.  
"Across the plain lay the hospital tents."

procession of faces, this tangle of half-caught tales.

Toward evening the remnants, as it were, of a battalion moved from the hospital tent in broken squads, one man supporting another.

They were our "light" cases—men denied

coarse. They did not complain, they did not growl, they did not curse. They were going to Naauwpoort to get well. In a few days they would return. They had outmarched and outmanoeuvred their enemy—on a couple of biscuits a day, for they had also outmarched their provisions. Their



"A knot of sappers came up from the river, where they had been tamping ballast under a new siding."

companions were now attending to that enemy, and they were content.

On their departure Number Three waked to life.

The wagons were coming in from the hospitals. The doors of the cars flew back; orderlies went to their stretchers; the side boards were ripped out of the bunks; the cook put the last flavoring to the big stock pot; the sisters stood to attention, each in her ward—a doctor and a sister are responsible for half a train a-piece—and the blessed morphine needles were made ready. They want rest from pain, our wounded. Food and clean sheets will often bring it, but on occasion we must help Nature.

The worn, chipped and scratched rifles clattered into the arm racks, the thin dusty kits followed, and after them the loaded stretchers.

"Fractured thigh," said an orderly.

"Which? Left or right?" said the Sister.

"Right," said the man, and he was slipped

of the loaded breath and the silly eye incontinent and consuming; pneumonia that stabs in the back and drives the poor soul, suffocating and bewildered, through all the hells of delirium—we are clear of these for this journey.

The clean aseptic bullet kiss and the shell splinter are all our care.

Quietly and quickly, but above all quietly come the stretchers.

Fractured shoulder; elbow joint; lumb again from right to left, but nothing vital touched; shattered forearm (owner says explosive bullet); two head cases, but both will live. Eye, head, and neck; upper arm thigh again; two or three clean shot; through the thigh (owners very hungry); shoulder smashed and top of finger shot off (owner much annoyed over this little extra); forearm again, and "please, sir, the bandages are pinchin' me horrid."

It isn't the bandage, but the doctor does not say so. He exhibits the merciful squint



"The big Red Cross wagons lurched and pitched." "Three nights on the road—rained upon, thundered over and lightninged about—jolted and jerked and jarred."

on to his back accordingly, injured leg outside, where it could be got at easiest.

"Special," said the orderly. Here was a clean stomach wound. He could eat milk and slops in a bunk marked to that effect, and the gentlemanly Mauser would suffer him to live. Down the car he went, thinking nobly of his soul, and in no way approving of milk diet.

Entered one amputation below the right elbow—very cheery. Full diet for this amputation, but no full diet for ponder lung shot, who cannot lie down without pain.

Were there any sick?

There were no sick, and the doctors thanked Heaven. They would sooner bring down three trains of wounded than one of sick.

Dysentery, that milks the heart out of a man and shames him before his kind; rheumatism, which is the seven devils of toothache, in the marrow of your bones; typhoid

and the bandages miraculously loosen themselves.

Now come the officers. One colonel, bearded like the heavy swell of the sixties; another colonel (the Highlanders must have been catching it cruelly); a major; a bearded captain (on investigation this turns out to be a lieutenant, aged twenty-three, when he is shaved); and a sprinkling of subalterns and doctors.

In each man's bed is a bag holding shirt, pajamas, towel, brush, sponge, soap and toothbrush. They call it the Good Hope bag, but it was evidently invented by a thoughtful she-angel.

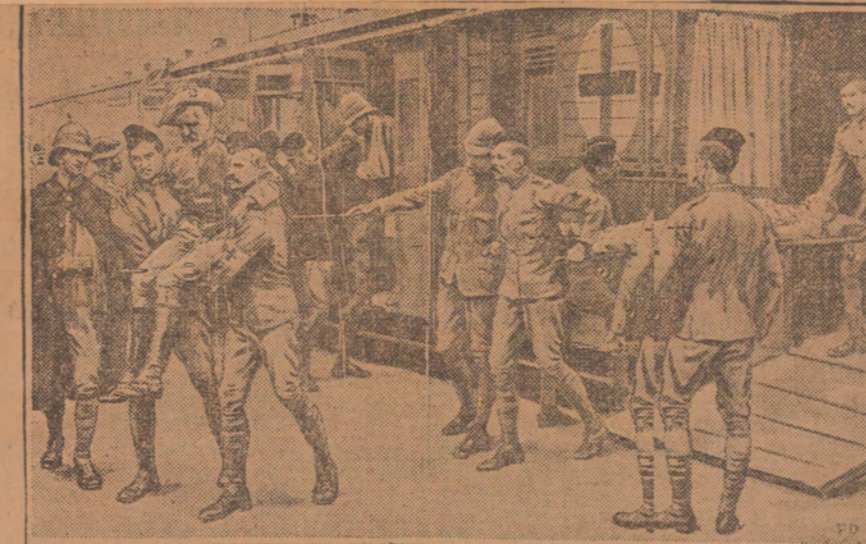
Man after man shakes off or is helped out of the creased, dusty, greasy, gloomy, blood stained khaki and nestles into the luxury of clean body clothes between clean sheets. They have rest; now they must have food—thick soup for choice, if they will only stay awake to drink it, and milk and brandy for the stomach and lung people.

[To be continued to-morrow.]



"COMING IN FROM PAARDEBERG"

# RUDYARD KIPLING WITH THE MODERN MINISTERING ANGELS



"Once more the business of the stretcher. \* \* \* In an hour No. 3 stands empty and stripped."



"THEY WERE OUR LIGHT CASES"

## WITH NUMBER THREE

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

[Copyright, 1900, by Rudyard Kipling.]

Theoretically, six hundred miles of rail should be had for wounded men. Practically it does them all the good in the world.

In the first place, they are cleanly and honorably out of it. Not for weeks the sun and the dust, the foul water, and the weary marching; the booted sleep, and the plug-plug of the rifle butt against their shoulder.

Many of them will be permanently lost. The ship will take them to England; they will find their billets waiting, and they will return to live before the faces of their fathers.

Moreover these are they who have come out of a winning fight. Cronje's end is certain. They left the guns pounding the soul out of his laager by the Modder.

It is not as was that terrible journey after Magersfontein, when doctors and sisters had to sit up with weeping men—men who had been killed in heaps of a sudden one day and damned in heaps by their general the next—men who tried to explain but broke down and turned their faces to the wall and cried miserably and hopelessly.

Number Three's staff will remember that Magersfontein trip as long as they live.

This is distinctly a better business. They are going off to sleep, liked tired children already—thirty-one officers and sixty-six men. They will be different people to-morrow.

The doctors look at the sisters and nod joyously.

A good trainload; no one will be lost, and that little end car for once need not do duty as a mortuary.

Number twenty-seven wants something solid to eat. Number twenty-seven won't writing, don't you know. Oh, there are a heap of things as one can do with it.

Then the color goes out of his face, and the sister whirls him into bed.

The Victorianian turns pale dun and thinks he will lie down.

One finds out later from other men that the child was as a most plucky child and would not take chloroform when they dressed him. His hand is horribly cut up, and his rifle in the rack is smashed across the stock. The nickel nosed bullet has sunk a quarter of an inch into the steel trigger guard. It would be unfair to steal that rifle.

The child is asleep. He looks about thirteen.

Now the covers are drawn on the lamps, the night watches are set and we take our last turn down the corridor.

A thunder storm chases Number Three southward, the lightning spills all over the veldt and the sun warped roofs leak.

Thirty or for forty or fifty thousand men are lying tentless in this downpour, but it must be flooding out Cronje in the bed of the Modder.

Our children are here asleep—deeply and beautifully asleep—all except one man, whose eyes shine like the eyes of a prepared moth.

"What is the matter?"

"I haven't slept in these"—he picks up the sheet—"since the third of November. It's too comfortable to sleep. Oh, Lord, it is comfortable to sleep. Oh, Lord, it is comfortable." He squirms luxuriously in his bunk.

Through the long night when we stop all voices are low lowered. Footsteps halt before us and voices woe whisper.

"Have you any New South Wales Lancers, sir, please?"

"No, we have not. Have we any Ox-fords? Yes, a sergeant, but nobody is coming to wake up to this train. Yes, we are full; but they are all doing well. No—for the

get it. He is shot through his stomach, and it is a miracle that he is not under the Modder dirt. He can have some more milk and brandy.

"Please, sister, there's a colonel hoppin' about the alleyway."

A sister advances to cut him off. Mere doctors are helpless here. They dare not herd colonels like ostriches. Besides, he has one sound leg. He says so.

"But you are to get on to your back and lie down," is the order.

"But, please, sister, I feel quite fit."

"But I say so."

A wave of the hand eliminates the colonel. He will hop no more to-night.

A fractured Victorian (shoulder and collarbone by the look of it) and a child with a slung arm have dodged the eye of authority for a few minutes, and, sua dente diabolio (but I knew Australians liked tea), are drinking tea in the staff carriage.

The child is nineteen. He has one month's service. He does not appreciate a sister's drawing comparisons between him and a seventeen year old midly, carted off the field at Graspan. It was his first engagement; he was scooping potted meat out of a can when the advance began. Then he was firing. A bullet hit his rifle on the trigger guard, broke up and continued through his hand, which is now extensively bandaged. It hurts a little.

"Of course it does if you let it hang down like that," says the sister, and she deftly loops up the sling, while the child blushes adorably.

He argues impersonally on the advantages of retaining the forefinger of the right hand. Not his forefinger by name, but abstract forefinger. One wants it for shooting and

tenth time—there are no dying. They are in bed and asleep, and you must go away." All this in tense whispers.

Doctors and sisters call it an easy night. They are not actually on their feet or fanning a pneumonia case from eleven to six.

Well, they had their reward in the clean rain-washed morning, when every runnel of the Karoo was bankful and the waste water (some day we shall get big dams with a system to them) spilled away profligately.

Our children were hungry—mutinously hungry. Officers fancied this and fancied that; milkmen wanted to know why they were not full dieters, and full dieters sent verbal messages by orderlies asking for more—much more.

"You won't get any breakfast till they're all fed," said to me an orderly with a pyramid of porridge basins. "You'd better fill up on Osborne biscuits. You see 'arf of 'em 'aven't the use of their 'ands."

So they stoked them—"the 'arf that 'adn't the use of their 'ands"—and they redressed their bandages, and they washed their little faces and combed their little hair, and then the cry went up for tobacco.

Some of the men had changed past recognition during the night. The lines of pain, the tense, drawn expressions, were gone. They had rested, their bellies were full, they were smoking.

You must remember that a wounded man is not a sick man. He is generally in superb physical condition; he has been off all liquors for some months, and so responds readily to stimulants; his blood is clean, and he breathes the best of air. Give him half a chance and he will clamber up again hand over fist.

Then, all animal needs satisfied, some of



"THEY LEFT THE GUNS POUNDING THE SOUL OUT OF GRONJE'S LAAGER BY THE MODDER."

them wanted to send word home, and that was a full morning's job.

The usual form ran:—"Dear Mother—Just a few lines to tell you I was hit at Paardeberg on February 18, when we fought Cronje. I was hit in such-and-such a place, but please do not worry about me, as I am coming on all right. It was a bit hard in the carts, but I am lying in bed in the train here, and we are all going down to the hospital, and I am quite comfortable, and I shall be all right in a few weeks, so please do not worry about me, because I am all right and doing well."

Their first thought in every instance was that she should not worry. One man—a Celt, he sure—launched into some descrip-

tion of the fight (I saw him later at Wynberg covering sheets and sheets), and a few others had business matters to adjust; but for the bulk, the word, the assurance and the message of love sufficed.

Remember, it was not the army that you and I know, but the Army of the People, heavily laced with Reservists, family folk who have kiddies and businesses over the sea. Blacksmiths, gardeners, club porters and small shopkeepers were among those represented, and their physique was almost as admirable as their spirit.

One man only of all that train broke down—and small blame to him. He was a badly shoten "langer," and there seemed no way to make him easy, sitting or lying. He got out his home photos—the little tin-type one carries in the inside pocket—and the cruel home sickness atop of the pain took him and broke him for a minute or two. I think he had come out of some well ordered country house, for he returned to the manner of lodge porter in his talk.

There were quiet men, deeply concerned for the probable loss of a working arm; there were mildly—oh, so mildly!—riotous men, who staggered about visiting from bunk to bunk; there were funny men, worth their weight in silver to the ward; there were angry men brooding over that last shot which stretched them and meditating revenge; there were just men, admitting that their enemy up in a tree had sighted more quickly than they, "but my section got him with four bullets, and he came down like a pheasant, sir;" there were silent men, breathing quickly, counting each turn of the wheels, and there were doubting Thomases who needed particular information about Wynberg Hospital.

I heard a good deal of all sorts, but I did not hear one word of complaint.

So it is in the base hospital. From at least a thousand wounded met at Rondebosch and Wynberg under fairly intimate circumstances, orderlies out of earshot and the talk running free, I did not gather one whimper.

A badly hit man—fracture of stomach—is

of course, glad he is going home—till the steamer comes round. Then he is not so pleased.

A slightly wounded man takes all the ward to witness that as soon as he is mended wild horses won't keep him away from his family. Ten days later he is lying—lying like a skirmish line under pom-pom fire—to his doctor with intent to rejoin. The hospitals have their own esprit de corps, and tents are proud to be able to say they are all going back.

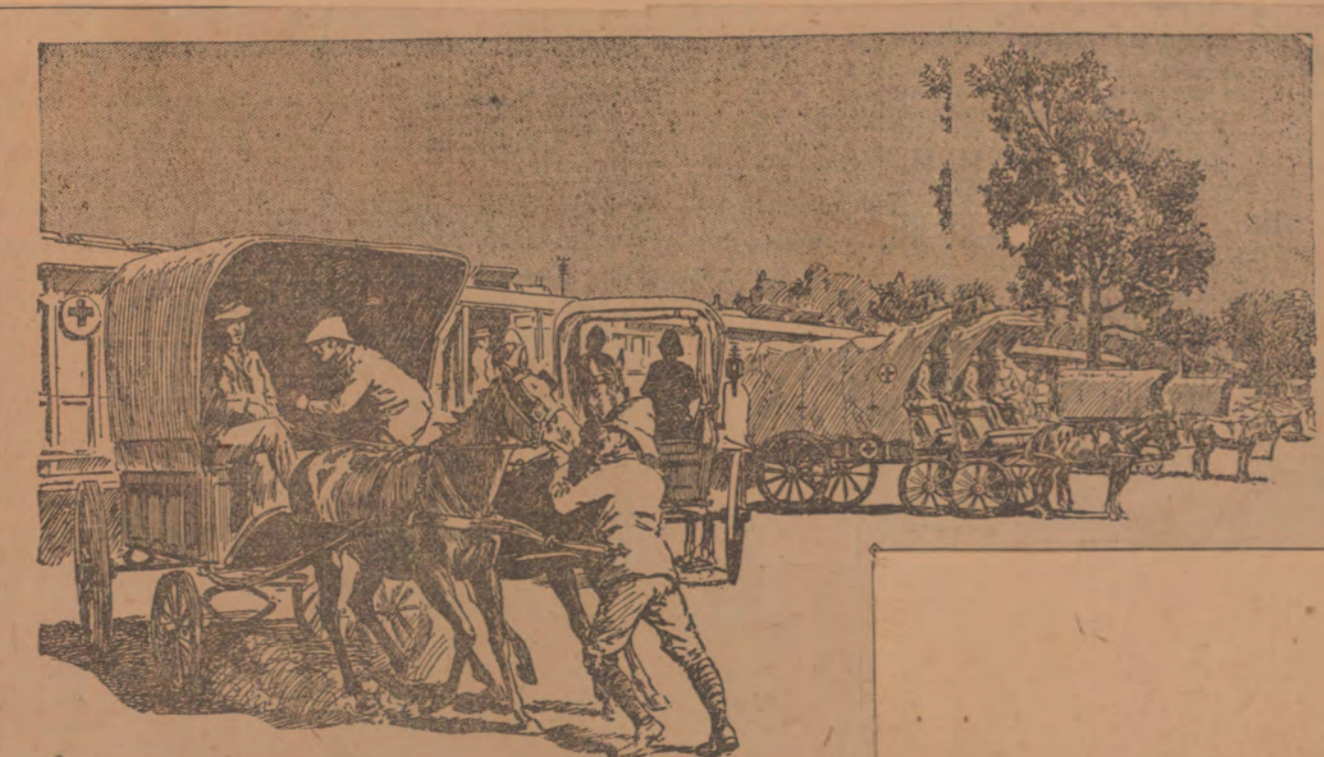
But our boys wanted rest before all things; and Number Three hurried them to it. Our little world on wheels had hardly come to know itself when we were half way home.

A little letter writing; a small "smoker" between two cool windows where wounded colonels and subalterns met in pajamas and talked over good men killed, while the idle rifles clicked in the rack behind; another ravenous meal or two ("Which will you 'ave, sir? Steak or rissole?"; "Oh, both, I've been dreaming of steaks ss since Jacobsdal!"); another and an easier night, and then the three blessed firs of Wynberg, the waiting hooded ambulances, es, a good road and Number One and Two Hospitals just round the corner.

Once more the busbusiness of the stretchers, the tally of fractures and perforations, the whispered cautions and the louder words of good cheer.

It is not in the official band, but Number Three's staff, a little vile worn with night watching, dusty and heavy ivy eyed, will see the boys up to their beds. They know every one of the cases now, and a d a word or two in season will be profitable.

In an hour Number Three stands empty and stripped. Blankets, sheets and bedding must be renewed; a hundred things go to the wash, and they swishish and swirl the floors. To-morrow night it its work begins again.



"THE WAITING HOODED AMBULANCES."





"THE SHIP WILL TAKE THEM TO ENGLAND."

MOULD, and the leaves will be less liable to w  
PAT. MARCH, 22, 1892.

An English School Ymk's Comp Oct 10, 1893  
 The Old Issue Today, Oct 1899  
 Recessional Music by Dikora Ladies Home J.  
 Mr. K's Scholastic Schoolboys Burhman Nov 1899  
 Boy, only boy. (Criminy Sob) Academy Oct 1899  
 About Maud's Boy for Ill. Ladies Mus Nov 1899  
 525# Daily Reports of progress of absent-minded boy's friend -  
 1st Party of the Elephants child - L.H. April 1900  
 with illustrations by Frank van Beck - Elmwood  
 Some notes on a child - Harpers, monthly July 1891

to bundles. There are ladies who will carry any-thing, not too bulky or too heavy, except a pair of boots. Why not boots? What harm or horror is there about boots?  
 Others object to taking parcels from the butcher or the baker. Those whom they meet may not know the dreadful secret of the package, but they know, and that is just as uncomfortable to them.  
 Some very unreasonable young women will carry nothing but a book; a book makes a good, shapely suggestive of our country cousin come to town to shop. But why should not our country cousin come to town to shop? And why feel one's self superior to country cousins?  
 Our country cousin, however, is often as sensitive on the bundle question as her city relative. One village matron disliked to carry a bundle because everybody she met was sure to look at it, and she felt as if they all wanted to know what was inside of it, and exactly what she paid for it.  
 On the other hand a certain literary man refused to have a teapot he had just purchased wrapped in paper. He was sure, he said, on his way home, to pass half a dozen old ladies sunning themselves at their windows, and every one of them would puzzle their brains over what Mr. Jones was taking home so carefully done up in white tissue-paper—a present for Mrs. Jones or what,—while if he carried it openly they would have the pleasure of seeing for themselves.  
 He had his way, and walked cheerfully up the main street of the little town where he lived, swinging the undisguised brown teapot by its handle.

NOT ANSWERED.

The French naturalist, Cuvier, talked learnedly on his favorite science, but like some other wise men, he was inclined to be prolix. When one knows a subject well, he is apt to like to talk about it, and to forget that he may be expecting too much of his listeners.  
 The Emperor Napoleon expressed himself concisely, and liked others to do the same, but he enjoyed listening to Cuvier when the scientist would state his important conclusions without too elaborate explanations.  
 One day Cuvier was a member of an Academy deputation which visited the emperor at Saint Cloud. The emperor greeted him cordially.  
 "Monsieur Cuvier, I am delighted to see you! What did you do at the Academy last week?"  
 "We studied the beet sugar question."  
 "Ah, and what is the opinion of the Institute? Does it consider that the soil of France is suited to beet culture?"  
 The question was simple, but Cuvier answered it like a true savant. He began with a dissertation on the geological formation of the ground, then he considered the natural history of the beet, and when finally he drew his conclusions, the emperor had long since ceased to listen.  
 When Cuvier had finished, the emperor hurriedly roused himself from a fit of abstraction into which he had fallen.  
 "Marvellous, Monsieur Cuvier!" he said. "But does the Institute consider the soil of France suitable for beet culture?"  
 Cuvier, imagining that Napoleon's attention had been distracted in some way, began his argument again, and went through with it to the end. The emperor did not consider his question answered any letter this time. When Cuvier had finished, he said:  
 "I thank you very much, sir. The first time I see your colleague, Berthollet, I shall ask him if the Institute considers the soil of France suitable for beet culture."

THREE BILLS.

Every person's character must be revealed by the bills he contracts—not by the bills he pays, for he does not always personally contract the bills he pays, nor pay the bills he contracts. A glance at any man's actual and personal bills must surely reveal the sort of man that he is.  
 Let us hope that this is not true of nations, states or cities. If we were as a people to be judged by the comparison of our drink and gambling bills with our bills for schools and churches, how hopeless our national character must appear!  
 It is not probable that the city of New York is in this respect worse than other American cities, but the figures recently published, recording the expenditure of that city in the year 1892 for schools, amusements and drink are alarming as well as instructive.  
 The city's public school bill for the year named, representing the larger part of the expenditure for education, was four million dollars. Its amusement bill—the sum which it paid for its theatres, circuses and other public shows—was seven million dollars. And its drink bill was sixty million dollars!  
 It is needless to make any comment upon these figures. The proportion holds good, or nearly good, of the whole country. What is wasted upon drink and lost in speculation and other forms of gambling would vastly more than double the salaries of all the teachers and preachers in the United States.

HIS COAT.

Professional pride is always cropping out, even under odd circumstances. Nevertheless, it can never be ridiculous, even though the incongruities of the occasion may force one to smile. The artist Sully was once employed to paint a portrait for a man who, when it was finished, declared himself to be entirely suited, except with the shoulder of the coat, which did not fit smoothly.  
 "Excuse me for mentioning it, sir," he said, "but I shall never forget the mortification I felt on going to the Somerset House exhibition, some years ago. The first picture I saw was a portrait of the Duke of Gloucester. It was a capital likeness, capital! Never saw a better. But, sir, would you believe it, there was a wrinkle in the coat, sir; just here, sir, just under the collar. I couldn't take

my eyes off it. I would rather have given twenty guineas than see it in each eye."  
 "Why, sir, every one would naturally ask, Who made that coat?"  
 "Well, and what then?"  
 "Why, sir, I made that coat!"  
 "You?"  
 "Yes, I! I made that very coat, sir!"

ANOTHER LOST CONTINENT?

An interesting discussion has been going on of late concerning a supposed lost continent in the Antarctic Sea. Mr. H. O. Forbes, to whom the theory of the former existence of this continent is due, proposes to call it Antipodes. He bases his belief in this ancient, and now sunken, land upon the existence of allied forms of wingless birds in the Mauritius and in the Chatham Islands.  
 When geologists find upon distant islands forms of animals peculiar to continental lands, or to other far-removed islands, they are sometimes driven to the conclusion that in former times a land connection must have existed between the continents and islands in question. But the idea, though new in this particular application, is not new in itself.  
 Two other supposed lost continents have become famous. The first is Atlantis, the story of which we know to Plato, a land of fertility, wealth and civilization, now lying, according to the legend, at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.  
 The other lost continent is an invention, or a deduction, of modern science. It is called Lemuria, and is supposed to have existed in the Indian Ocean. The islands of Mauritius, Madagascar, Bourbon, Rodriguez and the Seychelles are believed to be remnants of this lost continent still projecting above the waters. According to some German savants, man himself probably originated in Lemuria instead of in Asia.  
 Antipodes, if it ever existed, was separated from Lemuria by almost half the circumference of the globe, and the Chatham Islands are remnants of it. Across the great stretch of water between the Chatham Islands and the Mauritius, it is argued, could not have made their way. There are other peculiarities in the distribution of life in the Southern Hemisphere which, it is asserted by some, can only be accounted for on the supposition that such a continent as Antipodes once rose above the waters of the Antarctic Sea.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

The old system of education, as described in "Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life," is one, doubtless, that many boys of the present day would like to see again in use. The author thought its chief advantage was in giving the teacher a fair field for inducing his pupils with his own personality. He describes his old teacher as "learned but not pedantic, kind but not effusive, active but not fussy. Wherever there was suffering, wherever help was required, he was sure to find strict discipline. In his school there was no very strict discipline, but on the contrary a good deal of noise. It was "a noisy mansion." But he was so pleasant himself, and made the work so pleasant that his pupils could not help learning. Being near him seemed to make them wiser and better. It was an instance of what Carlyle calls true education, "soil coming in contact with soul."  
 One of the greatest luxuries he enjoyed was to find some of his pupils able and willing to take up the higher branches. His leisure hours were devoted most heartily to them. He stayed after the usual school-time to teach them Euclid and trigonometry. He led them out on the Saturdays along the shore, through the quarries and up the Bin, to teach them geology. He invited them to his house of a winter evening to see the stars through his telescope.  
 The only examination was the yearly one by the Presbytery, and it was so purely a matter of form that it was not an ordeal. The examiners, a genial brotherhood, sat hearing approval of everything, and went away with easy conscience and sound appetites to the dinner which pleasantly closed up the proceedings.

HIGH ART.

In a decorative age all sorts of things become decorative. The Detroit Free Press reports that a colored man went into a grocery in that city not long ago, and asked the proprietor if he had any burlap lying about the shop.  
 "Yes," said the grocer, "I've got a few coffee-sacks, but they are old and in pretty bad shape."  
 "Dat's all de better, sah. I want 'bout four of 'em."  
 The grocer brought them out, and the negro looked round the shop.  
 "Has you any pieces of rope to spare?" he asked. "I want about fifty feet."  
 A tangled lot of old cord and rope was handed to him.  
 "Going to pack something for moving?" asked the grocer.  
 "No, sah. My wife was workin' fer a lady on High Street de other day, an' she cotched on to a new idea. She's gwine to use dis stuff, 'long wid a few suspender buckles an' shoe-strings, to make a planer-kiver."  
 "Dat's what I done tole her, but she bring home all de perteklers in her mind, an' she's bound to turn one out. If you 'lar of anybody as wants a twenty-five-dollar planer-kiver, home-made an' chuck full of art, jes' le' me know."

CONCEITED.

There is an old and perhaps familiar story of a man who was asked why he talked to himself so much.  
 "Well," said he, "there are two reasons. In the first place I like to talk to a sensible man, and in the second place I like to hear a sensible man talk."  
 A somewhat similar remark, less witty, but expressive of what is probably a commoner feeling, was uttered by another man.  
 "There are two things that bother me," he said. "One is how the world got on before I came into it, and the other is how it is going to get on after I leave it."

HIS REASON.

The Sixth Michigan Cavalry, of the renowned Custer Brigade, was commanded by a gallant colonel, formerly a member of the Michigan bar.  
 In the early morning of the last day at Gettysburg, while his regiment, with others, was in line awaiting orders, the men grew noisy in their conversation and laughter.  
 Turning nervously to them the colonel roared out, "Keep silence there!" Then he added in an apologetic tone, "Not that I care, but it will sound better."

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October 5, 1899.

TO-DAY.

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## "THE OLD ISSUE."

## MR. RUDYARD KIPLING AS PATRIOT.

WE publish below the stirring poem contributed by Mr. Kipling to the *Times* of September 29th. Under ordinary circumstances copyright would prevent this publication, but Mr. Kipling has intimated through the *Times* that he claims no copyright on this side of the Atlantic. This is the spirit that moved him when he declined payment for what Sir Edward Clarke has rightly called the greatest poem written by any living man, viz., "The Recessional." Mr. Kipling is not only a poet, he is a patriot, and, as the *Westminster Gazette* has well put it, he aspires to be a statesman who expresses his views in verse. Many of our readers may not have had the opportunity of reading the poem in the *Times*, and they will thank us for publishing it in *TO-DAY*.

ALL we have of freedom—all we use or know—  
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—  
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-goose wing  
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King.

Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,  
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom,—not at little cost—  
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,  
Suffer not the old King; for we know the breed!

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,  
Whining "He is weak and far;" crying "Time shall  
cure."

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins  
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.  
Suffer not the old King here or over seas!

They that beg us barter,—wait his yielding mood—  
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our brother's  
blood.

Howso' great their clamour, whatso'er their claim,  
Suffer not the old King under any name!

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.  
It is written what shall fall, if the King return.

He shall mark our goings; question whence we came,  
Set his guards about us, all in Freedom's name.

He shall take his tribute, toll of all our ware.  
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may not  
bear.

He shall break his Judges if they cross his word:  
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

He shall heed our whispers for the night shall bring,  
Watchers 'neath our window lest we mock the King—

Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;  
Money poured in secret, carrying breeding flies.

Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,  
These shall deal our Justice: sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse  
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,  
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,  
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—  
Laying on a new land evil of the old;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—  
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

*Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—  
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.*

*Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid:  
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings did:*

*Step by step and word by word; who is ruled may read.  
Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—*

*All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.  
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King!*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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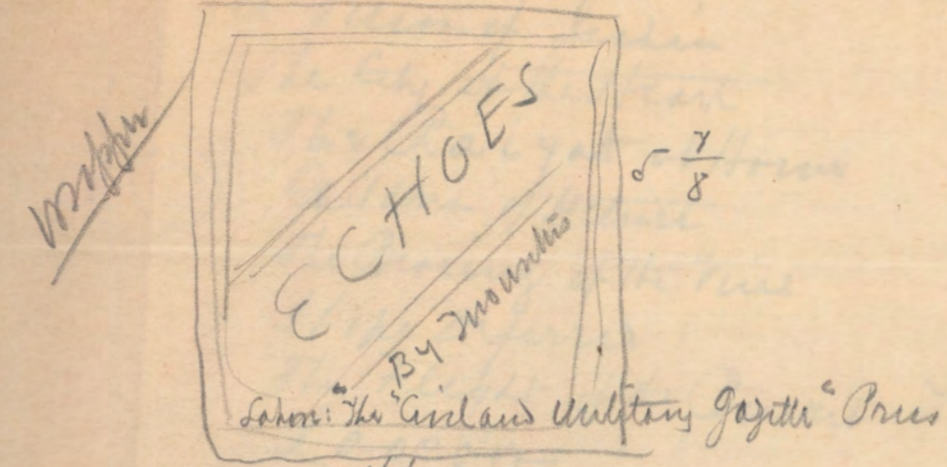


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Wentworth & Company

Wholesale Druggists

Cleveland

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O.K. OCT 9 1897

Benton, Myers & Company

Wholesale Druggists

Cleveland

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London agents, and we are not for their literary value, but to gratify the general curiosity to see what he writes, and as a side-light upon the character of a young and popular author. Whether designed as an invective or satire, or what ever may have been their purpose as against this country, their author, we hope, will soon come to see that, beyond the gratification of the momentary curiosity of American readers, such writing is important not for this country, but for himself.

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1891  
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*Wm. H. & Co. Publishers*

*London*

*1891*

*Some Notes on a Bill.*

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*[Faint handwritten notes on a separate sheet of paper, possibly bleed-through or a separate page.]*

*Ed. Smith, July 1891*

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TAILOR-MADE DRESSES FOR THE SUMMER

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE JOURNAL'S OWN MODELS

THE tailor-made costume of light-weight serge of the new bluish-gray color, shown in illustration, is made with a plain skirt having the usual careful fit about the hips. The jacket shapes to the figure and has its edges outlined with a heavy stitching, while the revers at the top and bottom, and on each side of the front, are faced with red and white



SERGE COSTUME TRIMMED WITH PIQUE

striped piqué. The tiny pocket intended for the watch is high on the left side, and has its lap faced with the piqué. The sleeves are small, fitting the arms in glove-like fashion, but they flare out at the sides in sharp points that are underfaced with the striped piqué. The shirt-waist is of red and white striped percale, the material being arranged so that the stripes run across and not up and down. The collar is a very high one and the tie a small one of striped satin. The hat is of gray straw, lifted, after the prevailing fashion, on the left side, where a huge bow of red silk is placed with two wings just above. Gray kid gloves should be worn with this costume, and the parasol could be either red or gray silk.

A DECIDEDLY stylish costume, showing the sleeveless bodice, is the one of pale brown cashmere shown in illustration. The skirt is trimmed at regular intervals with strips of black satin ribbon a quarter of an inch wide, each caught at the top with three tiny black buttons. The bodice, which bags a little, is trimmed to correspond. The caps at the shoulders are decorated with strips of ribbon and buttons. The collar is a high one of cashmere. The blouse, which shows just a little in front and then fully displays its sleeves, is of plaid silk. The sleeves are glove-fitting with turn-back cuffs. The hat worn with this is of green raffia with a turned-up brim trimmed with large black loops at one side. If a change is fancied, any blouse in harmony with the gown may be worn, as the sleeveless bodice is not attached to the blouse.



SLEEVELESS BODICE SUIT

THERE has just appeared a tailor-made costume which should commend itself to women who expect to walk much or to travel extensively, since it bears in its appearance an absolute suggestion of an out-of-door dress. The material used for making such a dress may be any of the plain cloths or cotton materials proper for tailor-made garments, but the one pictured



GOWN OF WHITE DUCK

in illustration is developed in beige satin cloth. The skirt consists of two deep sections cut on a rounded pattern and stitched on the skirt under a heavy strap of the same material. What seems like a third flounce is in reality the extension of the redingote bodice, which is in reality a fitted, long-skirted coat. The front is closed with three very large smoked-pearl buttons; the revers and the shawl collar are faced with deep red velvet. A high collar of folded white piqué shows above the coat collar, but there is no fancy neck dressing. The sleeves are close-fitting, and simply finished with a fold of white piqué. The toque is a small one decorated with red flowers and osprey feathers. Developed in mode or gray cloth, in black cloth, in the new blue, or in any of the colors worn on the street, this costume would be effective and in good taste.

A COTTON tailor-made gown is never expected to visit a laundry. If it should become soiled it goes into the hands of the cleaner and comes out looking absolutely as good as new. This treatment permits the use of velvet and silk decorations upon it. The possibility of this union is well shown in the very summery-looking gown of white duck which is shown in illustration. The skirt is cut in flounces that are mounted on a foundation. The lowest flounce is cut on the round pattern and properly placed on the skirt; the second flounce is cut on a similar pattern with a sharper point and mounted on the skirt, while the third, which has a much more decided point, is put on at the belt. The edges are finished with a simple stitching. The loose jacket is of the white duck, opening over a vest of white cotton cheviot. The white revers are lined, as pictured, with mauve velvet ribbon, and around the waist is a belt of velvet, which passes through the sides of the jacket and crosses the front. A narrow plastron of purple velvet is on the upper part of the vest, and there is a flare cravat of white lawn that gives an elaborate air. The high collar is of purple velvet, and over that is worn the ordinary white turn-over linen collar. The sleeves are easy fitting, but shape in closely to the arms near the elbows, only to flare again at the wrists, where they are finished with folds of purple velvet. The hat is of black Neapolitan, and the gloves white.



COSTUME OF BLUE AND WHITE PIQUE

A DECIDED novelty in cotton gowns is the skirt of white piqué with a rounded strap stitched on both sides and reaching quite around, from under which falls a scant flounce of the piqué as shown in illustration. This skirt is one of the newest and most highly approved designs of the season. The jacket is of blue piqué, having its very broad revers faced with white piqué and showing a blouse bodice of very pale yellow silk. The high collar is finished with a flaring bow of pale yellow silk muslin. The belt is of white leather. The sleeves are the usual close-fitting ones with very narrow turn-back cuffs. The toque is a fanciful one of white straw trimmed with pale blue ribbon and black feathers. If preferred, this toilette might be in one color, but the best dress-makers usually make the jacket and skirt in colors which form a decided contrast.



THE NEW REDINGOTE

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# RECESSIONAL

WORDS BY RUDYARD KIPLING MUSIC BY REGINALD DE KOVEN



Mr. Kipling wrote his great "Recessional" at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and upon its publication in "The London Times" it was pronounced by that paper "the greatest poem of the century." This opinion has since been fully confirmed by critics and readers in every English-speaking country. To Mr. Reginald de Koven, the famous composer, The Ladies' Home Journal intrusted the setting of Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" to music, and the result is herewith presented. It is the first musical setting given Mr. Kipling's words, and is exclusively published in The Ladies' Home Journal, by which it is copyrighted, with all rights reserved.

*Allegro maestoso.*

Sop. 1 & 2. 1. God of our fa - thers, known of old - Lord of our far flung  
3. Far call'd our na - vies melt a - way - On dune and head - land

Tenori. Basses.

Piano or Organ. *Marcato molto.* *ff* *sfz* *sfz* *f marcato.*

*cres.* *ff* *piu placido.* *molto. f* *mf*

bat - tle line - Be - neath whose aw - ful Hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine - Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get - Lest  
sinks the fire - Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nia - o - veh and Tyre! Judge of the na - tions spare us yet, Lest we for - get - Lest

*cres.* *ff* *piu placido.* *molto. f* *mf*

### Baritone Solo.

*meno mosso.*

2. The tu - mult and the shout - ing dies,..... The Cap - tains and the Kings de - part,..... Still  
4. If drunk with sight of pow'r we loose,..... Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,..... Such

### Chorus.

*poco rall.* *pp*

we for - get!  
we for - get!

2. The shout - ing dies!  
4. The pow'r we loose,

The Kings de - part!  
Not Thee in awe!

*poco rall.* *mf* *dolente.*

*cres. sempre.* *f* *poco rall.* *poco accel.*

stands thine an - cient sac - ri - fice..... An hum - ble and a con - trite heart,..... Lord God of Hosts,  
boast - ing as the Gen - tiles use,..... Or les - ser breeds with - out the law,..... Lord God of Hosts,

*mf*

Thy sac - ri - fice!  
The Gentiles use!

A con - trite heart.  
Without the law.

*cres. sempre.* *ff marcato molto.* *poco rall.* *ff poco accel.*

be with us yet, Lest we for - get! Lest we for - get, for - get!  
be with us yet, Lest we for - get! Lest we for - get, for - get!

*mf*

*Tempo lmo.*

*mf pesante.* *rall.*

### Chorus. Grandioso

*ff a tempo.* *cresc.* *marcato molto.*

For hea - then heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and i - ron shard - All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And guard - ing calls not

*Grandioso.* *ff a tempo.* *cresc.* *marcato molto.*

*piu placido.* *f marcato.* *p misterioso. rall.* *f*

Thee to guard, For fran - tic boast and fool - ish word, Thy mer - cy; on Thy peo - ple, Lord! A - - men.....

*piu placido.* *f marcato.* *p misterioso. rall.* *f*

# NEW IDEAS FOR STRAWBERRY FESTIVALS

By Several Clever Women



Mr. Kipling wrote his century. This opinion he To Mr. Reginald de la musical setting given Mr. A

Take romantic old grounds, some white-gowned girls, Weathe strawberry vines among their curls— Some pleasant old ladies with eyes that seem To overlook wrong, to dish up the cream; Crows of good people on pleasure intent,

Sop. 1 & 2.

Tenori. Basses.

Piano or Organ.

bat - tle line - I  
sinks the fire - I

2. The  
4. If

*poco rall.*

we for - get!  
we for - get!

*poco rall.*

*dolente.*

[ALL RIGHTS PROTECTED AND RESERVED]

**DO NOT** attempt to have a strawberry festival too early in the season—wait until the berries are cheap and plentiful; it is only then that they are ripe, red and sweet. If the festival is to be held in a berry-growing district a very popular feature would be a strawberry exhibit. Invite both farmers and gardeners to send specimens of their choicest varieties. Arrange each exhibit on a plate surrounded by a few strawberry leaves; beside each plate place a card with the name of the variety and by whom grown written legibly upon it. Furthermore, have in charge of the table some clever young person who is sufficiently competent on the subject of strawberry culture to answer questions concerning them.

**THREE BOOTHS AND THEIR ARRANGEMENT**

IT should seem advisable to have the old-fashioned booth as the principal feature for the festival, arrange three in the most convenient part of the hall. Drape them with white cheesecloth, to which has been fastened a quantity of strawberry leaves cut from green tissue paper. A dozen or more may be cut at one time by folding the paper the desired number of times. In the first booth have the berries in boxes grouped and piled. Take orders at this booth for berries to preserve, having previously arranged to have them supplied at a reasonable rate.

The ladies who serve may be dressed in red cheesecloth, with garlands of the paper leaves around their waists and in their hair. Strawberries in every form on sale—with the hulls on, without, with sugar and cream, etc., etc., may be in the second booth. At this booth have a large paper pie filled with slips of paper, and presided over by Little Jack Horner, who may sit in a corner and allow people after paying a penny to put in their fingers and pull out a numbered slip. This for a guessing contest as to who will secure the number nearest to the one designating the number of boxes of berries that will be sold during the evening.

The third booth may be devoted to potted plants of all kinds, ferns for jardinières, and cut flowers. *Bonjournières* at three or five cents each would find ready sale.

**TWO BRIGHT GAMES FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE**

A NOVEL idea, and one which requires little expense and will be popular with the young people, is a "strawberry race." Make forty or fifty strawberries of crepe paper, stuff with cotton, and place them on a table. Have another table seven or eight feet away. The "race" should be to carry from one table to the other on a silver dinner-knife as many "strawberries" as possible. If any are dropped they must be picked up on the knife before any more are taken from the table. The hands must not be used to get the "strawberries" on the knife. A prize of a dish of strawberry ice cream may be given to the one who wins the "race."

For the amusement of the younger children a strawberry plant minus the berries may be painted on a sheet. Each child should be provided with a "strawberry" (cut from red felt), and after being blindfolded should try to pin the "strawberry" on the vine where it belongs. This will elicit much merriment and make the festival popular with the younger members of the church.

- A STRAWBERRY INFORMATION PARTY**
- AS PART of the evening's entertainment, when the festival is held in the church parlors, distribute cards with pencils attached, and with questions concerning the strawberry written legibly upon them. After each question leave a blank space for the answer. Then allow some person with a clear voice to announce that to the person who answers correctly the greatest number of questions in an allotted time a prize will be given. No one is allowed to give or receive assistance; at the sound of a bell all must cease writing and the leader read off the correct answer to each question. Those having answered the questions correctly step forward and receive a check; those having answered incorrectly are called upon to read their answers aloud; this will create much merriment. The prize to be given to the one receiving the most checks may be a strawberry shortcake. The following list of questions will serve as a guide:
1. What did a famous divine say about the strawberry?
  2. How do you make strawberry shortcake?
  3. How far apart should the plants be set?
  4. How long before the berries are ripe?
  5. How does it happen that the smallest berries always get on the top of the boxes?
  6. Why don't you raise strawberries yourself?
  7. Where are the seeds of the strawberry?

**WHEN THE FESTIVAL IS AN OUTDOOR ONE**

A STRAWBERRY festival may be most tastefully arranged if held in the open air, where the booths can be erected under spreading trees, and the grounds illuminated at night by colored lanterns. In a small place where extensive grounds are frequently seen, there is almost sure to be some interested worker who is willing to permit the use of lawn or grounds for such an occasion, but the suggestions given below will apply to a festival held in a hall if the day and evening should prove stormy.

The booths for refreshments, and for the sale of any articles which it may be desired to have on sale, may be effectively and inexpensively decorated with drapings of red cheesecloth interspersed with plenty of green in the way of ferns, laurel, etc. If evergreens should be abundant the cheesecloth might be omitted. In the city maple or oak leaves or branches of shrubs might replace the ferns. Amid the green make generous use of artificial strawberry blossoms six to eight inches in diameter. In the middle of the fancy-work booth hang a donation "strawberry"—a mammoth berry-shaped affair of red denim, the pointed calyx of green calico, and the many seeds represented by irregular stitches of yellow worsted. It will require to be held in shape if very large by a light interior framework. It should be filled with packages containing coffee, tea, sugar, spice, raisins, etc.—in fact, anything usually given at a pound party. Five cents should entitle a person to guess how many seeds the "berry" contains. The record of these guesses is kept, and at the close of the evening the person who has been most successful has the privilege of saying what shall be the destination of the "strawberry." It may be given to the minister of the church or to some charitable institution.

**FANCY-WORK AND REFRESHMENT TABLES**

AMONG the fancy articles for sale have as many as possible which will carry out the strawberry idea: Emeries and pin-cushions, blotters decorated with painted berries or made in flower, leaf or berry shape, eyeglass polishers, crepe paper bon-bon boxes, pen-wipers of red felt with chamois leaves, needle-books, and any other little articles which suggest themselves.

The grab-bag, always an attraction to children, may represent an immense strawberry. It may be made of red flannel or denim, with the green calico calyx laid flat around the opening at the top before the drawing-string is put in. On the refreshment tables, with their customary tempting variety of dishes in which the favorite berry figures, scatter menu cards in three styles—a strawberry leaf in pale green, a berry in red, and a blossom in white. These may be made at slight expense. Upon each card write the names and the prices of what is on sale at the table. Where there is a kitchen attached to the church parlors hot strawberry shortcake may be served early in the evening to the male members of the congregation, who for once will be willing to make their evening meal from Mrs. Somebody's matchless shortcake and Mrs. Somebody's else delicious coffee. Quite a sum may be realized from a church supper of this sort. Where this plan is followed the comfort of those who partake of the meal should be carefully looked after, and special pains be taken to have the coffee strong, hot and good, and the things which accompany it altogether satisfactory.

**AN OLD-FASHIONED MILK DAIRY**

IN THE centre of the hall or grounds where the festival is to be held, and in proportion to its space, build a dairy with sides of lattice-work and a peaked roof. At one side have an open doorway, and at the other three sides small square openings to serve as windows. Around both doorway and windows fasten some trailing vines dotted here and there with an occasional paper convolvulus. Immediately beneath the windows on the inside have broad shelves on which to stand the shining milk-pans, pitchers of cream, bowls of powdered sugar, and dishes of the strawberries which you are going to sell. A narrower shelf underneath the broad one will enable you to keep on hand a stock of clean saucers, glasses, spoons, etc., and at the same time serve to hide from view the soiled ones until they can be removed. Customers must not be allowed to enter the dairy, but are served through the windows. The young girls who are in charge should be dressed to represent dairy-maids, with skirts of green cheesecloth, looped up over dresses of red, and girdles, collars, cuffs, aprons and caps of pale green.

**A FOREST WHERE ICES ARE SERVED**

FOR the guests who desire frozen cream, berries and ices, erect a forest of cedars or any other evergreen that can be had. Let the forest extend entirely across the hall and be at least ten feet deep. Brace the trees to the floor, and cover the base of each one with any foliage you can secure for the purpose. Let the tables in the forest be draped entirely in white, and the young girls who are to dispense the frozen sweets be also in white with diamond dust powdering their hair. Place upon the tables plenty of glasses, white layer cakes, small coconut cakes, coconut candy, glass pitchers of cream, bowls of powdered sugar, lemonade and ice water. Let the strawberries and the trailing vines furnish the only colors. Across one corner have a screen covered with white cheesecloth to hide the freezers and the other artistic necessities. In another corner might be a fortune-telling Gypsy, who for a consideration would tell a fortune. Over her head might be the following verse done in green letters on a high white cap:

For the price of a nickel  
I'll secrets reveal,  
And read you your fortune  
For woe or for weal.

**THE CANDY TABLE IS USUALLY THE MOST POPULAR**

ALL kinds of candy may be sold at the candy table, but it will be more in keeping with the occasion if miniature strawberry boxes made of pale yellow or green cardboard and filled with strawberry creams constitute the stock in trade. These creams are made exactly like chocolate creams, merely changing the flavoring. As the eating of candy or other sweet things is sure to provoke thirst, it might be well to have a large bowl filled with strawberry punch upon the candy table. This punch is merely lemonade with strawberries floating in it. Charge a very small sum for a glass of this delicious beverage; pennies help to swell the fund at any church festival. At the candy table might be sold strawberry cook-books, containing receipts contributed by the ladies of the congregation. Each receipt might be written and signed by the person giving it, which would lend an added charm to the book as a collection of autographs. Experience has proven that church cook-books find ready sale.

**WITH REGARD TO THE COSTUMES**

IT NOT only adds to the attractiveness of a room to see different styles of costume moving around, but the young people take more interest in anything which requires a little ingenuity and gives them an opportunity to make picturesque effects. For these reasons it would be well to encourage the younger members as well as the older ones to come in any style of costume which to them shall seem fitting for the occasion. The result of this request will add greatly to the interest of the festival. The dresses may often be contrived from things on hand at little or no cost, or if they must be bought they may be evolved from cheesecloth or from the elaborate chintzes which are always on sale in the spring months and which are quite inexpensive and most effective.

**HOW TO PREPARE THE POSTERS**

THE posters to use for advertising purposes, as well as to adorn the entrance to the festival, may be made by cutting out letters from stiff paper and giving them a coat of boiled linseed oil; you need not wait for them to dry. Procure a large sheet of strong paper, put it on the table, and artistically arrange the letters upon it by driving pins through the paper to the surface beneath. Then dissolve a package of red dye in water, and with an old toothbrush and stick you are ready for work. Dip the brush in the dye, and by rubbing a stick back and forth over the brush spatter the sheet of paper, letters and all. When you have used up your dye, leave the paper to dry, when you may take out the pins and remove the letters. In the make-up of the poster, silhouettes may be used. Fasten small hooks at the top of the posters if it is desired to hang them, or they may be pasted to the wall with flour paste.

**FOR THE COMFORT OF THE GUESTS**

SCATTERED about either hall, parlor or lawn should be arranged small tables and comfortable seats, for the convenience of such visitors as are sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer sitting still while regaling themselves, as well as when chatting with their friends and watching the fitting crowd as it passes them by. If possible, have some instrumental music—a few strings and a piano. Let the music be simple and of a lively, inspiring character. In almost every congregation there are young people who are willing to contribute the musical part of the program. The young people of this sort should devote themselves to the entertainment of the older people and be unmindful of their own. Their reward will surely come. And last, but not least, the young people who have anything on sale should be cautioned not to be too importunate in their demands upon the pocketbooks of the gentlemen who may be present. Too much urging often defeats the purpose which it is intended to serve.



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stage. Perhaps no two writers who have helped to build up our literature have ever exercised a more baleful influence upon contemporary taste and style than George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson. The qualities of genius can never be imitated, but what a tremendous snare for the second-rate are its defects! Even Stevenson himself was snared by his master into writing his worst story, "Prince Otto," upon the master's model. But, as he was not second-rate, and had his own individual note, he pulled up after so unpromising a venture, and contented himself with laying traps for others. But there cannot be any diversity of opinion upon the creative value of Mr. Meredith's work. His women take first rank, along with those of Tourgenieff and Balzac. No writer has ever given us such charming, living young girls, individual, fresh, without a taint of young-girlish insipidity. Their diversity is bewildering. Clara Middleton, pearl of British maidens; Rose Jocelyn, brave and loyal; Renée, an English poet's most radiant vision of French maidenhood; Cecilia Halket, as fresh as the breezes of the Solent; Diana, as lovely as Aurora, with all the wild purity of her namesake. Lucy, Richard's bride, belongs to his early period, and has no individuality, no charm but her rustic prettiness. She is the conventional heroine of a young writer under the spell of Dickens, all smiles and dimples and tears. But even in "Richard Feverel" we catch a glimpse of a girl worth knowing, Richard's silent cousin Clare Doria Forey. This is the only book of George Meredith in which the women play an insignificant part. Here the interest is concentrated upon such striking figures as Sir Austin, Richard, and the inimitable Wise Youth. The charm of this unique book seizes you as that of few books by an almost overmastering captivation in the three most beautiful love-chapters. It is surely not too much to claim for these wonderful pages that there is nothing like them in all modern fiction. Read them again, long, long after their early enchantment has faded from your memory, and see for yourself how little of their beauty and magic have diminished with the cooling and critical influences of time. The Venetian chapters of "Beauchamp's Career" and some pages of "Sandra Belloni," "Vittoria," and "Harry Richmond" are only a degree less lovely.

In music Mr. Meredith's tastes are old-fashioned and Italian, which is odd, seeing how opposed his genius is to that of the dulcet conventional school of Italian music. To be consistent, Mr. Meredith should be a furious Wagnerite. I would not have it thought that I could compare, except in a very relative degree, the operas of Wagner with the novels of George Meredith. The influence of the former is universal, while that of the latter is purely local. But there are unmistakable links between the two natures. Take, for instance, that incomparable masterpiece of gaiety and fantastic humour, the *Meistersingers*. Has not Mr. Meredith in many instances caught a like large spirit of mirth? Might not Beckmester shake hands in fraternity with many of Mr. Meredith's grotesque characters? There is in the *Meistersingers* an interpretation of the fun and the quaintness of things that alone among living writers George Meredith reveals in his work. And many of the orchestral surprises of Wagner have their equivalent in the rare and astounding utterances of the novelist. But where

resemblance ceases is in the tragic note. Mr. Meredith is too intellectual to sink into the extreme and moving depths of simplicity and poignant naked passion that Wagner reaches in the glorious death-scene of Tristan. He could never send us to Rome with conviction so sincere and soul so naïvely penitent as Wagner does when we hear the great Pilgrims' march of the *Tannhauser*. For that is Mr. Meredith's great vice. He is too ruthlessly intellectual. He soars too obviously above us and above the life he portrays. He is too witty, too laboured, too satirical, too humorous. He dwells with too much gusto on the failings of his characters. From very force of understanding human nature so well, he is too aloof from us, too little part of ourselves to inspire us with confidence. We are afraid of him, and when we meet the man in the flesh, we remember the writer, and still continue to be afraid of him. Speaking from personal experience, I know this too well. The mere presence of Mr. Meredith, and the fact that he was addressing me, sufficed to turn me into a complete idiot. I was like Heine in the presence of Goethe, who thought he ought to talk Greek, and when he hunted for an inspired phrase, could find nothing to say but that the Saxony plums were fine. I do not think I mentioned the Saxony plums or even Jersey pears, but I found it impossible to lift myself out of a state of mental hebetude, in my frightful anxiety to utter only appropriate speech. Genius should be more simple and more sincere. I do not say that the work of Mr. Meredith is not sincere. It is too generous and too just not to be sincere, and then it is the expression of the man himself. But simple it is not, and hence the kind of inexplicable terror it inspires in us. This is Madame Daudet's impression of the writer when she and her husband visited him at Boxhill: "The aspect of a gentleman-poet (the French *gentilhomme* conveys a much more delicate and subtle compliment than the English hideous word), of perfect manners, of distinguished and sympathetic physiognomy. . . . A fine energy in that artist's countenance, lined but so living by the eyes with their profound expression, in which sparkles of wit and a glow of little flames play." Madame Daudet was evidently quite at her ease. But then she had not read "The Egoist" or "Diana of the Crossways," and we may swear she had never puzzled over a single line of that unique collection of sonnets, "Modern Love." She informs her French readers that he is the Mallarmé of England. Could ignorance run to more absurd length? If you must hunt for Mr. Meredith's brother on French soil, he is there under your eyes as Stendhal. The same ruggedness and obscurity of style and meaning; the same bewildering originality; the same daring conception and delineation of woman; the same wit and brilliance of epigram and dialogue; the same large interpretation of life, of motive, and character. The defects, too, run parallel in their separate tongues: excessive subtlety, an affectation of utterance never surprised into simplicity and directness; an abhorrence of the conventional and commonplace ever on active guard, a tendency to abuse comedy and reduce the life of fashion to a fine art eliminated of all nature and passion and common experiences. Turn from the Italian life of *La Grande Chartreuse*, one of the most extraordinary books ever written, to the no less unreal



life at Beckley Court in "Evan Harrington." The atmosphere is as different as that of the Equator and the North Pole, but is not the manner alike? The English comedy is coarser and more humorous, in keeping with the robust character of the race. But do we feel less at home with the brilliant Countess of Saldar than we feel with Stendhal's magnificent duchess, with Mr. John Raikes, or Tom Cogglesby, than with Count Mosca or Prince Ernest? But Mr. Meredith's comedy can be far more delicate and suggestive than Stendhal's, as he has shown in that incomparable study of egoism, Sir Willoughby Patterne. The difference in the quality of their outlook is that of a very fastidious gentleman, who is a poet as well as a philosopher, and a dragoon. Beyle was a soldier, one of Napoleon's soldiers, too, which implies an added taint of brutality to the military character, before he became a bored and blighted consul at Civita Vecchio. He adored the world of fashion, as so many other men of letters have done before him, and will continue to do, though he never could belong to it, and only penetrated its utmost outskirts in the character of an oddity. And so he imagined and invented a titled world of his own, and as he was a man of genius, his world is a very wonderful one indeed, far more original and entertaining than the real one ever could be. Beside the Duchess of Sanseverino, the ordinary duchess is as water unto wine, as the Countess of Saldar must make an ordinary countess as insipid as a fashion plate.

There is, however, one distinctive feature in Mr. Meredith's work which, while common in that of a great many of our writers in different degree, reaches in him an absolute supremacy. Landscape lights up most English fiction and English poetry, but where will you find it so richly, vividly, variously portrayed as in the unique work of this writer? Whether it be in verse or prose, you can never forget the world of nature into which you have entered under his magic guidance. All his books glow and throb with the love and perfect understanding of nature. It is not mere landscape painting, which anyone may try his hand at, the sort of thing William Black did by the yard, with all the skill and originality and diversity of the signboard painter. It is the very life of the earth made visible to us; its mysteries and secrets are seized and unrolled before us with the utmost cunning of design, an amazing precision of eye, of ear, of senses. Mr. Meredith does not drag in sunset effects into a novel as a suitable background for a flirtation, nor are woods solely described that the lovers may wander in them. Whether he invite us out of doors at home or abroad, he will make us see and understand scenery by means of a vigorous beauty of description, and such an intensity and originality of revelation as no other writer I can think of ever has achieved. Here he drops all affectation and obscurity of utterance. The wild cherry-tree he arrests us under blooms and scents the air about us. We stand with Dacier and Diana among the rocks and roaring waters of Italian hills, and we are filled with envy of Dacier's bath in those sunny solitudes, so quick and vital is the landscape to our vision. We enter the enchanted woods of verse, and hold our breath for awe. Yes, here is the magician, here is the poet, here is the writer of splendid prose. Elsewhere he may exasperate; here only does he enchant. Elsewhere the persistently blinding quality of his

brilliance leaves us ill at ease, but here we surrender ourselves gladly to his charm. In his company out of doors we are at home with George Meredith, no longer doubtful of his meaning, afraid of the ferocity of his intuition, of the eagerness and mercilessness of his intellect.

HANNAH LYNCH.

#### MR. KIPLING'S SCHOOLMASTERS AND SCHOOLBOYS.\*

(1) BY T. E. PAGE, MASTER AT CHARTERHOUSE.

THE heroes of this book are three boys, McTurk, Stalky, and Beetle, the last of whom represents Mr. Kipling himself, and the story describes their exploits at a "College" of some two hundred boys, the other characters being chiefly masters connected with the place.

When introduced to the reader Stalky and his two friends have been about four or five years at school and possess considerable influence. But they are at war with the masters, despise the prefects, and sneer at all school games. They lead a life apart, and "gloat" over their triumphs in secret. "*Je vais gloater*," says Beetle after one performance, "*Je vais gloater tout le blessed afternoon*." "This is much too good," remarks McTurk after another, "to tell all the other brutes in the Coll. They'd never understand. They play cricket, and say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'Oh, sir,' and 'No, sir.'"

Instead of playing cricket the three lads smoke in a hut hidden among furze-bushes, from which they are hunted by a sergeant who "wears tennis-shoes and carries binoculars" to assist him in the pursuit of evil-doers. Then they move their pipes and themselves to a romantic eyrie among the cliffs on the sea-shore, from which "they could hear young jackdaws squawking on the ledges," and from which Stalky was enabled "with great deliberation"—these are the author's own graphic words—"to spit on to the back of a young rabbit sunning himself far down." Such enthusiasts, indeed, are they for the forbidden luxury of smoking that we are treated to a further account of their tramping through the rain to a spot where they could sit down "among water-logged clods on a rust-coloured harrow" in order to consume a cheroot in partnership and be sick in common. "*Je cat, tu cat, il cat. Nous cattons!*" is the observation of McTurk as he "hands up his contribution" (p. 161), although elsewhere the speaker is said to be an admirer of the style of Ruskin and given to binding up "odd numbers of *Fors Clavigera*" in spare moments.

This taste for surreptitious tobacco is strictly congruous with the other activities of this remarkable trio. The third chapter (pp. 64-99) is very accurately headed "An Unsavoury Interlude," and relates with a rich wealth of detail how they introduce a dead cat underneath the floor of a large dormitory in the adjoining boarding-house. Mr. Kipling handles his theme with masterly power, and I can recall no place in literature in which evil smells are discussed with such admirable and appreciative skill. It is a shame to mutilate a passage which must become a *locus classicus* to all students of the malodorous, but a single quotation may illustrate its vivacity. "When she begins to fume,"

\* "Stalky and Co." By Rudyard Kipling. Pp. 272. 6s. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1899.)

says Stalky, referring to the cat, "she'll whisper to 'em in their dreams. Then she'll whiff. Golly, how she'll whiff! Oblige me by thinkin' of it for two minutes." The subject, indeed, rises above the power of prose, and Beetle indicates that he will enshrine it in a Ballad. "Keep clear of anything coarse, then," said Stalky. "I shouldn't like to be coarse on this happy occasion." "Not for wo-orlds," replies Beetle. "What rhymes to '*stanches*,' some one?" (p. 88). The italics are not Mr. Kipling's, but he must have credit for understanding what particular rhyme he thus subtly suggests.

In the fifth chapter the heroes appear as "Moral Reformers," or, in their own jargon, as "moral suasers," and execute justice on two bullies by trussing them for a suggested cockfight, and then, when they are quite helpless, administering the following tortures, viz. (1) "Head-knuckles," (2) "Brush-drill," (3) "the Key," (4) "Cork-screws," (5) "Rocking to sleep," and (6) "the Ag Ag"; after which they sing off one whisker, administer "cracks" with a "cricket-stump on the curved latter-end" (p. 152) of their weeping victims, and finally compel them to sing a comic song. The effects of this treatment are apparently to promote virtue, and when the School Chaplain and the Head Master—a remarkable man who "sends a boy spinning into the waste-paper basket" and then gives him "eight cuts, welters"—discuss a complaint which is sent them by a widowed mother on the subject, they "wink" at one another like "Augurs," and agree to dismiss it.

The behaviour of Stalky and Co. cannot, however, be said to improve in consequence of the "Augurs winking," and the crowning exploit of their last term is one of the most remarkable in fiction. In order to revenge themselves on a weak prefect, who has reported them to the Sixth Form for impertinence, they bribe a girl to kiss the timid lad at a shop door, and then turn upon their accuser and judges with a general charge of impropriety. "It—it isn't," says Beetle, addressing the court, "so much the cynical immorality of the biznai, as the blatant indecency of it, that's so awful. As far as we can see, it's impossible for us to go into Bideford without runnin' up against some prefect's unwholesome amours." The Sixth are dumfounded by such language, beg the three young blackguards to hush the whole affair up, and Beetle, after lecturing them severely, in the end agrees that "for the honour of the school they will keep their mouths shut as to these—ah—obscenities," after which Stalky and Co. retire to their study and laugh until they are "too weak to move." It is not the questionable tone of this story—for that might be paralleled—which renders it unique, but its extravagant impossibility. There is not a boy in England who does not know that Beetle's harangue could not conceivably have been uttered, and that, if it had been, there is no human probability that he would have survived to tell the tale. A writer of stories for the young should either refrain about subjects which they do not understand or else refrain from relating palpable absurdities.

Space forbids me to dwell, as I might wish, on the gross caricatures which Mr. Kipling presents not only of boys, but of masters. The Head Master takes "his after-dinner cheroot" to a prefect's study and, after "a cock of one wise eyebrow," addresses the boys present as "Luxurious infants," while he drops into a "big half-couch"; and, on

another occasion, informs his pupils that "he can connive at immorality, but cannot stand impudence." As for the assistant masters, they merely take the place of the policeman in a pantomime, on whom Tomfool plays his tricks in order to set the pit in a roar. But then, as the School



"BEETLE."

Chaplain assures us, we should "never forget that a master is not a man." It may be so; but, as it happens, Mr. Kipling has accidentally drawn one of them as a human being and a gentleman. Mr. Prout, who is wittily called "Hooper," "Hoophab," "Heffy," and "Heeffelinga," because of the size of his feet, is the unhappy house-master of Stalky and Co. He is a foolish but "sensitive" man; his hobby is "the honour of his house," and he is "sincerely devoted to gaining the esteem of his charges." As such he becomes a chief target for ridicule. Mr. Kipling's three heroes make songs upon him and mock him as "Popularity Prout"; they exult in making his house, as they euphemis-

tically put it, "a happy little house"; they outrage him in every form and fashion; they had discovered his "weak point," and, to quote Mr. Kipling's own powerful phrase, "they knew well how to flick him on the raw."

It is needless to add anything to such a statement. A spice of devilry in boys is often not altogether a bad sign, but deliberate malignancy is wholly vile, and, in spite of Mr. Kipling, experience shows that boys who set themselves to "flick" a weak but kindly master "on the raw" are very rarely the boys who turn out brave officers or distinguished men. Happily too they are very rare in Public Schools. If Mr. Kipling's own experiences were indeed such as he depicts, he would wisely have left them to a kind oblivion. On the other hand, as a record of ordinary school life, his book, apart from other defects, is a gross and absolute travesty of facts.

(2) BY ARTHUR H. WALKER, B.A., HEADMASTER'S ASSISTANT, UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO.

THE publication of a book such as Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co." must necessarily be of the

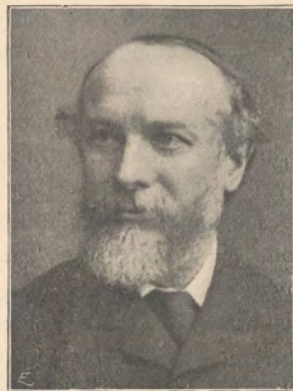


THE UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO.

greatest interest to all the scholastic profession, and especially to those who are now engaged in teaching at Mr. Kipling's old school at Westward Ho! But it is hardly fair to raise the direct question of the truth or falsity of the pictures drawn in the book. Apart from the necessary predominance of "the imaginative element" in an avowed work of fiction, the point of view presented is that of a boy. To expect, therefore, an accurate view of the relations between master and boy, or between master and master, is to expect the impossible. As Mr. Kipling expresses it elsewhere, by the mouth of one of his most famous creations, "Too much bloomin' background in front!"; only in this case the position is reversed. The background is obscured by the foreground. In other words, Mr. Kipling has remembered, more or less accurately, various events of his school-days, and, intentionally or unintentionally, has sacrificed perspective and therefore truth. Still, as has been already pointed out, truth, *per se*, should not be made the criterion of a work of art.

To imagine that the character of the average schoolboy or the average schoolmaster can be in any degree gauged by this book is of course absurd. There are no "Stalkys"—if there were they would be as abhorrent in real life as they are amusing in fiction; there

are no "Kings." It has been said that "Stalky and Co." would be a dangerous book to put into the hands of a schoolboy. Dangerous for the boy—yes! He would find



MR. CORMELL PRICE, Headmaster United Services College, Westward Ho, Bideford, N. Devon, 1874-1891, to whom "Stalky and Co." is dedicated. From photo by Elliott & Fry.

that his teachers are not Kings or Prouts or Har-toppes, nor he himself successful as a rival of Stalky or Beetle. It is possible that he might suffer grievously!

In fine to criticise Mr. Kipling's book as a picture of school life is to approach it from entirely the wrong standpoint. To pronounce on its merits as a purely literary effort may be left to others; the schoolmaster will, for the most part, decline to regard it as in any

way affecting him or his work. It is outside his province, and foreign to all his experience.

## THE JOURNALIST.

### "OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT."

It is believed that nearly a hundred special correspondents have left this country during the last few weeks for the seat of war; and what with local reporters and press representatives from America, Australia, and India, there are over two hundred chroniclers and artists at the present moment at the various points of military interest in South Africa. Some of these gentlemen have a reputation as special war correspondents recognised throughout the English-speaking world, and also on the Continent; some have yet their spurs to win, and others, from rare modesty, or other more cogent reasons, insist upon preserving their anonymity. Never in previous history have the leading journals of Great Britain and news agencies been more numerous represented at the seat of war. This is due partly to keen competition for the earliest, most reliable, and most picturesque accounts of the events of the campaign, partly to the intense interest in the fortunes of the war in the public mind, and partly also to the immense area of the theatre of warlike operations. It must be admitted that the various correspondents are severely handicapped in the pursuit of their arduous and dangerous profession. First of all, a very trenchant military censorship has been established, and rightly so. It is believed that Boer spies and sympathisers abound not only in South Africa, but in this country and on the Continent; and every scrap of information likely to be of benefit to the Boers in the conduct of their military operations is certain to be wired to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Again, the internal telegraphic system in South Africa has been

## Reviews.

### Mr. Kipling as Recruiting Sergeant.

*Stalky & Co.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

WHETHER or not Mr. Kipling claims to have set before us the whole boy, or only a special acquaintance of his own, we do not know; but if *Stalky & Co.*, as we half suspect, purports to tell the truth where *Eric*, Dean Farrar's famous story (and Mr. Kipling's bugbear), only romances, we must say at once that it comes short of that ambition. The impression of boy life conveyed by *Eric* is not more false than that given by *Stalky & Co.*, but the two pictures are the poles asunder. Dean Farrar's weakness for sentiment is quite equalled by Mr. Kipling's infatuation for might. One is as wrong as the other. The real boy comes somewhere between the two; you will find more of him in *Tom Brown* and *Tom Sawyer* than anywhere else. Mr. Kipling for once is caught tripping. In his endeavour to recapture his youth he has remembered everything but youth's immaturity. The escapades of youth are here, the joy of living, the high spirits; but a cleverness beyond all credence has been superimposed. The attempt to make forcible dialogue and successful strategy has been too much for the author, and fidelity to the fact has gone overboard in the interests of the yarn. We cannot believe that even at Westward Ho! Mr. Kipling's own school, three boys ever existed with so complete a theory of life, such rapid and accurate powers of deduction, such uncanny sagacity, such unwavering disregard of the feelings of others, and such brutal and unflinching wit, as Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle. Mr. Kipling is entitled to idealise his puppets if he likes, and yet we have for so long come to look to him for genuine efforts to depict people as they are that it is with difficulty that the mind is adjusted to this new phase. We shall express the matter more clearly, perhaps, by saying that in these narratives of the adventures of three boys for the discomfiture of masters or other enemies, and the glorification of themselves, the thought, the arrangement, and the orderly accomplishment are adult, the conditions and language—and that only approximately—alone being boyish. Now although the child is the father of the man, and all the rest of it, there is yet a vast difference between a boy's ways and a man's ways. Mr. Kipling seems to us to have overlooked that difference altogether.

He has also so overdone the book that it has to be pronounced his least satisfactory work. There is a piling on of youthful brutality beyond all need, a lack of selective skill. Had *Stalky & Co.* been a whole-hearted attempt at realism, a genuine effort to portray the boy, we should make no such objections. But it is nothing of the kind: the whole boy, indeed, would no more bear setting down in black and white than the whole man. Realism being, then, out of the question, it remains that Mr. Kipling might have made a far better book. For the moment his instinct for the best stories has left him: he has let in a very flood of the second best. "In Ambush" and "A Little Prep," the best things here (as good in their kind as one could wish), make some of their companions appear singularly unnecessary. "An Unsavoury Interlude," "The Impressionists," "The Moral Reformers"—no one of these is worth the amount of spirit and literary power which Mr. Kipling has put into them. "An Unsavoury Interlude" in particular is quite unworthy—a story which relates how the three heroes, having been accused of neglecting to wash themselves, retaliate by hiding a putrid cat in their traducers' house. Boys doubtless do such things, and for an oral yarn the incident would serve; but when a man of genius sits down to elaborate the affair we feel that he is expending himself wantonly. The thing does not matter, is not worth the doing, especially by the same hand that gave us the

beautiful gravity of the *Jungle Books*. However, to balance the less worthy or unworthy chapters there are the two that we have named, which are of the first-class of boisterous school story. These, though often unnecessarily exuberant, justify themselves; and, if we had our way, Mr. Kipling's reputation as a delineator of boy life in a military nursery should rest on them alone. We quote from "In Ambush" the passages describing part of the conversation of the three when confined to their dormitory for a crime they did not commit:

"We've got him—got him on the Caudine Toasting-fork!" said Stalky, after those hints were taken. "King 'll have to prove his charges up to the giddy hilt."

"Too much tickles, him bust," Beetle quoted from a book of his reading. "Didn't I say he'd go pop if we lat un bide?"

"No prep., either, O ye incipient drunkards," said M'Turk, "and it's trig night too. Hallo! Here's our dear friend Foxy. More tortures, Foxybus?"

"I've brought you something to eat, young gentlemen," said the Sergeant from behind a crowded tray. Their wars had ever been waged without malice, and a suspicion floated in Foxy's mind that boys who allowed themselves to be tracked so easily might, perhaps, hold something in reserve. Foxy had served through the Mutiny, when early and accurate information was worth much.

"I—I noticed you 'adn't 'ad anything to eat, an' I spoke to Gumbly, an' he said you wasn't exactly out off from supplies. So I brought up this. It's your potted 'am tin, ain't it, Mr. Corkran?"

"Why, Foxybus, you're a brick," said Stalky. "I didn't think you had this much—what's the word, Beetle?"

"Bowels," Beetle replied promptly. "Thank you, Sergeant. That's young Carter's potted ham, though."

There was a C on it. I thought it was Mr. Corkran's. This is a very serious business, young gentlemen. That's what it is. I didn't know, perhaps, but there might be something on your side which you hadn't said to Mr. King or Mr. Prout, maybe."

"There is. Heaps, Foxybus." This from Stalky through a full mouth.

"Then you see, if that was the case, it seemed to me I might represent it, quiet so to say, to the 'Ead when he asks me about it. I've got to take 'im the charges to-night, an'—it looks bad on the face of it."

"Trocius bad, Foxy. Twenty-seven cuts in the Gym before all the school, and public expulsion. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin'," quoth Beetle.

Subsequently they visited the Head:

"Good evening," said he, when the three appeared under escort. "I want your undivided attention for a few minutes. You've known me for five years, and I've known you for—twenty-five. I think we understand one another perfectly. I am now going to pay you a tremendous compliment. (The brown one, please, Sergeant. Thanks. You needn't wait.) I'm going to execute you without rhyme, Beetle, or reason. I know you went to Colonel Dabney's covers because you were invited. I'm not even going to send the Sergeant with a note to ask if your statement is true, because I am convinced that, on this occasion, you have adhered strictly to the truth. I know, too, that you were not drinking. (You can take off that virtuous expression, M'Turk, or I shall begin to fear you don't understand me.) There is not a flaw in any of your characters. And that is why I am going to perpetrate a howling injustice. Your reputations have been injured, haven't they? You have been disgraced before the house, haven't you? You have a peculiarly keen regard for the honour of your house, haven't you? Well, *now* I am going to lick you."

Six apiece was their portion upon that word. "And this, I think"—the head replaced the cane, and flung the written charge into the waste-paper basket—"covers the situation. When you find a variation from the normal—this will be useful to you in later life—always meet him in an abnormal way."

We have used the phrase, boy life in a military nursery, because it must be remembered that that is what Mr.

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Kipling has set out to paint. *Stalky & Co.* is the book of empire-makers in the making, a fact which must be kept steadily in mind if one is to come through to the last page without qualms, or, indeed, come through to the last page at all. For empires are not made in accordance with the precepts of the fifth chapter of Matthew, or even of the ordinary citizen of the world, and empire-makers are a kind of boy in whom the softer emotions have no place, and in whom any cultivation of the delicacies is discouraged. The qualities which are most needed on our frontiers are the qualities which Mr. Kipling holds up for admiration. It is not so much Young England that is represented here as Young Fighting England, in whom there cannot be too much of quickness of thought and swiftness of decisive action, and who is successful only in so far as he is also merciless, adamant, and domineering. Courageous, too; although, curiously, Mr. Kipling leaves us to form our own conclusions as to his heroes' personal valour. Their victories are for the most part victories of diplomacy and vicarious blows. *Stalky*, we know from the last story, became a worthy soldier; but at school the three despised cricket with all their hearts, avoided football except under compulsion, and, so far as their historian informs us, fought no fights. On the other hand they once ill-treated a cow (although Mr. Kipling has not included the account of the incident in this volume), and in the course of curing two bulls of bullying their own experiments in that art reached a point of horrible atrocity. Hence, although for soldiers this is one of the most congenial collections of yarns that they are likely to get for some time, and for Volunteers and the military-minded it is hardly less admirable, for the Czar and for peace-loving and all gentle-souled readers it will be well nigh impossible. Mr. Kipling, as apostle of muscle and aggressive Imperialism, has uttered many battle-cries in his time; but this is his completest incitement to war, his crowning achievement as the supreme Recruiting Sergeant. Particularly so, since *Stalky & Co.* appeals to the young and plastic mind. Parents must please themselves as to whether they add the book to the holiday library; but we can only say that if it is to be read freely by impressionable boys, the sooner the curtain is rung down on the farce of Christianity the better; for there is hardly a precept of the Sermon on the Mount that is not joyously outraged in its pages.

What the book chiefly needs is some humanising relief. Throughout there is the same unerring metallic smartness, with hardly a hint of deeper feelings; the same torrent of brilliant slang. And this reminds us that besides other reasons for not handing this book to a boy, which will occur to every schoolmaster who happens to read it, there is also the objection that imitators of *Stalky*, *M-Turk*, and *Beetle* would be a very noxious race. For the originals we have admiration, albeit tempered by incredulity; but their derivatives will be appalling.

#### The Only-Begetter of Impressionism.

*Velasquez.* By R. A. M. Stevenson. (George Bell & Sons. 5s. net.)

This cheap edition of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's *Velasquez* is a valuable little work. Mr. Stevenson is known as an admirable art critic. His technical knowledge is thorough, and his appreciation cultivated. He expresses himself in sound, literary English, without unnecessary ostentation of the terms of the schools. Yet he is far from that much more exasperating class of art critics who deal in flourishes of literary eloquence, from which nothing definite is to be learned—loose splotches of colour without definition. He is, in particular, almost an ideal critic of Velasquez; for, as he confesses, he is an impres-

sionist by temperament. You must, indeed, consequently allow for an avowed natural prejudice against what he calls decorative aim in painting (he gives unusual extension to the term so as to cover even the great Venetians); but he is large-mindedly conscious of this, and discounts it, endeavouring, so far as may be, to eliminate it from his general conclusions. To criticise Velasquez, assuredly a convinced impressionist is needful.

Spain is not a land of great ideals, of high spirituality: it has not developed the inner consciousness, like Germany; nor, like France, consummately cultivated the material consciousness. But it is the land where the sense of personal dignity has reached its loftiest expression. It is the land of the Hidalgo. It is the land of Quixote. A grave rhetoric characterises much of its literature and its art. Most appropriately, for final blossom of its art, it produced the founder of the personal style in painting, which we call Impressionism. The most modern of modern art has found in him its master and exemplar; for being concerned nowadays with ourselves, we needed an art which should teach us to see ourselves greatly. But the founder remains supreme. To go no further, his Spanish dignity gave an elevation to his seeing which is lacking in most modern impressionists, however masterly otherwise. The revolution he has worked in England, through such men as Whistler and Sargent, is great. It extends to the very teaching of our schools. The state of things which till lately prevailed, the piecemeal working and scrutiny of nature, is scathingly described by Mr. Stevenson:

Many people must have seen English painters who went out of their way to confuse their eyesight and destroy all unity of impression. Some begin a large landscape at the top of one corner, and finish it all the way down, bit by bit. . . . These make a tunnel with their hands to shut out everything but the one patch of colour they are matching. These hold up white paper to gauge a value; these match tints upon a palette-knife held against the hues of nature; these cut holes in a card to look through; and these peep through their legs, their half-shut eyes, or into a small black mirror. . . . I have often seen men painting sunsets who would shade out the sky with a hat or hand that they might see what they were pleased to call the true colour of the ground. Of course, the grass instantly became of quite another colour to what it had been when the sky entered the painter's eyes at the same time. But they seemed unaware that they were painting by this process two quite different effects in one frame.

Mr. Ruskin, though aware that colours are altered by juxtaposition, is yet responsible for the cardboard device; as that great critic is responsible for many mistaken theories and practices. Wherein lay the originality of Velasquez? He sought his principle of unity in imitating the actual colour-relations of nature, seen and grasped as a whole, in their reciprocal interdependence. Whereas the painters with whom he may most nearly be compared studied things separately, and endeavoured to unify them either by a decorative system of colour-harmony and harmonies of line, like Rubens and the Venetians; or by *chiaroscuro*, like Rembrandt. It is in the Prado of Madrid, says Mr. Stevenson, that this supremacy of Velasquez can best be realised. There alone can his mature work be studied in bulk; and beside it even Rembrandt looks incomplete. In the Rembrandt group individually realistic figures are combined by an artificial harmony of *chiaroscuro*, slurring over the falsity of relative value. In Velasquez the group is united by a comprehensive perception of colour-values, studied not merely in their reciprocal effect, but as modified by the incidence of light on varying planes, and under varying conditions of atmospheric perspective. For it is obvious that even modelling is not a mere matter of light and dark, but a subtly-changing colour-pattern, caused by the numerous planes of surface. In the same way *chiaroscuro* and the effects of atmosphere reveal themselves by their effects on the value of colour. It is only artificially that we separate them, and in Velasquez they

never to forget. Another strange point is, that there is nothing hurts a schoolboy's feelings more than articulate adult sympathy. He loathes all "jaw," but most of all he loathes the "jaw" of the well-intentioned, sympathetic master—such as Mr. Prout. Under continued "jaw" the schoolboy gets uneasy, and he will end by "chaffing." The relations between Prout and his house constitute, perhaps, the truest portion of *Stalky & Co.* On the other hand, he likes discipline if it be stiff. But (another curiosity) the disciplinarian should be genial. The boy loves a discreet geniality. When you cane or give lines you mustn't laugh, you mustn't exhibit the most trifling excitement; you must be calmly and coldly genial. Yet a third mysterious trait of "boy" is his unerring instinct for divining all the complicated secret difficulties of those who rule him, and taking his advantage therefrom. He has never been told, but he knows precisely why an under-master won't appeal to the Head, and precisely at what moment the under-master, choosing the lesser of two evils, may be relied on to do violence to his inclination in that respect. With what accuracy he will estimate a new master, and balancing the new master against the Head, and the Head against that Parental Interference which has grown so much of late, will create a policy to meet the situation! "Boy" is always a great statesman. It is his statesmanship, coupled with the plethora of unemployed teachers, that resolves many schools into a battlefield of diplomacy, in which the boys and the Head are pitted against the under-masters. Compare *Stalky & Co.* To our mind a characteristic stranger than any we have mentioned is the attitude of "boy" towards ill-health. He can understand sickness in a woman, and he can understand it in himself. You may sit by his bedside and tell tales (if you are fool enough), and he would be grateful were it not that "boy" never is grateful. But fall "seedy" yourself, and insist on your seediness, and he will drop you as a hopeless puzzle. He is psychically incapable of believing that a grown man can be unwell. Even your death would only baffle him. Then there are the relations between boys and girls, and between boys' schools and girls' schools. It is certain that even small boys can "spoon" with and get passionately fond of small girls. Look at Tom Sawyer. More than one critic has said that Tom's love affairs are a mawkish blot on a masterpiece. We think not. We have known affairs quite as serious and impassioned in real life; but in love there is "boy" and "boy." Schools may be divided under three heads: the small private school, where girls are usually scorned, and the mere presence of a girl causes discomfort; the larger private school, where the number of bigger boys induces a more tolerant mind and a great deal of innocent flirting, accomplished with pride and pleasure at every opportunity; the public school, where, to put the thing briefly, the boys are men.

Yes, it is clearly apparent that the serious novelist of "boy" will have a task of terrifying difficulty. But sooner or later the courageous, enthusiastic man will come along. Perhaps, despite the indications of a "boom," his veritable hour is not yet. Perhaps, nay certainly, the public is not quite ready to hear the exact truth about its beloved schoolboys. The author who published it, say, next week, would have a reception compared to which the original reception of Ibsen was an ecstatic welcome. But time passes, and freedom broadens down, and we arrive ultimately at the most distant horizons. Meanwhile, "boy" will not change; "boy" is changeless.

I AM hungry. I am cold. So much the better. I suffer what the people are suffering. Decidedly horse is not good for me. Yet I ate some. It gives me the gripes. I avenged myself at dessert with the following distich:

Mon dîner m'inquiète et même me harcèle,  
 J'ai mangé du cheval et je songe à la selle.  
*Victor Hugo's Memoirs: The Siege of Paris.*

### Over-Writing.

THE Worshipful Company of Phrase-Makers has become a prosperous guild since its formation, some ten years ago, under the tuition of a strong and dominant personality. Writing ill was proscribed, a nucleus was formed, and a weekly journal became the Bible of the new school. In many respects it was a good school, though like all good things it has been overdone. If most of our young authors have nothing to say, they are agreed as one man to say it curiously. What is needed is matter as distinct from manner, brains as distinct from taste. And as the deficiency of matter is made up one would wish to see the excess of manner toned down. This does not mean that when great themes arrive style will deteriorate; it means that when great themes arrive, style will become sturdy and direct. It was ever so. There is an eternal see-saw relation between matter and style. Too little matter, too much style, and *vice versa*. But just as a see-saw may come to a stop twixt *see* and *saw* (boys know the awkward poise that baulks enjoyment when the weights are too equal), so in literature you may find a baffling (but not unhelpful) inertia caused by a want of relation between style and matter. The matter may be excellent, but the style may hold it in dreary thrall.

To drop metaphors, I find this curious, unprofitable poise in a novel I have just laid down; and the fact and the details seem worth noting. Mr. Bernard Capes's story, *Our Lady of Darkness*, is so good in substance that one could weep for its sins of style. Mr. Capes gives, and takes away. The story is concerned with secondary effects of the French Revolution. We see those effects in Paris, in London, and in a small village near Liège. The human material on which the fitful lightnings play is varied and interesting. There is a palsied, be-rouged, amorous English peer that Thackeray could not have drawn with surer touches: "At no period of his life had he so realised his ideal of existence as when, upon his seventy-seventh year, he found himself false—inside and out—from top to toe." There is St. Denys, a fatuous Flemish squire—political hypocrite and hypocritical lover; Théroigne Lambertine—full-blooded village belle and Parisian she-devil; the fragile Nicette—village saint and murderess; and for hero, Edward Murk perfecting himself in hardy English graces of character under our eyes. What, then, is wrong with *Our Lady of Darkness*?

Just this: it is over-written. It is fretted and fogged by a style that must give the average reader as much pause as Gothic lettering. That Mr. Capes is enrolled of the Phrase-Makers we knew, but he has run ahead of the craft, and is weaving strange fabrics in the wilderness. He is nobly infatuated with rare words and exotic similes. He justifies Costard's satire: "Remuneration! Oh, that's the Latin word for three-farthings. . . . Remuneration, why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word." However, I hope to see Mr. Capes sell out of his present style and buy literary tact. That is all he needs to be a very fine novelist. As it is, he forgets his reader in his subject, and is so intent on collecting that he forgets to convey. He deposits jewels in your sight and walks off. He does not so much write for you as he permits you to see him write. This is magnificent, but it is not literature.

Liège at noon. Edward Murk, aristocrat and strolling artist, has surveyed the town from the hills, and is descending a hill into the market-place:

At its foot . . . he seemed to come upon the actual furnace floor of noon—a broad *Place* that bickered, as it were, throughout its length with iridescent embers. These were figured in crates of Russian cranberries glowing like braziers, in pomegranates' bleeding fire, in burning globes of oranges, in apricots pearly-pink as balls of white-hot glass; and over all, the long looped awnings of olive and stone-blue and cinnamon served to the emphasising of

### SIXPENCE.

guineas a year, and acres of golf ground . . . ing is marked as a . . . rable report of the . . . h. Mr. Kipling's . . . h verse, the only

*College Chronicle*, is not specially . . . and one is glad . . . port, though in a . . . pling's pen in this . . . as secretary of . . . mmentary para- . . . r Anthony' was a . . . nfortunately by an . . . er." We read on . . . of the debating . . . of voting Kipling . . . in that Mr. Kipling . . . rte's "Conception . . . er for March 27th, . . . Mr. Kipling, "In- . . . common-room of . . . ber 17th, 1894, in . . . on the occasion of . . . leave-taking of Mr. . . . headmaster. Mr. . . . h of the merits of . . . to make men able

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Comparing the two new

21 October, 1899.

The Academy.

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## THE ACADEMY.

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## "Boy, only Boy."

"It's not brutality," murmured little Hartopp, as though answering a question no one had asked. "It's boy; only boy."—STALKY & Co.

QUITE possibly "boy" is about to be widely exploited in fiction. He seems to be in the air. Through the literary press there runs that obscure rumour of him which the initiated may presage a boom. At any moment we might receive the announcement that he is formally "discovered"—using the term in the special literary slang sense. The only outward and obvious sign of this probable movement is the almost simultaneous appearance of two "boy" books, by two leading novelists who have not hitherto been over and above addicted to the study of schools. We refer, of course, to Mr. Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* and Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *The Human Boy*. But the actual publication of a book is often only the last of a series of symptoms. Never forget the magazines. For ourselves, we are inclined to go back three years in order to find the beginning of "boy." It was in October, 1896, that a story by Mr. Phillpotts, called "The Piebald Rat," appeared in the *Idler*. If a "boy" movement does set in, that particular tale must be deemed the inception of it. Perhaps it gained little attention. Nevertheless, it was remarkable, for it was a realistic study of "boy," and of a very curious side of "boy"—the superstitious side of him. Broadly speaking, it may be said with confidence that "boy" is not superstitious—he would not understand what the word meant—but superstition may occasionally seize him unawares, with the strangest results, and Mr. Phillpotts has found a case equally convincing and (in a subtle sort of way) uncanny. We regard "The Piebald Rat" as one of the few essentially serious examinations of schoolboyish idiosyncrasy yet attempted. Here let us not be suspected of imagining that Messrs. Kipling and Phillpotts invented the schoolboy. We know our *Lord Ormont*, and though boys are not of the essence of it, we put the first chapter—that fine fragment—among the sparse masterpieces of "boy." And we do not forget *Tom Brown*, nor *Vice Versa*, nor *The Kindness of the Celestial*. Least of all do we forget *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*. But of these (the Meredith excepted) every one has been written either for the taste of boys, or with a facetious intention. We are not aware of a single book chiefly about boys previous to 1899 which is soberly aimed at adults. There are men who, not having read it in youth, can enjoy *Tom Brown*, but they enjoy it by virtue of the boy which is in them; it is not serious fiction. We admit that Mr. Phillpotts's recent book is not, on the whole, serious fiction either. Its intention is plainly humorous, and truth is stretched to that end. Still, it contains "The Piebald Rat," and it contains other lapses into the sternness of genuine realism. It is a sign.

Now *Stalky & Co.*, we are convinced, is put forward entirely as genuine realism. It may be humorous, but that is an accident. It is meant with exactly as much sincerity as *The Man Who would be King* is meant. It is Mr. Kipling's idea of "boy." Of that we feel sure: just as sure as we feel that Mr. Kipling's idea of "boy" is

magnificently wrong, superbly and glitteringly untrue. The fact is, that in *Stalky & Co.* Mr. Kipling has yielded up his secret. And his secret is, that he has never ceased to be a boy. When he sat down to write *Stalky & Co.* he had not to divest himself of manhood. That strange alchemy of the imagination which metamorphosises the artist at the artist's will was not necessary. His extraordinary memory had merely to seize the proud visions of the past. The boy had remained, and the mature writer was happy to serve the boy by unscrupulously glorifying the boy's ideals. To the devil with truth, probability, possibility, justice! To the devil with everything that might mar the ancient ideals, constructed when the world was not too much with us! And so you get the *Stalky* trio: monsters of ingenuity, resource, retort, learning, invincibility, and determination; angels of light in that they never once fell away from the rectitude of their own codes! They are great, they may arouse enthusiasm; but they are not boys. And though they have the realism which of right belongs to whatever the artist has passionately seen, they have no other realism.

The case of Mr. Phillpotts is diametrically opposed. In him the writer desiring to write is uppermost. Accustomed to regard the universe as "copy," he comes across "boy," and instinctively says: "Here is material." He approaches "boy," and observes it. But he observes from the outside. To him "boy" is not, as with Mr. Kipling, something special. It ranges side by side with other matters of interest to the novelist—such as the bucolic, the marine, the criminal, the senile, the various feminines. He holds no brief for a particular sort of boy, nor for any boy. He is impartial, aloof, calm. He wants the material—only for humour, as it happens—and he gets it. He gets it partly from his observation of character, but more from his surprising faculty for the invention of illustrative incident. In this detail he differs sharply from Mr. Kipling, who does not care to invent; witness the hackneyed poison-sucking episode which disfigures "A Little Prep." Mr. Kipling, having his incident, will embroider it to dazzle; Mr. Phillpotts, having his incident, will give it you plain, relying on its freshness and his ability to continue inventing. Mr. Phillpotts, though he is less forceful, because less interested, is certainly nearer to life than Mr. Kipling. You can recognise his boys, despite the fact that he frequently exaggerates in order to provide fun—fun being avowedly his first aim. We wish that he would one day allow the author of *Children of the Mist* to write a book about boys. The result might be quite notable, if tales like "The Piebald Rat" and "Corkey Minimus" (as to parts of it) may be taken as an indication of what that author would do if Mr. Phillpotts the humorist would let him.

"The more I know of boys," said Prooshian Bates, "the less do I profess myself capable of following their moods." And indeed the first novelist who studies them dispassionately and scientifically, as Flaubert studied the provincial middle-class woman, may as well, while he is about it, devote his whole life to the affair. He will have his reward of astonishing discovery in an almost virgin field. It will be his part to cast away every theory of "boy," and begin by collecting and collating facts. That many of these facts will appear beyond belief is certain, seeing that such meagre, obvious "boy"-lore as is already ascertained borders on the incredible. Consider the boy's amazing capacity for chopping up his existence into moments—each, as it were, a watertight compartment. You may safely work a boy to the verge of death with "extra-tu," sure that the minute he enters the playground he will have forgotten what a book looks like. The quality is most precious, but it has its defect, since it renders him incapable of "carrying on" by his own unaided impulse. He would seldom see a thing through. This is where *Stalky & Co.* disclose their unusualness. With them, to undertake is to finish, and in the meantime

## The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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NOVEMBER, 1899.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception. All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th of NOVEMBER will be noticed in the DECEMBER number; books received subsequently and up to the 15th DECEMBER in the JANUARY number.

## NEWS NOTES.

Miss Beatrice Harraden left for California on Thursday evening, October 26th. She expects to be absent for six months. Miss Harraden has already found a subject for a new novel.

Mr. H. G. Wells is engaged on a new novel which is to appear serially in the *Strand Magazine* next year. It will be a scientific extravaganza in the vein of "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds."

We hear that the new novel by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, which will run through the pages of the *Cornhill* next year, will be entitled "The Isle of Unrest."

Ian Maclaren has decided to add another six stories to the series entitled "A Scots Grammar School," which has been running for some months in the *Windsor Magazine*.

"Three Men on the Bümmel" is the title of the sequel which Mr. Jerome has written to his famous "Three Men in a Boat." It will be published serially in this country in *To-Day*, and simultaneously in America and Australia. It will afterwards be published in book form in this country by Mr. Arrowsmith, who is the publisher of "Three Men in a Boat," and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

We have had the advantage of seeing the prospectus, as it may be called, of the United Services Proprietary College at Westward Ho, North Devon, for 1882. At this period Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a pupil in the school, which he has made famous in his new book, "Stalky and Co." Mr. Kipling was in the Upper Fifth. His house master was Mr. M. H. Pugh, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. The other boys in the form who had the same house master were Dunsterville, Beresford, and Davies. The headmaster of the school was Mr. Cornell Price, M.A., B.C.L., for eleven years headmaster of the modern side, Haileybury College. The assistant masters were Messrs. W. C. Crofts, M. H. Pugh, H. A. Evans, J. P. Carr, C. W. L. Bode, C. L. Barnes, R. Bulmer, and the Revs. H. C. Stevens and G. Wiles. The charges were

moderate, from sixty guineas to eighty guineas a year, and great stress is laid on the thousand acres of golf ground which the pupils could use. Mr. Kipling is marked as a prizeman in his form, and there is a favourable report of the work done by the late Dr. Edwin Hatch. Mr. Kipling's prize, it may be noted, was for English verse, the only subject in which he is mentioned.

We have also seen the *United Services College Chronicle*, which was edited by Mr. Kipling. It is not specially different from other periodicals of the kind, and one is glad to see that it gives plenty of space to sport, though in a hasty examination we do not find Mr. Kipling's pen in this connection. He is, however, mentioned as secretary of the debating society, and there is a commendatory paragraph about his acting. "Kipling's 'Sir Anthony' was a capital performance, somewhat marred unfortunately by an obvious catarrh and a voice too slender." We read on January 31st, 1882, that at a meeting of the debating society, "after a considerable amount of voting Kipling was re-elected secretary." We read again that Mr. Kipling read at one of the meetings Bret Harte's "Concepcion d'Arguello." We have also seen a number for March 27th, 1889, in which there is a poem by Mr. Kipling, "Inscribed in a presentation copy to the common-room of 'Echoes.'" Also a number for December 17th, 1894, in which there is a speech of Mr. Kipling's on the occasion of the distribution of prizes and the formal leave-taking of Mr. Cornell Price after his twenty years as headmaster. Mr. Kipling speaks strongly in this speech of the merits of Mr. Price, saying that his object was to make men able to make and keep empires.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's books, "The Californians" and "American Wives and English Husbands" have been included in the Tauchnitz series.

Mr. Clement Shorter returns to London on November 8th, and commences work on his new paper.

Mrs. Margaret Woods, who wrote "A Village Tragedy," has completed a new novel with Spain for locale; it only remains to christen the story with a title. It will probably be seen in serial form before appearing between covers. The writer's husband, DDr. Woods, is about to deliver in London a series of lectures on the art of Velasquez, and will come to town from North Wales for that purpose.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's son is endeavouring to obtain a tutorial fellowship at Oxford.

Our readers will be interested in comparing the two new

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“Boy, only

“It's not brutality,” murmur  
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boy; only boy.”—STALKY & Co.

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hitherto been over and above ad-  
schools. We refer, of course, to  
Stalky & Co. and Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *The*  
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series of symptoms. Never forge  
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MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.  
From Twelve Portraits by William Nicholson. Reproduced by kind  
permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

portraits of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which we reproduce in  
this issue. The first is taken from Mr. Nicholson's very  
remarkable Twelve Drawings published by Mr. Heinemann.  
It is impossible to do justice in a black and white reproduction  
to Mr. Nicholson's very individual talent, for the dash of  
of colour which he introduces add wonderfully to the  
effectiveness of the work. The second is from a collection  
of Mr. Bryden's woodcuts of eminent men of letters of the  
century, which Messrs. Dent will issue shortly.

Mr. Norris's new novel, “The Flower of the Flock,”  
will appear serially in *Temple Bar* in the course of next  
year.

It is frequently asserted that a sixpenny edition does not  
interfere with the sale of the same book in dearer form. In  
two cases which have recently come to our notice this is  
proved to be incorrect. In both instances the books were  
well-known novels of established popularity. The sales of  
the sixpenny editions were well over a hundred thousand  
in each case, but there was an immediate and considerable  
fall in the demand for the six-shilling volumes.

The writing of Mr. G. W. Steevens's novel will be delayed  
by his departure for the Transvaal, where he arrived in time  
to witness the first battle. There is, however, a possibility  
that he may give us a book on the new era in South Africa.  
Such a book should prove as popular as “With Kitchener  
in Khartum,” which had a circulation of close upon fifty  
thousand copies in the six-shilling form, and four times  
that number in the sixpenny edition.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Grant Allen, which  
took place at his residence, Hindhead, Surrey, on October  
25th. Mr. Allen was an able, accomplished, versatile man,

orn

but his chief quality was his kind-heartedness. His life was  
in many ways a hard one. Even to the last he found it  
difficult by incessant labour to secure a moderately large  
income. Perhaps the most notable incident in his life was  
his friendship with Mr. Herbert Spencer, who for some time  
was a housemate with him. We hope next month to give  
some account of Mr. Allen's career. The newspaper  
notices are so far somewhat meagre and inaccurate. The  
fullest is that in the *Daily News*, but the writer has made  
several important slips.

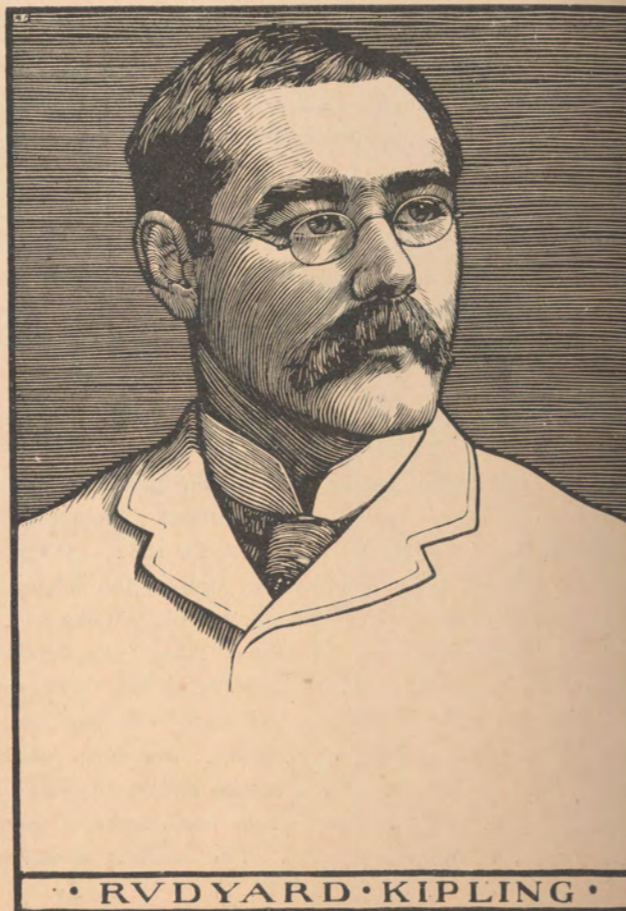
Messrs. F. V. White and Co. will publish Mr. William  
Le Queux's new novel, entitled “An Eye for an Eye,” in  
the early part of February next year.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's marriage will take place in November.  
The author of “Many Cargoes” proposes to take up  
residence in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest.

Mr. Gelett Burgess is leaving England at the end of the  
month, and returning to Boston, where his home is. It is  
probable, however, that he will be back in England some  
time towards the latter part of next year. We regret to  
hear that the publication of the English edition of his  
“Lively City o' Ligg” is likely to be considerably  
delayed.

We hear that “Under the Red Robe” is again going on  
tour in the United States; indeed, that the new tour has  
already begun with the most successful results.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a new serial story,



• RUDYARD KIPLING •  
From Mr. Bryden's Woodcuts of Eminent Men of Letters of the Century.  
Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

Lancashires and Kimberley Volunteers, who sallied forth and made very short work of a party of about 700 Boers, whom they found in a position about seven miles north of the beleaguered town. The Boer commandant, Botha, was killed, and the manner in which the Loyal North Lancashires cleared out such of the enemy as chose to await their bayonet charge is said to have afforded a very stirring spectacle.

**MORE TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.**  
The following telegram was despatched to Sir Redvers Buller by the War Office on Tuesday: "Three extra battalions of Foot and one Mountain Battery with Reserve men will leave England in the course of about ten days to make good casualties." "Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay," as Kipling sings, have involved a mass of work and worry of which none but those who know can form any just idea; but on the whole the programme seems likely to be carried out to the end with marvellous smoothness and despatch. The pictures in this number give a vivid idea of the variety of the units for whom passage has been provided, and several typical corps are specially illustrated in another part of the paper. To some, perhaps, it may be difficult to recognise the Hussar of the home station in the scout and trumpeter who are shown among South African surroundings in South African field service kit. The Welsh Regiment will be glad to assist the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in maintaining the credit of the Principality, and the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers are naturally delighted to be so soon following the 1st Battalion to the front. Of the Royal Horse Artillery, it need only be said that, welcome as they always are in a hard campaign, they have seldom been in greater request than they are at the present moment in South Africa, where the means of pulverising a beaten enemy have hitherto been rather wanting.

**PORTRAITS OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.**  
Major Anthony J. Abdy, 53rd Battery of the Royal Artillery, was wounded, but not severely, by a shell at the Battle of Rietfontein. He was born in 1856.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Reginald Walter Ralph Barnes, of the Imperial Light Horse, who was slightly wounded at Elands-laagte, is twenty-nine years of age, and was Adjutant of the 14th Hussars, taking his Lieutenantcy in 1893.

Lieutenant Charles G. Monro, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, was killed at Elands-laagte at the age of twenty-seven, having been only three years in the Army.

Captain Alan R. Montagu Stuart-Wortley, who joined the 1st King's Royal Rifles in 1887, and was its Adjutant until March last, was wounded at the Battle of Dundee. He comes of a family that has given many soldiers to the country, and he himself won a medal in 1895 for his service with the Chitral Relief Force. He has been a Captain for over four years, and is yet only thirty-one years of age.

Lieutenant Lewis B. Bradbury, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, who lost his life at the Battle of Elands-laagte, was born in 1877, and entered the Army in 1897, dying for his country at the age of twenty-two.

Second Lieutenant Charles Jervis Genge, of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who has died of the wounds he received at the Battle of Dundee, was the sixth son of the late Mr. Richard Genge, of Waterston, Dorset, and a brother of Surgeon R. E. Genge, of the Medical Staff, who was killed about ten years ago by an avalanche in Kashmir.

Second Lieutenant Herbert A. Cape, of the 18th Hussars, wounded at the Battle of Dundee, was born in 1872, and entered the Army in 1894.

Second Lieutenant H. C. W. Wortham, of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was wounded at the Battle of Dundee, where his almost equally young comrade, Second Lieutenant Hill, was killed close beside him.

Lieutenant George Herbert Stobart, serving with the 53rd Battery of the Field Artillery, received a bullet wound on the hand, happily slight, at the Battle of Rietfontein. He was born in 1873, and gained his Lieutenantcy in 1897.

Lieutenant Charles E. Southey, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, wounded at the Battle of Dundee, was born in 1873. He joined the Royal Irish Fusiliers before he was twenty, and had his Lieutenantcy in three years, serving in South Africa in 1896 with the Mounted Infantry, and being present at the Battle of Khartoum last year.

Lieutenant Bertram de W. Weldon, of the 1st Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, slightly wounded in the hand at Dundee, was born in 1872, and became Lieutenant in 1894.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur E. R. Curran, commanding the 1st Manchester Regiment, and wounded by a bullet in his shoulder during the brilliant charge at Elands-laagte, was born in 1853, and took his Lieutenant-Colonelcy in 1898, having had no active service until now.

Lieutenant John Taylor, 1st King's Royal Rifles, on the too long list of officers killed at the Battle of Dundee, was born in 1873, entered the Royal Rifles in 1895, and attained his Lieutenantcy last year.

Second Lieutenant Arthur Holford, of the 19th Hussars, wounded during the daring fight at Rietfontein, was born in 1873, and took his Lieutenantcy in 1896.

Captain Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, of the 9th Lancers, who has done some dashing and daring work at Mafeking under Colonel Baden-Powell, is reported as having a slight wound. Lord Charles was born in 1868, and he has served as A.D.C. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"The backbone of the army, the non-commissioned man," as Kipling sings, has also done gallantly in the recent engagements. We give portraits of Sergeant-Major Barnes, of the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, who fell at Dundee, and of Pipe-Major Dunbar and Sergeant-Major Robertson, both of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, who were wounded at Elands-laagte.

A LOOK ROUND.

News of the enthusiastic welcome accorded to General Sir Redvers Buller on his landing at Capetown last Tuesday arrived most opportunely in London. The presence of the calm, resolute Commander-in-Chief at once restored public confidence. Full trust is reposed in Sir Redvers. He will presently have sufficient force to turn the tables on the courageous little army of marksmen, to whom Mr. Chamberlain aptly referred, before Parliament adjourned, as "foemen worthy of our steel." The details of the disastrous encounter at Ladysmith bring home to us the fact that the men of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and Gloucestershire Regiment did not surrender until their last cartridges had been spent; and it is timely to remember that against this regrettable reverse at Ladysmith should be set the severe losses experienced by the enemy when driven from their entrenchments at Glencoe, Elands-laagte, and Rietfontein, where considerable numbers of Boer prisoners were, moreover, taken by Sir George White.

We are not, after all, to have the pleasure of seeing the fleet American yacht *Columbia*, the conqueror of the *Shamrock*, in English waters next summer. The reason given is that she would be at a disadvantage in having to allow time, even to the *Meteor*, and not that she is too frail to stand the voyage across the Atlantic. Concerning last Saturday's Paris contest, in which the British boxer, Driscoll, opposed Charlemont, a Frenchman skilled in the *savate*, one cannot help feeling a certain amount of satisfaction that the former did not receive fair play. Let us keep to fists, and leave kicking, biting, cutting with the knife—ay, and venomous pen-stings—to the nations that prefer them.

Out of old Dumas's schoolgirl romance "La Tulipe Noire," Mr. Sydney Grundy has fashioned a play for the Haymarket Theatre which may please unsophisticated tastes by its sentimental naïveté, but must strike more seasoned playgoers as distressingly thin in technique and emotionally tepid. Following the main lines of the original tale through five attenuated acts, the English adapter not unadroitly shows us first the artless young amateur of tulips in his beautiful Dutch garden arrested through the machinations of a rival and his own innocent connection with the unpopular de Witte, and then traces the growing love of the imprisoned hero and his gaoler's daughter, and the strange fortunes of the prison-reared and famous blackbody. But seen on the stage, the mad conceit of every body. But seen on the stage, the mad conceit of every body. But seen on the stage, the mad conceit of every body. But seen on the stage, the mad conceit of every body.

"Captain Birchell's Luck," the play with which Mr. Scott Brist inaugurates his season at Terry's Theatre, turns out to be an old indiscretion of Mr. Louis Parker's produced over seven years ago as "Chris," at some Vaudeville matinees, and now refurbished with a new last act and a happy ending. As reconstituted, the stagey and preposterous but harmless little piece shows us a drunken hero, who cures himself of intemperance and ultimately wins his wife's forgiveness, as well as that old-time heroine, a gambler's decoy, whom, already secretly married but deeming herself a widow, her blackleg father would make the bride of a peer. Mr. Scott Brist, a more awkward hero than Mr. Herbert Waring, and John Beauchamp, who was formerly associated with the play, and now extracts considerable melodramatic capital out of the rôle of the scampish father; and Miss Evelyn Weeden, a pretty and promising young actress without the emotional power of the original Chris (Miss Wallis), all do their best for a play that is scarce better than a cheap novelette, but there is little chance of "Luck" for "Captain Birchell" at Terry's.

Since Captain E. Peel's Irish Ivy won the Cambridge-shire, there has been a lull in Turf circles. The recent success of the American jockeys have called serious attention to the method of riding adopted by them. From ridicule to admiration is a big stride, but nowhere so much as in the sporting world is the force of the old proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success," more keenly applicable. Is it possible that since the Norman Conquest we have been riding the horse at the wrong end? On Saturday at Hurst Park, out of six races five were won by American jockeys, virtually riding on the horses' necks, while the other race was won by an English jockey, who has adopted the American fashion. Altogether there were thirty-four races last week, and Yankee jockeys—Sloan, Martin, and the two Rieffs—won twenty of them. This does not absolutely prove that our system of riding is wrong, but it certainly gives us a check to think. Racing has been quiet this week, but next week we have Lincoln Autumn Meeting and the Liverpool Cup. So far no movement has been made to forecast the winner of the latter important event through the usual channel of the Turf market.

OUR CHRISTMAS OFFER.

Many of our readers have already accepted the remarkable offer regarding the "Standard Dictionary," which was made two weeks ago by *The Illustrated London News*. All who have not accepted should turn at once to our advertisement-pages in this number of *The Illustrated London News*, where the offer is repeated.

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"Tommy,"  
"The Absent-minded Beggar."



"Jack,"  
The "Cook's Son."



### RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW POEM.

#### The Absent-minded Beggar.

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia"—when you've sung "God save the Queen"—  
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth—  
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine  
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?  
He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great—  
But we and Paul must take him as we find him—  
He is out on active service, wiping something off a slate—  
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him!

*Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred Kings—  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after their things?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and—pay! pay! pay!*

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,  
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.  
There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house-rent falling due,  
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.  
There are girls he walked with casual, they'll be sorry now he's gone,  
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him,  
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on—  
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him!

*Duke's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—  
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day!  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the girl?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and—pay! pay! pay!*

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak—  
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout,  
And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctured once a week,  
'Cause the man that earned the wago is ordered out.  
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country call,  
And his reg'ment didn't need to send to find him:  
He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before us all  
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him!

*Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom—  
News or palace or paper-shop—there's someone gone away!  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the room?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and—pay! pay! pay!*

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,  
And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—  
That, while he saved the Empire his employer saved his place,  
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.  
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all,  
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him  
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul,  
So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left behind him!

*Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire.  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you got to spare?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and—pay! pay! pay!*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH-BENTINCK,  
A "Duke's Son."



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

### MOUNTING UP.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE KIPLING POEM FUND.

##### TWO OFFERS OF £105 FOR THE ORIGINAL MS.

The progress of the Kipling Poem Fund for the wives and children of the Reservists who have been ordered to South Africa is most gratifying. Yesterday's posts have not yet been entirely dealt with, though two score clerks are working at high pressure; but it looks as if a further 10,000 orders for the shilling art edition of the verses had been received. We are almost "snowed under" with letters, but the cause is a good one, and heavy though the work is of sorting out the orders, checking receipts, and deciphering names and addresses, we will cope with it in good time, and have every subscriber's copy forwarded in due course.

But we ask you not to worry us with unnecessary questions or suggestions. We are doing all that is humanly possible to sell as many of the shilling copies of the poem as we can, but we cannot, in addition, produce a cheaper or a threepenny or a penny edition. Almost every one can afford a shilling for the Reservists' Fund, and to those who send a postal order for that amount to Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London, we will forward, in the order in which remittances are received, a copy of "The Absent-minded Beggar" in Mr. Kipling's own handwriting, having on the front cover a portrait of the author, and inside a spirited drawing by Mr. Caton Woodville of "Tommy doing his country's work." More than this we cannot undertake to do at present.

##### OUR COPYRIGHT.

It is desirable to point out that the copyright of "The Absent-minded Beggar" belongs to the "Daily Mail," and that to recite it at a place of public entertainment or to publish it in anyway without our permission is an infringement of copyright for which damages might be claimed. We draw attention to this because the whole object of the poem is to bring in money to the Reservists' Fund, and it must not therefore be made use of unless that object is to be forwarded in some way, and our consent to the arrangements obtained.

The first copies of the art edition of the poem will be posted on Saturday.

The day's additions to the newspapers which have paid £5 5s. for the privilege of printing the poem are: "The Blackpool Herald," the "Montgomery County Times," and the "Sports Review" (London).

##### HINTS TO OTHERS.

Mr. Arthur Lee, writing from Watlington, Oxon, says:—"Our working men's club had on Tuesday evening prepared for their first 'smoker,' but on receipt of the 'Evening News,' confirming the terrible disaster and sad loss at Lady-smith, it was agreed to put off the evening's pleasure, but not before heartily singing 'Rule Britannia,' followed by a capital reading of Kipling's poem, 'The Absent-minded Beggar,' concluding with 'God Save the Queen,' and then, for 'our credit's sake,' a collection of £2 7s. was made on behalf of the women and children, which our hon. secretary will send you. I trust other clubs will copy our example—nay, do better, for we are but a poor agricultural parish. A very striking incident occurred while our offering was being made. A young lad came to the club door and said, 'Please, sir, we have collected this for you,' handing in eightpence to swell our collection. The boys outside had heard what was going on in the club, so they passed the hat round."

At the Peckham Amateur Chrysanthemum Society's show last night Mr. Bertie Gow recited the poem, and a collection made afterwards amounted to thirty shillings.

##### THE ORIGINAL MS.

The auction now being conducted for the original MS. of Mr. Kipling's poem is attracting lively interest. The bidding yesterday was opened by Mr. Jesse Boot, of Nottingham, with an offer of sixty guineas, thus eclipsing our previous best offer of £50. Then a well-known member of the Devonshire Club offered £75, and this was later in the day capped by the offer of 100 guineas made by Mr. John Morgan Richards, the proprietor of the "Academy." Mr. Richards's 100 guineas was matched in the evening by another offer of 100 guineas, made by Mr. Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, so that we have at present two offers of 100 guineas. Who says 125 guineas?

Mr. Morgan Richards also offers fifty guineas for the original drawing by Mr. Caton Woodville, who has made a most spirited picture of Tommy at his best. We now open the auction on fifty guineas? Offers for either the original manuscript of the poem or Mr. Caton Woodville's drawing should be forwarded to the Manager, Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London.

Daily Mail Nov 4/99 No 3

### TWO THOUSAND POUNDS.

#### MORE ABOUT KIPLING POEM FUND.

##### £157 10s. OFFERED FOR THE ORIGINAL MS.

There are some 870,000 purchasers of the "Daily Mail" who have, as yet, failed to send us their shilling postal-orders for the art edition of the Kipling poem. We know this, because we are printing considerably over a million copies daily, and so far only some 85,000 orders have been received for the verses. Now, we should like every "Daily Mail" subscriber to send along his shilling, because the whole of the money goes to the fund for the relief of the women and children of the Reservists who are off to South Africa, and that is a cause which we should like to feel appeals to the heart and the pocket of every one of our readers. Many of our readers are most generously aiding the good work. Some send for twenty copies, others send five shillings for one, and one gentleman handed us yesterday a cheque of £60 for three copies. These examples should be followed. You cannot subscribe too heavily or too often to the fund.

##### FIRST COPIES TO-DAY.

To-day we hope to post the first copies of the art edition. This, as we may again point out, consists of a reproduction in Mr. Kipling's handwriting of the poem, "The Absent-minded Beggar." On the front cover there is a magnificent portrait of the author, and inside there is a spirited drawing of "Tommy Atkins," the work of Mr. Caton Woodville, the famous battle artist. It is beautifully printed in two colours by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the Queen's printers, free of charge, in itself a generous and handsome contribution to the good cause. The paper for the art edition has been supplied free by Messrs. Spicer Bros., Limited, the well-known paper makers; the metal blocks of the poem and the pictures have been engraved and supplied free of cost by Messrs. John Swain and Son, Limited, of Farringdon-street; the envelopes in which the poem will be posted to subscribers have been given to us free, through the kindness of Mr. Philip Waterlow, by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, Limited, and the addressing of the envelopes has been undertaken without payment by Messrs. George S. Smith and Co., of Gresham House. No words of ours are necessary to emphasize the generosity and public spirit of these firms. Without solicitation or payment they came forward to help our scheme because of the good cause which it is to benefit, and our thanks and the thanks of the public are hereby tendered to them.

The copies of the poem will be sent out in the order in which subscriptions were received, but for the future we will give preference to those subscribers who forward postal-orders over those who send stamps. This has been resolved upon because of the great trouble there is in dealing with the orders accompanied by postage stamps.

##### POEMS INSTEAD OF FIREWORKS.

One of the letters received yesterday is worth noting. It is signed "Dorothy and Little Bee Ball," who send their order from Senlac, Robertson-road, Buxton. They send eight shillings and sixpence, of which they say, "We save six-and-six, and cook and nurse added a shilling each. We send this instead of having fireworks."

The Piccadilly lodge of Masons send along a cheque for £10 10s., which was collected at their gathering after Brother Arthur Barrett had recited the poem. To the worshipful master, W. Collis Clarke, who passed the hat "for our credit's sake," we tender our thanks.

Last night, at the Covent Garden fancy-dress ball, Mr. Charles Willoughby, attired in a costume made up of "Daily Mails," and accompanied by Miss Daisy Belmont, as a soldier's wife carrying a baby, made a collection on behalf of the Kipling poem fund. The money, which was put into a box provided by the management, will be sent us in due course by Mr. Neil Forsyth.

##### THE ORIGINAL MS.

There are seven more days over which we are open to receive offers for the original MS. of the poem. On Thursday we closed the day with two offers of 105 guineas. Yesterday forenoon brought an offer of 125 guineas from Mr. Frank Reddaway, of Didsbury Lodge, Manchester, and in the afternoon we received an offer of 150 guineas from Mr. W. Ballin Hinde, of Hinde's, Limited. Now, who says 200 guineas?

Meantime the bidding for the original drawing by Mr. Caton Woodville—a most spirited piece of work—stands at the sum of 50 guineas, made by Mr. J. Morgan Richards, the proprietor of the "Academy." Who says seventy-five guineas for this? Nov. 4, 1899 Daily Mail

### 40,000 ORDERS.

#### BUT WE STILL WANT YOUR SHILLING.

Really, the art edition of Kipling's poem is a pretty piece of work. The handwriting of the author comes out boldly; his portrait on the front cover is worth every penny of the shilling we are charging for the whole thing, while Mr. Caton Woodville's picture, exquisitely etched and beautifully tinted, is, in its way, perfect. The first copies of the art edition were issued on Saturday evening, and by the end of this week we hope to have fulfilled all orders received up till Saturday last. This will mean the issue of about 40,000 copies, which, considering the delicate and dainty character of the souvenir, will establish something of a record in printing.

Many, many of our readers are still writing to ask what our object is in preparing an art edition of Kipling's poem. "The Absent-minded Beggar" was written as an appeal on behalf of the fund for the benefit of the wives and children of the Reservists. We paid the author £250 for the poem, which he asked us to pay to the credit of the fund; to increase that amount we are now publishing the art edition, and charging one shilling a copy for it, all money received from the sales being sent, without deduction, to the fund in the name of Mr. Kipling. This is what we are doing. What we want you to do is to send us your shilling postal order for a copy of the art edition. The sooner you do this the sooner will you get your copy of the most notable souvenir of the century, and, to crown all, you will have the satisfaction of contributing to a praiseworthy and necessary fund.

It is with pleasure that we find newsgagents coming forward with offers to sell the souvenir purely in the interests of the fund.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co., Mr. R. Denham, of Scarborough, and others have sent orders for numbers of copies at 1s. each, thus adding to the fund the full price. We should be glad to hear from other newsvendors who desire at this juncture to aid the cause all have at heart.

The bidding for the original manuscript of the poem still remains at 150 guineas, the offer of Mr. W. Ballin Hinde, of Hinde's, Ltd. Who bids 175 guineas? The picture drawn by Mr. Caton Woodville is also on offer to the highest bidder, and at present we are bid 50 guineas for it by Mr. J. Morgan Richards, proprietor of the "Academy." Now, who says 75 guineas for this?

Daily Mail Nov 6, 1899













BOOKS.

STALKY AND CO.\*

THIS is in many ways one of the most striking and interesting books Mr. Kipling has yet written, though it will not, we expect, earn any very great popularity. The lazy and the impervious will say that they cannot understand it and that it bores them. The superfine will declare it to be coarse-fibred, harsh, and crude. The conventionally minded will condemn it as absurdly over-drawn and over-emphasised, while those who have what they call a high literary standard, and who think it their special duty to preserve the Queen's English from contamination, will pronounce the book an outrage on the decencies and civilities of the language. Lastly, those who believe that man is born a member of the Peace Society, and would remain in that blessed state if he were only allowed to do so, will denounce the work before us as likely to have a corrupting influence on schoolboys, and as calculated to turn them into brutal savages. But Mr. Kipling will have his reward in spite of the open dislike or hidden distrust of those whose hearts are naturally chill, or whose minds have been indurated by the dreary routine of business, or pleasure, or by that repetition of barren formulae which we are too apt to regard as culture and education. Whenever and wherever a true boy gets the book—under a gas-jet, by a study lamp, or by his bedroom candle, under the sunny side of a hedge, or on a rug by the side of the cricket field—Stalky and Co. will live, breathe, and struggle. The story of how Rabbits-Eggs rocked the House Master and what were the other innumerable devilries of Stalky, Beetle, and M-Turk will fire a hundred schoolboys, if not to imitation, at least to a kindly sympathy. But while the great triumvirate will call forth "the breathless rapture of a thousand hearts," those spirits will not be finely touched "but to fine issues." There is nothing base or ignoble in Stalky and Co., nothing but what is honourable and of good report. They are not the ordinary type of boy, and they worry their masters and their schoolfellows with a hundred devilish tricks, but they do nothing mean or cowardly, and they take their lickings like men. But though all boys will like Stalky and Co., it is by no means exclusively a boy's book. Donne says somewhere: "All women shall adore us and some men." Stalky and his friends might declare as triumphantly, "All chaps shall adore us, and some paters." Men who have still something of the boy beating inside their waistcoats—and men who have not are worth very little, though they may be the majority—will turn with pleasure to Stalky and Co.

We are not going to attempt to tell the story of the book before us. We should but spoil its good things in the process. There is, however, one episode in the book which lends itself to the art of the reviewer. It is the chapter called "The Flag of their Country." For sheer insight into the heart of the boy, for subtle psychological analysis, for conception and appreciation of a most delicate and difficult moral situation, we have seldom read anything approaching this fascinating study of the emotions of boyhood. Stalky and Co. are members of a school chiefly composed of sons of officers in the Army and Navy, and most of the boys are themselves destined for the Army. To the school comes a vulgar "M.P." who thinks love of his country is a thing to be "perorated" about, and gives the boys an address on patriotism of the most crude and coarse description, ending with the waving of a Union Jack. The effect wrought on the boys is such as might be produced on a body of wholesome, well-brought-up girls if a lecturer on "the duties and responsibilities of matrimony and maternity" were suddenly turned loose among them with a full-blooded torrent of Gampish rhetoric. But Mr. Kipling's own words describing the effect upon the boys produced by the patriot jabbler can alone do justice to the theme:—

"He plunged into his speech with a long-drawn, rasping 'Well, boys,' that, though they were not conscious of it, set every young nerve ajar. He supposed they knew—hey?—what he had come down for? It was not often that he had an opportunity to talk to boys. He supposed that boys were very much the same kind of persons—some people thought them rather funny persons—as they had been in his youth.—'This man,

\* Stalky and Co. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan and Co. [8s.]

said M-Turk, with conviction, 'is the Gadarene Swine.'—But they must remember that they would not always be boys. They would grow up into men, because the boys of to-day made the men of to-morrow, and upon the men of to-morrow the fair fame of their glorious native land depended. . . . Now the reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper than the reserve of a maid, she being made for one end only by blind Nature, but man for several. With a large and healthy hand, he tore down these veils, and trampled them under the well-intentioned feet of eloquence. In a raucous voice he cried aloud little matters, like the hope of Honour and the dream of Glory, that boys do not discuss even with their most intimate equals; cheerfully assuming that, till he spoke, they had never considered these possibilities. He pointed them to shining goals, with fingers which smudged out all radiance on all horizons. He profaned the most secret places of their souls with outeries and gesticulations. He bade them consider the deeds of their ancestors in such a fashion that they were flushed to their tingling ears. Some of them—the reading voice out a frozen stillness—might have had relatives who perished in defence of their country. [They thought, not a few of them, of an old sword in a passage, or above a breakfast-room table, seen and fingered by stealth since they could walk.] He adjured them to emulate those illustrious examples; and they looked all ways in their extreme discomfort. Their years forbade them even to shape their thoughts clearly to themselves. They felt savagely that they were being outraged by a fat man who considered marbles a game. And he worked towards his peroration—which, by the way, he used later with overwhelming success at a meeting of electors—while they sat, flushed and uneasy, in sour disgust. After many many words, he reached for the cloth-wrapped stick and thrust one hand in his bosom. This—this was the concrete symbol of their land—worthy of all honour and reverence! Let no boy look on this flag who did not purpose to worthily add to its imperishable lustre. He shook it before them—a large calico Union Jack, staring in all three colours, and waited for the thunder of applause that should crown his effort. They looked in silence. They had certainly seen the thing before—down at the coastguard station, or through a telescope, half-mast high when a brig went ashore on Braunton sands; above the roof of the Golf Club, and in Keyte's window, where a certain kind of striped sweetmeat bore it in paper on each box. But the College never displayed it; it was no part of the scheme of their lives; the Head had never alluded to it; their fathers had not declared it unto them. It was a matter shut up, sacred and apart. What, in the name of everything caddish, was he driving at, who waved that horror before their eyes? Happy thought! Perhaps he was drunk. The Head saved the situation by rising swiftly to propose a vote of thanks, and at his first motion the school clapped furiously, from a sense of relief."

But wonderful as this is, even in quotation, it is still more wonderful in its context, for the climax is led up to with a skill and a certainty of touch that mark the incomparable artist that Mr. Kipling always shows himself when at his best. The story of the lecture is interwoven with that of the raising of the College Cadet Corps and with the simple-hearted inarticulate patriotism of the old soldier who keeps the boys' "tuck shop" and was at Sobraon. It is but a moment's touch that of the Troop Sergeant-Major and Sobraon, but Mr. Kipling realises well that substantives and verbs are in themselves centres of emotional force, and that it needs only a word, if it is the right word, to set the blood tingling in the cheek. By the time he has got us to the lecture his account of the boys at drill, of their childish recollections of barracks, and of the talk of the old veteran with the school drill-sergeant have exactly attuned us to feeling with the boys a kind of physical sickness at the rank patriotic conventionalities of the blaunt "M.P." But we despair of giving our readers anything like a true conception of this wonderful study in patriotism. All we can do is to advise our readers to go to the book itself. "The Flag of their Country" cannot fail to move them, while in the rest of the book they will find abundant food for laughter. Of course, there are faults in the book—a certain metallic clash in the prose-rhythm is the chief—but take it as a whole, we deem it to be entirely worthy of Mr. Kipling's genius. We need not say more.

MR. NICHOLSON'S PORTRAITS.\*

IT is curious to reflect how many ways there are of producing the likeness of a person by drawing or painting on a flat surface. The methods vary so much, and indeed often seem so fundamentally opposed, that it is strange that they can end in the same result,—a likeness to the model. One master sees a face all lines and hard edges; another nothing but a series of planes at different depths, the boundaries of which melt imperceptibly into one another. Of the former kind are the drawings and paintings of Holbein, of the latter

\* Twelve Portraits. By William Nicholson. London: W. Heinemann. [21s.]

STALKY AND CO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I hope you may find space in your columns for a few remarks upon your review of "Stalky and Co." in the Spectator of October 21st. There are certain points in which my experience is directly opposite to your reviewer's assumptions. Your reviewer regards it as a book which will find favour with most boys and with some men. I am inclined to reverse the expression and say "with many men, and some boys." I myself have read it with great pleasure, but when I have spoken of it to boys of all ages, I have found that they regard it with little interest. We schoolmasters are still sufficiently alive to our own (and one another's) imperfections to appreciate a caricature which, like all good caricatures, has a solid foundation of fact. I suppose we should all of us prefer being caricatured by Mr. Kipling to being canonised by the author of "Eric." To us the great charm and interest of the book is that it is a school story, written at any rate not from the schoolmaster's point of view. But the boy's judgment is more superficial than the man's. That there is exaggeration in the description of boys and masters alike he soon realises, and the undercurrent of truth and life is apt to be missed by him. The world of Mr. Kipling's school is so far removed from the boy's own experience, that he tends to regard the book much as Stalky and Co. regarded the man who thought marbles a game. I find, too, a certain tendency to resent exaltation into heroes of the three inmates of No. 5 study. "They don't seem to be good at anything," said a boy to me; "they don't take an interest either in work or games"; in fact, they seem wanting in esprit de corps. In all this the public-school boy may be quite wrong; but he is the creature of convention, and these "variations from the normal" (to quote Mr. Kipling again), surprise, and a little annoy him. Further, the humour of the best parts of the book, such as the excellent passage about the "M.P.'s" speech quoted by your reviewer, is beyond the appreciation of the ordinary boy. I think I may add that the public-school boy would not entirely endorse the remark that there is nothing "mean or cowardly" in the book. Every now and then he feels that the heroes overstep the bounds of legitimate warfare. He has certain standards of his own of what is "good" and "bad form," and while prepared to enjoy all the ordinary "scores" of the boy in the conventional warfare with authority, he is a barbarian only within limits. It is not often that Mr. Kipling's heroes overpass these limits; but the following passage seems to me an instance in which they do so. I quote from "Slaves of the Lamp," after the "rocking" of King by Rabbits-Eggs:—"Then did Beetle, alone with the wreckage, return good for evil. How, in that office, a complete set of 'Gibbon' was scarred all along the back as by a flint; how so much black and copying ink chanced to mingle with Manders' gore on the table-cloth; why the big gum-bottle, nosterped, had rolled semicircularly across the floor; and in what manner the great china door-knob grew to be painted with yet more of Manders' young blood, were matters which Beetle did not explain when the rabid King returned to find him standing politely over the reeking hearthrug." Yet one more failure in the book, to my mind at least, is the character of the Head-Master. It is hard to believe that we are meant to regard him as anything but a hero: it is still harder to persuade oneself that he is entirely what we should call a "gentleman." But here I am straying from my subject, which is rather a criticism of your review than of Mr. Kipling's book. I have read the book with so much appreciation and amusement that I cannot resist entering this protest against what seems to me to be a false estimate of it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A PUBLIC-SCHOOL MASTER.

Spectator Oct 21/99

MARCH OF THE KIPLING POEM.

NEW EDITIONS OF THE SOUVENIR AND THE MUSIC.

250 BRASS BANDS GOING INTO ACTION.

PATRIOTISM IN THE PROVINCES.

The national demand for the Kipling poem, either in the souvenir form or with Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, is the most phenomenal feature of the war, the most extraordinary thing that has occurred in the long history of printed things. We have been compelled to order another edition—50,000—of the souvenir poem which will bring the total printed to 215,000. Similarly with the music. The third edition has been ordered—50,000—bringing up the total for the music to 175,000. The demand for both keeps up as briskly as it began.

PATRIOTISM IN THE PROVINCES.

The second edition of Sir Arthur Sullivan's charming music for the Kipling poem, the first of the musical season, is on sale at 3 and 4, Harnsworth-buildings, Talis-street, E.C., price 1s. 6d., which is the only price at which it is now issued from this office. Our readers should in no case pay more than 1s. 6d. Any one charging more should not be patronised, as by sending a 1s. 6d. postal order to the Manager, Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London, E.C., the music will be forwarded.

Concerning those who are endeavouring to get what has been termed "blood money," Mr. Jesse Boot writes:—"This morning we have information which leads us to think that in many important places the first edition is, copies are being purchased in quantities by persons who sell them again at the advance price, ranging from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. each, thus making a big profit out of the patriotic spirit of others who have, irrespective of trouble and expense, taken a delight in helping on the fund initiated by the 'Daily Mail.' We do not see how you can stop this unscrupulous work except by making it known to the public that all copies remaining from the first edition are marked 1s. (we presume the new edition is priced 1s. 6d.) should only cost 1s. We have decided to sell all we had on hand on November 23 at 1s., and to increase the price of those who purchased the day before the advance was announced to 1s. 6d., paying over voluntarily a further 2s., so that the fund may reap the full benefit accruing from the advanced price."

BAND COMPETITION AND FESTIVAL.

Besides Mme. Albani, Miss Clara Butt, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Andrew Black has consented to sing at the great Albert Hall Festival, January 20. Sir Arthur Sullivan, in addition to consenting to conduct, will, if his engagements permit, write a special piece for the occasion. Lovers of music will in this alone have a rare treat. The organising of the bands throughout the country for the competition and prizes offered by the "British Bandsman" is proceeding rapidly. Over 250 bands have already entered. Others wishing to secure the many valuable articles which can be had for a few bars of music should communicate at once with Mr. J. Henry Lies, the "British Bandsman," 12, Norfolk-street, Strand.

OUR THEATRICAL FRIENDS.

It is a very pleasant part of our weekly work to acknowledge the practical enthusiasm of our theatrical workers in the cause of the Kipling poem, both at matinees and evening performances, is evidently appreciated. The collectors last week amounted to £120 12s.

Mr. Robert Arthur counted the house, the Princess's Theatre, on the first night of "The Absent-minded Beggar" up to £242 3s. 6d. Divided between four funds, the Kipling poem share is £60 10s. 10d., which we have received. From Collins's Music-hall and the London have been received £72 4s.; from the Elephant and Castle, £31 1s.; from Sadler's Wells, £32 15s. 11d.; from Mr. Lawrence Grant's receipts, Mr. David James's company, at Brighton, £25 10s.; and every Monday morning Mr. Auguste van Biene pleasantly starts the week with a handsome cheque. Yesterday he sent us £51 11s. 2d., thrown upon the stage during last week's engagement of "The Broken Melody" at the Theatre Royal, Cardiff.

WHERE TO HEAR IT.

Table with columns: HALL OR THEATRE, SONG, TIME. Lists various venues and times for the Kipling poem performance.

“The Three Most Fascinating Boys in Fiction.”

RUDYARD KIPLING'S BOOK ABOUT BOYS

# STALKY & CO.

**The Picture That He Gives**

“It has been remarked elsewhere that Mr. Kipling has discovered three worlds for English literature to rejoice in: Of the native Hindu, of the brute beast, and of the modern machine. He now publishes a book which shows him to have exploited a fourth field, almost as little known, the field of boyhood. . . . Critics who realize the truth and the mastery of the boyish mind displayed here will hold ‘Stalky & Co.’ to be among the most notable of Mr. Kipling's many diverse achievements.”—WALLACE RICE IN CHICAGO EVENING POST.

“Why, then, is Stalky a safer companion for his kind and a more attractive subject for adult consideration than Tom Sawyer? Precisely because Mr. Kipling has what a French critic has recently reproached him with lacking—the moral vision. The chapter that most clearly shows Mr. Kipling's power and insight and sincerity is the second chapter of ‘Slaves of the Lamp.’ It is this chapter that gives to the book the weight that makes it so satisfactory.”—NEW YORK TIMES.

“The book affords another example of the completeness with which Mr. Kipling has entered into the subject with which he deals. . . . His mind seems to be saturated with the life he portrays, so that everything is done with an unconscious rightness and appropriateness to the circumstances. Not only is it the case that the dialect sounds absolute in character, but the unconscious prejudices, the habits of thought, the little touches of association are conveyed as by accident and casually. . . . ‘Stalky & Co.’ has the higher consistency which is the mark of the truly creative imagination.”—PROF. H. B. LATHROP, STANFORD UNIVERSITY, IN SAN FRANCISCO CALL.

“A healthy trio are ‘Stalky & Co.’ and Mr. Kipling evidently took a great deal of enjoyment in developing them, which enjoyment is bound to be shared by his readers. The older ones will find much in the stirring narrative to recall their own boyhood, and the younger crowd an incentive to a wholesome and ambitious life. There isn't a namby-pamby line in the book, nothing but Kipling's robustness.”—PROVIDENCE NEWS.

**Here Of Boy Life**

“This book reveals a striking consistency both in the characters of the boys and in the nature of their several exploits. Stalky is a marvelous diplomat, the prime factor in every rumpus and escapade, and yet almost always able to prove an alibi. McTurk is a wild Irishman, whose brogue has been carefully kicked out of him by his two friends, only to break out again in moments of excitement. Beetle is Kipling himself under a thin disguise.”—CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

“Models of deportment they are not, nor proper visitors to a young ladies' boarding school. They are daring in intrigue, fertile in stratagems, and masters of a slang vernacular variegated and comprehensive. . . . Fighting, viling, and clean, these brisk sketches will be devoured by every English-speaking schoolboy.”—PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER.

“Mr. Kipling has achieved a triumph in this story of boys who grew into men, and many men at that. We may not grow hysterical over Kipling, and we may choose to discriminate against certain of his stories and poems. If we are wise, however, we will not hurl anathemas at ‘Stalky & Co.’ If we do, ‘Stalky & Co.’ will not care a rap, and they will go on being just as much alive as before.”—ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

“His (Kipling's) imagination is so rich that any human trait he brings out, or any picture he paints, will always be well done. These stories relate to school life in England. . . . The redoubtable trio—Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk—have in many ways they take us back to the early days of Rugby. . . . The redoubtable trio—Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk—have no end of schemes to work mischief to their victims. . . . One cannot fail to feel a hearty admiration for certain many qualities these boys have.”—LOS ANGELES HERALD.

**Is Absolutely True. (Brooklyn Eagle.)**

“It looks to me as if in ‘Stalky & Co.’ Kipling has tried to do for England and the world what Mark Twain has done for America and the world, namely, show the national boy as he is; and I believe the judgment of the world will be that he has succeeded. The tone of this book is first-class, and the boys who read it will get the kind of help that counts.”—BOSTON TIMES.

“The boys are certainly true English schoolboys, and there is nothing of the effeminate or over-nice about them. Many of their pranks are of the dreaded practical-joke order, but, after all, they are honest and straightforward, which is the main thing. . . . Mr. Kipling's boy heroes have no hesitation in asserting their judgment on all the affairs of the world. The impression left by the book is that of a fine, true, and upright set of young fellows.”—CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR.

“What Kipling has tried to bring out is the manliness of the three youngsters whom he makes his heroes, and in a bravery which they displayed at school were found in after years in their work as soldiers and administrators in India. No one can read these stories without some affection for the boys who are merciless in their dealings with cowards and bullies and prigs, and who develop a satanic cunning in setting traps for pharisaical masters.”—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE (in review of ‘Stalky & Co.’)

“The boys are very much like boys of the present day. Their admiration of real heroism is one of the best things in the book. It is delightful reading for all ages, and has the fascination of all of the author's works. The boys are ready for fun, and like to hoodwink a tutor, but do not shirk the punishment when it is honestly earned.”—EVANSVILLE JOURNAL-NEWS.

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**Doubleday & McClure Co.,**  
141-155 East Twenty-fifth Street,  
New York City.

SIZE, 5 1/2 x 8 1/4; pages, 310; binding, cloth; decorative design; illustrated by Raven-Hill. Price, \$1.50.

then popular craze for Yankee Innocence with its tiresome exaggerations and ponderous pleasantries; but in his powerful hands the borrowed trick became too like earnest. Instead of mildly amusing, it disturbs, shocks, and depresses. But no doubt by now he has changed all that.

As to the Rajput letters, they were written for Anglo-Indian readers, and are not always easy to follow, being crowded with topical jokes and allusions. Of course they team with flashes of genius, sense and wisdom, with quaint and seductive turns of thought, and with marvellous impressionist word-pictures. Yet somehow—well, it does not please—it displeases. To this day I cannot understand how so strong a man could ever have been tempted to ruin his work by these American vulgarities. Be forcible, unconventional, coarse, brutal if you like! hunt for atrocities, miseries and horrors to describe and talk about! but why serve them up in flabby indigestible jokes? No quarter should be given to the Innocents Abroad—still less at Home. There they are only savages; here traitors and rebels. America has no literary traditions to insult—we have. What humour would you have stronger, more cynical, bolder or coarser than Swift's; yet if only the Dean could return to catch these Laputan buffooneries being smuggled into his native literature, what a grand slaughter of the “Innocents” we should see! The exaggerations too—how they defeat themselves! Mr. Kipling thinks it witty to say miles, years, heaven and hell, when he only means inches, minutes, faint pleasures and slight discomforts, and no doubt the incongruity of bombarding a fly with heavy cannon may amuse for the second or third time—but not for the thousandth. The result is that one does not believe him when he really means what he says—in fact one never quite knows how much to believe. He boasts of his habit of mystifying his pet aversion, the harmless Globetrotter—is he mystifying us? The moment we suspect his marvellous photographs to have been altered and touched up, we cease to marvel; we turn with relief from his riotous colour and startling effects to the calm breadth, the learned composition and the luminous atmosphere of the Old Masters of imaginative description. Unless we are sure the realism is all real, one prefers genuine fiction—“Othello” rather than a sensational report of the last East-end murder. Mr. Kipling's is the guilt, not of inventing, not of popularising this American false coin, but of authorising and prolonging its currency by the stamp of his vigorous genius. But he has suffered from it—has missed his rightful place among the highest. Let us hope that he repents.

Lest all this seem too severe, let us take just one instance—the visit to the vast ruined city of Chitor. He ascends the Tower of Victory, where a novel bit of sensationalism occurs to him—“add, most abhorrent of all, the slippery sliminess of the walls always worn smooth by naked men”—so he proceeds to work it up. He descends the path to the famous spring. “The steps had been worn and polished by the terrible naked feet . . . and where they ended on a rock-slope, there was a visible glair, a great snail-track, upon the rocks.” In returning “he had to cross the smooth, worn rocks, and he felt their sliminess through his boot soles. It was as though he were treading on the soft oiled skin of a Hindu.” (In these letters he always speaks of himself in the third person, as “the Englishman.”) Now this description is

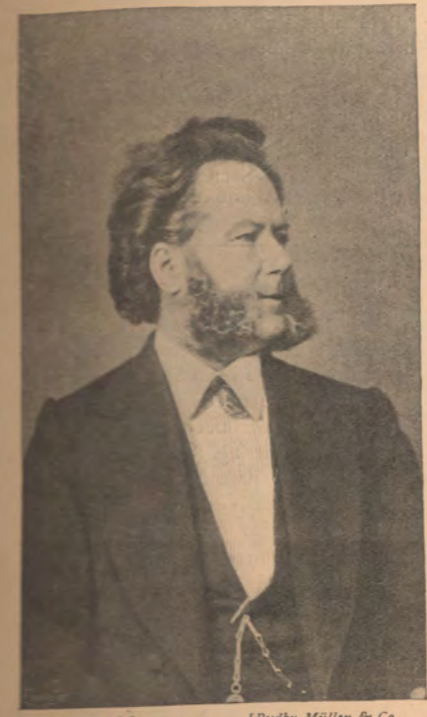
repulsive, if true; but is it true? I doubt it. The stairs and rocks were smooth—yes, so are our mantelpieces and spoons—but why slimy? True, they had some centuries of use, but they have had others of disuse to get clean again. I fancy Chitor is not quite rainless, and surely the sun, wind, and dust storms would in time have removed all taint. The fact is that smooth suggested slippery, and slippery slimy, and slimy an opportunity for shocking us, like the smell in “The Mark of the Beast” or the greasy soot in the “Bleak House” spontaneous combustion scene. In each case the repulsive horror is invented and daubed on by the artist; we disbelieve and resent it. And worse, it saps our faith in his most veracious marvels.

The third series is also Indian. It comprises, first, a set of papers called the “City of Dreadful Night,” powerful of course, but painful, being slum-nocturnes of Calcutta, somewhat after the fashion of “Sketches by Boz” and Sala's “Twice Round the Clock.” Then come papers on the Railway Works at Jamalpur, the Giridih coalfields, and an opium factory—all quite excellent because full of interesting and novel information strikingly presented. The fourth series of eighteen very short newspaper articles under the odd name of the “Smith Administration” is in Mr. Kipling's usual Indian manner with all its faults and merits. Slight and carelessly wrought as they are, they add several authentic human documents to his rich catalogue, such as the “Self-made Man,” a Hindu home for a holiday from his Kimberley business.

But the cream of the book is “From Sea to Sea,” especially the American part. Here the author is among new scenes, and in a more bracing climate. He is immensely interested and stirred, and often drops his mannerisms altogether, and describes with natural force and directness. Instead of the senile Indian Administrative abuses which he has worn flat by his sarcasms, he is confronted by the corruptions of youth, the primitive Arcadian wickedness of a new world, the unloveliness of the latest civilization, tending, let us hope, to revert to decent barbarism—and like Dickens he speaks out. In few words, by his lofty disdain, his bitter sarcasm, his ruthless veracity, his apt ridicule, he drags before us the one nation, the mongrel horde who run America; but at the same time he recognises to the full the sterling merits of that other nation who make America—the unconsidered, silent millions of thinkers and workers high and low, who, alas! shun the infamy of public life. For the same reason of novelty, his pictures of life and scenery are here of peculiar force and charm. In truth, “From Sea to Sea” is crammed with excellent matter, instructive, stimulating, and amusing.

It should in justice be remembered that most of Mr. Kipling's early work—and this book especially—was written for serial publication, and it is unfair to read such books straight through. The exuberance of matter, the impressionist rapidity of touch, the strong colouring, the forcible language, the eccentric humour, all tell immensely in a short paper; but the cumulative effect in a long book is naturally oppressive. All the same, I dare not admit the very best journalism among the best of literature. It is because I admire Mr. Kipling and believe his great fame and influence to be honestly earned that I regret—regret but not blame—the style which he so early adopted and which may have become second nature. Had Fortune then directed him to the best models, they would have chastened but could never have warped or dwarfed an originality like his. His great gift is vigour—vigour perhaps unparalleled since Elizabethan days. Had he started with the three Rs, and unbiassed by book-reading, he might have been a world's-wonder of originality. Had he received the strictest and highest discipline his place in fiction might have been not far from Fielding and George Eliot, and in poetry beside Byron. Regret is vain; rather let us be thankful for the faith and courage which drove that raw youth into the arena, to struggle among his seniors for opportunities of work and distinction, and which carried him through toils and difficulties, under which the favourites of the Muses and Graces are trampled to oblivion. He has become more than a name—a potent influence in our world, and that on the whole for good. If his literary manner has encouraged some objectionable modernities, it has at least stemmed the tide of effeminate twaddle. How far his subjects, his views and principles have tended to foster among our youth a too preponderant animalism, I cannot presume to judge, but surely his trumpet has given no uncertain sound in recalling true-born Englishmen to manliness, to sacrifice, to civic virtue, and to self-respect.

Y. Y.



From Photo by [Doubly Miller & Co.] HIBSEN IN THE FORTIES

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been appointed editor of the *Morecambe and Heysham Times*. Mr. Hartley, who was well known in Manx journalistic circles, deeply regretted leaving the Island. Mr. J. P. Callow, the proprietor of the *Manxman*, has taken over the direction of the paper. More than one Manx newspaper proprietor has been "hit" by the failure of Dumbell's Banking Company, Limited.

NEW BOOKS.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.\*

Perhaps the end of every honest and intelligent controversy about Ibsen is the conviction that he is the Great Anarchist. His criticism of life seems based on diverse and irreconcilable principles. Which are his own personally it is impossible to say. He knows the impulses that sway men's hearts, and he makes his puppets dance to them. One puppet imposes its message of experience on a serious reader, who cries out, "Here is the rule of life for a nobler future," and he is confounded by the very next work of the puzzling dramatist. Ibsen must laugh at his solemn distracted devotees. Says Rubek to the bear-hunter in this play, "Am I to take these as oracular utterances, Mr. Ulfheim?" And Ulfheim answers, "Lord preserve me from playing the oracle!"

This latest work is, at least, as anarchic as any of the others. As for the meaning, if it's not what you please, you can choose between two or three very different-featured truths. He shakes the kaleidoscope of life before your eyes, and when one design seems to embody the impassioned meaning of his most impassioned puppet's words and actions, he has a trick of engaging your sympathies on the other side. The impulsive reader, or the critic in a hurry, may light on this passage and cry that he has found the key:—

IRENE.
[We see the irretrievable only when—]
PROFESSOR RUBEK. [Breaks short off.]
[Looks inquiringly at her.] When—?
IRENE.
When we dead awaken.
PROFESSOR RUBEK.
[Shakes his head mournfully.] What do we really see then?
IRENE.
We see that we have never lived."

Live out your life then as men and women. Do not starve your corporal selves. Do not miss your chances, blinded by an ideal, or by convention, or by languor. But having arrived at the conclusion this is the meaning, the impulsive reader will be bewildered at the end, where two pairs of lovers awaken, and resolve to lead their own lives out, and for result, one couple, the unthinking, the material ones, go off to brutal savagery, and the other, the soulful ones, are swept down in an avalanche. The reader tries one more shot. Is it that only the clods, or the primitive savages of humanity, may live their own life and prosper, while the more highly developed die when they would realise their ideal in the actual world? Hardly, for it may be argued, this particular pair lost their early and best chance, and made the experiment after the world had battered and stiffened them; and their case really proves nothing. I think the meaning is more anarchic, bitterer than that; to most minds terrible. An ordinary life is as the sleep of death. At your peril awaken, for waking means the sudden knowledge of loss, loss of beauty and joy if you have starved the sensuous part of you, loss of beauty and joy if you have starved the spirit. Man's capacities are so few, so frugal, and his waking desires so vast. Had Rubek long ago made no self-denying ordinance about his beautiful model, he would still have had wild remorse for loss in his waking moments. Had Irene in the old days killed the artist in him and roused the man, she would still have started up in sorrow because her gain had wrought destruction. Maia, we feel assured, if we fall under the spell of the play, woke from sporting with her bear-hunter, and knew the worth of her sculptor, whom she had deserted. Whatever our posture and dreams in the sleep of life, we wake to regret. "Vanity of

\* "When the Dead Awaken." A Dramatic Epilogue in Three Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. 5s. and 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

vanities! All is vanity!" But "Lord preserve us from playing the oracle!"

The symbolism of the play is quite as crude and childish as is usual in Ibsen's, and even more effective. The exception is Ulfheim, who represents the animal man in a quite needlessly brutal fashion. He with his hungry dogs and his talk of blood is at once ridiculous and revolting. But otherwise the dramatist's power of using puerile symbols and making them adequately shadow forth high truths, and his power of defying our sense of humour, are at least as great as ever. There is perhaps a more personal note in this latest play of his. In the expressed joy of Rubek, who bamboozles the public into thinking he is making literal portrait busts of men and women, when "at bottom they are all respectable, pompous horse-faces, and self-opinionated donkey-muzzles, and lop-eared, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts—and sometimes dull, brutal bull-fronts as well"; in the strong contrast drawn between the life of the man and the poet, he speaks for the general artist, at least, if not for himself. And the poetry and the literature of the piece are more on the surface than in his other recent work. A strange play this, chaotic and unsatisfying. But it gives dreams, and uneasy waking thoughts, which may not be Ibsen's. We readers are directly addressed and warned.

PROFESSOR RUBEK.
[Short, repitently.] All the world knows nothing! Understands nothing.
MAIA.
Well, at any rate, it can divine something—
PROFESSOR RUBEK.
Something that isn't there at all, yes. Something that never was in my mind. Ah, yes, that they can aligo into ecstasies over."

KIPLING'S "FROM SEA TO SEA."\*

Mr. Kipling has collected in two volumes some further specimens of his earlier work. And this because, as he tells us in his brief Preface, the pirates have been stealing, garbling, and republishing them. Self-defence needs no excuse, and is indeed the best of excuses. So we need not regard Mr. Kipling's fame as involved in the putting forth again of work which no doubt falls short of his present standard. The papers here collected, all written between 1887 and 1889, fall under four series. Of the two longer ones, the first called "Letters of Marque," consists of nineteen "travel letters," describing a holiday visit to Rajputana; the second of thirty-seven similar letters, under the title of "From Sea to Sea," was written during a pilgrimage through Burmah, Singapore, Japan, and thence across ocean to the Golden Gate, and still ever on and on to the goal, to the Shrine and very Presence in Elmira City of—Mark Twain! And there after a highly successful "interview," the happy Pilgrim sings his *Nunc dimittis*, and the letters suddenly close. Which being quite genuine enthusiasm is not unpleasing; but all the same it would have been well for Mr. Kipling had Mark Twain never been. Like other young men whose taste was yet to form, he was infected with the



From Photo by W. Hoffer. IBSEN IN MIDDLE LIFE.

\* "From Sea to Sea, and Other Sketches." By Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan and Co.)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

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LITERATURE

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co.)

Most English boys—and most Englishmen who have anything of the boy still in them—will rejoice in 'Stalky & Co.' Boys will declare that the book is "spiffing," and if they read it in school hours—a not impossible feat—will have to keep a handkerchief ready to stuff into their mouths to prevent their laughter attracting the attention of the form-master. Mr. Kipling himself has every reason to feel proud of the success with which he has photographed the English public-school boy's talk and sentiments.

Mr. Kipling knows his English boy, as he seems to know everything, outside and inside—especially outside. Most men have a vivid memory of their boyhood's days; but with most there is an idealizing halo round them which altogether alters the value of the picture. Mr. Kipling, with that marvellous memory of his, recalls his school days as in themselves they really were. He sees the British boy, with his infinite capacity for fun, his finite capacity for insubordination, his coarseness in word and act, modified by an ultra-sensitive delicacy of feeling in certain directions. 'Stalky & Co.' is almost a complete treatise on the strategy and tactics of the British schoolboy—of perhaps one should say the British public-school boy. Reverence for the head authority and contempt for all other authority, respect for most aspects of physical training, and utter indifference towards the training of the intellect, underlie the whole *Stimmung* of the book. Mr. Kipling has taught his public how Matthew Arnold's Barbarians are trained.

Here he not only describes—he defends; the implication of the whole book is a glorification of the public-school method of training character, or perhaps we should qualify, and say training the character of the leading classes. Two of the stories are bracketed together as 'Slaves of the Lamp, I,' and 'Slaves of the Lamp, II,' (the last story of the book—a kind of epilogue), with the seeming intention of showing that the tricks boys play upon

their form-masters come in usefully as training in strategy for frontier warfare. In the first of the stories Stalky "scores off" the best-hated master by leading a drunken carrier to think that the said master had used a catapult against him, whereupon he resorts to reprisals, and the form-master's study is made to suffer. In the last story Stalky, now a lieutenant on the frontier, is defending a fort which is attacked by two native tribes that have for the moment sunk their feuds. Stalky steals out with a detachment to the rear of their encampments, and, when the attack takes place, peppers one of the tribes with shots, seemingly coming from the direction of the other. Result, revival of the feud, and the form-master tribe is attacked by the carrier one. In short, these portions of the book are, in a measure, Mr. Kipling's answer to the question our neighbours are asking, "A quel tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?"

It is natural to compare 'Stalky & Co.' with Mr. Kipling's other boys' book, 'Captains Courageous'; one treats of the boy in his native and natural environment, the other of a boy in strange surroundings. Both are eminently didactic in tone, the chief lesson inculcated being that of the good effects of a sound whacking on a boy's character, even if the cane is applied with seemingly "flagrant injustice." In both cases the type of boy to be turned out is that of the military or commercial organizer. "Save he serve, no man may rule"—not, perhaps, a very subtle lesson, nor particularly one that needs insisting on, but it is brought home with all Mr. Kipling's astonishing force, and in 'Stalky & Co.' is presented with even a certain amount of polemical intention.

Mr. Kipling evidently does not believe in what is known as appealing to a boy's higher feelings. One of the most subtle sections of the book is that entitled "The Flag of our Country." A blatant politician gives an address to the school, just after a volunteer cadet corps has been formed, and at the finish unfurls a cheap calico Union Jack, with the result that the corps is immediately disbanded, and, for the only time, Stalky, in the presence of his chums, bursts into tears. Here Mr. Kipling touches upon one of the profoundest traits in the English character, the abhorrence of English men—of having their most sacred feelings referred to publicly. Some slight hits (not in the very best taste) at Dr. Farrar's books are doubtless meant to emphasize the same moral. After all, is not the contrast between the military and clerical ideas of life? Mr. Kipling, here as elsewhere, is on the side of Tommy Atkins.

The interest of 'Stalky & Co.' for "grown-ups" will naturally be the pictures of English military school life presented in it, but it would be misleading to accept them as representing all English boarding schools, or even all English public schools. To complete the picture we need a description of the former, which, on the evidence of others, would not present so pleasant an aspect as Westward Ho! And here it may be noted that Westward Ho! is not perhaps a fair representative of English public schools. Mr. Kipling himself indicates as much by the stress he lays on

the undesirable portion of the school which has been with the "crammer" in town. Public-school boys in general will ask in surprise, Why were the assistants so rotten when the Head was so able? And is it usual for school chaplains to smoke in small boys' studies? The "honour of the House" is satirized; but is it nothing, ought it to be nothing?

There is another aspect of 'Stalky & Co.' which will interest all English people—the light it throws on Mr. Kipling's own school career, and the formative influences on his character. He scarcely disguises that he is the "Beetle" of the story, and that, but for his early spectacles, he would have tried to emulate the deeds of Indian army subalterns which he takes such pleasure in describing. Rarely has a personal defect proved of such national advantage. The hint is also given that Mr. Kipling's journalistic career was due to the discernment of Mr. Cornell Price, the head master of the school.

To the students of Mr. Kipling's art his new book affords a number of interesting problems. His greatest skill has hitherto been shown in the *conte*—the rapid presentation of one "action," with the appropriate characterization which makes the action artistically inevitable. Here we have a series of school *contes*, but their total result is to work up into a tolerably complete picture of a certain social organism—a military preparatory school in North Devon. We find not only various types of schoolboys delineated (with the significant exception of the "sap" or "swot"), but also a tolerably complete series of portraits of assistant masters, including the rather improbable "Padre," who has the boys' entire confidence; and then, in a class apart, "the Head," whose penetrating influence throughout the school is most subtly indicated in every story. We have even the relations of the school indicated with the surrounding population, and occasional snapshots of visitors, parents and guardians, and Old Boys. In this way the seemingly disconnected series of stories makes up a tolerably complete picture of the school as an organic whole. This is true artistry, such as has not been displayed by Mr. Kipling in his previous efforts. His very keenness of vision has apparently prevented him from composing his work on a larger canvas.

It is somewhat difficult and misleading to quote specimens of work which thus depends for its higher qualities on general tone and treatment rather than upon details. Perhaps the following will, at any rate, indicate the absolute accuracy with which boys' words and doings are touched off by Mr. Kipling. Stalky & Co. meet a prefect, while out of bounds with permission:—

"A bend of the lane brought them face to face with Tulke, senior prefect of King's house—a smallish, white-haired boy, of the type that must be promoted on account of its intellect, and ever afterwards appeals to the Head to support its authority when zeal has outrun discretion.

"The three took no sort of notice. They were on lawful pass. Tulke repeated his question hotly, for he had suffered many slights from Number Five study, and fancied that he had at last caught them tripping.

"What the devil is that to you?" Stalky replied, with his sweetest smile.

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Acts. translated by William Archer. 5s. and 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

"Look here, I'm not goin'—I'm not goin' to be sworn at by the Fifth!" spluttered Tulke. "Then cut along and call a prefect's meeting," said M'Turk, knowing Tulke's weakness. "The prefect became inarticulate with rage. 'Mustn't yell at the Fifth that way,' said Stalky. 'It's vile bad form.' 'Cough it up, ducky!' M'Turk said calmly. 'I—I want to know what you chaps are doing out of bounds?' This with an important flourish of his ground-ash. 'Ah!' said Stalky. 'Now we're gettin' at it. Why didn't you ask that before?' 'Well, I ask it now. What are you doing?' 'We're admiring you, Tulke,' said Stalky. 'We think you're no end of a fine chap, don't we?'

"We do! We do!" A dog-cart with some girls in it swept round the corner, and Stalky promptly knelt before Tulke in the attitude of prayer; so Tulke turned a colour.

"I've reason to believe—" he began. "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" shouted Beetle, after the manner of Bideford's town-crier. "Tulke has reason to believe! Three cheers for Tulke!"

"They were given. 'It's all our giddy admiration,' said Stalky. 'You know how we love you, Tulke. We love you so much we think you ought to go home and die. You're too good to live, Tulke.'

"Yes," said M'Turk. "Do oblige us by dyin'. Think how lovely you'd look stuffed!" Tulke swept up the road with an unpleasant glare in his eye.

Nothing could be more lifelike and convincing. For the manner in which this episode leads up to a disgraceful rout of the whole body of prefects the reader must be referred to the story itself.

The best test of a book of this kind is not to judge it by the canons of high art, but to get a boy to read it. 'Stalky & Co.' comes triumphantly past this test, for the experiment has been tried. The boy in question, on being asked to put in order of merit the various stories which had caused him so many guffaws, expressed his preference for 'The Moral Reformers'; it has a touch of cruelty in it which appeals to the savage elements of that age; then came 'An Unsavoury Interlude,' again an appeal to the primeval instincts. The two 'Slaves of the Lamp' were bracketed together next—a triumphant compliment to Mr. Kipling's skill; and the total verdict, in which the higher criticism can but acquiesce, was "Spiffing!"

*Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates.* By Herbert Vivian. Illustrated with Photographs and a Map. (Pearson.)

In his new book (fragments of which have appeared in sundry newspapers and periodicals) Mr. Herbert Vivian claims to have set forth a fresh subject; for his subject is not so much Tunis as Tunis under the French dominion, and that latter-day aspect of Tunis is almost unknown to English readers.

In the year 1881 Tunis was most flagrantly bullied and rushed by the French in the little Punic war of M. Roustan. The British interests involved were of no small value, and the situation produced two English works of unequal merit; but during the eighteen years that have since gone by no English volume of any note has been produced, and, although books have been written by Frenchmen, it must be declared, with whatever regret, that not one of them is entirely to be trusted;

they are either obviously patriotic apologies for the French occupation or journals of foolish tourists.

Mr. Herbert Vivian had, therefore, an excellent opportunity, and he made, it must be allowed, as full use of it as the restricted circumstances of his stay in Tunis would permit. In a pointed preface he claims that his book will serve "three purposes": it will be a *vade mecum* for tourists in Tunisia; it has "exposed Lord Salisbury's deplorable sacrifice of British prestige and commerce"; and in it there has been "paid a tribute to the last survivors of that grand mediæval race which has bequeathed to us whatever civilization we may possess, and which shall yet, *inshallah*, live to restore a portion of its departed glories." While we may grant that the first purpose has been to some extent fulfilled, and even the second may be considered to have been attained in a measure, although too political a matter for us to discuss in detail, we are compelled to declare the third rather "a large order."

Mr. Vivian's extreme admiration of the Arab race and his expectation of what it may yet become lead him completely and ludicrously astray. The Arabs of to-day, whether African or Arabian, have as little to do with the warriors of Mohammed, the Saracens of Saladin, or the Moors of Spain as have the Franks of Charlemagne; and their only recommendation to us is that they were liked by Burton and that they have inspired Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's noble sonnet, "Children of Shem, first-born of Noah's race!" To believe that they will ever again play any original or considerable part in the development of civilization, or even in the history of the world, is merely foolish.

Still, in spite of its extravagances, Mr. Vivian's book is not without merits. He has no hesitation in denouncing the French occupation. At first disposed to believe that the French might be accomplishing in Tunis some such noble and manly work as our officers and administrators have achieved in Egypt, he has been led to conclude that "the administration of Tunisia is as rotten as that of the French Republic." It is not only that the average Frenchman is an indifferent colonist, but also that French officials are too apt to adopt the worst possible method of dealing with subject races. Such, put in temperate language, is the view of which Mr. Vivian is the intemperate advocate.

The truth is that, compared with Algeria or with French colonies generally, the protectorate of Tunisia is a success.

But, after all, that is a matter which we need no traveller from Tunis to demonstrate; and there remains in recommendation of the book to the average reader the fact that 'Tunisia' may be taken as a serviceable guide-book to the land of the Beys. Mr. Vivian writes well, with lucidity and humour. He has an eye for seeing and a mind for grouping the facts of his observation; and although of necessity many of his points are the common property of travellers in the States of Barbary, he sets forth all with uncommon freshness. Of particular interest and importance, to the politician as well as to the tourist, are his

remarks on the caravan routes into the interior of Africa, which the French have done much to block and to destroy; and in that connexion a passage concerning the Great Desert may be quoted as apt and picturesque:—

"As the Sahara presents a zone about a thousand miles wide, it can only be crossed by having recourse to watering-places at fixed points,—which are just as necessary as coaling stations to steamers at sea. In fact, the more you contemplate the desert, the more you are struck by its similarities to an ocean. In the ports, islands, storms, pirates, loneliness, almost every other characteristic of the sea."

In short, 'Tunisia' may be put upon the library shelf as a vivacious addition to our knowledge of the modern conditions of those North African states which are destined to play a considerable and troublesome part in the history of Europe. A word in conclusion must be said in appreciation of the excellent reproductions from photographs, which are more telling and valuable than the most exact and industrious descriptions.

*Fécondité.* Par Émile Zola. (Paris, Charpentier.)

M. DELCASSÉ, at all events, will owe a "fine candle," as the French say, to the author of 'Fécondité' for the eloquent picture with which the book concludes of the future of the French Valley of the Niger. The Anglophobe papers in Paris have been saying that though by the recent treaty Lord Salisbury cedes vast territories to the French sphere of influence, those regions, so inpressive on the map, consisted entirely of the Great Sahara. Now the Government have only to cite passages from the speech—for such it is—of Dominique Froment to give a different turn to the debate.

But one asks, Is that speech to be considered to refer to actualities—the part which appears to be a description of what exists? That is the puzzle. Any one who has read the 'Three Towns' ('Lourdes,' 'Rome,' 'Paris') knows the part which Pierre Froment plays in all this series. The last of the three Pierre unfrocks himself and marries. Now the hero of 'Fécondité' Mathieu Froment, seems to be the offspring of this marriage; but before the end of the book, and, in truth, just at the time of the appearance of Dominique upon the scene, Mathieu has completed his ninetieth year. That would throw back the date of 'Lourdes' pretty nearly a hundred years—long before the vision of Lourdes, in fact. The alternative is to suppose that the end of this new work takes place some time in the future—in the twentieth century. It would be a method of constructing a plot without interest to have the beginning contemporary, the end in the future. It is to be noticed that M. Zola does not commit himself as to the form of government which France is supposed to be.

The book has as a sub-title "Les Quatre Évangiles." Is it part, then, of a new gospel? Certainly one interest in it is interest not precisely literary—lies in the fact that M. Zola has evidently set himself up of late as the champion of ideas opposed as much as possible to those which Tolstoi is preaching. We have thus two of the most celebrated

"From Sea to Sea, and Other Sketches." By Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan and Co.)



THE BEST CHRISTMAS CARD. The finest and by far the most appropriate Christmas card this year is the art souvenir edition of Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Absent-minded Beggar."

KIPLING POEM AT ALBERT HALL.

PRIZE MUSICIANS OF THE PROVINCES IN LONDON. NOVEL AUCTION AT WILLIS'S ROOMS. ANOTHER COLONY AT WORK.

The Band Festival and Concert which will take place at the Albert Hall on the evening of January 20 will prove the greatest musical novelty of recent years. The vocalists already engaged include Mme. Albani, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Andrew Black.

The musical arrangements are in the hands of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who with his undying generosity will provide over the programme and personally conduct "The Absent-minded Beggar," in addition to a new composition from his pen. There will be an orchestra of one hundred, and the grand organ will be in use.

WHERE TO HEAR IT. HALL OF THEATRE, SONG, TIME. THE ALHAMBRA, Mr. Harrison, 10.30 p.m. THEATRE OF VARIETIES, Miss C. Courtney, 10.0 p.m.

NOTES. Over 1,000 permissions to sing "The Absent-minded Beggar" have been issued to Yorkshire vocalists, over one-third of these are in Leeds and neighbourhood. Waits have appeared in North London, and waits very much up to date!

EVERY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE "DAILY MAIL" AND CROSSED "COUTTS AND CO." IN ORDER TO FACILITATE DESPATCH OF COPIES.

Mr. Ian Colquhoun, by permission of Mr. Dundas Slater and the "Daily Mail," has sung into a gramophone with high artistic feeling Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting as sung by Mr. Colquhoun at the Chamber.

By forwarding a 1s. 6d. postal order—not stamps—to Manager, Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London, E.C., you can obtain—

By forwarding a 1s. 6d. postal order—not stamps—we will send you both the souvenir and the musical setting.

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EVERY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE "DAILY MAIL" AND CROSSED "COUTTS AND CO." IN ORDER TO FACILITATE DESPATCH OF COPIES.

We regret that in consequence of the immense rush of correspondence and business in connection with "The Absent-minded Beggar" poem and music it is quite impossible for us to answer letters and inquiries by return of post.

POEM FUND £40,603 11s. 2d.

ANOTHER HUGE INCREASE IN THE KIPLING POEM RECEIPTS. AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR AMBULANCE.

WHERE TO HEAR IT. HALL OF THEATRE, SONG, TIME. THE ALHAMBRA, Mr. Harrison, 10.30 p.m.

NOTES. The Gentleman in Khaki has made his appearance in gingerbread in several West-end bakeries.

By forwarding a 1s. 6d. postal order—not stamps—to Manager, Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London, E.C., you can obtain—

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Table with 3 columns: Item Name, Quantity, Total. Includes items like Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association, Colonial Troops, and various musical instruments.

THE BAZAAR AUCTION.

The auction of articles set to be sold for the benefit of the Kipling Poem Fund... Each day brings a further consignment of valuable offerings, not the least of which is a gift of 200 chess pieces.

WHERE TO HEAR IT. HALL OF THEATRE, SONG, TIME. THE ALHAMBRA, Mr. Harrison, 10.30 p.m.

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THE RELIEF CORPS. The announcement of the formation of "The Absent-minded Beggar Relief Corps" has met with the warmest approval from hundreds of our readers.

"Jockey" is an intelligent dog that has the famous Kipling poem by heart. "Jockey" has been collecting among friends, and has won 26 for the poem fund, forwarded by his mistress, Mrs. Wallace.

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It has been reported to us that certain music dealers when asked for 1s. 3d. or other increased prices have told their customers that they have to pay the "Daily Mail" 1s. 7d. This is an untruth.

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THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

RELIEF CORPS ORGANISED AND AT WORK.

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

"The Absent-minded Beggar" will soon have circumnavigated the globe on his laudable mission.

Honolulu, Nov. 25, 1899. To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

Sir, I enclose Claus Spreckels and Co.'s slight draft in your favour, which please apply for the benefit of the wives and children of the British Reservists who have gone with their regiments to "Hammer Paul."

This is the first instalment of a fund which is being raised here, and which was suggested and largely inspired by "The Absent-minded Beggar,"—Yours truly, ROBERT CATTON.

Few contributions have been more gratifying than this from an American colony with a population extremely mixed in character.

AN ENCORE VERSE. The first thousand gum readings have been sent out for the troops at the front.—"Daily Paper."

Will you drop a tear of pity in your little handkerchief? As you think of all those puddings ordered South? For when the fun is over and poor Tommy's tummy's wrecked.

The BAZAAR AUCTION. Great expectations are being fully realised. The auction will be the splendid success for which every sympathiser hopes.

THE EXTENSION OF RELIEF. The disbursements of relief from the Kipling Poem Fund up to this morning total £24,320.

POEM FUND £44,321 5s. 4

WHERE TO HEAR IT. HALL OF THEATRE. SONG. TIME.

NOTES. A dozen dogs have started to collect for the Kipling poem in the Midlands this week.

THE RELIEF CORPS. A large number of adhesions to the Absent-minded Beggar Relief Corps from all quarters reached us yesterday.

OUR BAZAAR AUCTION. An ever-increasing catalogue has now been added to the list.

WE WANT YOUR SHILLINGS. By forwarding a 1s. Postal Order—not stamps—to Manager, Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London, E.C., you can obtain—

FAC-SIMILE OF THE SULLIVAN MS. The very handsome and interesting facsimile reproduction of Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of "The Absent-minded Beggar," which is being produced by Ridgways Limited, is ready this morning.

BAND FESTIVAL AT ALBERT HALL. This festival will take place on Saturday, January 20, at 7.30 p.m., at the Albert Hall.

THE MUSICAL SETTING. The third edition of Sir Arthur Sullivan's charming music for the Kipling poem, the rage of the musical season, is on sale at 3 and 4, Harnsworth-buildings, Tallis-street, E.C., price 1s. 6d., which is the only place at which it is now issued from this office.

THE A.M.B. RELIEF CORPS. WORK BEGINS TO-DAY AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Thanks to a thousand willing hearts and hands, the Absent-minded Beggar Relief Corps is now firmly established and able to cope with any case that is referred to it.

MEANTIME ALL IS ALIVE IN READINESS FOR THE NEXT LOT THAT MAY ARRIVE, WHICH WILL BE EQUALLY WELL-CARED FOR.

MEMBERS OF THE RELIEF CORPS WILL BE PRESENT AT WATERLOO TO CONTINUE THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE NEED.

A GRANT OF FRUIT AND DELICACIES WILL ALSO BE MADE TO THE WOUNDED ON EACH SHIP AS IN THE OPINION OF THE SHIP'S MEDICAL OFFICER MAY BE SUITABLE.

MEMBERHOLDERS IN LONDON ARE RECEIVING HOURLY ACCESSIONS TO THE NUMBERS OF DEVOTED MEN AND WOMEN WHO WISH TO HELP, AND MONEY—WHICH WILL BE NEEDED—IS BEGINNING TO ACCUMULATE.

BY FORWARDING A 1S. POSTAL ORDER—not stamps—to Manager, Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London, E.C., you can obtain—

EVERY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE "DAILY MAIL" AND CROSSED "COURTS AND CO." IN ORDER TO FACILITATE DESPATCH OF COPIES.

SEATS AT THESE PRICES MAY NOW BE BOOKED AT THE FOLLOWING BOX-OFFICES ONLY.—At the branch offices of Messrs. Keith, Prosser, and Co., or their head office, 48, Cheapside;

KIPLING POEM FUND BAZAAR SALE AT WILLIS'S TO-MORROW.

Everything is now in readiness for tomorrow's great sale. The articles for auction, which total more than 200 lots, have been sent to Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's.

WHERE TO HEAR IT. HALL OF THEATRE. SONG. TIME.

NOTES. The third soda-water bottle collection has reached us—13s. 10d. This time from the Rose and Crown, Stafford.

MEMBERS OF THE RELIEF CORPS WILL BE PRESENT AT WATERLOO TO CONTINUE THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE NEED.

BY FORWARDING A 1S. POSTAL ORDER—not stamps—to Manager, Room 44, Harnsworth-buildings, London, E.C., you can obtain—

EVERY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE "DAILY MAIL" AND CROSSED "COURTS AND CO." IN ORDER TO FACILITATE DESPATCH OF COPIES.

SUPPORT FROM THE SANDWICH ISLES. We chronicle the other day how Mr. Kipling's poem had produced a great wave of sympathy in far-off Honolulu.

MEMBERHOLDERS IN LONDON ARE RECEIVING HOURLY ACCESSIONS TO THE NUMBERS OF DEVOTED MEN AND WOMEN WHO WISH TO HELP, AND MONEY—WHICH WILL BE NEEDED—IS BEGINNING TO ACCUMULATE.

FULL OF WAR WAR NUMBER OUT

doors, and afterwards Edouard, of Willis's Restaurant, will generously throw open his establishment for tea. The rooms will be beautifully decorated with flowers and flags.

EVERY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE "DAILY MAIL" AND CROSSED "COURTS AND CO." IN ORDER TO FACILITATE DESPATCH OF COPIES.

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A.M.B. FUND \$71,000. PAID AWAY TO DATE, \$50,000. OUR MELBOURNE BRANCH.

POEM FUND, £63,000. SINGERS AT THE ALBERT HALL FESTIVAL. A FRESH DEVELOPMENT.

The total of the receipts from all sources with which "The Absent-minded Beggar" has been connected totalled on Saturday \$71,000. Of this sum \$50,000 has been expended in the relief of wives and children of men called to the colors, in aid of the sick and wounded, and in aid of other sufferers by the war.

Stars with a background of constellation—Mrs. Albani, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Andrew Black. Those are to be soloists at the great Festival at the Albert Hall next Saturday.

A.M.B. RELIEF CORPS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S INKSTAND. A VALUABLE MEMENTO.

What is the A.M.B. Relief Corps doing? Here is the evidence from the other end of it. The people who are carrying out the work know what they are doing, of course.

Mr. Andrew Black is a bass of great resource and sympathetic faculty of rendering. He is well fitted to appear as the fourth in that august musical quartette which is to sing next Saturday.

Commissioned men as well as non-commissioned have reason to be grateful to the A.M.B. Corps. We have received the following letter from an officer in the Gordon Highlanders:

Mr. B. Kriesefeld of Mass. Mr. B. Kriesefeld of Mass. Mr. B. Kriesefeld of Mass.

Bismarck and the Foundation of the German Empire. The Stage and the Actor. The Midsommer Night's Dream.

Henry Knox (1750-1806). Theodore Beza (1519-1605). Heredity and Human Progress.

The Regeneration of the United States. St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians.

The receipts from all sources of the Kipling Poem Fund totalled on Saturday \$71,000; of this sum a little over \$50,000 has been expended in relief to dependants of men called to the colors, in caring for the sick and wounded, and in relieving other sufferers by the war.

Putnam's New Books

KIPLING IS THE AUTHOR

Secret Just Divulged That He Wrote "David Harum." A LITERARY CONSPIRACY.

THE BOOK WAS THE RESULT OF A HEAVY WAGER. NOM-DE-PLEUME OF WRITER.

Whole Story of Why the Englishman Wrote the Famous Book—Fact That a Genuine Westcott Existed Was a Mere Coincidence.

Special Dispatch to the Leader. Philadelphia, January 21.—The North American says: "David Harum," by Rudyard Kipling.

If you saw that announcement in a publisher's list you would smile indulgently as at an error of the types, and think, "The Leader knows his own business."

Mr. Westcott could produce a novel which would sell. He accepted the challenge, and I was selected as stakeholder, the result being at events for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars a side, this part of the bargain having been fixed upon, I believe, because fifteen thousand dollars and some small change was all that Mr. Kipling happened to be carrying at the moment in the pocket of his waistcoat.

It is, however, in my opinion, greatly to the credit of Mr. Kipling that when the existence of a real E. N. Westcott was made known to him, he caused his royalties received from the sales of the book to be paid to him, his heirs or assigns. He did this, I believe, not simply with a view to maintaining the exception before the public, but out of real goodness of heart, and also, perhaps, as a self-imposed penalty for having taken liberties with the literary discrimination of a public to which he was so much.

Trusting that the moral of this episode will not be lost upon our younger writers, I remain yours, etc., JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

Research and Information. "Harum," there stood as a like phenomenon. Hierarchy success, and Knighthood was in its popularity made? One can congratulate men on their good taste and Carvel? for a far same readers have enjoyed was in Flower's different class, and yet class, as that which fame?

LOW MASSACHUSETTS BY THE HOUSE

returned to the Senate by the House. The treaty has been already ratified. The Senate has also been notified. The treaty has been already returned to the Senate by the House.





RICHARD AND RUDYARD.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S DEPRECIATION OF KIPLING.

"Rudyard Kipling, a criticism, by Richard Le Gallienne," suggests a remarkable study in contrasts. It is scarcely to be expected that the apostle of the pretty, and the naughty, and the dainty, especially the dainty, should take kindly to the "blood and tobacco," the "broiled bones and brandy" of Mr. Kipling's muse.

Lo, advancing to me eagerly along the causeway seemed the very spirit of Alastor himself. There was a star upon his forehead, and around his young face there glowed an aureole of gold and roses—to speak figuratively, for the star upon his brow was hope, and the gold and roses encircling his head, a miniature rainbow, were youth and health.

Alongside this effusion let us place for our recreation a bit of Kipling which Mr. Le Gallienne reserves for special disapproval. The opening ejaculation has, of course, no reference to the above excerpt:

Humph! I said the machine-gun through all its five noses as the subaltern drew the lever home. The empty cartridges clashed on the floor, and the smoke flew back through the trunk. There were indiscriminate firing at the rear of the train, a return fire from the darkness without, and unlimited howling.

Two extremes, it will be said; but which appeals most to the healthy nerve of a man?

A corresponding verse contrast is perhaps not fair, for we believe Mr. Le Gallienne does not pretend to be a poet; but again the temptation is too strong:

Queen Aphrodite's Daughters are we, She that was born of the moon And the sea; White are our limbs As the foam on the wave, Wild are our byways, And our lovers are brave. Queen Aphrodite, Born of the sea, Beautiful, dutiful daughters Are we! You that would follow Fear not to come, For love is for love And doves is for dove. The harp of Apollo Shall lull you to rest, And your head find its home On this beautiful breast. Queen Aphrodite, &c.

Let us open Kipling at random: Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my Christian harm, I had run him up from his quarter-deck to trade with his own yard-arm; I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and ripped them off with a saw, And sanded them in the bilge-water, and served them to him raw; I had hung him blind in a rudderless boat, to rot to the rocking dark, I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his brother shark; I had tapped him round with cocoa-husk and drenched him with the oil, And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze above my spoil. ("The Three Captains.")

"As for the rhyme of 'The Three Captains,' I may be at fault," says Mr. Le Gallienne, "but I have never been able to read it to the end; but so far as I have gone its story struck me as dull, its nautical technicalities, choking it like seaweed, more than usually tiresome, and its metre open to the same objection," &c.

Having illustrated the divergencies between these two men, to show why Mr. Le Gallienne cannot be expected fully to appreciate Mr. Kipling, let us give a few instances where he does not. "The English Flag" is generally regarded as one of the finest national lyrics ever written—a pure product of the Promethean fire at its whitest heat. Hear what Narcissus thinks:

Its first eight lines are spirited. They stir one. Were the rest of the poem equal to them the poem had been a success. But they are not. Recreant geography—Mr. Kipling's fatal geography—and astronomy are called in to take the place of inspiration, and, as nothing can take its place, they fail.

Surely the Kurie isles, and Singapore, and Bergen, and Kowloon, and the Horn and the most enucleated invalid might stand the intellectual strain of the "Southern Cross" and the "Northern Lights." Here, at any rate, are no Alastors with stars upon their foreheads.

After this casual notice of "The English Flag" subsequent proceedings in Mr. Le Gallienne's book may not interest the lover of Kipling.

Where there a hint of an breaking, merrily say "he's a Such is the less simple Mr. Kipling. It is sur stumple wrote, for Mr. Kipl story, we as possi next edit tations st

We m will not tive igni it is "be White M read: "sentimen Mr. Kipl ments c hero, les onse Mr. might ex lienned p British p there is u indifferet paragraf scarcely t They are The Tr amounte The Ind amounte The Or amounte This scarp to human acknowle gramoly w little volu

They are amounte The Ind amounte The Or amounte This scarp to human acknowle gramoly w little volu

"Had I seen a green copy of Shelley lying anywhere along the road?"

Le Gallienne

UN

Rudy Le Lan Those fashion out sur alight traordi ling. Every tions of plant g the ha sunshin these c must b the go overrat that se discover little t friend, thing i standi It w but ev asserti underg more, preciat widep can po threata republi

absolute monarch. A thoroughly critical examination of Mr. Kipling's qualities and defects might be very useful. It might restore that sense of proportion which was a good deal disturbed by his sudden and glittering invasion of the field just at the time when poetry, having lost, within the space of four years, the three great figures of the Victorian era—Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold—was looking about helplessly for another leader. The leader came with the hour; the army greeted him with enthusiasm; now, perhaps, is the time for reflection.

used to stop the stage in the intervals of his elegant leisure and superior card-play; there was the timber felled and sweating resin in the sunshine; and, above all, there was the quivering pungent heat that Bret Harte drives into your dull brain with the magic of his pen. When we stopped at a collection of packing-cases dignified by the name of a town, my felicity was complete.

And he was happy in meeting Mark Twain; but between the two, the West and the East, he was wretched and bewildered, particularly so at Chicago.

We ought to point out that *From Sea to Sea* has been published in self-defence. Pirates are about, and if any edition is to be circulated there may as well be an authoritative one—that is Mr. Kipling's very reasonable argument. We could wish, however, that the proofs had been rather more carefully read.

At the Bar of History.

Exploratio Evangelica. By Percy Gardner, LL.D. (Black.)

THE interposition of qualified laymen has done much of recent years to give a bent to the speculation and research of divines. To name English writers only, Matthew Arnold, the author of *Ecco Homo*, the author of *Supernatural Christianity*, each in his turn has assisted to vitalise controversy, and to turn theological studies into something more than a *grimoire*. Ecclesiastical dovecoats may once more be fluttered, but the impartial observer can only welcome the appearance in the same field of so critical and trained an historical investigator as the Lincoln Professor of Archaeology at Oxford. Prof. Gardner's competence has already been proved by more than one admirable volume upon the subjects of his chair. He now approaches a cognate theme, in the handling of which those habits of weighing and considering evidence which he has acquired, so to speak, *in corpore viti*, must necessarily stand him in good stead.

The title of the book is borrowed from a once famous treatise of Prof. John Grote's. The sub-title—"A Brief Examination of the Basis and Origin of Christian Belief"—expands and explains it, while the general trend of the conclusions arrived at is given by a quotation from Amiel to which the writer more than once returns. "What an age especially needs," said the French thinker, "is a translation of Christianity from the domain of history to the domain of psychology." Side by side with this dictum, Prof. Gardner puts another by Jowett: "Religion is not dependent on historical events, the report of which we cannot altogether trust. Holiness has its sources elsewhere than in history." These two quotations strike the keynote of the whole essay. Obviously, therefore, it is two-sided. Partly it is negative, or, rather, critical, for it discusses with the merciless logic of history the basis of traditions on which, in the mind of the plain man, Christianity rests: partly it is constructive, or, rather, reconstructive, for it attempts to replace that basis, found untrustworthy, by another in the heart and moral ideals of man. Prof. Gardner, in fact, emulates, on a more concrete plane, the feat of Kant: he excludes theological conceptions from the sphere of Reason as Speculative, to re-admit them in the sphere of Reason as Practical.

The critical section is wedged in between two sections of reconstruction in the actual ordering of the book; logically, perhaps it should come first. In a couple of hundred close-packed, but clear, pages Prof. Gardner gives a most luminous survey of most of the vexed questions of New Testament criticism. He deals successively with the character of the documents and the preconceptions and ideals, literary and doctrinal, with which they were written, the narrated events of the life of Christ, the element of the miraculous in these and the recorded teaching of the Master, the intellectual conditions, Jewish and

of his country—sweep him overboard one rough day on to the deck of one of those Newfoundland cod-fishers, which (with those tendencies to specular butchery which wealth seems to have engendered in all civilisations) he had been hoping they might run down for an excitement; confront him with a stern old Ironsides of a skipper, who cares nothing about his fine airs, and isn't worldly enough to see the money behind his swagger; well, if not thrilling, it was an allowably interesting situation.

We had marked many other sentences to quote, but this one will, perhaps, suffice. It indicates, in a few lines, the conspicuous vices of this little book. It is written with-

out measure or proportion, in a style marked with splashes of bad taste, splashed with angular elbows across the page, written in manner, confused in matter. In word, it is "bad form": and that, perhaps, the worst fault of literature. Much more forgiven to writing that is at least well-to-writing that seems to cherish some of the ideal, some effort towards distance. Carelessness, callousness, ill-manneredness are the unforgivable sins. Mr. Le Gallienne's book may not interest the lover of Kipling.

solemn official decrees cannot reverse the facts of history. The most searching investigations into the records of the past cannot rob us of the light which shines from Him who is the Foundation, as well as the Founder, of Christianity.  
W. B. RIXON.

A VERDICT AGAINST THE EVIDENCE

*Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism.* By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, with a Bibliography by JOHN LANE. London: John Lane. 3s. 6d.

THERE is said to be a passage in one of Mr. Le Gallienne's works where a lurid contrast is drawn between two types of literary genius. One, the embodied soul of piquant sentiment and feminine fascination, is pictured with a pallid face so framed in sable locks that it recalls a pine wood permeated by the moon; this is understood to be a portrait of the author himself, taken from the mirror. The other, a youth of brutal vigour, robust to coarseness, intolerably male, is supposed to stand for Mr. Rudyard Kipling—the comparison to be regarded as unfavourable to the latter. If it is admissible to assume that the project of the present appreciation had already been conceived by Mr. Le Gallienne at the time when he composed the above illustration, one may remark on the admirable candour with which he advertised his personal prejudices. But we are reminded that in this same virtue of candour, whenever popular curiosity has cried aloud for satisfaction as to the author's person, whether the outside or the interior, Mr. Le Gallienne has always been open-handed with the British Public. It results from this cause, among others, that the reviewer of this new book is liable to approach his task with something of Mr. Le Gallienne's own taint of prejudice; but as against the critic rather than his victim. Indeed, it is difficult to think of any capable writer less qualified by taste, or experience, or habit of thought, for the labour he has undertaken. There is, of course, no question here of professional jealousy. Mr. Kipling is in no sense his rival; and, though he were, Mr. Le Gallienne has more than once proved himself a generous critic. It is a case of essential incompatibility of temperament. A certain community of feeling may perhaps be traced in the sense of humour common to both; a quality for which Mr. Le Gallienne may not have received proper credit; and, indeed, with him it is receptive rather than creative. He must also have found something congenial in Mr. Kipling's occasional want of reticence in his treatment of women. In this connection it is significant that our critic extends an admiration, spared from much better work, to the 'delightful frankness' of 'The Ladies,' to 'Mary, pity Women,' and to 'The Mary Gloster,' with special notice of the passage about the baronite's pluralism, with its 'Thank Gawd, I can pay for my fancies!' The 'passion,' again, of 'Mandalay,' and, in particular, the petticoat verse, commends itself irresistibly to the author of 'The Quest of the Golden Girl.' It makes him 'unspeakably glad.'

One would have expected that, at least in his review of the poems, the critic's judgment, notable or not, would have reached us in a literary form worthy of permanence. Yet, if we except a passably eloquent conclusion (of which the matter leaves us unconvinced), it is slipshod, uneven work, little better than the average of reviews written against time; and, even so, it is silent on the last year of Mr. Kipling's work. It was hardly worth while to say anything at all, in book form, about Mr. Kipling's poetry if he was going to omit so much. Take three examples in poems of widely different styles: 'The First Chantey,' so fresh in its imagination, so concentrated in its strength; 'Ford o' Kabul River,' with that haunting sadness in the insistent beat of its refrain; and 'The Flowers,' a lyric marred by something of obscurity, but singular among all Mr. Kipling's songs for its quality of pure sweetness. Not one of these is so much as mentioned by the critic! One other poem I will name—'The Last Suttee.' If I consulted the opinion of the best artificer in this kind that I happen to know—Mr. Henry Newbolt—I am confident that for its wealth of sound and dignity of language, for its adaptation of form to matter, for firmness of *technique*, the strength of it as a story and economy of strength, he would count it among the noblest of English ballads. Yet by Mr. Le Gallienne it is thrown aside on a rubbish-heap with the batch of poems that are pronounced to be 'all commonplace, dull, or bad.' On the other hand, there is reason in the charge brought by

him against that popular poem, 'Recessional.' He passes over its technical defects, so easy of assault; he might, too, have detected a suspicion of insincerity in Mr. Kipling's sudden *volte-face*, his renunciation, on his country's behalf, of an attitude which he had himself inspired, or at least encouraged. But the critic confines his attack to those Hebraic methods by which the poet, here and elsewhere, arrogates to the British nation a monopoly of Divine patronage. Personally, I have always felt that the pride which a people may take in the possession of naval strength (a thing, after all, which may be had for the paying) is a very venial fault, compared with the unctuous assurance of a nation that regards itself, at this time of day, as the Chosen of the Lord. Still, Mr. Le Gallienne is clearly wrong in alluding to the 'Christian terminology' of this poem. It is the language of the Old, not the New, Covenant that Mr. Kipling adopts.

In his summing-up—for Mr. Le Gallienne is judge as well as counsel for the prosecution (and, for that matter, prisoner at the bar too, if he only knew it)—the critic declares Mr. Kipling to be a 'master of captivating singing,' and, again, 'The Burns of the music-hall song.' These are, in fact, the titles applied to the poet by the author of that idyllic phrase, 'an armful of girl.' It appears that Mr. Kipling has only written a 'total of twelve non-dialect lines,' the word *dialect* being meant to imply 'not necessarily dialect of speech, but at least dialect of mood, dialect of mind.' The fatal consequence of this defect, according to the critic's judgment, must be that 'in the high calm zone of poetry, where a word lasts for a thousand years, . . . where Homer sings immortally of war, though it was never given to his poor blind eyes to dote on a gun-cotton gun' (whatever that should be) 'or a submarine boat, . . . Mr. Kipling will be only too glad to be admitted as an Academy student.'

Mr. Le Gallienne should have known that even the ordinary reader of to-day is not innocent enough to be frightened by this harmless, palpable bogey. And his scholarship is at fault if he has not learned that the amalgam known as Homer sang with the express and single desire of pleasing its living audience, and to that end employed the local dialect of the day. As for dialect of mood or mind, it was not an age of specialised erudition, nor even of wide differences in the sphere of ignorance. 'When 'Omer smote his bloom' lyre,' his audience knew the details of his theme as indifferent well as himself. He made Romance out of such material as came within his vague cognisance; and of this material, the implements of war—the shield, the spear, the arrow—must have offered the least possible difficulties to his mental grasp. If he had been alive to-day he would have made Romance, as Mr. Kipling certainly has made it, out of screw-guns and armour-plates and triple-expansion engines, and given himself a great deal of trouble in the process.

The present war-fever has fostered a somewhat unreasoning enthusiasm for Mr. Kipling at his second best; and though Mr. Le Gallienne is scarcely more reasonable on the other side, there is danger lest his criticism should derive an inflated importance from the accident of circumstance, and so encourage that tendency to revolt from popular opinion which is among the infirmities of moderately noble minds.

OWEN SEAMAN.

#### ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

*The Queen's Garland: Being Chosen Lyrics of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* Selected and arranged by FRIZROY CARRINGTON. London: Duckworth & Co. 2s. 6d. net. We have had many anthologies of Elizabethan poetry, and yet, we confess, such is our love for the utterances of the lyric age, that we always take up a new one with delight. Mr. FitzRoy Carrington has followed on traditional lines—that is to say, he has made up his companionable little book of gems of song which are for the most part familiar to, or at least known by, all wide readers in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century literature. It is printed in clear type, which is arranged in an old-fashioned manner that is, we confess, somewhat taking to our taste. All poetry lovers will welcome it, though most will, we imagine, object, as we do, to the modernising of the spelling in some cases and not in others. A second volume is promised, giving lyrics written later than 1604. Here, too, Mr. Carrington shows a lack of consistency, for he gives us all his lyric selections from Shakespeare, though some are of later date than his self-set limit; yet other writers who overlap the two periods are presumably to be represented in the later volume as well, Ben Jonson to wit. The perfect anthology is an impossibility, and the editor of this 'Garland' is at least to be credited with having added a really attractive little work to the many efforts towards such perfection.

ROBERT BROWNING, STEPHEN PHILLIPS—AND MR. CONNARD

*The Statue and the Bust.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Illustrated by PHILIP CONNARD. London: John Lane. 1s. net.  
*Marpessa.* By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Illustrated by PHILIP CONNARD. London: John Lane. 1s. net.  
Both the second and third booklets of the new 'Flowers of Parnassus Series' are illustrated by the same artist, and, frankly, we do not like Mr. Connard as pictorial interpreter of the poets. His work is clever, unquestionably; it is decorative in a high degree; but his conceptions rarely heighten our pleasure or reveal any hidden significance in the passages illustrated. Indeed, in the illustration to the concluding lines of 'Marpessa,'

He looking downward, and she gazing up,  
Then slowly they,  
Into the evening green wandered away.

we have what seems to be a contradiction of the text, for instead of appearing as 'wandering away,' Marpessa appears to have thrown herself backwards into the arms of her shepherd lover. On the whole the illustrations to Browning's poem are the better, more especially the last one, but for ourselves we should have preferred the poem without its imported ornamentation.

#### BOYS' ADVENTURE BOOKS

*The Boy from Cuba: A School Story.* By WALTER RHOADES. With Illustrations by J. R. BURGERS. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 2s. 6d.  
*The Fighting Lads of Devon; or, In the Days of the Armada.* By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. With Illustrations by J. A. SYMINGTON. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 2s. 6d.  
*A Boy of the First Empire.* By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS. Illustrated. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 3s. 6d.  
BEFORE long it may safely be presumed the 'local colour' for boys' adventure books will be khaki, with a background of sand, veldt, and kopjes; but at present, although the war is colouring much of the fiction for grown-ups, that for juveniles remains but little touched by the current time of storm and stress in South Africa. We have here three adventure stories for boys—such as come in their dozens when Christmas is approaching—in which times and places are widely diverse. 'The Boy from Cuba' is a tale of present-day school life by a writer who has before delighted schoolboy readers. Upwards of three hundred years have passed since 'The Fighting Lads of Devon' went through their exciting adventures, but their story will surely stimulate in many present-day young readers an admiration for those qualities of courage and endurance to which the Anglo-Saxon race owes its many triumphs. In the last-named of this trio of volumes the time and place are changed to the early part of the nineteenth century in France, and, like its companions, the book is to be commended for its provision of an interesting story capably presented.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

*Chalmers on Charity: A Selection of Passages and Scenes to Illustrate the Social Teaching and Practical Work of Thomas Chalmers, D.D.* Arranged and edited by N. Masterman, M.A. (A. Constable & Co. 7s. 6d.)  
*South Africa Past and Present: An Account of its History, Politics, and Native Affairs. Followed by Some Personal Reminiscences of African Travel during the Crisis preceding the War.* By Violet R. Markham. (Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.)  
*England and America after Independence: A Short Examination of their International Intercourse, 1783-1872.* By Edward Smith. (A. Constable & Co. 14s. net.)  
*War and Labour.* By Michael Anitchkow. (A. Constable & Co. 18s.)  
*Greater Canada: The Past, Present, and Future of the Canadian North-West.* By E. B. Osborn, B.A. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)  
*The West End: A Novel.* By Percy White. (Sands & Co. 6s.)  
*Images of Good and Evil.* By Arthur Symons. (William Heinemann.)  
*Lays of Ancient Greece.* By Eudemus. (George Redway. 1s. net.)  
*Reperit, Prince Palatine.* By Eva Scott. Second edition. (A. Constable & Co. 6s.)  
*The Household of the Lafayette.* By Edith Sichel. Second edition. (A. Constable & Co. 6s.)  
*The Alps from End to End.* By Sir William Martin Conway. Illustrated by A. D. McCormick. With a Chapter by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge. (A. Constable & Co. 6s.)  
*The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe: being Sketches of the Domestic and Religious Rites of the Siamese.* By Ernest Young. (A. Constable & Co. 6s.)  
*Travels Through the Alps.* By the late James D. Forbes, F.R.S. New edition, revised and annotated by W. A. B. Coolidge. (A. & C. Black. 20s. net.)

The Contents of the Current Number of THE LONDONER are announced in the 'St. James's Gazette' of each Friday.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the safety of unsolicited and rejected Contributions; but where MSS. are accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope every effort will be made to secure their return.

kind. I said that your mother said that you  
to scoop me out of my shell."  
What will happen if I do?" said the Jaguar  
cautiously.

"I don't know, because I've never been scooped  
of my shell before; but I tell you, honestly, if  
I want to see me swim away you've only got to  
me into the water."

"I don't believe it," said Painted Jaguar.  
"You've mixed up all the things my mother told  
me to do till I don't know whether  
to do it on my head or my painted  
back, and now you come and tell  
me something I can understand,  
and I don't trust you one little  
bit."

My mother told me that I  
must drop one of you two into  
the water, and as you seem so  
eager to be dropped I think you  
don't want to be dropped. Now  
jump into the turbid Amazon, and  
be quick about it."

"I warn you your mother won't  
be pleased. Don't say I didn't  
warn you," said Slow-Solid.

"If you say another word about  
my mother said—" the  
Jaguar answered, but he had not  
finished the sentence before Slow  
and Solid quietly dived into the  
turbid Amazon, swam under water  
for a long way and came out on  
the bank where Sticky-Prickly was waiting for him.

"That was a very narrow escape," said Sticky-  
Prickly. "I don't like Painted Jaguar. What  
do you tell him you were?"

"I told him I was a truthful Tortoise, but he  
couldn't believe it. Now he's gone to tell his  
mother. Listen to him!"

They could hear Painted Jaguar roaring up and  
down among the trees and the bushes by the side  
of the turbid Amazon.

"Son, son!" said his mother ever so many times,  
graciously waving her tail, "what have you been  
doing that you shouldn't have done?"

"I tried to scoop something that said it was a  
Tortoise out of its shell with my paw, and my paw  
is full of per-rickles," said Painted Jaguar.

"Son, son!" said his mother ever so many times,  
graciously waving her tail, "by the prickles on your  
paw I see that that must have been a Hedge-  
hog. You should have dropped him into the water."

"I did that with another one; and he said he  
was a Tortoise, and I didn't believe him, and it was  
quite true, and he has dived, and he won't come up  
again, and I haven't anything at all to eat, and I think  
I had better find lodgings somewhere else. They  
are too clever on the turbid Amazon for poor me!"

"Son, son!" said his mother  
ever so many times, graciously  
waving her tail, "now attend to  
me and remember what I say. A  
hedgehog curls himself up into  
a ball and his prickles stick out  
every which way at once. By this  
you may know the Hedgehog."

"I don't like this old lady one  
bit," said Sticky-Prickly,  
under the shadow of a large leaf.  
"I wonder what else she knows."

"A Tortoise can't curl himself  
up," Mother Jaguar went on, ever  
so many times, graciously waving  
her tail. "He only draws his  
head and legs into his shell. By  
this you may know the Tortoise."

"I don't like this old lady at  
all," said Slow and Solid  
Tortoise. "Even Speckly Jaguar  
can't forget those directions. It's  
a great pity that you can't swim, Sticky-Prickly."

"Don't talk to me," said Sticky-Prickly. "Just  
think how much better it would be if you could curl  
up. This is a mess! Listen to Painted Jaguar."

Painted Jaguar was sitting on the banks of the  
turbid Amazon sucking prickles out of his paws  
and saying to himself:

"Can't curl, but can swim—  
Slow-Solid, that's him!  
Curls up, but can't swim,  
Sticky-Prickly, that's him!"

"He'll never forget that this month of Sundays,"  
said Sticky-Prickly. "Hold up my chin, Slow  
and Solid. I'm going to try to learn to swim."

"Excellent!" said Slow and Solid, and he held  
up Sticky-Prickly's chin, while Sticky-Prickly  
kicked in the water of the turbid Amazon.

"You'll make a fine swimmer yet," said Slow  
and Solid. "Now, not to be behindhand, if you  
can unlace my back-plates a little I'll see what I can  
do toward curling up."

"Am I?" said Sticky-Prickly. "That's the  
effect of soaking in the water. Oh, won't Painted  
Jaguar be surprised!"

They continued their exercises, each helping the  
other, till morning came, and when the sun was high  
they rested and dried themselves, when they saw  
that they were both of them quite different from  
what they had been.

"Sticky-Prickly," said Tortoise after breakfast,  
"I am not what I was yesterday; but I think I may  
yet amuse Painted Jaguar."

"That was the very thing I  
was thinking just now," said  
Sticky-Prickly. "I think scales  
are a tremendous improvement on  
prickles—to say nothing of being  
able to swim. Oh, won't Painted  
Jaguar be surprised! Let's go  
and find him."

By and by they found Painted  
Jaguar still nursing his paddy paw  
that had been hurt the night be-  
fore. He was so astonished that  
he fell three times backward over  
his own painted tail without stop-  
ping.

"Good-morning!" said Sticky-  
Prickly. "And how is your  
mamma this morning?"

"She is quite well, thank you,"  
said Painted Jaguar, "but you  
must forgive me if I do not at this  
precise moment recall your name."

"That's unkind of you," said Sticky-Prickly,  
"seeing that this time yesterday you tried to scoop  
me out of my shell with your paw."

"But you hadn't any shell. It was all prickles,"  
said Speckly Jaguar. "Just look at my paw."

"You told me to drop into the turbid Amazon  
and be drowned," said Slow-Solid. "Why are  
you so rude and forgetful to-day?"

"Don't you remember what your mother told  
you?" said Sticky-Prickly:

"Can't curl, but can swim—  
Sticky-Prickly, that's him!  
Curls up, but can't swim,  
Slow-Solid, that's him!"

Then they both curled themselves up and rolled  
round and round Painted Jaguar till his eyes turned  
cartwheels in his head.

Then he went to fetch his mother.  
"Mother," he said, "there are two new animals  
in the woods to-day, and the one that you said  
couldn't swim, swims; and the one that you said  
couldn't curl up, curls; and they've gone shares in  
their prickles, I think, because both of them are  
scaly all over, instead of one being smooth and the  
other very prickly; and, besides that, they are rolling  
round and round in circles, and I  
don't feel comfy."

"Son, son!" said Mother  
Jaguar ever so many times, gra-  
ciously waving her tail, "a hedge-  
hog is a hedgehog, and can't be  
anything but a hedgehog; and a  
tortoise is a tortoise and can never  
be anything else."

"But it isn't a hedgehog, and  
it isn't a tortoise. It's a little bit  
of both, and I don't know its  
proper name."

"Nonsense!" said Mother  
Jaguar. "Everything has its  
proper name. I should call it  
'armadillo' till I found out the real  
one. And I should leave it alone."

So Painted Jaguar did as he  
was told, especially about leaving  
them alone, but the curious thing  
is that from that day to this, oh,  
Best Beloved, no one on the banks of the turbid  
Amazon has ever called Sticky-Prickly and Slow-  
Solid anything except Armadillo. There are hedge-  
hogs and tortoises in other places, of course, but  
the real old and clever kind, with their scales lying  
lippety-lappety one over the other, like pine-cone  
scales, that lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon  
in the High and Far Off Days, are always called  
Armadillos because they were so clever. So that's  
all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

"Excellent!" said Slow and Solid. "A leetle more  
attention to holding your breath and you will be able  
to keep house at the bottom of the turbid Amazon.  
Now I'll try that exercise of wrapping my hind legs

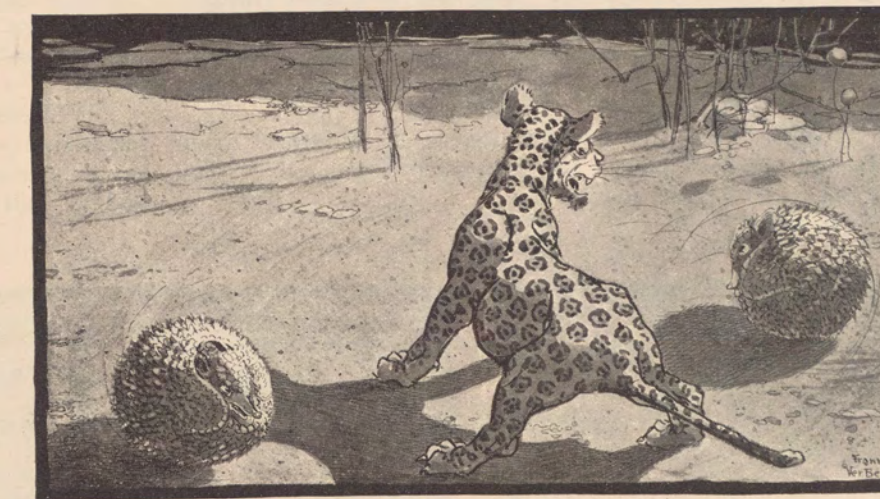
"Excellent!" said Sticky-Prickly, all wet from  
the turbid Amazon. "I declare, I shouldn't know  
you from one of my own family. Two holes, I  
think you said. A little more expression, please,  
and don't grunt quite so much or Painted Jaguar  
may hear us. When you've finished I want to try  
that long dive which you say is so easy. Won't  
Painted Jaguar be surprised?"

"Excellent!" said Slow and Solid. "A leetle more  
attention to holding your breath and you will be able  
to keep house at the bottom of the turbid Amazon.  
Now I'll try that exercise of wrapping my hind legs

around my ears which you say is so peculiarly com-  
fortable. Won't Painted Jaguar be surprised?"

"Excellent!" said Sticky-Prickly. "But it's  
straining your back-plates a little. They are all  
overlapping now instead of lying side by side."

"Oh, that's the result of exercise," said Slow  
and Solid. "I've noticed that your prickles seem  
to be melting one into another, and that you're  
growing to look rather more like a pine-cone, and  
less like a chestnut-burr, than you used to."



THIS IS THE SECOND OF MR. KIPLING'S GREAT ANIMAL STORIES

which he calls the "Just So" Stories. They have been written especially for The Ladies' Home Journal, and will not appear in any other periodical in the world. Next month Mr. Kipling will tell about "THE SING-SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO." The first of the series, "The Elephant's Child," appeared in the April Journal.



# THE BEGINNING OF THE ARMADILLOS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

BEING THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF "JUST SO" STORIES—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK VER BECK

NUMBER TWO

**T**HIS, oh, Best Beloved, is another story of the High and Far Off Times. In the very middle of those times was a Sticky-Prickly Hedgehog, and he lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon, eating snails and things. And he had a friend, a

Slow-Solid Tortoise, who lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon, eating lettuces and things. And so that was all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

But also, and at the same time, in those High and Far Off Days, there was a Painted Jaguar, and he lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon too; and he ate everything that he could catch. When he could not catch deer or monkeys he would eat frogs and beetles; and when he could not catch frogs and beetles he went to his mother and she told him how to eat hedgehogs and tortoises.

She said to him ever so many times, graciously waving her tail: "My son, when you find a hedgehog you must drop him into the water, and then he will uncoil; and when you catch a tortoise you must scoop him out of his shell with your paw." And so that was all right, Best Beloved.

One beautiful night on the banks of the turbid Amazon Painted Jaguar found Sticky-Prickly Hedgehog and Slow-Solid Tortoise under the trunk

of a fallen tree. They could not run away, and so Sticky-Prickly curled himself up into a ball, and Slow-Solid Tortoise drew in his head and feet into his shell as far as they would go.

"Now attend to me," said Painted Jaguar, "because this is very important. My mother said that when I meet a hedgehog I am to drop him

into the water and then he will uncoil; and when I meet a tortoise I am to scoop him out of his shell with my paw. Now which of you—"

"Are you sure?" said Sticky-Prickly Hedgehog. "Are you quite sure? Perhaps she said that when you uncoil a tortoise you must shell him out of the water with a scoop, and when you paw a hedgehog you must drop him."

Jaguar; "and besides, I didn't want your advice at all. I only wanted to know which of you is Hedgehog and which is Tortoise."

"I sha'n't tell you," said Sticky-Prickly. "But you can scoop me out of my shell if you like."

"Aha!" said Painted Jaguar. "Now I know you're Tortoise. You thought I wouldn't! Take that!" Painted Jaguar darted out his paddy paw just

as Sticky-Prickly curled himself up, and Jaguar's paw was filled with prickles.

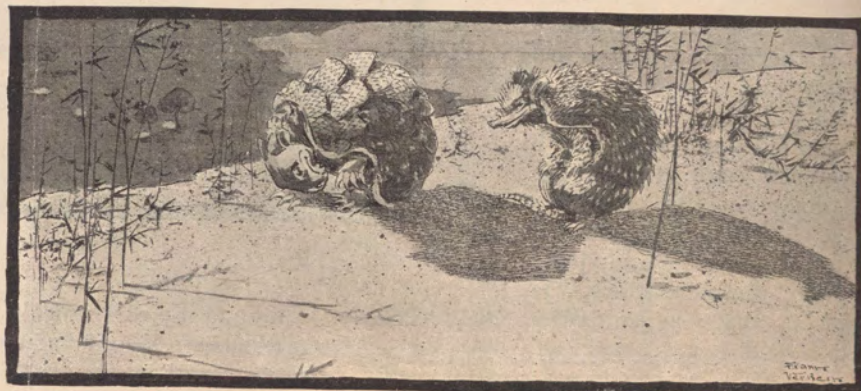
Worse than that, he knocked Sticky-Prickly away and away into the woods and the bushes where it was too dark to find him. Then he put his paddy paw into his mouth, and, of course, the prickles hurt him more than ever. As soon as he could speak he said:

"Aha! Now I know he isn't Tortoise at all. But"—then he scratched his head—"how do I know that this other is Tortoise?"

"But I am Tortoise," said Slow and Solid. "Your mother was quite right. She said that you were to scoop me out of my shell with your paw. Begin."

"You didn't say she said that a minute ago," said Painted Jaguar, sucking the prickles out of his paddy paw. "You said she said something quite different."

"Well, suppose you say that I said that she said something quite different, I don't see that it makes any difference; because if she said what you said I said she said it's just the same as if I said what she



of a fallen tree. They could not run away, and so Sticky-Prickly curled himself up into a ball, and Slow-Solid Tortoise drew in his head and feet into his shell as far as they would go.

"Now attend to me," said Painted Jaguar, "because this is very important. My mother said that when I meet a hedgehog I am to drop him

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Jaguar; "and besides, I didn't want your advice at all. I only wanted to know which of you is Hedgehog and which is Tortoise."

"I sha'n't tell you," said Sticky-Prickly. "But you can scoop me out of my shell if you like."

"Aha!" said Painted Jaguar. "Now I know you're Tortoise. You thought I wouldn't! Take that!" Painted Jaguar darted out his paddy paw just

as Sticky-Prickly curled himself up, and Jaguar's paw was filled with prickles. Worse than that, he knocked Sticky-Prickly away and away into the woods and the bushes where it was too dark to find him. Then he put his paddy paw into his mouth, and, of course, the prickles hurt him more than ever. As soon as he could speak he said:

# THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

Kipling and Flourney in Occult Literature—Illustration of Novels and Books of Animal Tales—Value of Humorous Stories and Humorous Pictures—Favorable Reviews.

(Written for the Leader.)

Those who are familiar with Kipling's "The Finest Story in the World" will see a curious resemblance in the underlying motive of the story and the plain statement of fact in a serious work just issued, giving the hypnotic experiments of Professor Th. Flourney of the University of Geneva. Professor Flourney's subject, a Madame Smith, who has been styled the Mrs. Piper of Europe, gives evidence under hypnotic influence of a state of previous existence on the planet Mars. Surely, fact is stranger than fiction. Kipling's hero did not go back of recollections of a life as a galley slave of ancient Greece, though, if the young man had not "tasted the love of woman that kills remembrance," perhaps we should have the previous record for fiction.

Writing of Kipling recalls the promise of many years' standing which was made in "To Be Filed for Reference," and the announcement of Kipling's latest novel, in which he returns to India as a literary stamping ground. He brought up the question again: "Is 'Kim of the Right!' the book of Mother Maturin we have been looking for." The title does not indicate that it is, nor does the statement that "Kim" is the story of the training up of an English waif by an old lama give favorable evidence, but the reading public who recall the half promise in Kipling's early story will look expectantly until the Maturin tale makes its appearance.

With the publication of "Kim," Kipling completes nineteen volumes. The eighteen already published have circulated to the extent of over three million copies, one edition alone numbering 750,000. And the end is not yet. The South African tales, the last three of which (announced as short stories) take the form of a novelette, will make another volume for next year, and coming years will bring their product from his pen. Kipling, however, is writing less and less each year while working quite as hard as an author. A sight of his manuscript, even the fifth or sixth draft, is enough to make the literary aspirant quail. "The White Man's Burden" was originally ten times its published length, a documentary

proof that much of genius is out and out hard work.

To return to the books of the day—the flood is just beginning and will meet you more than half way—China is still uppermost. It is a subject which is the fear and dread of the publishing kings, and the "yellow terror" of writers who are sidetracked by the movement. Even if the present trouble ends very soon, the interest will not drop out at once, and books of fact, more or less accurate, will be succeeded by fiction, more or less worth while. Just now the facts, "things seen" and done in China, are pre-eminent. The number of books increases and the problem of getting titles for them becomes more difficult than the production of the books themselves. We have had transformations, decays, old and new phases of China so much that it is a wonder that long lived empire does not fall to pieces from the influence. A new title excites some interest, and because of this the announcement of "The American Invasion of China," by William Barclay Parsons, may be of importance to readers who are looking for something out of the ordinary.

Just how the consulting engineer of the New York rapid transit commission, not to mention various other duties, can find time to write a book on China does not seem clear until it is explained that Mr. Parsons prepared most of his material while investigating the commercial possibilities of the great empire for a large railway syndicate during the past year. Mr. Parsons spent several months traveling through China, finally gaining a valuable concession from the government, and all the time gaining the information and insight into affairs there which will doubtless make his work authoritative as well as interesting.

It is generally agreed that novels should not be illustrated with imaginative drawings, though the rule has been broken in the case of several eminently good books, notably "Richard Carvel," "To Have and To Hold," "The Reign of Law," and "Monsieur Beaucaire," but doubtless many readers have been disappointed in the reproductions of their heroes and heroines. In the case of animal stories, however, the pictures are not only desirable, but they add much to the text. Who does not prize

the drawings of Ernest Seton-Thompson which accompany his stories? In juvenile books the illustrations often surpass the text in interest. Take the "Father and Mother Goose" rhymes, the "Animal's Trip to the Sea," "The Hollow Tree," and many others. Charles Bassell Loomis takes the question philosophically and humorously. "The man who expects to float a book of humor without that cork buoy known as pictures," says Mr. Loomis, "is wonderfully clever and humorous and deserves to succeed, but as for me I will never try to get out a book without having cast an anchor to windward in the shape of pictures. Whatever success my book of verse, 'Just Rhymes,' had is largely due to the characteristic and wonderfully clever and humorous drawings of Miss Fanny Young Cory. Why, I've had people talk for ten minutes about her drawings in tones of the greatest enthusiasm, men like Oliver Herford and Henry Mayer and Vance Thompson, until I felt like saying, 'Did you happen to notice the rhymes?' but I was afraid they hadn't, and so I didn't."

"The reviewers said awfully kind things about the book, but after they had finished with me they turned to Miss Cory's work and couldn't say enough about it, although I felt they hadn't said enough about me."

"Then when I brought out my book of prose sketches, 'The Four-Masted Cat Boat,' I tried to get Miss Cory to do the pictures, being willing to hear her praised to the skies for the undoubted good it would do my book, but she was too busy to illustrate it. But I was again fortunate. Mrs. Florence Scoville Shinn drew the pictures, and the busy public was caught by the amusing little sketches and bought the book to look at them, and I dare say that here and there some one read my book, but pictures are like charity, for without them I could have done nothing."

"I consider myself fortunate, indeed, in having gotten Miss Cory to illustrate my children's book, 'Yankee Enchantments,' which is being brought out this fall, for although I dare say the critics will not see the stories for the pictures, the pictures, I am sure, will be so well worth seeing that I am going to buy several copies myself in order to exploit Miss Cory's work."

"Oh, yes, it is pictures that talk. Printed matter is always subsidiary. I wish I were an artist. He can pick a whole nosegay of fame while a poor author is struggling to cull a single blossom."

J. M. Conde is one of the best illustrators now in the field, as his "Hollow Tree" and "The Jumping Kangaroo and the Apple Butter Cat" drawings will testify, and the following story is too good to remain untold.

While working on the "Jumping Kangaroo" stories, Conde needed a frog for a model, so Harrington, the author of the text, went up into the country and captured a fine specimen. Conde surrounds himself with a small menagerie and keeps on good terms with the animals, but for the frog he developed a special affection. When he had finished his sketches he found it necessary to part with his model, and, rather than turn his frog loose to an uncertain existence, Conde carried it seventy-five miles into the country with him, found a good pond and then let his frog go into it. "He has been good to me," said Conde, "and I ought to be just as good to him."

The advertising writer of a leading New York publisher was introduced the other day as Mr. — the all round literary liar for so and so. The expression sets one thinking. Of course, publishers are expected to present their books as advantageously as possible, but a publisher's talk is not convincing—at least we do not depend entirely upon his point of view. But is the publisher the only optimist about books? A recent investigation of periodicals which review books was made and the record of the three leading literary journals is of interest here. Of 189 books noticed by these three, 154 were found excellent, 26 were passed over without praise, and only 9 were actually condemned. It is to be regretted that American literary criticism is such a "chorus of praise," but what is the public to do? Most book reviews seem to be written to please authors and publishers, and the reader is not profited much by the endless grist that is turned out for their guidance in book buying.

# Kipling

our he studied China and was

lizen soldiery is urrection, while een so formidable

ecome helpless leadly efficiency

peace is either rue and patriot- often hotbeds of on individuals. ution, slow, per-

and the republic other lands will der the feet of a

ions, a standing because it oper- time he is forced

d in implements, modities used in h. sterile dollar.

or the purpose of own into the sea. burden of sup- the same time it ital on which his



dragons, revelations of uncleanness, or feet as you stumble across the floor— ip of the feet on the granite blocks of the breaking wave of human speech, that is Watch the yellow faces that glare at you bars, and you will be afraid, as I was

erstand why the civilized European of on kills the Chinaman in America. It is still him. It would be quite right to wipe nton off the face of the earth, and to ex- the people who ran away from the shell- amaman ought not to count. This people lled off because they are unlike any peo- t before. Look at their faces; they de- can see it, and they aren't a bit afraid

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March of the Mongol, a Prophecy By Rudyard Kipling

Rudyard Kipling—and the proof lies in the good black of printer's ink—was the prophet who foresaw and gave warning of the civilized world's present troubles in the East. As a spectated youth of twenty-four he studied China and was laughed at and damned for flaunting his fresh young opinions of the yellow Mongol in the face of Europe. But what he wrote when a young man has gradually shaped itself into a real yellow peril, and his remarkable prophecy has proven in a great measure only too true.

In the native town of Penang I found a large army of Chinese, some of them sending block tin to Singapore, some driving fine carriages, others making shoes, chairs, clothes, and every other thing that a large town desires. They were the first army corps on the march of the Mongol. The scouts are at Calcutta, and a flying column at Rangoon.

Was it not De Quincey who had a horror of the Chinese—their inhumaneness and their inscrutability? Certainly the people in Penang are not nice; they are even terrible to behold. They work hard, which in this climate is manifestly wicked, and their eyes are just like the eyes of their own pet dragons. Our Hindoo gods are passable, some of them even jolly—witness our pot-bellied Ganesh; but what can you do with a people who revel in D. T. monsters and crown their roof-ridges with flames of fire, or the waves of the sea?

They swarmed everywhere, and wherever three or four met there they eat things without name—the insides of ducks for choice. This, again, is not natural, for a man should eat like a man if he works like one. I could quite understand after a couple of hours spent in Chinatown why the lower-caste Anglo-Saxon hates the Celestial. He frightened me, and so I could

take no pleasure in looking at his houses, at his wares or at himself.

A Chinaman MUST have a secret society of some kind. He will carry them with him as he will carry his opium and his coffin.

"Do you expect then that the societies will collapse by proclamation?" asked a wise man of Penang.

"No, there will be a row."

"What row? What sort of a row?"

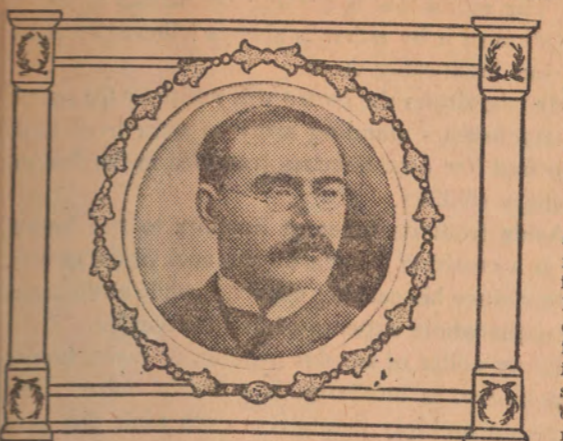
"More troops, perhaps," explained the wise man of Penang, "and perhaps some gunboats. But there will be a row. Neither you nor I nor any one else will be able to put these things down. Every joss house will be the head of a secret society. What can one do? In the past the Government made some use of them for the detection of crime. Now, they are too big and too important to be treated in that way."

Once more, can anything be done to a people without nerves as without digestion, and, if report speaks true, without morals?

There are three races who can work, but there is only one that can swarm. These people work and spread. They must have souls or they couldn't understand pretty things. They are better artists than the Hindu. They pack close and eat everything, and they can live on nothing.

They will overwhelm the world.

Neither at Penang, Singapore nor Hongkong have I seen a single Chinaman asleep while daylight lasted. Nor have I seen twenty men who were obviously loafing. All were going to some definite end—if it were forth.



They are like the coolie on the wharf, to steal wood from the scaffolding of a half-built house.

These who have occasion to speak of China in these posts (Hongkong) do so deferentially, as who should

say: "Germany intends such and such," or "These are the views of Russia." The very men who talk thus are doing their best to force upon the great empire all the stimulants of the West—railways, tram lines and so forth.

What will happen when China really wakes up, runs a line from Shanghai to Lhassa, starts another line really works and controls her own gun factories and arsenals? The energetic Englishmen who ship the forty-tonners are helping to this end, but all they say is: "We're well paid for what we do. There's no sentiment in business."

Hongkong showed me how the Chinaman could work. Canton explained why he set no value on life. The article was cheaper than in India. I hated the Chinaman before; I hated him doubly as I choked for breath in his seething streets where nothing short of the pestilence could clear a way. There was, of course, no incivility from the people, but the mere mob was terrifying. There are three or four places in the world where it is best for an Englishman to agree with his adversary swiftly. Canton heads the list. The city was so dark and the people were so very many and so inhuman. The Hindu is a sanitating saint compared to the Chinaman. He is a rigid Malthusian in the same regard.

The March of the Mongol is a pretty thing to write about in magazines. Hear it once in the gloom of an ancient curio shop, where nameless devils of the Chinese creed make mouths at you from back shelves,

where brazen dragons, revelations of uncleanness, all catch your feet as you stumble across the floor—hear the tramp of the feet on the granite blocks of the road and the breaking wave of human speech, that is not human! Watch the yellow faces that glare at you between the bars, and you will be afraid, as I was afraid!

Now I understand why the civilized European of Irish extraction kills the Chinaman in America. It is justifiable to kill him. It would be quite right to wipe the city of Canton off the face of the earth, and to exterminate all the people who ran away from the shell-ing. The Chinaman ought not to count. This people ought to be killed off because they are unlike any people I ever met before. Look at their faces; they despise us. You can see it, and they aren't a bit afraid of us either.

The Chinese slay by the hundred, and far be it from me to say that such generosity of bloodshed is cruel. They could afford to execute in Canton alone at the rate of ten thousand a year without disturbing the steady flow of population.

The time is coming when there will be no European gentleman—nothing but yellow people with black hearts—black hearts and a devil-born capacity for doing more work than they ought.

Canton is a big blue sink of a city full of tunnels, all dark and inhabited by yellow devils, a city that Dore ought to have seen. I'm devoutly thankful that I'm never going back there. The Mongol will begin to march in his own good time. I intend to wait until he marches up to me.



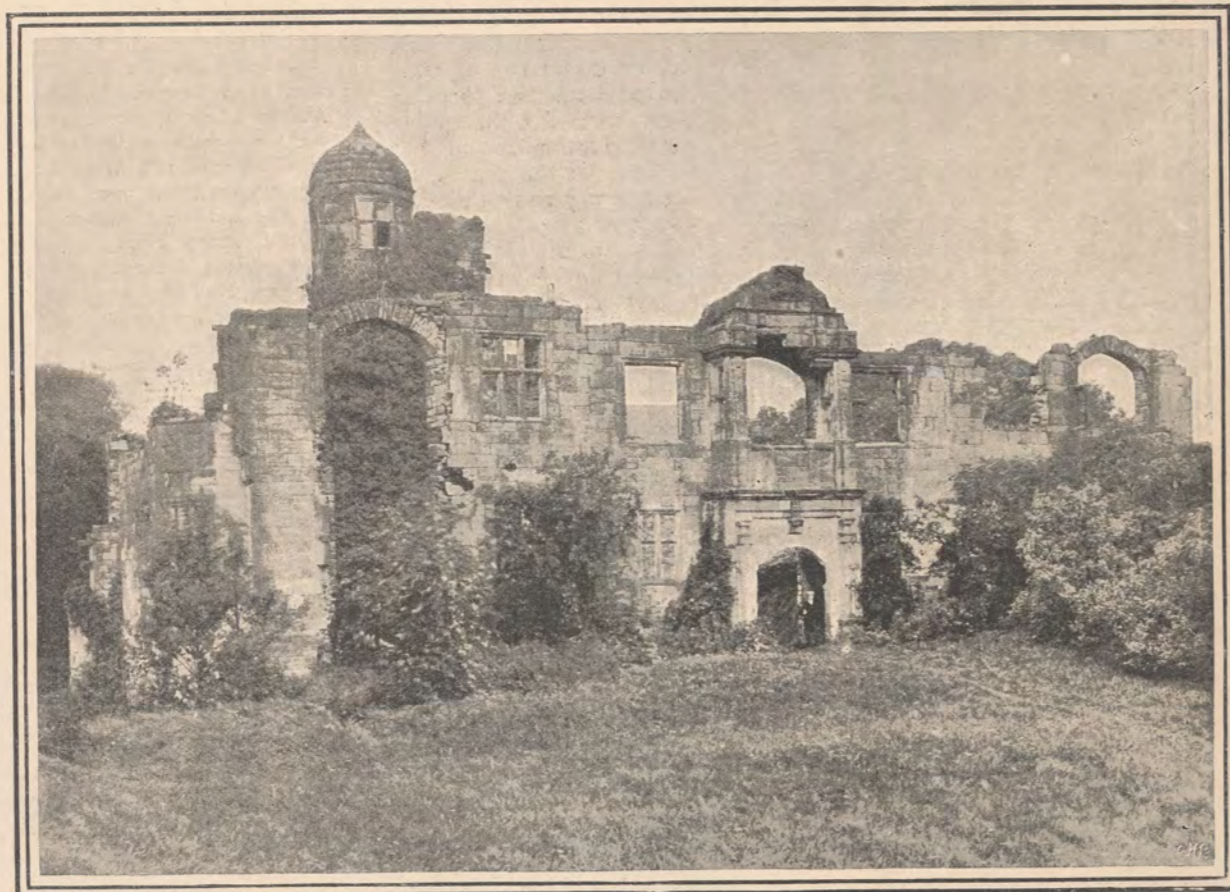




THE COUNTRY FROM WHICH MR. KIPLING IS NAMED "RUDYARD."

The origin of the name Rudyard is said to be very ancient; it has been traced back to its old British title of Yr Rhyd-yearad, that is, "the ford of the height."

Wooded heights rise abruptly on both sides of the water. From the Leek end it reminds one of the Cumbrian lakes—say Derwentwater—in miniature.



BIDDULPH HALL, WHERE THE COLLIERIES OF THE RUDYARD COUNTRY USED TO HOLD THEIR FIGHTING MATCHES

The water is brought by a feeder from the Dane, a stream dear to many an angler. At the side of the weir, by Dane-bridge, is a noted trout ladder.



ASTBURY CHURCH AND VILLAGE, NEAR CONGLETON

the Pretender, and others. Many curious old articles were found in the old thatch of the "Ship" a while ago.

There is a spot at the angle where three counties meet where transgressors used to go in order to evade the law. Here many a prize fight was held among the colliers and the more lawless of the pottery folk—men coming from rough Biddle-moor (Biddulph) and Talk o' th' Hill, Hanley, and like places.

source of any wealth there might be in the place, and certainly not the cause of its notoriety.

At Pannier Pool Bridge smugglers used to meet with their pack-horses laden with contraband goods and plunder.

Beyond Rushton and Bosley is Cloud—Boarsley-Cloud. From Leek churchyard you can, on the certain given day, see the sun set twice behind Cloud;

Past Cloud the deserted village of Havannah is reached. How it first received its name I know not; two old cotton mills used to be worked there by the strong water-power, and one little street of about fifty houses, in the windows of which the panes are broken or absent, stands still, a mournful monument of past industry.

After nearly a hundred years an enterprising tobacco firm, who had heard by chance of the name, conceived the idea of partly rebuilding one of the old mills.

ns, and all interested are in- send for copies. n with a great beard under her deed as well as for this bold at- of this German lady of letters, Chief the stage play, I confess. For the of Augusta Götz's "completion metria" is its Theatormassigkeit lays well," and with scenic and vigor, first, last, and altogether. her versions, even Laube's—fall- ing in this essential. It is as such valued it, never forgot it. The y," the intellectual "gallery," was the poet's mind, in a drama, how- long its poetic aim. Study his best See how true this is of Schiller, the best of those several great Eng- writers we call "William Shake- or of Webster, and Marlowe and

F. Wood, Avondale

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST June 30/1900

Condensed Novels By Bret Harte Stories Three 1-Jungle Folk By R-DY--D K-PL--G

IT WAS high noon of a warm summer's day when Moo Kow came down to the Watering Place. Miaow, otherwise known as "Puskat"—the warmth-loving one—was crouching on a limb that overhung the pool, sunning herself.

Editor's Note—This is the first of Stories Three, the initial series of Bret Harte's Condensed Novels. A Private's Honor will appear next week. The Stolen Cigar Case and Rudolph the Resembler will follow in early numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

to their great god Shiv—which they call "Shivin Mugs"—the Kloes Brösh, the Boo-jak—urging me to fly them! And yet," said Miaow mournfully, "it is but my Love Song. Think ye what they would do if I were on the War-Path."

Master. They have just burned down his house in an access of noble zeal, and are fighting among themselves for the spoil. Hark! do ye hear them? A wild medley of shrieks and howls had arisen, and an irregular mob of strange creatures swept out of the distance toward the pool.

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Mulledwiney, swinging a cut-glass decanter of wine he has just snatched from the table of his Col... winey and Otherwise will play the Engine up... who is suffering from Heat Apoplexy and Dizziness... The Three Soldiers heated themselves in the p... They are going to tell awful War Stories no... Moo Kow, "Stories that are Large and Strong!... ple are shocked—others like 'em."

Franklin and the Declaration of Independence By John Gilmer Speed

WHEN the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, Benjamin Franklin was seventy years of age, one of the most talked-about personages of his time, and by long odds the most learned and the most popular in America.

Young Barbarians The Tournament By Ian Maclaren

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LEEK, the day when the Sparrow and a few young friends had broken every pane of glass in the Count's windows...

SINCE the day when the Sparrow and a few young friends had broken every pane of glass in the Count's windows, and the Count had paid for the damage like a gentleman...

the next two items in his program. He had planned a boxing competition, in which the main feature was to be a regular set-to between Dunc Robertson and himself...



sketched at the pitch of his voice through the stillness of the hall, "Nestie Moynihan"

ASTBURY CHURCH AND VILLAGE, NEAR CONGLETON

the entrance, "Havannah Cigar Manufactory."

Section of Cleveland - A Fine Residence With Its Palatial

RIVAL EUCLID IN NATIONAL FAME. Houses Here Magnificent and Costly - Streets are Broad and Beautiful - Cars Allowed.

Cleveland's crowning charm, Lake Erie, which tries hard to make the smoky city seem clean, succeeds only so far as the western part of the city is concerned.

THINGS ARE BEING DONE IN THIS SECTION.

Millions Dollars in Various Ways Have been Greatly Reduced. Completed as yet, but when done the sewer system of the West Side will be no less complete than that of any city in the world.

houses and miles and miles of room for such houses. As in every case, the flats that are built over storerooms on the business streets are less luxurious than the apartment houses on the residence streets...

UNBROKEN STRETCH OF LAKE AND SHORE ADDS TO OTHER NATURAL CHARM.

Westward From the Harbor Beautiful Scenery Makes Certain Localities Ideal Residence Portions - Pretty Lakewood and Picturesque Rocky River Are Almost Ideal Suburbs.

Cleveland's crowning charm, Lake Erie, which tries hard to make the smoky city seem clean, succeeds only so far as the western part of the city is concerned.

flows into the lake through the high walls of rock that give it its name, there is another beauty spot that has been the gem of the lake. These crown-cliffs are mirrored in the river and lake as they meet between sandy and pebbly stretches of beach...

HINTS TO THE GOLF GIRL.

Articles She Should Procure if She Wishes to Be Up to Date. If the golf girl wants to be up to date and every way stumping as she appears upon the links there are certain things in her outfit she should not neglect.

Voice of the People.

Against Vivisection. To the Editor of the Leader. A clipping from your issue of December 17, has reached me, in which mention is made of "Essays on Vivisection."



ter." One lady made a bet friends that Rhodes would be in the moonlight. So at one night she said: "Oh, Mr. Rhodes, would you like to have a moonlight in your garden?"

knows Cecil is impulsive and at details, but you don't know that he is very sentimental. His one idea is to improve South Africa. He will never leave his home until he receives Rhodes' house and grounds as a historical museum and zoo. He has been to the Cape's history, and with every Cape animal, architect, Herbert Baker, in buying up a suitable memorial mberley siege. He has also led the same man to build "inspiration cottage" for his son, and composer friends, he built on a site on Rhodes' farm which the owner considered the finest view in the world. He restored all the old houses that he has been able to do in South Africa a great hundreds of acres in California, from which he himself receive any return, as these are still in their infancy. The greatest good he is working the establishment of manufacturing. There is hardly a factory in Cape Colony to sell Rhodes is paying the factory in Cape Colony to always on the lookout for his health in the way do South Africa. QUINTANA.

Spells in Glasgow. No recognition of political appointment or disloyalty in Glasgow. The cases numerous where the applicant a letter from an alderman, an, or a member of another. Such an application goes tactfully the same process as and the applicant has no which every other does not

Young Barbarians

SINCE the day when the Sparrow and a few young friends had broken every pane of glass in the Count's windows, and the Count had paid for the damage like a gentleman...

PEOPLE IN CAPE TOWN IN WHOM AMERICANS ARE INTERESTED

Rudyard Kipling, Julian Ralph, and "Dicky" Davis as They Are in Every-Day Life—The Pompous, Fashionable English Officer and the Plain Boer—What Cecil Rhodes Has Done For South Africa.

(BY QUINAN.)

Special Correspondence of the Leader. Cape Town, May 22.—The barmaid leans toward you, smiling, as she fills your tumbler half full of Scotch, and then gracefully lets the soda sputter over your elbow...

to Bloemfontein on a hospital train. He was waiting around ever eager to add the leverage of his pen to help on the empire. He always is ready when the occasion arises to rattle off something appropriate. I suspect he keeps files of blank verse carefully near him that only need added words to make them suitable...



ERNEST TEMPLE HARGRAVE.

date presented each Dutchman's wife with an American melodeon in his district he would carry it with as many voices as he had melodeons...



DAVIS AND KIPLING.

business hours, and their occupations are few. Some one sprang the following as being one on a lately arrived American correspondent. The usual counter server is a surly fellow once in a while you find one who...

They were true that he hated women, and why he had never married. The Colossus replied "that he had always been too busy to know one woman well, but that it was not true that he was a woman hater."



THE VOLUNTEER.

is the second in the new series of stories under the general title, Young Barbarians. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post and is complete in itself.

the entrance, "Havannah Cigar Manufactory."

ills, and nature were especial, "over

There is no recognition of political affiliations in the appointment or dismissal of employes in Glasgow.

F. Wood, Avondale

THE SATURDAY  
**Young Barbarians**

SINCE the day when the Sparrow and a few young friends had broken every pane of glass in the Count's windows, and the Count had paid for the damage like a gentleman, that excellent foreigner had spent all his spare cash—which we thought afterward was not very much—in encouraging athletic exercises among the Seminary lads. His zeal, like that of every other convert, was much greater than his knowledge, and left to his own devices he would certainly have gone far astray; but with the able assistance of the Sparrow, with whom he took intimate counsel, it was astonishing what a variety could be infused into the sports. When every ordinary competition had been held, and champions had been declared (and this had never been done before in the history of the school) for the hundred yards, the quarter and the mile (the ten miles down the Carse and over the top of Kilmock Hill had been stopped by an impromptu meeting of parents), for broad jumping and high jumping, for throwing the cricket-ball and kicking the football, the Sparrow came out with a quite new program, and had it not met with a splendidly received, and would have lasted over four happy Saturdays reduced the attendance at the Seminary.

As a swimming match across the Tay, a race with, and four boys were saved from cobbles, whose owner fortunately turned up.

The Count was so excited by this event that his hat in the river, but, being prevented by the very good reason that he could not take off and flung the coat, which was torn, into the river, in the hope that it would be-belt.

Upon which the Sparrow prided himself in climbing match, and for this he had a nest on its highest branch, and no other of the first twenty feet. The conditions were that any boy above twelve should have his chance, and he climbed to the top, put his hand into the hole above twelve, the shortest time should get the prize. The Sparrow, however, had a hole Saturday morning, and in one kirk were offered in the first prayer in peculiarly guarded terms that half the families of the Seminary had never enjoyed the privilege of their heart's content, but the Count failed during the performance, and at the moment he was afraid to look.

At the end of this last achievement of the Count, meetings were held at church doors and it was conveyed to the Rector—who was the matter, and was so absent-minded that he would never have seen what was going to be brought before the town. The Count himself would have been faithfully dealt with, considered a helpless tool in the hands of the Rector, and he might have been at last the brim, and he might have been at last the Seminary, of which he was the chief ornament, when the Count went to the Rector and the idea had been his from beginning to end, and the utmost difficulty he could induce to the present. For, as I said, the Count was always stood by his friends through the thrashing which the Sparrow got from the Count, and in preparation for it that he was on three folds of underclothing.

The Count was bitterly regretted, however, was not the loss of the money, but the loss of the Count's health.

is the second in the new series of stories of the general title, Young Barbarians. The story, as appeared in The Saturday Evening Post, is complete in itself.

**GREAT**  
**FOR THE WEST SIDE OF THE CITY**  
**IMPROVEMENTS ARE UNDER WAY WHICH WILL TRANSFORM THIS, THE OLDEST AND A LOCALITY—BEAUTIFUL LAKEWOOD AND PICTURESQUE ROCKY RIVER—CHARMING SCENERY DWELLINGS.**

**A VERY IMPORTANT SECTION OF CLEVELAND IS THE WEST SIDE.**

One-Third of the City's Population, a Quarter of Its Wealth, and a Good Share of the Educated Vote Lives There—An Increase in Public Spirit.

The year 1900 seems destined to be another West Side year. More things for the benefit of the West Side are coming to fruition this year than for many years past.

Ever since the portion of the city on the sunset side of the crooked Cuyahoga was annexed to Cleveland and ceased to be called Ohio City there has been a tendency on the part of the West Side citizens to complain of the share given it in the distribution of municipal improvements. The business men of that section have waged constant and energetic warfare for what they regarded as the West Side's share of improvements, and it seems that the fight is to bear fruit this year more abundantly than ever before.

It has been estimated that a third of the population, a quarter of the wealth, and a good share of the educated vote of Cleveland is west of the river. Practically the only portion of the city's lake front that is not unsightly is west of the harbor. Three of the longest business streets of the city—Detroit, Pearl, and Lorain—are West Side thoroughfares. While it is pre-eminently a residence portion of the city, it has handsome stores and busy corners that rival anything there is in the eastern part of the city except the congested district of which the Public Square is the center.

All these things are combining with

figure in the bankruptcy court. All of these streets have lines of street cars running through them, and the fact that they are the streets through which the street cars first ran, is probably the explanation of their business character. They have grown steadily and rapidly in the number of their stores, until now they are practically all given over to trade except at the ends far from the business center of the West Side.

Pearl street will probably always be the principal street of the West Side, for it is the main thoroughfare of that portion of the city, and connects the three principal business centers of that section, the corners of Pearl and Detroit, Pearl and Lorain, where the market house is located, and Pearl and Clark avenue, the business center of the southern portion of the West Side. "Five Points," or the corners of Pearl and Detroit and the viaduct approach, is the busiest locality on the West Side because of the change of cars the Little Consolidated Company makes there, passengers being transferred here between all the lines operated by that company which cross the viaduct.

Naturally the retail business of the West Side centers around the market at Pearl and Lorain streets. Close by are located two or three stores that have much of the character of great department stores. Pearl street here, at the times when the market is open, is even busier than the corner of Detroit. The long lines of market wagons and the busy scenes inside the market would open the eyes of some of those who think that all there is of importance in the city is east of the Cuyahoga.

At Pearl street and Clark avenue there is another busy corner. Here there are some large, handsome stores that might be a credit to any street in the city. This corner is the center for the street car traffic of the southern portion of the West Side, and passengers are transferred here between the Clark avenue, Jennings avenue, and

**LAKE AVENUE**

Many Wealthy Homes

Perhaps there is no other street of its length in the city that has the average cost of the average cost as great as on Lake Avenue. The great number of Lake Avenue residents of whom have been the result of the fact that front on it is back yards.

Along here the series of steps of feet of which, below, the blue people or break into according to whether smooth or rough. The Park Board, Julius Fess, Hon. White, Ralph W. Murfey, E. L. Brown, John C. Tiedemann, B. E. comb, and Robert the residents of the rival Euclid avenue. The houses on the avenue, so it seen through the front yards, and the avenue he get tion of the real m ders the street.

Like so much of Side, Lake Avenue It is being extended fast as a large nu



And Nestle is a some hat."

**GREAT**

The City is E

Perhaps there e location of the ne is to take in the city than the fas a million dollars the city on that ter of pavements impressive. Last the work that is that which is pr something like le ments. More than of sewers have be for the same per Cleveland has m the West Side in provements that taken to mean any id and invincible part of the city. There is now on Side what is pro

ASTBURY CHURCH AND VILLAGE, NEAR CONGLETON

F. Wood, Avondale

the entrance, "Havannah Cigar Manufactory."

ills, and ture vere cial, ce." ver





\* The "Daily Mail" Compo

# Daily

FRIDAY, J

exult.

## A SONG OF THE

BY RUDYARD

Now, this is the Cup that  
 When they go to right  
 And that is the cup of the  
 Cruel and strained and  
 We have drunk that cup  
 And tossed the dregs  
 But well for the world  
 drink  
 To the dawn of the  
 Now, this is the Road  
 When they go to cleave  
 Iron underfoot and leave  
 And the deep on either  
 We have trod that road  
 road—  
 Our chosen star for  
 Oh! well for the world  
 tread  
 Their highway side by  
 Now, this is the Faith  
 When they build the  
 "Freedom for ourselves"  
 sons  
 And, failing Freedom  
 We have proved our Faith  
 Faith,  
 Dear souls of Freedom  
 Oh! well for the world  
 To prove their Faith  
 —From the "Friend,"

\* It is only once in  
 Kipling's genius, that of  
 of imperialism produces  
 quality of the poem  
 this morning, called  
 "White Men." This  
 poem was first published  
 in "Friend" (after  
 Bloemfontein), while a  
 correspondent was editing  
 for nearly a fortnight. It  
 them distinguished and

Reactionary Criticism of "the Man  
 Kipling Again.

"Oh, savily sings the bird and the wattle-  
 boughs are stirred,  
 And rustled by the scented breath of  
 Spring;  
 Oh, the dreamy, wistful longing! Oh, the  
 faces that are thronging,  
 Oh, the voices that are vaguely whispering,  
 But these poems, though good, do not

A Champion of Kipling.  
 To The New York Times Saturday Review:  
 I was pleased with the article "Kipling  
 Again," signed "May Harris," in your issue  
 of Saturday, Aug. 4. Not often does one  
 find such insight into Kipling's

### APOSTOLIC TEACHING AND THE TEACHING OF CHRIST.\*

The Kerr Lectureship, in connection with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, has once more borne good fruit. It has afforded occasion for a hitherto unknown writer to take his place among the foremost living theologians by the production of a volume which will win grateful recognition from all who are interested in the critical study of the New Testament. To ascertain the relation which the Apostolic teaching holds to that of Christ, it is obvious that in the first place both must be understood. In other words a survey of the teaching of each contributor to the New Testament must be attempted. And in fact what we have in these Lectures is a New Testament Theology written from a special point of view. This special adaptation to a particular purpose lends freshness to the treatment. But besides this, it is evident that Mr. Drummond could not adopt a hackneyed method even were he treating the most hackneyed theme. He writes with a remarkable freedom from theological technicalities; with the energy, vivacity, and independence of one who is conscious of having a firm hold of his subject; with the suggestiveness of a full and rich mind. No more interesting or trustworthy account of the contents of the New Testament has ever been given.

The first three of the ten Lectures are occupied with preliminary matter. A rapid but instructive survey is given of the books of the New Testament and of their writers. The reader is reminded that our Lord chose these men as His representatives, and trained them to be the qualified and authoritative exponents of His mission, that they had marked individuality and idiosyncrasies which appear in their writings, and that these writings were not formal theological treatises but were rather thrown up by the necessities of a great popular movement. Mr. Drummond gives us also a clear account of Christ's method of teaching, and of its originality and authority. Its originality is traced to the uniqueness of His personality. "What others acquire, Christ is." Its authority is similarly derived. "The only real gauge of authority is capacity to exercise it." "Originality and novelty, authority and imperiousness, are not identical or convertible terms." The points in these chapters which might be reconsidered are the *fulness* of knowledge of Christ's life ascribed to S. Paul, and the *amount* of repetition in our Lord's teaching. In view also of recent discussion both in Germany and this country, it might have been well to be more explicit regarding the teaching function and authority of the Apostles.

In the Lectures which are occupied with the substance of the teaching, all the usual topics are dealt with—sin and its origin, the Kingdom of God, the Church, and Eternal Life, the Person of Christ, the Cross, the Parousia, Faith. By an able

\* "The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ," being the Kerr Lectures for 1900, by Rev. Robert J. Drummond, B.D., Lothian Road Church, Edinburgh. (T. and T. Clark.)

and adequately informed, always enlightening and sometimes profound exposition of these topics Mr. Drummond shows that there was a natural and consistent development in the teaching included in the New Testament. How the idea of the Kingdom of God was superseded by the conception of the Church of Christ; how the expectation of the imminent Parousia was modified as time went on; how the Apostles were driven by a necessary compulsion to regard their Master as in the highest sense Divine; how the results of His work gradually unfolded themselves and led such teachers as S. Paul to see in it a cosmic significance; all this is traced with a steady, accurate hand. Mr. Drummond is also careful to show how the developed teaching of the Apostles was contained in germ in that of Christ, and guards against the idea that such development implied a further revelation beyond what had been already given. The whole book shows that the highest theological culture finds nothing incongruous or incredible in traditional beliefs, and by its fresh, strong, rich thinking adds greatly to their interest and attractiveness. May

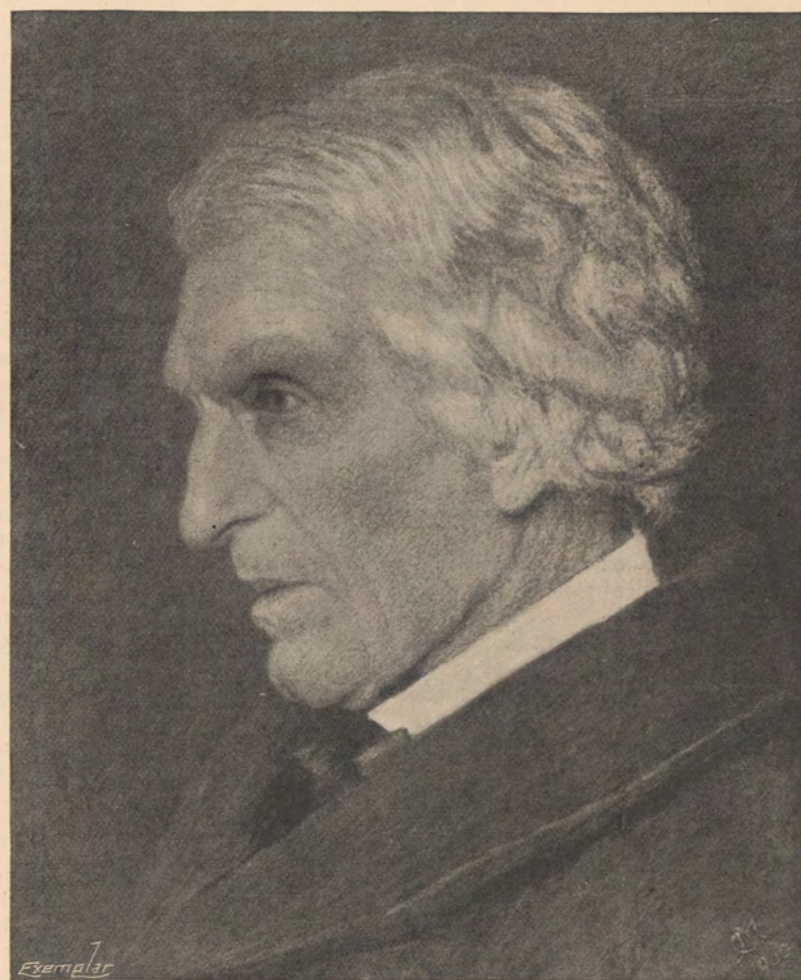
it be suggested that to head every page of the book with its general title is to waste type and exasperate a reader who wishes to find a particular chapter if not a particular subject?  
 MARCUS DOBS.

### A CRITICISM OF A CRITICISM.\*

Must I really write about what somebody has written about what somebody else has written? Doctors ought never to differ, augurs to smile, critics to wrangle—*coram populo*. Besides, the brain reels at the prospect of an infinite series of opinions on opinions—one must stop somewhere, and I should certainly never venture beyond reviewing a Review of a Criticism on Further Reflections on Reflections on a Depreciation of an Appreciation of the Primate's Sermon on Miss Corelli's Sunday School Hymns. But that tribulation is yet far off. Today I am only seeing Mr. Kipling's smiles and frowns through a single glass—and that not darkly at all, but with improved vision.

Though his little book seems rather too handsome for its subject or its matter, this, my first glimpse of Mr. le Gallienne's work, has been a grateful surprise. Vague presentiment, founded on laudatory reviews, foreboded the commonplace thought laboriously distorted into sensational paradox, and the affected, mincing, yet extravagant expression which together compose the fashionable essay. These features are by no means absent—sometimes they are rather obtrusive. When the Essayist has nothing to say he wants to say it finely. On the other hand, much that he says is eloquently and excellently put, and after all, his manner is less important than his matter. The book is neither a panegyric nor a diatribe, but a careful, sober, and reasoned criticism, and the author may justly claim the title of critic. It is not that he confirms my own judgments, for sometimes I believe his view to be inadequate or erroneous; but

\* "Rudyard Kipling." A Criticism by R. le Gallienne. With a Bibliography by John Lane. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)



One of the Literary Portraits of the Year.  
 THE LATE DR. MARTINEAU.

By Clara Martineau. Exhibited in the Royal Academy. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

him from his chosen calling of a soldier to the antipodes of colonial life in Australia is echoed in Gordon's poems "The Roll of the Kettledrum," "The Last Leap," and "The Voice from the Bush." They have the sadness of deep remorse, and "The Whispering of the Wattle Boughs" is pathetic in its longing for what was thrown away.







Supplement to THE BOOKMAN, April, 1900.



ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

*Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 175 Brixton Hill, S.W.  
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chitwick, H.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

## THE LITERARY IDOL OF HIS GENERATION.

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia"—when you've sung "God save the Queen"—  
 When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth—  
 Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine  
 For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?  
 He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great—  
 But we and Paul must take him as we find him—  
 He is out on active service, wiping something off a slate—  
 And he's left a lot o' little things behind him!

*Duke's son—cool's son—son of a hundred Kings—  
 (Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)  
 Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after their things?)  
 Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and—pay! pay! pay!*

There are many ways of gaining a nation's love. One man wins a battle; another sinks a ship at the risk of his life; a third, with pen, ink, and paper, writes such words that tens of thousands are ready to do his bidding. Such a triumph as this last is Rudyard Kipling's to-day. Whatever a few people may think of his poem on the "Absent-Minded Beggar," it is certain that nine hundred and ninety-nine Britishers out of a thousand feel, in their hearts, that Kipling is right, and they acknowledge it by rushing in crowds to hear his verses recited, and to shower their coins at the feet of the reciter.

What is this charm, this fascination, about Kipling's work that goes right home and makes him the literary idol of the present generation? Is it not that he is able to express in writing the thoughts and ideas of the Imperialist, the Patriot, the Englishman of the best type? For example, we stand in the street and watch a regiment go by, and, as we watch, an exultant feeling animates us, national pride inspires us, the fighting blood of our ancestors rushes headlong through our veins, and at last, quite overcome with emotion, we turn to the companion at our side and gasp out, "By Jove! aren't they fine?" The expression is paltry, poor, inadequate, and we know it. And that is why Kipling is the poet of the People; that is why his latest verses have brought in ten thousand pounds for the widows and orphans of the soldiers killed in the Transvaal. He can tell men what they want to say, and in words and phrases that they understand.

But we are not always at war. We are not always worked up to a pitch of half-savage though wholly admirable fanaticism. And, even in these times, there are those to whom the war does not appeal in any sense as a personal matter. They look upon it rather as a political trouble which will be settled in course of time, and they do not at all understand the fervour evoked by a recitation of some rather slangy lines. And yet even on these Rudyard Kipling has a grip. Not, it is true, with his barrack-room ballads, nor with "Soldiers Three," but on account of "The Jungle Books," "The Recessional," "Plain Tales from the Hills," and the other literary masterpieces that have conquered the most fastidious.

Take one of those "Jungle Books," and read it with care and a desire to learn. Mark how the writer enters into the dispositions and ideas of all the animals in the forest; mark how he endows them with almost a human love of law and order. He gives them something more than instinct. He treats of dumb creatures as they have never been treated of before, and so masterly is his method that we drink it in, so to speak, as the natural intellectual food that we have been waiting for all our lives. And he seems, too, equally at home in dealing with any side of what we are pleased to call the lower world.

What could be more gentle and melodious than the "Seal Lullaby"? The old mother-seal comforts her little one—

Oh, hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,  
 And black are the waters that sparkled so green;  
 The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us  
 At rest in the hollows that rustle between.  
 Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;  
 Oh, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease;  
 The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,  
 Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

Of course, it is "jingle." It is safe to call anything that rhymes and scans "jingle." But is there not also a poetic touch about it?

After quoting his verse, it is surely a delicate compliment to proceed to discuss whether a man is greater as a poet or prose-writer. In Kipling's case this is a source of discussion that has wiled away many an evening in a country-house and called forth torrents of eloquence in brand-new literary clubs. Over it, young girls have been reduced to tears of despair; lovers have parted (for this occasion only) with a formal handshake; eminent divines have suddenly realised the poverty and weakness of a clerical vocabulary. Then how can one best form an opinion? The safest way, it would seem, is to select some one of his works that seems to surpass everything else that he has done. Then one can decide, but only for oneself. And so the present writer, passing in review all those volumes that have given him so many hours of pleasure, would certainly choose a prose work—"The Light that Failed." Here is, for those whose work is nearly done, a story of thrilling interest; for those who are losing their faith in human nature, a timely antidote; for those who feel too weak to grapple with the world, a bracing tonic; and, above all, for the young man with his way to make in life, a second Bible. This may seem to be extravagant praise, and yet it is the result of careful deliberation, much reading, and long digestion. If he gives us no more of his work—*absit omen!*—yet, while we have this one book, Rudyard Kipling's light will never fail.

KEBLE HOWARD.

# WHEELING TIME CARD

With It Will Be Inaugurated Two More Trains.

TO FIGHT FOR THE BRIDGE.

THE B. & T. CO. TO BE A SERIOUS BONE OF CONTENTION.

NEW LAKE SHORE SERVICE.

MORE OF IT BEING FIGURED ON BY THE SUPERINTENDENTS.

The American Railway Association to Meet in Chicago This Week—The Northern Pacific is Fighting the Scalpers—Other Railroad News.

The details of the new Wheeling time card, which goes into effect next Sunday, have been given out. The card will show that the time of one at least of the trains has been materially quickened, and that one additional train has been put out of this city to care for the Kent suburban business. A slight additional service is to be seen on the Toledo division also. The quickening of the time is on the Coshocton trains in order to afford a better service to Zanesville when the new branch to that city is opened. At present the trains will connect with the Pan Handle trains out of Coshocton for Zanesville, but eventually, when the work of improvement has been completed, a through service will be arranged.

According to the schedule, train No. 107, which now leaves here at 6:30 a. m. for Wheeling, will not be changed. Train No. 105, which now leaves here at 7:20 a. m. for Coshocton, will arrive in that city for twenty-five minutes earlier than at present. The Kent accommodation, which now leaves this city at 10:20 a. m., will hereafter leave at 9:15 a. m. Train No. 101, for Wheeling, which now leaves this city at 11:30 a. m., will hereafter leave at 11:10 a. m., and will make connections at Navarre with train No. 1 from Toledo. The greatest change in time is on train No. 103, which now leaves at 5:10 p. m., but which will hereafter leave at 3:55 p. m. Train No. 109, which now leaves at 6:30 p. m., will hereafter leave at 6:45 p. m. A new train, known as No. 113, has been put on to run between this city and Kent, leaving at 8:45 p. m.

There will be but few changes on the incoming schedule. The Kent suburban train will arrive at 7:35 a. m., instead of 7:20 a. m., as at present. Train No. 102 will arrive ten minutes earlier than at present. Train No. 106 will arrive here five minutes earlier than it now does. The Wheeling flyer, which has been coming in at 9:45 p. m., will hereafter come in at 8:10 p. m. The new service on the Toledo division is to be secured by extending the runs of trains Nos. 2 and 5 to Massillon, whereas their present runs end at Norwalk. The new train in here from Kent will arrive at 7:30 p. m.

**THE WHEELING TO BE A FACTOR.**  
Wheeling, W. Va., April 21.—(Special.)—The Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway is expected to become a factor in the fight that will soon be opened for possession of the Wheeling Bridge & Terminal Company's property, including the bridge, by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

# MAY LOSE THE FIGHT

Quay's Chances of Winning Are Said to Be Slim.

THE OUTLOOK IS GLOOMY.

ONLY FORTY-TWO VOTES IN SIGHT FOR HIM.

DECLARES SENATOR CHANDLER.

ON THE OTHER HAND FORTY-TWO ARE AGAINST HIM.

His Friends Making Frantic Efforts to Find Three Senators Who Have Left Washington Without Being Paired.

Washington, April 22.—To-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock the Senate will begin to vote on the Quay case, and before it adjourns all doubt whether or not the "Old Man" will be seated will be removed. Tonight both the Quay adherents and his opponents are claiming that they will win, although the indications point to a victory on the part of the Beaver Falls statesman's friends. Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, one of his managers, declares that his former colleague will have forty-five votes at least, a majority of five. On the other hand, Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, who has been managing Quay's fight on the floor of the Senate, says privately that there are but forty-two votes in sight for him to-night, and forty-two against him, and that if no recruits are secured by to-morrow afternoon for the "boss" he will lose the fight.

Chandler's summary of the situation seems to be the safer because Penrose very likely is bluffing when he claims there is now a majority of three in sight. There are three Senators absent from the city who are in favor of seating Quay, but they have left Washington without being paired. These men are Mr. Hanna, of Ohio, Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana. Quay's friends are making extraordinary efforts to reach them by wire and to have them telegraph their desire to be paired to-morrow when the vote is taken.

Accepting Chandler's estimate as correct, an attempt will be made to-morrow to save Quay by telegraphing his pair between now and 4 o'clock. It is expected by Mr. Penrose that both Senator Hanna and Senator Beveridge will respond to the frantic appeals that are being made and that will continue to-morrow, although Mr. Aldrich is regarded as an uncertainty. During the last two weeks Quay has lost some ground, and several Senators who were inclined in his favor have made up their minds to vote against him. The rows, of Michigan, against giving away his seat in a large measure responsible for the present attitude. Moreover, Senator Clark, of Montana, whose seat the Committee on Privileges and Elections recommended should be vacated, has agreed to vote for him, but now he will be paired to-day's session.

# FOREST ARE E

UNLESS RAIN SOON DISASTER IS Millions of Dollars Already Stripped

Millions of Dollars Already Stripped

Millions of Dollars Already Stripped

Millions of Dollars Already Stripped

Millions of Dollars Already Stripped

Millions of Dollars Already Stripped

Minneapolis, April 22.—Rain steadily visiting the fires now raging will extend to the flitting losses which of millions of dollars in the stump cutting of the old cuttings of the Minnesota log is alarmed. Everything is reported in all lumber country, of the fire was raging in Cass Lake. His citizens are making to protect the town by Scanton says there is of property destroyed of Cass Lake and is twenty-five miles west and probably southwest. The fire and everything favor forest fire.

Duluth, April 22.—are reported in all luth no very serious to light. Several freer Minnesota roads with a number of poles. Considerable on the long distance between Duluth, St. account of poles built down.

The situation is its possibilities, as to the summer of 1896 astrophers fires that des and resulted in scores rains come soon as aster is feared.

# CONGREG

Its Final Winter Evening—Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

Restoring Missions

las were stolen the home of J. thorne avenue, at ac \$1 was stolen house of Paul thorne avenue.

# FLOWERS IN WINNER

TO THE KITH OF THE MORNING

TO THE KITH OF THE MORNING

TO THE KITH OF THE MORNING









A FLEET IN BEING.

WRITTEN BY RUDYARD KIPLING. SECOND ARTICLE. (ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

Entered suddenly about noon on Sunday, after a disconcerting fashion of cruisers, one of our side flying the general recall, and telling us to go down to the flag. But when we reached that place we found neither Flag nor battle ships, but the Powerful and the Terrible, who took us under their wing—all six of us, second and third class cruisers. Till that point we had been sizeable ships, but those two huge things dwarfed us to mean little tramps. One never gets used to the height and breadth of the Captains. Then we all began talking. Who knew anything about anything; and who dragged around the walls of what? Our next stern gave us one stateful of information which was rather dizzying. That a cruiser at 7.30 that morning had reported to the Battle Fleet, who had spent the night patrolling outside Black Bay, "Enemy to the Westward."

That's what we could then expect. (The Fleet will learn no more when the Real Thing arrives.) I went forward to hear the text commented on.

SEA-LAYERS. Said the voice of unshaken experience, "We've been a bad 'un. Don't tell me."

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THE FAHODA INCIDENT.

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THE PHILIPPINES DIFFICULTY.

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HALF-DOZEN PICTURES.

Some men, when they grow rich, stoop pictures in the ground. They think for a moment of their earth and after death the genuineness of their earth is disputed under a dispersing hammer.

THE TIMES, SA...

his thumb nail, and, apparently, any land... the policeman. The visitor who is neither a seaman nor a doctor, but a member of the...

THE EDGE OF THE EAST.

The mist was creeping of Yokohama harbor and a hundred junks had their sails hoisted for the morning breeze, so that the veiled horizon...

There are ways and ways of entering Japan. The best is to descend upon it from America and the Pacific—down the barbars and the deep...

Since that auspicious date it seems that the questions have imperceptibly come up, and the rest and the last then it is that of freely...

Here, as you would know, the master rests between the God-forgiveness and the 40 million Japanese—God-forgiveness and the newly-arrived...

Three years ago Yokohama was sufficiently backward to hope to suit the west and to be a great city as they are in the regular...

Twenty or thirty miles across the hills, on the way to the Green Mountains, his finished...

When we begin, gent in a garden that is not ours, who, solely for the pleasure of his eye...

It is a man in the State now who is much exercised over this place. He is a farm-hand...

There is a certain scarcity of men to make love with not so much in towns which have been manufactured and in which every...

It is a man in the State now who is much exercised over this place. He is a farm-hand...

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ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

List of Gentlemen Cadets of the Senior Division who passed the qualifying examination at the Royal Military College of Artillery, on the 18th inst.

Table listing names of gentlemen cadets, including names like G. W. M. Wilson, G. W. M. Wilson, etc.

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By the Council of Administration of the Officers' Club, 10, Victoria Street, Westminster, August 19, 1892.

THE LICENSING TRADE AND THE LATE GENERAL ELECTION.

On the 18th inst. the following gentlemen were admitted to the rank of Gentlemen Cadets...

Table listing names of gentlemen cadets, including names like G. W. M. Wilson, G. W. M. Wilson, etc.

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By the Council of Administration of the Officers' Club, 10, Victoria Street, Westminster, August 19, 1892.

THE LICENSING TRADE AND THE LATE GENERAL ELECTION.

IN SIGHT OF MONAUCK.

By RUDYARD KIPPLING. After the gloom of gray Atlantic weather, our ship came to America in a flood of winter sun...

THE TIMES, WEDNES...

committed in the lonely woods, a snowstorm that covered the ground with a soft, white carpet...

THE TIMES, SA...

his thumb nail, and, apparently, any land... the policeman. The visitor who is neither a seaman nor a doctor...

THE TIMES, SA...

It is a man in the State now who is much exercised over this place. He is a farm-hand...

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