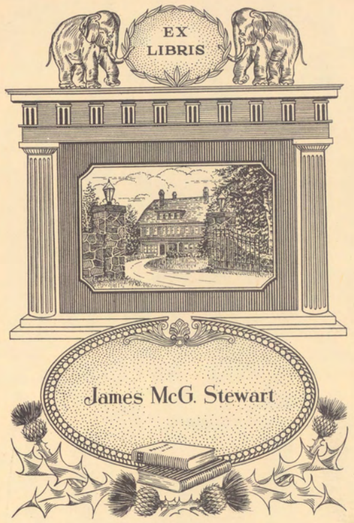
Newspaper Cuttings.



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THE AMERICAN KIPLING

When I read "The Undying Thing" in the '93 Christmas Number of *Black and White* I remember putting it down confident that never again, in all probability, would I meet with a story quite so blood-curdling, quite so certain to make every individual hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porpentine. With this thought I went to bed—gladly, for it was already dead of night, and the ghastly yarn had got on to my nerves. Taking it up again next morning, I readily confirmed my overnight judgment. Beside this tale of an undying thing, the charnel-house horror of Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, of Kipling's *The Mark of the Beast*, of the most creepy parts of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, even, indeed, the tremendous realism of the last few *contes* constructed by poor Guy de Maupassant (who died seeing scarlet pussy cats) when already stranded by his vices on the shores of Insanity, seemed to pale. Well, but a month later, business took me to San Francisco, where I read, in the library of the delightful Bohemian club of that very pleasant city, a story even more awful. It was called *A Watcher by the Dead*. Its keynote, or master *motif*, was the following question:

"What would you consider the condition under which any man of woman born would become insupportably conscious of his share of our common weakness in this regard (*i.e.*, fear of the dead)."

With the glib answer:

"Well, I should say that if a man were locked up all night with a corpse alone in a dark room of a vacant house, with no bed-covers to pull over his head, and lived through it without going altogether mad, he might justly boast himself not of woman born, nor yet like Macduff, a product of Cæsarian section."

The library was untenanted save by myself, and as the terror of this devilish piece of work began to eat into my imagination, I fairly bolted for the smoking-room, where I joined in discussing the amazing degeneration of Bret Harte's work since his expatriation; the infinite variety of Mark Twain, no less prominent now than in his salad days; the passionate patriotism of Rudyard Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads*, and some excellent Kentucky firewater. Presently I asked about "Ambrose Bierce," the author of the story I had just been reading. They told me to read his *In the Midst of Life* if I loved that good gift of God—the short story at its best. I bought, I read, and I was conquered. Latterly Mr. Bierce seems to have come into his kingdom. Indeed, but a short time ago the rapidly improving *Literature* referred to his work in terms of—for Printing House Square—extraordinary eulogy. There may still be Englishmen ignorant of the work paraded before the town with such a bang-a-whang-whang of the big drums, such a crying of "Step up! Step up! ladies and gentlemen, and see the most wonderful," &c., &c. But Mr. Bierce is not without honour in "his ain countree." Ask his Excellency the late American Minister, ask his fellow-American authors what they think of his work. Their answer will, I think, amaze you with its enthusiasm. Some have recorded that enthusiasm, *e.g.*, Mr. Robert Barr, who says: "I believe no one on earth can write so terrible a story as Ambrose Bierce can; if I were put to it to find an English-writing compeer of Guy de Maupassant, I should have to go to California and select Ambrose Bierce."

Again, a fellow-Californian, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, thus estimates the work of the man I have ventured to call 'the American Kipling,' objectionable as such invidious terms usually are: "Ambrose Bierce is the greatest writer of English the United States has produced (with the possible exception of Henry James, who is more English than American), and possesses an imagination in excess of Poe's, although lacking that writer's gift of personal captivation. It is owing to this lack that Mr. Bierce's great gifts are as yet unrecognised by the American public; but Mr. Howells, not long since, in an address before Columbia College, counted him among the 'six foremost living American writers.'" A little more human sympathy, a little less morbid egoism, and Bierce would be a name to conjure with, even though it curdled the blood and induced nightmares. As it is, his place among the American classics is assured, although he may have none of the incense of fame while alive. Bierce is our literary Atlas. He sits alone on the top of a mountain, and does work which twenty years ago would have given him instant fame. He has the best brutal imagination of any man in the English-speaking race; his sonnets are exquisitely dainty and tender; his fables are the wittiest that have been written in America. Poe never wrote anything more weirdly awful than *Chickamauga*, *My Favourite Murder*, and *A Watcher by the Dead*. The reserve and cynical brutality of these stories produce an impression never attained by the most riotous imagination.

MR. AMBROSE BIERCE

The publishers tell us that brevity is the essential of modern literature. Certainly never have there been so many "prose pastels," "nut-shell novels," "thumb-nail sketches," and such "tabloid" fiction as at present crowd the shelves of Mr. Mudie's establishments. The American, although handicapped by having to write with a lively sense of the cheek (sometimes tough) of the ubiquitous Young Person, takes the lead in this end-of-century characteristic. Now, the Californian who follows writing as a trade has always (*testibus* Bret Harte, Mark Twain, W. C. Morrow, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Atherton) been pre-eminent in this method. And of all contemporary American short-story writers, Ambrose Bierce is beyond cavil—*facile princeps*—perhaps because, as Charlotte Brontë said of Thackeray, "His words are not framed to tickle delicate ears." He is a—I was going to write "genius," but that is a bone tossed contemptuously nowadays to every yelping cur that yaps long and loudly enough. I do not quite know why Mr. Bierce has been so long in ousting the Perkin Warbecks from his kingdom. Possibly because, unlike the pet gods of Grub Street, he is not a machine for blackening paper. In thirty years he has published but three books. I believe Mr. Max Pemberton writes as many in a month. But then Mr. Max Pemberton, like Mr. Hall Caine, *et hoc genus omne*, has no respect for inoffensive white paper. *Par parenthèse*, I may here say that I happen to know that Mr. Pemberton was quite the most popular man of his year at Cambridge in the days when he used to sing comic songs in a voice no piano could drown. Even now "breezy Max" is voted "one of the best" by his friends, who are as many as the shells of the sea. One can only wish that he would desist from perpetrating "twopenny coloureds," for there are so many bad writers in London, and so few "d—d good chaps." But, if genius were only an infinite capacity for writing (and selling) drivel, what a genius Mr. Pemberton would be! To return to the causes of the splendid isolation of Ambrose Bierce. That Mr. Bierce is *caviare* to the multitude is not surprising, for he has none of the gifts of the charlatan. He has never written about exotic flowers—green carnations, crimson carrots, purple poppies, and the like. He is not *persona grata* to the literary agents, as he has never, in Grant Allen manner, advocated over six hundred closely printed pages, a return to the promiscuous habits of the pigsty. Again, he is a stylist, for he bones the dictionary for the right word in the right place as a chef bones a bird. Also, not being "an author of one small talent and two large typewriters," he is not babbled of nightly in the gazettes by the mob of smart young gentlemen, who, writing (what hard reading!) with ease live—like "T.P." and the editor of the *Roller's Review*—by the sweat of their quotation marks. Therefore, Mr. Raymond Blathwayt has not been commissioned to ascertain his favourite brand of soap, pills and poetry, or his *ex cathedra* solution of brain-gnawing mysteries that were as old as the eternal hills when Socrates drank the hemlock. As regards Mr. Bierce's *contes*, they require neither explanation, nor eulogy, nor analysis at my hands. They are procurable at all bookshops that are bookshops, and not simply vast emporiums where books are retailed as is bacon. Their merit is open, clear, palpable. Of their value to his fellow-craftsmen young Mr. Stephen Crane could, an he would, bear testimony. War, of course, is many-sided, as changeable as Mr. Chamberlain's politics. It has its beauty, its ugliness; its glories, its shame; its romance, its squalor. And Ambrose Bierce has done for it with the pen what the great Russian war painter Verestchagin has with the brush. Further comment is superfluous.

I propose rather to give a bird's-eye view of Mr. Bierce in a capacity not generally known to those few—those happy few—here in England already well acquainted with his short stories, fables and sonnets. I mean as the censor of that Augean stable, American civic politics. Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Clement Scott and George R. Sims (the last three his fellow-colleagues on *Fun*, before the humour of that weekly became the most pathetic thing in London journalism) will remember when Ambrose Bierce, under the pseudonym of "Dod Grile," stirred London thirty years ago as no writer had done since the days of Swift. How behind the outlandish allegories and satires of *Zambri the Parsee*, every politician saw a betrayer of secrets, and every Pharisee a pitiless finger probing a hidden ulcer. Well! Mr. Bierce returned to the Pacific slope, about the time Bret Harte had decided to leave his own people and make his home among his kith and kin,

"Who speak another tongue than his,
Though both are English born."

Shortly afterwards a peculiar strain and quality of English made its appearance in certain Californian newspapers. To-day it runs through the warp and woof of that strangely-woven web, the *Examiner* of San Francisco—a sewer-sheet, if possible, more offensively "yellow" than even its proprietor's paradoxical New York venture, the *Journal*. Everybody read then, as everybody reads now, the epigrammatic sentences and witty paragraphs contained in the column ironically entitled "Prattle"—set aside for this mind to sparkle and gleam in at its own free will. Some who read tremble, and are afraid. Hypocritical philanthropists who are working for notoriety, Irish-American thieves, and filth of that sort, are caught on the point of this pen and thrust through. For to Mr. Bierce, brave soldier as he was all through the fratricidal strife of North and South, the pen is mightier than the sword. He has found San Francisco a microcosm, and in flaying the fools and pretenders and villains of this one town, he has flayed the fools and pretenders and villains of the whole world. A selection from "Prattle" was published in San Francisco some years ago, entitled *Black Beetles in Amber*. It has long been out of print, and is now excessively rare. I suppose I have one of the few copies extant in England. There is no copy in the British Museum, although I understand from the inspector of the *Libri Desiderati* register efforts are being made to secure a copy of this biting satire, which is without a replica in American literature. It is a search-light thrown on the scandalous Tammany Hall methods, which crucify any possibility of clean civic organisation in the great cities of the great Republic. Mr. Bierce read one morning the following unctuously-rectitudinous statement in the San Francisco *Chronicle* (owned by M. H. de Young):

"The *Chronicle* did a great public service in whipping ——— and his fellow-rascals out of office."

This "pot calling the kettle black" impertinence inspired Mr. Bierce to excoriate the proprietor of the *Chronicle* in these mordant lines:

"What! *you* whip rascals?—*you*, whose gutter blood
Bears in its dark, dishonourable flood,
Enough of prison-birds' prolific germs
To serve a whole eternity of terms?
You, for whose back the rods and cudgels strove
Ere yet the axe had hewn them from the grove?
You, the De Young whose splendour bright and brave
Is phosphorescence from another's grave—
Till now unknown, by any chance or luck
Even to the hearts at which you feebly struck;
You whip a rascal out of office?—*You*
Whose leadless weapon once ignobly blew
Its smoke in six directions to assert
Your lack of appetite for other's dirt.

. . . . . .

Counting unkind the services of those
Who pull, to hold you back, your stupid nose,
The day for you to die is not so far,
Or, at the least, to live the thing you are!

Pregnant with possibilities of crime,
And full of felons for all coming time,
Your blood's too precious to be idly spilt
In testimony to a venial guilt.
Live to get whelpage, and preserve a name,
No praise can sweeten, and no lie unshame.
Live to fulfil the vision that I see
Down the dim vistas of the time to be:
A dream of chattering beaks and burning eyes
Of hungry ravens glooming all the skies;
A dream of gleaming teeth and fœtid breath
Of jackals wrangling at the feast of death:
A dream of broken necks and swollen tongues—
The whole world's gibbets loaded with De Youngs!"

. which he exhausts the verbal possibilities of vituperation, in verse that surely has the crystalline polish of Pope's. Think of being gibbeted for posterity! That is what he has done in this book for "Mike" De Young, for Leland Stanford, the Railway King, *vide:*

"Here Stanford lies, who thought it odd
That he should go to meet his God;
He looked, until his eyes grew dim,
For God to hasten to meet him."

For Frank M. Pixley, sometime editor of the once famous *Argonaut*, *vide:*

"Cynic, perforce, from studying mankind
In the false volume of his single mind,
He damned his fellows for his own unworth,
And, bad himself, thought nothing good on earth.
Yet, still so judging and so erring still,
Observing well, but understanding ill,
His learning all was got by dint of sight,
And what he learned by day he lost by night.
When hired to flatter, he would never cease
Till those who'd paid for praises paid for peace.
Not wholly miser, and but half a knave,
He yearned to squander, but he lived to save,
And did not, for he could not, cheat the grave.
Hic jacet Pixley, scribe and muleteer:
Step lightly, stranger, anywhere but here."

For a venerable judge, given to such jesting questions as "Prithee, who may Miss Tottie Shortskirts be?" *vide*:

"Judge Sawyer, whom in vain the people tried
To push from power, here is laid aside.
Death only from the bench could ever start
The sluggish load of his immortal part."

For "Jim" Fair, the man who "struck ile" when prospecting near Bret Harte's "Poker Flat" with James McKay of the McKay-Bennet cable:

"Rash mortal! stay thy foot and look around—
This vacant tomb as yet is holy ground;
But soon, alas! Jim Fair will occupy
These premises—then, Holiness, good-bye!"

And a score or so of other "blackbeetles" then or still encumbering the city by the golden gate. But Ambrose Bierce—it seems absurd to write of him as Mr. Bierce—is not always flaying pigmies. No, he has a heart, not simply some flesh on a stone. He can be as gentle as he is severe; he can be as sweet as he is bitter, *e.g.*, his fragrant lines (which illuminated the columns of the *Daily Chronicle* some few months since) inscribed to the "Island Mother":

"Behold how dark the war-clouds rise
About the mother of our race!
The lightnings gild her tranquil face
And glitter in her patient eyes.

Her children throng the hither flood
And lean intent above the beach—
Their beating hearts inhibit speech
With stifling tides of English blood.

'Their skies but not their hearts they change
Who go in ships across the sea'—
Through all the centuries to be
The strange new land will still be strange.

The Island Mother holds in gage
The souls of sons she never saw;
Obedient to law, the law
Of sympathetic heritage.

Forgotten now the foolish reign
Of wrath, which sundered trivial ties.
A soldier's sabre vainly tries
To cleave a spiritual chain.

The iron in our blood affines,
Though fratricidal hands may spill.
Shall Hate be throned on Bunker Hill,
Yet love abide at Seven Pines?"

Yes, these moving, fresh, and beautiful stanzas abundantly demonstrate that at least one American loves England, and can bear testimony to that love without "slopping-over," so to speak, Alfred the Little-like, with fulsome allusion to the "common religion" and common "literature" shibboleth.

To sum up, in San Francisco, in New York, Bierce is a power. A literary Rhadamanthus, he can make or unmake men and women by a word. He extols things good and lovely, but, ever as Puss dainty, disdaining the bruising bludgeon, he stabs with his rapier-like wit what he considers to be pretension. As a whole he represents that rare thing in American journalism, a thing as rare as is an appreciation of humour in those recondite regions of the Far North where the City Fathers tell untellable stories and insist on morning prayers—a standard of individual opinion which is unbought and unbuyable. He is as interesting as a kangaroo; you never know which way he is going to jump. I, for one, wish "Dod Grile" was "located" here in London town once more. Yet if our Waring returned, I daresay we should be weak enough to writhe when he made mouths at us. How he would teach "John-Johns"—and all the subordinate crew of *Saturday Slater* scribblers, the cocksure "G.B.S.'s," Max Beerbohms, Herbert Vivians, "Yellow Dwarfs," *Anti-Philistines*, *Whirlwinds*, and others of *les jeunes*, callow journalistic *chevaliers d'industrie* (all hired buffoons possessing many of the attributes, but none of the intellectuality of genius); in short,

"A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that come their way;
Aged or young, the living or the dead
No mercy find—these harpies must be fed"—

that the way to attack is not—as George Moore pointed out in the days before that *porcus porcorum*, the Yellow Book—by stating what everybody knows to be untrue, but by bringing into prominence a truth hitherto unperceived. He would also show the young lions of the Friday *Reviler*, the *Squeaker*, the *Daily Crocodile*, the uncritical *Critic*, and the tattling *Truth*, how to use their claws so as to hurt—other people.

J. S. Cowley-Brown.

The Star.

OFFICES: STONECUTTER-ST., E.C.,
7 January, 1899.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

The other day when I asked the question, "Is Mr. Kipling played out?" I aroused the wrath of sundry critics, among them being a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*. It is charming, therefore, to find in that journal's review of "A Fleet in Being" (Macmillan) a slashing attack on the "recent developments" of Mr. Kipling's style:—

We wonder if Mr. Rudyard Kipling could be persuaded to listen to the unaffected admirers who may be heard expostulating with him on certain recent developments of his style? It is not only the mere words he is pleased to employ, though they are often bad enough, which we would prefer to see away. There is absurdity in talking of a cruiser as "snaking" her way out of harbor, or of a battle-ship as "slugging" her nose into the sea. This may be American slang, but it is neither sense nor English. But over and above, and far worse than, mere oddity of language, is a certain straining after the strong, or the funny, or a combination of the two. The First-Lieutenant somewhere in this "Fleet in Being," "said precisely what occurred to him." This is unnecessarily smart, for "he swore!" In another place "the cruiser squadron had vanished; each ship taking her own matches and sulphur to make a hell of her own." Officers have "that deadly stark intimacy that only flourishes in the navy." It seems that "they are young on the destroyers — the chattering black decks are no place for the middle-aged—they have learned how to handle two hundred feet of shod death that cover a mile in two minutes, turn in their own length, and leap to racing speed almost before a man knows he has signalled the engine-room." Or again, "The effect of wounded men kicking and hiccoughing in a crowded secondary battery is bad for cool aiming." The taste of this sort of thing is deplorable.

This abundantly justifies my question, which I repeat. Of course "A Fleet in Being" is merely smart journalism, and criticisms in respect of slanginess and vulgarity are not nearly so applicable to it as to "The Day's Work." But it is heart-breaking to see a fine artist deliberately degrading his art by a passion for violent effects. Art is not violence. The great defect of Kipling is this: he is not re-readable. And really the quality of re-readableness is the vital distinction between literature and journalism. Literature is, and journalism is not, re-readable.

***

J. D.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.
TUESDAY.
JANUARY 31, 1899.

"VOTING STRAIGHT."

The Press Association states that a meeting of a number of Strand electors was held at the Hotel Cecil yesterday afternoon, in order to invite Mr. H. Mullett Ellis, of Greek Court, Shepperton, Berks, to oppose the Hon. W. F. D. Smith when next a vacancy may occur in the Parliamentary representation of the Strand. Among the letters read at the meeting were communications from Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Dr. Conan Doyle. The former, writing on Jan. 16, says: "I am in receipt of yours of the 14th, and am very sorry that I cannot see my way to join in the plan you suggest. I do not like the W. H. Smith monopoly, from which I also have suffered, but if the Mr. Smith in Parliament does his duty and votes straight on the Naval Estimates, I do not think it is fair to worry him on account of the performances of Messrs. Smith."—Mr. H. Mullett Ellis in reply, explained that a book of his own had aroused the opposition of Messrs. Smith, and he felt it his duty, through that but not because of it, to seek to defend the whole body of authors. The proceedings closed with thanks to him for accepting the invitation.

The Evening News and Post.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Appeal Electrifies the United States.

An extraordinary sensation has been created in the United States by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new poem, "The White Man's Burden," just published in a New York magazine.

The "Burden" is the necessity laid upon Americans to civilise and uplift the races which have now become subject to them. Here are some of the best verses:—

Take up the white man's burden!
Send forth the best ye breed!
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need,
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild,
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the white man's burden,
The savage wars of peace;
Fill full the mouth of famine,
And bid the sickness cease!
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the white man's burden!
No dare not stoop to less,
Nor call too loud on freedom
To cloak your weariness:
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples,
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the white man's burden!
Have done with childish days;
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise,
Comes now to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold edged with dear-bought wisdom
The judgment of your peers.

The poem is quoted everywhere. It is regarded as the strongest argument yet published in favour of expansion, and a trumpet call to Americans not to be recreant to their Anglo-Saxon birthright.

Mr. Kipling arrived at New York yesterday on board the Majestic.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN:
The Star 4/2/99 A Reverse View.

The sooty rain has soaked the sullen street,
And evening falls upon it like a funeral shroud,
Against the wall with muddy ill-clad feet
You see a shrinking, crouching, phantom crowd;
Children they may be—old before they're young—
With lean, pinched bodies clothed in decent rags,
Sent by their elders, who are hunger-stung,
To wait for "pieces" on the butcher's flags.
They shiver as they push to keep their place,
Eager to get their tattered wallets filled,
Hardship is written on each tiny face—
Brats of an Empire—born but to be killed!

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

Allahabad Pioneer.
15/1/84

Pioneer Mail
30/4/84.

THE LAUREATE OF EMPIRE

WERE he an Emperor, Mr. Rudyard Kipling could not have greater honour paid him than that now being shown by the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race—the nations that are one in sympathy with the great writer stricken low. To England and the English—he always writes England for Britain, English for British—he has made himself dear by his sagas of Empire, soul-stirring trumpet-strains that rouse ambition and love of country in the hearts of the shoddiest Little Englander of us all (save Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Robert Buchanan): to America and the Americans he has told stories of their own possibilities and greatness, has sung songs like "The White Man's Burden," flattering yet chastening their new-born love of Empire. The two great nations wait each bulletin from the sick-chamber in the New York hotel, where Mr. Kipling is lying, with expectation and anxiety pathetic in their intensity. In the street, as in home and office, in railway-carriage and on 'bus-top, you hear the man you never suspected of reading a book ask his neighbour, "What's the latest about Kipling?" On a 'bus-top on Tuesday I heard a young woman say to her companion: "Destiny is a queer jade. There's no bribing her. But I'd let her take Crockett and Ian Maclaren and half a dozen more—with Marie Corelli for makeweight—if only Kipling were left." Popularity is worth having if it be accompanied with real concern such as this.

Popularity has its degrees. Mr. Kipling has reached the highest rung of that ladder. He climbed painfully the first few difficult steps: then he ran. He is so popular because he is so good. His story, his mere story, captivates

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING
Photo by Elliott and Fry

Prose and verse—of each he has given plentifully. And if the Fates are kind, if Atropos hold back the shears, prose and verse he will still give us plentifully. We want more Gunga Dins, more Recessionals, more McAndrews' Hymns; we want more Men who would be Kings, more With the Main Guard, more Love o' Women. And the youngsters, who have learned with poignant sorrow that the charmer of many dull nursery hours lies a-bed—the youngsters want more Jungle stories, more of Mowgli and Bagheera and Kaa and Shere Khan and the Bandar-log and the White Seal. With so many voices to call him back from the gates of the great mystery, surely the spirit of the wizard will hearken, and Fear be lifted from the Jungle.

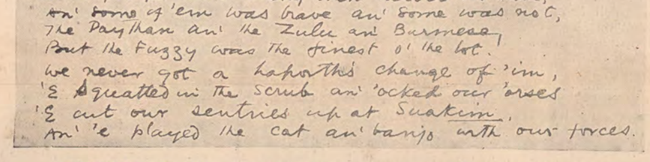
Mr. Kipling's home in England has been for the past few years at the little village of Rotting-dean, near Brighton; and there, for the summer months at least, he has worked and played. He is never so happy as when two or three children clamber round him, begging for a new story or a fairy tale. In the evenings he has been known to frequent the Plough Inn, one of the picturesque bits of Rottingdean, and there hammer out knotty points of current politics with the village worthies, so freshening his own outlook. His visits to London have not been many during the last five years; but only two years ago I saw him in Holborn scanning the windows of a bookshop with, it must be confessed, some indifference. He was the guest of the South African Writers' Club last summer, after his return from the Cape. On the afternoon of the day of that dinner, a rough South African drifted aimlessly into my room, flung himself down into an easy chair, and said: "My name's —— Can you tell me where Kiplin's stoppin'?"

MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE AT ROTTINGDEAN, BRIGHTON
Which he left in January for America

THE PLOUGH INN, ROTTINGDEAN
Where Mr. Kipling used to talk politics to the country folks

Photos by Brunell

the ordinary man, who is the intellectual child: his style, his art, lays hold of the man who knows things, who can appreciate art: and both are astounded by his omniscience. The soldier says: "He couldn't have written his soldier stories, his barrack-room ballads, had he not served in the ranks himself." The sailor says: "He's done his bit before the mast, that chap has." The Indian civil servant, the newspaper-man, the engine-driver, the city clerk, the public school-boy, the Newfoundland cod-fisher, the naturalist—all these claim him for their brother. All they are right, for he is the most many-sided man of all who write with black ink upon white paper. He has been and he has seen, and his four-and-thirty years are packed full of experience. From the day he entered the office of an Indian newspaper he has been studying the facets of the Koh-i-Noor of Life: when one side is mastered, he passes on to the next. Like his own marine, his work is never done.



Barrack Room Ballads
No. III.

"Fuzzy-Wuzzy"
(Soudan Expeditionary Force)

We've fought with many men acroot the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not C,
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a kharthi's change of 'im,
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF THE FIRST VERSE OF "FUZZY-WUZZY"

"Kensington Palace Hotel," I answered in the same abrupt staccato fashion, taken with the man's assurance. "Good. I'm goin' right along to shake his hand. The boys are giving him a dinner to-night. They won't have me, for I'm not a writer, but, by Gosh, I'm goin' to shake Kiplin's paw before I light out. Kiplin' an' me was great pals out there. He's the best sort, white through, an' I wouldn't leave London without seein' him. So long." And he drifted out again. That impression of Kipling—"white through"—is the one his works give. Men "white through" are rare. Pray we do not lose this one. As I write the cable news is more reassuring, and suspense is giving way to a cheerfuller hope. Not a man in England to-day but sends out to the Laureate of Empire all hearty good wishes for a speedy recovery. Kipling is young: there must be many strenuous years of splendid work before him. There must be.

M.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1899.

The Evening News and Post.

KIPLING SUED FOR £10,000.

Mr. Beatty Balestier, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's brother-in-law, announces his intention of suing Mr. Kipling and claiming £10,000 damages. In May 1896 the two men had some differences which led to Mr. Balestier's arrest on Mr. Kipling's complaint. Mr. Kipling testified in court that Mr. Balestier had threatened to kill him, and he feared that his life was in danger. Mr. Balestier was placed under bonds to keep the peace.

Mr. Balestier now sues for false arrest and malicious prosecution. Mr. Kipling declines to discuss the matter.

The Evening News and Post.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1899.

SYMPATHY WITH KIPLING.

Nearly all the leading professional and business men in Brattleborough, Vermont, have joined in a letter to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, asking him to make his home there. They ask to be permitted to tender him a reception and dinner. The letter, they say, may be taken to show their sympathy with him against his brother-in-law, Mr. Balestier.

A FRENCH VIEW OF KIPLING.

The Paris "Figaro" has ventured to criticise Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas," and comes to the conclusion that, while the poet can turn out burning verse, he debases his afflatus by bewailing commerce. But the "Figaro" has surely not forgotten that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and what more natural than that our poets should have an eye to business? For the benefit of his readers, the critic turns some of Kipling's English verse into French prose, and it is to be feared that quality has not gained much in the process.

LORD ROBERTS' CHARGER.

The most famous warhorse living at the present time is the old white charger ridden by Lord Roberts through the Candahar forced march (writes Mr. Marcus Tindal in the January number of "Pearson's Magazine)." Vonolel, as Lord Roberts' horse is called, came to England in 1893, having been practically all over the world with his master. He is a type of the highest class of Arab charger, and traces his descent from the best blood of the desert. He was bought in the year 1877 from Abdul Rahman, a horse-dealer in Bombay. In those days he was iron grey, and four years old. He was named after the famous Lushai chief. Vonolel bore Lord Roberts through the Afghan campaign of 1878-80, and was present at Peiwar Kotal and the capture of Cabul. He is the only horse in the British army that wears medals as a reward for his faithful services. By special permission of the Queen, his breastplate is adorned with an Afghan medal with four clasps and the Cabul-Candahar star. This decoration is only donned on very special occasions. Vonolel formed a prominent feature of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee procession, for Lord Roberts, who followed immediately after the Queen, could not fail to attract universal attention as his old white Arab slowly bore him along. The little white horse is an immense favourite with the British public, and with our soldiers. He is devoted to the master whom he has served so long and faithfully. Lord Roberts, in his turn, takes a great interest in his old charger's health and welfare, but now only mounts him on ceremonial occasions.

SUN, MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1899. SUN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1899.

MR. KIPLING'S ILLNESS.

INQUIRIES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Kipling's physician has not left him for more than an hour continuously since he was called in on Tuesday, and daily consultations have been deemed necessary. This indicates that the illness is serious, though not yet critical.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Favourable and normal progress is being made towards the crisis, which is expected on Saturday.

The "New York World" says Mr. Kipling's illness was caused by the unhealthy condition of the snow and slush-covered city.

Inquiries about Mr. Kipling's condition pour in from all parts of the world in great volume.

The report this morning is that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is holding his own. The physicians declared late last night that the left lung was perfectly sound, only his right lung being affected.

A bulletin issued at half-past ten yesterday evening stated that Mr. Rudyard Kipling had passed a fairly comfortable day, though early in the evening, as is usually the case, the symptoms aggravated a little, being about the same as on the previous evening.—Reuter.

Kipling stories are working their way across the Atlantic. One of the latest is to the effect that a young American who had seen an announcement that Rudyard Kipling had written a story for an English periodical at the rate of a shilling a word sent the author a shilling, and requested a sample. Kipling kept the shilling, and earned it by sending back one word, "Thanks."

* * *

CRITICAL CONDITION OF MR. KIPLING.

"VERY LOW AND UNCONSCIOUS."

THIS AFTERNOON'S TELEGRAM.

We regret to learn from the tenour of the latest telegrams from New York that the condition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling is extremely critical.

Reuter's correspondent, telegraphing early this morning, says:—"According to the bulletin issued at half-past ten yesterday evening, Mr. Kipling's condition was unchanged, but it was stated that the patient was very low and unconscious."

A Central News despatch, dated 12.15 a.m. to-day, says:—Mr. Kipling still lies in the same serious condition. There has been no change for the worse; but, on the other hand, there are no signs of any improvement.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 8.30 a.m.—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's condition has undergone no change. This morning's bulletin says that he has been very ill during the night, and still remains so.—Reuter.

AN ANXIOUS DAY.

A telegram from New York, through Laffan's Agency, dated last evening, says:—At noon to-day the doctors had practically abandoned hope. Messages were sent from his family here this morning preparing his friends in England for worse news.

Dr. Janeway jun. and Dr. Dunham, who is Mr. Kipling's brother-in-law, kept in attendance all night. At a quarter to nine this morning Dr. Janeway sen. arrived. Soon afterwards his son left with a grave and anxious face. He returned at half-past ten a.m., when the three doctors met in consultation. Their opinion of the case is not announced to the public, but Dr. Dunham admitted after the consultation that the physicians were equally in the dark with the public. They had done all they could.

MR. KIPLING CONFIDENT THAT "HE WILL PULL THROUGH."

Mr. Doubleday, one of Mr. Kipling's publishers, passed the night with the patient. He left the room looking haggard and sorrowful. Mr. Doubleday said quietly that Mr. Kipling had spent a fairly comfortable night. During the first part he was alarmingly weak. He realizes the great seriousness of his case, but remains cheerful and confident that he will pull through. He asked brightly if all the steamers had weathered the blizzard, and smiled pleasantly when he was told of the arrival of the Bulgaria. He ate with relish the beef extracts prepared for him, and remarked that they were good, and that he felt better.

In obedience to her husband's wishes, Mrs. Kipling has ceased keeping constant watch by her husband's side. She comes to see him at short intervals, and cannot rest herself, being always in tears and looking very careworn.

The demeanour of the physicians to-night indicated that a very critical stage had been reached. The patient is delirious, and oxygen is constantly used.

DOUBLE PNEUMONIA.

The plain English of the euphemistic bulletins about Mr. Kipling is (says the New York correspondent of the "Standard") that he is suffering from double pneumonia. In response to persistent questionings, in the hope of obtaining more encouragement than the bulletins afford, Dr. Dunham said:—"We wish it to be understood that Mr. Kipling is a very sick man. I think, however, that he will recover."

In this trying climate pneumonia is more treacherous than Englishmen are aware of. When the fever crisis is, to all appearances, well passed, the end often comes from heart failure or simple exhaustion of the vitality. In this last respect, however, the outlook is good. Mr. Kipling is making a quiet, intelligent, and vigorous struggle against weakness. Though fully aware of his condition, he is not succumbing to it, but is meeting the crisis with all his strength of will. His correct and temperate life makes him respond favourably to stimulants and medicines. There has been some delirium, but this is of a less unfavourable nature than is usually the case in pneumonia, because it is referable to congestion of the brain, caused by excessive heat at Lahore fourteen years ago. Mrs. Kipling shows unmistakeably to others the effects of the strain the illness is causing her; but in the sick room she and Mr. Kipling's publisher, Mr. Doubleday, encourage him in every possible way.

HOW THE ILLNESS WAS CAUSED.

As already telegraphed, the beginning of Mr. Kipling's illness is traceable to a chill, caught while showing his baggage to the Customs officers in the dock in freezing weather. Similar exposure has killed well-known men, and many persons unknown to the public. Mr. Kipling's children all had colds. The youngest is now well, but Josephine is still in the doctor's hands. While thus worried, Mr. Kipling had the additional anxiety of threats of a lawsuit by his brother-in-law. Though his neighbours promptly sent him written assurances of their unshaken esteem and requested him to name the day for the reception of a public testimonial the threats were, doubtless, not without effect in depressing a system already unduly harassed. To this combination of adverse influences was added the incaution of wearing with evening dress an unbuttoned fur coat—donned because of the frost, but loosened because of a sudden mildness of the weather.

The correspondent of the "Daily News" in New York reports that it is said about the hotel that Mr. Kipling's illness is due to his carelessness in wearing a fur-lined overcoat in the heated rooms and corridors of the hotel, and going out in the coldest weather without it. He seemed recklessly indifferent to his own health, and laughed when warned that he was running risks. Mr. Kipling's daughter, Josephine, is much better.

When the physician was asked if Mr. Kipling had pneumonia he replied that it was inflammation of the lungs. He said Mr. Kipling's condition was very critical, but if he survived to-day (Sunday) he would live.

THE SYMPATHY OF AMERICANS.

The sympathy reported from England can scarcely exceed what is expressed in the United States. The newspapers print long accounts of Mr. Kipling's life, with eulogies of his genius and appreciations of his services as an interpreter of England and the United States to themselves and to each other.

The public interest in every bulletin, and the sympathy of all Americans for the distinguished patient are unprecedented. Callers, letters, and telegrams are constantly arriving. Many of the telegrams have been read by Mr. Kipling, who is greatly cheered by the inquiries. Among all those in his sick room he alone seems to keep cheerfully hoping that he will get well.

THE TOPIC OF THE HOUR.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

It may be scarcely decorous to write of him at such an hour as this, but I can think of nothing else, and write of nothing else. The one man who among all living Englishmen has taken a hold upon my imagination and my heart, the great, genial comrade, whose living face I have not seen, and whose living voice I have not heard, lies in the Valley of the Shadow, and whether the cloud will wrap him wholly from all who love him, or will recede and allow him slowly to breathe his way back to working life, nobody can tell us. He is in good hands, whatever happens, for he is in the hands of the God who made him, and whether he be left or taken it will be to do the work of a brave clear-sighted soul. A man may seem perilously near to Cant at times, even when he speaks with entire sincerity, and I am conscious of that danger here. But though I have never been able to formulate a faith which would satisfy any examiner in theology I join with Malvolio in thinking "nobly of the soul," and to think nobly of the soul is to think that the Force which called it from the void of things is filled with a settled, wise, and lofty purpose in its behalf, and will guide it where it should be guided. I can no more believe that a career like that of Rudyard Kipling will be brought to an end by the mere rending of the fleshly tie than—to liken small things to great—I can believe that the sole purpose of the genius and power which called a great ocean-going vessel into being had no other purpose than to lose it in mid-ocean. He will do his work, here or elsewhere. That he will live to do it here, for many prosperous and useful years, is our natural and fervent hope. Should he come back to us he will at least have learned how we love him; and esteem and praise do not burden or narrow a great nature. They humble it, they soften it, they broaden its sympathy and affection for mankind.

Kipling is four-and-thirty years of age, and he has enjoyed fame and the fruits of fame, more or less, this dozen years, for he published his "Departmental Ditties" when he was but one-and-twenty, and became a personage almost at once. "Plain Tales from the Hills" followed one year later, and I shall always remember the extraordinary sensations with which, in far-off Australia, I made acquaintance with his work, in a squatter's house in the "back blocks" of Victoria, in the columns of an out-of-date number of the Melbourne "Argus." The work, as I saw it, was anonymous, but, as I said long ago elsewhere, it was impossible to doubt about it for a moment. It had a voice of its own, and a physiognomy of its own. In any form of Art these are enough. Thin shades of the great masters, Phantoms of Scott, and Dumas, of Dickens and Thackeray go by—their faces drive in puckered shoals, and we know them for what they are. All on a sudden an Individuality asserts itself. A face is seen, which is not the reflection of a face. A voice is heard, which is not the echo of a voice. Then you know that the new man is here.

This has happened to me twice, and twice only. Mr. Andrew Chatto, for many years my only publisher, one day placed in my hands a copy of a book entitled "New Arabian Nights." Whatever Stevenson did, or could do, was prefigured in that book, and I stood to read it in Wardour-street, pen-knife in hand, slitting the leaves, and careless of the elbowing crowd, and the showers of wet that fell from umbrellas which caught their twirl from my own shoulder.

We are not going to wrangle round a bed of sickness for the palm for this or that. The charm of English literature in the last decade of the nineteenth century died with Stevenson. The virile force and novel passion of it lie beside Kipling's pillow in New York.

There are millions of men to whom a practical issue at this moment—a purpose to which men may set themselves—will look impossible, but I believe it is not so. I believe it wholly possible. There is very little hope for the man who is afraid of unjust judgment in a great cause. And what I believe is this:—That if all who love this great sick man, who desire that he should be with us, will send to him one impulse of their own strength and vigour, will say with their whole heart and soul, "Rudyard Kipling, rise and live!" the vitality of the world will animate that feeble frame, and will be answered by the indomitable spirit which dwells within it.

> For what is man, better than sheep or goats,
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> For so the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

So, from every soul to whom these lines appeal, one heart-felt grasp of a visionary hand—one heart felt whisper of hope and comfort—one virile impulse—the gift of a pulse—of a wish!

I risk being thought a madman, and risk it gladly if you will only lend yourself for one instant to my desire.

NOTES OF TO-DAY.

THE whole nation is following with the deepest sympathy the grave stages of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's illness. His politics are the politics of a section: his literary genius is the possession of the race. We still dare to hope that it may be long spared to us.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

Many a man who is not in the habit of praying will curse a prayer or two to-day for Kipling, that he may be spared to "stand to his work and be wise, certain of sword and pen." He is young to die, but a fatalist might fear that he is too acute of intellect and too fine of nerve to make old bones.

What the rest of us dully feel Kipling realises for us, and perfectly expresses. But there is not much doubt that he "does it on bare nerves," as that other and more polished genius of literary expression, Robert Louis Stevenson, said.

To choose a single and rather grotesque example of Kipling's uncanny comprehension of things animate and inanimate, who but he would have discovered that the song which a steam engine sings when at half speed is "Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah?" But, once he has mentioned it, you recognise in a flash that you knew it all along.

Here is the best story which can be told of Kipling at this moment. When a boy he was making a sea voyage with his father. While the latter lay in his berth, very seasick, there was a sudden commotion on deck and an officer rushed below. "Mr. Kipling," said he, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said the elder Kipling, without betraying any alarm, "but he won't let go." Kipling is out now on a more precarious yard-arm. Let us trust that he "won't let go."

Political use has already been made of his illness. "It is said," cables the New York correspondent of the *Times*, "that the seeds of his malady were sown while he was compelled to wait on the dock till his luggage was pried into by the Customs officers under the surveillance of tradesmen's spies."

MR. KIPLING.

FIGHT WITH DEATH.

His Life Hangs on a Thread.

Condition Last Evening Unchanged.

Friends Still Hopeful.

Striking Manifestations of Sympathy.

[From Our Correspondent.]

NEW YORK (via Washington), Monday.

Mr. Kipling's life hangs on a thread, and the doctors fear that at any moment the thread may be snapped.

At three o'clock this afternoon the following bulletin was issued:—

"Mr. Kipling is still very ill, and there has been no material change since last night. He has not lost ground since the morning."

At four o'clock one of his friends telephoned to "The Daily Chronicle" Correspondent that his condition was still desperate, and showed no signs of improvement. The doctors believe he is just barely holding his own, and will not make any prediction as to the outcome. Oxygen is administered in large doses to stimulate the heart's action. A change for the better or worse may be expected at any time. It is feared that Mr. Kipling will not pass through the crisis.

The interest taken by the general public in Mr. Kipling's condition is extraordinary. No such similar outpouring of popular sympathy has been seen in this city since the days when General Grant lay dying. Night and day anxious people have had their attention riveted on the bulletin boards.

Since it was publicly known that Mr. Kipling's life was in danger there has not been an hour of the day or night when the hotel has not been crowded with persons anxious to hear the latest tidings from the sick chamber. All classes of the community are represented; all have given expression to the fervent prayer that his life might be spared; all have commented on the irreparable loss which literature will sustain by his death.

In the hotels and other public places bulletins are posted as soon as they are issued, and are surrounded all day by knots of sympathisers. The illness of the President or other prominent public man could not attract more attention from the public or the newspapers.

(Reuter's Telegrams.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.

According to the bulletin issued at half-past ten yesterday evening, Mr. Kipling's condition was unchanged, but it was stated that the patient was very low and unconscious.

This morning's bulletin says that he has been very ill during the night, and still remains so.

5 p.m.

During the morning Mr. Kipling's intimate friends expressed a hopefulness which was not apparent last night.

Mr. Doubleday, his publisher, said the patient had passed a better night than could have been expected, and at half-past nine a.m. was resting more easily, although his condition was then so dangerous that nobody could tell what the next hour would bring forth.

Mrs. Kipling is bearing up well.

During the forenoon a friend of Mr. Kipling said that the hopefulness felt by the family was inspired chiefly by the fact that the sufferer had lived into another day. His heart was weak, and were it not for this the hopes of recovery would be far greater. "If he lives through this day," added the gentleman in question, "his chance will have improved a hundredfold."

It was thought this afternoon from various circumstances that greater hope was entertained in the sickroom. Oxygen has been used almost constantly since yesterday to sustain the patient's respiration.

(Laffan's Telegram.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.

At intervals during the last forty-eight hours Mr. Kipling has become unconscious and frequently delirious, but in his lucid moments he recognises those by his bedside. When, at these times, his eyes rest upon his wife and children his expression lights up with a faint smile, and he gazes on their faces with longing affection. The bed on which he lies has been removed into a sitting-room which faces a quiet street at the rear of the hotel, to avoid the noise of the busier thoroughfare upon which his bedroom looked. Unfortunately, the weather is unfavorable, being rainy and murky.

Dr. Janeway is devoting unremitting attention to the patient. He is the leading specialist for pulmonary diseases in this city, but is for the time neglecting his immense practice to watch Mr. Kipling's case.

The physicians and attendants are even more reticent to-day than they have been on previous days.

Messages of inquiry and sympathy are constantly arriving in great numbers from all parts. Some of these contain gratuitous offers of advice and suggest remedies. In many cities copies of the bulletins and reports from other sources are being posted at hotels and newspaper offices. In not a few instances yesterday ministers of religion asked the prayers of their congregations for the recovery of the popular author.

After the issue of the three o'clock bulletin Mr. Doubleday stated that the patient had been frequently delirious and unconscious to-day.

There is authority for stating that it will be necessary to continue the use of oxygen for the next twenty-four hours, by which time it is hoped the crisis will be over. The critical stage has been prolonged to a much greater degree than the physicians anticipated.

Dr. Dunham was in sole charge of the sufferer during this morning, but was joined by Dr. Janeway this afternoon.

Mrs. Kipling has not left the sick room since yesterday.

Later.

A bulletin issued at a quarter to seven this evening announces that Mr. Kipling has held his own through the day.

(Central News Telegram.)

NEW YORK, Monday Evening.

The doctors in attendance upon Mr. Kipling this evening announced that his condition had slightly improved.

THE NEWS IN LONDON.

Watching and Waiting and Hoping.

Some of Mr. Kipling's London friends were seen yesterday by a member of the "Chronicle" staff. They said a message reached them on Saturday from New York to the effect that Mr. Kipling's condition was then causing serious apprehension. The message desired that to be made known to everybody in England related to him. His father and mother now have their home in Wiltshire, and he has other relatives here.

A third point of the telegram was to this effect:—"If any change, will cable." No farther message had arrived by Sunday, although the newspaper reports indicated Mr. Kipling as being then rather better. On Sunday, therefore, a private inquiry was addressed to New York, and late that night the reply came from Mrs. Kipling, "No change." No message was received yesterday, from which circumstances it was deducted that little change had taken place in the patient.

A friend of his said, "If, with his unquenchable spirit, he can only stand up against the disease for another twenty-four hours all may be well. Every hour he can struggle is a gain in his ultimate chance of recovery. We are all very sad, and, indeed, two nations are standing by the bedside of Rudyard Kipling."

Very true, for the one question in London yesterday was, "How is Kipling; is there anything new?" This sympathy was expressed by all ranks and classes; it was overwhelming.

At the weekly house dinner of the Authors Club last night, Sir Douglas Straight being the guest, Mr. W. L. Courtney, who was in the chair, was authorised to send a telegram of sympathy to Mrs. Kipling.

FEBRUARY 28, 1899.

TUESDAY, FEB. 28, 1899.

The latest reports from New York show that Mr. Kipling's condition is still regarded as desperate, and in the words of our correspondent, his life hangs upon a thread, which may be broken at any moment. He is at times unconscious and delirious. Up to last evening there was no change in his condition. No such demonstrations of popular sympathy have been known since the time of General Grant.

The Echo.

LONDON, MONDAY, FEB. 27, 1899.

The Soldier Laureate.

Dear Sir,—The "Daily Mail" has "discovered" a soldier poet in the person of a corporal of the Royal Fusiliers. Lord Roberts, in a nice note, says of his verses: "They are very good, and have quite the ring about them."

Your readers may be interested if I quote a few lines from the latest effusion of this new aspirant to the Laureateship; the verses are entitled—"England's Answer to the 'Little Englander.'"

"England, the Queen of the nations, she who
has over the seas,
Wafted the pinions of commerce, spread
out the pennant of peace—
What! have her sons become puerile, impotent lovers of ease,
Placidly watching her Empire decline and
her supremacy cease?"

Further on in the same verse he exclaims—"If it be Peace, let it be Peace; but if it be war we can fight!

This is no time for embraces and smiles.
England must hold by her own.

Let us away with the cravens! England
must arise and be strong,
Setting a noble example to her progeny
over the seas;
Stern at the moment of danger, swift in
avenging a wrong—
What can she fear if true to herself, true
to such precepts as these?
Britain is not yet decaying! Nations can only
decay
When they have dotards for statesmen.
Out of the mouth of the guns
Peace speaks a message convincing, that no
one can dare to gainsay,
Such is the message we send to our foes:
England can trust to her Sons!"

Lord Roberts says the verses "have quite the ring about them." There is a certain "ring" about the lines:—

"If it be Peace, let it be Peace; but if it be
war we can fight!"

reminding one of the good old song:—

"We don't want to fight;
But, by Jingo, if we do!"

There is also a certain ring about the bloodthirsty line:—

"Let us away with the cravens!"

a kind of Blue-Beardy ferocity, or perhaps more resembling the passionate utterance of the Red Queen in "Alice in Wonderland":—

"Off with his head!"

I need not notice the "poem" any further, except to remark that for pure, unadulterated twaddle it is only equalled by the ravings of the Jingo-Imperialist Press itself.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

LILLIPUTIAN.

MR. KIPLING'S ILLNESS.

THE LATEST BULLETIN.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 2.30 p.m.

Mr. Kipling is still battling—feebly, it is true—against his terrible disease. The crisis in his case is prolonged, and I am not yet able to secure from his physicians any statement containing absolute hope of his recovery.

I saw Dr. Janeway as he came out of the sick room at noon. He said that Mr. Kipling was no worse, and that no new complications had set in. Both he and Dr. Dunham say that they were still awaiting the crisis, which had been delayed owing to the development of inflammation in the upper parts of the lungs. When this has been allayed or has run its course, if the patient's strength enables him to hold on, there will be immediate improvement.

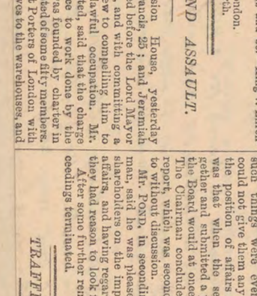
The doctors could only express the hope that he would pull through.

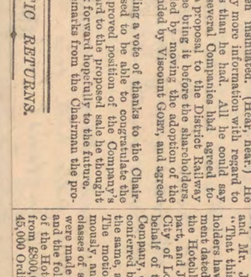
It was agreeable, however, in their manner, and

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "THE ENGLISH FLAG."

BY

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.





THE MORNING POST, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1899.

Respondent]—He commenced to attend Spiritualistic meetings at Bury in 1895, and his wife also took to attend them. He had taken an active part in the sect, and had been a "member of the Committee. His wife had frequently acted as a "medium" at home among friends. Once she acted at a local Hall. The service lasted for about two hours.

Is it not the practice of this sect for persons to consult "mediums?"—Sometimes.

Mon consult them?—They never came to my house for that purpose.

His Lordship—What did they consult about?

Mr. Barnard—I suppose a medium will tell everything that is going to happen in the future. (To witness) What did you go to consult about?

Witness—I do not know. I have given up the sect.

—At one time, I think, you believed in "mediums"?—Yes, but it has dropped since this affair happened. (Laughter.)

Cross-examination continued — Mr. Swainston was a retired gentleman, who might be nearly seventy years of age. Witness's wife did not tell him that Mr. Swainston was a "medium" at a séance. He had never "controlled" her as a "medium." She had been consulted by several ladies and four gentlemen. She told her husband that Mr. Swainston was coming to the house to consult her. She had never been guilty of misconduct with the Co-respondent.

The case was adjourned.

Mr. Justice Granthan was unable to take his seat in the Queen's Bench Division to-day owing to illness, and it was announced that the further hearing of the case—"Attorney-General v. Reis"—which had been opened before him on Monday, would be proceeded with next Monday.

BANKRUPTCY COURT.—TUESDAY.

(Before Mr. Registrar Linklater.)

INTIMIDATION AND ASSAULT.

At the Justice Room, Mansion House, yesterday William Stocks, 27; Thomas Francis, 25; and Jeremiah Connie, 24, porters, were charged before the Lord Mayor with intimidating Benjamin Rose, and with committing a violent assault on him with a view to compelling him to abstain from following his lawful occupation. Mr. Blanchard Wortner, who prosecuted, said that the charge was preferred by the Fruit Porters' Society, which was founded by the Fruit Growers' Company in order to protect the interests of the fruit porters of London. A gang was entrusted by the Fruit Porters of London with the carriage of fruit from the wharves to the warehouses, and section Corporation (Limited)—Grosh Industries Corporation (Limited)—British Gold Fields of West Africa (Limited)—Central de Kaap Gold Mines (Limited)—Economic Fire Offices (Limited)—Rochdale Provision Stores (Limited)—Scottish Australian Investment Company (Limited)—Tharsis Sulphur and Copper Company (Limited). In Room 85.—At 11, Stock Exchange: Weddles Tube and Cycle Components (Limited). At 12—United States Cheque Bank (Limited). In Room 87.—At 11—Heidelberg Brothers and Co. (Limited)—Foster v. Lawson.—In Room 86.—At 11—Joseph Daizel's Patton and Harrington Breweries (Limited and Reduced). At 12—Mosely and Co. (Limited) (Clarke and Pisa Company (Limited) (Consolidated Trust, Limited, v. Verve Monnier et ses Fils (Limited). From 2 to 4—Bell Organ and Piano Company (Limited). In Room 87.—From 2 to 4—Exmouth Co-operative Stores, Limited) (At Chimock's).

Lord Mayor's Court—Guthhall.—At 10½.—Causes.—Richardson v. Meade-Clyde v. Mark Patrick and Sons—Woodman v. Ward Ibbetson and Co.—Beddoe v. Hay—Albert Baker and Co. (1888) (Limited) v. Binett Brothers and Co.—King v. Ehrenfeldt (No. 94).

Mansion House Court—City of London.

County Courts.—Bow, Wandsworth.

At the Justice Room, Mansion House, yesterday William Stocks, 27; Thomas Francis, 25; and Jeremiah Connie, 24, porters, were charged before the Lord Mayor with intimidating Benjamin Rose, and with committing a violent assault on him with a view to compelling him to abstain from following his lawful occupation. Mr. Blanchard Wortner, who prosecuted, said that the charge was preferred by the Fruit Porters' Society, which was founded by the Fruit Growers' Company in order to protect the interests of the fruit porters of London. A gang was entrusted by the Fruit Porters of London with the carriage of fruit from the wharves to the warehouses, and

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THE MEETING, with a view to being considered, and, if thought fit, passed as an extraordinary resolution under the provisions of the articles of association, viz.:

Resolution.—"That this separate general meeting of Preference shareholders having duly considered the provisions of an agreement, dated the 4th day of January, 1899, made between the Company of the one part and William Chapel Slaughter, of No. 15, Austinfriars, in the City of London, solicitor, purporting to contract for and on behalf of the holders of Preference Shares issued by the Company, of the other part, do hereby under the powers conferred by Article 13 of the articles of association confirm the same, and direct that the same be carried into effect." Admiral Sir W. Hornby, who presided, said the scheme submitted from the Board. The scheme had been drawn up with the utmost care and, he believed, fulfilled the conditions of fairness for all concerned. Mr. J. Balfour, speaking on behalf of the Committee, then explained the scheme and moved the resolution as given above. Mr. Slaughter (as Chairman of the Committee) seconded the motion. The resolution was put to the meeting and carried with one dissentient. At the adjourned meeting of Ordinary shareholders, held at the offices of the Company, on the 28th day of January, 1899, made between the Hotchkiss Ordnance Company (Limited), of the one part, and John Balfour of No. 9, Draper-Gardens, in the City of London, Esq., purporting to contract for and on behalf of the holders of Ordinary Shares issued by the Company, of the other part, do hereby, under the powers conferred by Article 13 of the articles of association confirm the same, and direct that the same be carried into effect." The resolution was carried unanimously, and carried unanimously, and were made in the articles of association of the Company and the following resolution approved: "That the capital of the Hotchkiss Ordnance Company (Limited) be reduced from £800,000, divided into 80,000 Preference Shares and 45,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, to £450,000, and that

MARCH 1, 1899.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

REPORT OF DOCTORS UNFAVOURABLE.

SCENES AT THE HOTEL.

SYMPATHETIC MESSAGES TO MRS. KIPLING.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling still remains in a critical condition. Some of the telegrams sent to this country from America during the course of yesterday were clearly too hopeful and sanguine. Later news suggests that the crisis of the malady is now reached. Should the patient survive for another twenty-four hours, the chances of recovery will become much more promising, for it will then be proved that the solidifying of the lungs has gone no further and that the nerve-energy of the sufferer is getting the better of the disease.

Telegrams of sympathy from all quarters prove once more how universal is the sorrow which Mr. Kipling's dangerous illness has evoked.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
NEW YORK, Tuesday.

Mr. Kipling passed a good night, and was free from delirium this morning. His respiration was easier, and the doctors were convinced that the inflammation of the lungs was gradually passing upwards, leaving a more healthful breathing space below.

This afternoon, however, the patient was not so well. There was a return to delirium, more laboured breathing, and a higher fever.

While this was not unexpected on the tenth day of the disease, the symptoms are discouraging, without danger necessarily being imminent.

During the day Mrs. Kipling received messages of condolence from Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Herschell, the Rev. Dr. Watson, and the *Journal* this morning prints telegrams of sympathy with Mr. Kipling, addressed to the editor, from Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Dufferin, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Stephen Crane, and Sir Lewis Morris.

The kind words and wishes expressed here, alike by the Press and the public, would fill columns of *The Daily Telegraph*. The leading articles unite in paying a tribute to the genius and amiable character of Mr. Kipling, with fervent wishes for his recovery. If he recovers, no other writer of his age will have such a scrap-book of personal reminiscences and friendly criticism to look back upon. The pulpit, too, has joined in this general pæan of praise.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's life still wavers in the balance, but those around him now believe that he has more than a fighting chance against his disease. The doctors discourage confident hopefulness as yet, for many dangers remain, and even with the most favourable progress it may be a week before they can say that his ultimate recovery is certain. But both they and his personal friends are more cheerful to-day. The tension about the sick-room is less severe than during the past two days, and the general atmosphere in the hotel is one of hopefulness.

It is noticeable in the more buoyant bearing of those passing to and from the sick-room. The doctors, the nurses, and his family agree that last night was the best since the crisis commenced. An intimate friend of Mrs. Kipling said to-day:

"While I was in the sick-room at four o'clock yesterday afternoon Doctor Dunham said, 'Within six hours I shall be able to tell whether he will live or die.'"

This strengthens the belief that the crisis has passed, but, although it is the eighth day of the sickness, the physicians refuse to confirm that view with absolute conviction. The question now is whether the patient has sufficient strength to combat the disease during the remainder of its course.

This morning's bulletin was very brief. It merely said:

"Mr. Kipling has not lost ground during the night."

Soon afterwards Doctor Dunham left the hotel, and was immediately besieged with questions. At first he only replied, "I must refer you to the bulletin," but, on being told that it was inferred therefrom that Mr. Kipling was improving, he said that he concurred in the inference, and that both Dr. Janeway and himself hoped that the crisis was over. The hope was based on the fact that there was an interval of two days between the respective attacks on the two lungs, and the one which was first assailed would soon be available for respiration.

A characteristic scene was witnessed in the hotel lobby this morning when the nurses appeared to take Mr. Kipling's children for outdoor exercise. The group was instantly surrounded by a throng of ladies who were waiting to learn the latest news of the patient, and the children had to submit to a prolonged ordeal of petting and fondling. The youngest child, carried in the arms of a nurse, and declared to be "the very picture of its father," was an object of special interest.

Mrs. Kipling sent a clerk from the hotel this morning to the newspapers with a request that they would publish the following notice:

"Mrs. Kipling wishes to acknowledge with grateful thanks the many letters and telegrams of sympathy sent to her. They are too numerous for her to reply individually.

A little later Mrs. Kipling, accompanied by Mr. Doubleday, went out driving. Although she looked pale and worn with care, she appeared to be in somewhat more cheerful spirits than on the previous day.

Dr. Dunham had sole charge of the patient during the morning, Dr. Janeway arriving to relieve him early in the afternoon.

The hopes entertained early in the day were later suddenly blighted by the contents of a bulletin issued at 2.50 p.m. It read:

"Mr. Kipling's condition does not so far show any improvement. He still has the symptoms due to inflammation of the upper lobe of each lung, delirium, and fever."

This unwelcome statement acted as an immediate damper on the comparative cheerfulness which the morning's news had produced, and the gloomy feeling which succeeded was by contrast doubly pronounced.

It is now feared that a set-back in the patient's present weakened condition may result in collapse, and there can be no doubt that the case continues extremely critical.

The bad news spread rapidly, and crowds of people flocked to the hotel to read the bulletin. Expressions of regret were numerous and genuine.

Perhaps the despondency which followed the issuing of the bulletin was somewhat premature. A person intimate with the family has stated since the announcement was made that, although Mr. Kipling has been delirious and feverish at intervals during the past forty-eight hours, and has taken little nourishment, the bulletin should not be regarded too seriously. Oxygen was still being freely used, and little else could be done but to wait and hope.

7.0 p.m.

No bulletin has been issued since 2.50 p.m. Dr. Janeway was with Mr. Kipling from 5.30 to 6.30, but on leaving refused to make any statement beyond saying that a bulletin would be issued later in the evening. Dr. Dunham remains with the patient.—*Laffan.*

5.30 p.m.

Universal disappointment has been caused by the latest bulletin regarding Mr. Kipling's condition, coming as it did after the more hopeful bulletins issued last night and this morning. Unofficial reports from the sick chamber during the day were to the effect that the patient had begun to mend, and at noon to-day one of the nurses stated that Mr. Kipling's condition had much improved, and that he had spent a comparatively comfortable night. It was reported at the hotel to-day, however, that many dangers had still to be confronted, and that under the most favourable circumstances it would be a week before it could be said that Mr. Kipling would recover.—*Reuter.*

Mr. Kipling's illness continues to excite the liveliest interest right throughout the United States, and the shoals of telegrams being received here show how much the leading men in his own country are sympathising with him in his struggle against death. The *Journal* this morning publishes many of these telegrams addressed to Mr. Kipling.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., telegraphs: "The sympathy of every Englishman is with Rudyard Kipling in his brave struggle for life."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie Gordon "send their heartiest regard and greeting to Mr. Kipling with their sincerest regret for his illness."

Lord Dufferin telegraphs: "Lady Dufferin and myself desire to express our deep sympathy and earnest prayers for Mr. Kipling's recovery."

Sir Donald Stewart, whose Indian record is so well known, telegraphs his kindest wishes for a speedy and complete recovery.

Lady Randolph Churchill sends her sympathy and sorrow, and hopes for Mr. Kipling's early recovery.

Mr. John Ruskin sends his sincerest sympathy, and rejoices at the better accounts that have reached him.

Mr. Anthony Hope cables: "My heart is with Kipling in his struggle."

Mr. Wilson Barrett telegraphs: "Dear friend—You must stay with us, if only to learn how much we love you."

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., cables his sympathy with unbounded respect and admiration for what Kipling has given us. He adds, "We are always listening for more."

Miss Flora Annie Steel, whose works on India are well known, cables: "Tell Kipling, for the sake of India, to get well soon."

Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Dr. Conan Doylo, Mr. George Meredith, Lord Tennyson, Miss Braddon, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Stephen Crane, and Professor Leckie have also cabled heartfelt messages of sympathy.—*Central News.*

A telegram received at five p.m. yesterday at the London office of the S. S. M'Clure Company, Mr. Kipling's publishers, from Mr. F. N. Doubleday, states: "Kipling's condition favourable."

WINNING!

HOPEFUL NEWS OF KIPLING'S GREAT FIGHT.

The Trained Nurse Attendant on the Sick Writer Says the Worst of the Inflammation is Over.

"STAR" WIRE TO-DAY FROM NEW YORK.

The trained nurse attending on Mr. Kipling tells me to-day that "the danger now is not so much from the lung disease itself as from the physical exhaustion following the patient's battle with the disease.

"The irregular spreading of the inflammation has been so far the means of saving the sufferer's life.

"The left lung is now practically free.

"Mr. Kipling looks now terribly emaciated; and at times seems almost to sink, but his combative strength has been great, and if it endures still his recovery is certain."

The Doctors Secretive.

The doctors, on the other hand, are reticent; their deliberately pessimistic bulletins are exciting much comment.

Dr. Conlane, Kipling's bosom friend, and the man to whom one of his books was dedicated, arrived in this city from Vermont to-day. There was a pathetic meeting between the sick man and his friend.

Girl Graduates' Tribute.

The Vassar girls sent a delegation to-day with a basket of flowers for the poet.

The hotel letter bag is more and more crammed with complimentary poetry and the literature of advertising quacks. Two policemen are engaged to receive these contributions.

A Chicago man brought in to-day an apparatus for increasing the atmospheric pressure in the sick room.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

The bulletin issued at eight o'clock this morning says:—

Mr. Kipling has passed a better night, and the symptoms have improved.

The delirium was replaced by natural sleep.

Mr. Kipling, however, is still seriously ill, and the fever, though less, still continues.—Reuter.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

The following bulletin was issued at ten minutes past eleven yesterday evening:—

Mr. Kipling, on the whole, has not gained during the day, though the respiratory function has so far improved that oxygen is no longer necessary.

PRAYER FOR THIS LIFE.

Mrs. E. Nesbit, the poetess, writes:—We are a religious people. How is it that from every church in England a full chorus of prayer does not arise for this dear life?

A KIPLING MS.

The *Morning Post* publishes, by permission of Messrs. Methuen, a facsimile of the MS. of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The English Flag." There is a note at the head, "No proof wanted. Read carefully"; and a list of the words that may cause difficulty carefully written out in capital letters, apparently for the help of the proof-readers. Two words seem to have been altered in the version which stands in the "Barrack Room Ballads"; a line in the latter runs

I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.

In the MS. there is no word like "roost"; the word seems to be "trade." Later on come the words:

I loosed my neck from their rudder.

In the old MS. it stands:—

I loosed my neck from their service.

STAR, WEDNESDAY, 1 MARCH, 1899.

"STALKY AND CO."

MR. KIPLING'S LATEST WORK IN THE "WINDSOR MAGAZINE."

MR. KIPLING'S schoolboy story, "Stalky and Co.," continues its diverting course in the *Windsor Magazine* for March, which is just out. From many amusing incidents we quote that which here follows. It should be explained that the heroes of the story, Stalky, Turkey, and Beetle, have been privately "put up" by the school chaplain to convince of the error of their ways two older boys, Campbell and Sefton, who have been bullying a little chap named Clewer. Under pretence of organising a "cockfighting" bout ("shoes-off for them and shoes-on for us," said Sefton) they have got their victims trussed up and brought them to a contrite frame of mind. Stalky pursues the subject thus:—

"I say, Campbell, what did you bully Clewer for?"

He wept anew, his nerves being raw. "Because I was a bully. I suppose that's what you want me to say?"

"He says he is a bully. Right he is. Put him in the corner. No more japes for Campbell. Now, Sefton!"

"You devils! You young devils!" This and much more as he was punted across the carpet by skilful knees.

"'The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger.' We're goin' to make you beautiful. Where does he keep his shaving things? (Campbell told.) Beetle, get some water. Turkey, make the lather. We're goin' to shave you, Seffy, so you'd better lie jolly still, or you'll get cut. I've never shaved anyone before."

"Don't! Oh, don't! *Please* don't!"

"Gettin' polite, eh? I'm only goin' to take off one ducky little whisker——"

"I'll—I'll make it pax, if you don't. I swear I'll let you off your lickin' when I get up!"

"——*and* half that moustache we're so proud of. He says he'll let us off our lickin'. Isn't he kind?"

McTurk laughed into the nickel-plated shaving cup, and settled Sefton's head between Stalky's vice-like knees.

"Hold on a shake," said Beetle, "you can't shave long hairs. You've got to cut all that moustache short first, an' then scrape him."

"Well, I'm not goin' to hunt about for scissors. Won't a match do? Chuck us the matchbox. He *is* a hog, you know; we might as well singe him. Lie still!"

He lit a vesta, but checked his hand. "I only want to take off half, though."

"That's all right"—Beetle waved the brush—"I'll lather up to the middle—see?—and you can burn off the rest."

The thin-haired first moustache of youth fluffed off in flame to the lather line in the centre of the lip, and Stalky rubbed away the burnt stumpage with his thumb. It was not a very gentle shave, but it abundantly accomplished its purpose.

"Now the whisker on the other side. Turn him over!" Between match and razor this, too, was removed. "Give him this shaving glass. Take the gag out. I want to hear what he'll say."

But there were no words. Sefton gazed at the lop-sided wreck in horror and despair. Two fat tears rolled down his cheek.

"Oh, I forgot! I say, Sefton, what did you bully Clewer for?"

"Leave me alone! Oh, you infernal bullies, leave me alone! Haven't I had enough?"

"He says we must leave him alone," said McTurk.

"He says we are bullies, an' we haven't even begun yet," said Beetle. "You're ungrateful, Seffy. Golly! You *do* look an atrocity and a half!"

"He says he has had enough," said Stalky. "He errs!"

"Well, to work, to work!" chanted McTurk, waving a stump. "Come on, my giddy Narcissus. Don't fall in love with your own reflection!"

"Oh, let him off," said Campbell from his corner; "he's blubbing, too."

Sefton cried like a twelve year old with pain, shame, wounded vanity, and utter helplessness.

"You'll make it pax, Sefton, won't you? You can't stand up to those young devils——"

"Don't be rude, Campbell, dear," said McTurk, "or you'll catch it again!"

"You *are* devils, you know," said Campbell.

"What? For a little bullyin'—same as you've been givin' Clewer! How long have you been jestin' with him?" said Stalky. "All this term?"

"We didn't always knock him about though!"

"You did when you could catch him," said Beetle, cross-legged on the floor, dropping a stump from time to time across Sefton's instep. "Don't I know it?"

"I—perhaps we did."

"And you went out of your way to catch him? Don't I know it? Because he was an awful little beast, eh? Don't I know it? Now, you see, *you're* awful beasts, and you're gettin' what he got—for bein' a beast. Just because we choose."

"We never really bullied him—like you've done us."

"Yah!" said Beetle. "They never really bully—'Molly' Fairburn didn't. Only knock 'em about a little bit. That's what they say. Only kick their souls out of 'em, and they go and blub in the boxrooms. Shove their heads into the ulsters an' blub. Write home three times a day—yes, you brute, I've done that—askin' to be taken away. You've never been bullied properly, Campbell. I'm sorry you made pax."

"I'm not!" said Campbell, who was a humorist in a way. "Look out, you're slaying Sefton!"

In his excitement Beetle had used the stump unreflectingly, and Sefton was now shouting for mercy.

"An' you!" he cried, wheeling where he sat. "You've never been bullied, either. Where were you before you came here?"

"I—I had a tutor."

"Yah! You would. You never blubbed in your life. But you're blubbin' now, by gum! Aren't you blubbin'?"

"Can't you see, you blind beast?" Sefton fell over sideways, tear-tracks furrowing the dried lather. Crack came the cricket stump on the curved latter-end of him.

"Pax—oh, pax!" cried Sefton; "make it pax. I'll give up! Let me off! No more! I'm broke! I can't stand it!"

"Ugh! Just when we were getting our hand in!" grunted McTurk. "They didn't let Clewer off, I'll swear."

"Confess—apologise—quick!" said Stalky.

From the floor Sefton made unconditional surrender, more abjectly even than Campbell. He would never touch anyone again. He would go softly all the days of his life.

"We've got to take it, I suppose?" said Stalky. "All right, Sefton. You're broke? Very good. Shut up, Beetle! But before we let you up, you an' Campbell will kindly oblige us with 'Kitty of Coleraine'—à la Clewer."

"That's not fair," said Campbell; "we've surrendered."

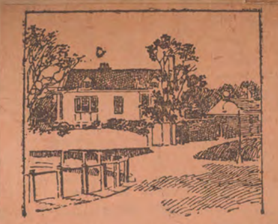
"Course you have. Now you're goin' to do what we tell you—same as Clewer would. If you hadn't surrendered you'd ha' been really bullied. Havin' surrendered—do you follow, Seffy?—you sing odes in honor of the conquerors. Hurry up!"

They dropped into chairs luxuriously. Campbell and Sefton looked at each other, and, neither taking comfort in that view, struck up "Kitty of Coleraine."

"Vile bad," said Stalky, as the miserable wailing ended. "If you hadn't surrendered it would have been our painful duty to buzz books at you for singin' out o' tune. Now, then."

He freed them from their bonds, but for several minutes they could not rise. Campbell was first on his feet, smiling uneasily. Sefton staggered to the table, buried his head in his arms, and shook with sobs. There was no shadow of fight in either—only amazement, distress, and shame.

To learn the sequel of this admirably-depicted episode of schoolboy life it is necessary to read the March *Windsor.*



MR. KIPLING'S ENGLISH HOME AT ROTTINGDEAN, NEAR BRIGHTON.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

DECIDED IMPROVEMENT.

At last the better news for which we have all been waiting has come. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's long struggle with illness and prostration now wears a far more cheerful aspect, for in every respect his condition shows some improvement, and the latest reports are distinctly favourable.

It appears that he can now breatne without artificial aid from oxygen, a fact which indicates that the lungs, however slowly, are recovering their normal function. The mere announcement that he has surmounted the most critical stage of the disease is a happy augury for the future, and everyone will hope that the advance towards health will be sustained all along the line.

Mrs. Kipling begs, through the meaium of the Press, to acknowledge the numberless messages, to which she is quite unable to respond in any other way. Princess Louise Marchioness of Lorne yesterday telegraphed her sympathy from Cannes.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

I am happy to be able to say that Mr. Kipling's chances are improving, and that apparently the crisis was passed last night.

Drs. Janeway and Dunham have issued a bulletin, saying,

"Mr. Kipling has gained since this morning. His temperature and pulse are low, and in every direction an improvement is noted."

The doctors also said that yesterday's delirium was replaced by natural sleep.

This is the most encouraging bulletin issued since the beginning of the illness.

Mr. Doubleday stated that while the bulletins contained all the actual facts from the professional standpoint, the inference that Mr. Kipling's condition had improved was undoubtedly correct.

"You should lay stress upon the fact," said Mr. Doubleday, "that Mr. Kipling himself is making a magnificent fight. He fully recognises his position, and he has summoned all that is within him to resist. He is a great man in more ways than one. It is not so much his physique that is standing him in good stead now as it is his courage and his nerve."

Mr. Doubleday added that during the morning the patient was in full possession of all his faculties. The function of respiration was so far improved that the use of oxygen was no longer necessary.

There was great joy in the hearts of the watchers last night when the incoherent speech of delirium subsided. The sick man's temperature went down, and sleep came instead.

Mr. Kipling physically is very much weakened, for this is the ninth day, and the malady has sapped his strength during this time. He has taken but little nutriment, and the demands upon his system have been very great, and only a small breathing surface is available in either lung. This puts extraordinary strain upon the heart.

The patient has shown indomitable will during his lucid intervals, which were longer to-day than yesterday. He seemed cheerful and interested in his friends and family. The conditions prevailing to-day were the direct result of the recuperative effect of his good night's rest. He is so weak, though, that he is liable at all times to the serious relapses that gave his friends and physicians such frights yesterday.

When Mrs. Kipling came downstairs for a drive to-day she was pale and worried, as usual, but seemed less depressed than yesterday. She was away for a little over half an hour. Her children, who were out this morning with their nurses, are looking in the best of health.

Dr. Couland of Brattleboro, the family physician of the Kiplings at their American home in Vermont, has arrived, and is now assisting the weary practitioners who have conducted the fight thus far.

5.0 p.m.

Late this afternoon Dr. Janeway, in reply to a question whether the crisis had passed, said:

"I cannot commit myself now. The next twenty-four hours will tell volumes of what we want to know."—*Laffan.*

Among the telegrams of inquiry and sympathy received to-day was one from the Princess Louise, despatched this afternoon from Cannes. Her Royal Highness said: "Deeply grieved at illness. Trusting for happy recovery.—*Central News*

It appears that in the earlier hours of last night the sufferer was delirious at times, and talked incoherently for a little while. The sleep which did so much good came later. The medical men say that his condition may become temporarily worse again at any time in the next twenty-four hours, but that such a change would not be necessarily alarming, being rather one of the features of the disease.—*Reuter.*

Sir James Crichton Browne paid a tribute to the worth and the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling at a dinner given last night by the Leathersellers' Company at Leathersellers' Hall. With indomitable courage the sufferer had been fighting against a dread malary, and they might, he thought, venture to hope that he would recover. (Cheers.) If that which they all so much desired came about, the young and popular author owed his life, not to his own strength and will power, but to the resources of medical science. But for the inhalation of oxygen—a recent application of scientific methods—Mr. Rudyard Kipling must have succumbed again and again, as by its employment a fragment of the lung was enabled to carry out the functions of that delicate organ.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

CONTINUED PROGRESS.

AN ABSURD RUMOUR.

The improvement in Mr. Kipling's health continues. He has now been ill for ten days, and the long strain upon his courage and physical resources will necessarily make his progress somewhat slow. The great thing, however, is that he seems to have turned the corner, and that is more than half the battle.

Both in America and in England the keenest interest is manifested in the course of Mr. Kipling's malady, and yesterday's better tidings have produced the most sincere joy. A report that two of Mr. Kipling's daughters had been attacked by pneumonia happily is untrue.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK, Thursday.

Now that Mr. Kipling is steadily improving, an attempt was made by the sensational papers this afternoon to create new anxieties as to the condition of his two little girls, Josephine, aged six, and Elsie, aged three. The announcement was made, with the usual staring head-lines, that both the children were nearly dead from pneumonia.

I am able to say that there is not a word of truth in this. Both children have had colds, Josephine's being attended by some bronchial complications, but they were not at all seriously ill.

There was another sensational report in circulation at the hotel this afternoon, to the effect that Mr. Kipling and his children were afflicted with bubonic plague. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kipling has not been in India for ten years, and his children have all been born since that time. Dr. Blauvelt, chief of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases of the Health Department, described the report as absurd.

The following is the latest bulletin:

"Mr. Kipling has made satisfactory progress. He has but slight fever, and is comfortable, though weak, and resolution is taking place in the affected portions of the lungs."

No mention at all is made of the children's alleged illness.

Although to-day is raw and rainy, and the weather is increasing the doctors' pneumonia patients alarmingly, Mr. Kipling is now undoubtedly improving. His splendid grit and healthy constitution, together with excellent attendance and nursing, throughout, have apparently won the struggle that without all these combined would have been fatal. Inquirers are allowed to believe that he is on the high road to recovery, though it may be a long one. The physicians have told Mrs. Kipling that they think their patient out of danger.

He had a good natural sleep last night, but more nourishment is desirable. Thus far they have been unable to administer anything but beeftea. Yet it was distinctly his best night since the illness began. His mind, now, is continuously clear, and the lung inflammation is checked. The only possible danger is a relapse during his present extreme weakness. The breathing is less sterterous to-day.

The usual bulletin was omitted this morning. Instead, Dr. Dunham issued a statement saying that, as no rapid change was expected in Mr. Kipling's condition, no bulletin would be issued until this afternoon, when Dr. Janeway returned for consultation.

Mr. McClure, the publisher, was in the sick room this morning. He says his friend is obtaining much natural sleep, and the attendants are now buoyant and cheerful. Dr. Conland and Dr. Dunham remained in the hotel all night, but Dr. Janeway left at midnight, saying that unless summoned he would not return until this afternoon.

The outlook having improved, Mrs. Kipling was induced to retire last night, for the first time since her husband's illness, for a full night's rest.

Mrs. Kipling breakfasted to-day for the first time in the public dining-room of the hotel. In spite of the succession of sore afflictions, she is bearing up bravely. Her unremitting attentions to both her children and husband have sustained her courage, though those near her say the worry and suspense she is still undergoing are sometimes harrowing. She drove out this morning at 10.20 a.m. to visit her daughter Josephine, and returned to the Hotel Grenoble at eleven o'clock.

Later.

Late this afternoon Dr. Dunham officially announced that the crisis in Mr. Kipling's illness has passed, and no further danger is anticipated. *Laffan.*

One of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poems forms the subject of the principal picture which Mr. Goodall, R.A., is sending to the Royal Academy this year—a fact that is particularly interesting at the present moment. The work was commenced some time ago, and is, we believe, almost completed.

It is possible to feel more hopeful of the ultimate result than was the case when it was understood that Mr. Kipling was suffering from double pneumonia of the typical kind. The chief danger now is the exhausting effect of the prolonged fever and struggle for life imperilled by the blocking of the lungs and the great strain put upon the heart. Mr. Kipling, though a man of apparently frail physique, has a sound constitution, and it is in such emergencies as that which he is now encountering with so much courage that, as he himself said of the hero of one of the stories in his last volume, clean living tells.—*British Medical Journal.*

Daily Mail

ARGEST CIRCULATION I THE WORLD.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1899.

SWORD AND PEN.

Corporal Hanham, the Soldier Poet, Sends a Poem to the "Daily Mail."

The Royal Fusiliers, at present stationed at Curragh Camp, Ireland, include a young soldier who, as a hobby, dallies in the primrose paths of poesy. Corporal Harold Hanham is twenty-four years of age.

He has achieved what might rank as a record in rapid promotion in these days of peace, when the opportunity to distinguish himself is seldom afforded an ambitious soldier.

Corporal Hanham enlisted on March 27, 1897. In twelve months exactly exemplary conduct and a more than average share of intelligence had gained for him the rank of lance-corporal. By November 1 of the same year he was full corporal, having risen from private in one year and seven months.

On the invitation of the "Daily Mail,"

CORPORAL HANHAM (the Soldier Poet).

Corporal Hanham has contributed the following to these pages:—

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Yes! Call me "Tommy Atkins" if you will.
It doesn't matter much about my name.
The British soldier still
Has a niche in Fame to fill,
And can scan his past without a blush of shame.

And Tommy isn't bound to be a fool,
If his early education wasn't grand;
In a stern and honest school,
He has learnt the Golden Rule,
And that's just the finest schooling in the land.

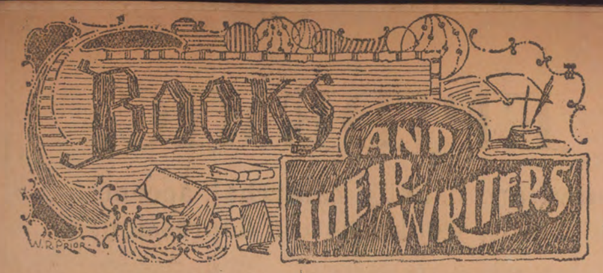
We've got our faults, and one of them is slang;
We may not speak Queen's English very well.
We can hear without a pang
A robust Hibernian twang,
Neatly blended with the tongue of "Whitechapelle."

But ignorance at such times may be bliss;
The wise man sometimes shuts both ear and eye,
And if "Tommy" is in this
Just a little bit remiss,
Yet when duty calls he knows the right reply.

So, Rudyard, pray don't think we all neglect
The higher mind that helps to make the man.
When our grammar's not correct,
Nor our language quite select,
You must let us down as lightly as you can.

Though your methods many times appear to mar
Your meaning, still we know what you intend;
And Tommies near and far
Fondly call you what you are,
"The soldier's laureate and the soldier's friend."

(Corporal) HAROLD HANHAM.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE SINGER OF IMPERIAL LAYS.

The English speaking race has been watching with pained and breathless interest the struggle Mr. Kipling has been waging with death for the past few days. The removal of Mr. Kipling would have meant the loss to England and to English literature of a writer who in prose and verse, ringing, vigorous, and masculine, has almost made a literary and national epoch. He has succeeded as no one else had done, or ever attempted, in making the British soldier, humble Tommy Atkins, understood and appreciated for what he is, a man of rude health and taste, of rollicking devilries and keen and dauntless courage. He has impressed the thought of the might and majesty of "our high Imperial lot," the dangers and the glories of it all, and bound the scattered Empire of the English with a song. If he had passed away at the early age of 34, and the danger, unhappily, is not yet over, Mr. Kipling would still have left a body of work, and achieved a degree of national fame and solid popularity which any man might envy. This he has won by the force and genius of an original, breezy, virile, and daring personality. He has spoken brave, honest, and true words, easily understood, and his reward has been instant and sure. It is true that his very recent work in fiction or song has not reached the supreme quality of his earlier out-put, culminating in that glorious national anthem "Recessional," but time, if he be spared, will be on his side, and under any circumstance his loss would be irreparable.

In the art of fiction, Mr. Kipling's versatile genius found best expression in the short story, one of the most difficult branches of literature. His "Soldiers' Tales," and some of the stories in "Many Inventions," remain the best fruits of his pen. In his tales of Indian military life Mr. Kipling might have taken Stevenson's lines as his motto:—

Son on my woman's body you go to the drum and fife.
To taste the colour and love and the other side of life.

Taking his types from the ranks, he gave us the inner and outer life of the army with naked reality, sympathy, and insight, till Mulvaney and his comrades became personages. Every side and almost every scene he painted with breezy humour or penetrating pathos. "With the Main Guard" and the "Drums of the Fore and Aft," may be quoted as instances. In the "Barrack Room Ballads," Tommy Atkins spoke for himself; and it was the same person as in the Soldiers' stories:—

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, fall be'ind,'
But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind.

It is by his verse, perhaps most of all that Mr. Kipling has shown the most distinctive and memorable work, in swinging ballads of the sea, ships, men and things; everything that has to do with the national life, the colour and human texture of it. The "Barrack Room Ballads" came first; then the "Seven Seas." The former opens with a poem among the most wonderful of the many striking things Mr. Kipling has written; stately and swelling in form, deep in feeling, and daring, almost audacious, in conception. It is dedicated to his dead friend, Wolcott Balestier:—

Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled—
Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died, they know the worth of their bays,
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the Elder Days.
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.

And ofttimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.

To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of Earth—
E'n as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

In the ballad of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," that "first-class fightin' man," Mr. Kipling spoke of the chivalry of the army for its foes. T. A. is a good sportsman— as well as a devil of a fighter:—

We've fought with many men across the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not;
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never get a ha'porth's change of 'im;
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses.
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

In Gunga Din, in his own dialect and way, Atkins tells of a deed of heroism and devotion by one of the "black-faced" crew:—

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.

It was 'Din! Din! Din!
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
'For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!'

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
'I 'ope you liked your drink,' sez Gunga Din.
So I lifted up my rifle
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

That has its moral on both sides.

* * * * * *

Mr. Kipling includes the animals in the army, making his rhyming soldier individualise them in his racy and natively humorous way. On transport the camel is requisitioned:—

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock 's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule 's a mule:
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's the devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.
O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken oont!
The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where 'e lies,
'E's blocked the whole division from the rear-guard to the front,
An' when we get him up again—the beggar goes an' di*!

In rhymical skill and in the command of the emotional elements of the subject of the poem, the ballad entitled "Ford O' Kabul River" is full of Mr. Kipling's finest qualities.

Kabul town's by Kabul river—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
There I lef' my mate for ever,
Wet an' drippin' by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river up and brimmin', an' there's arf a squadron swimmin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

* * * * * *

In this first volume glimpses are shown, but glimpses only, of the deeper and more solemn patriotic note reached by Mr. Kipling in the "Recessional" and some of the contents of the "Seven Seas." There is, however, the song of the "English Flag," with its oft-quoted lines:—"And what should they know of England, who only England know?" and the fine "Ballad of East and West:"—

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

* * * * * *

Early in the "Seven Seas" is seen the fuller development of Mr. Kipling's mission as singer in a graver and nobler strain of the Imperial destiny of the race:—

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overtale.
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heard and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale!

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

* * * * * *

From this to the "Recessional," published in the "Times," of July 17th, 1897, is a short step:

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

* * * * * *

In expansion of theme, Mr. Kipling sings of many things with boldness, mastery and effect; in his Song of the English:—

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS.

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness, and voe—
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!
Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-ports of the Morn!
Beat up, beat in from Sutherley, O gipsies of the Horn!
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us, main to main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!

THE SONG OF THE DEAD.

On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after—follow after! We have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!

Again:

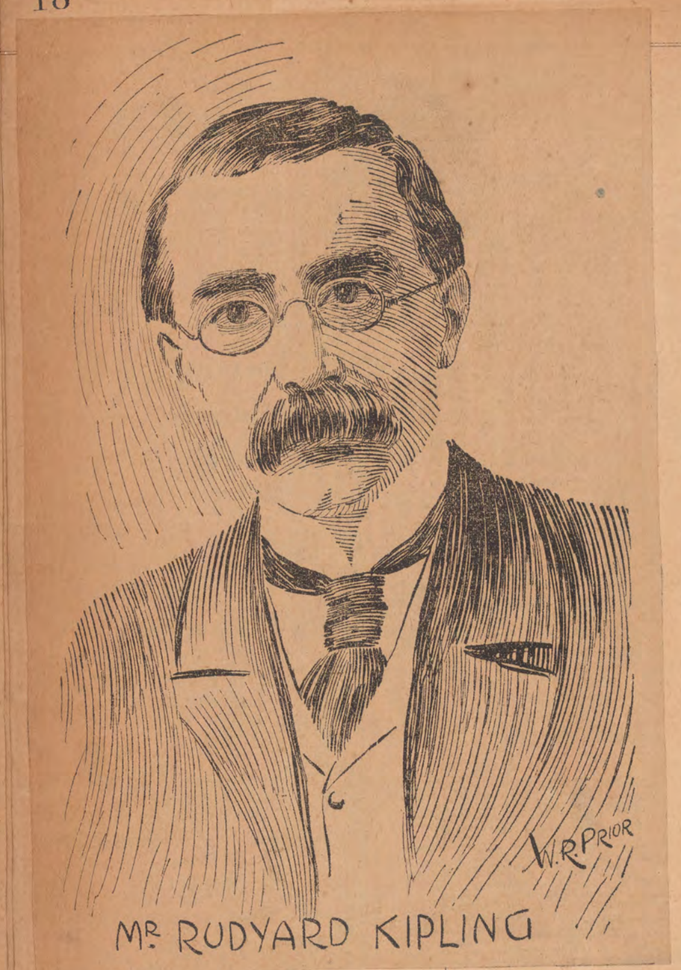
We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

* * * * * *

From the many unique and characteristic things in the volume, one selection only we can make in closing this limited review of Mr. Kipling's splendid achievements—a poem with a spacious view of things, splendidly imaged:—

L'ENVOI.

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!
And those that were good shall be happy—they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!
And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each [illegible]



THE TOPIC OF THE HOUR.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

The latest telegrams from New York permit me to offer a thanksgiving that one Englishman whom we could indeed ill afford to lose seems to be coming back to us. The shadow of fear recedes from Kipling's room, and the Great Gatherer of the worthy and the unworthy spares us our Best for a time.

MUSTARD AND CRESS.

THE intense interest taken in the progress of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's illness and the universal sympathy shown for the illustrious patient are easy to understand. Mr. Kipling has, more than any man of the century, voiced the Imperial instincts of the nation. And he has voiced them in language that has appealed alike to the classes and to the masses. When he sings of the sea the blood of the old Vikings pulses through his verse. And in his prose and verse alike are the bone and muscle of the athlete, as well as the wit and fancy of the poet.

* * *

There were certain things that wanted saying in a day when the craven fear of being great had become a plank in the platform of a once-powerful political party, and Kipling has said them as they had never been said before—as they probably will never be said again. A true son of the Empire, he has robed the Imperial idea in Imperial language. Rudyard Kipling is the poet of the cities and the seas, of the barracks and the battlefield, of burning India and the icy North—the great Pied Piper whose music has drawn all the scattered children of the Empire together to follow him with glad footsteps.

* * *

It has been stated that the illness of no great writer has ever attracted so much attention. This is true, but it must also be borne in mind that the Press methods of to-day lend themselves to the spread of excitement in a manner that was unknown a year or two ago. The new journalism spreads itself on subjects that it thinks likely to hold the interest of the greatest number, and it employs all its resources to work that interest up to fever pitch. It has had in Mr. Kipling a splendid subject to work up, and it was not slow to recognise the fact.

* * *

The Sunday Special

MARCH 5, 1899.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

It seems a queer thing to say, but His Holiness the Pope would have received much more general sympathy in the earlier stages of his illness if he had not been overshadowed by Rudyard Kipling.

Overheard in many places on Thursday: "Do you know, when I saw the newspaper placards yesterday evening beginning with 'Death of' in large capitals, I was so afraid it was Rudyard Kipling."

And yet the death of a man like Lord Herschell in the midst of a task of Imperial importance would ordinarily take precedence of most matters for national grief. And it has been made the more noteworthy by the fact that the Senate of the United States ordered the prayer offered by its blind chaplain on the occasion to be printed on its records. The man who three years ago—say, at the time of the "Dunraven Incident"—had dared to predict that the United States Senate would now be printing a eulogy of a British peer on its records, would have been accounted an absolute idiot.

As for Rudyard Kipling, one might say that in the whisper Under the Deodars, in the wash of The Seven Seas, On the Road to Mandalay, and wherever the Coastwise Lights of England flash it was felt that if he who wrote The Song of the English, In Black and White, should arrive so soon At the End of the Passage of Life's Handicap, reaching The City of Dreadful Night with A Light that Failed in the Day's Work and become The Man Who Was, passing in a Phantom Rickshaw to The Last Department, it would be A White Man's Burden too heavy to be borne—or words to that effect.

By our common fear of losing him, Kipling's illness has been the first object lesson on any large scale of the reality of the bond of a common language between Britain and the States. Hitherto its chief use has lain in the facilities it offered for bandying abuse across the Atlantic.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling was born in India. The family, I believe, originally came from Staffordshire. It is not unlikely that Kipling's christian name is a reminiscence of the village of Rudyard that lies somewhere between the hilly country of Stafford and Derbyshire. The other day it was stated, in an American journal that the Kiplings were a Derbyshire family. The men of that county who live in London are gathering themselves into a society for social intercourse. They would no doubt be glad to inscribe the name of Kipling on their roll of honour; but Staffordshire and India are before them. Some five years ago it seemed as if the poet had intended to take up his residence for good at Tisbury, about an hour's ride from Salisbury. He was delighted with the district, but after a time thought he would like a house somewhere on the English coast where he could see the ships beating up and down channel, and it was understood that he had instructed an architect to build him a place having such an aspect. But he eventually drifted to Rottingdene, near Brighton, and became quite a familiar figure on a bicycle between the little coast town and the "city by the sea." It could not be said that his desire to watch the traffic of the sea from his windows was satisfied at Rottingdene, but he evidently enjoyed the country, and found the society of his friend and relation, Burne Jones, an abiding attraction. His American home at Vermont must have been a characteristic and comfortable house, with a romantic environment. It seems to have become a little distasteful to him on account of trouble with his brother-in-law, the story of which appeared in the papers some time ago. On his recent return from England the professional and business men of the neighbourhood proffered him a public reception and banquet. This was intended to show their sympathy with him in the affair with his brother-in-law. There was another brother-in-law, a Belastier, whom many literary men in London will remember very agreeably, a man of great parts, modest and amiable, who, alas, died before he had barely approached the object of his ambition in the English metropolis.

"When Skies are Grey."

During the summer month in Vermont, Julia Marlowe, the popular American actress, resided on a farm near Brattleborough, where Kipling lived. She was a great favourite in the Kipling household. By the way it will be interesting to mention that she is the wife of Mr. Taber, who made so great a success with Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum in "Peter The Great," and who was prevented from appearing in "The Only Way" by an attack of illness, from which one is glad to know he is recovering. Last Christmas Kipling sent Julia Marlowe a copy of "The Day's Work," and on the fly-leaf he wrote:—

When skies are grey instead of blue,
With clouds that come to dishearten,
When things go wrong, as they sometimes do
In life's little kindergarten:
I beg you, my child, don't weep and wail,
And don't take to tippling,
But cheer your soul with a little tale
By Neighbour Rudyard Kipling.

"Take Up The White Man's Burden" was accepted in America in the spirit in which it was written with one exception, and I suspect the new weekly paper, "The Criterion," must now be feeling very bad for its Anti-English, Anti-Kipling, retort. "The People," having said a good word for this bright and clever New York paper has the right to protest against a certain nagging tone of hostility towards the old country that is unworthy of an enlightened journal, professing to have a message to the world of art and civilisation.

DRAWN BY RUDYARD KIPLING:

Very few people, except among his immediate friends, know Rudyard Kipling as an artist. Nevertheless he is exceedingly clever with pen and pencil. The "Daily Mail" to-day is the first newspaper to reproduce pictures by Rudyard Kipling. Here are two sketches which he dashed off in a few moments when last in London while waiting for a friend.

Mr. Kipling inscribed the pictures with the words "Poor Machiavelli." The original drawings in pen and ink are now among the highly-prized treasures of a lady well known in Society.

NEAR CONVALESCENCE.

MR. KIPLING MAKING SPLENDID PROGRESS.

DANGER OF RELAPSE ALMOST OVER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, March 3.

Mr. Kipling continues to recover, and his improvement if slow is sure.

He rested well last night, and is stronger to-day. The fever is abating, his lungs are clearing, and the danger of a relapse is almost over.

In fact, the patient is making such rapid progress that the presence of Dr. Janeway, the senior physician, is no longer necessary. Drs. Dunham and Conland will stay in the hotel a week longer, or until recovery is assured.

The constant attendance of a physician is not imperative now, and only one nurse remained at the bedside last night.

Mr. Kipling is still subsisting on beef extract, but will soon be able to take more substantial food if the present rate of improvement is maintained.

Drs. Janeway and Dunham issued the following bulletin at 2.15 this afternoon:—

"Mr. Kipling has continued to improve so that to-day his temperature and pulse are almost normal."

Dr. Janeway afterwards said:—"Since the first

REAL SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT

began Mr. Kipling has continued to get better almost every hour."

At 6 p.m. the reports from the sick room were still favourable, and only one bulletin daily will be issued hereafter.

Mr. Kipling this morning for the first time since his condition became critical asked about the news of the day, and seemed much affected by the intense public interest his illness has created.

Every precaution is being taken to prevent him learning of the illness of his children. Josephine, the eldest daughter, is still very ill with pneumonia, but favourable symptoms have appeared, and it is hoped she will soon be out of danger. Elsie, the next child, is on the high road to recovery, and John, the baby, is now practically well.

Intense gratification is everywhere expressed at the prospects of Mr. Kipling's recovery. The public seems satisfied that the danger has passed, and there is a great falling off to-day in the number of callers at the Hotel Grenoble.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

LORD CURZON ON MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA.

CALCUTTA, March 3.

At the annual meeting to-day in aid of the Dufferin Fund, Lord Curzon made an eloquent and stirring speech.

Alluding to the science of medicine as the greatest boon given by the West to the East, the Viceroy quoted Mr. Rudyard Kipling's recent poem:—

Take up the white man's burden,
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of famine,
And bid the sickness cease.

Referring to the enormous amount of suffering which was being relieved in India, Lord Curzon urged Europeans to persist in their efforts, and he encouraged wealthy natives to support the work. He assured the crowded audience that Lady Curzon was determined to do her utmost to brighten and alleviate the lot of the women of India.

The Viceroy's speech was warmly applauded. —Reuter.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE "TIMES."

The "Times" has a leader to-day on Mr. Kipling's illness. "The call to depart," it says, "had come to him, it almost seemed, a few days ago, when he had still so much to say, and when so many were eager to listen. To pass away at 33, just when he had attained command of his genius, and when one or two finer veins than any he had yet worked seemed to have been struck, would be hard and pathetic.

"But this does not explain the depth and width of the interest in his fate as it hung in the balance for a week, the sharpness of the regret when it appeared too probable that he was about to enter the ever open gate. Nor does this account for the wave of sympathy passing over people in whose lives, as a rule, books count for little and who are not disposed to make heroes of men of letters. The inquiries which have flooded the New York hotel in which he has been lying came from every country in which our tongue is spoken, and from people of every class and station. The deep sympathy manifested in America may be regarded as a fitting tribute to the writer who has of late done more than diplomacy and treaties, arbitration and speech-making, to convince two nations sprung from the same stock that they are still in many ways one.

. . . "We are not now trying to sum up the merits and faults of a writer who, it is reasonable now to hope, has still a long course to travel before his work is done. But in presence of the outburst of sympathetic affection towards Mr. Kipling it is but natural to remark that he who strikes the heroic note in literature has apparently the best chance of being regarded as a hero by his readers: that he whose fables and stories are calculated to make good citizens is appreciated in the republic as he deserves to be."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A KIPLING FALLACY.

It is a common enough fallacy to regard Rudyard Kipling, says the "Outlook," as a young man enjoying the fruits of early success; to depict his ascent more as a leap into fame than as an ordered progress. We readily forget the seventeen long years of strenuous labour that reach behind him; the goal, hard won and resolutely fought for, he had before him during the ten years he toiled in India. Mr. Kipling is barely thirty-three years of age, but a man's years should be measured by what they hold. Of the long and silent struggle for recognition, of his prolonged apprenticeship Mr. Kipling has told us something in "The Light that Failed," more perhaps in the various "Envois" with which he brought to a close the half-dozen paper booklets that first helped us to acquaintance.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF—WOMAN.

In a lengthy appreciation of Kipling, the Speaker remarks:—"Women do not read him, but neither do they read Dumas. They shrink from the humours of Mulvaney, but they shrink still more from Falstaff. Mr. Kipling is one of the few writers who have won renown without the help of woman." It would be interesting to hear what cultured women have to say in the matter.

A RACE FOR RECOVERY.

Mr. Kipling and the Pope may now be said to be running a race of recovery—his Holiness being handicapped by having to carry a small burden of 56 extra years.

THE PASSING HOUR.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

A man said in a club last night, "Twelve lines in the papers for his Holiness the Pope, and a column to Rudyard Kipling! What are the newspapers coming to?" It was a picturesque exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that the papers have been right, at any rate, in assessing the popular interest in the Empire poet and novelist. If he collects all the cablegrams, comments, and columns which have been written about him during the week, Mr. Kipling will have what he will be justified in thinking his Hundred Best Books.

* * *

DAILY MAIL, LONDON, MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1899. 20

MR. KIPLING OUT OF DANGER

GERMAN EMPEROR SENDS A CHARACTERISTIC MESSAGE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, March 5.

Mr. Kipling's condition is still improving, but his progress towards recovery is somewhat retarded by the damp, rainy weather, which is very much against pneumonia patients.

He rested well on Saturday and last night, and seemed slightly better this morning. He is recuperating on a diet of beef tea, and is gaining strength rapidly, considering how close to death he was a week ago.

Drs. Janeway and Dunham issued the following bulletin at two o'clock this afternoon:—

"Mr. Kipling is making slow convalescence, with slight continuing fever. The resolution in the lungs has advanced, though it is not yet complete."

Mr. Kipling's little daughter Josephine is still very ill with pneumonia, and her condition is causing great anxiety. Elsie, the next child, is reported to be better. Mrs. Kipling is much exhausted by the constant watching of her husband and children.

A number of callers at the Hotel Grenoble today left cards, and some left floral offerings. Many messages were received expressing pleasure at the news that Mr. Kipling is recovering.

NEW YORK, March 4.

One of the doctors in attendance on Mr. Kipling made the following statement last night:—"Mr. Kipling continues to improve and is out of danger."—Reuter.

"OUR GREAT COMMON RACE."

NEW YORK, March 5.

Among the messages received to-day at the Hotel Grenoble was one from the German Emperor at Berlin. It was addressed to Mrs. Kipling, and ran as follows:—

"As an enthusiastic admirer of the unrivalled books of your husband, I am most anxious for news about his health. God grant that he may be spared to you and to all who are thankful to him for the soul-stirring way in which he has sung about the deeds of our great common race. —WILLIAM."—Laffan.

The Kaiser's telegram to Mrs. Kipling emphasises once more the common interests of England and Germany, and will do much to dispel the idea that Germany is working against America in the Far East. If only we could see a little more of the feeling that Englishmen and Germans are of the same race, in Germany, we should be well pleased. Unfortunately, the German Press has not, as yet, responded to England's advances.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

"Tompkins," in the *Daily Chronicle*, manages to crystallise the public feeling about Kipling very neatly in his artless Cockney way:—

Let 'im stop, so ter speak, with 'is 'and on the door,
As a bloke whort's put darn 'is glawss ter go,
But turns when they says ter 'im, "Tell us some more,
Come on nar! 'Arf a mo'!"

Now that Kipling is out of danger we are all rather angry with him for giving us such a fright, and rather ashamed of ourselves for having betrayed so much anxiety. It is human nature, just as it is human nature for "Mrs. Tompkins" to pull her offspring from under the imminent deadly brewer's dray and then thump him in the back "for giving of her such a turn."

The deadliest thing that has been said about Kipling was the line on the *Evening Standard* poster describing him as "Mr. R. Kipling."

Kipling is said to be reading the papers again, and he may reflect with a grim chuckle that he has spoiled a hastily written obituary notice and portrait in every daily newspaper office in the English-speaking parts of the world. Some of the papers, indeed, are unable to resist the temptation to work off chunks of their funeral orations, and we have seen more than one portrait which looked suspiciously as if a black border had been cut off it.

4 MARCH, 1899.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1899.

KIPLING'S ILLNESS.

DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

A MOTHER'S FORTITUDE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK, Monday.

It seems as though the fates had decreed that, after all, some sort of tragedy was to occur to Mr. Kipling on American soil, where he is so greatly honoured. His little daughter Josephine died this morning of a complication of pneumonia and bronchitis.

When her father was first taken ill she was suffering from a cold, with bronchial symptoms, and she was for convenience sake removed to the house of Miss de Forest, an intimate friend of Mrs. Kipling.

Although carefully watched and nursed, nobody believed that the child was seriously ill until last night, when the little girl suddenly collapsed, and died at half-past six this morning.

No information as to her condition has been forthcoming, and the public interest in her father's condition has entirely overshadowed her sad little illness and demise.

Mr. Kipling himself is getting on splendidly. I cannot say for certain, but I do not believe that the story of Josephine's death has yet been told him. He is, however, now strong enough to bear even such a burden as that.

Mr. Kipling's physicians insist that the death of his daughter must be carefully withheld from him until they give their consent to his being informed. His sick-room attendants have been pledged to secrecy in the matter, as the doctors are convinced that should the least inkling of the unhappy occurrence reach their patient in his present weak condition, the shock would seriously retard his recovery, if it did not actually prove fatal to him.

The weather is now clear and cool, and owing no doubt in part to this circumstance, the improvement in Mr. Kipling's state is to-day more marked than at any time since his illness changed for the better. He slept the greater part of last night. His diet is confined to beef-tea and eggnog, and his physicians say that he will not be able to take any solid food for another week. The following bulletin was issued this afternoon:

"Mr. Kipling has done well during the last twenty-four hours. Now that the resolution is almost complete, he has some discomfort from the more free movement of the lungs, due to the greater rubbing of the inflamed pleura. This is a very common accompaniment of pneumonia. The next bulletin will not be issued until Wednesday."

The death of Mr. and Mrs. Kipling's child has aroused a universal feeling of profound sorrow and sympathy. Messages addressed to Mrs. Kipling are pouring in from all parts of the country. The fortitude she is showing under her double trial is marvellous. Josephine's death was not unexpected; indeed, for some days past the doctors had feared a fatal ending to her sickness. Throughout the greater part of yesterday Mrs. Kipling was torn by anxiety, and she spent last evening in frequent trips between the bedsides of her husband and her daughter. But she did not for a moment lose control of herself whilst with Mr. Kipling, and maintained in his presence the same cheerfulness that she has displayed all along, although knowing that her little daughter was at the point of death.

Dr. Conland was with the dying child throughout the night. Early in the morning he noticed a decided change, and at once sent to inform her mother, but before Mrs. Kipling had time to dress a message reached her to say that Josephine was dead. Notwithstanding her grief, she controlled her feelings so bravely that when her husband awoke from sleep she was able to greet him with a reassuring smile. The physicians are as much surprised at her fortitude as at her physical stamina, but they are apprehensive lest she should succumb to the terrible strain. Arrangements are to be made to-night for the funeral.

The other child, Elsie, is improving.—*Laffan.*

BERLIN, Monday.

Mrs. Kipling has expressed her heartfelt thanks through the German Ambassador at Washington for the message sent to her by the Emperor William, and at the same time stated that her husband was on the way to recovery.—*Reuter.*

DAILY CHRONICLE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1899.

MR. KIPLING.

Wild Weather in New York.

Little Josephine's Funeral.

[From Our Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

It is understood that the funeral of little Josephine Kipling took place to-day. At the particular request of Mrs. Kipling, however, the Press, with surprising consideration, refrained from describing what may have happened.

Mr. Kipling is still unaware of his daughter's death. His own recovery is delayed by a sharp change in the weather, which to-day recalls the late blizzard. There was a heavy snowstorm during the night, accompanied by wild wind, which has compelled a large fleet of merchant vessels to cast anchor off Sandy Hook. A sharp drop in the temperature is expected to-night, but to-morrow the weather will probably be milder.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

NEW YORK, March 7.

Mr. Kipling passed a restful night. He is, however, closely watched in order to guard against any relapse, to which he will be liable for a fortnight or longer.

With regard to Miss Josephine's funeral, Mrs. Kipling fears that owing to the public interest in her husband, the church, in which the service will be held, would, were the announcement made in advance, be crowded with people attracted by curiosity. The child, Mrs. Kipling says, in no sense belongs to the public, and she does not wish the funeral to partake of the character of a spectacle.

MESSAGE FROM THE POET LAUREATE.

The Poet Laureate, who is in Italy, has sent the following telegram to Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's father:—

"I rejoice at your gifted son being out of danger. Had he succumbed, literature and patriotic sentiment would indeed have had cause to mourn. I send you and his mother my warmest and most friendly congratulation from the land where, three years ago, you and I had such pleasant experiences. "ALFRED AUSTIN.

"Florence, Villa Nuti, Bellosguardo."

The *Times* this morning has what the *Pall Mall Gazette* would call an Occ. Poem, "To Rudyard Kipling, Esq., from Thomas Atkins," who says:—

"The sergeant said: 'E won't get round. It's 'three rounds blank' for 'im!
'E won't write no more stories!' And our 'opes was bloomin' dim,
But you 'ad always 'elped T. Atkins, an' though things did look blue—
Well! we ain't much 'ands at praying, but we did our best for you."

The "three rounds blank" is of course a reference to Kipling's own indescribably mournful soldier's funeral march, entitled, "Follow Me 'Ome":—

"So it's three rounds blank and follow me,
An' it's thirteen rank, and follow me.
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin'?
Follow me, follow me 'ome."

And if Kipling had needed an epitaph, which we devoutly hope that for many a long year he may not, nothing would have been more appropriate than the first verse of that same song:—

"There was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot,
Nor any o' the Guns I knew,
An' because it was so, why, o' course he went an' died,
Which is just what the best men do.
So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin',
Follow me—follow me 'ome!"

30 MARCH, 1899.

The Star

The Sun

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

MARCH 12, 1899.

MEN & THINGS

A statement was made the other day that Mr. Henley is the only editor who has taken any liberties in the way of emendation or erasure with Mr. Kipling's manuscript. The "Literary World" calls attention to the fact that the editor of "Lippincott" compelled Mr. Kipling to alter for serial publication "The Light That Failed," by giving it a happy ending instead of the one the author intended, and expresses the opinion that the work gained by the alteration. Mr. Kipling has, however, preserved his original termination, and also the stanza that fell a victim to Mr. Henley's blue pencil. Perhaps, in this matter, Mr. Kipling regards Mr. Henley as on the level of the editor who declined with thanks one of Thackeray's works.

"POOR LITTLE JOE!"

HOW MR. KIPLING BORE THE NEWS OF HIS DAUGHTER'S DEATH.

Mr. Kipling is still improving, and was able yesterday evening to eat more solid food than at any time since he has been ill.

He has been informed of the death of his daughter Josephine, but is bearing up bravely. He asked how long she had been ill, and, as he listened to his attendant's reply, he murmured, with tears in his eyes, "Poor little Joe!"

The doctors thought it best to break the news of Josephine's death, as the worry and distrust with which he seemed to receive the replies given to his inquiries regarding his daughter would probably have proved more harmful than the knowledge of the truth.—Reuter.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

Poets, both major and minor, professional and amateur, have been stirred to the depths of their rhymes by Mr. Kipling's illness. Fully a score of poems have been offered to *The Star*, which seldom publishes poetry. Some of these were memorial odes! They were promptly returned, without waiting to see if they would be wanted.

Now it is the congratulatory muse which is being invoked, and the effect is more pleasing. We quoted a parody yesterday from the *Times*. There is another in to-day's *Outlook*—a parody of the famous "Bobs." It is Mr. J. W. H. Trosland who sings:—

Nay—we couldn't let 'im go,
Little Kips,
'Cos we found we loved 'im so,
Our Kips;
'E has suffered grief and pain
'Nuff to turn a feller's brain;
But 'e's getting' well again—
Aint yer, Kips?

Meantime a representative of the *Academy* has been "trying him on the dog." "Like to see *The Star*?" he said to a cabman; "Kipling's all right now." The cabman showed a sympathetic interest, but "I don't seem to know the party," he said.

But for downright "appreciation" we have to go to a Frenchman, M. André Cherillon, who says that Kipling "speaks of the navigation of the Hooghly like a Calcutta pilot; of elephants like a cornac; of the jungle, wild boars, and the nilghai—of the hours and reasons of their migrations—like a hunter; of the misery and crime of the East-end like a superintendent of police or the president of a charitable society; and of beer and gin like an intelligent drunkard. He is omniscient and imperturbable."

SATURDAY, 11 MARCH, 1899.

THE REFEREE

MUSTARD AND CRESS.

The "Daily Chronicle" states that the new rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, who took his stall in the Abbey on Saturday, "made his obeisance to the altar and spoke respectfully of the Pope and Mr. Kipling." There is a slight suggestion of incongruity somewhere in that sentence.

* * *

DAILY TELEGRAPH

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1899.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

Mr. Kipling was feeling very well last night. Dr. Dunham, who remains in constant attendance, thinks that he will be able to permit him to sit up in two or three days, if the improvement continues.—*Reuter.*

The Press Association is asked by the Chief Rabbi to state that he is not the Dr. Adler who was reported by a New York correspondent as having said that Mr. Kipling "represented the spirit of Anglo-Saxon rowdyism." The Chief Rabbi entertains a profound admiration for Mr. Kipling's genius, and shares to the full the rejoicings of his fellow-countrymen that the precious life of this great writer has been spared to inspire and to cheer the great Anglo-Saxon race.

"FRIENDS AND BROTHERS."

ANGLO-AMERICAN TIES.

BRILLIANT SPEECH BY THE NEW AMBASSADOR.

Mr. Choate's first appearance at a public function since his arrival in London as the American Ambassador was made last evening at the annual dinner of the Association of Chambers of Commerce. Important and interesting speeches were delivered by the American Ambassador, the President of the Board of Trade, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., presided over the dinner, which was held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole. The company included, in addition to the American Ambassador, Mr. Ritchie (President of the Board of Trade), Lord Charles Beresford, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Jersey, the Earl of Lichfield, Lord Reay, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Donald M. Wallace, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Courtenay Boyle (Board of Trade), Mr. J. H. Choate (son of the American Ambassador), Colonel Lugard, and a large number of members of Parliament.

MR. CHOATE'S RECEPTION.

Mr. G. T. HARPER (Vice-President) proposed "The Health of the Guests," coupled with the names of the United States Ambassador (the Hon. J. H. Choate) and the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell of Killowen).

The toast was drunk amid loud cheers, the company upstanding.

The AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, on rising to respond, was greeted with further cheering.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S ILLNESS.

I refer to the sudden and startling and almost fatal illness, and the happy recovery of, Rudyard Kipling. (Cheers.) Somehow or other he has reached the hearts of more of the English-speaking men and women than any other writer. He is cherished equally in the palaces of queens and emperors, and in the cabins of the poor, and when the sorrowful tidings went out to every quarter of the globe of his condition, a response came back to him which must have thrilled his heart with gratitude and pride. (Cheers.) No, gentlemen, we are almost one people. What I say is, let our voices always be lifted together for the cause of human progress and the advance of civilisation—(cheers)—and, my word for it, if that can always be followed, why law and order and peace and freedom, which are the nurses the world over of commerce, will prevail, and the cause of humanity will be advanced. (Cheers.)

DAILY TELEGRAPH, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1899.

Daily Chronicle Office

FRIDAY MORNING.

21

MARCH 17, 1899.

What Rudyard Kipling calls his "best smoking room story" has just been told by Miss Florence Hayward, in the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." There is a road in Virginia the name of which is spelt "Enroughty," but it is pronounced "Darby." This story happened to be told by Miss Hayward at a dinner at which Kipling was present, when he broke in, "You have saved my reputation by telling that. You are the first man, woman, or child who could back me up in it." The explanation of the peculiarity is that the Derbys were an English family, who settled in Virginia in the colonial days. One of the sons, the traditional black sheep of the family, was left a share in his father's will on condition that he changed his name. He changed the spelling of his name to Enroughty, but kept the pronunciation as Darby. On hearing this explanation, Kipling said, "I think I will change my name to Smith." "You can spell it Smith if you like," was the reply, "but it will always be pronounced Kipling," a remark which caused him to look "as unfeignedly pleased as a boy."

WRITERS AND READERS.

The day before illness struck him down, Mr. Rudyard Kipling amused himself by reading advance sheets of the "Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne." These had been sent him by the American publisher, for only now is the work being issued. The gallant sergeant was with Bonaparte in many a fight, and his account of these diverted Mr. Kipling. The latter, on being taken over a New York book-printing office, equipped to perfection, made the remark, "You do all this in America, and still some of you appear to doubt whether you can govern two islands." He meant the Philippines and Cuba.

Daily Mail

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.

LONDON, MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1899.

Mr. Kipling as Fighting Editor.

Among Kipling's early journalistic experiences was his involuntary assumption "for this occasion only" of the role of the fighting editor. He was essentially a man of peace, and would always prefer making an angry man laugh to fighting with him; but one day there called at the office a very furious photographer. What the paper may have said about him or his photographs has been forgotten, but never will those who witnessed it forget the rough-and-tumble all over the floor in which Kipling and he indulged. The libel, or whatever it was, which had infuriated the photographer, was not Kipling's work, but the quarrel was forced upon him; and although he was handicapped by his spectacles and smaller stature he made a very fine scrap of it, and then the photographer—who, it may be remarked, was very drunk—was ejected. And Kipling wiped his glasses and buttoned his collar.—"Literature."

Tom Topics
Jan 2, 1901

THE LITERARY SHOW

NEW FICTION ON OUR UNDERWORLD AND INDIA'S

SURELY here at last is the beginning of that "Book of Mother Maturin" that Kipling promised us, more than ten years ago, in that fine Plain Tale from the Hills called "To Be Filed for Future Reference!" The name is "Kim, King of the Rishti," and it is the real East once more, the East that Kipling once and for all time taught us the smell, the air and the romance of; the real East, with its wonders, its mixture of superstition and modernity; the East of the bazaars and the Serai, "where the horse-traders and the best of the blackguards from Central Asia" live. We have in the opening of Mr. Kipling's new novel promise of the most entrancing adventure that has ever come even from his own pen. For he is taking us back to that India of mystery and crime, that wonderful admixture of creeds, customs, idolatries and splendors, that he sketched for us in the first book he gave us. In the years that have come and gone since that first book awoke the West from its ignorance anent the East—as much of the East, at any rate, as India and its neighbors cover—Kipling has dipped into many pots of romance, has made us taste of many new and strange delights, yet never, I think, has he quite, for the least sophisticated, the most appreciative, of readers, reproduced the brave, romantic gaudiness and glamour of his first fruits. Not but what his art, venturing forth upon vastly other courses, has gained in grasp and tone. One has only to contrast the new book, "Kim," with the manner of the Plain Tales to observe the softening, broadening, of the Kipling style. It is no longer what he himself, in the very story that I venture to take as a forecast of "Kim," namely, the "Filed for Reference," calls "jerky jargon." What it may have lost in primitive freshness, in fine bluster, in splendid pride of fore-knowledge, it has gained in tolerance, in temper and in kindliness. Yet the manner, after all, is a detail. We may analyze, we may blame or praise, the Kipling manner, new or old, as we will, the story itself is the real thing; he holds us chained to the wheels of his narrative, and to reck of the how or why is mere waste. Here, in "Kim," we have the beginning of what is, upon the very first face of it, a great book, a masterpiece by a master, a romance laying bare the real deeps of the great East. Here, for every man, woman and child who ever felt the message of the Plain Tales is the old fascination writ larger, more firmly, more magnetically.

At the end of the first instalment of "Kim" we are no more than within the gate of the chronicle to come, yet already the old magic enchantment of this wizard of the East, Kipling, is upon us, and we long for the further chapters as keenly as every boy longed for the continuance of "Treasure Island" or the "Twenty Thousand Leagues." We are at the heart of the Serai of Lahore, with its motley of all Central Asia, and we need noses none too keen to know that adventures of many sorts are in store for the wise little urchin, Kim, and the old lama from Thibet, whom he has undertaken to guide to the finding of the Great River where Buddha's arrow fell. Contrast the brief quotation I took from "To Be Filed for Future Reference" with these words from the opening of "Kim": "They made their way through the press of all the races of Upper India, and the lama mooned through it like one in a dream. . . . Here were all manner of Northern folk, tending tethered ponies and kneeling camels; loading and unloading bales and bundles; drawing water for the evening meal at the creaking windlasses; piling grass before the shrieking, wild-eyed stallions; cuffing the surly caravan dogs; paying off camel drivers; taking on new grooms; swearing, shouting, arguing and chaffering in the packed square. . . . ."

There you have, more broadly, the same thing that one brusque line described in the final story from the "Plain Tales." In other ways, too, you may find the promise of "Kim" in Kipling's first-fruits. The India of "Kim" is the India of the Great Game, the eternal communion—half warfare, half alliance—between the Indian Government and the vast confederations of various crimes. The figure of Mahbub, the horse-trader of "Kim," already rises to alluring clearness in assuring us mystery and adventure to come. This red-bearded horse-dealer of the Punjab, whose caravans penetrate to the "Back of Beyond," who knows even a red lama of Thibet at first sight, was registered by number in one of the Indian departments, and was wont to send in, now and then, a little story that concerned an out-of-the-way principality or so, a banker here, and a firm of gunmakers there. Him, moreover, the principalities suspected, and ordered searched in the manner of the East. Had it not been for Kim, long an apprentice at the trade of secret messages, and bold mendacities, Mahbub, the gates of his mouth loosened by drink, would have been shorn of the very paper that would have proved him the spy to the Government. "Mahbub had been foolish enough to seek of a certain girl some information concerning a clerk whom he suspected of having waylaid despatches of his;" they "fell to drinking perfumed brandy, against the law of the Prophet, and Mahbub grew wonderfully drunk, and the gates of his mouth were loosened, and he pursued the Flower of Delight with the feet of intoxication till he fell flat among the cushions, where the Flower of Delight, aided by the smooth-faced Kashmire clerk, searched him from head to foot most thoroughly." Simultaneously, another sleek young gentleman is searching Mahbub's every possession in his quarters; being, however, observed of Kim, who realized at once that the little package given him shortly before was the quest desired. So Kim, the lama and the secret message go upon their ways, and we halt at the brink of the story, breathless for more. We are once more in the India of hidden machinations, the India of Strickland. Do you remember Strickland? The Strickland who was before Sherlock Holmes, and whom, though our glimpses of him were brief enough, we may suspect to have been a greater even than Holmes. Strickland, as all who ever heard of "Miss Youghal's Sais" will recall, went deeper than the very skin of India, though his position in the Indian Police was but slightly bettered thereby. He knew as much about the natives as the natives themselves; he spent seven years initiating himself into the unknown. Who knows, perhaps, we shall find Strickland himself making his appearance in "Kim." For you may remember how Kipling left Strickland in some likelihood of a reappearance. While he had promised to stick to routine, "it was a sore trial to him; for the streets and the bazaars, and the sounds in them, were full of meaning to Strickland, and these called to him to come back and take up his wanderings and his discoveries. Some day I will tell you how he broke his promise to help a friend. That was long since, and he has, by this time, been nearly spoilt for what he would call shikar. He is forgetting the slang, and the beggar's cant, and the marks, and the signs, and the drift of the undercurrents, which, if a man would master, he must always continue to learn."

If Strickland is not to appear to us in "Kim," yet is it the world that Strickland burrowed about in that we find, the world of the "undercurrents," and the world that *McIntosh Jellaludin* of "To Be Filed for Reference," know so much better that he "used actually to laugh at Strickland as an ignorant man."

Consideration of those "undercurrents" of India that Kipling has illumined for us so vividly brings opportunity for pointing out that the printed discovery of this nether life is not confined to the Orient. The world is, with all its crying contrasts, the same in essentials. The clashing and commingling of the contrasts that Kipling emphasizes in his pictures of India exist in every metropolis of the Occident, in Paris, in London and in New York. The colors of the picture are different, but the themes are similar. All who have ever gone beneath the surfaces of life here in New York have realized long ago the matters that writers like Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton are now striving to make obvious to the world. The very terms they use throughout their book, The Powers that Prey, their Upper World and Under World, their Powers that Rule and Powers that Prey, are akin to Kipling, even to the capitalization. Beyond the subject-matter, to be sure, there can be no possible approach between these chroniclers; of the splendid genius that glows upon the Kipling page there is no trace in the Flynt and Walton stories. They owe the greater writer somewhat, but they reach equality in nothing save choice and knowledge of their text. Nevertheless, a great deal of credit must be rightfully theirs; to slight them for lacking the grand qualities of the forerunner were vastly unjust. For their brave, straightforward treatment of the characters and lives in our own Under World they deserve the thanks of all in Things As They Are. It is safe to say that a more correct understanding of life in the undercurrents of our city will result from reading "The Powers That Prey" than from any other source save personal investigation. Neither the newspapers nor the fiction so far devoted to the question carry as much enlightenment as these Flynt and Walton stories. Their own description of most of the theorizing and fiction anent the criminal classes as mere "intellectual opera bouffe" exactly hits the mark. Messrs. Flynt and Walton have gone under the skin of the Under World, they have been Stricklands in Kipling's sense, and they are competent to report. Their reports, then, have for us the mingled interest of fiction and of fact. They have dressed up certain actual cases, certain real characters, and chronicled concerning them in story form, to the end that we are at once entertained and instructed. If we have had faith in certain of the old formulas and notions anent criminology we are likely to receive severe shocks, yet no ripe intelligence can blink the truth of these newer documents. The most significant feature in Under World life, aver the authors of "The Powers That Prey," with fine courage, "is the league between the Powers that Rule and the Powers that Prey. The platonic idea of the case is that between detective and criminal there exists a natural feud like that between the shepherd and the wolf. The similitude is perfect in but one respect: both wolf and shepherd live at the expense of the flock. High life in the Under World is a maze of tolerances, private contracts, understandings, courtesies; the shepherd and the wolf not infrequently kill and eat their lamb together. The Powers that Rule take tithes, the Powers that Prey prey by permission and surrender part of their plunder for the right to walk invisible. Nor is this league a mere accident or a simple exhibition on the part of the Powers that Rule of total depravity; without the league the governing body would be helpless to perform their official duties even so well as they at present perform them."

So far, so good. This is undoubtedly the actual condition today in New York, in Chicago and in practically every other metropolis of our country. Especially in New York. Nobody who has followed the revelations of the various police complicities that the investigating committees of the last decade have brought forth can deny the existence of what Messrs. Flynt and Walton call "the league." It may reasonably be doubted, however, whether their plea for its necessity is well founded. Tammany, no doubt, while scarcely likely to understand the good humor with which the authors of "The Powers that Prey" come to the defense of the "Powers that Rule," is even less likely to admit that the criminal disposition of a large city can be thwarted by other methods than those of compromise. Yet persons not hopelessly under Tammany dominance may question such a statement as "a community wholly policed by men of perfect integrity would lie at the mercy of its criminal contingent. . . . The only men that know who has committed a given crime are the criminal and his associates; the really effective detectives in the great cities of the United States are the unofficial detectives, the spies and traitors in the criminal classes; and the official detective who does not know where to lay his hand on such a spy or traitor, and how to lay it on heavily, is practically useless except as a watchman." Messrs. Flynt and Walton, I opine, shrewd as they are in diagnosing the disease and in throwing aside the mask that convention, policy and the average citizen's exasperating patience have combined to place upon our city sores, err somewhat in thinking that the league between the hunters and the hunted is an absolute necessity. We may enjoy their stories for their truth to the actual, and their entertainment as stirring narratives of shrewd rascals of various sorts, criminal and official, but we need not, therefore, subscribe absolutely to their contention that the present league between the Powers of the Upper and the Under World is a thing the community can never be rid of. Compromise in politics National and municipal seems an invincible factor, yet good citizens need not give up hope eventually to find a means whereby the upright may fight the criminal and defeat him.

The stories of Messrs. Flynt and Walton make the conventional fiction of the newspapers seem tame. They tell the truth, winking at you the while, yet relying upon your common sense to read between the lines. They show you how it happens that there is sometimes more crime under a Reform administration than under the powers that league with crime. They show you the criminal as he really is, and for that, and inasmuch as they deal with the American criminal, they, equally with Bart Mynderse, who lately wrote "Four Years Nine," deserve a high place in the affection of all who love life as it is in their literature.

The fact that Kipling, in "Kim," and many others, in less brilliant pages, is leading us once more into the labyrinths of the world's undercurrents, proves what fascination there is and always will be in the literature of roguery. From Macaire to Sherlock Holmes, from Hornung to Gaboriau, from the Sing Sing "Star of Hope" to the "Book of Mother Maturin," we never find a proper rogue quite dull. He needs, to touch us, merely the polish, the glamour, that an artist may give him. Whether that artist be supreme, as Kipling, or merely brave and conscientious, as Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton, so the subject-matter have the tone of truth, the world's appreciation must result.

The Ringmaster.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1401. Established 1869. 11 March, 1899. Price Threepence. [*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

MR. KIPLING, we are glad to say, continues to improve in health; but his eldest child, Josephine, who was also struck down by pneumonia, died on Monday. Owing partly to the necessity for keeping this calamity from Mr. Kipling during his present state, and also from other reasons, Mrs. Kipling felt constrained to request that the papers would refrain from treating her little girl's death as a public matter, and they have unanimously complied with the wish. As Mrs. Kipling put it, her husband was the property of English-speaking races, but her daughter was hers alone.

IN thinking of the death of this gifted child, whom friends of the family unite in describing as one possessed of extraordinary charm and character, some lines of Stevenson's have continually recurred to us. With a slight modification they are sadly applicable:

Yet, O stricken hearts, remember, O remember
How of human days she lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took her fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream;
Yours the pang, but she, O she, the undiminished,
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to her were but a name.
Here, a child, she dwelt through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as she came.

THE German Emperor's telegram to Mrs. Kipling expressing sympathy for her and her husband has led the German press into a strange error. With few exceptions, the papers consider Mr. Kipling to be an American.

Memoirs of the Moment.

BOOKS will no doubt be written some day or other on the religion of Kipling, as books have been written already on the religion of Shakespeare, of Browning, of Tennyson. Not even Mr. Swinburne shall escape creed-classification, seeing that he has already read in a newspaper a defence of his Christianity—which need mean no more than that its writer admires Mr. Swinburne's verse and is himself a Christian. Whatever may be said of Mr. Kipling—and there are ingenious people arguing the point of Paganism *versus* Christianity already—we have the undoubted fact that he had two grandfathers who were Methodist ministers, the Rev. Joseph Kipling and the Rev. G. B. Macdonald.

A GREAT authority once said that the atmosphere of the House of Lords suggested quotations from *Paradise Lost*, and the atmosphere of the House of Commons quotations from *Childe Harold*. But now neither Milton nor Byron is quoted—only Kipling. There is a tradition among politicians that poetry should not be quoted, except, perhaps, it be a Latin line; to care for contemporary poetry has always been to incur a sneer against your practicality. But Kipling has removed the reproach; and even the Viceroy of India, whom all his friends have been warning against being "too literary" in his allusions, could not resist quoting in Calcutta the other day a verse from the pen of the "Anglo-Indian." The illness of Mr. Kipling, by the way, has not only shown how full the world is of his readers, but it has vastly added to the number. By the Emperor's telegram Germany has been made alert to translate and read him; and one of the last orders for his *Barrack Room Ballads* was sent to England from—the Vatican. "But who is Mr. Kipling?" asked the Pope one morning when their names were headed together in a French paper. He was told by Monsignor Merry del Val, himself half an Englishman; and Thomas Atkins makes in consequence his peaceful and literary entry into the palace of the Vatican.

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The EDITOR *will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.*

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. type-written.

The Unknown Kipling.

MR. KIPLING'S illness brought his name before the huge non-reading public, to whom he is a stranger. Every newspaper, from the *Times*, which printed the bulletins of his health on its leader page, down to the chameleon evening prints, helped to satisfy one part of the nation and puzzle another. For while some readers were recalling Mr. Kipling's life, his acts and words, others, less enlightened, were asking, "Who is Mr. Kipling?"

A representative of the ACADEMY has been making inquiries among people whose degree of acquaintance with Mr. Kipling's work seemed worth ascertaining. The following utterances are the result, and it is only necessary to add that each is given as it fell from the lips of the speaker, without any element of invention:

A 'BUS DRIVER.

Arstin' you a question, sir, 'oo is this Mr. Kilping?

A TOBACCONIST.

Yes, sir, he's one of the greatest. All the same, I can't say that I ever heard of Mr. Kipling till he had pneumonia.

A FRUITERER.

Mr. Kipling! Aye, aye; it's nice weather for sick folks. He's an American, isn't he, sir?

A MAN SERVANT.

A great loss, sir, I'm sure. And so sudden, they tell me. No, I don't read the papers much; I only know what they tell me. And his secretary in the next room, they tell me.

A CABMAN.

"Like to see the *Star*?" I said as I alighted. "Kipling's all right." The cabman's face glowed with interest as he leaned down for the crumpled paper. "I don't seem to know the party," he said.

A POLISH WAITER.

Yes, ver' glad Mister Keopling better. O yes, I haf read some of dem—yes, yes, they ver' good—pot Sienkiewicz, he is ze man. Haf you read him?—no?—ach! He is ze man.

A CHARWOMAN.

No, sir, I never read his books; a bit o' *Lloyd's* on a Sunday afternoon's all I seems to get time for. Suppose he's a grand writer. I asked my brother had he read any of his pieces—said he had.

A BARBER.

Yessir; papers seem to think he'll get over it. No, sir; can't say I'm a great book reader. Happen to know when the organ-grinder's case comes on, sir?—there's a romance, sir—I hope *that* ain't goin' to drop.

A CHEESEMONGER.

Quite the sensation, sir; wonder if they'd make the same fuss if I had the pnemonia—ha! ha!

A CLUB PORTER.

Sing'ler how pore old Lord 'Erschell—skatin'—pore old man—fell and hurt hisself—and just before he expired telegrarfed to this young writin' feller—what's his name?—Kipling?

A SOLDIER.

No; I hardly think they read his books, but they ought to. Not the privates, at least. Maybe in the sergeants' mess and among the officers. You see, a young soldier hasn't the time. It's only seven years, and he's a lot to do, and he likes goin' about London. I dessay on foreign stations they read his books; but not here, unless it's a song, and then, maybe, they wouldn't ever ask who wrote it. Yes, I've read a bit. Mulvaney?—no, not that. I know I read something once. Glad he's getting on? Aye, you may believe that, sir. My only fear is—when he knows about his little gel.

A POLICEMAN.

It was at the Islington Horse Show. I sidled up to the policeman who was guarding the emergency exit to the ring. "They've been making a great fuss over this Rudyard Kipling. Have you read any of his stories?" "Oh, yes! I've read them." "Do you suppose he invented them, or are they——" "All true," he broke in. "I was in the Navy myself. Better job than this." Just then there was a commotion in the ring, as a gentleman entered from beneath the Royal box. "That's the Duke of Edinburgh," he said; "see him?" I suggested that he looked more like the Duke of York. "Well, I knew the Duke of Edinburgh in the Navy. Talk about a stickler. Why, at court-martial he couldn't sentence a man out of his own 'ed, like the other captains. He had to do it from books."

"And Mr. Kipling's books are read in the Navy?" I asked. "Oh, yes! they read him in the Navy. When I was in the Navy the Duke of Edinburgh would 'ave it that our flannel shirts must look white on parade. You know what it means to keep flannel white after washing in salt water. Well, do you know what we did? We pinned on a flannel dicky. Larf, why——" "So you really think Mr. Kipling's stories are not invented?" I interposed. The light of reminiscence died from his eyes. "Oh, no! all true," he said. "The public reads him. All true."

Bibliographical.

Within the last week or two there has been much thumbing, we may be sure, both in England and in America, of the extant works of Rudyard Kipling. Many biographies have been written for the daily press, and, happily, have not been published. Meanwhile, young as Mr. Kipling is, one would like his writings to be the subject of a bibliography. I remember making his acquaintance first of all in an edition (the third, I think) of his *Departmental Ditties*, accessible in England in 1888. In the same year came *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and the astonishing succession of booklets in paper covers, entitled *Soldiers Three*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *Under the Deodars*, and so forth. These, I take it, were the first forms in which Mr. Kipling's short stories originally figured in these islands—under the auspices of Anglo-Indian firms. It was really not till 1890 that Mr. Kipling came directly and deliberately before the English public with *The Light that Failed*. Then we had *Life's Handicap*, and *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and *Many Inventions*, and so on.

THE BOOKWORM.

A Chicago Philosopher.

Mr. Dooley: in Peace and in War. (Grant Richards. 2s.)

We have already said something in the Academy in praise of Mr. Dooley, and now that his book in its completeness is before us we can only ratify that commendation. Mr. Dooley must be added to the acquaintances of all who esteem good sense and good humour.

The scheme of the book is simple. Mr. Martin Dooley is a Roscommon Irishman who settled many years ago in Chicago, and now keeps a liquor saloon in the Archey-road, in the heart of the Irish quarter. Every night Hennessy and other of his friends step over for a "hot wan," and to them Mr. Dooley holds forth. He has his opinions on everything that happens, and in spite of some ignorance of detail, he has the knack of hitting the centre. His greatest gift is the witty Irishman's capacity to improvise satirical situations and dialogue. Here and in other ways he reminds us of Mulvaney. Mulvaney's brogue is more creamy, for American influences have tampered with Mr. Dooley's; and Mulvaney's remarks are more humorously kindly, for Mulvaney was a humanist, whereas Mr. Dooley, in conversation at any rate, is a cynic and a destructive critic; but the two men stand together. In selecting Mr. Dooley for his mouthpiece the author of this trenchant book—whom we have already stated to be Mr. Finley Peter Dunne—has shown much acumen, for no one is in so fine a position to say true things of Anglo-Saxons, whether in England or America, as the Irishman who dwells in their midst and is yet not of them. Yet Mr. Dooley, however shrewd his thrusts may be, always saves himself a flash of rectifying humour, so that his weapon while it pierces your side tickles you too.

For English readers the section of this book entitled "In Peace" will be the more attractive, for many of the remarks on the progress of the American-Spanish War are esoteric, although well worth attempting none the less. In the "In Peace" section Mr. Dooley discourses of New Year resolutions, of Football, of Golf, of Books, of Charity, of the Dreyfus Case, of the Decadence of Greece, of the New Woman, and many other matters equally interesting to Englishmen as to Americans. Here is Mr. Dooley on Books:

> "'Tis all wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "They're on'y three books in th' wurruld worth readin'—Shakespeare, th' Bible, and Mike Ahearn's histhry iv Chicago. I have Shakespeare on thrust, Father Kelly r-reads th' Bible f'r me, and I didn't buy Mike Ahearn's histhry because I seen more thin he cud put into it. Books is th' roon iv people, specially novels. Whin I was a young man, th' parish priest used to preach again thim; but nobody knowed what he meant. At that time Willum Joyce had th' on'y library in th' Sixth Wa-ard. Th' mayor give him th' bound volumes iv th' council proceedings, an' they was a very handsome set. Th' on'y books I seen was th' kind that has th' life iv th' pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They're good readin'. Nawthin' cud be better f'r a man whin he's tired out afther a day's wurruk thin to go to his library an' take down wan iv th' gr-reat wurruks iv lithratchoor an' play a game iv dominos f'r th' dhrinks out iv it. Anny other kind iv r-readin', barrin' th' newspapers, which will niver hurt anny onedycated man, is desthructive iv morals.

THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 1899.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Kipling and "The Other Man."

Talking of fact and fiction, four or five years ago Rudyard Kipling told a New York Herald" man a story that might well serve for the first chapter of a novel. Kipling, on account of certain promised remittances of money that had failed to reach him, found himself penniless in Lower California. In this dilemma he encountered a fellow sufferer, an uncouth grey old man, as poor as himself. Misery loves company. Kipling associated himself with the old man, and they agreed to tramp together to San Francisco, where Kipling had resources. They started on foot to walk two hundred miles, sleeping in barns or in woods, or wherever safe shelter offered. They got a crust now and then from friendly farmers, and helped themselves to fruit by the way. Kipling dwelt pathetically on the misery of their condition, his own particularly, such as he had never before experienced. The old man said little, never complained, accepted all the vicissitudes of the way with resignation, even bowed humbly before the curses of "Greasers" or farmers uttered in their Spanish patois. Kipling came to regard him with something like contempt. The tramp stumbled into a deep ditch. Kipling hauled him out. "Thank you," said the old man, a long speech for him. His ragged trousers were hopelessly fouled. The old fellow took them off. Kipling was amazed to see that he had a sound pair beneath. Presently Kipling complained of his feet. "You would have more trouble to get along without them," remarked his sententious companion. At last they reached San Francisco. Kipling somewhat embarrassed (he did not want to introduce his fellow tramp to his friends), inquired of him his destination. "The wharf." To be civil Kipling accompanied him. At the wharf a boat's crew sprung to attention and saluted the aged tramp. Hardly turning to nod a farewell to Kipling he stepped into the boat, and took his seat in the stern. "Shove off," he said, and a dozen well plied oars sent her bounding through the water, making for a fine yacht at anchor in the bay. Having watched the tramp aboard, Kipling shook himself like Sampson of old, and sought his friends, from whom he learned that he had made his impecunious journey alongside a man whose private yacht is one of the most luxurious ever seen in the bay, but who enjoys an occasional walking tour. "The rest is silence."

STAR, WEDNESDAY 8 MARCH, 1899.

THE THREE MUSCATEERS.

Model:—"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre."—Kipling.

John Bull:
When Oman lit his bloomin' fire,
Whenever we could see a chance;
Whatever coals we might require
We went an' took——an' so did France.

La France:
Their admirals an' sailormen,
Patrollin' on the stinkin' sea,
Says they, "The row's broke out again,"
An' cleared their decks—an' so could we!

The Sultan of Oman:
They knew France stole; she knew they knowed;
They didn't fight nor make a fuss,
But trained their guns and nearly blowed
Damfusion into all of ——us!

THE PASSING HOUR.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

I rubbed my eyes on opening the "Times" this morning. There, opposite the editorial page, was a poem in slang—in the Tommy Atkins slang invented by Rudyard Kipling. So far as I remember, this is a new departure for the Thunderer, to publish a ballad in dialect. I shall look to see Mr. Barry Pain on the staff soon. The present is an effort by J. O. C., of West Derby, Liverpool, and is addressed to Mr. Kipling from the barrack-room. I quote the last verse:—

We 'eard that you was fightin' 'ard—just as we knew you would;
But we 'ardly oped you'd turn 'is flank;
They said you 'ardly could.
But the news 'as come this mornin' an I'm writin' 'ere to say,
There's no British son more 'appy than your old friend Thomas A.

"O Gawd, we're all so grateful
You 'ave left 'im with us yet,
To 'old us in and 'it us
Lest we, Lest we forget!"

* * *

It hardly strikes one as being inspired, but the sentiment is all right. I have talked with the British Army (in small sections) about Rudyard Kipling, and have been unable to discover any unanimity of opinion concerning his "Barrack-Room Ballads" and his soldier-types. Many men, of course, have never heard of him; but Kipling only suffers with bigger men in that regard. Among some of the territorial regiments there is a natural indignation at the assumption that every soldier talks in a broken-down Cockney dialect. It is curious, indeed, that dialect should be the weakest point in a writer with such a passion for mastering detail.

* * *

By-the-way, our old friend, the "Tailor and Cutter," presents its readers this week with a fashion-plate of Mr. Kipling, looking spick-and-span as if he were a dandy. He wears "a single-breast Reefer, the chief feature of which is the straight front and square corner." The "light summer vest is cut in the double-breast style, with lapel seamed on," and the trousers are perfect pictures. My own impression was that Rudyard Kipling is usually rather slovenly dressed, but if he has stood as a model for the Spring Fashions I must be wrong. He will want a new suit when he gets off his sick-bed, any way.

* * *

It is announced that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been commissioned to write an appreciation of Mr. Kipling. This reminds me of the story of the man who introduced himself to Carlyle, "You may have heard of me," said the stranger. "No, I have not," said Carlyle. "Well," was the announcement, "I have been lecturing in the United States upon you." "What the devil were you doing that for?" said Carlyle, as he slammed the door.

* * *

MR. KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling's strength is still increasing. Yesterday he asked for the newspapers to read. There was difficulty in this matter, as he has not yet been informed of his daughter's death, but ultimately some were found which did not refer to the sad occurrence.

THE STAR, SATURDAY, 18 MARCH, 1899.

KIPLING'S JOURNALIST DAYS.

Pictures of Him by One Who Knew Him Then, and Was Even His Editor.

There is a bright little "memory" of Kipling in this week's *Literature*, written by Mr. Kay Robinson, who first came across R. K. owing to his own signature in an Indian paper, K.R. He advised Kipling to go to England, but the latter had no such thoughts. He wrote:—

> Let us depart our several ways in amity. You to Fleet-st. (where I shall come when I die if I'm good) and I to my own place, where I find heat and smells of oil and spices, and puffs of temple incense, and sweat, and darkness, and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating innumerable.

Subsequently, Mr. Robinson was Kipling's editor. In those days Kipling once fought a photographer who called at the office furious about a libel—furious and very drunk. He was ejected, and Kipling wiped his glasses.

That trick of wiping his spectacles is one in which Kipling indulges more frequently than any man I have ever met, for the simple reason that he is always laughing; and when you laugh till you nearly cry your glasses get misty. Kipling, shaking all over with laughter and wiping his spectacles at the same time with his handkerchief, is the picture which always comes to mind as most characteristic of him in the old days.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

In "No. 5, John Street" (Grant Richards) Mr. Richard Whiteing gives us a prose "Recessional." Mr. Kipling's psalm saluted the Deity as the sleeping partner in the British Empire, and breathed a Pharisaical Philistinism which consorted ill with its profession of sackcloth-and-ashes humility. Mr. Whiteing takes the Imperialist by the scruff of the neck and forces him to see the ulcers of Empire. He sets a rich, cultured man of the world in a Soho slum, there to learn what it is to live on half-a-crown a day and to earn it. Just as sailors bring up on their lead slime from the bottom of the sea, so he takes samples from the oozy social bed over which the tides of civilisation surge. Such are "Low Covey," 'Tilda, Azrael, Holy Joe, '48, Nance. These and the other dwellers in No. 5 are astonishingly alive, amazingly human. They are not dried specimens spitted on a pin of theory. They are warm, moving, with the tints of life in their cheeks, with blood in their veins. In short, your brothers and sisters.

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MARCH 25, 1899

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THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1899.

KIPLING, FATHER AND SON.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

New York, Thursday.—Among the passengers on the Majestic, which arrived here last evening, was Mr. J. L. Kipling, father of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He at once went to the latter's hotel, and was allowed to spend half an hour in his company.

Another passenger was Mr. William Waldorf Astor. At the Custom House he declared on oath that he was a British subject, consequently he escaped paying duty on his luggage.

THE SUN, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1899.

The Star

FOUNDED 17JAN.1888.

OFFICES: STONECUTTER-ST., E.C.

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MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

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A curious confirmation of the statement is found in an interview with Mr. Kipling published in the *World* in 1890, where it is mentioned that the MS. of this particular "forthcoming" work was taken out of a quaint Dutch bureau and shown to the interviewer.

Another book which Mr. Kipling then had in MS., but has never yet issued to the public, is called "The Book of the Forty-five Mornings," and is an account of his wanderings in Japan and America on his way home to England.

MR. KIPLING RELAPSES.

He Has a Fainting-fit Owing to Over Exertion, but He Has Fully Recovered Again.

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Mr. Kipling, who has been steadily improving had a temporary relapse last night, when he was seized with a fainting fit. Mr. Doubleday to-day said that Mr. Kipling had been made somewhat weaker by the fainting, but that he fully recovered during the night. It is said that Mr. Kipling had exerted himself a little too much yesterday, reading and talking. He is still in bed.—Reuter.

A PARODY ON KIPLING.

Very few of the American papers have refrained from publishing parodies of Kipling's "White Man's Burden." The parodists are, however, beginning to recognise the futility of their efforts. Thus a Baltimore rhymster whines:—

Take up "The White Man's Burden,"
Then put it down again;
Don't touch it with your pencil,
Typewriter, or your pen.
In spasmodic manner
Don't fritter time away,
For yours won't be as good as
The one by Rudyard K.

Take up "The White Man's Burden,"
But patiently refrain
From writing verses like it,
Lest you bring woe and pain
To those who read the papers;
They're weary now, you know!
'Cause thousands have been at it
From Maine to Mexico.

Lay down "The White Man's Burden,"
Waste not your stamps and means
On silent, sullen peoples
Who run the magazines.
No matter what you send them,
No matter what you do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Will send it back to you.

The Evening News and Post.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

Kipling mania has not yet died out. Paragraphs of admiration and wonder, if not whole articles, are being written on the wondrous fact that Kipling actually cabled "Yes" to the request that he should join the William Black Memorial Committee!

"I had it out with Father Kelly th' other day in this very matther. He was comin' up fr'm down town with an ar-rmful iv books f'r prizes at th' school. 'Have ye th' Key to Heaven there?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'th' childher that'll get these books don't need no key. They go in under th' turnstile,' he says, laughin'. 'Have ye th' Lives iv th' Saints, or the Christyan Dooty, or th' Story iv Saint Rose iv Lima?' I says. 'I have not,' says he. 'I have some good story books. I'd rather th' kids'd r-read Char-les Dickens than anny iv th' tales iv thim holy men that was burned in ile or et up be lines,' he says. 'It does no good in these degin'rate days to prove that th' best that can come to a man f'r behavin' himsilf is to be cooked in a pot or di-gisted be a line,' he says. 'Ye're wrong,' says I. 'Beggin' ye'er riv'rince's pardon, ye're wrong,' I says. 'What ar-re ye goin' to do with thim young wans? Ye're goin' to make thim near-sighted an' round-shouldered,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to have thim believe that, if they behave thimsilves an' lead a virchous life, they'll marry rich an' go to Congress. They'll wake up some day, an' find out that gettin' money an behavin' ye'ersilf don't always go together,' I says. 'Some iv th' wickedest men in th' wur-ruld have marrid rich,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to teach thim that a man doesn't have to use an ax to get along in th' wur-ruld. Ye're goin' to teach thim that a la-ad with a curlin' black mustache an' smokin' a cigareet is always a villyan, whin he's more often a barber with a lar-rge family. Life, says ye! There's no life in a book. If ye want to show thim what life is, tell thim to look around thim. There's more life on a Saturdah night in th' Ar-rchy-road thin in all th' books fr'm Shakespeare to th' rayport iv th' drainage thrustees.'"

We wish we had room to quote more of Mr. Dooley's opinions. Mr. Dunne, it may be remarked, is still continuing the series in his paper, so that a new volume may, probably, be expected before long. Mr. Dooley, for shrewd common sense, is worthy to take his place as a national satirist beside Hosea Biglow.

Gabriel Harvey Redivivus.

On the Use of Classical Metres in English. By William Johnson Stone. (Frowde. 1s.)

THE history of the attempts to naturalise classical metres on a Saxon soil has been a somewhat irritating one. The pundits of Gabriel Harvey's *Areopagus*, who tried the thing, or thought they tried the thing, broke down. This was partly because the real poets amongst them—Spenser and Sidney to wit—found it on the whole more interesting to write poetry than to make metrical experiments, and partly because of their failure to distinguish lucidly and accurately between the essential natures of accentual and quantitative verse. To some extent the same failure has persisted. The present century has seen many hexameters, of which probably the best are to be found here and there in Clough's Bothie of Tober na Vuolich," and a few elegiacs. But these have been almost uniformly accentual, and not quantitative. They have assumed, as a basis, that a classical dactyl, or succession of a long and two short syllables, can be represented in accentual verse by a succession of one accented and two unaccented syllables, and similarly that a classical spondee, or succession of two long syllables, can be represented by a succession of two accented syllables. Owing, however, to the comparative rarity with which accented syllables immediately succeed each other in English, the accentual spondee has frequently been replaced in practice by an accentual trochee, or succession of one accented and one unaccented syllable. On this basis it is, of course, perfectly easy to write, and even to read with pleasure, hexameters. But this is not in the least what Mr. Stone means when he asks us to write classical metres as the classical writers wrote them. He proposes that hexameters should be strictly quantitative, that the rhythm should depend on quantity, and not on accent at all, and that accent should be reduced to the subordinate place which quantity itself now holds in our own accentual verse. Examine an English line, and you find that, although the syllables long in quantity are frequently, perhaps generally, also the accented ones, yet this is by no means invariably the case. Sometimes an unaccented syllable is long, and then a warring of accent against quantity is set up. A precisely similar warring takes place in classical metres, only here the positions are reversed. The accent frequently falls on the long syllables which govern the rhythm; exceptionally it does not.

Before we give some examples of Mr. Stone's exotic metres, let us say that his essay is quite one of the most lucid and scholarly treatments of its subject with which we are acquainted. He poses the whole problem of the nature and relation of quantity and accent admirably. Especially we wish to endorse the weight he lays on the often disregarded fact that English syllables, like classical syllables, have definite quantities of their own, and are therefore capable of being classified for metrical purposes, if desirable, as longs and shorts. With regard to another of his theories, that metrical accent is not voice stress or emphasis, but a raising of musical pitch, we are more doubtful. The view should be supported by considerations drawn from the nature of musical accent and the way in which verse is set to music by composers. Sidney Lanier, if we remember right, went over this ground in a forgotten volume.

Mr. Stone claims that his only real predecessor in writing strictly quantitative hexameters in English has been the learned and ingenious Mr. James Spedding. Here are Mr. Spedding's lines:

> Verses so modulate, so tuned, so varied in accent,
> Rich with unexpected changes, smooth, stately, sonorous,
> Rolling ever forward, tide-like, with thunder in endless
> Procession, complex melodies—pause, quantity, accent.
> After Virgilian precedent and practice, in order
> Distributed—could these gratify th' Etonian ear-drum?
> . . . . . .
> Virgil my model is: accent, cæsura, division
> His practice regulates; his rules my quantity obeyeth.

The reader must scan for himself, remembering that a syllable may be long through the position of the vowel before more than one consonant, as well as through its nature, and that he must leave the accent in its proper place, and not forcibly transfer it to the long syllable. It

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

'Kipling and "The Other Man."

Talking of fact and fiction, four or five years ago Rudyard Kipling told a "New York Herald" man a story that might well serve for the first chapter of a novel. Kipling, on account of certain promised remittances of money that had failed to reach him, found himself penniless in Lower California. In this dilemma he encountered a fellow sufferer, an uncouth grey old man, as poor as himself. Misery loves company. Kipling associated himself with the old man, and they agreed to tramp together to San Francisco, where Kipling had resources. They started on foot to walk two hundred miles, sleeping in barns or in woods, or wherever safe shelter offered. They got a crust now and then from friendly farmers, and helped themselves to fruit by the way. Kipling dwelt pathetically on the misery of their condition, his own particularly, such as he had never before experienced. The old man said little, never complained, accepted all the vicissitudes of the way with resignation, even bowed humbly before the curses of "Greasers" or farmers uttered in their Spanish patois. Kipling came to regard him with something like contempt. The tramp stumbled into a deep ditch. Kipling hailed him out. "Thank you," said the old man, a long speech for him. His ragged trousers were hopelessly fouled. The old fellow took them off. Kipling was amazed to see that he had a sound pair beneath. Presently Kipling complained of his feet. "You would have more trouble to get along without them," remarked his sententious companion. At last they reached San Francisco. Kipling somewhat embarrassed (he did not want to introduce his fellow tramp to his friends), inquired of him his destination. "The wharf." To be civil Kipling accompanied him. At the wharf a boat's crew sprung to attention and saluted the aged tramp. Hardly turning to nod a farewell to Kipling he stepped into the boat, and took his seat in the stern. "Shove off," he said, and a dozen well plied oars sent her bounding through the water, making for a fine yacht at anchor in the bay. Having watched the tramp aboard, Kipling shook himself like Sampson of old, and sought his friends, from whom he learned that he had made his impecunious journey alongside a man whose private yacht is one of the most luxurious ever seen in the bay, but who enjoys an occasional walking tour. "The rest is silence."

THE THREE MUSCATEERS.

Model:—"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre."—Kipling.

JOHN BULL:
When Oman lit his bloomin' fire,
Whenever we could see a chance;
Whatever coals we might require
We went an' took——an' so did France.

LA FRANCE:
Their admirals an' sailormen,
Patrollin' on the stinkin' sea,
Says they, "The row's broke out again,"
An' cleared their decks—an' so could we!

THE SULTAN OF OMAN:
They knew France stole; she knew they knowed;
They didn't fight nor make a fuss,
But trained their guns and nearly blowed
Damfusion into all of ——us!

THE PASSING HOUR.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

I rubbed my eyes on opening the "Times" this morning. There, opposite the editorial page, was a poem in slang—in the Tommy Atkins slang invented by Rudyard Kipling. So far as I remember, this is a new departure for the Thunderer, to publish a ballad in dialect. I shall look to see Mr. Barry Pain on the staff soon. The present is an effort by J. O. C., of West Derby, Liverpool, and is addressed to Mr. Kipling from the barrack-room. I quote the last verse:—

We 'eard that you was fightin' 'ard—just as we knew you would;
But we 'ardly 'oped you'd turn 'is flank;
They said you hardly could.
But the news 'as come this mornin' an I'm writin' 'ere to say,
There's no British sea more 'appy than your old friend Thomas A.
"O Gawd, we're all so grateful
You 'ave left 'im with us yet,
To 'old us in and 'alt us
Lest we, Lest we forget!"

* * *

It hardly strikes one as being inspired, but the sentiment is all right. I have talked with the British Army (in small sections) about Rudyard Kipling, and have been unable to discover any unanimity of opinion concerning his "Barrack-Room Ballads" and his soldier-types. Many men, of course, have never heard of him; but Kipling only suffers with bigger men in that regard. Among some of the territorial regiments there is a natural indignation at the assumption that every soldier talks in a broken-down Cockney dialect. It is curious, indeed, that dialect should be the weakest point in a writer with such a passion for mastering detail.

* * *

By-the-way, our old friend, the "Tailor and Cutter," presents its readers this week with a fashion-plate of Mr. Kipling, looking spick-and-span as if he were a dandy. He wears "a single-breast Reefer, the chief feature of which is the straight front and square corner." The "light summer vest is cut in the double-breast style, with lapel seamed on," and the trousers are perfect pictures. My own impression was that Rudyard Kipling is usually rather slovenly dressed, but if he has stood as a model for the Spring Fashions I must be wrong. He will want a new suit when he gets off his sick-bed, any way.

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It is announced that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been commissioned to write an appreciation of Mr. Kipling. This reminds me of the story of the man who introduced himself to Carlyle, "You may have heard of me," said the stranger. "No, I have not," said Carlyle. "Well," was the announcement, "I have been lecturing in the United States upon you." "What the devil were you doing that for?" said Carlyle, as he slammed the door.

* * *

MR. KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling's strength is still increasing. Yesterday he asked for the newspapers to read. There was difficulty in this matter, as he has not yet been informed of his barrack-room's death, but ultimately some were found which did not refer to the sad occurrence.

KIPLING'S JOURNALIST DAYS.

Pictures of Him by One Who Knew Him Then, and Was Even His Editor.

There is a bright little "memory" of Kipling in this week's *Literature*, written by Mr. Kay Robinson, who first came across R. K. owing to his own signature in an Indian paper, K.R. He advised Kipling to go to England, but the latter had no such thoughts. He wrote:—

Let us depart our several ways in amity.
You to Fleet-st. (where I shall come when
I die if I'm good) and I to my
own place, where I find heat and
smells of oil and spices, and puffs of
temple incense, and sweat, and darkness,
and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above
all—things wonderful and fascinating innumerable.

Subsequently, Mr. Robinson was Kipling's editor. In those days Kipling once fought a photographer who called at the office furious about a libel—furious and very drunk. He was ejected, and Kipling wiped his glasses.

That trick of wiping his spectacles is one in which Kipling indulges more frequently than any man I have ever met, for the simple reason that he is always laughing; and when you laugh till you nearly cry your glasses get misty. Kipling, shaking all over with laughter and wiping his spectacles at the same time with his handkerchief, is the picture which always comes to mind as most characteristic of him in the old days.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

In "No. 5, John Street" (Grant Richards) Mr. Richard Whiteing gives us a prose "Recessional." Mr. Kipling's psalm saluted the Deity as the sleeping partner in the British Empire, and breathed a Pharisaical Philistinism which consorted ill with its profession of sackcloth-and-ashes humility. Mr. Whiteing takes the Imperialist by the scruff of the neck and forces him to see the ulcers of Empire. He sets a rich, cultured man of the world in a Soho slum, there to learn what it is to live on half-a-crown a day and to earn it. Just as sailors bring up on their lead slime from the bottom of the sea, so he takes samples from the oozy social bed over which the tides of civilisation surge. Such are "Low Covey," 'Tilda, Azrael, Holy Joe, '48, Nance. These and the other dwellers in No. 5 are astonishingly alive, amazingly human. They are not dried specimens spitted on a pin of theory. They are warm, moving, with the tints of life in their cheeks, with blood in their veins. In short, your brothers and sisters.

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KIPLING IN HIS AMERICAN HOME.

KIPLING is never really happy out of England, he says, yet he has a genuine love for his American home at Brattleboro, in Vermont, U. S. A., and it is possible that had it not been for his trouble with his brother-in-law he might have taken up a permanent residence there. He prefers Vermont in winter, although most people don't. Perhaps the long years he spent in the heat of India may account for his delight in cold weather. He has often said that there is nothing like Vermont air for babies. His Brattleboro house is as peculiar as Kipling himself. It is an out-of-the-way place, on the side of a hill, which slopes down to the troubled waters of the Connecticut River.

A Curious Home.

THE house is a long, curious-looking structure, fashioned after the plan of an Indian bungalow. A long corridor divides it from end to end, so that the arrangement of rooms is something like those in a hotel. There are no fences around his extensive grounds, but there are still to be seen the signs which Kipling had placed when he moved into the house about five years ago, and which read: "Trespassing on these premises is forbidden." In order to further avoid intrusion, there is but one entrance to the house, and that is on the side away from the road. His study is a long, narrow room, most artistically adorned, which can be reached only by passing through his wife's boudoir—a very different apartment to the study at Rottingdean, which is a chamber of the roughest and plainest description, with a deal board for a table.

A Reluctant Lion.

EVERYTHING in connection with his life at Brattleboro shows how desirous Kipling is to avoid people who bother him. He absolutely refuses to be lionised, and the thought of seeing in print what he eats for dinner draws from him language as picturesque and as vivid as in his poems, but not so printable. By his numerous Vermont friends Kipling is described as cheerfully profane and genuinely religious. His affection for his wife and children amounts almost to worship, but even they are not immune from his sense of humour. He calls his first child his "international baby."

A Snap-shot of Kipling.

WHEN the people of Brattleboro heard that the Kiplings were returning, they would not believe the news until they saw the slight, active man, wearing a thick cap, a big, shabby ulster, and old trousers thrust into heavy boots appear among them. And when they saw the little black briarwood pipe upon which he puffed contentedly no doubt was left in their minds. He looked up his old friends, and he has many in Brattleboro. The majority of them are humble folk, who say that Kipling is one of the finest men in the world. They are men who have character, however, and from them this marvellous young man extracts much. Kipling seems to enjoy the freedom of his shabby clothes and of the rural community. He likes the sleighing. He is fond of wandering about on his place.

Shovelling Snow.

WHEN there is a fresh fall of snow he usually takes a hand in shovelling paths. If those keen, spectacled eyes were hidden a stranger might take him for one of the employés. But when evening comes, Kipling makes an elaborate toilet. If you read his books you know that when he pictures a man in the wilds of India whom he really wants to have respected, he always makes him put on his evening clothes at dinner time. Kipling lives up to this. It doesn't matter if there are no guests in the house: he always dresses for dinner.

Never in a Hurry.

KIPLING'S barber resides in the village to which he journeys every morning for a "scrape." Kipling likes to go to the village, and calls at the post-office every day for his "mail." Often it is so large that he cannot carry it, and it is placed in his sleigh or carriage. He is never in any hurry, and often sits about the hotel and chats with people whom he knows and reads the newspapers. The shopkeepers all know him and like him. But the stranger who seeks him out with fulsome praise to serve as an introduction, wishes he hadn't. His favourite expression is the good old English word "egad," but a free supply of rather stronger words interlard his conversation. Occasionally he plays a game of pool or billiards in the hotel. He doesn't play particularly well, but his opponents declare that it is simply from want of practice. They assert that he would be very expert if he cared to be. A good many people believe that Mr. Kipling could do anything if he cared to try earnestly enough.

Popular in Battleboro.

THESE things make Kipling popular in Brattleboro, and the people will not listen to the stories about his boorishness. The men who have worked for him—and they are many—say that he is the kindest and most generous employer they have ever known. There is one thing he always asks of them, and that is, that they shall tell nothing about his daily life or the incidents of his household affairs. From all of which it will be seen that there is no Englishman in Great Britain who guards his privacy more closely than this author, who hasn't the least hesitation in getting at the secrets of other people when he wants them for a tale. But that is an entirely different story, as Kipling has remarked himself on various occasions.

Trundling a Barrow.

IF you should happen to see Kipling trundling a wheelbarrow as many people have, and happen to think of "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows," or "The Strange Ride of Marrowbie Jukes," it is as paralysing as was the experience of Brattleboro's Chinese laundryman when Kipling stopped him in the street one day, and addressed him in his native language! But fancy Kipling—like another Bobbie Burns—at the plough. That is a sight which has been reserved for the Brattleboro folk, and a quaint picture it must have been.

A Capital Talker.

KIPLING talks in the direct, simple, concise, picturesque way in which he writes. He is not complex, but charmingly natural, and "swear words" seem absolutely necessary. They are really not profane at all. He is always absorbingly material. He will occasionally be seen to stop in the streets of Brattleboro and jot something down on a piece of paper which he holds against a wall. Possibly some biographer may discover these scraps and permit a curious public to know what they were.

Actually a Dancer!

WHEN the Kiplings are at Brattleboro they go out a good deal of the time socially, and frequently the whole family is seen taking a walk together. In strong contrast to the hermit-like life of the family in England, they are always ready for a dinner party when in Vermont. It is alleged that on one occasion Mr. Kipling actually went to a dance at the local hotel in Brattleboro, and danced for an hour!

Mrs. Kipling Settles the Bills.

MRS. KIPLING goes into the village very frequently, in order to settle the bills, for her husband never carries money about with him. It must not be supposed from this that he has no business sense. The publishers will tell you that Kipling is about as able and far-sighted a business man as they often come across.

Kipling's Great Sorrow.

"MR. KIPLING," wired the indispensable and omniscient Reuter a day or two ago, "is still improving, and was able yesterday to eat more solid food than at any time since he has been ill. He has been informed of the death of his daughter Josephine, but is bearing up bravely. He asked how long she had been ill, and his attendants told him as much as they thought wise. As he listened he murmured, with tears in his eyes, 'Poor little Joe!' The doctors thought it best to break to him the news of Josephine's death, as the worry and distrust with which Mr. Kipling seemed to receive all the replies given to his inquiries regarding his daughter would have probably been more harmful to him than the knowledge of the truth."

THERE is a poignant pathos for all lovers of Kipling's work in the many passages in which he deals with the death of little children. Perhaps the classic instance is the awful grief of poor Mulvaney at the loss, years before, of his only child, hinted at rather than described in the "Courting of Dinah Shadd." But the merest suggestions of a genius, when his heart is touched, put down on paper with a reverent pen, avail more to bring home to humanity "the sense of tears in mortal things" than the most careful writing of lesser men whose hearts do not go out to the sorrow of others. I am privileged this week to give to my readers some lines from Kipling's pen, never before published, in which the bereavement to which he accords the sympathy of his big heart befell, not in fiction, but in real life.

"The Mother Suffers Most."

THE little son of a gifted writer whom Mr. Kipling had aided in gaining the ear of the public when all seemed against him, died on the very day when the long struggle was over, and his father's first book was published. Mr. Kipling promptly wrote a long letter to the sorrow-stricken father, from which I am permitted to quote the following passage:

> As to the matter which you have done me the honour to tell me, I can only sympathise most deeply and sorrowfully. People say that that kind of wound heals. It doesn't. It only skins over; but there is at least some black consolation to be got from the old and bitter thought that the boy is safe from the chances of the after-years. I don't know that that helps, unless you happen to know some man who is under deeper sorrow than yours—a man, say, who has watched the child of his begetting go body and soul to the Devil, and feels that he is responsible. But it is the mother that bore him who suffers most when the young life goes out.

These words have a very vivid and sorrowful actuality to-day.

Kiplingiana.

I HAVE given a good deal about Kipling—an article on his American home appears elsewhere—but everything is of interest now, and indeed, at any time, with regard to so wonderful a creature. Never was such wondrous testimony given to a man of letters as the interest all mankind took in his illness. But the interest was not always accompanied with knowledge. The German papers, bound to concern themselves in a writer whom the Emperor had honoured, have discovered that Kipling is an American! The Pope may be excused for not being acquainted with so essentially English a writer. "But who is Mr. Kipling?" asked His Holiness one day, when he found an equally large amount of space and luxuriance of head-lines, as to both their illnesses. Fortunately, Monsignor Merry del Val, who is English on one side, was at hand to give the Pope the necessary information. A complete set of Kipling's books has made its way accordingly into the Vatican. I hope his Holiness will study Mulvaney with interest.

A Dissenter.

I DON'T know what the religion of Kipling is, but I perceive that some enthusiastic commentators announce the intention of entering upon an investigation of the subject—an investigation, which, I think, they will find not wholly without difficulty. It may help them to hear that Kipling's two grandfathers—the Rev. Joseph Kipling, and the Rev. G. B. Macdonald—were both Methodist ministers. The Rev. W. L. Watkinson, who will probably be the next president of the Wesleyan Methodist body, is Mr. Kipling's uncle, I am told.

When Kipling was a Failure.

"I SEE the papers are reviving the Story of Rudyard Kipling's San Francisco experience in journalism," writes a 'Frisco journalist, "but they have it all wrong. The facts were simply these. Kipling struck 'Frisco when he was overburdened with neither money nor fame, and applied at one of the morning papers for a job. The city editor was not much impressed with his appearance, but he happened to need help and gave him a chance on the force. The first assignment he got was to write up a mercantile failure, which he did in his own peculiar style. He made no reference to the assets or liabilities or any of the other essential facts, but confined himself chiefly to a striking pen portrait of the bankrupt, whom he depicted as an oleaginous rascal, ripe for a cell. When the city editor read the copy he came near having a fit. 'Here, you man with spectacles!' he bawled, 'whoever told you you was a journalist must have been joking. Go and try shoemaking!'

"THAT was the way the creator of Mulvaney came to be fired, and I was never able to see exactly where the joke came in. There are plenty of literary artists who wouldn't be worth their salt on a daily paper and Kipling belongs to that category. He was sacked and ought to have been sacked, and would be sacked again if he turned up *incog* and took a staff assignment. Robert Louis Stevenson had almost the same experience in San Francisco in his youthful days. He sent some of his manuscript to one of the papers and it was promptly rejected as unmitigated rot. He used to say afterward that the episode gave him great respect for the sagacity of California editors."

Kipling and the "Idler."

MR. KIPLING, by-the-way, has a great objection to the exercise of the editorial blue pencil. In the days when Mr. Jerome was editing the *Idler*, Kipling wrote for that periodical a short story which contained some rather more than sufficiently luminous language. One expression, in fact, was so "frank" that Mr. Kipling was informed that it simply "*must* come out." Kipling wrote back: "The man in my story said the words which I have put into his mouth. The words must remain, or you can't have the story." However, the expression complained of was resolutely deleted, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

A Strange Coincidence.

IT is a singular fact (says a correspondent) that at the time of the publication of Kipling's first "Jungle Book" Mr. Fred Whishaw actually had a Jungle Book of his own ready for publication. The coincidence was complete, for Mr. Whishaw had used the names of animals and animal expressions in much the same manner as Kipling had done. Suddenly the latter's "Jungle Book," was announced, and albeit this incident happened several years ago, Mr. Whishaw cannot be persuaded to place his own work upon the market. It is among the most singular of literary coincidences. He has the manuscript still.

A Tribute to the Universal Provider.

"IF you want a wife, ask Mr. Whiteley," says a character in a farce. I heard a story the other day which shows an almost similarly large faith in the Universal Provider. Mr. Goodall, the celebrated Academician, is painting, as is known, a picture for this year's Academy, founded on a passage in one of Rudyard Kipling's books. There is the head of a Burmese girl in the picture, and Mr. Goodall sought high and sought low for a model. He applied first to Mr. Bailey, of Barnum and Bailey, but the Burmese troupe which had been there had gone elsewhere. Then he sought the assistance of the India Office, through a Parliamentary friend, but Lord George Hamilton the Indian Secretary, was equally helpless. And then Mr. Goodall wrote to Mr. Whiteley. Mr. Whiteley, perhaps a little flattered by the trustfulness in his resources which the strange request implied, wrote back a reply with his own hand, promising his best efforts to secure the model. I can't tell whether he has yet succeeded.

THE TOPIC OF THE HOUR.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

"STALKY & CO."

I am about to take in hand as displeasing and ungrateful a task as I can easily conceive, but I am going through with it because I have a profound admiration for the work of a great writer of English fiction and English verse, because he seems to me to be wantonly throwing his reputation into the gutter, and because it seems to me to be a horrible pity that he should be allowed to do so. The pride and affection with which the great majority of the English-speaking people of the world regard Rudyard Kipling has been very strongly emphasised of late. Perhaps it has been over-emphasised. Perhaps, in the imminent fear of losing so dear a friend as he has grown to be to many thousands of his readers, we grew a little hysterical. That is the fashion of our age, and it is an error which may be said to lean towards virtue's side. It is better to appreciate a great man too highly than to neglect him. It is better to be enthusiastic over much than to grudge praises which have been fairly earned. The recent outbreak of affection and of dread of loss was in itself entirely spontaneous, and its sincerity is not to be discounted because the journalistic habits of the age are not as sober and self-contained as some of us might wish. But in the interests of literature, and, in a far more pressing sense, in the interests of a writer who enjoys a noble repute amongst us, it is worth while to offer a protest against the matter and the method of Kipling's most recent work. My voice has not been silent when his praises have been sounded, and I should think it a cowardice to be silent now, when, as it seems to me, he is undoing his own career. The time is not opportune for a severe judgment of any work which may reach us from his hand, for we are all so glad to have him back again that for awhile we may be ready to welcome almost anything. There is not a man living—or at all events there is no man who has yet made his bow to the public—who can imperil his position, unless it be himself, and it is, as a matter of fact, a friendly thing to assure him that he is running off the track, and in danger of doing himself considerable harm. Any man may suffer a momentary eclipse of judgment. The astonishing thing to me is not that Kipling should have displayed in the series of stories now running in the "Windsor Magazine" a certain strain of coarseness and even of brutality, but that he should be dull. We have not merely accepted a sort of grittiness in this writer's grain. We have esteemed it an almost essential part of his quality, and we have not felt it often to be at active war with a genuine refinement. He told a story once, the entire point of which lay in the fact that a very powerful navvy swallowed something in the nature of a combined purgative and emetic. So far as I know that story was never re-published, and it would have been better if it had not been written, or if, having been written, it had been thrown behind the fire. The lover of that kind of literature can find it in plenty. The Conter Drolatiques are full of it. The annals of the Court of Louis XI. might have been thought to have exhausted the interest of the particular episode, and the sweetmeat salesman of St. Germains has made his own history in the same direction. Tobias Smollett could make our grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers laugh with the Roman Dinner, but the taste for that form of humour is dead in England, or very nearly, and in any case the supply is already plentiful enough. We can dispense with additions to it. We don't ask our one man of popular genius to lead us back upon that vile old road.

Mr. Kipling's latest three stories are three chronicles of brutality. In one is recorded with an apparent sense of high-spirited enjoyment the torments inflicted upon a herd of cattle by a little crowd of schoolboys. In another the theme is the torture of one small boy by two bullies, and the subsequent torture of the two bullies by three schoolfellows. In the third there is a gratuitous scene of nastiness, in which three boys are sick, and in the perusal thereof the reader is lucky if he escape some nauseous temptation to join the game. To be just, the second of these yarns has a point of some value, and a certain grim humour. The first and third have no point at all, and stop short at their own offence.

The Author of "The Jungle Book" and "Recessional," and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and "East and West" and "Tod's Amendment," is off the line. His best wishers, his most fervent admirers, will hope that if the rest of his latest work is like that which has been already seen, a merciful fire will make an end of it. For the unstinted admiration we have given him, he owes us nothing less than his best, and this is not his best, or within a million miles of it. For the sake of a record which has been as beautifully individual as that of any English writer of modern times he must give us of his unwearying best. And it is not unfair to say that his name, and his name alone, has permitted the three chapters of which I have written to intrude upon the public. He himself has made the name, and we are ready to bestow all the rewards of affection and esteem which lie at our hands. But he himself can hurt the name, and unless he take warning, he is on the way to do it. He is a God to English schoolboys, and he cannot divorce his power over them from responsibility. He is not the man who will ask to do so, but in cold blood he will not approve of the lessons he has lately set. His evident purpose is towards the development of a sturdy manhood, but he has missed his mark, and missed it dolefully.

Let us have our real Kipling back again as soon as may be, and let him flourish through many happy and honoured years.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is a dismal tale which Mr. Pilditch unfolds in the *Times* about British Industry and Foreign Competition, but his prescription is even more interesting than his diagnosis is alarming:

To-day Mr. Kipling is teaching us the lesson of strenuousness. His illustrations, however, are drawn from the career of the soldier and sailor and the administrator of subject races, and hardly bear a direct message to the man of manufactures and commerce.

Perhaps when he has recovered from his present illness he will discover for us that the administrators of our manufacturing and commercial firms and the commercial traveller are not necessarily condemned to a barren materialism, but that there is a fertile world of ideas in which they may live their lives not without advantage to themselves and with decided advantage to the race of which they form so large a part.

Mr. Kipling will doubtless oblige. And perhaps when he has de-materialised the commercial traveller he will try his hand on the Stock Exchange. Would not bulls and bears lend themselves to a really characteristic animal story?

MR. KIPLING'S "BURDEN."

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE WHICH HE CAN NEVER HOPE TO REPAY.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has addressed the following letter to the papers:—

"Will you allow me, through your columns, to attempt some acknowledgment of the wonderful sympathy, affection, and kindness shown towards me in my recent illness, as well as of the unfailing courtesy that controlled its expression. I am not strong enough to answer letters in detail, so must take this means of thanking, as humbly as sincerely, the countless people of goodwill throughout the world who have put me under a debt I can never hope to repay."

Mr. Kipling rose from bed yesterday for the first time. He is now well advanced towards complete recovery.

THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD.

The American Press has celebrated Mr. Kipling's recovery with glowing tributes to his genius. The "New Yorker" says:—

"In an age which, by its control of the forces of nature, tunnels the Alps, irrigates vast deserts, harnesses Niagara, bridles the ocean, and girdles the earth, Kipling comes as an interpreter of itself to itself; and his service to literature has been that he has taken it out of the drawing-room, the studio, the classroom, the study, and placed it in the world, amid the marts, on the highways, in the holds of ships, the cabins of locomotives—anywhere and everywhere that men are toiling and sweating and fighting and planning for the serious business of their lives."

Another writer thinks that "in his hands more than in the hands of any other one man, lies the destiny of the world for the next quarter century."

Mr. Howell's gibe of "The young man with his hat cocked over his eyes," is rather lost after this.

SUN, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899.

With the current number of the "Bookman"—always an interesting publication, and this month no exception to the rule—is issued a capital portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is a half-tone photogravure from the Hon. John Collier's painting, and is beautifully reproduced. Under the heading of "The Reader," there is a clever article on the dawn of Kipling, in which it is very interesting to be reminded of the early opinion formed by Mr. J. M. Barrie of the great author, who at that time had not arrived.

The Evening News and Post.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1899.

Evening News Office, Thursday afternoon.

During the experiments with a new telegraphic apparatus at Washington Kipling's "White Man's Burden," we are told, was constantly repeated for an hour at the rate of 2,000 words per minute. Is this a protest against the anti-expansionist campaign in the States?

STAGE ASIDES.

In the recent denials as to the idea of Rudyard Kipling writing a fairy play for Lyceum use next Christmas, the deniers do not speak by the card. There certainly was a hope of getting the now happily-recovered Rudyard to write such a play for the Lyceum. Whether that hope is now crushed or not does not alter the fact of the original intention.

It may be remembered that I mentioned many months ago that Rudyard Kipling had at one time a notion of writing an Anglo-Indian play for Beerbohm Tree. If he only had he would, I doubt not, have made a rather better job of it than Mr. Jones has done in "Carnac Sahib."

RUDYARD KIPLING AT WORK AGAIN.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's convalescence has been interrupted by a slight attack of tonsilitis, from which he has been suffering for the past twenty-four hours. He is declared, however, to be better this afternoon, and the local effects of the ailment are gone. Mr. Kipling has been occupying the tedious days of his convalescence in the compilation of a new book, which will bear the title "From Sea to Sea." It will consist of several subdivisions, included among them "Letters of Marque" and "The City of Dreadful Night." The main body of the work will consist of letters of travel written by Mr. Kipling to friends in India since his absence from them. These letters, which date from the year 1889, have been privately published before for confidential circulation. It is now announced that the first authorised version will shortly be issued by Messrs. Doubleday and McClure. Mr. Kipling has done no original writing since his illness.—*Laffan.*

SUNDAY DAILY TELEGRAPH, APRIL 9, 1899.

MILITARY "MEMS" and NAVAL NOTES.

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling is quite well, will he go to China? Being on American soil, he would not have very far to go, and the attraction would be that Captain E. H. Bayly, to whose friendship with the author of "Soldiers Three" we owe "The Fleet in Being," is on his way to Hong Kong. Captain Bayly commanded the cruiser Pelorus, in which Kipling went through the manœuvres. Now this officer has sailed for China seas in the larger cruiser Aurora—one of the original armoured class, and will be cruising in China seas for three years or so.

SUNDAY DAILY TELEGRAPH, APRIL 16, 1899.

DRAMA WEEK BY WEEK.

A report has been circulated to the effect that not impossibly Mr. Rudyard Kipling will be responsible for the writing of the Christmas entertainment at the Lyceum. The rumour, however, has no foundation in fact. Should Mr. Kipling turn his attention to the stage, of which, by the bye, there is no great probability, it will be in the direction of a large and serious work. Before starting on his recent trip to America, which was to open so unfortunately for him, Mr. Kipling discussed the question of a play with Mr. Tree, but recognising his own limitations in respect of stage knowledge, the author of "Soldiers Three" displayed considerable diffidence in pursuing the subject. As a matter of fact, the Lyceum has been let for the Christmas season to Mr. Cameron, the well-known photographer, who was also interested in the recent production of "Alice in Wonderland" at the Opera Comique. As to what will be the exact character of his programme, Mr. Cameron, however, has, so far, come to no decision.

THE BALLAD OF FOSSIL AND CO.

[A correspondent in "The Times," drawing attention to the causes which are driving our trade to America and Germany, appeals to Mr. Rudyard Kipling to turn his attention from the soldier and sailor to the man of manufactures and commerce.]

Fossil and Co.'s reputation in the City stood second to none—
Fossil and Co. were established in eighteen hundred and one—
Kept the style of the firm unchanged, like their principles, ever since then
(Headed their Bills of Lading still: "In the name of God. Amen");

Still wrote their letters in English, that all men might understand,
Had them copied in copperplate style in manuscript books by hand,
Prided themselves on their hardwares, their cottons were ever the best—
None but genuine English goods they shipped to the East or West.

Modern new-fangled notions Fossil and Co. despised,
Never touted for business, nor travelled, nor advertised;
From the fashions of eighteen hundred and one never the firm would swerve,
Held their principles straight as a die, no matter whose might curve.

Foreigners studied their price lists (had to learn English first),
Gave orders with variations, wanted guns that would burst,
Cotton piece goods that were flimsy, weighted with china clay,
Razors and knives that wouldn't cut—Fossil and Co. said: "Nay."

Nadler Gebrueder, of Hamburg, were agents to Fossil and Co.,
Nadler Gebrueder, of Hamburg, played it extremely low,
Nadler the younger's methods can hardly be reckoned fair—
Clerked in the office of Fossil and Co. three years as a volontaire.

Then round the world to their clients Nadler the younger flees,
Talking Arabic, Spanish, Dutch, Russian, and Japanese;
Offering hymn-books, idols, gin, eau-de-Cologne, and wines,
Piece goods and rifles to sample, or customers' own designs.

Fossil and Co. at home still stayed, writing letters in English still;
Business dwindled to vanishing point, profits tumbled to nil;
But Nadler Gebrueder, of Hamburg, managed to make it pay—
Taking a clerk at nothing a year isn't always the cheapest way.

MORAL—This maxim in business holds, whether you prosper or no:
In days of competition we all with the times must go;
Thus, as still with the times they went, Nadler Gebrueder got on—
And with the present hard times, alas! Fossil and Co. have—"gone."

A. J. C., in "Westminster Gazette."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

APRIL 13, 1899.

"CARNAC SAHIB,"

AT HER MAJESTY'S.

THE action of Mr. H. A. Jones's new play passes chiefly at Dilghaut, somewhere in India. It is an important station, of much natural and scenic beauty, plentifully supplied with ladies and officers, but singularly deficient in the less ornamental, but somewhat more useful, private soldier. Indeed, so far as we were able to discover, the total British file force consisted of a man named Betts, who rode thirty miles from Fyzapore on purpose, and a confused band of heroes known as Major Kynaston's company, whose chief duty appeared to lie in struggling with the native populace. One is not astonished, therefore, to find that, though the time is announced as the present, the Nawab of Fyzapore seizes the favourable opportunity of the town's being depleted of Betts to break out, to burn the officers' quarters, and to drive the Commissioner, Mr. Ford—made up like Mr. Kipling—into the open country.

Frankly, the play is poor stuff, as formless as though it were the first effort of Mr. Robinson or Mr. Brown rather than the five-and-twentieth or so of Mr. H. A. Jones. It is well enough acted, very well by Mr. Tree as Carnac, by Mr. J. D. Beveridge as Major Radnage, by Mr. Norman McKinnel as the Maharajah, and by Mr. Herbert Ross as Jimmy Hobbs, the fighting chaplain. Mr. Lewis Waller did not much impress us as Colonel Syrett, nor was Mrs. Brown Potter particularly successful in suggesting the irresistible fascinations of Mrs. Arnison. Miss Eva Moore made a pleasant Ellice Ford, and Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. Frank Mills, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier did something to distinguish themselves as Sir Hardinge Scrivener, Major Kynaston, and Lieutenant Barton respectively. The play is beautifully mounted and staged, but notwithstanding its many advantages had a somewhat mixed reception.

still hear her say it.
He was so kind, and

…was interrupted. I
…erity of this amiable
…persuasive that I can
…attempts at rehabili-

…t Robespierre had she
…here he was happy in
…d upon him, a Robes-
…to his sisters, sober,
…phrases, and moral

…gs stood by the fireside
…e tune of the romance
…rpsichord—who in the

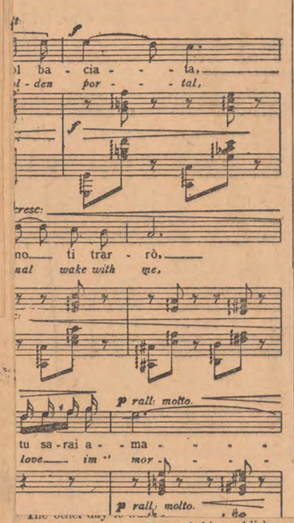
guilty?

Had he not the right to execrate them; and did not the duty of a patriot make it necessary for him to destroy these "perverse beings" clinging to their egotistical delights?

And, with this object, was not every weapon a legitimate one? Perfidy, lying, treason—everything; the beauty of the ultimate object justifying the worst possible means to that object?

His despairing cry in Thermidor, where those who assailed him were no better than himself: "All is lost; the scoundrels are triumphant!"—is thoroughly sincere!

…VS MUSIC IN THE "SUNDAY
…ON OF MESSRS. RICORDI.



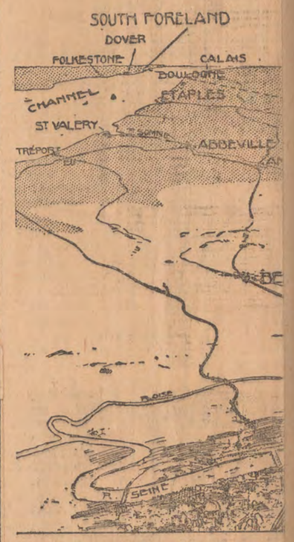
Caine had, on the advice of his publishers, bought a new hat. The "Tailor and Cutter" has even more recent information than this.

In the seclusion of his Manx home, the famous author seems to have taken to the wearing of knickers!

"Clothed in the garb here represented, Mr. Hall Caine portrays," we are told, "but a little of that divinity whose likeness it is said he compared himself unto before some American ladies. There is nothing incongruous in a literary Manxman wearing a Norfolk suit, although he has a personal liking for velveteens. If any of our readers should meet the author of 'The Christian' in a Norfolk suit, they may be

TELEGR…

Signor Marconi will send



The next attempt in the exploitation of wireless telegraphy by Signor Marconi is to be made between the Eiffel Tower in Paris and the South Foreland, near Dover, a distance of 230 miles. If successful this will be the greatest distance over which Signor Marconi's wireless messages

APRIL 9, 1899. THE REFEREE

FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED.

My system of interviewing is my own. My way is not to get my victims to say what they wish to say, leaving the interviewer to put in the adjectives—salting, as the cookery books say, "with a free hand." My object is to get them to say exactly what I wish them to say. Nothing more, nothing less. How is it done? Well, it is done without consulting them. That is all. My idea is simply to get them to speak frankly, honestly, unreservedly—without letting them know it.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

I found him tearing his hair behind the scenes of Her Majesty's Theatre. At least, I thought he was tearing his hair. But I must have been mistaken, for he welcomed me with a beaming face and an affable manner.

"You come from the REFEREE?" said the Popular Dramatist. "So pleased to see you. Let me offer you a seat. Sure you won't take anything else? Now I suppose you want to know all about 'Carnac Sahib'——?"

"Not at all," said I. "My object is simply to inform myself of the health of Jones Sahib. I hope you are——"

"I'm very busy," he replied, changing his manner abruptly. "But if you *do* want any preliminary information about my new play, I don't mind telling you that it is a m——."

"I know all about it already. Everything has been in the papers, and if the detailed accounts of the plot have not belied you, it is a return to the ways of melodrama, is it not?"

"In the sense in which 'Hamlet' is a melodrama," he replied, with frigid dignity. I had made a mistake. Apparently he was not going to say "melodrama." Can it be that the word on his lips was "masterpiece"?

"I hear the company are all enamoured of the play," I said, attempting to recover my position; "that Mrs. Brown Potter is simply delighted with her dresses; that Mr. Tree finds the character of the hero exactly suited to his latest style——"

"So they say; so they say," he interjected complacently.

"—— That Mr. Lewis Waller does not think there is a line too much in his part. I'm sure everybody will be glad you have made it up to *him* for being Buckingham'd into nothing in 'The Musketeers.' In fact, every member of the company, I understand, is perfectly satisfied—not excepting Mr. Franklin McLeay, of course. . . . What did you say? Well, we won't talk of that. But how came you," I continued, turning the conversation in another direction, "to pitch upon India as the scene of your new play?"

"By the Natural Right of the Dramatist," he said, as it were addressing an invisible assembly, "to comprehend all Humanity, to observe Life closely, and to study Character everywhere. And I felt that justice had not yet been done to India."

"There's Kipling," said I, filling up a pause; "he's been there. I have seen it stated that you are doing for India on the stage what that other great writer has done in fiction."

"I have seen it so stated in various paragraphs in the newspapers. Still, there is a difference between the Book and the Play. You will admit that? But tell me, how did that paragraph get into the papers? Do you think Kipling——"

"I might ask you the same question. I thought it must have come from——? No offence, I hope. . . . You were never in India, I believe?"

"Not exactly. In a manner of speaking—no. But I have been there—in Imagination. I have lived there, and died there. Is it possible that you have not seen in the papers that I have been 'studying the subject for some months past'? You can have no idea what a subject it is. E—nor—mous!"

"It is," I said, amazed at the stupendous knowledge indicated by the mere sweep of his hand.

"Then you know something of India?" he asked. "Tell me——"

"My wife is the daughter of an Indian officer," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"Then you know all about it?"

"No; nothing," I confessed; "or next to nothing, though I have been interested in the study of Indian affairs all my life."

"Then you don't know what it is to *feel* that you know Everything," he continued, enthusiastically; "that you understand with the intuitive perceptions of an Artist; that you are in relation with this strange people, so remote from Peckham, so insensible to the blighting chills of the Nonconformist Conscience; that you see before you the magnificent palaces of the rajahs solidly lifting their roof to the 'flies'—the skies, I should say."

"Then there will be nothing this time, I take it, to touch 'the smug and banal forms of religion' and the 'banal terror of art' with which you were reproaching your 'countrymen' the other day in that preface to the chaste comedy of 'The Triumph of the Philistines'? Nothing of the symbolic collywobbles—beg pardon, I mean 'lob-worms'?"

"The play has no severe ethical purpose. It is a story of the grand palpitating passions. Nothing more. And with never a word too much or too little——"

The flow of his eloquence was interrupted by the entrance of a lovely heap of feathers and furs which addressed itself, with oh! such a stretch of smile, to the Distinguished Author.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," said an insinuating voice, "Herbert says it will be so *nice* of you if you will just write in a *few* more lines in the scene for ——"

For whom will never be known. But "Carnac Sahib" we shall see next Wednesday in all its magnificence—literary, artistic, histrionic, spectacular.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"Carnac Sahib."

Kipling inspiration, local color, and "atmosphere." Unfortunately they have forgotten to put in the drama. There are dramatic incidents, but there is no coherent, continuous, cumulative dramatic interest. Nor is there any attempt at presentation of real character. We are shown mere picturesque externals. In other words "Carnac Sahib" is rank melodrama—all "alarums and excursions"—amusing to look at, with its British mess or campaigning uniforms and its bungalows and ghauts and "jewelled palaces"—but, so far as the human heart and mind are concerned, "full of emptiness."

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What is it all about? I have almost (within a quarter of an hour of the curtain-fall) forgotten. Two gallant colonels (Mr. Tree and Mr. Lewis Waller) are in love—fierce but "illicit" love—with a married lady (Mrs. Brown Potter), and they go about in full uniform, protesting, sighing, and hissing their passion, glaring and stamping and twisting their moustaches at one another, while the lady ogles and arches her eyebrows and runs through that gamut of strange grimaces which Mrs. Brown Potter appears to have copied from the Chinese lady in the willow-pattern plate. The lady makes assignations with each of the gallant colonels, but nothing (upon which Mr. Justice Jeune might decree nisi) happens. For whenever anything (I mean what Mr. Justice Jeune would consider anything) is just on the point of happening, one or other of the gallant colonels is called off to capture a Nawab or fight a Nizam or something of the kind.

***

The moral seems to be that Indian native Princes exist to preserve the virtue of English grass-widows. For Mrs. Brown Potter, although vowing to either one gallant colonel or the other that she will consent, is never called upon to keep her vow. Colonel Tree Sahib gets an assignation, whereupon Colonel Waller Sahib, maddened by jealousy, allows his "bearer" to try and stab Colonel Tree Sahib, but subsequently repents and goes to help Colonel Tree Sahib out of a difficulty which seems to be suggested by Sir George Robertson's book on Chitral. But you cannot—even when you are Henry Arthur Jones Sahib—make a real play out of reminiscences of Mr. Kipling and Sir George Robertson—and "Carnac Sahib" ultimately peters out to nothing at all.

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It is to be guessed, perhaps, that Colonel Tree, being a reformed character in consequence of the siege of Chitral—I mean, of Fyzapore—"takes up" with the innocent Miss Eva Moore instead of the wicked Mrs. Brown Potter, who, I suppose, consoles herself with Colonel Lewis Waller. But I am not quite sure. The one bit of hearty human nature in the piece is the drunken, devil-may-care Army doctor, played by Mr. J. D. Beveridge. . . . But what a play for a theatre like Her Majesty's to produce! I will go and study the "book," and see if I can, on second thoughts, find something decently civil to say about it.

SPEC.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899.

THE WORLD'S PRESS.

A Suppressed Kipling.

The book (by Rudyard Kipling) entitled "Forty-five Mornings," set up, printed, ready for the binder, was suppressed. A prominent literary paper said the other week that this was a book of Kipling's travels in the East. As a matter of fact, it was a book of short stories similar to "Plain Tales from the Hills," to which collection I thought it was equal, but the reply to my verdict was: "As good isn't good enough. It must be better or it won't be published." And it wasn't published.—"Robert Barr in "The Outlook."

Something in the English.

If you're wounded by a savage foe and bugles sound "retire,"
There's something in the English after all;
You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of fire,
For there's something in the English after all:
Yes, although their guns be empty, and their blood be ebbing fast,
And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall,
Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs and protect you to the last,
Or they'll die, like English soldiers, after all.

"Sunday Tribune," Chicago.

APRIL 15, 1899.

MUSTARD AND CRESS.

The heart of the world went out to Rudyard Kipling when the Press was devoting several columns daily to the details of his illness. But you don't imagine for a moment that when the great writer grew better his less fortunate brethren did not feel envious and inclined to sneer and to suggest as a title for a new Kipling book "The Doubledays Work." Why, there are young literary men pining for publicity to-day who are jealous of Jaggers. It is this feeling of discontent, of envy and jealousy carried to the verge of insanity, that makes the Anarchist. "The War on Wealth" is the natural result of "the Boom of the Millionaire."

* * *

DAGONET.

THE MORNING POST.

[THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1899.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"CARNAC SAHIB."

Last evening was produced a new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, entitled "Carnac Sahib," with the following cast:

Colonel Stacey Carnac (in command at Dilghaut during General Scrivener's absence)	Mr. TREE.
Colonel Arthur Syrett (next Senior Officer to Carnac at Dilghaut)	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
General Sir Hardinge Scrivener (Commanding at Dilghaut)	Mr. F. PERCIVAL STEVENS.
Major Hedley Kynaston	Mr. FRANK MILLS.
Major William Radnage (Indian Medical Service)	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.
Reverend Jimmy Hobbs (Chaplain of the Forces at Dilghaut)	Mr. HERBERT ROSS.
Mr. Ford (the English Commissioner at Fyzapore)	Mr. J. FISHER WHITE.
The Maharajah of Motiala	Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Captain Bell	Mr. JAMES B. FAGAN.
Lieutenant Richard Barton	Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Lieutenant Alan Lovatt	Mr. SCOTT CRAVEN.
Mahomet Ali (Bearer to Syrett)	Mr. S. A. COOKSON.
Mirza Khan (Envoy from the Nawab of Fyzapore)	Mr. CHAMIER.
Ali Khan (Bearer to Colonel Carnac)	Mr. H. W. VARNA.
Krishna (a Native Spy)	Mr. A. MANSFIELD.
Betts (an English Soldier)	Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS.
Ellice Ford	Miss EVA MOORE.
May Ford	Miss MARIE HARRIS.
Amina (Ayah to Ellice)	Miss VYNOR.
Mrs. Carmichael	Miss MARIE BRIERLEY.
Mrs. Remington	Miss GRACE OTWAY.
Mrs. Whitmore	Miss LILLIAN MOUBRAY.
Madge Lovelace	Miss ROSE DUPRE.
Seeta (Ayah to Mrs. Arnison)	Miss CARDOZO.
Olive Arnison	Mrs. BROWN POTTER.

THE BALLAD OF FOSSIL AND CO.

[A correspondent in "The Times," drawing attention to the causes which are driving our trade to America and Germany, appeals to Mr. Rudyard Kipling to turn his attention from the soldier and sailor to the man of manufactures and commerce.]

Fossil and Co.'s reputation in the City stood second to none—
Fossil and Co. were established in eighteen hundred and one—
Kept the style of the firm unchanged, like their principles, ever since then
(Headed their Bills of Lading still: "In the name of God. Amen");

Still wrote their letters in English, that all men might understand,
Had them copied in copperplate style in manuscript books by hand,
Prided themselves on their hardwares, their cottons were ever the best—
None but genuine English goods they shipped to the East or West.

Modern new-fangled notions Fossil and Co. despised,
Never touted for business, nor travelled, nor advertised;
From the fashions of eighteen hundred and one never the firm would swerve,
Held their principles straight as a die, no matter whose might curve.

Foreigners studied their price lists (had to learn English first),
Gave orders with variations, wanted guns that would burst,
Cotton piece goods that were flimsy, weighted with china clay,
Razors and knives that wouldn't cut—Fossil and Co. said: "Nay."

Nadler Gebrueder, of Hamburg, were agents to Fossil and Co.,
Nadler Gebrueder, of Hamburg, played it extremely low,
Nadler the younger's methods can hardly be reckoned fair—
Clerked in the office of Fossil and Co. three years as a volontaire.

Then round the world to their clients Nadler the younger flees,
Talking Arabic, Spanish, Dutch, Russian, and Japanese;
Offering hymn-books, idols, gin, eau-de-Cologne, and wines,
Piece goods and rifles to sample, or customers' own designs.

Fossil and Co. at home still stayed, writing letters in English still;
Business dwindled to vanishing point, profits tumbled to nil;
But Nadler Gebrueder, of Hamburg, managed to make it pay—
Taking a clerk at nothing a year isn't always the cheapest way.

MORAL—This maxim in business holds, whether you prosper or no:
In days of competition we all with the times must go;
Thus, as still with the times they went, Nadler Gebrueder got on—
And with the present hard times, alas! Fossil and Co. have—"gone."

A. J. C., in "Westminster Gazette."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.
APRIL 13, 1899.

"CARNAC SAHIB,"
AT HER MAJESTY'S.

THE action of Mr. H. A. Jones's new play passes chiefly at Dilghaut, somewhere in India. It is an important station, of much natural and scenic beauty, plentifully supplied with ladies and officers, but singularly deficient in the less ornamental, but somewhat more useful, private soldier. Indeed, so far as we were able to discover, the total British file force consisted of a man named Betts, who rode thirty miles from Fyzapore on purpose, and a confused band of heroes known as Major Kynaston's company, whose chief duty appeared to lie in struggling with the native populace. One is not astonished, therefore, to find that, though the time is announced as the present, the Nawab of Fyzapore seizes the favourable opportunity of the town's being depleted of Betts to break out, to burn the officers' quarters, and to drive the Commissioner, Mr. Ford—made up like Mr. Kipling—into the open country.

Frankly, the play is poor stuff, as formless as though it were the first effort of Mr. Robinson or Mr. Brown rather than the five-and-twentieth or so of Mr. H. A. Jones. It is well enough acted, very well by Mr. Tree as Carnac, by Mr. J. D. Beveridge as Major Radnage, by Mr. Norman McKinnel as the Maharajah, and by Mr. Herbert Ross as Jimmy Hobbs, the fighting chaplain. Mr. Lewis Waller did not much impress us as Colonel Syrett, nor was Mrs. Brown Potter particularly successful in suggesting the irresistible fascinations of Mrs. Arnison. Miss Eva Moore made a pleasant Eilice Ford, and Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. Frank Mills, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier did something to distinguish themselves as Sir Hardinge Scrivener, Major Kynaston, and Lieutenant Barton respectively. The play is beautifully mounted and staged, but notwithstanding its many advantages had a somewhat mixed reception.

CELEBRITIES AS FASHION PLATES.

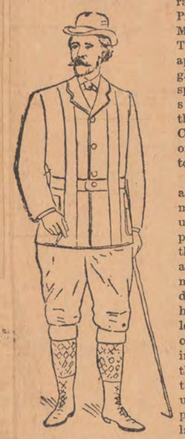
An Amusing Article, With Tailor-made Portraits of Some Well-known Folk.

There are celebrities and celebrities, each variety always with us.

There are plain celebrities, celebrities who have done something, and the aristocracy of the species, celebrities who dress well.

Clothes make the man, and the time is coming when no career will be considered complete until one has figured in a fashion plate. If this standard were generally accepted now, it is astonishing how few really great men would remain to us.

So far as is known, only some dozen have so far succeeded in this rigorous test, and they range from the Prince of Wales to Mr. George R. Sims. These have recently appeared in all the glories of their '99 spring suitings as supplements to the "Tailor and Cutter," the organ of the craft sartorial.



MR. HALL CAINE.

Such a changed appearance do many of these usually well-known personages present, that we have sought and obtained permission to reproduce their portraits here, in order to lessen the chances of their being "cut" in the street by those who still picture them as they used to look. Even photographs taken last year are now obviously misleading and out of date.

The other day it was rumoured that Mr. Hall Caine had, on the advice of his publishers, bought a new hat. The "Tailor and Cutter" has even more recent information than this.

In the seclusion of his Manx home, the famous author seems to have taken to the wearing of knickers!

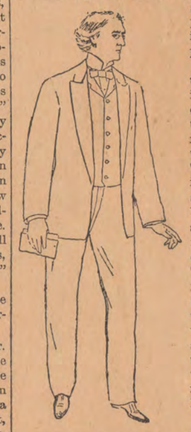
"Clothed in the garb here represented, Mr. Hall Caine portrays," we are told, "but a little of that divinity whose likeness it is said he compared himself unto before some American ladies. There is nothing incongruous in a literary Manxman wearing a Norfolk suit, although he has a personal liking for velveteens. If any of our readers should meet the author of 'The Christian' in a Norfolk suit, they may be sure it is of Manx tweed, of a make that has found favour in the eyes of the greatest son of the 'oiland.'"

H.R.H.

The description of the Prince of Wales's attire is somewhat technical, but any one who wishes to follow his Royal Highness, as so many do, in the matter of clothes, has only to cut out the paragraph and hand it to his tailor.

"Our genial Prince is fittingly attired in a frock suit of grey diagonal worsted, a garment for which he has a strong partiality, and one which certainly adorns his portly figure. The fronts here button three, with two holes in the lapel.

"The fronts at waist require nicely adjusting in order to provide for the rotundity, without giving undue prominence to the increase at that part.

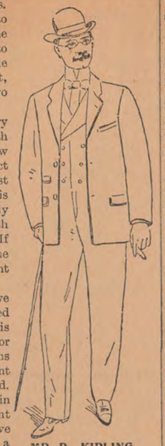


SIR HENRY IRVING.

"The skirt for this class of figure is generally cut close-fitting, with the button edge manipulated so as to curl inwards. The linings are invariably of a silk serge, with breast facings of soie de Dieu silk, felled to the end of the holes. These should run in harmony with the outer edge, with the same width of facing showing down the front, so as to present a regular unbroken line.

"The sleeves are of moderate width, although the majority of the West-end tradesmen that cater for the Prince have their own individual style in this respect. The cuffs, from 4 to 4½in. deep, are invariably finished with two or three holes and buttons.

The trousers are cut to a neat width in the legs, and the fronts to drop with a single crease on to the boot, showing the first two buttons."

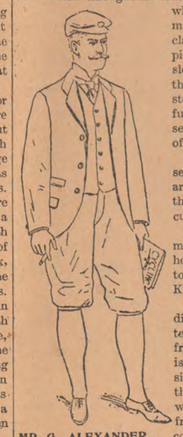


MR. R. KIPLING.

Friends of Sir Henry Irving will note with pleasure that his new suit has had the effect of knocking at least thirty years off his age. He might easily be taken for a youth of twenty-five. If that is due to the coat, velveteen ought to boom this year.

"Sir Henry," we find, "appears dressed in a suit which is very appropriate for informal occasions when full war paint is not required. Velveteens are again securing an amount of attention they have not had for quite a generation. This new fad runs in the direction of Dinner Jackets and Lounges, the former of which is represented on the famous actor.

"Round cuffs on the sleeves and welt pockets are the usual thing for garments of this class. It is lined throughout with twill silk. The white vest may be made of silk for first-class customers, or piqué for those of slender purses; but the single-breast step collar is as useful a style as can be selected for a vest of this description.



MR. G. ALEXANDER.

"Sir Henry's trousers, we may add, are almost always the perfection of cut."

Another gentleman who knows how to dress seems to be Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

"Looking as candid as if he were telling a plain tale from the hills, R. K. is dressed in a single-breast reefer, the chief feature of which is the straight front and square corner. It is cut in every other respect like an ordinary lounge; there is an out breast pocket, and the ordinary side pockets, while the edges may be finished with single or double-stitching, the former for preference. The light summer vest is cut in the double-breast style, with lapel seamed on."

Some of us would have preferred Mr. Kipling as he was.

In Mr. George Alexander the cycling habit has found another victim. Here you see him "clothed in a suit which at present is greatly favoured by cyclists. The Lounge is cut single-breasted to roll moderately low on the breast; it may be worn to button three, and is sharply rounded off at the corner from the bottom button to the side seam. The sleeves are finished with a two-hole and button cuff. The vest is made in the no-collar style, opening about 12 inches, lined with grey flannel.

"The knickers are cut loose and easy, and are fastened under the knee with a 1-inch band and buckle." Incidentally, too, Mr. Alexander seems to have grown a moustache.

And now for the last of our really great men. As our contemporary remarks, Lord Kitchener needs no introduction. His lordship evidently doesn't intend to allow any antiquated fashions to prevail up the Nile. The hero of Omdurman is "portrayed in the fashionable Riding Dress as now worn for the morning gallop. The coat of a drab or brown tweed is cut to button three, with the skirts running in harmony with the fronts. The vest of a light Tattersall is cut in the no-collar style, buttoning fairly high. The breeches are cut baggy about the thighs, the fulness being principally located on the outside of the legs. The fronts are finished Split Fall, a style much in request with hunting gentlemen and habitués of the Army."

LORD KITCHENER.

The more one thinks of this subject the more one realises that the trouble in the Transvaal is likely to continue just as long as Mr. Kruger puts off getting his clothes from a Bond-street tailor.

FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED.
STAR, THURSDAY, 13 APRIL, 1899.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"Carnac Sahib."

Kipling inspiration, local color, and tmosphere." Unfortunately they have rgotten to put in the drama. There are amatic incidents, but there is no cohe-nt, continuous, cumulative dramatic in-rest. Nor is there any attempt at esentation of real character. We are own mere picturesque externals. In er words "Carnac Sahib" is rank melo-ama—all "alarums and excursions"—using to look at, with its British mess or mpaigning uniforms and its bungalows d ghauts and "jewelled palaces"—t, so far as the human heart and mind concerned, "full of emptiness."

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What is it all about? I have almost ithin a quarter of an hour of the curtain-) forgotten. Two gallant colonels (Mr. e and Mr. Lewis Waller) are in love—ce but "illicit" love—with a married lady rs. Brown Potter), and they go about full uniform, protesting, sighing, and sing their passion, glaring and stamp-and twisting their moustaches at one ther, while the lady ogles and arches eyebrows and runs through that gamut of ange grimaces which Mrs. Brown Potter ears to have copied from the Chinese y in the willow-pattern plate. The lady kes assignations with each of the gal-t colonels, but nothing (upon which Mr. itice Jeune might decree nisi) happens. whenever anything (I mean what Mr. tice Jeune would consider anything) is t on the point of happening, one or other he gallant colonels is called off to cap-e a Nawab or fight a Nizam or something he kind.

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Daily Mail 31
LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899.

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THE MORNING POST.

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Major William Radnage (Indian Medical Service)	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.
Reverend Jimmy Hobbs (Chaplain of the Forces at Dilghaut)	Mr. HERBERT ROSS.
Mr. Ford (the English Commissioner at Fyzapore)	Mr. J. FISHER WHITE.
The Maharajah of Motiala	Mr. NORMAN M'KINNEL.
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Lieutenant Richard Barton	Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.
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Mrs. Whitmore	Miss LILLIAN MOUBRAY.
Madge Loveiace	Miss ROSS DUPRE.
Seeta (Ayah to Mrs. Arnison)	Miss CARDOZO.
Olive Arnison	Mrs. BROWN POTTER.

New York Herald.]

THE LATEST SKETCH OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING: THE BANJO-BARD OF EMPIRE.

"We cannot speak for England, but we think we can speak for America in saying that there is no living man out of office for whom an entire community, doctors, merchants, lawyers, sailors, soldiers, policemen, firemen and elevator boys, loafers and labourers, of all ages, sizes, kinds, and circumstances, would have felt the personal anxiety and concern excited in this country by the illness of Rudyard Kipling."—The *New York Sun*.

WE cannot speak for America, but we think we can speak for England, and we say without hesitation that if all our contemporary English poets had lain a-dying, from the Poet Laureate downwards, their fate would have excited less interest among the English folk, high and low, rich and poor, cultured or uncultured, than that which was felt in Rudyard Kipling's illness. It only needed the threatening shadow of death to reveal the fact. Whatever may be the sneers of the prig or the scoffing of the superior person, Rudyard Kipling now stands revealed as the man who most of all has impressed the popular mind, fired the popular imagination, interpreted the popular consciousness. Both in prose and verse he has struck "that bard's true lyre, a nation's heart." Other men may be greater poets. Other men may more fully deserve to be hailed as possessors of the divine gift of genius. But no other man has with such unerring precision struck the notes to which the public heart responds most readily. He has become the *vates sacer* of the last years of the nineteenth century—the Robert Burns of his time. Poet Laureate he may never be by grace of Her Majesty the Queen. But Poet Laureate he is to-day by virtue of the supreme will and sovereign pleasure of His Majesty King Demos, whose dominions extend over the whole of the territories at present occupied or administered by the British Empire and the American Republic. He has the position if not the title, and reigns by right of eminent domain over a whole world of loyal and devoted subjects.

Rudyard Kipling I have called the Banjo Bard of the Empire. The epithet, suggested by his own inimitable poem on the banjo, will probably be resented by his worshippers as an insult, but it will, I trust, be recognised by the poet himself in quite the opposite sense. For in his "Song of the Banjo" he tells us it is "The War Drum of the White Man round the World." There is a great deal of the "Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp" of the banjo about Kipling's verse. But although familiar, how wide its range, how heroic its uses!

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp,
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!
With my "*pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!*"
[Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!]
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.
Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake,
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things;
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?
And the tunes that mean so much to you alone, . . .
I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—
And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you, when you're done,
To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

That is Kipling all over, especially "the thoughts that burn like iron if you think." And with the latest of these thoughts let us begin.

I.—THE MESSAGE OF THE MAN.

Kipling is a revolving mirror reflecting many moods of myriad men. But he is more than a mere mirror. He is a prophet with a message of his own. Like Father Hecker, in a very different line of business, he bears visible trace of his Methodist ancestry. His language, no doubt, is more free, not to say profane, than would pass muster in a class meeting. But swearing is, as Bishop Lightfoot used to say, with some men a mere matter from the lips outward. The soul of Kipling is Methodist to the core. While he is a fine photographic artist, in colours, of things as they are, he is the prophet of the Imperial idea, of the Imperialism which is based on service rather than on glory, the Imperialism which presents as its credentials the bearing of burdens rather than the extorting of tribute. The grandson of two Methodist ministers, the son of an artist born in India and married in America, heredity, education, and environment combined to fit him for the preaching of his message to the English-speaking world. It is a message of duty, the obligation of the strong to help the weak, the latest phrasing of the old-time saying that he who would be greatest must be servant of all.

The song of "The White Man's Burden" is the most popular rendering of all that we have been for the last twenty years more or less painfully endeavouring to drive home to the intelligence of our people. For my own part I can well remember how I learnt the truth, years ago, when Kipling was but the mournful, desolate little chap whose tribulations at the home of Aunt Rosy he has so touchingly described in his story "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep." Trevelyan's "Competition Wallah," and Sir W. W. Hunter's "Orissa" and "Annals of Rural Bengal" were the books that made vivid to me the open secret of the Roman peace which Britain maintains among the dark-skinned races of the world. That conception of Empire as service, the service or ministry by the stronger and more advanced nations of the weaker and less progressive races, has been the basis of all the Imperialism which I have ever preached in good report and ill, beginning it a quarter of a century since, when few would listen, and persisting in it even to-day, when the true Imperialism is almost submerged by the turbid flood of the bastard Jingoism which revels in the splendours and ignores the obligations of Empire. It is the only Imperialism which will not create a passionate recoil in the serious, sober conscience of our people.

"The White Man's Burden" is the poetic rendering of

New York Herald.]

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the message in prose which he published in the last Christmas number of the *New York World*. After referring to the dawn of the new era of good feeling between the two nations of Britain and America, Kipling wrote :—

When America sets her hand to administer without show of force races helpless in themselves for good government, when she creates roads, drains, schools, hospitals, and an elementary form of justice in countries where they do not now exist, using her best men freely for the work, she will, I fancy, find herself even better understood and appreciated by Great Britain than she is to-day.

Here we have the germ of the verses which a month or two since did so much to hearten the Americans to attempt the preliminary conquest of the Philippines as their share of "the White Man's Burden." At present it is to be feared their mood is not quite so enthusiastic. The preliminaries of taking up the burden are so tedious, so bloody, and so costly, that many are recalling another verse of Kipling's, which appeared in "The Naulahka" seven years ago :—

Now it is not good for the Christian's health to bustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and he weareth the Christian down ;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white, with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear : "A fool lies here, who tried to bustle the East !"

Nevertheless "The White Man's Burden" is famous among the political poems of our time because it passionately but seriously formulates the only true moral basis of Empire. He sounded the same note many years ago in his "Song of the English," for the opening of the Imperial Institute :—

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth !

We have sinned, no doubt ; we have stumbled and we have strayed, but we need not be dismayed. Our duty is to hold the faith our fathers sealed, and to keep the law of our Imperial mission. What is our Imperial mission ? Mr. Kipling defines it not inaptly in the following verse :—

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience.
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown ;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord.

The sons of England are thus addressed by their Imperial Mother :—

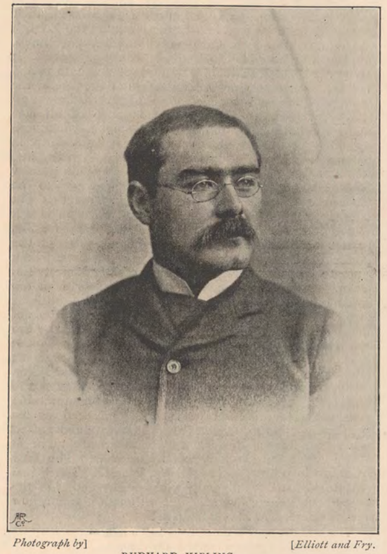
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors—
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas.
* * * * * * *
The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men !

Always the same note ; the same which McAndrew heard his engines sounding when they sang, like the morning stars, for the joy that they are made :—

Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline.

With Byron, Burns, and the poets of a hundred years ago, the note of their verse was Liberty. They lived in the days of the great Republican upheaval. The nineteenth century is ending amid the splendours of a great Imperialist revival. Hence it is Law and Order, rather than Liberty and Freedom, which inspire Kipling's muse. He never forgets the word of command :—

But the head and the hoof of the Law
And the haunch and the hump is—Obey !



Photograph by] [*Elliott and Fry.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The same note of the drill-sergeant is always making itself felt in his verse and prose. "Sergeant Whatisname," who drilled "a black man white and made a mummy fight," is ever the high priest in Kipling's temple :—

He's a charm for making riflemen from mud.
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptic ;
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),
And Pharaoh harked to Sergeant Whatisname.

The kourbash is unpopular, the knout is banned ; but Mr. Kipling has done his best to revive the dying faith in the beneficent stick. There is the same refrain elsewhere :—

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very 'ard ;
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard.
'E talks o' cruel tyrants 'e'll swing for by-an'-by,
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain ;
'E learns to save a dummy an' shove 'im straight again.
'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk,
An''elearns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

The hammering of the raw recruit until he becomes a first-class non-commissioned officer is told with intense sympathy. The influence of Kipling on politics is something like that of Carlyle. Both are preachers of the doctrine of the drill sergeant. One worshipped Frederic the Great, the other Sergeant Whatisname. But the stick is the sceptre common to both divinities.

In one of the worst of Kipling's poems—the "Truce of the Bear" is the worst and most unworthy of all—that entitled "Kitchener's School," a poem which is hardly even doggerel, we read that "Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mad things," but "all the mad English obey the Judge and say that the law is good." To Kipling the law is always good. His is the unhesitating obedience of the parade ground.

Kipling is the antithesis of Swinburne, who belongs to the Revolutionary, pre-Imperialistic era. And as Swinburne, lawless, defiant, liberty-loving, carries the note of Revolt so far as to reck little of the reproach of Blasphemy, Kipling on the contrary, while administering unlimited stick to the recruit, bows ever prone before the Infinite Drill-Sergeant overhead. The old Puritan leaven working through his Methodist grandsires dominates him completely in two of the most characteristic of his poems. It is not saying too much of his "Recessional," which has been sung as a psalm of the Peace Crusade all over the country, that no poem of recent times ever produced so deep and so immediate an effect. This was due no doubt partly to the very incongruity of the lofty and solemn note of "Recessional" with the usual strain of our Banjo-Bard of the Barracks. Until the "Recessional" appeared England did not know that Kipling could on occasion lay down the banjo and strike with master hand the lyre of the Hebrew bard. Appearing as it did just after the loyal transports of the Jubilee, it harmonised perfectly with the sober second thought of the nation :—

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

AMEN.

A strange and solemn psalm indeed to come from the singer of the roystering ditties of the barrack and the music-hall.

"Recessional" does not stand alone. Francis Adams once wrote bitterly of Kipling as "the sweet psalmist of Jingoism and Adultery," but it is as a psalmist of another order that he is known to the world to-day. Even in his first booklet, "Soldiers Three," he struck the truer note in which he appeals to the higher soul, within which again he apostrophises in his later poem, "The True Romance" :—

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough hewn race ;
For Pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment
Where with the shifting dust I play,
And eat the bread of Discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make,—
O Thou who knowest, turn and see,
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares, ere I go forth to sell.
The long *bazar* will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well ?

The sense of the constant presence, the haunting reality of the divine which is not God, but which yet is akin to God, which is in us, and yet is not of us, finds clear expression in the opening verse of the poem "The True Romance" :—

Through wantonness if men profess
They weary of Thy parts,
E'en let them die at blasphemy
And perish with their arts ;
But we that love, but we that prove
Thine excellence august,
While we adore discover more
Thee perfect, wise and just.

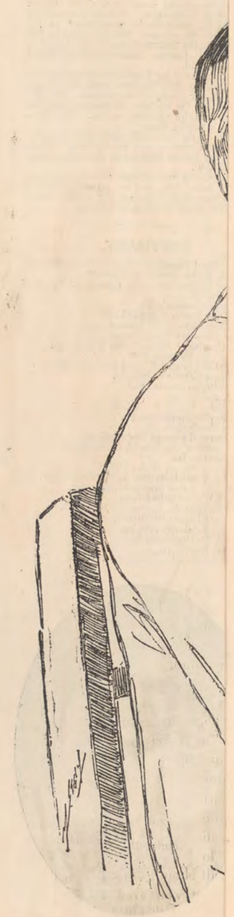
Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die :
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch thy garments' hem :
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.

It is this poem, says Professor Norton, which more than any other gives the key to the interpretation of Mr. Kipling's work in general, and displays its controlling aim.

In "Recessional," as also in the hymn to be sung on the Eve of Action, we have a more palpable personification of the Supreme Invisible.

Kipling's God is the God of the Old Norse Rovers, the Fighting God, the Lord of Hosts of Cromwell, a terribly real and awful Deity, who nevertheless can sympathise with a first-rate fighting man, and will in the end see that justice is done. The "Hymn before Action" is less well known than the "Recessional," but it has moved at least one American critic into an ecstasy of enthusiastic praise.

"Hymn before Action," although vigorous in parts, is too long. Six eight-line stanzas were never sung by any troops before action on land or sea. There are characteristic touches, however, in the hymn peculiar to Kipling.



New York Herald.]

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For instance, this stanza referring to the non-Christian auxiliary who fights in our ranks :—

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone!
If wrong we did to call them
By honour bound they came;
Let not Thy Wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

The stanza addressed to the Virgin would have filled our Ironsides with wrath :—

Oh Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna, intercede!

The last verse is the best, although "Jehovah of the Thunders" is rather stilted :—

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles hear!

The same spirit breathes in every line of the White Man's Burden. As the Lord of Hosts is the Providence of the White Man, so the White Man must be the terrestrial providence of the silent, sullen people, "half devil and half child."

The exhortation has become so classic, it has passed so thoroughly into the political life and thought of the day, that it is absurd to refrain from quoting the most distinctive verses :—

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

It has of course provoked many replies. One by Mr. George Lynch, printed in *Concord*, is entitled "In Answer to a certain Hymn of Hypocrisy." It begins "Bear we the Black Man's burden," and is not lacking in vigour. The second stanza is as follows :—

Bear we the Black Man's burden!
The stealing of our lands,
Driven backwards, always backwards,
E'en from our desert sands;
You bring us your own poison,
Fire liquor that you sell,
While your Missions and your Bibles
Threaten your White Man's hell.

Still more emphatic is the fourth stanza, which ends with the couplet :—

"You cheat us for your profit,
You damn us for your gain."

Whatever may be said concerning the duty of Uncle Sam to shoulder his burden, John Bull has done his share. Of the "silent, sullen peoples" he bears three hundred and fifty millions on his broad back, while all the other white men in the world only carry a hundred millions. All the whites under the Queen's sceptre number but fifty millions, so that each one of us has seven black and brown and copper-coloured men upon his back. It will be well if we can arrest the overloading at this point. For if some mad folk have their way there will soon be half-a-dozen yellow men riding on John Bull's back. Take up the white man's burden indeed! But "to fill full the mouth of famine" may prove a task beyond the compass even of our strength. We have too many mouths at home unfilled to permit us lightly to multiply our obligations in this matter.

Kipling, however, has put the Imperialist idea on the right basis. If our people realise the burden of Empire and see it as Kipling does, there need be no fear that they will expand its borders in the fashion advocated by those who, when they talk of Empire, are only dreaming of the looting of the world.

Far removed indeed is the Imperialism of the Recessional and the White Man's Burden from the flaunty Jingoism of the music-hall. Contrast the famous song of MacDermott, the refrain of which gave the Jingoes their name, with the lofty ideal of Rudyard Kipling :—

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are.

II.—HIS TRAINING.

I have never had the privilege of meeting Rudyard Kipling. I have therefore been compelled to give more of an appreciation of his message as it is written in his books than to attempt at second hand a description of his character. He has lived many lives even in this incarnation. How many he has lived before he was born in Bombay in 1865, who can say? In "The Finest Story in the World," Kipling touches upon the fringe of the immense subject of reincarnation. Charlie Mears, a bank clerk, has reminiscences of his previous life without being conscious that they are reminiscences. He describes with vivid reality the life which he lived when he was a galley slave, first in a Greek galley, and then in a warship of the Vikings. These reminiscences occur in a haphazard fashion, and finally disappear altogether when their subject falls in love with a tobacconist's shop-girl. It is a tempting theory which would account for many things to assume that Kipling has never lost the power of recalling the experiences through which he passed in previous existences. There is no doubt that in the East where he was born, and where he learnt the mystic mastery of his craft, the art of recalling the memories of previous incarnations is firmly believed to be within the range of human faculties. It is, of course, easy to account for Kipling's extraordinary range of sympathy and insight into such immensely diverse forms of life and thought as those which he treats in the

"Jungle Book," in his "Departmental Ditties," in his short stories, and in his more serious work in prose and verse, by attributing it entirely to the imagination. But when we ask what imagination is, and how it came to be so powerful and vivid with him, there is no answer. That Kipling is a psychic and has mastered much psychic lore is probable enough. A man of his genius could not have saturated himself in the life and thought of the East without acquiring at least some tinge of occultism.

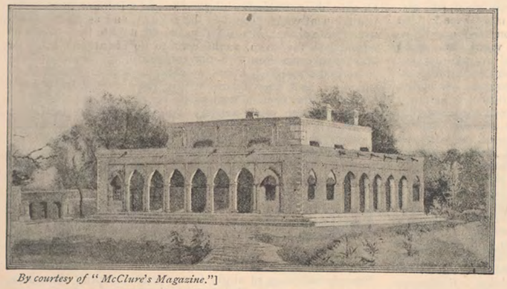
Of his ante-natal experiences, however, he has given us no record. His life story for us begins with his birth at Bombay in 1865. His father was John Lockwood Kipling, Principal of the School of Art at Lahore; his mother was a Macdonald. Both mother and father had been children of the Methodist manse.

According to the testimony of Mr. Holker, a Lancashire cotton weaver, who had mills in Dharwal, near Lahore, Kipling's father was a very remarkable man. Mr. Holker says :—

I don't believe there was another such Oriental scholar in India as he. He had a marvellous knowledge of the religious creeds and of the language and dialects of the country. Added to that, he was one of the greatest authorities on antiquarian matters there, and would be sent for from all parts of India in the case of there being discovered anything of interesting but doubtful origin. I remember my first visit to the house of the Kiplings at Lahore. Every room into which we went simply teemed with curios and artistic wonders. One could have spent days in every apartment. The Kipling family were delightful people, all clever, artistic in their tastes, and the kindest, most gracious family I have known.

Of no small ability as an artist and an author, Mrs. Kipling was so gifted that when Rudyard dedicated his first book to "the Wittiest Woman in all India," the general opinion was that it could refer to no other woman than his mother.

Three different nationalities, says Dr. Kellner, have gone to make up his complicated nature. "On the mother's side, Scotland and Ireland, on the father's England, though four hundred years ago the Kiplings came from Holland. There is likewise a mixture of two different temperaments in the genealogy. As the child began to talk he learned to call things by two different names. Kipling speaks Hindustani as fluently as English. Through the servants he came in touch with all the religions of Asia; his ayah was Roman Catholic, and he knelt with her at the same altar; other servants took him into the mosques, others introduced him into the temples of the Hindus and Parsees."



By courtesy of "McClure's Magazine."]

THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE KIPLINGS AT LAHORE.

It was a sad day for young Kipling when, like his prototype in "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," he was taken back to England and deposited in the care of "Antirosa" and a clerical uncle. Of what he experienced during these years of tribulation in the Yorkshire dales is it not written for all the world to read in his inimitable stories of child-life, notably in "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep"? From Antirosa's care he was sent to be educated at the United Service College, Westward Ho, in North Devon. Of his experiences at this preparatory school all the world has read, and is still reading, in his schoolboy story of "Stalky & Co." now appearing simultaneously in *McClure's* and the *Windsor*. He was a boy of seventeen when, in 1882, he returned to India, little dreaming that in the next seventeen years he would have climbed to the highest pinnacle of renown, and that when he struggled between life and death in New York the bulletins from his sick-room would be waited for throughout the world with greater anxiety than if they had registered the fate of a monarch. Of Kipling as a schoolboy at Westward Ho, we need say little, for Kipling has never ceased to be a schoolboy. He is always at school, with the keen, eager eye of the schoolboy. He has sailed the world round and round again, but to him there are still endless possibilities of wonder and adventure lurking in every nook and corner of the planet. The letter which in Easter, 1898, he wrote to the editors of a schoolboys' paper who had asked him for a contribution, is so characteristic, both of Kipling as he was and Kipling as he is, that I quote it intact :—

"To the Editors *School Budget* :

"Gentlemen: I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with copy of school *Budget*, Feb. 14, and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed and in what county of England Horsmonden is situated. But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your 'Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more as following :

"1. If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save you being asked to 'say it again.'

"2. The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favourite pro tem; (b), his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first half of the construe, and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N.B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) impots, in return for this service.

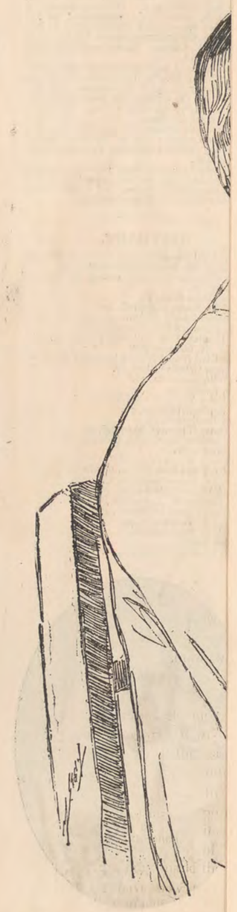
"3. A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

"4. Never shirk a master out of bounds; pass him with an abstracted eye, and, at the same time, pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for some one else.

"5. When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest ploughland. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

"6. If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on a Sunday. You then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to button them into a tight 'Eton.'

"You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a check or postal-order for sixpence at your convenience, if the con-



New York Herald.]

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tribution should be found to fill more than one page. Faithfully yours,

"RUDYARD KIPLING.

"Capetown, Easter Monday, '98."

When he went back to India, he was sent to serve his apprenticeship in journalism as a kind of sub-editorial apprentice in the office of *The Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. That choice of a profession fixed his destiny. He was a schoolboy who had become journalist, and although the journalist subsequently became novelist and poet, he remains a journalist to the end of his days. He is the supreme type of the journalist in the field of letters. He has the training of a journalist; the capacity for quick, sure, vivid observation, combined with an inexhaustible store of energy for sustained labour. His eye is never weary of seeing, his tongue never fails for asking, nor does his pen slacken in the writing of what he sees and hears.

Of his newspaper experiences in India he has told us in his short story, "The Man who would be King." It must not have been pleasant in the Lahore newspaper office in those pitchy black nights, when the red-hot wind from the westward was booming among the tinder-dry trees, when as he tells us :—

"It was a shade cooler in the press-room than the office, so I sat there, while the type ticked and clicked, and the night jars hooted at the windows, and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water."

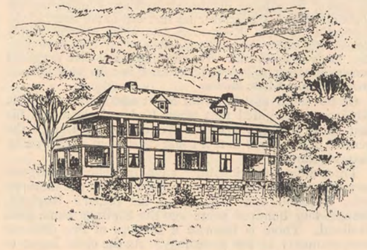
It was here where he began to write the short stories and departmental ditties which first made his name famous. In his contribution to the *Idler* concerning his first book he has described how it came to be written and published. His chief, Mr. Robinson, has also described the method of his work. Speaking of his early work over the ditties, he says :—

They arrived merrily, being born out of the life about me, and they were very bad indeed, and the joy of doing them was payment a thousand times their worth. Some, of course, came and ran away again; and the dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours, and catching them) was almost better than writing them clear. Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One third column just proper. Always can take on third page."

And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper. A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire stitched, to imitate a D.O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these "books" we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply-postcards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathising with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements. The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding tore the pages and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition travelled as far as Hong Kong on the map, and each edition grew a little fatter, and at last the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back, and was advertised in the publishers' poetry department

But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments, and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India plotting and scheming to write something that should "take" with the English public.

The testimony of his editor, Mr. E. Kay Robinson, who was sent out in 1886 to put some sparkle into the paper—Kipling not being regarded by the sapient proprietors as adequate to that task—is very interesting. Kipling, he says, was always a splendid worker, a brilliant conversationalist, with somewhat eccentric habits of his own. For instance, Mr. Robinson tells us that—



THE HOUSE KIPLING BUILT NEAR BRATTLEBORO, VT., U.S.A.

In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to "stand off;" otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me. Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object.

The native police band in the public gardens of Lahore was the fount of the inspiration of the Departmental Ditties. Mr. Robinson says that Kipling always got the tune first and wrote his verse as music. The words and rhyme always followed the air.

Kipling is remembered by his old neighbours in the Punjab as a man of slight frame with stooping shoulders, spectacled face of sallow complexion, brimful of boisterous

spirits, who laughed and joked the lifelong day. The first success of his short stories was due to the curiosity of the public to discover who were the originals of the various personages in Kipling's stories, and nothing can shake the belief of Anglo-Indians that every one of them was drawn from life. He was full of fun and fond of practical joking. On one occasion he amused himself for a whole evening by showing the natives of Dharwal all the grotesque monsters on magic-lantern slides illustrating Jack the Giant Killer, as authentic portraits of the Russians, whose activity beyond Herat was then causing considerable alarm in the Anglo-Indian mind.

Kipling did all manner of journalistic work, both for the *Civil and Military Gazette* and afterwards for the *Pioneer of Allahabad*. He served also as special correspondent in Rajpootana and the Northern Frontier. For seven years he studied India high and low, in the slums of the City of Dreadful Night, in the plains, in the hills, by the camp-fires of troops in the field, in the palaces of her princes. Everywhere he saw, he heard, he photographed on the retina of his eye a marvellous series of living pictures which he could call up at will. So it came to pass that he became the interpreter of India to the people who send forth the rulers who govern it. This young man of genius, said a writer in *Blackwood* years ago :

has shown us all what the Indian empire means. It is a magic, it is an enchantment. If her Majesty herself, who knows so much, desires a fuller knowledge of her Indian empire, how it is ruled and defended and fought for every day against all the Powers of Darkness, we desire respectfully to recommend to the Secretary for India that he should place no sheaves of despatches in the royal hands, but Mr. Rudyard Kipling's books. There are only two volumes of them, besides sundry small *brochures*. A good bulky conscientious three-volume novel holds as many words. But there lies India, the most wonderful conquest and possession that any victorious kingdom ever made, the greatest fief, perhaps, that ever was held for God.

III.—RECOGNITION.

In 1889 Mr. Kay Robinson, desiring to obtain for Mr. Kipling recognition by a wider public, sent copies of his ditties home to London editors who ignored them, one and all. But when in that year Rudyard Kipling left India and came to London *viâ* China and the United States, he found himself famous. He tried his hand at novel writing. But "The Light that Failed" has never achieved the success of his shorter stories. In 1891 he wrote "The Naulahka" in company with Wolcott Balestier, and in 1892 he married Miss Balestier, and settled with his bride in a house he built for her in the Vermont Hills at Brattleboro'. There he lived for three years. Then he came back to England, made the tour of the world again, wrote all manner of things in prose and verse, doing special correspondence for the *Times*, among other items of labour, and finishing off by describing "The Fleet in Being" for the *Morning Post* only last year. It was not until his "Recessional" appeared after the Jubilee that he was quite forgiven by the good serious folk for his joyous sympathetic chronicling of the vices and failings of the "men of common clay" who form the majority of his heroes. After "Recessional" even the "unco' guid" have forgiven him all his manifold sins and iniquities. For, as the leading case of King David shows, all manner of crimes and atrocities will be forgiven to a man if so be that he be a real man whose face, in all slips and stumbles, is set Zionwards.

KIPLING'S HOUSE AT ROTTINGDEAN.

His two "Jungle Books" gave a new impetus to his popularity. Many who were bored with "Mrs. Hawksbee," and could take no interest in "Soldiers Three," succumbed to the glamour of the Jungle and its denizens.

All the time he worked, and worked hard. In Vermont he shuts himself up in his study from nine to one, turning out the best paid copy in the world. He is said to receive for each of his short stories £240 in the States. The rights of publication elsewhere and of republication are said to bring him in three times as much as that. One thousand pounds for a single short story! What an Aladdin's lamp his genius is!

The papers have teemed with anecdotes of Kipling, and the American press has, as usual, excelled itself in descriptions of everything he does, or does not do, in his home in Vermont. The only new report which I came across the other day was the story that he had tried his hand at ploughing and had driven his furrow straight. He is said to be very fond of fishing, and devoted to gardening, to cycling, and to all manner of outdoor pursuits. Everything that lives is full of interest to him, as it is to any one who studies it closely enough. When "Captains Courageous," the story of New England fishermen's life, was before him, Kipling spent some weeks among the Gloucester salts with an acquaintance who had access to the household gods of the cod-folks. And before he wrote "The Fleet in Being," he made a cruise in the third-class cruiser *Pelorus* in the English Channel. Apparently shy and reserved on first acquaintance, he is the warmest of friends and the most delightful of companions.

Kipling objects to be interviewed. But Dr. Kellner, author of the "History of English Literature in the Victorian Era," was permitted to visit him in 1898 and to describe his conversation in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*.' He summed up his impressions of his visit to Rottingdean in the memorable phrase, "To-day I have seen happiness face to face." So few authentic descriptions of Kipling and his home and

New York Herald.]

THE

his talk have appeared, that I venture to draw freely upon Dr. Kellner's narrative :—

The work-room is of surprising simplicity, the north wall is covered with books half its height, over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones (Mr. Kipling's uncle), to the right near the window stands a plain table—not a writing-table—on which lie a couple of pages containing verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no nick-knacks, the unadorned room simple and earnest like a Puritan chapel. "I do my daily task conscientiously, but not all that I write is printed ; most of it goes there." The waste-paper basket under the table here received a vigorous kick, and a mass of torn-up papers rolled on the ground. The Puritanic strain in his nature came out the more strongly at the moment when others—like Burns, for example—have lost their hold on themselves in the hour of triumph. Kipling is never so distrustful and self-critical as when he has around him the cries of praise. "I am very distrustful against praise," said he, "very distrustful against fame. You know the fate of eighteenth-century English literature, how many 'immortal' poets that prolific time brought forth, and yet how much of this 'immortal' poetry still lives in our time? To name only one, who reads Pope nowadays? I often run over these volumes here" (here he pointed to the "Edition de Luxe" of his works published by Macmillan) "and think to myself how much of that which is printed on such beautiful paper ought never to have seen the light. How much was written for mere love of gain, how often has the knee been bowed 'in the House of Rimmon?'" (a favourite expression of Kipling's).

All that fate—Kipling would call it "the good God"—has to bestow of real worth has been granted to this wonderful child of fortune ; love, domesticity, independence, fame, and power, in the vigour of youth (he is only thirty-two) and sound health, and above all, the capacity for enjoying his good fortune. Nor is that all ; Kipling has the happiest fortune which can happen to a man when he has attained his highest aims, his father and mother are still alive, and he can and does say with proudest modesty, "All that I am I owe to them."

"The annexation of one white nation by another," he said, "I regard as the greatest crime that a politician can commit. Don't annex white men."

"How about the blacks?"

"I am against slavery," was the answer, "if only for this reason, that the white man becomes demoralised by slavery."

He is an ardent admirer of Cecil Rhodes, whom he knows personally and whose work he is able to judge of from his recent visit to Matabeleland.

"How did you get on with Rhodes? What sort of man does he appear?" was the question to which the answer came: "Rhodes is greater than his work." The interviewer expressed his astonishment that Olive Schreiner has represented men in such dark colours, but Mr. Kipling indignantly repudiated the reproaches of this writer as altogether unfounded, the sole harsh judgment heard by the interviewer throughout.

He interests himself in all the literary work of the day, and is at home in all the chief movements and side currents in the spiritual life of England. When discussing the "Literary History of England," which Dr. Kellner has in hand, Mr. Kipling said, "If I had your book to write I would attempt in a final chapter to discover the path which may lead from the present chaotic condition of our literature and that of the twentieth century. I would call the chapter 'Between two epochs.' I feel that we are between ebb and flood. It is now just what sailors call 'slack tide ;' we are waiting for the great personality which will unite all the minor tendencies of the time and collect all the partial and petty forces into one power that will give a new and adequate expression to the new time." The interviewer concludes his interesting lines with the question, "Is that man still to come, or is he already here?"

This same Puritan strain in Kipling comes out in the account of how it was he became converted to Prohibition. In a concert hall in America he saw two young men get two girls drunk and then lead them reeling down a dark street. Mr. Kipling has not been a total abstainer, nor have his writings commended temperance, but of that scene he writes :—

"Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority ; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately ;' and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."

Tributes to his genius have been plentiful of late, so plentiful that it is difficult to say what to choose ; but a few may be quoted. Here, for instance, is the tribute

A CARICATURE FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Kipling's Burden : To acknowledge the thousands of congratulations upon his recovery.

of the German Emperor. It was addressed to Mrs. Kipling :—

As an enthusiastic admirer of the unrivalled books of your husband, I am most anxious for news about his health. God grant that he may be spared to you and to all who are thankful to him for the soul-stirring way in which he has sung about the deeds of our common race.

Ian Maclaren wrote :—

He deals at first hand with the half-dozen passions which mould human nature, and always with insight and nobility. His death—which may God forbid!—would, in my humble judgment, deprive English letters of our greatest name, and England of her real poet laureate.

Signor Verdinois, a Neapolitan critic, laments the impression of disconsolate sadness : all his writings might be called "The Light that Failed."

Kipling's art is still unequal and disconnected ; it flies and touches ; weeps and sobs ; crushes and breaks ; a blazing torch, which till now smokes too much. We wish health to the poet and that he may live to disperse this smoke. May Rudyard

Kipling live long, and instead of stumbling in the dark, give to art the light that never fails.

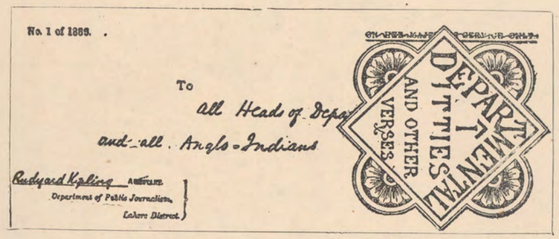
M. Victor Basch, a French writer, says :—

The muse of Kipling lives in the courts and purlieus of the barracks. She has her nose purpled with gin ; she smokes a pipe, chews tobacco, and is sea-sick. Her speech is the most fantastic of amalgams, in which the most diverse species of slang elbow each other. She speaks by turns the jargon of the soldier, the marine, the Cockney, the Irishman, and all the little colonial niggers. But she has one incontestable merit, and that even in her prose speech—the merit of movement and life.

I bring to a close the string of tributes to his power by a couple of stanzas in the Cockney dialect favoured by the Bard of the *Daily Chronicle*.

'Is kingdom runs wheer the white man be,'
'E reigns till the ormernacks goes ter sleep
'E's cut 'is nime on the bloomin' tree,
And 'e's cut it bloomin' deep.

The ships is sylin', the troops mawch art,
The tiger sleeps when the sun is 'ot,
And we all come a mucker in 'ole or part—
But Kiplin' 'e knowed the lot.



FACSIMILE OF COVER OF KIPLING'S FIRST BOOK.

New York Herald.]

THI

CHART OF THE PEACE CRUSADE.

MAP SHOWING WHERE TOWN'S MEETINGS ON THE TSAR'S RESCRIPT HAVE BEEN HELD DURING THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

328

CONTENTS.

New York Herald.

THE

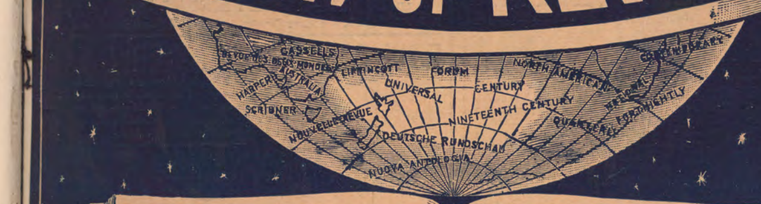
☞ For INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, see pages vi. and vii.; and GENERAL CONTENTS INDEX, page xxiii.

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD

APRIL 15, 1899.

CONTENTS

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS



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LONDON

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks" (Unicorn Press), by "Israfel," is a charming bundle of essays, full of mad whim and freakish paradox. The author's avowed aim is incoherence. His ideal essay is "a glittering tangle of irrelevancies," but I am bound to say he does not rigidly practise what he preaches. The Indian essays which fill the greater part of the book are vividly pictorial, staringly impressionist sketches of those towns whose very names exhale a rich glamor, Bombay and Agra, Delhi, Jeypore and Benares, Calcutta, Darjiling, and Jubbulpore. Their various charms are here set to music, for "Israfel" reduces everything to a musical simile; the spirit of "Tristan" animates the Taj Mahal, while Buddha, Schumann's Fantasie in C, and the Himalaya are interchangeable terms. When "Israfel," on the other hand, wishes to interpret music, he does it in terms of something else. "Than Atalanta," he confesses, "I can no more help stopping to pick up the golden apple of a fantastic simile." Some of his apples are dead sea fruit, just as some of his sentences are as clumsy as those of Pater, his idol, at his worst. Tchaikovsky is like a turnip field, and the prelude of "Tristan" has the same long-drawn cadence as Marius; the cool white tones of the piano are cloistral as the eyes of Cléo de Mérode. But in his most frankly orgies of phrase "Israfel" delights you, that is, if you have got the whimsical temperament, and can lazily gape at him while he tosses words in the air like Cinquevallian billiard balls. If not, you will rage and imagine vain things. You may even take him seriously, nay, you may even think he means what he says, or, worse still, says what he means. When he tells you to "mark the marvellously sympathetic disposition of aspirates" in Kipling's

> When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin lyre,
> He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea,

you may solemnly argue the point, and say he is talking nonsense, whereas the only way to wound him is to sigh when he splits his infinitive, or to say he is too Paternal.

***

J. D.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

AN IRISH AFTERNOON.

FROM OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

There were about a score of Nationalists present in the Commons yesterday—as despondent-looking a lot of men as you would see anywhere. The Government having put down a motion for a Select Committee to examine the many Old-Age Pension Bills now before the House, Mr. Herbert Whiteley did not proceed with his contribution to the series. It stood as the first order, and the second was a familiar Irish annual—a measure to repeal the Crimes Act of 1887. The Nationalists had not time to drum up their full strength, so it was left to a few of them to keep the ball of talk rolling for the whole of the afternoon. They succeeded, but at the cost of one of the dullest sittings on record. The Bill has come up time after time, and has always been thrown out. Of late years the Nationalists have pointed to the peaceful state of Ireland as their justification just as ten years ago they used to declare that "coercive" legislation promoted crime. But then they flourish on inconsistencies. Mr. Dillon had charge of the Bill, and trotted out all the old arguments and all the familiar adjectives. He found a new cause for complaint of the Act in the fact that under it a majority of the Nationalist representatives had been put into gaol. This gave an opening to Mr. Rentoul, who quoted a couple of lines from Rudyard Kipling:

> "They only said 'intimidate,' and talked and went away—
> By God, the bhoys who did the work were braver men than they."

The Nationalists fitted the cap on their own heads at once, and Mr. Davitt, every fibre in his body aglow with passion, asked how much the poet got a line for writing that. If he had not been so angry he would have seen the utter foolishness of the interruption. As it was the Unionists cheered, and the Anti-Parnellites tried to talk about "persecution," as they did in the old days. But it was a lamentable failure, and when Mr. T. P. O'Connor said that the Dreyfus trial was fairness itself compared with the proceedings under the Act he was only laughed at. The Attorney-General for Ireland contended that the very existence of the Act, ready for use in case of emergency, had helped to bring about and keep the peace, and the House rejected Mr. Dillon's Bill by 220 votes to 141. The Nationalists evidently expected some help from Mr. John Morley, but that gentleman, though he was present, did not open his lips, and of course they got no vocal aid from the official Leaders of the Opposition.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—WEDNESDAY.

The SPEAKER took the Chair at five minutes past twelve o'clock.

PRIVATE BUSINESS.

The Charing-cross, Euston, and Hampstead Railway and the Gas Light and Coke Company Bills were considered and ordered for third reading.

CRIMINAL LAW IN IRELAND.

Mr. DILLON, in moving the second reading of the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act (1887) Repeal Bill, said he did not think the House could do better work on a Wednesday afternoon than the removing of the disgraceful Coercion Act of 1887 from the Statute-book. A majority of the Irish Nationalist representatives in the House of Commons had been convicted under the Act, though a pledge had been given that its operation should be confined to men who could be actually described as criminals. The Act was, therefore, obtained by the Government of 1887 on false pretences. What was the history of the effect of the Act? In 1886, the year before it came into force, the number of agrarian offences was 1,056, and in 1887, the first year of its operation, the number was 883. In 1888 the number was 660, in 1889 it was 534, in 1890 519, and in 1891, the last year of the operation of the Act, 472. In 1892 the agrarian offences fell to 405, in 1893 to 380, in 1894 to 277, and in 1895 to 271. The ordinary law had now been in force for seven years, and Ireland had never been so free from crime. In the last quarter of 1898 the total number of offences of all kinds was only 43, and there were no serious agrarian crimes, with the exception of one murder, which he himself did not believe to have been really of an agrarian character. Inasmuch as the present Government had been able to govern Ireland according to their own ideas for two or three years without having recourse to the Coercion Act, he regarded it as an immoral and a monstrous thing to keep that Act on the Statute-book. (Hear, hear.) The time had come to test the policy of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. When he came into office he promised that the Irish people should be treated fairly, and if he really desired to carry out that policy to its legitimate conclusion he should above all things rub out a Statute which so long as it remained unrepealed was an insult and an outrage to every freeborn man in Ireland. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. POWER seconded the motion. He said the contention of the Government was that no one but the evil-doer need fear coercion, and that law-abiding persons in Ireland so far from being hindered were protected by it, but he considered the contrary was the truth. The Chief Secretary was a man of irritability—he could not help it, because he was built that way—(laughter)—and he might get out of bed the wrong way one morning and put the Act in force.

Mr. RENTOUL moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. If the present Bill meant anything at all, it was a distinct invitation to lawlessness once more. If it did not mean that the Bill had no purpose at all. With reference to the speeches of the Irish politicians before 1887 he might quote Rudyard Kipling, who, when writing about them, said they did not do murder themselves, but:

> "They only said 'intimidate,' and talked and went away—
> By God, the bhoys that did the work were braver men than they!"

Mr. DAVITT—How much did he get a line for writing that?

Mr. RENTOUL replied he had no doubt Mr. Kipling was very well paid, but at the same time there was a good deal of truth in it. Why should the hon. Members opposite complain of the law? They in the North of Ireland lived under the same law.

Mr. DILLON—No you don't.

Mr. RENTOUL replied they did. Everybody in London also lived under the same law as the thieves and pickpockets in Whitechapel, but it did not apply to the majority, because they did not need it. (Laughter.)

Mr. H. ROBERTSON seconded the amendment, and thought repeal would have a most injurious effect on the welfare of Ireland. The hon. Member for Waterford had asked what would be the position if the Act were in force in England.

Mr. DAVITT—What would it be if the Act were voted in Ireland to be administered by Irishmen in England? (Laughter.)

Mr. ROBERTSON said that the Act was passed by a Parliament representative of the three Nationalities.

Mr. DAVITT—Which is the predominant partner?

Mr. ROBERTSON said it was true no doubt that England had more representatives than Ireland, but the fact remained that the Act was passed by a united Parliament. But in answer to the question of the hon. Member for Waterford, he should have no objection to the Act continuing in force if it were the law in England, and he believed that there would be no demand whatever for its repeal. The grievance which Irishmen suffered in respect of this Act was a purely sentimental one.

Mr. S. YOUNG said judging from his experience in Ireland this Coercion Act was not required, though it may have been in the past, and he thought it would never be needed again.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND supported the amendment, though he was grateful to the Irish Members for their acknowledgment that Ireland was never in a more peaceful condition than at the present moment, and though the hon. Member for East Mayo had complained that the very existence of the Statute was an outrage and an insult to the Irish people, that fact, happily, had not prevented almost universal peace reigning in that country. The very fact of its existence—that they had a weapon ready for use when the emergency came—had helped to bring about the peace which they all rejoiced at and acknowledged, and it was dropped immediately it brought about that result. He submitted that wisdom and justice counselled them to preserve the Statute as the best means of preventing any possible disorder in the future, though he sincerely hoped that contingency might never arise. The Government wished to keep the Crimes Act in force merely as a measure of precaution, and as an effective instrument which might be used on emergency. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR remarked that the Government had decided that, whether Ireland was quiet or disturbed, she should permanently remain outside the Constitution. (Nationalist cheers.)

Sir J. HASLETT spoke of the tyranny that was exercised by the National League in Ireland before the Crimes Act was passed, and said that no Irishman could be said to labour under any grievance owing to the continued existence of that Act unless he intended to break the law.

Mr. DAVITT said the hon. Member who had just sat down had not advanced a single argument in his intemperate speech which did not support indirectly the main contention put forward for the repeal of this offensive Act, which was that there was nothing in the present condition of Ireland, and there had been nothing in the last ten years, with which the ordinary law was not capable of dealing. (Hear, hear.) If the Government assented to the appeal they would be performing a sensible act in a graceful way. The hon. Member for East Down had quoted Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and it was the first time he had ever heard poetry quoted in that House in a matter where statistics applied. Others had tried to prove that speeches produced crime before Rudyard Kipling; one was Richard Pigott, who probably received more money for his forgery from the London *Times* than Rudyard Kipling ever got for his lines. (Laughter.)

The House divided, when there voted:

For the second reading	141
Against	220
Majority	79

The Bill was therefore rejected.

It is easy to understand the curiosity of Mr. DAVITT as to the price received by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING for the poem "Cleared," in which he summed up, at the time of the Parnell Commission, the history of the Home Rule Movement in Ireland in the early Eighties. The poem has ever since remained a powerful weapon in the hands of those who oppose the movement he describes: it has cost the leaders of that movement so much in the way of influence and reputation that they may be excused for imagining that their opponents could only have secured it by the payment of some enormous price. "We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by their friends," said Mr. KIPLING, and the words that he wrote in the heat of a burning indignation the country accepted as a true statement of the case. He has done many services to the Nation; and it is another fact to his credit that he is among the men who have made Home Rule impossible for all time. Mr. DAVITT's curiosity as to his financial reward reminds one of another line in which the poet speaks scornfully of the men who lost the League accounts; but it may be satisfied very easily. The poem appeared without signature in a brilliant journal named the *National Observer*, then edited by Mr. W. E. HENLEY. Mr. KIPLING was among its regular contributors, and all the earlier "Barrack-room Ballads" appeared in its columns. Now, the poem contains exactly seventy-two lines, and must, therefore, have occupied just over a column. Let it be supposed, to gratify Mr. DAVITT, that it occupied so much as a column and a half. We have no reason to suppose that Mr. KIPLING was paid at extraordinary rates, and with journals of this kind a column is usually looked on as the equivalent of a guinea. At the outside, then, the poem was paid for at the rate of a trifle over fivepence a line—a sum at which those among the heroes of the Commission who are also poets might be expected to turn up their noses. But we may go further. It is a well-known fact that Mr. KIPLING does not nowadays accept payment for such of his writings as he dedicates to the service of the Empire he has done so much to consolidate. We do not understand, in these circumstances, how it is that he manages to put a price on any production of his pen; but it is possible that he wrote "Cleared" for the sole purpose of expressing strong emotions, and was glad to have them published without fee. That is a supposition that will hardly appear credible to one who has had the experience enjoyed by Mr. DAVITT of the ways and customs of public workers, but it is very possibly correct.

A curious little history attaches to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem "Cleared," to which reference was made in the House of Commons yesterday. The poem, which indignantly sums up from the Unionist point of view the findings of the Parnell Commission, was offered to the editor of one of the monthly reviews, and by him accepted and put into type. On reading it in print, however, he seems to have become apprehensive in consequence of the tremendous vigour of its invective, and so he sent it back. Mr. Kipling then offered it to Mr. W. E. Henley, at that time editor of the *National Observer*, who immediately accepted and published it. It need hardly be said that this indictment of a Party caused a great sensation at the time when it appeared, for it was little less than a reiteration of all the accusations ever made against the organisers of the Land League, and passionately charged them with the moral guilt—which was shown to be worse than the mere legal guilt—of the outrages which disgraced the history of the movement.

TABLE TALK.

It is the fate of a successful author to have his private affairs made public property, but nowhere is this more shamelessly carried out than in the United States. We have just come across an article in a San Francisco paper which discusses at great length Mr. Rudyard Kipling's supposed financial position. With an effrontery that dazzles us the writer gives the annual sum which he supposes Mr. Kipling to make from his literary work. As we have some regard for the writer in question we refrain from placing a weapon in the hands of the rapacious collector of income-tax which might conceivably be used against him. There is also the vulgarity of the thing to be considered. Why should an author's income be discussed in this way any more than a lawyer's or a doctor's?

Under the title of 'From Sea to Sea,' Messrs. Maclure and Doubleday are about to publish a volume of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letters and papers of travel, which date back as far as 1889. The work is a selection from another, which was prepared under the title of 'The Book of the Forty-Five Mornings,' but was never published.

Mr. G. William Ollett contributes a poem in twelve stanzas to *Concord* on the subject of war. It is not difficult to see where he gets his inspiration from. The first stanza gives the key:

> Has evolution vainly wrought,
> The dark, dead ages dimly through?
> Must earth's dumb æons count as naught?
> As naught the sum of all she slew—
> That sum of travail, strife and pain?
> Is all in vain? Is all in vain?

APRIL MAGAZINES.

[FOURTH NOTICE.]

KIPLING IN FRANCE.

A BRIEF but interesting paper, entitled 'Kipling à la Française,' is contributed to *The Paris Magazine* by Mr. Ashton Gratton, who writes:

'A glowing eulogy of Mr. Kipling appeared in the *Siècle*, from the pen of M. Victor Basch. The muse of Kipling, says M. Basch, lives in and about the barracks. "She has her nose purpled with gin; she smokes a pipe, chews tobacco, and is sea-sick." Kipling, we learn, has not chosen his models among the young elegants of London, or "among the sensitive young ladies who write tearful novels for the magazines." No, he prefers to write of "la vie des Iollies, soldats et marins à la fois." One thing is certain from M. Basch's "appréciation"—that French is not the most suitable vehicle of expression for the gin-drinking muse of Kipling. Here, for example, is a verse of "Birds of Prey" done into French:

> "Vivat! Car nous ne vivrons jamais assez
> pour voir la s . . . victoire!
> Vivat! Car nous ne vivrons jamais assez pour
> entendre rugir le canon!
> Vivat! encore!
> Le chacal et le milan
> Ont excellent appétit!
> Et vous ne verrez jamais plus vos soldats!
> Hip! hourrah!"

Although both M. Chevrillon and M. Basch realise the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of "kipling" satisfactorily outside of the English language, the appearance of "The Jungle Book" in a French dress ("Le Livre de la Jungle," Traduit de l'Anglais par Louis Fabulet et Robert d'Humières. Paris: Société du Mercure de France) may be sincerely welcomed by people who are anxious to see a knowledge of English writers more widely diffused in France. Although published quite recently, the book has already gone through more than one edition. It is an instance where a translation is justifiable, because—to use a paradox—of the very impossibility of translation. This impossibility implies difficulty of complete comprehension in the foreigner, without a measure of somewhat laborious study for which even tolerable English scholars are not always prepared. But although the peculiar vigour of Mr. Kipling's style may evaporate in French, the novelty of the story and the atmosphere remains, and this is, of course, much—sufficient certainly, to account for the success of the French "Jungle Book."'

THE BANJO-BARD OF THE EMPIRE.

Poor Kipling! His many trials and vexations were not enough, but Fate held in reserve the deadly shaft of a special article in *The Review of Reviews*, illustrated by the vilest portrait of him we have seen. In its usual patronising way it takes him under its wing and tells us:

Whatever may be the sneers of the prig or the scoffing of the superior person, Rudyard Kipling now stands revealed as the man who most of all has impressed the popular mind, fired the popular imagination, interpreted the popular consciousness. Both in prose and verse he has struck 'that bard's true lyre, a nation's heart.' He has become the *vates sacer* of the last years of the nineteenth century—the Robert Burns of his time. Poet Laureate he may never be by grace of Her Majesty the Queen. But Poet Laureate he is to-day by virtue of the supreme will and sovereign pleasure of His Majesty King Demos, whose dominions extend over the whole of the territories at present occupied or administered by the British Empire and the American Republic. He has the position if not the title, and reigns by right of eminent domain over a whole world of loyal and devoted subjects. Rudyard Kipling I have called the Banjo-Bard of the Empire. The epithet, suggested by his own inimitable poem on the banjo, will probably be resented by his worshippers as an insult, but it will, I trust, be recognised by the poet himself in quite the opposite sense. For in his 'Song of the Banjo' he tells us it is 'The War Drum of the White Man round the World.' There is a great deal of the 'Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp' of the banjo about Kipling's verse. But although familiar, how wide its range, how heroic its uses!

APRIL 23, 1899.

MUSTARD AND CRESS.

My dear, dear "Star," what is this I read about the works of Ambrose Bierce being introduced to the world as "a literary sensation"? I quite agree with you as to some of Bierce's work being equal to Kipling's. I have mentioned his "In the Midst of Life" again and again in these columns, and introduced it to hundreds of English readers. Some time before Sir Vivian Majendie died I sent it to him, and begged him to read it. He read it aloud to his choir boys, and told me afterwards that they had never been so delighted with any book before.

* * *

Mr. Robert Barr will be doing a real service to literature by making my old friend and confrère, Ambrose Bierce, famous in this country. But he is no stranger to it, and his work is well known. The first book he published here was under his pen-name of "Dod Grile." It was brought out by John Camden Hotten, was called "The Fiend's Delight," and was decidedly lurid. Ambrose Bierce was for two or three years my confrère on "Fun" under the editorship of Henry Sampson. He was a constant contributor to the English Press until some years ago, when he returned to America.

* * *

THE FAITHFUL COMMONS

PRIMROSES

St. Stephen's, Friday.

It was yellow primroses all the way, on Wednesday afternoon. One met a continuous stream of them along the Strand and Charing Cross and Whitehall. And in Parliament Square there was a crowd round a statue, and beneath the statue were banks of green and yellow, and above it a coronet of the same. On the kerb, too, men were selling Dundee butterscotch and portraits of Mr. Balfour. The policemen who guard the approaches to St. Stephen's did not wear primroses. I was assured that it was "against the rules," "and," added my informant, "if you arst *me*, voylets is pre*fer*able—or, as they calls 'em in Covent Garden, 'long-legs.'" Such is taste. In the Commons the order as to buttonholes appeared to be "primroses or nothing"—"nothing" predominating. Perhaps a dozen members—sitting, of course, on Government benches—sported more or less effective tokens of their adherence to primrose principles. Late in the proceedings, also, Mr. Balfour turned up with a posy calculated to take the breath. But, speaking broadly, the House had defied the florist. Mr. Dillon, who was down to move the second reading of a Bill for the repeal of the Irish Crimes Act, made his bow a little after noon, and delivered a speech couched in his usual serious vein. He was supported by Mr. Power, and when that gentleman had finished Dr. Rentoul rose, as to the manner born, and moved "the rejection of the measure." Dr. Rentoul is a Conservative Irishman, and he reads the poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He believed in the Crimes Act. It was good to have it handy "for use, if required." Honourable members opposite, he suggested delicately, had not themselves committed any murders; for, as Mr. Kipling phrased it,

> "They merely came and talked and went away";

and—

> "By God, the men who did the deed were braver men than they."

At this juncture Mr. Davitt excitedly inquired how much Mr. Kipling got "per line." Dr. Rentoul could not say. He wanted to know, however, if honourable members in favour of repeal had forgotten that seventeen men were shot down in the streets of Belfast "by the right hon. gentleman the member for Montrose." Whereupon there were cries of "Oh!" and "Withdraw!" and "Shame!" and Mr. Speaker observed, with some warmth, that "the expression" was an improper one. Then in faltering tones Mr. Jonathan Samuel explained that "he had not used 'the expression.'" "I never said you did," replied Mr. Speaker. "But I thought you looked at me, sir," quoth Mr. Samuel. And there was great laughter. The Attorney-General for Ireland having summed up the case against repeal, Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Davitt put the final touches to the debate in speeches of the old, unrestrained "let 'em have it" stamp, and the House went to division. Result: Majority against the second reading, 79.

At a quarter to six o'clock we came out. The crowd still surged round the be-garlanded statue in Parliament Square, and primroses were on offer at three bunches a penny.

TOUCHSTONE.

Why, by the bye, now that we are on the subject of illustration, does the *Bookman* still persist in circulating Mr. Collier's very feeble portrait of Kipling, which we notice is issued as a supplement to the last number? Messrs. Strang and Nicholson's portraits have long since superseded this attempt, and even the photograph that is so often reproduced gives one a far better idea of Kipling's strong personality than this ineffective painting, of which we had long since hoped to have seen the last.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

UNCLE SAM—"Gee whizz! I didn't calc'late this here White Man's Burden would pan out quite so bad as this; you bet on that, sonny!"

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES."

A new edition of Rudyard Kipling's first book, "Departmental Ditties," has just been added by Messrs. George Newnes to their sixpenny series. Naturally less intrinsically meritorious than his more mature work, "Departmental Ditties" have still a distinct charm of their own, inasmuch as they give us the first intimation of the presence of a strong, bold and virile writer working a new vein in a distinctly original manner. We find in these poems many of Mr. Kipling's most pronounced characteristics, imperfectly developed it is true, and often crudely expressed. As they were written for the Press in the daily labours of a journalistic career, they are naturally slighter in theme, and without the robust dignity of his best work, but they are, nevertheless, breezy and animated, and marked by keen, cynical, and satirical humour. There is nothing of the high Imperial note in the poems. They are chiefly, almost entirely, of Indian official life as their title implies:—

> I have written the tale of our life
> For a sheltered people's mirth,
> In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
> And ye know what the jest is worth!

The keynote of these songs is struck vigorously in "General Summary":—

> We are very slightly changed
> From the semi-apes who ranged
> India's prehistoric clay;
> Whose drew the longest bow
> Ran his brother down, you know,
> As we run men down to-day.
>
> When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
> Someone made the sketch his own,
> Filched it from the artist—then,
> Even in those early days,
> Won a simple Viceroy's praise
> Through the toil of other men.
>
> Thus, the artless songs I sing
> Do not deal with anything
> New or never said before.
> As it was in the beginning
> Is to-day official singing,
> And shall be for evermore.

The dark and devious byways of official life are commented upon with bitter emphasis in the "Story of Urish," which has the Scriptural motto, "Now there were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor," before it:—

> Jack Barrett went to Quetta
> Because they told him to.
> He left his wife at Simla,
> On three-fourths his monthly screw.
> Jack Barrett died at Quetta
> Ere the next month's pay drew.
>
> Jack Barrett went to Quetta,
> He didn't understand
> The reason of his transfer
> From the pleasant mountain-land;
> The season was September,
> And it killed him out of hand.
>
> Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
> Enjoy profound repose;
> But I shouldn't be astonished
> If now his spirit knows
> The reason of his transfer
> From the Himalayan snows.
>
> And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
> Adown the Hurnai throbs,
> When the last grim joke is entered
> In the big black Book of Jobs,
> And Quetta graveyards give again
> Their victims to the air,
> I shouldn't like to be the man
> Who sent Jack Barrett there.

"The Song of Women" is a fine and sympathetic poem, containing a tribute from the women of India to Lady Dufferin embodied in some sincere and striking lines:

> How shall she know the worship we would do her?
> The walls are high and she is very far
> How shall the women's message reach unto her
> Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?
> Free wind of March, against the lattice blowing,
> Bear thou our thanks lest she depart unknowing.
>
> Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
> But old in grief, and very wise in tears;
> Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
> That she forget us not in after years;
> For we have seen the light, and it were grievous
> To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.
>
> If she have sent her servants in our pain,
> If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword:
> If she have given back our sick again,
> And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
> Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
> Then Life and Death and Motherhood be nought.
>
> Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
> And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,
> In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,
> Who have been holpen by her in their need.
> All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat
> Shall be a tasselled floorcloth to thy feet.
>
> Who has not heard of the foot service mail to the hills? Who has not paid a tribute of admiration to the intrepid, insistent carriers, who risk life and limb continually on behalf of most of us? Thus Kipling sings the song of the "Overland Mail":—
>
> In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
> O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam,
> The woods are astir at the close of the day—
> We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
> Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
> In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!
>
> With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
> He turns to the foot-path that heads up the hill—
> The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
> And, tucked in his waistbelt, the Post-office bill,
> "Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,
> "Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."
>
> Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim,
> Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff,
> Does the tempest cry "halt?" What are tempests to him?
> The service admits not a "but" or an "if."
> While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
> In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

Now listen to a story of "Public Waste." Kipling knows whereof he speaks, and his speech has no uncertain sound:—

> Walpole talks of "a man and his price,"
> List to a ditty queer—
> The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-
> Resident-Engineer.
> Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,
> By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.
>
> By the laws of the Family Circle 'tis written in letters of brass
> That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the Railways of State.
> Because of the gold on his breeks, and the subjects wherein he must pass;
> Because in all matters that deal not with Railways his knowledge is great.
>
> Now Exeter Battleby Tring had laboured from boyhood to eld
> On the Lines of the East and West, and eke of the North and South;
> Many Lines had he built and surveyed—important the posts which he held;
> And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb when he opened his mouth.
>
> Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies jettier still—
> Hinting that Railways require lifetimes of study and knowledge—
> Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he knew not nor drill!—
> Nor was his name on the list of men who had passed through the "College."
>
> Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their little tin souls,
> Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no spurs at his heels.
> Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the Government rolls
> For the billet of "Railway Instructor to Little Tin Gods on Wheels."
>
> Letters not seldom they wrote him, "having the honour to state,"
> It would be better for all men if he were laid on the shelf;
> Much would accrue to his bank-book, and he consented to wait
> Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for himself.

"You must choose between me and your cigar." That is the motif of "The Betrothed." But there are two sides to every question, even the question of matrimony.

Here is the first:—

> We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought o'er a good cheroot,
> And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.
>
> Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space;
> In the soft blue veil of the vapour musing on Maggie's face.
>
> Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving lass,
> But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.
>
> There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay,
> But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away—
>
> Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown—
> But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!
>
> Maggie, my wife at fifty—grey and dour and old—
> With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!

And the second:—

> Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a ring,
> Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string?
>
> Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true and tried,
> And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.
>
> Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
> Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.
>
> This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,
> With only a Suttee's passion—to do their duty and burn.
>
> This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
> Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

Now hear the conclusion of the whole matter:—

> Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
> Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?
>
> A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke,
> And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.
>
> Light me another Cuba—I hold to my first-worn vows,
> If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for Spouse!

We will end this notice of "Departmental Ditties," which is undoubtedly the finest and most daring piece in the volume. Mark the swinging movement, the grim facts, and the granite philosophy of the "Galley Slave":—

> Oh gallant was our galley from her carven steering-wheel
> To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel;
> The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for cooler air,
> But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!
>
> Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts were stepped in gold—
> We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
> The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
> As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made that galley go.
>
> It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now and then—
> If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!
> As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's bliss,
> And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lovers' kiss.
>
> Our women and our children toiled beside us in the dark—
> They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them to the shark—
> We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley sped
> We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn our dead.
>
> Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit gang were we—
> The servants of the sweep-head but the masters of the sea!
> By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged and yawed and shivered,
> Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything we feared?
>
> Was it storm? Our fathers faced it and a wilder never blew;
> Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the galley struggle through.
> Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow, Parting, Death?
> Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time for idle breath.
>
> But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my place,
> There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand a little space.
> I am free—to watch my messmates beating out to open main
> Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle sweep again.
>
> It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more—
> Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.
> But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?
> God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men!

THE LONDON MORNING, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1899.

"Saint Andrew," a staid Scottish journal, with literary leanings, is taking the English people to task for their want of balance in literary judgment. It speaks of the "unutterable idiocy" of a bibliomaniac who the other day paid £135 for a first edition of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" at a London auction. "Saint Andrew" speaks of these as "the crude verses of a boy who has, now in his adolescence, yet to prove himself a poet of high rank." Possibly £135 is a high price to pay for the poems of a youth of 18, but there can be no question that the buyer was a speculator, and these speculators not infrequently have an uncommonly good idea of present and future market value. The same writer also describes as ridiculous some prices recently paid for the early writings of Robert Louis Stevenson, and compares both writers very unfavourably with Keats, who does not fetch the same prices. There may be some basis for his argument, but, after all, commercial success is not the emptiest of triumphs.

* * *

MAY 7, 1899.

NOTES IN BOOKLAND.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne will publish three new books between now and Christmas. One of them is a play, for no literary man of our time can afford not to be a playwright. It will be called "The Worshipper of the Image," and will be published by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Lane will publish almost immediately a little volume on Mr. Rudyard Kipling from Mr. Le Gallienne's pen. Mr. Le Gallienne is no overwhelming enthusiast for Mr. Kipling. He looks upon him rather as a glorified journalist than a heaven-born man of letters. It remains to be seen how far the enthusiasm which Mr. Kipling's recent regrettable illness evoked will receive any set-back from Mr. Le Gallienne's criticism. In addition to these books Mr. Le Gallienne will publish a volume of "Prose Fancies" in the autumn. This is a collection of essays from the "Yellow Book" and other publications.

***

C. E. S.

Daily Mail

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1899.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

D.M. Ward 10.5.99

Mr. Kipling left Lakewood yesterday morning practically restored to health. He is going to Morristown for a fortnight.

Daily Mail

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 1, 1899.

THE RIGHTS OF KIPLING.

NEW YORK, April 30.

At Chicago Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been granted an injunction perpetually restraining the publishing firm of F. B. Whipple from publishing copies of his famous poem, "The White Man's Burden." The court also ordered that all copies circulated should be recalled.—Central News.

Kipling as Seen by McTurk.

WRITING in the first number of the *Cambridge Magazine*—and a remarkably brilliant first number it is, by-the-way—the original of "McTurk," of "Stalky and Co.," has a most interesting story to tell of Kipling as a schoolboy. Speaking of the great romancer's method of reading the innumerable books put at his youthful disposal by the wise old "Head," McTurk says:

His method of reading attracted considerable notice. He would hold his book just a few inches from his nose, and pore over it, turning over the pages at an extraordinary rate. In this way he would often get through half-a-dozen books in a day. Whereas the ordinary boy of twelve reads nothing but stories of pirates, savages, fires, and hair-breadth escapes, Mr. Kipling looked upon such as worthy of all contempt, and would instead read Chaucer, Froissart, De Quincey, and well-known authors of that class.

*****

Kipling's Opinion of "The Head."

EVIDENTLY, the Headmaster of Westward Ho must have largely influenced the general trend of Mr. Kipling's ambitions. Here is an interesting comment of McTurk's on his personality:

"The Head" was not a clergyman, and it is to this fact that Mr. Kipling has attributed his popularity, for, he says, a master who punishes one day and preaches the next cannot but be an object of suspicion to those under him.

*****

Why Kipling was Called "Beetle."

FURTHER on in his article, "McTurk" has some interesting biographical details of the school and later life of the "Three Musketeers." He says:

It was some time before Mr. Kipling attained to the dignity of a study. In 1879 two places became vacant in a study of five, and he and "McTurk" were invited to fill the vacancies. Later on that study was wanted as an extra room by the house master, and then "McTurk," Mr. Kipling, and "Stalky" were relegated to a smaller room in No. 5 house. This was the famous "No. 5" study. Readers of "Stalky and Co." have doubtless found out the identity of "Beetle." "Beetle, blessed Beetle," was the nickname given to Mr. Kipling by "McTurk" because of a supposed resemblance, owing to Mr. Kipling's thick bushy eyebrows, and a habit he had of walking about with his elbows held forward and his hands in his pockets; this was no doubt due to his nether garments being fitted with front pockets.

*****

"Stalky and Co." in Later Life

FINALLY, here is the real sequel to Mr. Kipling's schoolboy romance:

"McTurk" took up an engineering post in India, but finding he was unable to withstand the heat of the sun, came back, and is now an artist in London.

"Stalky," on leaving Westward Ho, went out also to India, and is still serving out there as a captain in the India Staff Corps.

Mr. Kipling has written that "the three swore eternal friendship before they parted," but I believe he has entirely lost sight of the remainder of the "Three Musketeers."

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I NOTE with pleasure that "McTurk's" reminiscences are to be continued in subsequent numbers of the *Cambridge Magazine*, which can be procured at Liverpool Street and King's Cross bookstalls, or direct from the proprietors, Regent House, Cambridge. Needless to say, it is on sale at all Cambridge newsagents.

Daily Mail

ARGEST CIRCULATION I THE WORLD.

LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1899.

CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

SYNDICATING THE WORKS OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

It seems now to be a definitely ascertained fact that a group of American and English literary agents have formed a syndicate with a view to the purchase of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's abilities and possibilities. That is to say, they propose to farm Mr. Kipling's brain. We wonder in what spirit Mr. Kipling will meet this very unromantic—not to say dastardly—suggestion.

Perhaps there is no more fatal worm at the root of present-day literature than the custom, started by agents, of persuading or driving an author to bind himself down for work for a long time in advance. This practice robs even the best writer of his spontaneity and his mental freedom. Very often his health breaks down under the strain of his efforts to fulfil the terms of his mortgage, and he gets, consequently, behindhand in the carrying out of his contract.

Mr. S. R. Crockett offers a mild example of the evil of this system. Mr. W. W. Jacobs supplies another. There is one author whom we could mention who had engaged long since to write a serial novel to start in a certain magazine at the beginning of last month, and who has not yet written a word of it; while yet another has a book actually being advertised at the present moment of which he has written nothing, and evidently intends to write nothing, yet for which he has been partly paid. One feels a respect for Mr. Anthony Hope, in that he has refused to allow himself to be beguiled into contracts for the future. But then Mr. Anthony Hope is as distinguished for wisdom and refined feeling as for cleverness.

KIPLING'S COPYRIGHT.

THE ACTION AGAINST AMERICAN PUBLISHERS

Is Explained to a "Star" Man by One of the Defendants Who Justifies the Decision of the Firm to Contest the Case.

RUDYARD KIPLING has signalised his return to health by commencing an action for £5,000 damages against one of the oldest publishing houses in America, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The extraordinary feature of the action is the fact that it is a copyright action brought against the firm which has worked harder than any to secure the rights of English authors in America.

A Stroke of Irony.

As secretary of the Copyright Association, one member of the firm, Mr. George Haven Putnam, was instrumental in securing the passing of the copyright law by which Kipling has benefited more largely than any other English author.

Mr. Putnam, who is now in England on a honeymoon tour with his charming bride, lately Miss Emily Smith, Dean of Barnard College, gave a STAR MAN his version of the strange case this morning.

His Legal Position Secure.

He is not worrying about the outcome of the action, believing his legal position to be perfectly secure, but he is grieved at the idea that any breach of copyright law or professional etiquette should be alleged against his firm.

"It is really a matter of bookselling rather than publishing," said Mr. Putnam, "a branch of the business with which my brother is concerned, but I can give you the facts of the case.

How the Dispute Arose.

"Some months ago we bought 100 sets of Kipling's works from five separate publishers. There were fourteen volumes to each set, seven from Macmillan, three from the Century, two from D. Appleton and Co., one from the Doubleday and McClure Company, and one from Coates of Philadelphia. Now, the first thirteen of these were authorised editions, and in buying them we put money into Mr. Kipling's pocket; but of the fourteenth—'Departmental Ditties'—there is no author's edition.

An Early Work.

"It is an early work which Mr. Kipling sold outright many years ago, and of which he is, apparently, not very proud. Still it is sold largely in the States and this country, and the people to whom we expected to sell the sets would have been disappointed if they had not found it included. We took the 14, and put them in a uniform binding, with an index and critical review of Kipling's work by Will M. Clemens, and issued them as the Brushwood Edition.

No Infringement of Copyright.

"There was here no infringement of copyright. We retained the title-pages with the imprints of the five publishers, and paid our royalties on each work. In fact, Mr. Kipling must now have three or four hundred pounds of our money in his pocket.

"We were surprised to learn that Mr. Kipling had taken offence. On behalf of my brother I wrote Mrs. Kipling, and asked if we might meet and discuss the question. We were quite ready to meet the whims—I should say desires—of a sick man.

Thought it was Settled.

"Mrs. Kipling replied kindly, and I thought the matter would be settled. We were prepared to do anything Mr. Kipling wished in the matter of the binding or name of the one hundred sets.

"Then, to our further surprise, we received another letter saying that Mr. Kipling had placed the matter in the hands of his lawyer. By the lawyer we were told that Mr. Kipling would require heavy damages. Even then we suggested arbitration, but the lawyer informed us that he was bound to make a case of it.

Spoilt Child of Literature.

"We are so certain of our legal rights that I can only explain it as the action of a disappointed child. Kipling is a great man, but he is the spoilt child of literature. [illegible] TRANCED [illegible] the while the BREATHLESS AUDIENCE SITS EN- [illegible] As Anstey succeed Anstey, so does some [illegible] tion succeed question in this extraordinary play.

MR. KIPLING'S ACTION.

He Sues the Putnams for £5,000.

A NEW POINT IN COPYRIGHT.

Interview with Mr. Putnam.

["Daily Chronicle" Special.]

We have heard here, in a general way, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is bringing an action for £5,000 damages against the well-known American publishing firm Messrs. Putnam's Sons. The head of that firm, Mr. G. H. Putnam, is now in London, and a member of our staff called upon him yesterday with the object of obtaining particulars of the affair. The case is interesting for many reasons, and especially as it seems to raise an entirely new question in copyright law.

"I may tell you," said Mr. Putnam, "that the matter did not come under my notice at the outset in any shape or form. It arose out of an ordinary, customary business transaction, as everybody supposed, on the part of our retail department. This department is under the direct management of my brother, Mr. Irving Putnam, and it trades in books generally."

"In the books of Mr. Kipling or any other author?"

"Quite so. It is a large book store. Very well, people will often have a harmonious set made of the various volumes of a writer. These are possibly issued by different publishers, and so differ in their get-up. The author's admirer desires to have them all the same in his library. Now, our retail department made up some such sets of Mr. Kipling's works. There was, however, a larger demand in the same sense, and my brother looked into it."

"You mean there were many calls for a harmonious set of Mr. Kipling's volumes?"

"Quite so. You may be aware of the collected and limited edition of these which appeared in America and England. But here was a different demand—it was simply for the Kipling books as they were already selling, plus a harmonious binding. My brother went to the several publishers in New York who issue Mr. Kipling's works, and bought sheets of these from them. The number of copies was two hundred and fifty, and another retail house was to take half of the library, or thereabout."

"It wasn't an edition?"

"Not in the least. Merely you had a harmonious binding. For the rest, each volume had the imprint of the publisher who issued it. It was a familiar usage of the book-trade—you buy sheets and have them bound to your liking. The publishers were very glad to sell them, since there was no interference with their copyright or with their profits. It was good business for them, and indeed nobody thought of the thing at all."

"Until you heard of the objections of Mr. Kipling?"

"That's it, but before we come to these let me make one observation. Some of Mr. Kipling's works are not copyright in America. Our firm has made it a principle to deal only with books in their authorised forms. Thus we bought our sheets in each instance from the publishers issuing the books by arrangement with Mr. Kipling. We were dealing with his representatives; they sold, and took our money in return. It was our bookselling department; they were his publishers. That is the story of the volumes as a whole. Of one or two I shall speak specially."

"I have noticed reference somewhere to the 'Departmental Ditties'?"

"Yes, they come in. There is, so to speak, no authorised publisher of them in America. There are many editions of them. Mr. Kipling may not regard the 'Ditties' as his best work, but they are on sale everywhere, and the public admire them. Quite recently an English edition was brought out at sixpence. Having regard to their sale everywhere else, my brother not unnaturally decided to bind them in with the other volumes, and for that purpose procured the best set of sheets that he could buy. Then, being himself an ardent admirer of Mr. Kipling, he took up the task of making a Kipling index. With it he bound an informing guide to the Kipling writings by a student of these, Mr. W. M. Clemens. As you will understand, the index and appreciation were meant to round off our retail set, which, please note, could only be bought direct from our store or from the other store which I have mentioned."

"In what form was objection taken to this?"

"We heard a rumor that Mr. Kipling, who was then recovering from his illness, was dissatisfied about our set. Being acquainted with Mrs. Kipling, I at once wrote to her saying how sorry I should be at the mere idea of friction, and expressing my anxiety to meet her husband's wishes in every possible way. Mrs. Kipling replied in the same kindly spirit, and it looked as if the matter could be smoothed out easily enough. But in a little we heard that Mr. Kipling had placed it in the hands of a lawyer."

"What did you do then?"

"We consulted an eminent legal gentleman and gave him the fullest authority to arrange the business. We were willing to do anything within reason to please Mr. Kipling. We suggested arbitration, for instance. We were told in reply that we must pay very heavy damages and destroy the books for which we had paid Mr. Kipling's publishers. Nor were we to have our money back. Naturally, we demurred. Mind you, all the time we had done nothing, so far as we had been aware, which could be a grievance to Mr. Kipling—nothing contrary to the best traditions of the book trade. We should have scorned the idea, as I hope anybody will believe who has the slightest knowledge of us as publishers."

"Now what, precisely, are Mr. Kipling's objections to the action of your retail department?"

"That we don't know yet, because his statement has not been filed. The case seems likely to drag on for a year, or a year and a half, so crowded is the court in which it is entered. That is the worst of the thing. What has taken place so far has been the taking of the evidence of Mr. Lockwood Kipling and Mr. A. P. Watt, who were leaving America for England. Going by what has transpired, Mr. Kipling's grievance seems to be this: That an author should not be made responsible—apparently responsible—for material by him being grouped as he had not grouped it. There is also a question of an elephant's head on the cover of our set of the Kipling volumes."

"What about it?"

"Why the regular collected Kipling has the design of an elephant's head on the cover. This was prepared by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and perhaps if the matter had come before me, I should have decided not to have an elephant's head on our set. It was a matter of taste. What actually happened in our case was that an engraver was given an office paper-weight from which to make the design of the elephant's head. It turns out that our elephant's head is that of the African beast, while the emblem on the collected Kipling edition is the head of an Indian elephant. Far from copying, we happen to have fallen into an error."

"I suppose, Mr. Putnam, you would have given a good deal to avoid this conflict between Mr. Kipling and your firm?"

"I would, indeed. But we cannot blame ourselves, and we did everything to secure a pleasant solution. I think I know something of copyright, and I believe the point here raised has never before been suggested in the whole history of literature. You may know that I worked very hard to secure the copyright arrangement now existing between England and America. I don't know anybody else who did more in that respect. No English writer has benefited so much from the new Anglo-American copyright law as Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

That is Mr. Putnam's account of an affair the progress of which is sure to be followed with keen interest both here and in America. We need not add that the name of Putnam is synonymous with all that is most honorable in publishing.

THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

William Morris registered an artistic brotherhood under the Companies Acts, and aristocracy has lately been turned into a limited company. Is it to be the turn of literary genius next, and are we to live to see a "Kipling, Limited?" The "Bookman" tells us that a company is being formed in New York to purchase Mr. Kipling's future work and handle it as a speculation. (Here was another danger of publicity not discerned by the paternal solicitude of the "Spectator.") Seeing that a copy of Mr. Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" was sold lately at Sotheby's to an American bookseller for £135, the assets of the proposed company might appear promising if only Mr. Kipling's life is as good a one as everybody hopes it is. I have heard it stated that Simerock, the well-known music publisher of Berlin, made at a comparatively early date an offer to buy up Brahms' future output, guaranteeing the composer a fixed annual income in return for exclusive right of publication. Brahms, it must be remembered, was a bachelor. What British writer with the fear of the Authors' Society before his eyes would venture to enter into such an arrangement, even if the British publisher were prepared to back the author's eagerness for publication and fame against his natural indolence?

MAY 19, 1899. W. P. JAMES.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

MR. KIPLING'S CLAIM FOR DAMAGES.

From details which are now published of Mr. Kipling's action against Messrs. Putnam, the publishers, for infringement of copyright and unfair competition, it seems that some months ago Messrs. Putnam brought out an edition of Mr. Kipling's works in fifteen volumes. It was called the Brushwood edition, and was advertised as the most complete collection of the author's works ever made. Mr. Kipling is highly displeased at some features of this edition. The fourteenth volume of the Brushwood edition, for instance, includes "The Vampire" and the "Recessional." "The Vampire," with its cryptic references to "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," was written by Mr. Kipling for his cousin, Sir Philip Burne-Jones. The author always described it as doggerel, and never wished it to be published or included among his works. The sheets of the "Recessional" are also unauthorised, as well as those of "Departmental Ditties," bound up in the thirteenth volume. But it is about the last volume of the edition that Mr. Kipling complains most bitterly. Included in it is "A Ken of Kipling," by a certain Mr. Clemens, which is full of inaccuracies. For instance, Mr. Kipling is falsely represented to have said of the "Recessional," "That poem gave me more trouble than any other I have written." On another page a verse beginning "When skies are grey instead of blue," is quoted as having been written to Miss Julia Marlowe. Mr. Kipling never wrote the verse and never wrote to Miss Marlowe. The aggrieved author claims £5,000 damages. On their part (says the *Daily Mail* correspondent) Messrs. Putnam state that they only bound the edition, having purchased copyrighted leaves from authorised publishers.

"FROM TELEGRAPH TO TESLIN."

THE SUN, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899.

A SOLDIER-POET'S STORY.

The following lines were written in a private letter by a trooper of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, who, with others of his regiment, is attached to the Yukon Military Contingent. The lines were not intended for publication, but were written to describe to the home folk a march of 160 miles en route to the Klondike, through a country the rugged nature of which would not permit of any other mode of travelling. The effect of Kipling on the writer's style is evident:—

I'm a cavalery soldier, though I do not ride a 'orse;
I'm a member of the Yukon Expiditionary Force;
I'm a packer, I'm a navvy, I'm a chopper and a tramp,
An' the queerest kind o' critter ever struck a British camp—
Wiv me beard about a fortnight old, me 'elmet on the slouch,
An' me face and 'ands the colour o' me ammunition pouch.
Just you 'ark to me a minnit, an' I'll tell yer what it means
To live for months on salted "junk," "'ard-tack," an' pork an' beans;
For yer don't get lamb an' caper sauce, nor caviare nor quail
When you're hoofing it to Klondike by the Stikene Teslin trail,
Wiv a pack upon yer shoulders what seems to weigh a ton,
While one 'and leads yer pack-mule, and t'other 'olds yer gun;
Through miles of burnt-out forest, an' pine trees scorched an' black,
An' lumps an' stumps an' fallen trees a-lyin' 'crost the track;
Yer mule goes swayin' to an' fro, and bangin' into stumps,
Wiv 'is pack o' flour an' bacon and "Redpath Paris lumps."
You've used up all yer bacca, an' you 'aven't got a chew;
Yer 'aversack is empty, and yer water-bottle too,
Yer eyes an' nose is full o' dust, yer lips an' tongue is parched,
An' yer 'aven't 'it no water for the last ten mile you've marched.
The "skeeters" come around yer, and get inside yer mask,
An' when they're in they bite like sin, an' never stop to ask;
They climb inside yer ear-holes, and fasten on yer neck,
An' make yer swell an' smart like 'ell, wherever they can peck.
When you're pounding up a mountain, yer pack mule lags behind,
An' yanks the rope for ev'ry blade o' grass that 'e can find.
But when you're going down the 'ill, 'e's a-climbing up yer back,
And you're 'altin' ev'ry 'undred yards to fix yer bloomin' 'pack!—
Sinkin' into mud-holes and trippin' over roots,
And yer feet, near torn clean orf yer wiv yer regimental boots.
'Ere an' there, wiv axe an' shovel, we 'ave to break a way,
But we don't fret so long's we get our double working pay.
An' when the march is over, an' we're weary wiv the tramp,
Away up in the mountains we pitch our nightly camp—
Where, though it's nigh mid-summer, and daylight reveals is, however, an encounter-
brought about, is of importance at times since
because it permits of the confident expecta-
tion that large ore bodies will be uncovered
between the second level and the surface at
the cost of a comparatively small amount of
exploration. Of the lower levels, which are
as yet inexclusive, the same may be pre-
dicted, but with less assurance, because a
known rich lode is generally speaking more
dimtinished richness than to persist in depth.
The high value of the ore at the seventh
lieiy to extend to surface with un-

DAILY CHRONICLE

TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1899.

MR. KIPLING'S ACTION.

Sir Walter Besant's View.

There is much talk in literary circles as to the action for £5,000 damages which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has instituted in America against Messrs. Putnams, the publishers. Broadly speaking, it raises an entirely new point in the control an author may exercise over his published writings. Sir Walter Besant is a recognised authority on copyright matters, and yesterday a member of the "Chronicle" staff saw him in reference to the Kipling-Putnam action. Sir Walter spoke as follows:—

"We have not seen the other side of the question yet. It appears from Mr. Putnam's account of the transaction that his firm bought a certain number of copies of a certain book or books, written by Mr. Kipling, for a certain sum of money paid to the American publishers. In doing this the firm does not seem to have gone outside the ordinary procedure of book-selling business. Therefore, it is difficult to understand, until one hears the other side, what are the grounds of action. At the same time we may be quite certain that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose affairs are in very good hands, had adequate reason for taking such a step as to bring an action—a matter which is even more expensive and more uncertain in New York than it would be in London. What we must do is to refrain from forming, more especially from expressing, any kind of opinion until we know how the whole matter affects Mr. Kipling's interests."

Certainly the development of the case will be followed here with keen interest.

By the time summer is fairly here Mr. Rudyard Kipling will no doubt be back to his English home at Rottingdean, four miles from Brighton. The "Temple Magazine" has an article about him there, from the pen of Mr. Gerald Brenan. Here is an extract:—

His place is known as "The Elms." In the thirties it belonged to "Thomas D'Oyley, Esq., Serjeant-at-Law," and is a sober-looking structure, two stories high. The large bow window to the left, on the second story, at present lights the poet of Imperialism at his daily toil. From this window Beachey Head can be seen on a clear day, and the smoke of the Dieppe packet making into Newhaven is distinctly visible. Not fifty yards away one sees the Scottish heather heaped on a new green mound, beneath which lies all that is mortal of William Black.

Mr. Kipling is not the first man who has given distinction to Rottingdean. At the ancient vicarage various celebrities learned the rudiments of knowledge. Says Mr. Brenan:—

The great Duke of Wellington was flogged there. Bulwer-Lytton was "cock" of the little school, as his son tells us, and once fought a seven-round battle with a schoolfellow named Moreton, on the village green beside the horse-pond. Another scholar turned out by the vicarage academy was Cardinal Manning, and there is a long list of lesser lights.

"At the Sign of the Ship" in "Longman's" Mr. Andrew Lang has a very graceful word to say on the recovery of Mr. Kipling from his serious illness. He writes:—

Times have altered since it was thought notable when working men stopped at Scott's hotel, in London, to ask "How is he?" Now far too much is told of the mysteries of the sick room; and many read just because they are reading something "personal," without caring what person is concerned. Still, there was an honorable and sincere anxiety about a young man who ten years ago was only a scarcely known lad of promise. For one, I consistently refused to believe that this friend of the English race would be taken away with his work undone and all the unfolded potentialities of his genius left a problem.

Mr. Lang's fatherly advice to Mr. Kipling is that he should take a long holiday. The "sword wears out the sheath," and his is a blade unusually keen.

Daily Mail

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.

DAILY MAIL, LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1899.

LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1899.

CHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

THE NEW WORK ON MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

It is a pity that such a subject as Rudyard Kipling should have fallen into hands so obviously impetent as those of Mr. G. F. Monkshood, who, in a newly issued monograph entitled "Rudyard Kipling: The Man and his Work," betrays in every chapter the most supreme disqualifications for the task which he has undertaken. We gather from a prefatory note, embodying some remarks passed on the book by Mr. Kipling himself, that the compilation of this work was neither inspired nor in any sense authorised by the man with whom it deals. It is therefore to be inferred that Messrs. Greening, the publishers, are responsible for Mr. Monkshood's admission as literary critic and connoisseur into the ranks of the contributors to their new series of "English Writers of To-day." In any case, the fact that this "attempt at appreciation" of Rudyard Kipling forms the first volume of the series will hardly induce discerning persons to buy those volumes which are yet to come.

Mr. Monkshood shows neither clear-headedness nor the gift of writing good English. His style is feeble, his faults of grammar are many and grave, and his judgments are those of an untrained mind. How, then, can we accept him as a capable critic of Mr. Kipling's peculiar genius and of the work which that genius has hitherto achieved? Among other crude generalisations, by the way, Mr. Monkshood asserts that women do not enjoy Kipling, or, as he puts it in his own not too lucid manner, "I have never met a woman that was a Kiplingite: and I should not believe it if I had." We are afraid that this inefficient commentator has been unfortunate in his circle of feminine acquaintances.

But our keenest resentment against Mr. Monkshood in connection with this book is aroused by our never-failing consciousness that he has made use of the opportunity afforded him by the writing of this estimate of another man to thrust himself prominently forward on every possible occasion. He is continually interspersing his remarks about Mr. Kipling with expressions of his own opinion on any subject that crops up, from the Navy to the New Woman. As his opinions are mostly obsolete, we are not grateful for their interpolation. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Kipling should have been made the theme of such a farrago of ineptitude.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Le Gallienne's projected book on Kipling will be a considerable improvement on the futile volume dealt with above.

MR. KIPLING'S GRIEVANCES.

WHY HE CLAIMS £5,000 DAMAGES FROM MESSRS. PUTNAM.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, April 11 (by mail).

Mr. Kipling's action in the New York Federal Court against Messrs. Putnam, the publishers, for infringement of copyright and unfair competition is attracting much attention here.

Some months ago Messrs. Putnam brought out an edition of Mr. Kipling's works in fifteen volumes. It was called the Brushwood edition, and was advertised as the most complete collection of the author's works ever made. Mr. Kipling is highly displeased at some features of this edition.

The fourteenth volume of the Brushwood edition, for instance, includes "The Vampire" and the "Recessional." "The Vampire," with its cryptic references to "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," was written by Mr. Kipling for his cousin, Sir Philip Burne-Jones. The author always

DESCRIBED IT AS DOGGEREL,

and never wished it to be published or included among his works.

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But it is about the last volume of the edition that Mr. Kipling complains most bitterly. Included in it is "A Ken of Kipling," by a certain Mr. Clemens, which is full of inaccuracies. For instance, Mr. Kipling is falsely represented to have said of the "Recessional." "That poem gave me more trouble than any other I have written."

On another page a verse beginning "When skies are grey instead of blue," is quoted as having been written to Miss Julia Marlowe. Mr. Kipling never wrote the verse and never wrote to Miss Marlowe.

The aggrieved author claims £5,000 damages. On their part Messrs. Putnam state that they only bound the edition, having purchased copyrighted leaves from authorised publishers.

M. A. P.

WEEK ENDING MAY 20, 1899.

A New Story of Kipling.

HERE is a characteristic story of Kipling, told to *M. A. P.* by one of his few intimate friends. Kipling, as most people know, has a keen sense of humour, and a great horror of being "interviewed." Some months ago, on arriving in San Francisco from Yokohama, he was besieged by reporters, to all of whom he turned a deaf ear. Suddenly a bright thought struck him, and he directed that the next man should be admitted. The interview ended, Kipling hailed a cab, rushed off to the office of one of the leading papers, asked to see the editor, and made arrangements to write, there and then, an article at so many dollars a column. His writing finished, he presented his manuscript, received his cheque and departed. Scarcely had he gone, than the reporter who had interviewed him arrived and triumphantly delivered his "copy" of the interview. The editor smiled, tore the "copy" in half and handed Kipling's manuscript to his reporter—and it dawned on the scribe that Kipling and not he had acted the part of "interviewer."

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Daily Mail
42 LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1899.

MR. KIPLING'S CLAIM.

ARBITRATION SUGGESTED BUT NOT ACTED UPON.

("Daily Mail" Special.)

Our New York correspondent explained yesterday why Mr. Rudyard Kipling is claiming £5,000 damages from Messrs. Putnam, the publishers.

It is highly probable that the action when it comes on for hearing will yield some attractive reading. All sorts of things have been done which, Mr. Kipling says, ought not to have been done, and the New York Federal Court will probably have to hear much interesting evidence.

Mr. Kipling's claim of £5,000 is for an alleged infringement of copyright and unfair competition in respect of the publication in America of what was called the Brushwood edition of his works.

A representative of the "Daily Mail" had a further interview with Messrs. Putnam's manager at their London office, Bedford-street, yesterday, in reference to the particulars given by our New York correspondent, and was told that the action was to them a mystery.

"Mr. Putnam," said the manager, "did all that was possible to meet the wishes of Mr. Kipling—or, rather, of Mrs. Kipling, because Mr. Kipling was ill when this subject was first mentioned. Mr. Putnam suggested that

ARBITRATION SHOULD BE RESORTED TO

but the suggestion was not acted upon. A firm of solicitors wrote to Mr. Putnam calling upon him to pay damages, and we were given no chance whatever of effecting a compromise, if a compromise were necessary.

"We merely bought authorised editions of Mr. Kipling's works and bound them. Now the author complains because he does not like the selection. I cannot say anything about 'The Vampire,' but the 'Recessional' was published in the 'Times,' and we say that it was not copyrighted. The 'Departmental Ditties' was a non-copyright work, and many editions of it are being sold in America. If Mr. Kipling had told us that he objected to 'A Ken of Kipling' we should have left it out of our edition, but we were in the position of never knowing what he did object to.

"The whole thing, as I say, is a mystery to us. If we lose the action it will mean—to give an example—that we shall not be able to buy Thackeray's works, put another binding on them, and sell them. In regard to the Brushwood edition, we did not even put our imprint on the books."

According to a Laffan cablegram from New York, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has derived great benefit from his stay at Morristown (New Jersey). He now enjoys drives and walks in the neighbourhood daily, and to an acquaintance he stated that he is now 20lb. heavier than when he left England. His plans for the future are still uncertain.

LLOYD'S
MAY 21. 1899.

Literature.

A STUDY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.*

There are people who profess that they do not understand Rudyard Kipling. This, of course, may be mere affectation, since no writer has spoken plainer or with more force to the present generation. If, however, there be any sufferers from a real ignorance of the man and the work he has done, they will find a much needed enlightenment in Mr. Monkshood's timely and happy volume. Mr. Monkshood writes strongly because he is an enthusiast. This enthusiasm is alluded to by Kipling himself with some deprecation in a letter to the author, a portion of which appears in the preface. In it Mr. Kipling says:—"There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace that, were I you, I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man." Mr. Monkshood is, however, with most others to-day, sure of his man, and being so proceeds fearlessly. First he introduces us to Kipling and tells us who he is. He gives us a sharp, clear, pen-picture of a man somewhat below the medium height, of rather sturdy build, dark and blue-eyed, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and a "rugged rather than ragged moustache," kindly, smiling, and humorous, yet resolute of jaw and square set as to chin. Educated at the United Services college, at Westward Ho! he was always noted for his industry. The first payment for literature he ever received was for a sonnet in the *World*. At the age of 16 he was on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, and there began the papers, stories, and poems which have made his name world-famous. Mr. Monkshood is appreciative in his criticism, yet always out-spoken. "Though not a great scholar," he says, "Rudyard Kipling is a great artist," while he insists, and maintains throughout his insistence, that above all else it must be remembered "that Rudyard Kipling is first and last and all the time an Ironist—a great Ironist." Then we are taken through his various works in a very delightful fashion. Attention is called to a line here, a verse there, a portion of some striking chapter elsewhere, all the time, so to speak, with a running commentary which enlightens and explains. To those who do not know their Kipling well the book will be at once a guide and friend, while even the most ardent admirer of the Anglo-Indian writer will find new meanings and new points for admiration. A good likeness of Kipling forms the frontispiece, there is a facsimile of his writing in the form of a letter to the author, a classified list of his works with dates, a scheme of the stories, and, under the head of "Kiplingana," a guide to criticisms, notes, and anecdotes that have appeared in the papers and magazines. It is, in fact, a work well done, and will be valuable not merely as a biographical and literary appreciation of a great writer, but as a book of reference in things relating to him.

* "Rudyard Kipling. The Man and His Work," by E. F. Monkshood.—London: Greening and Co.

MAY 27, 1899] The Ou

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1899.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(GREENING.)

It is acknowledged to be a difficult and a delicate task to estimate the art of a living writer, and Mr. G. F. Monkshood, in contributing "Rudyard Kipling" as the first of the series of "English Writers of To-day," has more than ordinary difficulties to contend with. Of all living authors, Rudyard Kipling is the least easy to criticise; the quality of his genius is so varied and so far-reaching that his art must be considered from many different standpoints; whilst the snare of immoderate eulogy lies ever waiting for his commentator. When there is added to this the fact that Rudyard Kipling's work is not half accomplished, and that no one can foretell in what new direction his powers may be exercised, the difficulties become overwhelming; and it is to be much questioned if the task should be attempted at all. Nor can it be said that Mr. Monkshood has been very successful in his effort. He does not possess the power of deep and searching criticism, nor the command of language, which would be essential to the successful completion of his task. He cannot give a clear impression in a few vivid sentences. But he writes fluently, and he has genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and an intimate acquaintance with his work. Moreover, his book has been submitted to Mr. Kipling, whose characteristic letter to the author is set forth in the preface.

In the chapter headed "The Man Himself," Mr. Monkshood gives particulars of Rudyard Kipling's birth and early life, most of which are familiar to English readers. Of the writers who have influenced Kipling, Mr. Monkshood says:

William Ernest Henley "showed him the way to promotion and pay," and helped him to chant "The English Flag" and "A Song of the English"; James Thomson brought home to him the awesome things that exist in "The City of Dreadful Night"; Bret Harte drew his attention to the literary picturesqueness of vagabonds; Macaulay flashed the spark that fired his genius for proper names; Defoe taught him the trick of using minute details and exact terminology to gain verisimilitude; Dickens inspired him to sympathise with the lowly, and to see the humour that dwells in small things; the compilers of the Bible gave him a large share of his diction, and showed him the value of a cunning simplicity; and Rudyard Kipling gave him his irony of the under-statement, his flash-light powers, his craftsmanship, his industry, invention, insight, and ability to make a dream come true and a lie seem something else.

Not all people will see the necessity for this formidable array of "influences." It is a fact that Rudyard Kipling has not yet drawn an ideal woman, and perhaps this is why Mr. Monkshood considers that "the writings of Rudyard Kipling do not appeal to women." His women are conventional, and of well-known types; but his children are delightful—"the best," says Mr. Monkshood, "that have been born (in print) for years and years." Of Kipling's heroes Mr. Monkshood has a thorough understanding, and his remarks on them are worth quoting:

Studying his power of exhibiting character, one discovers that his range is narrow. What he does treat, he treats well; what he does know, he knows perfectly. But his sympathies and observations are directed in so circumscribed a manner that he draws from but two or three models only. The majority of his heroes are all alike. They are ironical, brusque, and abrupt. They are strong, masterful, limited; they love work more than song, work more than wine, work more than woman. Now and again, the ecstasy of conviction is upon their author, and then he extols their brute-force virtues with an insistence that comes near to being tiresome. But, although not wholly lovable, they are wholly admirable; and they stand—adroit, alert, alive—always flat upon their feet, firm-planted as the men that they are.

Of course, the questions of Kipling's want of veneration, occasionally domineering style, and lack of academic scholarship are dealt with; and some of the early criticisms of his books, both favourable and adverse, are quoted—namely, the "prophecy" of Sir W. W. Hunter in the "Academy" of 1888, and some of Mr. W. D. Howells' remarks in "Harper's Magazine." Mr. Monkshood's conclusions with regard to the subject of his memoir may be summed up in the following extracts: "He is English. He has blood and bone, bowels and brains, which give him force, power, compassion, genius—all controlled, all healthy. He has neither the hysteria of the Celt nor the neurosis of the Norman. He is Saxon to the marrow. He is pre-eminently wholesome and unconventionally sane. . . . He is a friend, a force, a future." All this may be true, but it does not help us materially to a proper estimation of Rudyard Kipling. And this is where Mr. Monkshood's memoir fails. He gives us some more or less interesting little anecdotes and facts of the personal life of his subject, but his book contains no real criticism of Rudyard Kipling's work.

The Star
FOUNDED 17 JAN., 1888.
OFFICES: STONECUTTER-ST., E.C.
26 MAY, 1899.

OF THE CLAN DOOLEY.

Among the leading London celebrations of the Queen's birthday was that at the temporary mosque in the Euston-rd., where the presiding genius was the Hadji Muhammad Doulie. After Mr. Kipling's discovery of Namgay Doola, the Thibetan Chief, with red hair and a blackthorn, who lived where the Mahatmas grow on blackberry bushes, we were not surprised to find the Dooley family holding high estate in the Orient.

A *Star* artist who went out to sketch the Hadji Dooley came back with the annexed sketch which he said was the best likeness he could produce without seeing his victim. As will be seen it affords strong ethnological confirmation of the Hadji's descent from the kings of Connaught.

An Authority on the Clan.

Luckily, just in time to settle the point, the STAR MAN met Mr. Dooley, the philosopher, of Archway-rd., Chicago, strolling down Piccadilly looking for a saloon. The point was submitted to him as the admitted head of the Dooley family.

"HADJI DOULIE."

"Dooley isut!" replied the old man? "Thim Hadjies' no rel-ations to me. They'se no naygars in the Roscommon Dooleys, an' if he's Irish so's Schwartzmeister that's runnin' the saloon down the Ar-rchey-rd. in Chicago.

To Live Up to the Liquor.

"Father Kells says it's th' contay-gion iv th' whisky that breeds these Dago and Injun Irish. 'They're thryin' to live up to th' liquor, he says, an' it's as like th' rale ol' Dooleys as a bounco steerer's roll is like th' rale roly-boly. Tin to wan if ye ask'd them Hadjies to shake for th' dhrinks they'd shellack th' box, an' ye'd find 'um benighted haythen right down to bed-rock. Dooleys! Take it away!"

KIPLING'S "RECESSIONAL."

At the request of a large number of readers, I have pleasure in citing here Rudyard Kipling's striking poem, "Recessional." The verses, it may be remembered, were written at the Jubilee, when the nation seemed greatly in danger of being overcome by the pride of race that forced itself upon the consciousness of all at that time of universal worship of the Imperialist idea. As in the case of more than one of his poems, Kipling sent the "Recessional" to *The Times*—not as an ordinary contribution, but as voicing in the fullest possible manner his sense of the need for a warning to the nation against the dangers of a rampant jingoism. By his attitude in thus ignoring the protection of copyright in connection with a poem which partakes of the nature of a national supplication to the Most High, Kipling established beyond dispute, in the minds of thousands of people, his lawful claim to the title of uncrowned and unofficial Laureate of the Empire. Here are the verses:

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

FORGOTTEN BOOKS.

III.—"A Crystal Age."

Once I had a copy of a forgotten book, and when I knew it by heart, and had some little touch of its melody within me, I put it into my shelves among a few, a very few, that were more than favourites. Then I went out among my friends and praised it with that discreet enthusiasm which seems most alluring, and my friends being mostly artists in paint at that time, grew curious and borrowed my new find; and thumb-marked and dog's-eared it and sent it round, finger-printed in ochre and madder, till each leaf was a chord of dull colours. And with one accord they said it was good. There were as many thumb-marks on the last page as on the first, and more than one of the thumb-owners set to work to put down on canvas something that remained with them after the reading. But the elusive charm of the word escaped them, and they painted nothing but paint after all. They swore then that it was doubly good: for, with their art, it was quite untameable. The essence of all arts is that the essence of each shall be only obtained in its own medium; and to paint the sound of harmonious words that murmur like a wind in pines, is to write (as the unfortunate sometimes must) of subtle quality in colour. This book, "A Crystal Age," was in words, but not in words only: it had the colour and the quality of words given it by an artist, one not yet come to fullest growth, but a man evidently who saw things truly and heard them truly, and thereby came at last to seeing and hearing what few can see or hear.

This book was, as I guess, stolen from me by one who considered he admired it more than I, and therefore had the better right to it. There are such things in artistic and other minds. I bought a copy, and that likewise disappeared. And lately I appealed to the author for another. But he had none and the publisher was disfurnished of them through an over hasty act known as "remaindering" in the jargon of the book trade. Then I set eyes on a copy in the house of an artist and fell to the rapid conclusion that it was mine till an inscription disabused me of the joyful notion. So then I borrowed it, taking the precaution before I did so to put it into a pocket of my overcoat from which it could not be withdrawn without much difficulty. The owner of it let it go unwillingly, and eyed me with a sad lack of confidence for such an old friend. And now to the book. If all the above seems but a fantastic and long-winded introduction, I shall say that the book is itself fantastic, and, if he that pays the piper calls the tune, he that gives the meal has a right to say his own grace. Wherewith, dispatch!

"A Crystal Age" is a romance of the immeasurably far future, and that will, I know, be sufficient for many to neglect it. But it is like no other book of the time not yet to be, in that it is peculiarly beautiful, and at once strangely human, and strangely, wonderfully aloof from humanity. Yet it is of human beings as they might be even among us now if money and the taint of commercialism were absent, and if (strange lack it seems!) sex love were absent from the life of all but two among

thing of the primæval curse and primæval blessing. One woman only is the mother, and she is a wonder and a mystery to all her children, sacred beyond words for the burden of life she bears, and removed from them by something that is a mystery untold in any words.

And to this Family living in their eternal house comes the imported anachronistic, blundering and most irrelevant Smith. His dealings with them have a quaint touch of delicate, or sometimes, rude humour, for such an instrument as this harmonious organic whole is beyond his huge paws. He plays on them as a bear might play a harp; he is the cat on the spinet and produces discords. They teach him with patience and bear with his foolish, mad tale of a land where millions of houses stand together, and his madder and really wicked story of a country where all women are mothers. And then to complete disaster he proceeds to fall in love with Yoletta, who receives his protests of affection with the frankest approbation, though she wonders why he insists on the fact of his loving her so, when everyone loves everyone else as a sweet matter of course. In fact, the heroine is ready to be his especial sister, for it is recognised that there may be such a thing as a little preference of companionship.

To those who desire to know the solution of the riddle, I suggest such an appeal as will bring this book once again upon our market, in the strange place which is a city, where houses stand thick together, and many men are fathers and many women mothers. But for me the glory and enchantment of the story lie rather in the telling of it, and in glimpses that its writer gives us of the literature of this race not yet to be. For sometimes the Father reads to his Family, and his readings seem to demonstrate that the literature of their seven thousand volumes of the Houses of the World is of a rare quality. For listen how the children of another House live:

"There, in the wind-swept wilderness, dwell the children of the House of Coradine; and the roar of the waves sounds for ever in their halls; and the inland-flying wind brings to them the salt spray and the yellow sand, swept at low tide from the desolate floors of the sea. There, from its high terraces, we see the children of Coradine gather together, arrayed like no others, in shining garments of gossamer threads, when, like thistle-down chased by eddying winds, now whirling in a cloud, now scattering far apart, they dance their moonlight dances on the wide alabastor floors; and coming and going they pass away and seem to melt into the moonlight, yet ever to return again with changeful melody and new measures. For the winds and the waves, and the whiteness and grace, have ever been with them; and the winged seed of the thistle, and the flight of the gull, and the storm-vexed sea, flowering in foam, and the light of the moon on sea and barren land, have taught them this art and a swiftness and grace which they alone possess."

And yet, so the book proceeds, all Houses have their especial glory, and the house wherein the stranger came had the glory of the harvest melody, for theirs was a fruitful land. Thereby we come to the essence of this book's teaching, and it is that peace comes when the creature fits its environment, and when beauty born of murmuring sound, and of green fields, or of great hills, or of the far spread prairie, shall have passed, not only into the faces of the earth's children, but into their evolved and more gracious bodies and into their harmonious minds, that Nature plays on as the great master of all music.

"So, when a thousand years have gone by, and we, like those that have been, are mingled with the nature we come from, and speak to our children only in the wind's voice and the cry of the passage bird, pilgrims shall still come to these sun-bright fields to rejoice and worship the father and bless the august mother of the house, from whose sacred womb ever comes to it life, and love, and joy, and the harvest melody that shall endure for ever."

And many, as indeed I know, can come to this forgotten book, which passed like a passage bird of light over an unregardful and unthank-

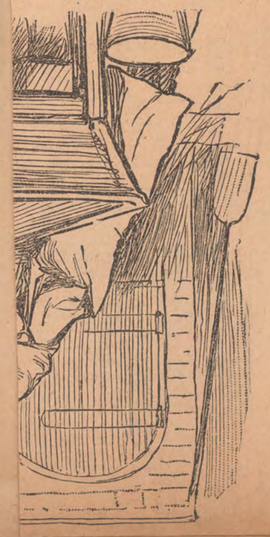
HOW TO SPEND A BIRTHDAY—THE JOYS OF ISLINGTON—OF CHARITY CHILDREN, AND OF HORSES—MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS—LABUNTUR ANNI. POSTUME! POSTUME!

As I came into the room last night the Major was solemnly reversing his glass upon the small round table at his side, and I barely gave him time to resume his seat and draw a long breath of loyal satisfaction before I asked him where he had spent the Queen's birthday. "If you imagine, my boy," he replied, with a somewhat disconcerting warmth of manner, "that I am going to describe to you all my movements on that glorious day you are very much mistaken. To begin with, it would take volumes. To go on with, it is not your business. Thirdly—"

"But, Major, the merest curiosity" I ventured; "nothing you ever say goes any further. I never tell a soul ——"

"You appear to imagine, you young scapegrace," he rumbled, evidently much mollified, "that I might hesitate to tell you all I did. Not at all, sir. Not at all, begad! Full dress parade immediately after breakfast, 'and so'—as my friend Mr. Secretary Pepys would say—'and so' to the Chapel Royal, St. James's. A short, impressive, and dignified little service thoroughly prepared me for lunch; and in the most admirable frame of mind (and Harry's most comfortable Victoria) I then drove off to Islington."

My astonishment was so great that the humane instincts of the Major almost overcame his natural politeness, and I had some difficulty in avoiding the spoonful of crushed ice which he was on the point of ladling out of his tumbler and into the back of my collar. Fortunately my complexion recovered itself in time, and I asked whether it was the Bailiff's Daughter, or whose daughter, and if not why Islington. "You seem to forget," he said, "that the Agricultural Hall is in those parts of London. My friend, the Colonel, asked me to



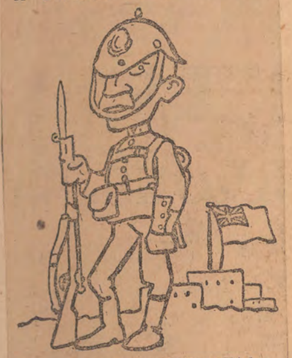
The Sun
LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

MEN & THINGS

Dr. Robertson Nicoll seems to lose no opportunity of belittling the reputation of Rudyard Kipling. He has told a number of stories, in a column over one of his half-dozen signatures, the object of which is to show that many prominent people are quite unacquainted with the writings of Kipling. His last story is of a couple of gentlemen at an Edinburgh hotel. One of them admitted that he had not read a line of the author who then lay almost at death's door, and asked for information. His friend declared that he had only read one of the author's books, and, after passing a high eulogium on it, confessed that its name was "Bootle's Baby." It was kind of Dr. Nicoll not to reveal the names of his puppets, but he has assured us that some of the people who did not know Kipling's work were very distinguished men. So they may be, but they must also be very bold men nowadays to admit that they have not read anything of so widely-popular an author.

DAILY MAIL, LONDON
MAY 27, 1899.

"A TYPICAL ENGLISH SOLDIER"



Tommy Atkins, as seen by Caran d'Ache.

The Sun
LONDON: TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1899.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It was a curious grievance that Mr. Kipling had against the American publishers, Messrs. Putnam's Sons. In the last volume of the unauthorised edition the publishers had included an "informing guide" to Kipling's writings. This guide was called "A Ken of Kipling," and was announced as the work of "a certain Mr. Clemens." This "certain Mr. Clemens" was not, of course, Mark Twain, who would assuredly not have acknowledged an alliterative title of that kind, but a nephew of the eminent humorist, who is just making a break in a two years' study of the intricacies of the German language. The only title to literary distinction which can be claimed by the author of "A Ken of Kipling" is the production of what the Americans call a volume of alleged humour, and, as Kipling is naturally disposed to take himself very seriously, one can easily understand his annoyance.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1899.

KIPLINGANIA.*

"What should they know of Kipling, who only Kipling know?" is the thought which suggests itself to one on reading "An Attempt at Appreciation" of Rudyard Kipling, by G. F. Monkshood, alias W. J. Clarke. We all love Kipling—that goes without saying—but some of us have drawn the line at about 230 pages of fulsome "appreciation." The writer of the book has evidently been carried away by his mingled enthusiasm and adoration, and the recent illness of the subject has possibly had its effect on the book, for nothing but a Scotch obituary notice could be more deferentially flattering. However, as there are ninety per cent. more good things than other things to be said about Kipling, the book will please more people than it will displease, and those who view life, as he views it, would be all the better pleased if the writer had given more evidence that he was aware of the fact that Kipling is one subject of an empire of literature. The part of the book really most interesting to the reader who has not heard the facts before is the chapter dealing with the man himself: who he is, and whence he came. Mr. Monkshood rightly lays it down that Kipling is essentially a writer for men, although ardent Kiplingites are often angry with individual women of their acquaintance, because they "cannot see what there is to rave about in Kipling's work. There is not sufficient of the softer style of romance, there is too much business-like energy in his books for the novel reading woman, and with the absence of these qualities there is, necessarily, also an absence at times of sympathetic consideration for weakness. The author of the book under notice seems to regard this, not as a defect to be excused, but as something to be specially admired. He goes out of his way to attack the Babu for "impertinent ignorance"—a lot more educated than some of his English masters. Rudyard Kipling's best book is not, as Mr. Monkshood seems to imagine, put into those passages where racial prejudices are most pronounced,

* "Rudyard Kipling: An Attempt at Appreciation," by G. F. Monkland (W. J. Clarke). London: Greening and Co. 5s. nett.

WEEKLY SUN

No. 333. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 27. 1899. PRICE 1d.

OUR BOOK . . . OF THE WEEK.

BY HENRY MURRAY.

"SHOUTING WITH THE CROWD."

In his brief preface to this volume, which the author, with a remarkably modest estimate of his own personal powers as a hysterical panegyrist, describes as "an attempt at appreciation," Mr. W. J. Clarke prints an excerpt from a letter of Mr. Kipling's. The prophet of Jingoism, after confessing that he "greatly admires the enthusiasm" of his critic and biographer, goes on to ask, "does it not seem to you that a work of this kind would be best published after the subject were dead?" "To this," says Mr. Clarke, "only one answer could be, and has been, made. And a simple stone-square stands wondering at the humility of a 'master-builder,' who, having passed through all the mysteries of his craft, has sat for years on the right hand of success." In the merely objective view of the critic "humility" seems hardly the best word to use in this connection. "Humour" might come a little nearer the mark, and has decidedly a more Kiplingesque flavour. There is no need to talk about the "humility" of a writer who simply objects to having his fame discounted by a fatuous trumpet-blast of fulsome eulogy. Mr. Kipling being—as even Mr. Clarke might admit—merely human after all, probably likes to be praised. He is perhaps even human enough to like being extolled a trifle above his merits, if the flattery is managed with some approach to artistic grace. But I have read his writings with but small understanding if he is the kind of person who likes to be flung, nolens volens, into a bath of treacle by any robust and rumbustious admirer who might take it into his head to express his admiration in that sticky fashion. One can fancy him, like the Canterbury cattle-drovers embarrassed by the gratuitous services of Wilkins Micawber, junior, requesting such an admirer, "with oaths," to desist. His hint to Mr. Clarke, unenforced as it was by any form of imprecation, failed of its desired effect—failed so completely, indeed, that Mr. Clarke made it the pretext of adding an additional gallon or so of molasses to the already overflowing bath, and, in doing so, has perhaps given himself a chance of living in literary history, as the discoverer of Mr. Kipling's "humility."

In sad and sober truth, Mr. Clarke has written a very bad and silly book, which will please Mr. Kipling's admirers as little as it has pleased Mr. Kipling himself. It is a book of many vices, and of not one solitary virtue. It is not critical, it is not "appreciative" in any sense which can be rightly applied to that nowadays much-abused word. It is merely a maddeningly-monotonous succession of staccato yelps of admiration, reminding one of nothing so much as the ecstacies with which a too-affectionate dog testifies his delight at the appearance of his master. It seems as if the mere act of writing his idol's name inspired Mr. Clarke with some such bliss as that felt by Orlando in carving the word "Rosalind" upon the oaks of Arden. He seems to think that to refer to his subject by a mere poor pronoun is in itself a sort of lese majeste. Mark Twain said that if you cut the phrase "and it came to pass" out of the Mormon Bible you would reduce it from a folio to a duodecimo. Cut the name "Rudyard Kipling" out of Mr. Clarke's book, and it would shrink perceptibly. Here, for example, on page 34, is a passage in point. "And that is what Rudyard Kipling has seen; and that is what Rudyard Kipling has described; and that is what Rudyard Kipling has believed, besung, belauded. In return, the men of the Empire have belauded Rudyard Kipling." On the next page we get, "Rudyard Kipling was perfectly justified in asking, 'What should they know of England who only England know?' . . . The Empire was a map: Rudyard Kipling made it a fact. The British Possessions were marked in red—plebeian red; Rudyard Kipling painted them purple—Imperial purple." This kind of parrot-gabble gets on one's nerves. It gives, I may remark in passing, an excellent side-light on the value of any individual enthusiasm to discover other things regarding which the enthusiast is enthusiastic. Mr. Clarke furnishes such side-lights by gravely accepting at "face value" the gingerbread reputation of the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and by referring to the late unfortunate Lord Randolph Churchill, as "a statesman." Being serenely certain that Mr. Kipling—supposing him to care a pinch of snuff about any individual opinion of himself and his work—would vastly prefer even the hardest critical "slating" to eulogy so absolutely valueless, I shall spare but little further space for reference to Mr. Clarke. His book is merely an additional—and quite unnecessary—proof that whatever poor value criticism ever could of its nature possess, has been of late years squeezed out of it, leaving behind nothing but the "confounding opposites" of fulsome flattery and venomous detraction—

> So over-violent, or over-civil,
> That every man to it is god or devil.

I.

The points of view from which literary work may be judged are, of course, infinite and infinitely diverse, but there are two questions to ask regarding the work of all men, which overtop all others in importance, and are, "What has he to say?" and, "How does he say it?" Being personally, for what I am worth in either regard, an artist first and a moralist afterwards, I am by nature inclined to give preference to the second of those almost all-important considerations. I am a worshipper of form, of strength and grace, of technical excellence, and am so much of a heathen that I would any day rather read a lie cleverly expressed than a truth clumsily written. And that confession, in the present connection, is tantamount to saying that I am a fervid admirer of Mr. Kipling's work, merely as literature. He seems to me to possess in the superlative degree certain literary qualities of prime importance. Merely as a workman Mr. Clarke himself could hardly overpraise him. There is no writer in the whole range of English literature who can say with completer clarity the thing he wants to say, who can strike with a surer finger the exact note he desires to touch on the emotional keyboard. No man who has not tried, and tried hard, to express himself through the medium of fiction, can know at its full value Mr. Kipling's exquisite power in that direction. The style of his best work is wholly admirable, he has the genius of "le mot juste," he can do more in a paragraph, a sentence, a phrase, or a word, to establish about his reader the atmosphere in which he desires him for the moment to move than most living writers of fiction could accomplish in the course of a lengthy book. His words convey light, colour, and perfume. Somebody said of Lord Beaconsfield that "he talked like a horse racing." That is how Mr. Kipling writes, covering his ground with a motion at once easy and rapid. There is no waste in his work, it is tense and athletic, accomplished with the ease and completeness of a workman who is a perfect master of the tools he uses and of the material he works in. He has a rich and varied vocabulary, and except at odd moments, when he is overcome by a rather foolish desire to parade his verbal riches by writing "poems" full of unintelligible technical gibberish, makes the best possible use of it. He is a truly marvellous linguistic juggler, doing all sorts of wonderful things with the language, and tossing about his verbs and adjectives as dexterously as Cinquevalli handles his heterogeneous properties on the stage of the Alhambra. There is more than one point of resemblance between the two great "manipulators." They are both very strong, very clever, perfect masters of their craft, and they are both greatly beloved and admired by the Music-Hall public.

II.

In one of those fleeting moments of partial sanity to which even he is liable, Mr. Clarke confesses that a certain percentage of Mr. Kipling's enormous success must be ascribed to luck. He enumerates certain elements which go to compose that luck, but the enumeration is incomplete. Mr. Kipling's luck is of many kinds, and all the kinds are good. He has had the luck of his subject, and most important of all, the luck of his temperament. His moral and intellectual diapason is that of the crowd he caters for, that of the average Englishman of all social ranks—that of the great Music-Hall public, the most numerous, the richest, the most enthusiastically generous to its favourites of all possible publics. Ethically, he is on the common level of the millionaire in the boxes, the gilded votary of pleasure in the stalls and promenade, the prosperous tradesman in the upper circle, the city clerk in the pit, the street boy in the gallery. Their gods are his, and he has the literary talent which enables him to compile, in strong, coherent, and sonorous English, the litany of their worship. He could afford to be an infinitely poorer literary artist than he is, without losing one grain of his popularity with his real paying public; he might have been an infinitely finer artist, and have missed their suffrage entirely, or even have earned their hatred. He tells them what they love to hear, and what they cannot hear too often, that they are the salt of the earth and the natural inheritors thereof, that, merely as Englishmen, they are the aristocracy, not only of Europeans, but of humankind; that they are the strongest, wisest, justest, kindest, bravest, and altogether most admirable of God's creatures. And he believes it, too—with whatsoever other failings one may charge Mr. Kipling it is impossible to doubt the absolute sincerity of his genuflexions before the great god Jingo.

III.

There are moments when the critic who would make plain the position in which he stands towards his subject must momentarily intrude his own personal feelings and beliefs in plain and definite language, and this seems to me to be one of them. I may perhaps be allowed to say that if there is any sort of person for whom I have a stronger distaste than I have for the ultra-chauvinist, it is the Little Englander. I accept, as the statement of a plain fact, Emerson's royal compliment to the effect that England is the best of actual nations. I am proud to remember that Voltaire wrote, "Si j'avais eu a choisir le lieu de ma naissance, j'aurais choisi l'Angleterre." I believe that no better fate could befall Africa, or China, or any other country which has lagged behind in the race of civilisation, than to fall into the hands of England. And so, I hope I shall escape the imputation of anti-patriotism when I go on to say that the wild self-laudation which is nowadays so common among Englishmen, which is roared and bellowed from so many platforms, and echoed in the columns of so many newspapers, and the pages of so many books, is essentially bad, base, snobbish, and vulgar, and that the wide popularity even of so admirable an artist as Mr. Kipling, in so far as it has been earned by pandering to so lamentable a failing, is a thing to be regretted. Brag is the vice of cads, and the person—or the nation—who howls from morning until night about his—or its—own exceeding strength and valour lays himself—or itself—open to the charge of rank ill-breeding. Hardly any English writer of the first class has ever been guilty of it. The good taste of Shakespeare's outbursts of patriotism is truly remarkable, considering the period of political storm and stress during which they were written. The one note of vulgarity in Tennyson, to my thinking, is to be found in his poem "The Third of February, 1852"—

> I say we never feared, and as for these—
> We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.

To refer to the population of a great neighbouring State by a disdainfully accentuated demonstrative pronoun is a curious slip in manners, and doubly curious in so delicate and so just-minded a writer. It should surely be the business of cultured and thoughtful men rather to repress than to aggravate international animosities, to dwell upon the eternal verity of human brotherhood rather than on the red-fool-fury which culminates in such devils' sabbaths as Waterloo and Trafalgar. Perhaps my fashion of "keeping" days of national glory is peculiar, but when, on the anniversary of Nelson's victory and death his statue is converted into a gigantic Jack o' the Green, when all the concertinas of 'Arrydom are braying "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," and beery Cockneys are expressing their eagerness to give the frog-eaters another solid good hiding, I think of the woman Nelson loved and left to the tender care of his country, and of how godly and grateful England let her starve in squalid poverty, and bow my head in shame. I would make a poem of that history, if I had the skill, and—if I had the power—would have it recited in every market-place in England on the anniversary of Nelson's death. It would make a healthy counterblast to the apotheoses of British virtue to which the Press is so fond of treating us on similar occasions, which, as Matthew Arnold pointed out years ago, are not only ineffably vulgar, but are also retarding. Best of actual nations as we are, we have our share of public shames and private wrongs. A burden worth the white man's taking up may be found nearer home than Equatorial Africa, and it is well that we should occasionally be reminded of that fact—"lest we forget."

IV.

It is never a gracious task to play the part of Devil's Advocate, and it is least of all pleasing when one is forced by a sense of critical honesty to do it in the case of a writer whom in his own place and for his own particular merits, one greatly admires. I have received much pleasure from Mr. Kipling's work in the past, and hope to receive much more in the future. As a story-teller, as a writer with the power of transporting me beyond the cares and worries of everyday existence, he has a high place in my affection. It is very seldom, while I am actually engaged in reading his stories, that I am even conscious of my ethical differences with him. His buoyancy of spirit, his vivid and rapid style, carry me along like a straw on the surface of a torrent. But, the book once laid aside, the evanescent charm of story and style evaporated, the spell is broken. The manner of the speaker is forgotten, his matter is remembered. There are moments, while his book is in my hands, when the appellations of "poet" and "man of genius" with which—in common with scores of scribblers who possess not one-hundredth part of his power—he has been so liberally bombarded, seem to be his unquestionable right. Most of the criticism of the present day is, of course, written immediately after the perusal of the books it deals with, and I fancy that that circumstance explains a good deal of the wild enthusiasm with which Mr. Kipling's work is habitually received. Such a method of dealing judgment is far from the best possible, especially in reckoning with the work of a man whose great force, like that of a certain famous statesman for whom Mr. Kipling has only a very moderate esteem, is "glamour." Looking back on Mr. Kipling's work in cold blood, "genius" and "poet" are among the last words I should be disposed to apply to him. He is as far away from being a man of genius, as only an extremely clever man could be. For, though there are degrees and gradations in genius as in everything else, it is absolute in its division from talent. Fancy anybody, except Lord Frederick Verisopht, calling Shakespeare "a clever man"! One would as soon talk of Niagara as being "sweetly pretty." Compared with men who really have a right to the name of "genius," Mr. Kipling is what a photographer is to a master of the brush. He can see and reproduce the surfaces of things with a marvellously minute vision and a wonderful accuracy, but he is barren of the insight, the faculty divine, which reads their inner soul and significance. He passed the most impressionable years of his life in the most picturesque, the most infinitely and pathetically interesting country in the world, and all he has to tell us of it is the "gup" of Simla, the chatter of Mrs. Hauksbee's tea-table, the slang and blasphemy of the barrack canteen. They are reproduced with admirable truth and cleverness, they are used, as is all Mr. Kipling's material, with the quickest appreciation of character and dramatic effect, but they are not all that a man of genius would have found to write about in India. Mr. Kipling seems to me to be completely lacking in one, and only very slightly endowed with another, of two qualities indispensable to the greatest kind of writer—the sense of revolt, and the sense of pity. He is a born Tory, he looks upon the world and says, "It is good, for the strong triumph therein." A phrase which I once applied to Thomas Carlyle is even more closely applicable to Mr. Kipling—he habitually writes, and apparently thinks, as if the name of Christ had never been spoken on this earth. Though personally an artist of exquisite powers, he has no enthusiasm for art. An improvement in the gear of an ironclad or a Maxim gun would give him infinitely greater pleasure than the discovery of a masterpiece by Raphael or Phidias. If the Greece of antiquity, the Greece which in a few brief years amassed for humanity the richest and purest legacy of high thought and matchless art it has inherited, could be revived, it would hardly interest him for a moment, the smallness of its colonies would fill him with contempt for the clique of clever duffers who wasted their time in talking about the properties of the soul and their muscle in chipping marble. In a word he is, as his admirers are never tired of proclaiming, essentially "English." And to be "English" in the sense in which the Jingo uses the word, is to be vulgar, brutal, and morally retrograde, qualities which are perfectly compatible with a high degree of merely literary excellence, as well as with the practice of all the heathen virtues. But there are other qualities in the English character than brag and earth-hunger, else were it worse for England in the day of judgment than for Sodom and Gomorrah, and I prefer the writers who dwell upon them. I would rather wander about the lanes and fields of England with the rustics of Wordsworth and Tennyson, or even descend into the slums of London with Jo, or Covey, or Liza of Lambeth, than sit in the shag-laden air of the canteen and listen to the raucous Cockneyisms of Private Ortheris, for whom I have, nevertheless, a very warm regard and respect, tempered by a strong distaste for his vocabulary and an even stronger sense of pity for his dismally restricted moral outlook.

Ah God, the love I bear him for his brave heart and strong hand—
Ah Christ, the hate that smites me for his stupid, dull conceit!

* "Rudyard Kipling: An Attempt at Appreciation." by G. F. Monkshood (W. J. Clarke). London: Greening and Co. 6s. net.

The Sun

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

MEN & THINGS

Dr. Robertson Nicoll seems to lose no opportunity of belittling the reputation of Rudyard Kipling. He has told a number of stories, in a column over one of his half-dozen signatures, the object of which is to show that many prominent people are quite unacquainted with the writings of Kipling. His last story is of a couple of gentlemen at an Edinburgh hotel. One of them admitted that he had not read a line of the author who then lay almost at death's door, and asked for information. His friend declared that he had only read one of the author's books, and, after passing a high eulogium on it, confessed that its name was "Bootle's Baby." It was kind of Dr. Nicoll not to reveal the names of his puppets, but he has assured us that some of the people who did not know Kipling's work were very distinguished men. So they may be, but they must also be very bold men nowadays to admit that they have not read anything of so widely-popular an author.

DAILY MAIL, LONDON

MAY 27. 1899.

"A TYPICAL ENGLISH SOLDIER"

Tommy Atkins, as seen by Caran d'Ache.

The Sun

LONDON: TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1899.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It was a curious grievance that Mr. Kipling had against the American publishers, Messrs. Putnam's Sons. In the last volume of the unauthorised edition the publishers had included an "informing guide" to Kipling's writings. This guide was called "A Ken of Kipling," and was announced as the work of "a certain Mr. Clemens." This "certain Mr. Clemens" was not, of course, Mark Twain, who would assuredly not have acknowledged an alliterative title of that kind, but a nephew of the eminent humorist, who is just making a break in a two years' study of the intricacies of the German language. The only title to literary distinction which can be claimed by the author of "A Ken of Kipling" is the production of what the Americans call a volume of alleged humour, and, as Kipling is naturally disposed to take himself very seriously, one can easily understand his annoyance.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1899.

KIPLINGANIA.*

"What should they know of Kipling, who only Kipling know?" is the thought which suggests itself to one on reading "An Attempt at Appreciation" of Rudyard Kipling, by G. F. Monkshood, alias W. J. Clarke. We all love Kipling—that goes without saying—but some of us have drawn the line at about 230 pages of fulsome "appreciation." The writer of the book has evidently been carried away by his mingled enthusiasm and adoration, and the recent illness of the subject has possibly had its effect on the book, for nothing but a Scotch obituary notice could be more deferentially flattering. However, as there are ninety per cent. more good things than other things to be said about Kipling, the book will please more people than it will displease, and those who view life, as he views it, would be all the better pleased if the writer had given more evidence that he was aware of the fact that Kipling is one subject of an empire of literature. The part of the book really most interesting to the reader who has not heard the facts before is the chapter dealing with the man himself: who he is, and whence he came. Mr. Monkshood rightly lays it down that Kipling is essentially a writer for men, although ardent Kiplingites are often angry with individual women of their acquaintance, because they "cannot see what there is to rave about in Kipling's work. There is not sufficient of the softer style of romance, there is too much business-like energy in his books for the novel reading woman, and with the absence of these qualities there is, necessarily, also an absence at times of sympathetic consideration for weakness. The author of the book under notice seems to regard this, not as a defect to be excused, but as something to be specially admired. He goes out of his way to attack the Babu for "impertinent ignorance"—a lot more educated than some of his English masters. Rudyard Kipling's best book is not, as Mr. Monkshood seems to imagine, put into those passages where racial prejudices are most pronounced.

* "Rudyard Kipling: An Attempt at Appreciation." by G. F. Monkland (W. J. Clarke). London: Greening and Co. 5s. nett.

MORE DOOLEY.

The enlarged edition of "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War" (Grant Richards) contains five new papers and a portrait of the author, Mr. Finley Peter Dunne. The essay "On Rudyard Kipling" is delightful:

> What I like about Kipling is that his pomes is r-right off th' bat, like me con-versations with you, me boy. He's a minyit-man, a r-ready pote that sleeps like th' dhriver iv truck 9, with his poetic pants in his boots beside his bed, an' he is ready to jump out an' slide down th' pole th' minyit th' alarm sounds. . . . De ye hear iv a manhole cover bein' blown up? Roodyard is there with his r-ready pen. "'Tis written iv Cashum-Cadi an' th' book iv th' gr-great Gazelle that a manhole cover in anger is tin degrees worse than hell." . . No col' storage pothry f'r Kipling. Iverything f-fresh an' up to date. All lays laid this mornin'.

Mr. Dooley's burlesque of "The Truce of the Bear" is very clever:—

> Muttons, it seems, Hinnissy, was wanst a hunter; an' he wint out to take a shot at th' Czar, who was dhressed up as a bear. Well, Muttons run him down, an' was about to plug him, whin th' Czar says, "Hol' on," he says, "hol' on there," he says. "Don't shoot," he says. "Let's talk this over," he says. An' Muttons, bein' a foolish man, waited till th' Czar come near him; an' thin th' Czar feinted with his left, an' put in a r-right hook an' pulled off Muttons' face. I tell ye 'tis so. He jus' hauled it off th' way ye'd haul off a porous plasther—raked off the whole o' Muttons' fr-ront ilivation. "I like ye'er face," he says, an' took it. An' all this time, an' 'twas fifty year ago, Muttons hasn't had a face to shave—Ne'er a wan. So he goes ar-round exhibitin' th' recent site, an' warnin' people that whin they ar-re shootin' bears, they must see that their gun is kept loaded an' their face is nailed on securely. If ye iver see a bear that looks like a man, shoot him on the spot, or, betther still, r-run up an alley. Ye must niver lose that face, Hinnissy.

***

Father Kelly told Mr. Dooley that he cud write as good a pome himsilf, an' he took th' stub iv a pencil, an' wrote this:—

> Whin he shows a seekin' frindship with paws that're thrust in thine,
> That is th' time iv pearl, that is th' thruce iv th' line.
>
> Collarless, coatless, hatless, askin' a dhrink at th' bar,
> Me Uncle Mike, th' Fenyan, he tills it near an' far.
>
> Over an' over th' story; "Beware iv th' gran' flimflam,
> There is no thruce with Gazabo, th' line that looks like a lamb."

***

Mr. Dooley's views "On Lord Charles Beresford" are full of fresh fun:—

> Char-les wint to sea early; but he's now in th' plastherin' business—cementin' the liance iv th' United States an' England. I'll thank ye to laugh at me joke, Mr. Hinnissy, an' not be standin' there lookin' like a Chinnyman in a shtreet car. . . . Lord Char-les Beresford is a sort iv advance agent iv th' White Man's Burden Thrajedy Company—two little Evas, four hundhred millyon Topsies, six hundhred millyon Uncle Toms. He's billin' th' counthry f'r th' threeyumphial tour iv th' Monsther Aggregation.

The satire in this passage is keen:—

> "Ye whelps," says Lord Char-les Beresford an' Rudyard Kipling an' Tiddy Rosenfelt an' th' other Anglo-Saxons. . . . Ye love th' dollar betther thin ye love annything but two dollars. . . . Ye have desthroyed our language. Ye are-re rapidly convartin' our ancesthral palaces into dwellin' houses. Ye'er morals are loose, ye'er dhrinks ar-re enervatin but pleasant, an' ye talk thro' ye'er noses. But ye ar-re whelps iv th' ol' line. Those iv ye that ar-re not our brothers-in-law we welcome as brothers. Ye annoy us so much ye must be mimbers iv our own fam'ly. . . Ye'er ambass'dures have always been kindly received; an', whether they taught us how to dhraw to a busted flush or wept on our collars or recited original pothry to us, we had a brotherly feelin' for thim that med us say, "Poor fellows, they're doin' th' best they can."

This is Mr. Dooley's description of his countrymen's condition of mind:—

> We feel like a long-lost brother that's been settin' outside in th' cold f'r a week, an' is now ast in to supper—an' sarched at th' dure f'r deadly weepins. . . . We feel kindly to each other; but it looks to me like th' first up in th' mornin' th' first away with th' valuables.

But we have quoted enough to prove that Mr. Dunne has created in "Mr. Dooley" the freshest and most original comic figure in recent humorous literature.

BOOKS ABOUT KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling. An Attempt at Appreciation. By G. F. Monkshood (W. J. Clarke.) (Greening and Co. 5s. net)

The Kipling Guide Book. A Handy Guide to Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Writings, with a Bibliography of His Works. By Wm. Roberton. (Birmingham: The Holland Co. 1s. net.)

THIS being an age of rush, most people find it difficult to keep themselves abreast of all the developments in literature, many do not even attempt it. Hence the opportunity of the expert to do a little 'coaching,' and both the books before us are apparently intended to assist the lazy or pre-occupied person to acquire some acquaintance, at secondhand, with the personality and literary output of a man who 'bulks largely' in the public eye. Of the two, Mr. Clarke's is the more ambitious attempt, as he aims at giving something more than bare facts. After he had written his biography and appreciation he seems to have submitted it to the subject and to have extracted from him a very interesting little epistle. It runs as follows:

> 'I have read your type-written book with a good deal of interest, and I confess that I greatly admire your enthusiasm. But does it not seem to you that a work of this kind would be best published after the subject were dead?
>
> 'There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace that, were I you, I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man. . .
>
> 'Please do not think for a moment that I do not value your enthusiasm; but considering things from the point of view of the public, to whom after all your book must go, is there enough to them in anything that Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?'

Mr. Clarke's comment on this letter is also worth quoting:

> To this, only one answer could be, and has been, made. And a simple stone-squarer stands wondering at the humility of a 'master builder' who, having passed through all the mysteries of his craft, has sat for years on the right hand of success.

We are not sure whether Mr. Kipling has been well served by Mr. Clarke. There are some minds so constituted that they feel irresistibly drawn to depreciate what they hear enthusiastically praised, and if there is one thing predominant in this monograph it is the note of enthusiasm. We fancy this was present to Mr. Kipling's mind when he wrote the slightly deprecatory letter above quoted, and the old saying, 'Save us from our friends,' seems to be here very appropriate. Mr. Kipling could not, of course, prevent Mr. Clarke, or any one else, from appreciating him, but we are convinced that a less highly-coloured essay would have pleased him better, and probably he meant what he said as to the postponement of such a work until the subject were dead. This, however, would not suit the purpose of a modern book-maker, and perhaps Mr. Kipling's kindly nature would have led him to hesitate before interfering with a fellow-creature's bread-and-butter, even if he had to stand in the pillory to enable him to get it.

Mr. Clarke is too rhapsodical; witness the following:

> Listen to Robert Louis Stevenson! 'There is a lot of the living devil in Kipling. It is his quick-beating pulse that gives him a position very much apart. Even with his love of journalistic effect, there is a tide of life in it all.'
>
> Precisely! 'A tide of life in it all'! 'There—that is the secret. Go to sleep. You will wake, and remember, and understand.' You will understand that this man—who is alleged to be unequal to making a sustained effort, who because he does not commit a poem of twenty thousand lines, or a novel of a quarter of a million words, is told that he is good only as one capable of dashing things off, things as short-lived as soon-made—you will understand that this man can paint pictures of *Life* seen by flashes of intuition, can sing songs of *Life* timed by beatings of the heart, can make things that will live as long as the language because they deal again and again with *Life*, and once more *Life!*
>
> 'Staccato virility and vivid shrewdness' constitute, according to Mr. Clarke, the 'Kipling manner.' A feeble imitation of the same, with a dash of Carlyle's, might adequately describe Mr. Clarke's. His summing-up of the criticisms on his subject may be quoted as an example:
>
> As there be gods many and lords many, so there be critics many and criticastors many; and the hands of the latter have not laid light upon Mr. Kipling's works. 'It would be hazardous to say what place Kipling will occupy in the Literature of the future' seemed to be the stock shibboleth of the latter class of writers. They looked upon him as a rough-and-ready public juggler, and were minded to pen him up for causing a crowd to congregate.
>
> And, even at this late day, from certain quarters come certain hostile mutterings. But, when all is hinted in regard of the Cult of the Bounder and the Bayonet and the Butt, when all is alleged in regard of Britons and Brutality, Beer and Butchery, when all is exhausted in regard of any abuse whatever—alliterative or otherwise—we are brought back to the truth that, although Rudyard Kipling does not happen to be William Shakespeare, does not think it good to endeavour to ape Shelley and to fail at mimicing Sterne, yet, wherever he has found love, honour, truth, strength, merit of any kind, he has proclaimed it with literary power and greeted it with loud-voiced, strong-handed applause. And, although, of late, he has exhibited a slight tendency to preach—which error he should leave to those compounds of actor and bully that succeed so well in alluring many women to certain churches—Rudyard Kipling is, nevertheless, quite innocent of up-stirring any sort of 'Anglo-Saxon rowdyism' whatever; and, while he remains the man and the artist that he is, Rudyard Kipling will continue to be innocent of all such Hyde Park oratorism and social and racial misbehaviour.

But what is unpardonable in Mr. Clarke is that he should use his opportunity to pass a gratuitous and laboured slander upon more than half of his fellow-creatures. We feel that an apology is due to our readers for quoting such stuff as the following, but it would be unfair to them to suppress it in a notice of the book:

> I have never met a woman that was a Kiplingite; and I should not have believed it if I had. The writings of Rudyard Kipling do not appeal to women; perhaps, because they are not intended so to do. In the first place, he does not think that gynarchy is a greatly good form of government, does not believe that Woman is the salt of the earth (however much She may be the sugar), does not avow Her superiority over that brutal despot, man—with a small 'm.' In the second place, he does not know that women made the British Empire for men to enjoy, does not know that women build bridges, design docks, invent ironclads, now that, despite the fact that women can find fault with the pattern of the buttons on the carriage-paddings, it took some nasty, helpless, silly men to scheme out and produce the rather useful locomotive. In the third place, he does not write of adulterous entanglements prettily, does not powder the nude or perfume the noisome, does not glorify the places where 'the half-drunk lean over the half-dressed,' does not exhibit a study of sex-repression labelled religious fervour, does not re-crucify Christ in order to enumerate the drops of sweat and blood upon 'His muscles'; all of which most women like, and *some* women 'adore.' In the fourth, fifth, sixth place, Rudyard Kipling writes for men. Yet, after all, he has written a thing called 'The Story of the Gadsbys,' and another thing called 'Without Benefit of Clergy'; and, in his piece of 'rhymed journalism,' 'An Imperial Rescript,' he has voiced well a certain desire and deed general to civilised man: 'We will work for ourselves and a *woman* for ever and ever, 'Amen!'

That Mr. Clarke has studied the works of Rudyard Kipling, and derived pleasure from them, we can well believe, but that he is a competent commentator we take leave to doubt. We entirely endorse his own conclusion, that 'you must read for yourself those wonderful stories.' As a guide to them Mr. Clarke's book will have a use, but there will be few, we imagine, who will read with any advantage the greater part of the criticism contained in it.

As regards *The Kipling Guide Book* we have nothing to find fault with in Mr. Roberton's little *brochure*, which is made up very largely of matter taken from the newspapers. It will probably be convenient to many to have these items collected in a booklet. The bibliography, also, will be useful to collectors, and seems to be sufficiently exhaustive, including not only the author's works but references to magazine and review articles upon them. In fact, the literature that has grown around the name of Rudyard Kipling is beginning to appal.

INDIA, EGO, ET CETERA.

Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks. By Israfel. (London: At the Sign of the Unicorn. 5s. net.)

THE reason, if it can be called a reason, for the name of this book appears to be that 'Israfel' is a great admirer of Pater, and 'Pater's joys, one instinctively feels, are gold and ivory, apes and peacocks'—whatever that may mean. In a score or so of papers we find a record of Israfel's superfine impressions of India, picked up in the course of a brief globe-trotting tour. There are also nine supplementary essays, of no great length, the subjects of which are Venice and Budapest, Hungarian music, piano recitals, musical critics, Paderewski, Tchaiovsky, Pater, Mr. Clifford Harrison, and Rudyard Kipling. Self-revelation appears to us to be Israfel's chief characteristic as a writer. In his opening page he makes the very small joke that the letters P. and O. convey a 'delicate suggestion of the keyboard!' He is evidently a bad sailor. Having been compelled by his 'primeval and cultivated beauty senses' to admit that the sea on a starry night is most beautiful, he returns with a sigh to his 'basin.' On his first day in the 'Peninsular Express' between London and Brindisi he discovers 'that death is the supreme good and brandy its understudy.' He liked the vultures at the Bombay Towers of Silence, 'they had such a dissipated appearance.' What he 'chiefly admired about the great eclipse of the sun' was his 'lunch.' The Oriental, in his opinion, is 'a queer cuss.' He thinks that the lady of the Táj Mahal (he calls her 'Arjamand') was probably 'a most infernal bore.' Returning from a moonlight visit to the Táj, he 'thought of the whisky-peg' he would have when he got home. Happening to enter a music shop at Calcutta, 'which might have been Augener's,' he nearly wept. This was because it was 'terribly depressing to find fine shops, where you can get all you want, in an Indian city.' Israfel is a 'Wagnerotomaniac,' and the *crambe repetita* of his allusions to Wagner and 'Tristan' is wearisomely monotonous. But he loves monotony, he says, informing us in the same breath that every strong personality is hopelessly monotonous. He appreciates Watts and Burne-Jones, 'and also Aubrey Beardsley,' but not Titian or Veronese. A snow-clad Himalayan peak, seen from Darjiling, appeared to him to be 'rather like a big tooth—say the tooth of the giant Atlas—stopped with gold.' The general idea he formed of the scenery beyond Darjiling drew from him the following pregnant observation: 'One's Ego is the only thing the Himalaya does not dwarf.'

How far does the real Israfel resemble the portrait of himself he chooses to present? It does not matter, any more than it matters whether the complexion that underlies the red and white paint of a pantomime clown is brown or fair. There are many passages in his book which show that he can write gracefully and well when he chooses to be serious. But, alas! he is endowed 'with an extraordinarily supple genius,' and 'can but rarely restrain it from turning paradoxical somersaults.' He lacks that 'marvellous tact of omission' which, he tells us, 'Walter Pater has so delicately phrased in pointing out the artist's chief charm.' We fear he has studied Pater too much—and too little; the result being that he can be fittingly characterised in the phrases he himself applies to the musical critics of the present day. Diction is his 'stumbling block.'

Kipling parodies are falling thick as leaves in St. John's Wood. The latest, addressed to the woman who writes advice in the newspapers, is really very amusing. It appears in the *Boston Congregationalist*, an organ evidently possessed of more humour and unreserve than our own sectarian journals, and is founded on that misogynistic poem "The Vampire." We quote a verse or two:—

> A woman there was and she wrote for the press
> (As you or I might do),
> She told how to fit and cut a dress,
> And how to stew many a savory mess,
> But she never had done it herself, I guess
> (Which none of her readers knew).
>
> Oh, the hour we spent and the flour we spent,
> And the sugar we wasted like sand,
> At the hest of a woman who never had cooked
> (And now we know that she never could cook),
> And did not understand.
>
> A woman there was and she had her fun
> (Better than you and I),
> She wrote our recipes and she never tried one:
> She wrote about children—of course she had none—

and so further.

It is, therefore, with only mingled feelings of regret that we see such recent arrivals as Messrs. Sheldon and Dunne victimised on this side of the Pond. Mr. Sheldon has been pirated here in every direction, and now the coruscating "Mr. Dooley" is hawked at a penny on street corners. A few more such instances, and the American writer will kick—will, it is to be hoped, kick so hard that his legislators will be forced to grant him the protection that the writers of every civilised nation enjoy. As some salve to Mr. Dooley's wounded feelings, we learn that his English publisher has added several chapters of copyright matter to the original volume; so that those who wish to hear the most recent utterances of Chicago's most oracular statesman must buy the copyright edition, or forego dissertations on such attractive themes as Messrs. Aguinaldo, Rudyard Kipling, and Lord Charles Beresford.

"KIPS"

In consequence of the repeated demand for Copies of THE OUTLOOK for March 11, containing the verses entitled "Kips," the Publisher begs to intimate that the charge for the few remaining Copies of that issue must be ONE SHILLING per copy.

NICIAS MORITURUS

An' Bill can have my sea-boots, Nigger Jim can have my knife,
You can divvy up the dungarees an' bed;
An' the ship can have my blessin', an' the Lord can have my life;
An' "Sails" an' fish my body when I'm dead.

An' dreaming down below there in the tangled greens and blues
Where the sunlight shudders golden round about,
I shall hear the ships complainin' and the cursin' of the crews,
An' be sorry when the watch is tumbled out.

I shall hear 'em hilly-hollyin' the weather crojick brace;
Hear the sheet-blocks jiggin' hornpipes all achafe;
Hear the tops'l halyard chanty—feel the salt spray sting my face—
I'll be seaward though my body's anchored safe.

I shall hear the south wind callin' soft an' low across the deep,
An' the slattin' of the storm-sail on the stay;
Hear the ripplin' o' the catspaw at the makin' o' the neap,
An' the swirl and splash o' porpoises at play.

An' Bill can have my sea-boots, Nigger Jim can have my knife,
You can divvy up the dungarees an' bed,
An' the ship can have my blessin', an' the Lord can have my life,
For it's time to go aloft when Jack is dead.

JOHN E. MASEFIELD.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT THE ARMY

"The Queen's Service." By Horace Wyndham, late of the —th Regiment. London: Heinemann. 6s.

No one interested in the contemporary condition or in the future amelioration of the British Army can neglect such a book as this, for it affords a remarkable glimpse of military life at the very bottom rungs of the ladder. It is moreover both lucid and temperate.

Though the author points out where in his opinion life in the ranks could be improved, he speaks on the whole with confidence about the general tone and the *esprit de corps* of the privates, whilst his reflections are certainly suggestive and practical. He thinks that too little work is the main cause of intemperance in the army, for there are many hours absolutely unfilled by duty; he regards the management of soldiers' recreation rooms as being too exclusively directed to spiritual edification in and out of season, whilst he is naturally of opinion that there are too many reports which are rarely read and seldom attended to.

From a diligent perusal of the posters setting forth the benefits accruing to those who embrace a military career, it appeared to the author that a life of cultured ease and even luxury was awaiting anyone who chose to apply for it. Here the facts are set in contrast with this pretty fiction, and of his own experience Mr. Wyndham has much to tell the civilian that he does not know. A couple of months' recruit drill having allowed him to attain the dignity of a "duty" soldier, he was permitted to indulge in route marches, when a hundred miles have at times to be done within a week in full marching kit. Field-days and signalling work teach the real rudiments of war, eye and hand being trained with considerable care, though it appears that the non-commissioned officers should more often receive credit for the efficiency of the regiment. Whilst Mr. Wyndham does not think that a regiment of gentlemen would be efficient in the military sense of the word, he clearly demonstrates that the prior training and diet of the superior recruit will render him a more valuable fighting man than the average yokel taken from the plough.

No one appears to regard the Army Reserve as a success, but it is admirably demonstrated that if more encouragement were given to the soldier to re-enlist—a consummation devoutly to be wished—the Reserve would be proportionately depleted. It must, however, strike one as grossly unfair that a man having given several of the best years of his life to the service of his Queen should find such service actually stand in the way of his subsequent career as a civilian.

Those not in touch with the Army will probably be surprised to learn that the standard of examination for promotion in the ranks is very high. Mr. Wyndham sarcastically adds that it is hard to know why a man is not fit to be a sergeant-major if he is not acquainted with the details of the statute of Mortmain or the Witanagemot. Below this standard, however, he thinks the lot of the British soldier bears comparison with many trades as a livelihood. "In few other capacities would an unskilled workman get a day's pay and rations and lodgings for doing so little. It would be an excellent innovation if a soldier were required to do more work for an increased scale of pay and rations."

Racy sketches of service at home and abroad are interspersed with graver reflections. Many sidelights illumine unexpected facts, as, for example, that from whatever cause a soldier enters hospital, he is for two days placed on a diet of twelve ounces of bread with three pints of milk. Still more unpopular is the duty of being "on guard." It consists of two hours' sentry-go with four hours' rest. The bed is a long, sloping shelf, on which a dozen men can lie at once; unfortunately the boards are too often full of vermin. The rations are cooked in an iron pot, in which soup is made at dinner-time, tea in the afternoon, and coffee towards midnight. Consequently by breakfast-time, a peculiarly subtle flavour is imparted to the tea.

Some sport is made of the soldier's careful attention to his forelock, technically known as "sporting a quiff"—the orthography of the word is doubtful. In spite of an occasional redolence of adjectives in his conversation, the British private obtains a first-rate character from one who has studied him so near at hand. And be it noted that Mr. Wyndham considers the term Tommy Atkins to be an impertinence and the expression of a shopboy; an English soldier is, indeed, a fine fellow. And so say all of us. The more adequately he is appreciated, the better for the nation which relies on him and for the man himself. He learns to be self-respecting when he finds he is respected.

...mentary excite-
...er Dumas seems
...literary fashion.
...leisured man of
...No one except
...lay readers, and
...ant author must
...e, calculated to
...d, and America,
...normally popular

...two stories in
...nos Apostolides.
...ne elder Dumas
...in the preface
...ranslation to be

...gentleman, ex-
...st, as well as a
...dence for many
...ars ago paid a
...Last winter he
...one at Nicosia,
...a public school
...Archbishop of
...Haynes Smith,
...t of the island.
...icently by M.
...ion, which he
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...trious French
...lf in a public
...drew it from
...him to Paris.
...ers of all the
...sence of M.

Apostolides they placed the manuscript by the side of autograph letters and pages of some of the most famous works of the great author. They had no hesitation in declaring the manuscript to be an absolutely authentic and entirely genuine work of the elder Dumas, written throughout in his own hand. A descendant of Alexandre Dumas—stated to be his legal heir—also inspected the document, and declared himself perfectly satisfied that it was an unpublished and hitherto unknown work by his illustrious ancestor. M. Apostolides, however, found that the law of copyright in France gave him practically no share in any proceeds derived from the publication of the romance, or, at all events, that so large a proportion would go to the descendants of Dumas and his publishers, Messrs. Levy, that he did not feel disposed to place to their credit what would certainly prove to be a very substantial sum.

Being in somewhat bad health, and extremely anxious to be spared all unnecessary anxiety, M. Apostolides came to London and placed the manuscript in my hands to be translated into English. Thus far only one London publisher has been even informally made aware of the existence of the posthumous work, and it is the present intention of M. Apostolides to produce the translation himself. Now that he had received convincing proof of the genuineness of the manuscript, he considers that he ought not to deprive the many admirers of the great French author of the unexpected pleasure of the posthumous works, which he believes to have great intrinsic interest. All the foregoing facts I have received from his own lips, and this narrative faithfully represents the impression he derived from the conferences with the heir and publishers of the works of Dumas.

A member of the firm of Levy had arbitrarily divided the manuscript into four parts, and had appended a memo stating that over twenty pages, including one complete chapter, were missing. After prolonged inspection of the four hundred loose sheets of paper, written on both sides in a minute and very illegible hand, without much punctuation, I discovered that the manuscript consists of two complete romances, and not a single page is missing.

The scene of the two stories is laid in a land quite untrod in fiction of the first rank, and a large portion of each narrative is of the most exciting description. Perhaps on some future occasion I may be allowed to give some further particulars about one of the most unexpected literary productions of the present decade.

HOME GORDON.

WHAT THE SOLDIER READS

CONTRARY to an impression that is frequently formulated, the literary inclinations of the soldier are not exclusively nurtured upon a diet of drill-books and manuals of instruction connected with his profession. As a matter of strict fact (and statistics culled from the "Volumes Lent" returns) works of this description make but a slender demand upon the resources of the regimental librarian. The truth is, the man of arms, who, like other people in his leisure hours, is

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"

usually evinces a strongly developed partiality for literature of quite another nature. This taste he indulges to the utmost extent that his severely limited income will permit of. Thus, he may duly appear on the parade-ground with "Hints on Outpost Duty" in his haversack, but, carefully stowed away under the flap of the neatly packed valise upon his shoulders, is almost certain to be found a work of decidedly less technical a quality. In the same

...NE 3, 1899.

...HOOL DAYS.

...LKEY AND CO."

...Kipling and Co.," the
...continues its series of
...pplied by "McTurk,"

...e attracted more notice
...ever expected. To say
...hornet's nest would be
...e enraptured attention
...e perused.
...income to "The Cam-
...any London solicitors,
...of each number, in the
...nt thereby.
...ic number! One for
...el, and one to file! So

...hat sleepless nights for
...at an earthquake there
...he names! !
...l at once institute legal

...too, —— would not like
...ndergoing twenty years'
...ry. But of the other
...understand why they
...Padre, was a very good
...ound to the studies and
...ust as Mr. Kipling has
...mile upon his face, and
...except for a big mous-
...y. J—— G——,
...ict words:—"The scene
...matters in the Padre's
...It is wonderful how the
...membered so very pre-
...pecially as Kipling could
...t such a scene; he must
...r from outside observa-
...sixteen."
...cdote, which hails from
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...l chapel, at which at-
...there was one favourite

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...ave characterised this
...fish sentiment, remind-
...asking for cake. Ac-
...make a point of empha-
...s calling attention to

Daily Mail

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.

LONDON, MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1899.

BIG PUBLISHING COMBINE.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS AND McCLURE JOIN FORCES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, June 4.

The announcement has just been made that the well-known publishing firms, Harper Brothers and S. S. McClure Company, have consolidated their interests.

The two firms are stock companies, and will preserve their identity.

Some members of the McClure Company will assist in the management of Harper Brothers, and some members of the latter firm will assist in directing the affairs of McClure's.

Mr. John Harper, in an interview yesterday, said: "The arrangement is rather an alliance than a consolidation. It is entered into chiefly for the purpose of carrying out some new and important publishing plans in which both firms are interested."

Messrs. Harper Brothers are the oldest and largest publishing house in the United States. Messrs. McClure's also hold a foremost position in the publishing world, and have gained great prestige as the American publishers of Rudyard Kipling's works.

THE SUN, TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1899.

MEN & THINGS

Mr. Kipling has been compelled to postpone his departure from America in consequence of his recovery not being so rapid as was anticipated. There has been nothing in the nature of a relapse, but it was felt that he was not in a condition to make the voyage on the date originally fixed. The present intention is that he will leave New York on Wednesday week. He will not be able to go to Montreal to receive personally the honorary degree of LL.D. of M'Gill University, and he has also declined a reception which was offered to him at Liverpool.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Considerable discussion has been aroused by Mr. W. J. Clarke's (Mr. G. F. Monkshood) appreciation of "Rudyard Kipling," which has just been published by Greening and Co., price 5s. net. This book has been most unmercifully slated by certain papers, notably by the halfpenny morning journal which wrote itself down as being unable to see anything in Mr. Dooley except vulgarity and foolishness. Damning criticism is not an evil thing if it is justly done, but when the critic goes out of his way to be malicious the author has a right to protest most strongly. In one of the reviews of Mr. Clarke's volume, the reviewer deliberately misquoted a passage in order to support a charge of slovenly grammar against the author.

What Mr. Clarke has to say of Mr. Kipling is not perhaps of very great importance. His enthusiasm is considerably greater than his literary judgment, and at times he lets his pen run away with him in a distressing fashion. But he has carefully compiled a lot of most interesting matter, which he has edited with care and conscientiousness, and the result is a volume which every lover of Kipling can read with some amount of pleasure. The book has sold, and we believe, still is selling well, so Mr. Clarke may take heart and laugh at his critics. Perhaps the moral is that these sort of books are best left till the subject of them is dead—when they can advantageously be written by a critic of sound judgment. In the case of Kipling an appreciation is peculiarly inappropriate, because we all hope and believe that he has not yet reached the high-water mark of his genius.

The Star

FOUNDED 17 JAN., 1888.

OFFICES: STONECUTTER-ST., E.C.

7 JUNE, 1899.

Truth has an amusing parody, entitled, "Intercessional," based on the Laureate's request to the *Times* ("Lest they forget") to point out that he was not "Sir Alfred" Austin. This is the Envoi, "written after seeing the Birthday list of honors":—

"What's this? It is extremely odd!
Names stare at me from every line—
'Salt, Armstrong, Stanley, Rennell Rodd,'
But there is not a sign of mine;
'Preece, Pollitt, Agnew, Murton, Rotton'—
They *do* forget—they *have* forgotten!"

The Sun

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899.

The new edition of Kipling's works, issued by various American publishers, is selling at a great rate. Already, it is declared, 300,000 volumes, in sets of fifteen, have been disposed of. The whole of the edition will not be ready for the public till the end of the month.

* * *

DAILY CHRONICLE JUNE 10, 1899.

"On the Edge of the Empire." By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. (London: W. Heinemann. 6s.)

This volume, with its Kiplingish title, consists almost entirely of undigested note-book. There is plenty of material for good stories in it, but neither care nor skill has been brought to the working up of that material. The glamor of India is a great reality, but it takes an artist to render it in words, and neither of the collaborators has the smallest claim to artistry. One is not enabled to realise an Oriental atmosphere merely because Oriental words and phrases are sprinkled about all over the pages as though from a pepper-pot. The pointlessness of these tales annoys us so intensely that we find it almost impossible to read on. The greater part of the work is commonplace reporting. We feel we are disrespectfully treated when an author does not take the trouble to turn a single phrase or to frame a single sentence half as well as it might be framed.

* * * *

NICIAS MORITURUS

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way, the spaces upon the somewhat scantily lined shelves of the regimental library (now found in all barracks) are not occupied with purely military volumes to the exclusion of all others. Consequently, "Reflections on Redoubts," and the slightly ponderous "Reminiscences of Field-Marshal Red Tape," may be found sandwiched between works calculated to appeal to a wider public. Among these, the soldier chivalrously yields the first place in his affections to the literary inspirations of the gentler sex. Indeed, their brothers of the pen are here a very long way behind, for the output of at least a dozen lady writers has to be exhausted before the sword-girt warrior deigns to so much as bestow a glance upon these others.

If the popularity of any particular author can be estimated with certainty from the demand that exists for his or her books, then priority in this respect must, in the case of military readers, be accorded the works of the late Mrs. Henry Wood. And of these, the foremost position in the soldier's favour has been achieved by "East Lynne." Indeed, to borrowers of this class, the story of the "Lady Isobel's" vicissitudes has a popularity for all time. It is ever engaged at least six deep, and the temporary possessor thereof is an object of envy to his fellows. In some strange manner the artless nature of "Little Willie" touches a soft spot in the breast of even the most emotionless trooper, and salt tears roll unrestrainedly down his cheeks when he comes to the passages describing the cherub's transfer to another sphere. Another tried favourite is Ouida's "Under Two Flags," and the creations of "John Strange Winter," too, have invariably a host of admirers on the business side of the barrack-gate.

It seems, perhaps, treasonable to set it forth in cold print, but it is beyond cavil that Kipling has not found any particular measure of regard in the eyes of the accredited patrons of a military library. Indeed, it is on record that, on returning "Soldiers Three" to its place on the shelves, a war-worn warrior delivered himself of the rather uncomplimentary assertion that "what this here Mr. Kipling knows about redcoats wouldn't crowd a postage-stamp!" Even the less experienced among their comrades-in-arms—those but newly emancipated from the rigours of recruits' drill—are apt to follow this lead, and haughtily disdain the librarian's offer of "Rudyard's last." Accordingly, when the stock of Mrs. Henry Wood and kindred authors of domesticity has been exhausted, the demand is for literature dealing with other matters. Chief in requisition among such are works on sport or open-air life, and the favourite writers upon these subjects are Major Whyte-Melville and Captain Mayne Reid. After these come, in popular estimation, the different volumes of Nat Gould (the Australian *raconteur*) and a certain "Colonel Jim Jackson," who, in almost innumerable gaudily designed, paper-garbed booklets, chronicles the deeds of derring-do performed on Texan plains by a legendary personage here known as "Dick Dead-eye." In fact, barrack-room life, without at least one copy of this individual's alleged exploits at hand, is felt to be a blank that only the immediate proximity of "pay-day" can mitigate.

Bitter though it be to record it, the fact nevertheless remains that the British soldier has no soul for Poetry. Indeed, to adopt his own expressive idiom, he sternly refuses to "have any truck with song-books"—for thus crudely does he designate the published works of his country's bards. In canteens and places where they sing, however, he unbends a little, and, in the remote fastnesses of his favourite tap-room, he may occasionally be found harmoniously declaiming the prowess of "The British Grenadiers," or the mythical history (in twenty-two stanzas) of "The Lancer's Love." These, however, are exceptional instances. As a general rule, Rossetti plays upon no responsive chord in his nature, while even the more sturdy muse of Henry Newbolt is contumeliously rejected in favour of the lyrics that are wont to be rendered with orchestral accompaniment by one Daniel Leno. HORACE WYNDHAM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1899.

KIPLING'S SCHOOL DAYS.

MORE ABOUT "STALKEY AND CO."

Under the heading, "Kipling and Co.," the "Cambridge Magazine" continues its series of articles, from materials supplied by "McTurk," of "Stalkey and Co."

Our Kipling stories have attracted more notice than our wildest fancies ever expected. To say that we have stirred up a hornet's nest would be but a mild expression of the enraptured attention with which our articles are perused.

A substantial source of income to "The Cambridge Magazine" are many London solicitors, who write for three copies of each number, in the hopes of gaining emolument thereby.

Three copies! A mystic number! One for themselves, one for counsel, and one to file! So simple!

What heartburning! What sleepless nights for some of the clients! What an earthquake there will be when we publish the names! !

So-and-so, we hear, "will at once institute legal proceedings."

And naturally enough, too, —— would not like it to be known that he is undergoing twenty years' penal servitude for forgery. But of the other characters,—we cannot understand why they should object. Wills, the Padre, was a very good fellow; he used to come round to the studies and associate with the boys, just as Mr. Kipling has said. He always had a smile upon his face, and was fat and clean shaven, except for a big moustachio. He is now the Rev. J—— G——.

To use "McTurk's" exact words:—"The scene of the masters discussing matters in the Padre's study is very true to life. It is wonderful how the characters have been remembered so very precisely for twenty years, especially as Kipling could never have been present at such a scene; he must have deduced it altogether from outside observation, made at the age of sixteen."

The following little anecdote, which hails from Westward Ho! has, we believe, never before been published. In the school chapel, at which attendance was compulsory, there was one favourite hymn, which runs:

Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Beetle is reported to have characterised this egotism as a somewhat selfish sentiment, reminding one of greedy children asking for cake. Accordingly the trio used to make a point of emphasizing the ME, and thus calling attention to themselves.

Daily Mail

ARGEST CIRCULATION I THE WORLD.

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BIG PUBLISHING COMBINE.

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The two firms are stock companies, and will preserve their identity.

Some members of the McClure Company will assist in the management of Harper Brothers, and some members of the latter firm will assist in directing the affairs of McClure's.

Mr. John Harper, in an interview yesterday, said: "The arrangement is rather an alliance than a consolidation. It is entered into chiefly for the purpose of carrying out some new and important publishing plans in which both firms are interested."

Messrs. Harper Brothers are the oldest and largest publishing house in the United States. Messrs. McClure's also hold a foremost position in the publishing world, and have gained great prestige as the American publishers of Rudyard Kipling's works.

THE SUN, TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1899.

MEN & THINGS

Mr. Kipling has been compelled to postpone his departure from America in consequence of his recovery not being so rapid as was anticipated. There has been nothing in the nature of a relapse, but it was felt that he was not in a condition to make the voyage on the date originally fixed. The present intention is that he will leave New York on Wednesday week. He will not be able to go to Montreal to receive personally the honorary degree of LL.D. of M'Gill University, and he has also declined a reception which was offered to him at Liverpool.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Considerable discussion has been aroused by Mr. W. J. Clarke's (Mr. G. F. Monkshood) appreciation of "Rudyard Kipling," which has just been published by Greening and Co., price 5s. net. This book has been most unmercifully slated by certain papers, notably by the halfpenny morning journal which wrote itself down as being unable to see anything in Mr. Dooley except vulgarity and foolishness. Damning criticism is not an evil thing if it is justly done, but when the critic goes out of his way to be malicious the author has a right to protest most strongly. In one of the reviews of Mr. Clarke's volume, the reviewer deliberately misquoted a passage in order to support a charge of slovenly grammar against the author.

What Mr. Clarke has to say of Mr. Kipling is not perhaps of very great importance. His enthusiasm is considerably greater than his literary judgment, and at times he lets his pen run away with him in a distressing fashion. But he has carefully compiled a lot of most interesting matter, which he has edited with care and conscientiousness, and the result is a volume which every lover of Kipling can read with some amount of pleasure. The book has sold, and we believe, still is selling well, so Mr. Clarke may take heart and laugh at his critics. Perhaps the moral is that these sort of books are best left till the subject of them is dead—when they can advantageously be written by a critic of sound judgment. In the case of Kipling an appreciation is peculiarly inappropriate, because we all hope and believe that he has not yet reached the high-water mark of his genius.

The Star

FOUNDED 17JAN.,1888.

OFFICES: STONECUTTER-ST., E.C.

7 JUNE, 1899.

Truth has an amusing parody, entitled, "Intercessional," based on the Laureate's request to the *Times* ("Lest they forget") to point out that he was not "Sir Alfred" Austin. This is the Envoi, "written after seeing the Birthday list of honors":—

"What's this? It is extremely odd!
Names stare at me from every line—
'Salt, Armstrong, Stanley, Rennell Rodd,'
But there is not a sign of mine;
'Preece, Pollitt, Agnew, Murton, Rotton'—
They *do* forget—they *have* forgotten!"

The Sun

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899.

The new edition of Kipling's works, issued by various American publishers, is selling at a great rate. Already, it is declared, 300,000 volumes, in sets of fifteen, have been disposed of. The whole of the edition will not be ready for the public till the end of the month.

* * *

DAILY CHRONICLE JUNE 10, 1899.

"On the Edge of the Empire." By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. (London: W. Heinemann. 6s.)

This volume, with its Kiplingish title, consists almost entirely of undigested note-book. There is plenty of material for good stories in it, but neither care nor skill has been brought to the working up of that material. The glamor of India is a great reality, but it takes an artist to render it in words, and neither of the collaborators has the smallest claim to artistry. One is not enabled to realise an Oriental atmosphere merely because Oriental words and phrases are sprinkled about all over the pages as though from a pepper-pot. The pointlessness of these tales annoys us so intensely that we find it almost impossible to read on. The greater part of the work is commonplace reporting. We feel we are disrespectfully treated when an author does not take the trouble to turn a single phrase or to frame a single sentence half as well as it might be framed.

* * * *

THE SUNDAY SUN. SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1899.

BOOKS AND "BOOKIES."

By WENTWORTH SMEE.

Kipling is coming back to England; Admiral Dewey is returning to America. Here we have two heroes, one English, one American. One inflicted death, the other, by the grace of God and a good constitution, defied him. And now, because Kipling did not die, there is a disposition among people to "give him a wigging" lest he should be conceited. In other words, having shown our affection for him, we're rather ashamed (like most Britons) of having displayed any emotion over the matter, and so "we're going to teach the young man his place if he gives himself airs," writes someone to me—someone of whom I have never heard before. It is scarcely necessary to add that I never wish to hear from him again.

Another correspondent who has just returned from America, is kind enough to send me a copy of Kipling's re-issued "American Notes" (Brown and Co., Boston). It is an artless little volume with a light blue cover which shows nothing of the ferocity within. Kipling was younger by some years when he penned these letters, and, like Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens, I expect he is sorry that he wrote a little book about America.

It is not a very remarkable volume. If I remember aright most of the letters appeared here in "The Detroit Free Press" (English edition). It contains two split infinitives which would delight the heart of Bernard Shaw, and there is a good deal of crude superficial hasty generalisation. Kipling had not then learned to love Americans. When the letters appeared in England, they irritated an old literary friend of mine who, if he is in Scotland considers himself a Scotch author, on the Ottawa's banks, a Canadian, and in New York an American of the purest dye. "See here," he said, "this young man (Kipling) is going to cause a war between England and America. He's always going out of his way to insult my countrymen." "Which country is it this time?" I asked. "Why, America, of course. He goes and writes in some story. 'Being neither a lackey nor an American.' Then he writes these letters. I tell you, sir, some American boy now at school is reading these letters. He knows Kipling is an Englishman. He will brood over these insults. Some day that boy will become President of the United States of America, and his first act will be——" He paused. "What?" I asked. "To declare war against England," my friend continued. "And there you have it in a nutshell."

Of course. Kipling could not write anything uninteresting. The late Charles Dickens was much interested in the scapulas—no I mean cuspidors—of America; in other words—spittoons. So is Kipling. He says:—

> In a vast marble-paved hall, under the glare of an electric light, sat 40 or 50 men, and for their use and amusement were provided spittoons of infinite capacity and generous gape. Most of the men wore frock-coats and top-hats—the things that we in India put on at a wedding breakfast, if we possess them—but they all spat. They spat on principle. The spittoons were on the staircases, in each bedroom—yea, and in chambers even more sacred than these. They chased one into retirement, but they blossomed in chiefest splendour round the bar, said they were all used, every reeking one of them. Just before I began to feel deathly sick another reporter grappled me.

But perhaps the most graphic picture in the book is his description of the pig-sticking in Chicago:—

> Thence, they were flicked persuasively (the swine), a few at a time, into a smaller chamber, and there a man fixed tackle on their hinder legs, so that they rose in the air, suspended from the railway of death. Oh, it was then they shrieked and called on their mothers and made promises of amendment, till the tackle-man punted them in their backs and they slid mud-down into a brickfloored passage, very like a big kitchen sink, that was blood-red. There awaited them a red man with a knife, which he passed jauntily through their throats, and the full-voiced shriek became a splutter, and then a fall as of heavy tropical rain, and the red man, who was backed against the passage wall, you will understand, stood clear of the wildly kicking hoofs and passed his hand over his face, not from any feeling of compassion, but because the spurted blood was in his eyes, and he had barely

> sovereigns, the small Molly, for whom Mrs. Keith commits her crime—a murder which is my favourite in modern fiction—and the little

Daily Mail

ARGEST CIRCULATION I THE WORLD.

LONDON, TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1899.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW PUN.

SAFELY DELIVERED AT A DINNER LAST NIGHT.

Mark Twain, replying to the toast of his health at a dinner of the Authors' Club last night, said it did not embarrass him to hear his works praised; it only pleased and delighted him.

He had not gone past the age when embarrassment was possible, but he had reached that age where he knew how to conceal it. He had thought well of the books himself, but he thought more of them now. He should treasure the remarks that had been made about him; he should not discount them in any possible way; when he reported them to his family they would lose nothing.

They must not, however, claim credit in America for what was given them so long ago. They must only claim that they had trimmed this, that, and the other, and so changed their appearance that they seemed to be original.

His auditors thus saw what modesty he had in stock, but it had taken long practice to get it there. He wished also to extend his thanks to the Authors' Club for constituting him a member at a reasonable price per year, and for giving him the benefit of their legal advice.

He believed they kept a lawyer. He had always kept a lawyer, too, though he had never made anything out of him.

It was of service to an author to have a lawyer. There was something so disagreeable in having a personal contact with a publisher.

It was better to work through a lawyer—and lose your case. He understood that the publishers had been meeting together. He did not know what for, but possibly they were devising new and mysterious ways of remunerating authors.

He wished to thank the club for electing him a member—he believed he had paid his dues—and to return thanks for the pleasant things that had been said of him.

Last February, when Rudyard Kipling was ill in America, the sympathy which was poured out to him was genuine and sincere, and he believed that that which cost Kipling so much would bring England and America closer together.

He trusted that the two peoples would leave to posterity, if they could not leave anything else, a friendship between England and America that would count for much.

He had been engaged for the past eight days in compiling a pun.

He had brought it there to lay it at their feet, and not to ask for their indulgence, but for their applause. It was in these words:—

Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling,
May they not be severed in Twain.

Daily Mail

ARGEST CIRCULATION THE WORLD.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1899.

MR. KIPLING SAILS TO-DAY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, June 13.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with his wife, children, and father, sails for England by the White Star liner Teutonic to-morrow.

The author has fully recovered from his recent illness, but his friends say he has aged considerably in the past six months. They also say that the widespread interest in his recovery and his courteous treatment by Press and public have caused him to feel more kindly disposed towards America and Americans than he did before his illness.

DAILY CHRONICLE, TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1899.

THE DAILY CHI

MARK TWAIN IN LONDON.

Interesting Speech at the Authors' Club.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED PUN.

That interesting personality Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Sir Spencer Walpole were the guests last night at a dinner of the Authors' Club, held at the club, Whitehall Court, London. The chair was occupied by Mr. E. W. Brabrook, and the vice-chair by Mr. P. Bigelow, and amongst those present were Lord Monkswell, Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Percy White, Mr. W. H. Wilkins, Mr. P. W. Clayden, Mr. A. Hope Hawkins, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. E. Lacon Watson, and Mr. Douglas Sladen. After the loyal toasts,

The Chairman proposed the health of Sir Spencer Walpole. He said their guest belonged to a family which had a distinguished name—which had served the State and had contributed in no small degree to literature. (Cheers.) Sir Spencer had now retired from the public service, and had become an author only. (Laughter.) Therefore every member of the Authors' Club rejoiced that the time which was now entirely at his disposal would be devoted to the pleasures of literature. (Cheers.)

Sir Spencer Walpole, in reply, said he felt that he was at some disadvantage in the presence of so eminent a writer as Mark Twain. He (Sir Spencer) was making some claim to be what Sheridan called "a voluminous writer"—(laughter)—but their other guest had chosen a much better path. He had added to their store of pleasure by those delightful books, "The Tramp Abroad," and "The Innocents Abroad." He (the speaker) confessed that there was a time he was foolish enough or ambitious enough to wish to be recollected as a man of letters, but he did not foresee then that he was ultimately to become a man of letters with a vengeance in his former capacity in the Post Office service. (Laughter.) If he made a confession to the members of that club, it would be that at the Post office a grievous wrong was inflicted on literature, because by multiplying correspondence they destroyed one of the main branches of literature—the art of letter-writing. If he might make a suggestion to his friend Mr. Henniker Heaton, it would be that he would render the highest service to literature by agitating for a sixpenny or even a shilling post. (Cheers.)

Sir Walter Besant, in proposing the health of Mark Twain, said they would all agree that in him they had a man who stood in the very front of English-writing humorists. (Cheers.) When they considered the long line of humorists who had contributed to the honor and glory of our literature, they were quite sure that Mark Twain would be reckoned among the first of them. They had a very long line of American humorists with whom English humorists did not compare favorably, although England had such splendid men, and they must not forget them, as Tom Hood and Lamb, and others he would not mention because they were living. (Laughter.) He regarded "Huckleberry Finn" as Twain's magnus opus, and in regard to his "Joan of Arc," said he did not think anybody had succeeded in presenting to the world a portrait of that figure so well as Mark Twain.

Mark Twain, who was greeted with enthusiasm on rising to reply, commenced by humorously saying that it did not embarrass him to hear these works of his so praised. It only pleased and delighted him. (Laughter.) He had not gone past the age when embarrassment was possible, it was true enough, but he had reached the age when he knew how to conceal it. (Cheers.) It was such a satisfaction to him to hear Sir Walter Besant, who was much more competent than himself to judge of his work, deliver a judgment which was such a contentment to his spirit. (Laughter.) Well, he had thought well of the books himself; but he thought more of them now. (Laughter and cheers.) It also charmed him to hear Sir Spencer Walpole deliver a similar judgment, and he should treasure his remarks also; he should not discount them in any possible way. (Laughter.) When he reported them to his family they would lose nothing. (Loud laughter.) There were, however, certain heredities which came down to them, and which their writings at the present day might be traced to. He, for instance, read the Walpole letters when he was a boy. He absorbed them, gathered in their grace, wit, and humor, and put them away to be used by and by, and one did that so unconsciously. He was now reminded of what use those letters had been to him. They must not claim credit in America for what was given them so long ago.

They must only claim that they had trimmed this, that, and the other, and so changed their appearance that they seemed to be original. The gathering thus saw what modesty he had in stock: but it had taken long practice to get it there. (Laughter.) But he must not stand there talking. He had merely meant to get up and give his thanks for the pleasant things that preceding speakers had said. He wished also to extend his thanks to the Authors' Club for constituting him a member at a reasonable price per year, and for giving him the benefit of their legal advice. He believed they kept a lawyer. He had always kept a lawyer, too—(laughter)—though he had never made anything out of him. It was of service to an author to have a lawyer. There was something so disagreeable in having a personal contact with a publisher.

It was better to work through a lawyer—and lose your case. He understood that the publishers had been meeting together. He did not know what for, but possibly they were devising new and mysterious ways of remunerating authors. ("Oh, oh," and laughter.) He only wished to thank them for electing him a member of that club—he believed he had paid his dues—and to thank them for the pleasant things they had said of him. Last February, when Rudyard Kipling was ill in America, the sympathy which was poured out to him was genuine and sincere—(cheers)—and he believed that that which cost Kipling so much would bring England and America closer together. (Cheers.) He had been proud and pleased to see this growing affection and respect between the two countries, and he hoped it would continue to grow; and, please God, it would continue to grow. (Cheers.) He trusted they would leave to posterity, if they could not leave anything else, a friendship between England and America that would count for much. (Cheers.) He added that he had been engaged for the past eight days in compiling a pun. (Laughter.) He had brought it there to lay it at their feet, and not to ask for their indulgence but for their applause. It was in these words:—

"Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling,
May they not be severed in Twain."

(Laughter and cheers.)

The proceedings shortly afterwards ended.

The banquet which is being organised in honor of Mark Twain by the Whitefriars Club on Friday next promises to be a great success. The banquet is to take place in the Victoria Room, Hotel Cecil, under the chairmanship of Mr. Poultney Bigelow. After dinner a conversazione will be held. Mrs. Clemens will be present. Ladies are invited.

STAR, TUESDAY, 13 JUNE, 1899.

JANE THE JINGO.

Jane H. Oakley has lately been making the running so fast in the writing of Jingo poetry that Rudyard Kipling, whose laurels are seriously endangered, has booked a passage to return home by the Teutonic to-morrow. We are reminded of his "Screw Guns," by Jane H's latest, published in this morning's *Times* (where the "Recessional" appeared). It is entitled:—

"Our Guns."

And with our usual moderation in this polite form of piracy we quote only four of the five verses:—

Hail, Scylla! smart, and matchless British cruiser!
In gunnery, proud record thou hast made,
Raising throughout our fleets a standard high,
To thee, a guerdon rich with praise be paid!

***

Then may efficient gunnery, standing first,
Lead ever to promotion, swift, and sure,
And may more liberal treatment of the men
Heroic spirits bold to our service lure!

No docking of their pay, to supplement
Their meals; for better food, means better work—
Promoting thus their love of Queen and flag,
Against their rulers, then, no grudge shall lurk.

And, as our noble fleets safeguard our shores,
With mighty force their thunderbolts are hurl'd;
In our defenders brave, we have strongest faith,
For British gunners aye shall beat the world!"

The Sun

LONDON: WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1899.

THE JUNE MAGAZINES.

A SECOND GLANCE.

The "New Century Review" has a varied list of contents, passing easily from grave to gay. Mr. T. H. S. Escott, the most graceful of writers, deals pleasantly with the "Dames and Democrats of Church and State," and Sir William Rattigan writes some experiences of an Indian barrister which many people will be glad to see are to be continued. Mr. A. Andræ-Roman gives an old man's reminiscences of Prince Bismarck, Mr. E. J. Bullen discourses on the scientific cause of agricultural depression, and Major Ormsby-Johnson writes learnedly on military organisation. There are other articles and some capital verse, amongst which may be classified the Rev. John Hudson's very interesting parodies. There are also some effective lines on Rudyard Kipling by an Indian officer, Colonel G. H. Trevor, from which we quote one verse:

Therefore, when our Rudyard Kipling, man of men, lay sick to death,
Half the world, whose minds and heartstrings he had played with, held its breath;
Daily, as the shadows deepened, o'er that sick-bed vigil kept
Till the danger passed; for joy then shouted—many almost wept.

DAILY CHRONICLE, TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1899.

FORCE NO REMEDY.

Dr. Conan Doyle on the South African Crisis.

Dr. Conan Doyle was the guest of the evening at the monthly dinner of the Anglo-African Writers' Club, held at the Grand Hotel last night, when Mr. F. H. Hamilton presided, and others present included Colonel Lugard, Mr. H. V. Brown, Mr. W. M. Farmer, Mr. J. G. Millais, Mr. H. A. Bryden, the Hon. Howard Spensley, Mr. J. P. McNaught, Mr. James Smith, Mr. J. E. Matheson (hon. sec.), &c.

The chairman, in giving the toast of the guest of the evening, mentioned that Mr. Rider Haggard, the president of the club, was prevented by a recent bereavement from taking the chair. The chairman went on to express his sincere admiration of Dr. Doyle, which, he said, dated from the detective tales of "Sherlock Holmes." Their guest's claims to distinction, however, were not based upon his "Sherlock Holmes." Dr. Doyle had touched upon the deeper problems of life and the deeper springs of human action, and he had been none the less profound because he had always been interesting. (Cheers.) We were all Imperialists now, but there was a time when we were not. (Hear, hear.) Imperialism was once regarded as synonymous with "Jingoism." It was then that Dr. Doyle commenced to write and teach a new doctrine. To-day the man in the street was conscious of a sense of his Imperial responsibility and obligations. (Cheers.) Chief among those who had brought this change about he counted the name of Dr. Doyle, and another of their distinguished vice-presidents, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. (Cheers.) He expressed the hope that Dr. Doyle would be able to visit South Africa, when he would see the Englishman in a condition he had never seen him before; he would see the Anglo-Saxon struggling to preserve his distinctive existence.

A Romantic Country.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who met with an enthusiastic reception, the company singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," commenced by remarking that one thing that hampered and impeded him in talking about South Africa was his complete and absolute ignorance of the subject. (Laughter.) He had a pleasant feeling that to some extent he had encouraged local industries by investing a good deal more than he could afford in South African shares. (Much laughter.) He had at home a box-full of scrip—(laughter)—on which he occasionally sat and meditated. (Laughter.) He thought perhaps he would have "gone up" a good deal before the scrip did so. (Great laughter.) It was his misfortune that he had not visited South Africa, but this was an omission which he hoped within a few years to rectify. (Cheers.) But every man in this country felt that he knew a good deal about South Africa, and that was partly on account of that long romantic series of events which had occurred in that country during the last twenty years, riveting every man's attention upon it, and also because South Africa had attracted the attention of two imaginative writers of the first class. One had not to travel further than Mudie's to gain some conception of that great land. One felt that, without having been there in the body, one could realise what it was like. It was true that he did once write a book about South Africa. He had always found that if you wanted information on a point the grand thing was to write a book about it, and then the critics would tell you the rest. (Much laughter.) He flattered himself that he produced a work in reference to South Africa with some original points, even to the gentlemen who had been there. (More laughter, and cheers.)

"Violence a Sign of Weakness."

But apart from literature and these more frivolous matters, there was one side on which South Africa did appeal to every Englishman who was a patriot—he meant in such a crisis as had been going on for some time back, and was going on at present. Speaking as an absolutely independent and impartial man, who had perhaps read a little history, he said he had often known a nation to be sorry for having had recourse to force, but he did not recollect a case in history in which a nation had regretted not having had recourse to force. A strong nation or a strong individual could afford always to bide its time. Violence was a sign of weakness. People in this country in this recent crisis might complain of a policy of drift, but drift was a very wide word. It depended upon which direction you were drifting in; if the current was in your own direction, you might drift and drift, and still be none the worse. In any case, he thought that anything like bullying of the smaller by the larger, which was likely to create irritation, was very much to be deprecated. He felt that if a small nation should happen to be strong-headed, it was no ground for exercising force, but was rather a cause for trusting to reason and the guidance of time. (Hear, hear.)

Other toasts were proposed.

THE REV. JOSEPH KIPLING, GRANDFATHER OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

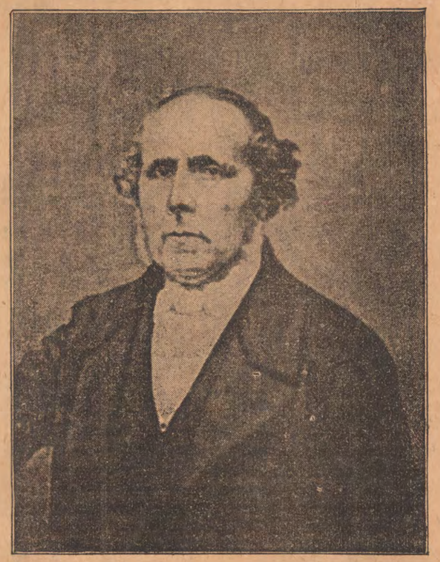
By JOHN ACKWORTH.

Whenever he does think of it, which in truth is not often, your Yorkshire "Wolder" or moorland farmer has his misgivings about the strange limitations of his chosen oracle, the London pressman, and wonders in a mild sort of way why it is that he seems, even in these days of express trains and telegraphs and the all-intrusive bicycle, to know so little after all of the wold country and its inhabitants. If only one of these keen and omniscient writers would go and see him he could tell him things; for, though he is almost English enough to be Scotch in his hatred of anything like posing, and his tendency to what the *Spectator* recently called "under-dressing" of himself, there are things to be known about him and his ways that would, in his opinion, well repay the trouble of finding out. He is never likely to make much fuss about them himself, but if you would call upon him, though he might forget to tell you of the wonderful romance of his own life, of how during this present century he has entirely transformed the bare, wild uplands of the North Riding, he could astonish you still with other things equally remarkable. If you would leave your citified tone in the stackyard, and draw up to the kitchen fire and take a draw of genuine "old Ebor," and let him talk about things that interest him as well as things that interest you, he will in a few minutes make it sufficiently clear to you that you have come into one of the most remarkable parts of this most remarkable county. You didn't know, of course, that the muscle and brain of your great London was built up and constantly replenished from these unheard-of parts. "Why, sir, the very house you are now sitting in was, a generation ago, the birthplace of a man who has already been High Sheriff of his county, and if you will just look over the window blind in the corner behind you, you will see the cottage in which the Blank Bros., now merchant princes, were reared. You are a Wesleyan, of course; why then listen, if you please, to this long list of the names of great ministers and missionaries who have 'gone out' from these parts; and you have only to walk to the brow of that hill over there to see across the valley yonder the very village where the great Jackson, R.A., was born; and if you *will* stay all night and go down to Malton fair to-morrow, then whilst we are attending to the sale or purchase of 'hogs' or 'yows,' you can walk over to Castle Howard, the seat of the Carlisles, and see the very pictures the great artist painted."

And just lately our complacent friend has got another feather in his cap—a very peacock feather for size and brilliance—"for weren't the papers a few weeks ago full of a certain Kipling? Didn't the whole English-speaking people of the world seem to gather round the bedroom door of this Kipling, and even the great German Emperor send a wire to enquire about his health? Very well! You may think it is boasting, but that very Kipling springs from these parts, and his people are with us to this day. If you do go to Malton to-morrow, you can be introduced without the least difficulty to the uncle after whom he is named, and in at least one comfortable farmhouse not far away you can hear of a merry, good-tempered little fellow who used to visit there, and whom they familiarly called 'Rud.'"

Having thus got our stolid friend thawed into communicativeness, it is easy to draw out of him all he has to tell about this wonderful family.

He laughs as he recalls having read in a belated London paper—was it THE BRITISH WEEKLY?—some years ago that a new writer with an odd name had arrived on these shores from India. He recognised the name, of course, at once, although when the first writings of this new light came into his hands he is free to confess that he was considerably surprised, not to say shocked, for there seemed not only to be nothing in them to remind him of that good man under whose ministry he used to sit in the days when sermons were sermons, but there was much that altogether shocked him, though on second thoughts he admits that the downright call-a-spade-a-spadishness of them had a sort of North-country Methodist ring about them that was distinctly reminiscent. His grandfather? Yes, that good man was remembered lovingly thereabouts even yet. The family came originally from further north, Lythe, near Whitby, being the place where the Rev. Joseph was born, in 1805. And here the good man interjects the information that the great writer's full name is Joseph Rudyard, after his grandfather and the uncle now living at Malton. But the real home of the Kiplings, he goes on to explain, was at Edston, near Pickering, where the last representative of the older generation recently died. From this farm the eldest son went out into the ministry, and rode away in 1831 by "lead and tie," which is a local euphuism for post riding, to his first circuit, Wisbeach. The family, our friend, who is great on questions of pedigree, continues, intermarried with the Lockwoods of Skelton. Mr. Lockwood, who was the steward of Sir Michael Wharton, appears as one of the figures in Wilkie's great picture of "The Rent Day." Existing pictures of the Rev. Joseph Kipling, he next explains, would give the impression that he was a tall man, but the Kiplings are all of about medium height. He was a dark, round-headed man, with a very piercing eye, and a keen intellectual face, a voracious reader, and something of a bibliophile. Most of the old preachers, we are next reminded, were hobbyists of some sort, some of them being pronounced amateur naturalists; some were addicted to herbalist practices, and we will omit the curious stories which our friend advances to illustrate his point, and the strange cures of which he has heard. Mr. Kipling also had his little fad, and was said to be a wonderful topographer, and to have a most complete knowledge of every road, by-way, and bridle-path from the wold right over to Skipton. He was what Methodists of the last generation always called a "sound" preacher, manifesting a very remarkable acquaintance with Scripture, and was as careful in his preparations for a little village pulpit as he would be for the most exacting audience. His pulpit style was clear, orderly, and somewhat quaint, and our friend looks as if he were not sure what they meant when he informs us that his brother ministers used to regard him as a subtle thinker and student. Quiet and reserved in his manner, he knew how to keep an unruly member in order in a meeting, and used to cool the ardour of would-be complainers by demanding exactitude of statement and sufficiency of proof. His ministry, we next learn, was spent mostly in country circuits, where his training and tastes rendered him peculiarly acceptable to his people. No, he was not very easy to understand at first, but as you got to know him you grew to love and revere him and the people amongst whom he laboured still cherish his memory, the country people delighting to tell about the reserved but wise pastor who visited in their homes, and prayed with their families, prayed sometimes when the servants were fidgeting to get to other occupations, and the cat was stealing the breakfast bacon. The earliest days of his ministry were spent in the fens, but presently he got back to his native county, his first appointment being to the circuit from whence he came into the ministry. And here our farmer friend seems evidently to wish us to know that this was a sort of distinction, for the "prophet in his own country" is a proverb as well known in Wesleyan circles as anywhere else in the world.



THE REV. JOSEPH KIPLING, RUDYARD KIPLING'S GRANDFATHER.

Mr. Kipling, we learn next, was just the man to have to deal with that great agitation known as "The Reform," which broke out in his time, and we are expected to believe that, though quietness itself in manner, there was no mistaking the meaning of the good man when once he had expressed himself, and disturbers were fain to give him a wide berth.

In his later ministry he was known by that peculiar term the true inwardness of which seems only to be fully understood by ministers, namely, "judicious," and our friend of the moors, though he is not by any means sure that he altogether understands what it means when thus applied, is quite willing to endorse it as far as the present subject is concerned. From all that we can gather, Mr. Kipling worked hard in his circuits, and as these were heroic times for the Methodist ministry it is no wonder that he aged fast, and was compelled to retire earlier than is common. His last circuit was Skipton, where members of his family still reside, and after spending some time there in somewhat indifferent health he preached his last sermon on the day of the Prince Consort's funeral, on the text, "We spend our years as a tale that is told," and a few days later he developed dropsical symptoms and died; and at his funeral the vicar of the parish officiated, the bells of the church were muffled, and people of every denomination attended to do honour to his memory.

Mr. Kipling left six children, most of whom are still alive.

From the painstaking Methodist preacher to the creator of "Mulvaney" seems a far cry indeed, but the preference for strong expressive phraseology, the earnest scorn of flimsy unrealities, and the uncompromising taste for calling things by their proper names which are so strongly characteristic of the soldier's laureate, are not only decided family idiosyncrasies, but Yorkshire and Methodistic ones too, and though "Departmental Ditties" are not exactly hymns, yet the "Recessional" more than reassures us, and the "White Man's Burden" expresses our patriotic Methodist missionary Imperialism in a way that relieves even our friend at the moorland farm of any anxiety as to the real source of the inspiration.

British Table Talk.

Great regret was expressed at Mr. Kipling's intention to bring an action against the Putnams, and this regret is not confined to literary circles. In view, not only of the enthusiastic interest shown in Mr. Kipling's illness by the American public, but of the firm stand made by the Putnams for the rights of authors in connection with the copyright question, it is thought that the action is particularly ill-timed. Mr. Hodder asked the opinion of a very eminent New York lawyer as to the probable result of the action. "Well," was the cautious reply, "there are two parties who will suffer from it, Mr. Kipling and the Putnams!"

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The Star
FOUNDED 17 JAN., 1888.
OFFICES: STONECUTTER-ST., E.C.
16 JUNE, 1899.

POLITICAL NOTES.

In the dry pages of Colonel Pilcher's Report on the West African Frontier Force, a terrible tragedy is set forth with soldierly brevity:—"The chief of Helo Island having behaved in a manner which rendered it necessary that he should be arrested, Lieutenant Keating, with the above-mentioned party, proceeded to Helo Island to perform this duty, expecting no resistance. The party proceeded to the town, when it was suddenly fallen upon by overwhelming numbers.

***

"With difficulty a way was fought back to the beach. Here ammunition ran out. Lieutenant Keating killed the chief with his own hand, but the party was overpowered, and, on attempting to get into their canoes, all except two were killed or drowned. These two escaped wounded to tell the tale.

***

"The only consoling feature in this sad affair is that all died fighting, and that the men (Nupes), from all accounts which can be gathered, fought with determination and courage, until they fell at the side of their leaders."

***

Colonel Pilcher actually quotes Kipling in his report:—"Rudyard Kipling's words 'half child, half devil,' applied by him to the Filipinos, apply equally to the soldiers I commanded, for they are a strange mixture of both. They seem to have absolute confidence in a white man whom they like, but they take strong likes and dislikes. They love to be taken, as it were, a little into their captain's confidence, and if this be done, and they are given a reason for a supposed hardship, they will readily bear it."

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To-day's Business: Scotch Estimates.

"POOLING" BOOK PROFITS.

The Union of Two Big American Publishing Houses Representing the Old and the New Schools.

THE alliance of the American publishing houses of Harper Brothers and McClure's is the union of the old and the new. Harper's was founded in 1817 by two brothers who started a job printing office in New York. The present representatives, Mr. John W. Harper and Mr. J. H. Harper, are the third generation of the family. Both of them served their apprenticeship at the compositors' "case" and in the machine-room. The capital of the firm was in 1896 £400,000.

Mr. S. S. McClure represents the new era. He is of Irish birth, and didn't leave college till 1882. Ten years ago he was unknown. Then he started a syndicate for buying stories from authors and selling them to newspapers. He was one of the first to appreciate Kipling, and Rudyard's stories not only appeared in *McClure's Magazine*, but were afterwards published in book form by the S. S. McClure Company.

Regular Hustlers.

He was joined by a partner, Mr. Frank N. Doubleday, and they have proved to be "hustlers." How great an impression the young firm has made may be gathered from a statement of Mr. John W. Harper:—"We regard Mr. McClure and his associates as among the most successful men in the publishing world, and although we had the very highest opinion of their abilities before we entered upon this matter, an investigation of their business showed that they had done a great deal more than ever we had imagined."

None of the magazines issued by the two allied houses are to be discontinued; they are to be pooled.

The Outlook [JUNE 17, 1899

LITERARY GOSSIP

Mark Twain, on the other hand, far from seeking concealment, has been "dined" by the Authors' Club, and is otherwise actively engaged in the pleasures of the town. At the dinner referred to, commenting on Mr. Kipling's recent illness, the genial guest spoke of the sincere and genuine sympathy poured out to him all over the States, adding, "I believe that that which cost Kipling so much would bring England and America closer together." The following toast was then perpetrated amid laughter and cheers:—"Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling, may they not be severed in Twain." "The proceedings," briefly observes the chronicler from whose report we quote, "shortly afterwards terminated."

A CHILD OF THE AGE

"Essays in Modernity." By Francis Adams. London and New York: Lane. 5*s*.

MODERNITY is no doubt a very excellent thing. But one may push it too far, and find oneself erring with the halfpenny papers. This, we think, is a circumstance which the late Mr. Francis Adams did not fully appreciate. The modernity of his posthumous volume of essays is at times a trifle too pronounced. In the essay on "Some Recent Novels," for example, he says:—

> "'The Deemster' broke up one of the most persistent attacks of insomnia that I have ever experienced. Through it I enjoyed night after night of sound and refreshing slumber. I let my stock of sulphonal tablets run out with a reckless unconcern. What did it matter? I had 'The Deemster.'"

The occurrence of such a passage in a book concerned with serious criticism cannot be justified. It does not help the argument. It is not humour. And it means absolutely nothing.

Mr. Adams's modernity goes much further than this, however. His papers on "Tennyson," "An Anglo-Indian Story-Teller," "The Poetry of Mr. Swinburne," "Shelley," and "Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Verse" may be said to consist for the most part of pooh-pooh. Here are a few *obiter dicta* taken at random from the essays named:—

> "Adam Lindsay Gordon was a poet of an altogether larger and broader calibre than Mr. Kipling. . . . It is when we put two such men side by side, as it is just to do, and profitable to do, that we see clearly the fatal limitations and defects which relegate the one not only to the more ephemeral but to the lower place."
>
> "To put it shortly, he (Shelley) was passably wanting in brains, and he did not make up for it by any great force of intuition."
>
> "[Mr. Swinburne's] 'Halt before Rome' has forty-six verses: twenty-three, or even eleven, would have done. 'Before a Crucifix' might have found full expression in sixteen verses instead of thirty-three. . . . 'In the Bay' has forty verses instead of the quite sufficient twenty."
>
> "Tennyson's direct criticism on his age, on its social phase, on its religious phase, on its intellectual phase, will then (thirty or forty years hence) appear to his critic as of just the same value as Wordsworth's now appears to us; and that is, candidly, *nil*."

And so on, and so forth. To our mind the soundness and tenability of each of these statements—and they are of a piece with multitudinous others—seem seriously open to question. The suggestion as to the precise number of stanzas which would have been sufficient for this or that poem of Mr. Swinburne's is, obviously, preposterous. And as for Wordsworth's direct criticism on his age being now of no value, the less said the better.

As a readable book, "Essays in Modernity" may be recommended without hesitation. It is ambitious enough and entertaining enough, and there are refreshing passages in it. But over it all is the trail of the iconoclast and the ultra-modern—the scientific, propagandist ultra-modern—and that kind of thoughtful person is not, as a rule, a satisfactory judge of letters.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE

JUNE 20, 1899.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Not so Strong as his Friends could Wish.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who left New York on the Teutonic last Wednesday, is due in England to-morrow. He will go straight from Liverpool to his house at Rottingdean, near Brighton. It will be learned with regret that Mr. Kipling has not yet wholly shaken off the effects of his illness. He needs to complete his stores of strength, and he hopes to do so in the kindly air of Rottingdean. He means to stay there very quietly for a time, and much need not, perhaps, be expected from him in the way of literary work. Speaking yesterday of Mr. Kipling's illness, a gentleman well acquainted with the facts said, "On two occasions, at least, it was just touch-and-go with him as between life and death."

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1899.

"THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES."

EL SHADAI.

1.

I have heard your moan, Little Peoples;
Say not you have cried in vain.
As you wearily wear the oppressor's yoke,
I have felt each throb of your pain.
Say not your hearts are hopeless,—
That I do not hear your call:
For though my mills grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small.

2.

Your songs shall return, Little Peoples,
When this sorrow has passed like a dream,
And you sow once more in your pleasant land
By the side of your rippling stream.
No longer "waste ends," or "margins,"
"A little grass," and a tree:
But my rich, bountiful Earth,
Ample and laughing and free.

3.

So weary not, Little Peoples;
'Tis but for a little space,
That the Light of My Love seems clouded,
While a brute god reigns in my place.
And heed not those who oppress you,
Nor the nations that hold you in thrall.
For those that are proudest among them
Are tottering on to their fall.

4.

So fare you on, Little Peoples:
Your purpose be high and bold;
For your leavening presence is needed
In the scramble for power and gold.
Be strong in My strength and My Fulness,
In simple and native worth.
My Promise is yours, "The lowly
And meek shall inherit the Earth."

HELEN RUSSELL.

THE MORNING HERALD, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1899.

The Mystery of Genius.

KIPLING'S RARE GIFT.

But genius is constituted by its very mystery; just because it defies analysis is it for us what it is. Could we analyze it, and even in a measure reproduce it, it would become at that moment common property, and no unique gift, comments Mr. H. R. Marshall in the "Century Magazine." It is as much a mystery for the man in whom it is displayed as for the one who feels that he has no measure of it himself: so much a mystery indeed that the man of genius has always persistently clung to the notion that he spoke or acted under the command of higher powers. The genius throws light upon our way, leads us in paths which we joyously tread, but which would have been unknown to us had we not felt his influence. He strikes

CHORDS WHICH RESOUND

within us, to which we are capable of vibrating sympathetically, though but for his touch our capacity would have remained unknown to us.

Kipling displayed this characteristic very distinctly when he wrote for us his stirring "Recessional." Its sentiments had been far from our thoughts, but the immediate appreciation it received showed how ready we were to recognise their significance. Its very name was an "inspiration" which led us to see how close to our deep religious life are the moments of rest after extravagant jubilation. Its substance appealed to every soul to whom experience had brought knowledge of the vanity of pomp and display uncoupled with sense of the deeper significance of life. The wide-spread acknowledgment of his power is doubtless due largely to the broad versatility which he displays, and which enables him to touch

THE HEARTS OF MEN

of the most diverse types. Thus it happens that few are found who do not think him a master; and yet, on the other hand, that there are few of us folk of narrower sympathies who do not find that special portions of his writings fail altogether to appeal to us—who do not, in fact, deplore the publication of certain of his works.

This very versatility makes it no easy task to explain in terms of any simple principles the power he displays. Is it due to the realism of his story-telling? Surely not. He satisfies, indeed, most fully the fundamental demand of our human nature, upon which is rightly based such truth as there is in the dogma of the realist: his intuition leads him naturally to avoid those false notes which untruthfulness involves, and which clash with the harmony we would sustain. But,

LIKE ALL GREAT ARTISTS,

he treats his realism as a negative principle, which enables him to avoid sources of unrest that would overwhelm the impression of beauty, while he looks beyond the avoided untruth for the striking characteristics which appeal to our sympathies and imagination.

Daily Chronicle Office

TUESDAY MORNING.

TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1899.

Those who know the French peasantry will not be particularly surprised at the news that the gatewoman at the railway crossing near Rennes had never heard of Dreyfus. And, of course, the story can be matched in this country. At the time of the Duke of Wellington's death a parson sauntering into his garden after breakfast, newspaper in hand, mentioned the news to his elderly gardener, who replied, "Lor, zur, and 'oo was 'e?"

Again, the story runs that Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him, and that when Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant, "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling." "Is that so?" she replied, "I never heard the name before." Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady, and remarked, "Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here to-day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author." "Oh, indeed," was her reply, "I don't know his name."

The Sun

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1899.

THE PASSING HOUR.

SATURDAY.

There are many curious points of copyright law in Mr. Kipling's action against the sons of Mr. G. P. Putnam. The sons have been enterprising as the American publisher who must "get up and hustle" if he would live and not die. Mr. Kipling presents us with the phrase "an egregious padded fake" when speaking of the Putnam edition, and declares that the interest of the public in his illness was taken advantage of in order that the fake might be planted upon that public. Men have not gathered figs from thistles, and few of our countrymen have reaped good from the U.S.A. copyright laws, but there is one Englishman, I trust, that the citizens of the great Republic will not suffer to be treated as an Outlander. Mr. Kipling asks for five thousand pounds damages, and I sincerely hope he may get it.

* * * L. B.

The Morning Leader.

SATURDAY, 15 JULY, 1899.
OFFICES: STONECUTTER-ST., LONDON.
Postal Subscription, 6s. 6d. per quarter, prepaid.

Mr. Kipling has not been well advised in discussing his case against Messrs. Putnams in the columns of the *Author*, although the interview with Mr. Putnam which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* may be pleaded as justification. As far as I can see, his one strong points is that Messrs. Putnams' edition resembled what may be called the authorised edition. But I do not see that Mr. Kipling can prove that he has sustained any loss, for Messrs. Putnam bought the sheets for their edition from various publishers who, I suppose, paid Mr. Kipling royalty on the copies thus sold. Most English publishers will sell a booksellersheets (i.c., unbound copies)of books for him to bind, according to his or his customer's liking, and in this case the publishers must have known perfectly well for what purpose Messrs. Putnam bought the sheets.

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The Sun

LONDON: WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1899.

MEN & THINGS

Not very long ago several newspapers which take extreme views on the subject of total abstinence were rejoicing over the alleged fact that Mr. Rudyard Kipling had become a convert to their principles. As a matter of fact, Kipling, though a very moderate drinker, has had no thought of becoming a total abstainer, and in "From Sea to Sea," which has just been published in America, he gives a description of a drink which he came across in San Francisco, and this does not strike one as a description by a man who had pronounced views on the subject of total abstinence. He speaks of the drink, which is known as "button punch," as "the highest and noblest product of the age. No man but one knows what is in it. I have a theory that it is compounded of the shavings of cherubs' wings, the glory of a tropical dawn, the red clouds of sunset, and fragments of lost epics by dead masters." Another utterance attributed to the famous Anglo-Indian on the subject of drunkenness will probably not be received with much satisfaction by the advanced temperance party, as savouring of too much leniency. In the course of a discussion in one of the New York clubs, shortly before his illness, on the subject of the border line between drunkenness and sobriety, Kipling is reported to have said, "I should say that a man is drunk when he sits on the kerb outside his club and cries because he isn't at home." As a specimen of opinion, this remark does not err on the side of bigotry.

It is stated that Mr. Kipling has announced his intention of paying another visit to South Africa next year. His last visit to the Cape did not result in anything of a literary character, but it would surely be impossible for anyone to pay a couple of visits to South Africa and still preserve sufficient self-restraint not to publish some impressions.

A picture that has a sporting as well as an art interest is on view at McQueen's, in the Haymarket. It is the picture of Polo—"the finest game in the world," according to Kipling. The artist, Mr. Gutzon-Borglum, has a great power in representing horses in action, and has admirably rendered the vivacity and colour and poetry of the animated scene, whilst even the minutest details are scientifically accurate.

DAILY CHRONICLE, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1899.

MR. KIPLING'S ACTION.

Reply by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. Kipling's statement in the July number of the "Author" with regard to the above pending action, has drawn from Messrs. Putnam a categorical reply to the charges he raises. On the question of who was responsible for the dispute coming into court, Messrs. Putnam say that their offer to arbitrate was treated contemptuously, and "the only settlement acceptable to Mr. Kipling was our acknowledgment of wrong-doing and payment of damages." The interesting point of how many sets of Mr. Kipling's works were issued in the alleged "unauthorised" Brushwood edition is answered—namely, 100 sets. "The net price of our set in cloth," continue Messrs. Putnam's Sons, "was £5 to £5 16s. Knowing the very limited number of sets, and that *there would be no more*, Mr. Kipling is yet so disturbed at the idea of its competition with the 'Outward Bound' edition (which, mechanically far superior, sells for £4 16s) that he himself straightway prepares an edition containing three volumes not in the 'Outward Bound,' and disposes of the entire supply of 20,000 sets to the largest department store in this country! And *this* set is now offered at retail for £1 15s. 11½d." Messrs. Putnam assert further that every volume but one of the fourteen works was the regular author's edition, on which Mr. Kipling received royalty; each containing his publisher's title-page unchanged; that their only reason for using the "Ken of Kipling" (which, they rejoin, "gives not the slightest indication of being published under authorisation of Mr. Kipling" was that their index was too slight to make a volume of separately; that "if the index of a writer's works be an injury to him, and be an infringement of copyright, then we have wronged Mr. Kipling—then also every bibliography is a collection of infringements of copyright" that the two leaflets, "The Vampire" and "The Recessional," were bound at the back of "The Seven Seas" merely because they could not be bound by themselves; that they made no real or attempted imitation of Mr. Kipling's official binding; and that "our set contained all of Mr. Kipling's writings that had been published in book form, excepting certain productions which, believing he objected to, *we excluded on that account.*" Finally, regarding Mr. Kipling's statement that they took advantage of the public interest in his illness in New York to advertise their edition of his books, Messrs. Putnam remark that the various dates connected with the enterprise show that this intimation of his is "entirely without basis of fact."

KIPLING AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday School of the Methodist Church at Crawfordsville, Indiana, has passed final judgment on Rudyard Kipling, casting out all his books from its library. It recently replenished its library through a Methodist firm of publishers in Cincinnati. The publishers, when sending the order, threw in several volumes as a present, among them being Kipling's story of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." After a while this tale found its way to the family of a strict member of the Church, who declared that the book was "fairly reeking of profanity and the most outrageous slang." He then took the book before a meeting of the church trustees, and read numerous quotations from it. The trustees expressed themselves as "amazed that such literature should have invaded the church," and unanimously voted to throw out all the author's works that were in their library.

CRUISERS.

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.

As our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine,
  Made play for her bully the Ship of the Line,
So we, her bold daughters by iron and fire,
  Accost and destroy to our masters' desire

For this is our virtue—to spy and make room;
  Abiding as hiding yet guiding to doom.
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray,
  And drive all to battle a sea's width away.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure,
  Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure—
Where half of our trade is that same merry sort
  As mettlesome wenches do practise in port.

The poor, silly trader attending no wrong
  With head-light and side-lights he lieth along;
Then lightless and lightfoot and lurking leap we
  And force him discover his business on sea!

And when we have wakened the lust of the foe,
  To draw him by flight to our bullies we go—
Yet never so hasty that he is outrun,
  And never so halting that we are undone.

Then, lurching and lunging, he followeth far,
  With hail of long pieces our beauty to mar
Till, 'ware of fresh smoke stealing nearer, he flies—
  And our bullies close in for to make him good prize.

Anon we return, being gathered again,
  Across the grey ridges all drabbled with rain-
Across the keen ridges all crispèd and curled
  To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

The bitter salt spin-drift the sun-glare likewise—
  The moon on white waters bewilders our eyes
Where linking and lifting our sisters we hail
  'Twixt roll of beam-surges or wrench of head gale.

What see ye? Their signals or levin afar?
  What hear ye? God's thunder—or guns of our war?
What make ye? Their smokes or a fog-bank out-blown?
  What chase ye? Their lights or the day-star low down?

So, times without number, deceived by false shows,
  Deceiving we cumber the track of our foes.
For this is our office—to veil and betray;
  Preparing great battles a sea's width away.

Now peace is at end and our peoples take heart,
  For the laws are clean gone that restrainèd their art.
All about the near headlands and adown the far wind
  We are loosed (oh be swift!) to the sport of our kind!

We have read, without always understanding, Mr. Kipling's spirited poem on "Cruisers," published in to-day's *Morning Post*. Our own criticism upon it, as a literary production, is merely that Swinburnian alliteration is a dangerous art for others than Mr. Swinburne. The last verse, however, which is printed in italics, fills us with apprehension:

> Now peace is at end and our peoples take heart,
> For the laws are clean gone that restrainèd their art.
> All about the near headlands and adown the far wind
> We are loosed (oh be swift!) to the sport of our kind!

Is this a topical and rather "previous" allusion to our controversy with the Boers, or does it merely denote that the poem was written on the eve of the naval manœuvres? We are encouraged to hope merely the latter. For, happily or unhappily, cruisers are not likely to find much of the "sport of their kind" in an invasion of the Transvaal.

Screws, Sirs.

In the days of our grandmother 'twasn't thought fine
To move to the right by one m-space the line
That rhymed with our first; and a licking he'd cop
Who'd close up a sentence without a full stop.

But this is a trick of the trade of a sort
That causes to-day's *Morning Post* to be bought.
You call that rhyme quisby? It catches the ear,
And "war" and "afar" look all right, but sound queer.

Well, Kipling has told us of bruisers in port
Who go for those mettlesome wenches have caught.
And "about the near headlands and adown the far wind,"
His cruisers play games of a similar kind.

But let us make peace. Kip's admirers, take heart,
For the laws still exist that should temper Kip's art.
By the time that his critics some drinks have been stood,
They'll possibly tell you that "cruisers" is good.

GRADUS.

AUGUST 15, 1899.

The Dead "A.B."

You don't want no surpliced parson
  To mutter the words of God
When you're 'elpin' to 'eave a messmate
  To the deaders' awkward squad.
For there ain't no fuss in the fo'c's'le
  If the skipper hisself is dead—
No plumes a-noddin' on 'earses,
  And tapers around 'is 'ead.
But we covers 'im up with the Ensign—
  'E's 'ad 'is last ration of rum—
When they rings "dead slow" and the skipper
  Reads the story of Kingdom Come.
No organ peals, but the sea-gulls
  Fly wailing on port and lee,
While the merry mermaids are singing
  To welcome the dead "A.B.,"
And a-combin' their lovely tresses
  In a boudoir under the sea.
Poor pal! 'e's safe for "the Locker,"
  'Is watches above are o'er,
And 'is gal in the Ratcliff 'Ighway
  Won't a see 'is face no more!

R. C. R

THE DAILY NEWS. TUESDAY

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

IS KIPLING PROFANE?

Sir,—May I ask a literary question? Is Rudyard Kipling's poetry profane? A hot cablegram from America told us the other morning that Kipling and all his works were to be cast out of a Methodist school's library in the States on the alleged ground of the poet's pagan style of literary observation. Now, if those theological censors are right, and Kipling is wrong, then not only modern literature, but the public morals lie exposed to a danger as insidious as it is deadly. So it is of international interest for us to know where we are and how we stand in regard to the influential writings of one of the most popular songsters of the day. On different lines, but with equal musical fullness of expression, dare-deviry of thought, and secular charm of style, is not Kipling admittedly the Burns of modern metrical emotion? Indeed, the popularity of Kipling recalls the wonderful spell of magical verse by which Byron, in his responsive age, held the nations in thrall. The proof of this poetic sway is not hidden in a drawer, or involved in any perplexing doubt. His poetry is, musically, and by impulse, the heart-throb of the nation.

Now, if the American Methodist view of Kipling is correct, we have in our midst one of the most potent of literary evils. Religion will feel his blows in a tender part. Domestic life may well shudder at Kipling's "wild oats" ways. Our boys may feed on swear-words, which warm cold print; and our daughters may find the Poet's Vesuvian output free lessons in barrack-room slang. I say this will be so if the Yankee-Wesleyan view of Kipling is right. But, may I hint that impressionist poetry, like the Bible, is artistically true to nature, in spite of the contrasts of observation and record, which makes us all in love with the ideal rather than the seamy sides of life? The best of books picture men's sins, not to advocate pigsty methods of living, but to make individual immorality look loathsome. Before Kipling came on the scene, history tells us that our army swore a little in Flanders. And the New Testament tells the Sunday-school teacher that St. Peter, with the best intentions, "began to curse and to swear"—long after removal from the worry of his fishing-nets. But neither Macaulay the historian nor the inspired truth-tellers of Holy Writ advocated the warm language they faithfully recorded as a question of fact. And I am sure Rudyard Kipling, under the spirituelle glamour of poetry, would sooner touch the heroic and the manly, rather than the coarse side of the average soldier. But in reproducing army habits Kipling feels his artistic responsibility in dealing with wild warrior life as he finds it, panting and throbbing with those Philistine drums of Fore and Aft. To idealise barrack life, and paint Tommy Atkins as a soft-mannered saint, would be to deal cheaply in false pictures. In fiction Zola often disgusts us with his tainted fountains, his fleshly heroines, and his details of nauseating story. But the sins and the shams the novelist lays bare really exist, and no lace curtain, or imaginative perfumery, would hide the wrong-doing, or help to heal the moral sores. And so, in the case of Kipling, his non-military poems all show his love of sweet nature and a regenerate race. I could copiously verify this by quotations. But everybody knows Kipling. With regard to the American moral protest against the martial poetry of the writer under discussion, young people must know that barracks are not Sunday schools. Animal energy is the cardinal

WRITERS AND READERS.

It is understood that Mr. Rudyard Kipling paid £2,500 in order to regain the copyright of his "Departmental Ditties." The tradition has been that he originally sold the volume for £50. Not often, perhaps, is that much given for a volume of verse by an unknown man, as he then was. His intention now is to preserve, somewhere among his writings, such of the poems as he thinks worthy. The balance will disappear, except, it may be, in America, where he has no copyright to give him control of the "Ditties."

SUN, SATURDAY.
AUGUST 19, 1899.

Mr. Kipling does not seem to please everybody. His new poem, "The Cruisers," has called forth indignant criticism from another quarter than the American Methodist churches. An Irish critic, who signs himself "Disgusted," has subjected the poem to a careful analysis, and comes to the conclusion that Mr. George Moore, in his recent uncomplimentary references to Kipling, was not only perfectly correct, but profoundly justified. The disgusted correspondent, in summing up, declares that the idea of the poem is revolting, and says: "A more thoroughly brutal piece of writing, a viler sin against the nobility of poetry, never proceeded from the gutter-Muse of the Paris slums. Mr. Kipling ought never to be allowed on a Queen's ship again." This is a very severe condemnation, and the writer would have done better not to invoke the confirmation of Mr. George Moore; but, still, it must be admitted that Mr. Kipling is not at his best in this poem.

Kipling and the Prince.

MANY journalists have seen Rudyard Kipling in peculiar positions, but I think (writes a Cape correspondent) I can claim to have made his acquaintance under circumstances which are unique. The occasion arose during his first trip to South Africa. He was staying at a delightful suburban hotel at Newlands, about five miles from Cape Town. Another guest at the hotel at the time was little Said Ali, the son and heir of the Sultan of Zanzibar. As befitting the importance of the visit of such an interesting personage, all the Imaums of the Mayal religion waited upon the young Prince for the purpose of presenting addresses to him, and, just as they were in the act of devotion in the general-room of the hotel, there was a gentle tap at the door, and, receiving no answer, the door was opened and Kipling, in the most *négligé* costume, walked in.

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Only a Face at the Window.

As one of the most intimate friends of the young Prince, I was privileged, though an alien to his picturesque religion, to take part in the ceremony, and had therefore an opportunity of seeing Kipling under unique circumstances. The moment of his entrance was the most solemn of a solemn ceremony. The Imauns were offering up the most solemn prayers for one of the leaders of their faith. I am afraid I was not feeling as serious as I ought to have done, and consequently got a glimpse of the great author's face. It was a study, only equalled by the sight of the genial Max O'Rell's face when he was watching the antics of a band of Salvationists as he stood in his hotel window. Kipling knew that he was not expected, and walked round the room, picked up a sheet of writing-paper, and went out. He was evidently interested, walked round the stoep, and looked through a French window at the function. Since that time I have closely watched his writings in the hope of finding some description of the scene, but I do not think he has put it to paper yet. It is bound to come at some time, though. It must have impressed him.

Said Ali.

BY-THE-WAY, I made the acquaintance of little Said Ali under unusual circumstances (continues my correspondent). I was reclining on the deck of a liner coming down the east coast of Africa. I was reading the life of Lord Tennyson, by his son, when I was interrupted pleasantly by the sight of a little fellow of about fourteen, as brown as my hat, and clad in the gorgeous apparel of the East. In perfect English he asked: "Will you lend me that book when you have finished?" I looked up and smiled. "Can you understand a book like this?" I asked almost suspiciously, wondering how many English boys of fourteen would care to tackle such a work. However, I lent it to him, and in a few days he returned it to me, with many exclamations of wonderment and inquiry about the life of the great poet. It was a pleasure to explain as much as I knew, and it was also a revelation of the way in which an English education is spreading amongst the sons of Oriental princes. I believe the little fellow is now at one of the English Universities, although I have not seen him since his outward voyage. During this voyage along the African coast he was received with great *éclat*, and was the guest in Cape Town of Sir Alfred Milner and Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, the commander of the Cape Station at that time. Colour was obliterated, and the little Prince was received as the future ruler of a people who owe much to the power of Great Britain.

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Kipling's Holiday Home.

REVERTING once more to Mr. Kipling, by the time these lines appear he will be—if all goes well—settled down for the holidays at Creich Manse, Sutherland. The house stands on a slope overlooking a stretch of the Dornoch Firth, and commanding a view of the crimson-tipped towering bens of Ross and Sutherland. To east and west it is practically bounded by the great stretches of woodlands of the Skibo Estate. Loch Migdale, noted for its trout and rugged scenery, is near by, while not far away is the picturesque Dun of Creich—a miniature Gibraltar jutting out into the firth—in ancient times crowned by the fortunes of Paul the Wolf, a great lord and freebooter, of whom there are legends galore.

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Neighbouring Battlefields.

ACROSS and higher up the firth are the streams so beloved of William Black and Andrew Lang, and for a soldier-poet the whole district possesses stirring memories. The scene of Montrose's last stand is only a few miles away, while within easy distance of the shire is the battle-ground wherein the Murrays, time and again, routed the Mackays, whose leader on one occasion only saved his life by swimming to an island in the river. To the north-east of the Manse, after crossing a great expanse of moorland, is Loch Buie, famous for its trout, and the scene of battles wherein the Murrays and Sutherlands vanquished the Macdonalds and Mackays. Away to the east, towards Skibo and Dornoch, stands the monument of the Norse warrior, who gave his name to the woody glades of Ospisdale. The common people still tell extraordinary tales of his prowess. So, considering the salubrity of the climate and the stirring associations of the neighbourhood, no one will be surprised if Mr. Kipling lays in a stock of health and store of legends which will in the near future delight tens of thousands of English-speaking readers.

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WEEK ENDING AUG. 26, 1899. **M. A. P.**

"Kipling and the Prince."

A CORRESPONDENT informs me that Said Ali is not yet at one of the English Universities, but at Harrow, and that the little Prince is a great favourite at the school. His schoolfellows were at first disposed to make fun of him, but they soon discovered that no boy put on less "side" than did the dusky Prince, and that he was a simple-hearted, bright fellow of more than average intelligence.

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Said Ali's Guardian.

HIS father's great friend (continues my correspondent) has just been staying with me, one Dr. Spurrier, who is editor of the *Zanzibar Gazette*, and Leper Superintendent for the district. Dr. Spurrier has had charge of Said Ali for some time. He took him to the Cape and for a long tour through Africa, and has been constantly visiting the boy at Harrow. He is delighted with his progress and charm of manner. Said Ali is hardly likely to go on to a University, as it is seldom a suitable training for an Oriental prince. He loses touch too completely of his country and becomes too thoroughly an Englishman to be able to settle down at home in Oriental life, and take up the duties demanded by his subjects.

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An Enlightened Monarch.

THE present Sultan of Zanzibar is a particularly enlightened monarch, a good scholar, and warmly attached to England. Dr. Spurrier is very much in his confidence, and has been the recipient of a handsome gold Order at his hands, for receiving which the Queen's permission was readily given.

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VIEW FROM THE MANSE OF CREICH

THE MANSE OF CREICH

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S SUMMER HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS

MR. KIPLING is going to make holiday in the Highlands, and very possibly study the native in his heathery wilds. He has taken the Manse of Creich for the summer. For the benefit of Sassenach readers, we may explain that "the Manse" is the residence of the parish clergyman. Creich, besides being a charming place, is memorable as being the home for about half a century of Dr. Gustavus Aird, a Free Church divine of great originality and eloquence, whose memory is cherished by Highlanders as a possession of great price. Mr. Kipling would have rejoiced in Dr. Aird.

Mr. Kipling is being criticised all round. A correspondent has been turning up the files of a sporting paper which was published in India at the time Mr. Kipling was doing journalistic work there, and has found a number of expressions which Mr. Kipling has made his own. These expressions, of which "That is another story" may be taken as an example, appeared in this paper, and further research has revealed that they were not original in that paper, but were taken along with quite a considerable quantity of cheap copy, from the columns of the "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette." In this paper at one time or another appeared many of the phrases which Mr. Kipling has made famous, though they attracted but little attention before he used them. Thus, at least, says a correspondent who has devoted much time to patient research, and is convinced of his facts. Another correspondent turns up with a reason why Mr. Kipling has secured the copyright of his "Departmental Ditties." He is, it is said, anxious to suppress one of them in which he invented a name for one of his characters, and subsequently discovered that a gentleman of the actual name occupied a position very similar to the one he had described.

THE SUN, MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1899. No. 63. Vol. III.] Week ending Saturday, August 26, 1899.

DAILY MAIL.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1899.

Mother's All Right.

The Chicks of the Empire are flapping their wings,
And training their beaks for the fight;
A cluck, and the brood to her bosom she brings
A-flutter, but mother's all right.

It isn't an eagle—a Frank or a Russ—
That feathers should frill at the sight.
Then why in the yard all this flurry and fuss?
Don't worry her. Mother's all right.

Would'st peck at the African beetle or worm
She going to crunch—but a mite?
Nay, nay, though its got quite a thick epiderme
Don't clutter so. Mother's all right.

—"Adelaide Critic."

M. A. P. IN SOCIETY.

Kipling and the Kaiser.

THE anecdote of Kipling and the Prince in *M. A. P.* for this week (writes a chatty correspondent) reminds me of another story, which may be called Kipling and the Emperor. I heard of the incident through an American medical friend, who was present, and, I believe, in consultation, during the serious illness of the author in New York last winter. It will be remembered that letters and telegrams poured in daily by the hundreds. Therefore to open them was a labour of hours. To reply, or even to carefully consider them, was out of the question. And it may be naturally supposed that many of them were couched in more or less bombastic language after the fashion of such messages.

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Who was "William Rie"?

IT seems that it was a daily task for the distracted wife to open great stacks of these inquiries and condolences, and that she was assisted therein by some of the gentlemen in attendance on the invalid. One day they came to a wholly unsuspicious-looking telegram which, when opened, was rather confounding. The gentlemen read some rather high-sounding message about the welfare of the author and the pride of our "common race." But the signature? "It's from William Rie," he said, "and is dated at Berlin." "Let me see," asked Mrs. Kipling. "That is very curious," she added. "We don't know any such person; still, of course, we don't know half the people who send these messages."

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THEY went on through the morning's harvest. Then Mrs. Kipling returned to the cable from Mr. Rie, as they called it. At last, after studying it for some time, she said: "Do you know, I believe it is from the Emperor. The American telegraph operator, of course, would not understand what William R. I. means. And he has either intentionally or otherwise added the 'e.'"

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Published by the Emperor!

THIS was considered a good suggestion, especially as the explanation fitted the language. But after a consultation it was decided not to give the message out among those which were furnished to the Press, both because they were not certain as to the source, and because, even if they had been, they were not sure that Mr. Kipling would approve. This decision is noticeable because the author's friends and publishers have been accused of using his illness very advantageously for advertising purposes. But it seems that there are other people than authors and publishers who have need for advertisement, and who use publicity to promote their ends. For judge of the surprise of those about the sick man's bedside when they read the imperial message next day in all the papers, and could only conclude that it had found publication from the other end of the line!

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AN AMERICAN CRITIC

ON KIPLING'S "JOLT-HEAD JESTS AND BARBARIC YAWP."

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK.

The *Philistine* contains another American protest of the most energetic kind against the Kipling mania. This time the onslaught is from the pen of Mr. Elbert Hubbard, one of the most brilliant and conscientious of American writers. Mr. Hubbard says he himself has had "Kiplingitis" in all its various degrees, from the varioloid stage to the acute, but now he is immune. In these terms he explains the reasons of his present judgment on Kipling.

"I admire Kipling, but well on this side of idolatry, and I think I know his limitations. And among the reasons why all these screechy attempts to work his apotheosis will fail I will name two—(1) Kipling has no comprehension of the nature and attributes of a good woman; (2) He has no understanding of the value of Silence and Peace.

"As to the first of these counts, let me say that all literature is a confession. We write of the things that we do know; we write of the things that fill our waking hours and haunt our dreams. Outside of this we may make occasional skirmishes into—well, say a round-house, and with the help of a wiper make a list of the parts of a locomotive, and then, to bamboozle the world into a belief that we are versatile, write a story incorporating all the locomotive parts we have listed, and let an engineer correct the final proof. We could do that, or we could write a horse story and call a trotting horse a thoroughbred, making the horses talk, but it would all cost conscious effort, and this effort would show in the work and stamp the whole as Class B—just fairish machine-made stuff.

"To sum woman up as 'a rag and a bone and a hank of hair' is the last word on the woman question that Kipling has to say. To him woman is a vampire that sucks the life-blood of man. He shows several women who possess a dogged loyalty and cling in maudlin fondness to the hand that strikes them; and many others of a similar nature who are slaves, pets, and playthings of men; but the woman of intellect and aspiration—honest and helpful—fit comrade for a strong and earnest man, he does not know. If she existed in his brain he would have pictured her on paper, if he ever met such a woman he failed to appreciate her nature, and in his dreams he never conjured her forth.

"As a writer Kipling has wrung his soul dry for copy, and then, to satisfy the demands of publishers, he has gone outside, and written 'Stalky Stories.' But the strong and good woman for him does not live, because his ideals are the ideals of an age that held woman as a chattel, or purchased her favors on the Rialto, thus saving the bother of supplying her board and clothes.

"Representing an age of materialistic power and pomp, he believes in war, and is the advocate and apologist of strife and violence. And this brings us up to the second fact, which is that Mr. Kipling has no conception of the value of Silence and Peace. To cultivate Silence means to have such an absence of fear that you find a pleasure in solitude. Only good men can bear to be alone. 'Give me solitude, sweet solitude; but in my solitude give me still one friend to whom I may murmur, Solitude is sweet.' The war spirit means combinations, alliances, fortresses, bars, and loaded cannon. It means crowds, mobs, fear, hate, and unrest, gloating glee, flaunting pride, boastful vanity—hell either way and in any event. Kipling's poem, 'The Truce of the Bear,' gave two nations a twist to starboard, by ingeniously picturing the Tsar as a bear that liked a man's face and took it—first getting the man, through a shallow ruse, to lay down his gun. Thus did Kipling show that it matters not who makes the laws if he can write our songs. Kipling did the Tsar a most rank injustice in assuming that Russia was only working to get the rest of us within reach, and then claw the countenance off us.

"A clever singer of songs came to us from over the sea, married one of our fair daughters, paid a beautiful tribute to her brother—dead and gone—although she has another left, and we have yearned toward this singer, and made his songs our litany, forgetful of their barbaric brutality, forgetful that such songs have cursed the world adown the centuries—songs of violence, blood, and sudden death!

"Fie upon the writer! and shame upon us who have accepted his jolt-head jests and barbaric yawp for holy inspiration."

GROWING ON HIM.

HOW THE PHILIPPINE WAR LOOMS ON THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION.

The case of Mr. Croker changing from expansionist to anti-expansionist ideas owing to the progress of events in the Philippines, is being repeated all over the country. The thinking section of the community in the United States is gaining the conviction that they are "up against a snag" in the Philippines.

The following epigram is from the New York *World*:

We've taken up the white man's burdon
Of ebony and brown;
Now will you kindly tell us, Rudyard,
How we may put it down?

McKINLEY: Good Heavens! Was it an elephant I bought or a mastodon?
—*Life*, New York.

THE MORNING LEADER—SUPPLEMENT—SATURDAY, 26 AUGUST, 1899.

THE MORNING LEADER, LONDON, SATURDAY, 26 AUGUST, 1899.

FROM SOLOMON TO MR. KIPLING.

"The Book of Bander: a Scripture-form Story of Past and Present Times." By the Author of "The New Koran." (London: Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d.)

Bander Yat has charge of the Church writings of the Syrian "Cofriends," "who fled from the Judean saints and made their abode in Damascus" in the days of the Maccabees. Their church was destroyed by the Moslems, and was not restored until after the last war between Russia and Turkey. Bander has recorded in this quaint latter-day scripture some of the chief acts and discourses of their teachers, and the span of his book may be measured by the fact that it carries its reader from the words of Solomon to those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We shall not go behind this explanation of the author's attitude. It will serve; and it is by no means a bad foundation for what may be described as a sort of evangel of social economy and political science. In his character as emancipated Jew, Bander is anti-Zionist and broadly Messianic; he deprecates martyrdom and saintship, and thinks that the Christian world has been handicapped by some very unpractical ideas, founded on a misrepresentation of the life and character of Jesus.

The Jews are not now like their turbulent, priest-ridden fathers, intolerant of images, fiercely vindictive, and eager to shed Gentile blood. Then why do they look back devoutly to learn of their poor, low progenitors, and honor the priest-law of barbarous invention, as though it were given them by God? . . . The Christians of these days are not as the primitive mendicant saints, who neglected labor, and were proud of their poverty and dirtiness. And yet they look back on those rude predecessors as patterns of spiritual excellence; and, while seeking continually to add to their comforts, point to the suffering Christ!

As for the coming Messiah, there will be no mystery about his birth, no gaps in his biography, no second-hand evidence or wrangling about his words and their meaning—which is, to say the least of it, a large draft to make on the intelligence and self-restraint of our posterity.

He will not fast forty days in a desert, nor raise up the dead; nor make wine and multiply loaves as a conjuror, nor walk on the sea as a wizard. But he will go about wisely, and do such good works by way of example, as others shall presently learn to do after him; and the world will rejoice to see the abiding improvement. The future Messiah will govern and teach; yet not as one who talks to the simple alone, and passes by entirely those who are shrewd and intelligent.

Take Bander's chapters on "The Conquering Turks," "The Colonising Russians," "The German Expansion," and "The World-taming English." This section is the more appetising because it has less to say for England than for any other great nation. The Turks have been much maligned; their best hope for the future is to sit down contented under a friendly foreign control. Bander and his companions, in the course of their travels, come to the city of Angora, and enter into conversation with ten Mohammedans.

"Which would you choose of the chief Christian Powers that are rivals, to have dominion here, if you must elect one of necessity?" The company of ten now voted, by lifting of hands, and this was their decision: there were seven for the Germans two for the French, one for the Russians, and none for the English. Jasser now said: "Gentlemen, your election accords with what I have witnessed elsewhere; in all parts of Syria Germans are preferred before other Christians."

Austria is praised for her government of Bosnia; Russia is sympathised with for her love of peace, her desire for a little outlet in the Eastern seas, and her ambition for a common frontier with Great Britain, in order that the power of her army may be a set-off against the overwhelming power of the British navy, and so compel us to show more civility and moderation. Englishmen have been good colonists, but they are greedy and overbearing. There is a long catalogue of their vices:—

They are spoiled by good fortune, addicted to all kinds of venturous gambling, and inclined to turn away from their national business and follow idle pleasure and sport. They have gone to South Africa to get gold and diamonds, and not to settle down there in colonising families to cultivate and people the wilderness. . . England sent forth her colonists to Capeland to work by the side of the Dutch; and they ought to have formed together a strong kindred people, such as those who met and thrived in Manhattan. . . . It is manifest that South Africa, under good government, might have been a prosperous second Australia; but the English have made it like the Southern States, and it may, in time, become even worse.

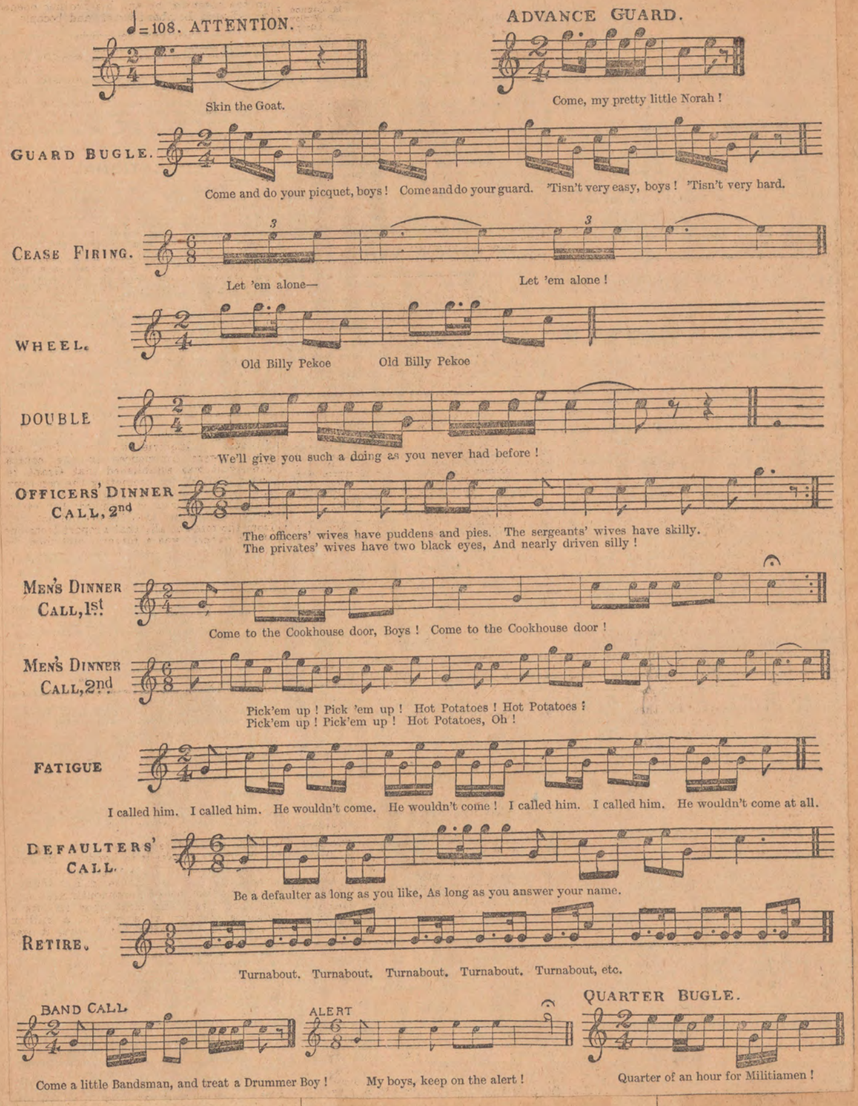
In the Near East, again, the future is for the Germans, not for the English:—

Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Albanians, if left to themselves, will quarrel continually, after the manner of barbarous tribes who glory in border aggression. It is only strong Germans who are fitted to quell their disorders without partiality, and bind them together in agreement.

It is evident that "The Book of Bander," though it sets out from Solomon the Wise, and devotes much space to obsolete conditions and ideals of life, is in its latter pages thoroughly up to date. Half-way through the volume the reader may be inclined to say that it was hardly worth writing. Before the end is reached, he will admit that it contains plenty of pith.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE. AUGUST 26, 1899.

MUSIC BY THE WAR OFFICE—WORDS BY T. ATKINS.



"WORDS BY T. ATKINS."

How the British Soldier Transforms Bugle Sounds into Songs.

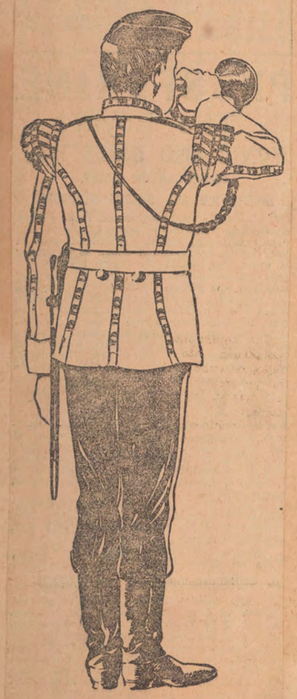
There are nearly sixty different bugle sounds in the British Army, and by means of a few notes on an old-fashioned duty bugle an officer can convey to his men every imaginable signal from "commence firing" and "infantry call for charge' to the more prosaic but equally useful "sergeant's dinner call" or "school call."

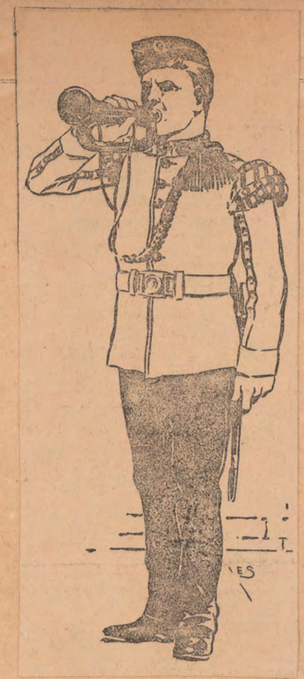
The ordinary bugle as used for many years in the Army was pitched in C, with a crook to lower the pitch to B flat. The newer pattern, as now in general use, is somewhat larger in design, and is pitched in B flat, the use of the awkward crook being thus obviated.

With some practice and a natural gift for music, some very bright and cheery marches may be played by a bugle band, and many of the Volunteer regiments are well provided in this respect.

To those who wish to learn how to play the military bugle the following primary instructions may be of service:—The pupil must hold the bugle firmly in the right hand, by grasping the centre of the thickest or bell portion of the instrument, and then proceed to make a sound upon it by blowing gently, slightly pressing the mouthpiece to the lips. There being only five notes, no great difficulty will be experienced in producing one or two sounds, and as the lips strengthen, the pupil will soon be able to perform the whole of them.

Now the ordinary bugle calls are similar throughout the British Army in whatever quarter of the globe a regiment may be stationed, and similarly the nicknames by which Tommy Atkins has christened these calls in barrack-room vernacular are also identical throughout the service.





In the illustrations these nicknames are given in full as applicable to many of the best-known calls, and it will be found that the musical ear of Mr. Atkins is never at fault in wedding appropriate words to the notes of the bugle. Moreover, in many instances, his nicknames are onomatopoetic, which means that they express the sound of the bugle call in intelligible words.

For instance, the signal for "retire" is rendered by "Turn about, turn about, turn about !" which fits splendidly to the notes. Again, the "second men's dinner call" with its refrain of "Pick 'em up ! pick 'em up ! pick 'em up ! hot potatoes !" is an exact reproduction of the notes. When it comes to a lengthy verse such as that affixed to the "officers' dinner call," more poetic license must be allowed. This runs:—

The officers' wives have puddens and pies,
The sergeants' wives have skilly,
The privates' wives have two black eyes,
And nearly driven silly.

This may not be an epic poem, but there is a good deal of sound common-sense in it. The "call for the double" is expressed in the words, "We'll give you such a doing as you never had before," which is appropriate and suggestive.

Many of the buglers in any typical regiment are by way of being quite smart musicians, and the training which they receive at the Kneller Hall school for Army bandsmen is excellent and thoroughly sound. They often enter the band and attain positions of some prominence, although there are always some who prefer the more exciting life of a bugler to the peaceful humdrum of a bandsman.

Every one is familiar with Mr. Kipling's story of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," in which young Jakin and Lew play such plucky parts. It is to be hoped, and, indeed, it is a matter of fact, that in the main such little heroes as these two are not unknown throughout the ranks of the Army.

The June State Ball will take place on May 10, and the State concert on June 2.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his family have arranged to sail for England on the White Star liner Cymric on May 24.

The Ladies' Choress will hold a musical recep- at the Mansion House on Tuesday

APRIL 28, 1899.

forth the President's opinion at that particular moment. If the opinion which he received was by no means complimentary and if the manner in which it was delivered was not at all agreeable, then General Miles has no one but himself to blame.

Of less consequence, though equally gratifying, is President Roosevelt's peremptory demand, through the Secretary of the Navy, for the resignation of Mr. Edgar S. Maclay. This utterly unimportant and irresponsible person, whom the *Sun* made quite ridiculous by describing him as "the greatest living American historian," happened to be the recipient of his intention to bring this whole objectionable controversy to an abrupt and permanent conclusion. In truth, the entire nation is sick to death of it; and after a few more howls have been emitted by the yellow editors, and a few more verbal pyrotechnics have been let off by "prominent citizens" who like to see their names in print, the incident will shrink to its proper size and will represent, perhaps, three lines of space in the future history of the Republic.

IV.

Mr. Platt and Mr. White.

A great many persons were surprised when it was announced that Senator Platt intended to bring a suit for libel against Mr. William Allen White, the Kansas journalist, because of a so-called "character sketch" of Mr. Platt which Mr. White had contributed to a popular magazine. Senator Platt is a veteran in political warfare, and he has had his full share of the invective, ridicule and personal abuse which every successful politician expects to encounter and which, indeed, is a tribute to his power. For it is only

gossip, he has a keen scent for the picturesque, and a vigorous, slap-dash style made effective by an unconventional vocabulary. So he went ahead and scrawled upon his pages a Doré-like impression of such a character as never actually existed in this world. As we read, we can smell the printer's ink, we can see the "scare-heads," we can hear the yells of the newsboys clamouring to get hold of a fresh sensation that will go off like hot cakes. It is jay-hawk journalism—a garish reproduction of a popular phantasm, with all the shadows deepened and all the minor traits exaggerated. It makes brisk

newly

that is, seeks to interest them in his higher work of redeeming men, or producing specimens of saintly character, they, as "gentlemen unafraid," are reverent and acknowledge its importance and glory, but it stirs no

complementary side of humanity, and the complementary view of the divine manifesstation. We may say that in this picture off blessedness is exhibited the highest possibility of spiritual life in the sphere of the divine immanence—no light, or conscious belief, but only the heat of a fervid

It is really the discovery of a religion, or assignable and eternally rewardable relation to God, in those whose inner life is not introspective or self-expressive. In speaking for these Mr. Kipling exhibits the insight and audacity of a prophet. He speaks for those who formulate nothing for themselves. In thus disclosing the deepest elements in silent lives he is true to his peculiar genius, which is to stand as the Prophet of the Inarticulate. The same talent which enables him to endow Badalia Herodsfoot with spiritual life, or the jungle beast, and even inanimate machinery, with a soul, qualifies him to compute for those who have never expressed, or even thought, a religion, the essential coordinates of their religious place and value before God.

Though the spiritual life which our author discovers in these men is not contemplative, and does not secrete doctrine or psalmody, though it has not consciously passed through any process of repentance or renunciation, yet it serves God with the joy which comes of following and satisfying, in the sphere of his plans, the eager bent of a conquering will. It is the joy of toil and of achievement; and because God "worketh hitherto" this religion of work is tributary to him.

This religion is what might be called, if such a paradox is admissible, a secular religion. It is the religion of work and of daring. On the surface it does not appear to be motived by conscience or built on reasoned theory. Rather we might say that to the author's conception these men's *rapport* with God's movement in evolution constitutes in them a kind of conscience, but it is a conscience wholly immanent, wholly taken up with achieving, so that no residue of conscience is left which transcends the action, or contemplates it from a higher level, so as to bring it into judgment. As immanent or entirely transmuted into action, the conscience, as such, does not rise to a consciousness or reasoned rule of life, but acts, if at all, simply as an instinct.

Such a religion, without a transcendent conscience, is possible only in the service of a God who does not rise to the transcendent sphere in the person's knowledge. This brings us to the noticeable thing in Kipling's theism. That is strongly dominated by his conception of the divine immanence. His God is the God of evolution. He is a week-day God at work and in movement; he is perfecting his universe and its civilizations. It is in participating with the fine ardor of conquest in the divine work of subduing the world that these heroes have found their æonian life. In all this God is nerving or leading his secular servants as the immanent, moving spirit of the universe, not judging and calling them upward as the unchanging essence of holiness above the world. It is only in the open vision of an eternal world that their secular ardor, which was unconsciously serving God all along, begins to come to the perception of a transcendent master and to be transformed into an adoration, an obedience and loyalty, a

"will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise."

Such a thought of religion is founded on a radically different conception of the soul, or rather of the soul's eternally significant aspect, from that on which the common notion of sin and atonement is founded. With Mr. Kipling the prime consideration with regard to the soul is its movement, rather than its state. It is an active principle rather than a *thing* to be condemned or approved. Its salvation, or union with God, is harmonious movement with him—it joins itself with him in his world-making. Hence its mere state as good or evil becomes a matter that will almost take care of itself. As in all living organisms, its movement clears and saves it; its vital forces throw off what is foreign to its substance. For sin is not thought of as a *nature*, too deeply rooted to be thrown off except by a regeneration, but as a separable habit or excrescence. The soul as absorbed in God's work is radically at one with him; its only need is to be purged of its earthly imperfections. Such a healthy and active soul is above any radical contamination by sin, if it only knows the folly of it, so as not to be deceived by it; the soul may even sport with the futilities of wickedness without risk so long as its eyes are wide open. Thus, with a little touch of scorn for that Pharisaism which engenders prigs and prudes, the poet says of his heroes:

"They whistle the devil to make them sport
who know that sin is vain."

And with this conception of the soul and of its sin goes also the poet's thought of death. This, according to the poet's conception, is not the "wages of sin," but a "breath" by which the spirit is "borne" to its true place, or a change which disillusionizes and purges of error. It seems to be thought of as an ordinance of nature which, because it belongs to God's realm of law, must have some beneficent function.

Such remission of sins, therefore, as is needed by these men, already at one with God in the main bent of their lives, is furnished by the experience of death. Pride, which is thought of as an inordinate valuing of human praise—a "stooping to fame" which prevents the hero, even with a Promethean sympathy with mankind, from being wholly divine—is expelled by the incorporeal enlightenment by which the soul is made to see things in their true relative importance.

"They are purged of pride because they died;
they know the worth of their bays."

The more animal forms of sin are thought of as "cast," or "sloughed as the dross of earth" in the final salvation of a soul whose movement is normal and in the direction of the divine movement.

As to the place of these people in the eternal order, Kipling is far from classing them with saints, or assigning them a station among the players on celestial harps. They are represented as in some pagan region of Paradise, occupying themselves with what ministers to intellectual and esthetic elation rather than religious rapture:

"They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine, and
the Gods of the Elder Days."

When "our wise Lord God" comes, as he often does, to their region, it is as the "master of every trade," the author of those secrets of nature which in their earthly crafts they have sought to apprehend and use, that he gains their respect and reverence; while when he

"tells them tales of the Seventh Day—of Edens
newly made,"

that is, seeks to interest them in his higher work of redeeming men, or producing specimens of saintly character, they, as "gentlemen unafraid," are reverent and acknowledge its importance and glory, but it stirs no emulation and no compunction—it is out of their line. In all this it is implied that the saintly character is but one species of divine product, a product of sabbath, or still and meditative religion—a form of life to whose epics the work-day toilers, with as legitimate a place as that of the saints in the world, may listen as "tales" without condemnation and without loss of self-respect.

Characteristically, therefore, that service which is the eternal joy of these beatified heroes is the service, not of praise, but of enterprise and resolute overcoming and reckless daring. If God has extra-hazardous work in the unseen sphere, these are the ones who stand ready to do it:

"'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep
where Azrael's outposts are,
Or buffet a path through the pit's red wrath
when God goes out to war,
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein
of a red-maned star."

And along with this fierce joy of divine exertion goes a mirth belonging to their periods of recreation—a mirth born of their intimate touch with the evolving earth and its enthusiasms. At the same time, with that limitation which is apt to restrict the sympathies of those who are strong and overcoming, and with an almost fatalistic deference for God's self-avenging laws of nature, these men dare not weaken themselves with futile regrets for the world's suffering.

"They take their mirth in the joy of the earth
—they dare not grieve for her pain—
For they know of toil and the end of toil—they
know God's law is plain."

This religion, while it may be a divine ardor for development, is not a scheme of salvation. It is devoid of that immense spiritual uplift for mankind by which Christianity calls out the human spirit, even in the most degraded, to arise and meet the divine mercy. Indeed, it does not present itself as a rival to that worship which is conscious and sanctifying. It is another sphere—it presents only the complementary side of humanity, and the complementary view of the divine manifestation. We may say that in this picture of blessedness is exhibited the highest possibility of spiritual life in the sphere of the divine immanence—no light, or conscious belief, but only the heat of a fervid

RUDYARD KIPLING'S RARER BOOKS.

ORIGINAL INDIAN EDITIONS.

Echoes, By Two Writers. Lahore, *the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press*, [1884]. Square 16mo, original paper cover. $250.00

*Kipling's first published book, at least so far as present knowledge extends. Two years ago even this was "unknown to bibliographers." Of his first book, "Schoolboy Lyrics," privately printed, only a single copy seems to be known.

The two writers who collaborated to produce this little volume were Rudyard Kipling and his sister Beatrice. This copy has on the fly-leaf "Mrs. Ilbert from J. L. K.," said to be in the hand of John Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling. The same hand has written "Trix" opposite the titles of eight of the pieces in the Index, and "R. K." at the top of thirteen other pieces. These inscriptions seem to fix the authorship of a number of the pieces composing the volume.

The Quartette: The Christmas Annual of the "Civil and Military Gazette." By Four Anglo-Indian Writers. Lahore, *"Civil and Military Gazette" Press*, 1885. 8vo, original paper cover. $75.00

*The "four Anglo-Indian writers" were Rudyard Kipling, his father, mother and sister.

Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. Lahore, *"Civil and Military Gazette" Press*, 1886. Narrow 8vo, original stiff paper cover, WITH FLAP. $100.00

*This is that famous "first book" of which Kipling himself has written:

"So there was built a sort of book, a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape."

"I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string around its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should 'take' with the English public."

We have in stock, or can supply promptly, first editions of all the more common books of this gifted author, the newest favorite among collectors.

KIPLING'S ALLAHABAD WEEKLY.

The Week's News. From the first number, issued January 7, 1888, to the last number, issued September 15, 1888, lacking two numbers. Together 34 numbers, large folio, each eight pages, unbound, as issued. $500.00

* Kipling seems to have been the moving spirit of this short-lived weekly, most of the original articles of any length apparently being from his pen. Only thirty-six numbers were ever published. Thirty-three of these numbers each contains a signed story by Kipling, usually two or three columns in length, sometimes longer. The thirty-fourth contains a long poem in the same position. These stories comprise some of Kipling's best work and that which made him famous. They comprise six stories published in "Soldiers Three," seven published in "In Black and White," five published in "Under the Deodars," six published in "Story of the Gadsbys," one each published in "Wee Willie Winkie," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw,'" and "Life's Handicap," besides FIVE STORIES almost if not quite up to the standard of the rest, and WHICH HAVE NEVER, so far as we can discover, BEEN REPRINTED IN BOOK FORM.

In addition to these signed stories, these numbers contain the earliest appearance in print of several poems collected in "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads," besides several others which we ascribe to Kipling, and which have never, so far as we can learn, been collected.

There are ten of the sketches reprinted in the 1891 edition of "The City of Dreadful Night," besides five long sketches of similar character which, without being able to prove it absolutely, we believe to be the larger part of the additional portion printed in the suppressed 1890 edition of that book.

There are five sketches, aggregating about 7,500 words, which were collected in the suppressed book "The Smith Administration."

There are other sketches which we ascribe to Kipling, but about the authorship of which we cannot be positive. The aggregate of the whole material known or believed to be from Kipling's pen in these thirty-four numbers must equal or exceed in quantity all that was published by the author in book form before he left India.

Some of the pieces differ considerably from the form in the collected volumes; several of the poems contain suppressed lines or stanzas. To the student of Kipling's work and art, or to the collector who wishes everything Kipling ever printed, and as he first printed it, this file of papers should be invaluable. It is not likely that a similar file will soon come upon the market. Our correspondent from whom we secured t declares that only one other file of any length is known, and that also imperfect.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

SOME INTERESTING CHAPTERS BY THE LATE JOHN FISKE.

NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND. By John Fiske. Octavo, pp. xxiii, 378. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This volume ends the series of Mr. Fiske's books on American history. Intended to follow the narrative contained in "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," it completes the story of the settlement and development of the colonies up to where the author's "American Revolution" begins. It was left without his last touches at his death; but it was practically finished, and it remained only to add a few pages to one of the chapters—pages for which he had left ample memoranda—and to supply notes and references. The book is characterized by most of the excellences of Mr. Fiske's other historical writings—clearness and perspicuity in leading a narrative through a maze of details, sane judgment, a faculty of making whatever he wrote about interesting. The treatment is to a certain extent episodical. Thus, after an extremely well balanced account of the French voyages, from Cartier's to Champlain's, and the subsequent settlements, we are given two chapters treating in detail the excitement in Massachusetts over witchcraft, and the "great awakening" in the religious life of the next century, the place of which in Mr. Fiske's scheme it is a little difficult to perceive, interesting and valuable contributions though they are to an understanding of those two episodes of Colonial life. Then follows, as though this interruption had not been made, the story of the great war that drove the French out of America.

The first authentic record we have of French ships in American waters is of the Breton fishermen exploiting the cod fisheries discovered by Cabot off Newfoundland; and there is no reason to suppose that they resorted thither any earlier than 1504. The name Cape Breton soon thereafter makes its appearance on contemporary maps—the oldest surviving European name upon the North American coast. The French voyages were encouraged by Francis I, who saw the vast stream of gold poured into Spain from her American possessions, and who sent a bantering message to Charles V, asking if it were true that he and the King of Portugal had parcelled out the earth between them without leaving anything for him; had Father Adam made them his only heirs? If so, he wished they would show him the patriarch's last will and testament. A long series of voyages and colonizing expeditions was the result, beginning with Verrazano's in 1524, which first placed upon the map the continuous coast line of the United States from North Carolina to the mouth of the Penobscot. It also put on that map the "Sea of Verrazano"—that great mythical body of water that was supposed to occupy what is the central region of the United States, and the search for which seriously influenced navigators for a hundred years thereafter.

The story of the successive French colonizing expeditions in Canada is one of manifold adventure, of devoted bravery and of frequent failure. The impulse of English colonization was lacking—the desire to form a home across the sea; colonization had always to be pushed by the government; the colonists were not self-governing like the English, but immediately under the control of the French crown; and the powerful fur trading interests withal, looked upon the peopling of the country with distrust. So we find in the whole struggle between the French and English in America the steadily advancing front of the self-governing and greatly thriving agricultural community of the English, and on the other hand the little group of French noblemen and priests governing a mere handful of settlers, and striving to keep back the advancing English by means of diplomatic control over barbarous Indians. Says Mr. Fiske:

It was a struggle which could really have but one issue. It was a struggle, moreover, that was conducted without pity or mercy, with scarcely a pretence of regard for the amenities of civilized warfare. Neither side was particularly scrupulous, while from that day to this each side has kept up a terrible outcry against the other for doing the very same thing which it did itself. . . . It does not appear that the conscience of either Puritan or Catholic was in the slightest degree disturbed by these horrors. Each felt sure that he was fighting the devil and thought it quite proper to fight him with his own weapons.

Champlain, the figure that looms largest in the history of the French exploration in America, first started this policy. A deeply religious man and a loyal Frenchman, brave, patient and wise, he found himself obliged to venture into the wilderness with a handful of followers, and as little incumbrance as possible. The only feasible way was to cultivate the friendship of such tribes as might be most serviceable to him on his long expeditions. It was a choice that was fraught with disaster, but Champlain could not have foreseen it.

The French policy in America was also decisively influenced by La Salle. His conception of the empire of New France was to build up a line of French colonies along the Mississippi River, claimed for France through the explorations of Joliet and Marquette, and as far east as the Alleghanies. It was a policy impossible of execution through its mere vastness, in a colony recruited as slowly as Canada. His own part in it is a history of almost unintermitted disaster; and he himself was cut off by the treachery of his own subordinates at the early age of forty-two. The inevitable advance of the English frontier over the Alleghanies was an advance against the very centre of the French position along the Mississippi, cutting Louisiana forever asunder from Canada. The more far seeing Frenchmen in control of Canadian affairs soon perceived the alarming character of the situation. The French influence over the Indians was waning, and the measures they took to reinforce their power led directly to the great war that finally resulted in the downfall of the French empire. Mr. Fiske's account of the long conflict and the events that prepared for it is admirable in clearness and incisiveness and in the directness with which the outlines of the history are maintained.

His chapters on the Salem witchcraft and the religious revival of the next century in New-England are candid and discriminating pieces of critical narative, in which he traverses the theories of some earlier writers. Thus the idea of conspiracy he strongly opposes; and as to the Salem girls who brought such a train of death by their accusations he truly says:

It will not do to invest these poor girls with a nineteenth century consciousness. The same delusion that conquered learned magistrates led them astray. Still more, they were doubtless in a morbid mental condition. . . . They are very striking phenomena, and often very shocking, but not more mysterious than many other phases of abnormal mental life. It was not strange that an ignorant age should have called them the result of witchcraft; that same age, we must remember, regarded ordinary insanity as the direct work of the devil.

One of the most noteworthy of his contentions in the matter is his defence of Cotton Mather, a man whose face he thinks was set toward the future, and whose work was helpful to mankind. His caution, his warning against reliance upon "spectral evidence," and his expressed opinion that "we should be very tender in such relation, lest we wrong the reputation of the innocent by stories not enough inquired into," were policies which, if they had been followed by others, would have gone far toward scotching the delusion. But because he was a representative of the old theocratic state of things in the colony, he was to some extent made a chief butt of popular resentment after the reaction had come. The slanders of Calef, a contemporaneous writer, "embellished with cheap rhetoric by George Bancroft," as Mr. Fiske says, have obtained a firm lodgement in the popular mind, holding Cotton Mather up to undeserved scorn.

BEETHOVEN.
(From the statue by Max Klinger.)

FICTION.

BOOKS FOR OLD AND YOUNG READERS.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. MOULTON. By Nathaniel Stephenson. With frontispiece portrait. 12mo, pp. 326. John Lane.

THE BANNER OF BLUE. By S. R. Crockett. 12 mo, pp. 421. McClure, Phillips & Co.

CONDENSED NOVELS. Second Series. New Burlesques. By Bret Harte. 12mo, pp. 236. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

JUST SO STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by the Author. Quarto, pp. 249. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The author of that engaging novel, "They That Took the Sword," treats in his second book a striking situation with the ability expected of him. "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton" relates to a group of Americans, all having bad traits, but all very lifelike and interesting. The heroine is a woman of extraordinary beauty, with some charm of character, but profoundly absorbed in herself and yet yielding to a deplorable fondness for flirtation Her husband is a ruthless man of business who shares none of her intellectual and artistic tastes, and is made miserable by her willingness to receive the attentions of what he regards as a company of foppish philanderers. They are in a pretty inharmonious state when the story opens, and the atmosphere is made more uncomfortable by the immediate entrance upon the scene of a thoroughly caddish young fellow. This intruder, Mr. Harry Launceley, forthwith devotes himself to the pleasing task of making life in the Moulton household more unhappy than ever. It is a disagreeable tale, lightened only by the glimpses the author occasionally gives us of pleasanter people outside of the city of Z., in which the action is chiefly laid. For this relief he goes to Cincinnati and to types of its earlier period, when something of the old and distinguished régime still survived. But the more genial touches, effective as they are, cannot conceal the essential unpleasantness of the central motive, and we are thrown back upon appreciation of Mr. Stephenson's insight and skill in the analysis of three representative characters. We may not like the Moultons, or the cad who adds fuel to the fire of discontent in which incompatibility of temper has landed them, but there is no denying their reality or the knowledge of human nature which the author shows in his portraits of them.

Mr. Crockett's new novel is of the sort that may be reeled off the wheel of invention for years together and cut in lengths to suit. There is the bad brother, the prodigal son, the black eyed daredevil with a mien of languid grace, an imperturbable coolness, an irresistible way with women. There is the good brother, unappreciated, saintly, always ready to sacrifice himself and absolutely incapable of seeing obvious facts two inches in front of his well shaped nose. There is the stern, high-born father who worships the bad son and hates the good one. There is the humble father, all proper pride and strong language. There are the two heroine daughters whose bringing up in a peasant cot has given them the manners and the talk of countesses. There is the devoted, humorous butler; and the comic old nurse; and the queer lawyer; and the intellectual and sharp tongued schoolmaster—there is not a character among them all that has a note of freshness and orig-

NATHANIEL STEPHENSON.
(From a Photograph.)

ality. Even the "enfant terrible" of the book is a bore of a kind which readers tired of long ago. Over characters and plot broods a mournful cloud of Scotch dialect—a cloud which darkens whatever spark of interest may rise in this incident or that. As for the good points of the story, we may add that it shows all its author's accustomed facility, and it has now and then an agreeable streak of humor. But it is not worth while.

The second series of Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels" pays the penalty of that comparison with the first which it is impossible to avoid. We miss in these new burlesques the perfect spontaneity and wholly irresistible humor of "The Ninety-nine Guardsmen," "Fantine" or "Lothaw." There is nothing here to equal the masterly fooling of "Miss Mix," with its prodigiously funny portraiture of "James Rawjester, Esq." But the author's hand had not by any means lost all its cunning when he composed these satires on Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling and others. Though the humor is less sunny and less pervasive than in the earlier collection, it is still provocative of a smile. When he turns "David Harum" into "Dan'l Borem" he does not make him a bore. Far from it. "Dan'l" is delightful in his absurdity, and the more so inasmuch as he is the vehicle for some really sound criticism of the original. In fact, these parodies are all admirable in their deft exposure of those things in the authors parodied which are really open to satire. "Jungle Folk," one of three skits on Kipling, is comic enough in its description of the meeting of Moo Kow, Miaow and three or four Gee Gees at the watering place, and it is further amusing in the episode which glances at figures of Mr. Kipling's not in the "Jungle Book." We quote from this part of the work:

Another dead silence fell on the pool. Then arose that strange, mysterious, indefinable Thing, known as "The Scent." The animals sniffed.

"It heralds the approach of the Stalkies—the most famous of British Skool Boaz," said the Moo Kow. "They have just placed a decaying guinea pig, two white mice in an advanced state of decomposition, and a single slice of Limburger cheese in the bed of their tutor. They had previously skilfully diverted the drains so that they emptied into the drawing room of the headmaster. 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?"

. . . . . .

"Then these be surely the 'Bander Log'—the monkey folk—of whom the good Rhuddyidd has told us," said a Gee Gee—"the ones who have no purpose—and forget everything."

"Fool!" said the Moo Kow. "Know ye not that the great Rhuddyidd has said that the Stalkies became Major-Generals, V. C.'s and C. B.'s of the English? Truly they are great. Look now; ye shall see one of the greatest traits of the English Stalky."

One of the pygmy Stalkies was offering a bun to a larger one, who hesitated, but took it coldly.

"Behold! it is one of the greatest traits of this mighty race not to show any emotion. He would take the bun—he has taken it! He is pleased—but he may not show it. Observe him eat."

The taller Stalky, after eating the bun, quietly kicked the giver, knocked off his hat, and turned away with a calm, immovable face.

"Good!" said the Moo Kow. "Ye would not dream that he was absolutely choking with grateful emotion?"

"We would not," said the animals.

"But why are they all running back the way they came?" asked Pi Böl.

"They are going back to punishment. Great is its power. Have ye not heard the gospel of Rhuddyidd the mighty? 'Force is everything! Gentleness won't wash, courtesy is deceitful. Politeness is foreign. Be ye beaten that ye may beat. Pass the kick on.' "

That preoccupation with the South African war, and that strange conception of himself as the guardian of the British Empire, which have left so unfortunate a mark upon Mr. Kipling's recent work for mature readers, have done nothing to hurt the book which has just come from his pen, "Just So Stories for Little Children." It is nothing less than a little masterpiece of its kind. It is as much of a work of genius, in its way, as "The Man Who Was," or any other of the author's more ambitious performances. To begin with, Mr. Kipling starts with an idea calculated to fascinate a child at once. How did the things happen that are presented to the wondering gaze of little boys and girls when they look out upon the natural world? How did the whale get his big throat, the camel his monstrous hump, the rhinoceros his wrinkled skin, the elephant his trunk? How did the kangaroo learn to jump? Mr. Kipling makes the best of all appeals to childhood when he appeals to its instinct of " 'satiable curtiosity,' and he proceeds to satisfy it after a fashion incomparable for freshness and charm. Invention runs riot in this book, but it is controlled by consummate art. The child who refuses to believe the things he reads in it is no true child, but a sad little changeling for whom it is useless to try to do anything. We are sorry for the small reader who is in any way abashed when the whale, carrying the shipwrecked mariner in his stomach, swims as fast as he can for the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and, rushing half way up the beach, opens his mouth to say, "Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene and Stations on the *Fitch*burg Road." "Just as he said 'Fitch' the Mariner walked out of his mouth." Of course, he did. Every self-respecting child knows that that is what any shipwrecked mariner would do when he got a chance to run home from the inside of a whale. The style of the book is as quaint as are its incidents. Where another writer, talking about the beginning of things, would mention the "first" elephant or the "original" turtle, Mr. Kipling talks about the "High and Far Off Times" in which "the Eldest Magician was getting things ready," and tells how he gave all the animals permission to come out and play. This is the way in which he puts it:

And the animals said, "O, Eldest Magician, what shall we play at?" and he said, "I will show you." He took the Elephant—All-the-Elephant-there-was—and said, 'Play at being an Elephant," and All-the-Elephant-there-was played. He took the Beaver—All-the-Beaver-there-was—and said, "Play at being a Beaver," and All-the-Beaver-there-was played. He took the Cow—All-the-Cow-there-was—and said, "Play at being a Cow," and All-the-Cow-there-was played. He took the Turtle—All-the-Turtle-there-was—and said, "Play at being a Turtle," and All-the-turtle-there-was played. One by one he took all the beasts and birds and fishes, and told them what to play at.

Not content with reciting his wonderful narratives in this entrancing manner, Mr. Kipling adds inimitable verses to them, and illustrates them with drawings of his own, that, if not technically perfect, have some artistic quality, and, what is more to the point, possess an originality and a quaintness which should take the nursery by storm. Each picture, too, is faced by a description which is by itself a triumph. Never was there a book for children to surpass this. It takes its place beside Lewis Carroll's "Alice," with Tenniel's illustrations, as a classic which generation after generation of children will prize as a source of flawless joy.

"THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD AND THE CROCODILE."

This is the Elephant's Child having his nose pulled by the Crocodile. He is much surprised and astonished and hurt, and he is talking through his nose and saying, "Led go! You are hurtig be!" He is pulling very hard, and so is the Crocodile; but the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake is hurrying through the water to help the Elephant's Child. All that black stuff is the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River (but I am not allowed to paint these pictures), and the bottly-tree with the twisty roots and the eight leaves is one of the fever trees that grow there.

Underneath the truly picture are shadows of African animals walking into an African ark. There are two lions, two ostriches, two oxen, two camels, two sheep, and two other things that look like rats, but I think they are rock-rabbits. They don't mean anything. I put them in because I thought they looked pretty. They would look very fine if I were allowed to paint them.—(Illustrations and extracts from "Just So Stories for Little Children." Copyright, 1902, by Rudyard Kipling.

"THE CAMEL AND THE DJINN."

Here is the picture of the Djinn in charge of All Deserts guiding the Magic with his magic fan. The camel is eating a twig of acacia, and he has just finished saying "Humph!" once too often (the Djinn told him he would), and so the Humph is coming. The long towelly-thing growing out of the thing like an onion is the Magic, and you can see the Humph on its shoulder. The Humph fits on the flat part of the Camel's back. The Camel is too busy looking at his own beautiful self in the pool of water to know what is going to happen to him

Underneath the truly picture is a picture of the World-so-new-and-all. There are two smoky volcanoes in it, some other mountains and some stones and a lake and a black island and a twisty river and a lot of other things, as well as a Noah's Ark. I couldn't draw all the deserts that the Djinn was in charge of, so I only drew one, but it is a most deserty desert.—(Illustrations and extracts from "Just So Stories for Little Children." Copyright, 1902, by Rudyard Kipling.

The Poetry of Mr. Kipling

By EDWARD DOWDEN

MR. KIPLING ought to be pleased with the acoustic properties of our globe; his voice fills the building. To have something to say, no doubt, helps a voice to carry far; people cease from chatter and look up; and Mr. Kipling, especially perhaps in his verse, has things to say; he says them in no halting or hesitating manner, but "after the use of the English," as he has himself described that use, "in straight-flung words and few."

It was long since a morsel of verse constituted an historical event of importance for two hemispheres; but this, without exaggeration, is what certain short poems of Mr. Kipling have been. They have served to evoke or guide the feelings of nations, and to determine action in great affairs. However we may explain it, such is the fact. And of all explanations the least tenable is that which represents Mr. Kipling as a music-hall singer, addressing a vulgar crowd in the vulgar tones which they expect for the coin they pay. La Bruyère has said somewhere that the favor of a prince is no evidence of merit, but that also it indicates no deficiency of merit; the statement holds good of the favor of Prince Demos. It is true that Mr. Kipling sometimes twangs the banjo; and with its *Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink* he has not done ignobly; as a satirist he has with it "jeered the fatted soul of things"; he has with it gallantly mocked defeat, and sung the song of lost endeavor. But he has also touched the solemn organ-stops, and it is precisely to such a poem as "Recessional," with its old prophetic strain, its warning against vain idols and folly and carnal pride, that the deepest response of our race is made.

Mr. Kipling's swift conquest of the people indicates of course that his inspiration is not private and solitary; it means also that he is not the poet of a coterie or *cénacle*. The poet of solitary inspiration may belong to all the world; striking deep into his own heart, he arrives at the common heart of humanity; but it often takes tedious years to bring the world over to his side. His desire is to reach many minds, and, supported by "faith in the whispers of the lonely muse," after patient waiting he attains his desire. The poet of a coterie is commonly forced to convert his incapacity to move the public into a proof of superiority. Having really nothing to say, he conceals his emptiness by a legerdemain of caprices, a new doctrine in art, a vaporous obscurity, or a clumsy subtlety, which may induce the coterie to wonder with a foolish face of praise. He declares oracularly, "If you do not understand me, so much the worse for *you*." Mr. Kipling says, "If you do not understand me, so much the worse for *me*"; for he is a maker of tribal lays, and if they do not speak for and to the tribe the lays fall dumb. The great good fortune of a maker of tribal lays comes when he divines the moment at which some public sentiment of imperial power is about to announce or disclose itself, and when by one hour he anticipates that moment in his song. Or should we not rather say that the gathering emotion finds in the poet the most sensitive nerve of the body politic, and through that nerve first thrills and finds expression? The singer then not only anticipates, but assists in the general outbreak; he moulds passions, and creates new combinations of feeling. He is the earliest ray of the rising sun which falls upon the petals of a bud that is eager to be a blossom.

Such has been the good fortune of Mr. Kipling, and he has put his opportunity to wise uses. The sense of the brotherhood of the blood was stirring in many English hearts before he wrote, but it was one of the native-born who gave it a resonant utterance. His feeling for Empire is characterized by two chief features: first, it is based securely upon concrete fact; and, secondly, it rises at the summit to a solemn and even a religious sense of duty. The

strength and volume of Edmund Burke's political passions came in great part from the circumstance that, through virtue of his all-absorbing, all-retaining intellect and his imaginative grasp, they were fed by a multitude of vivid details. His eloquence, therefore, did not deal in vacuous abstractions, but assumed, under great principles, a mass of real and various things. It is so also with Mr. Kipling's Imperialism. This is not a flourish of rhetoric, nor intoxication with a doctrinaire theory, but is rather a gathering up of his myriad observations into an ideal unity. It has its origin in "the little things a fellow cares about"; it clings much to kinship and to comradeship; it rises to civic loyalty and pride:

> Surely, in toil or fray
> Under an alien sky,
> Comfort it is to say,
> "Of no mean city am I."

It passes from the city to the birthland, knit by closest ties of sonship to the mother country; it includes the shepherd on his hill, the ploughman drawing his furrow, the miner delving the ore, the white sails and long smoke-trails on all the seas, where the swift shuttles of the great loom ply backward and forward; it embraces, finally, the whole congeries of thought, and dream, and deed which, below the North Star and the Southern Cross, make up the majestic unity of Empire, of which unity the flag serves as emblem; and at every stage of development the emotions are fed by sights, by sounds, by the very scents of East and West, of land-breeze and sea-breeze, by all brave memories and all tender associations.

But Mr. Kipling's feeling of Empire is solemnized by the weight of real things and by a knowledge of the cost of Empire. The "Song of the English" includes, as part of the cantata, the "Song of the Dead." The sea-wife by the Northern Gate, who breeds her roving sons and sends them over-sea, is in no mood of shallow exultation; only in the depth of her old heart she is proud that her sons have indeed been men. There is a wail in Tommy's chorus as he tumbles aboard the transport and sees in imagination the large birds of prey on the far horizon, keen-scented and expectant; but none the less Tommy falls in upon the troop-deck. The Widow of Windsor's party is not all cakes and jam, but you can't refuse the card when the Widow gives the party, and the end of the show is satisfactory to the Colonel:

> We broke a King and we built a road—
> A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed,
> And the river 's clean where the raw blood flowed
> When the Widow give the party.

The price of admiralty is blood, and "Lord God, we ha' paid in full." But the whisper, and the vision that called the dreamers, whose dreams were prophecy, to go forth and leave their bones on the sand-drift, on the veldt-side, in the fern-scrub, still summon our gentleman adventurers, and the dead cry to us:

> Follow after, follow after! We have watered the root,
> And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit.

It is no lust of territory or empty pride of power that can help us to sustain the white man's burden; we bear it because this also is in the day's work appointed for us by the Master of all good workmen:

> Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
> Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
> Make ye sure to each his own
> That he reap where he hath sown;
> By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

Such is the religious feeling for Empire. If the banjo is strummed, it seems as if a Puritan of the old Ironside breed were the minstrel. Cromwell, after the victory of Dunbar, addressed the Speaker in words which go to the same manly tune.

Even in "Departmental Ditties," which may have been a fillip of fun for jaded Anglo-Indians, though now they seem too precociously clever and not agreeably bitter-sweet, the solemn note was struck at least once, in the finest

poem of the collection,—"The Galley Slave." The German has not perhaps yet written a treatise on the Kiplingsche Weltanschauung, and it may be worth while to briefly show how it is constituted, and how it is essentially a religious conception of things. Mr. Kipling, with his keen and wide perceptions, sees a world that is "wondrous large," one that holds "a vast of various kinds of men"; he is not fastidious; sinners, male and female,—the coward, the bully, the cheat, the brave, the strong, the weak, the cad, the gentleman, the vain pretender, the simple hero,—all seem to have a place in this large world, where passion clashes with passion and deed wrestles with deed. Possessing an unwearied curiosity, he views this changeful spectacle, infinitely pleased to observe "the different ways that different things are done," of which things, indeed, some are odd,—"most awful odd,"—yet, upon the whole, this world is a highly interesting world to the intelligent spectator:

> Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done—
> Excep' when awful long—I 've found it good.
> So write before I die, "'E liked it all!"

Mr. Kipling is not fastidious, but he does not sophisticate with good and evil. In a certain transcendental sense he may tell us that "sin is vain," and may indulge a little in the amusements of those gallant gentlemen of the halls of heaven, who, knowing the vanity of sin, can fearlessly whistle the devil to make them sport. In general his feeling is the devout one that it is his task to "draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are," or, as he says with great dignity, in presenting to the Master a completed volume of his tales:

> One stone the more swings to her place
> In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
> It is enough that through Thy grace
> I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Naught common, however much that is unclean.

But above this turmoil of passions, above this scene of shames and heroisms, of evil doing, weak doing, mean doing, brave doing, rises the immutable Law; and that is best in life, whether it be toil, or suffering, or sorrow, which brings men into obedience to this law, or rather into active co-operation with it. Even the goose-step is a stage in the evolution of order, for the young recruit is silly, keeping himself "awful" much as he does his side-arms; and it is well for him that he should be hammered: it is well that he should be put in the way of

> Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
> Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less.

Not Carlyle himself could more sternly condemn the folly of doing things "rather-more-or-less" than does Mr. Kipling; and, in the building of a man, he especially honors *pukka* workmanship. On that awful day when Tommy ran, squealing for quarter, and the Major cursed his Maker, and the Colonel broke his sword, the root of evil lay in the fact that "we was never disci*plined*"; if an order was obeyed it was considered a favor; every little drummer had his rights and wrongs. And in the true beat and full power of his engine, with faithfulness in every crank and rod, M'Andrew reads its lesson and his own: "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

The law and order of the world, again, is presided over by the Lawgiver, the Maker of men, who is a somewhat Hebraic or Puritanical deity. Not that, at least in a genial fantasy, He may not appear as a good-humored, and even as an amused Lord God. It is He who, at the tuneful petition of the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners, supported by the afflicted Judas and the stout apostle Paul, gives back their sea to the silly sailor folk, and permits them to hand in, with tarry fingers, the golden fiddles they had somewhat clumsily handled. Jehovah is not always so good-humored; but He knows how to value an honest workman, and to a strong man whom death has purged of pride,—for pride is the special danger of the strong,—who has ever walked "in simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth," He will tell

tales of His daily toil and of the new-made Edens. For us, laborers on His earth, He is the great Overseer, who insists on faithful work, giving at the same time strength to the workman, which shall enable him, even amid hunger and drought and hardship, to accomplish the task assigned:

> If there be good in what I wrought
> Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
> Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
> I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

All things—even the fall of a rose upon the garden-path—were determined by His will before the worlds came into existence. Such is the lesson of Mr. Kipling's piece of Oriental Calvinism, "The Answer"; and the battered rose is consoled by the thought that its ruin has been forever involved in the divine law governing the entire cosmos.

Faust in his study, pondering the words of Scripture, could not accept the sentence, "In the beginning was the Word," and he finally emended the text to "In the beginning was the Act." Mr. Kipling's emendation would most probably be, "In the beginning was the Dream," but with him the dream is essentially a prophecy of the act, or of some word which is itself of the nature of an act. He is a poet not of contemplation but of action, of the emotions arising from, and also held in check by, action, and of the dreams which result in a deed. In "Werther" and in all creations of the Werther school we have studies of emotions sapping in upon the active powers of the soul. The "reigning personage," to borrow Taine's happy expression, of Mr. Kipling's creations, is the man who has done something, of his own initiative (or of God's), if he be a man of genius; and if not a man of genius, then something which he finds, like the brave M'Andrew,—and he is almost a man of genius,—allotted or assigned to him as duty. Tomlinson, of Berkeley Square, is spurned by Peter from Heaven's Gate because he can only give a shuffling answer to one straight question:

> "Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," he said, "and the tale is yet to run:
> By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what ha' ye done?"

The devil in hell knows too accurately the price of good pit-coal to waste it on such a whimpering spirit that had not virtue enough to possess one genuine native vice; off with him, therefore, once more to Berkeley Square! And, in truth compared with Tomlinson, one of the legion of the lost, a gentleman ranker damned from here to eternity, who has gone the pace and gone it blind, is in an enviable position; his lot is piteous but not contemptible.

There are many emotions, such as those arising from the contemplation of beauty, which do not tend to action; though indirectly, in helping to form character, they may influence our deeds. These, speaking generally, do not enter into Mr. Kipling's poetry. Once or twice his man of action is in the contemplative mood; he leans over the ship-side and looks across the sea, remembering all the past, or sits in clink without his boots, and under either set of conditions, neutral or unhappy, can fall to "admirin' 'ow the world was made":

> For to admire an' for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide—
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried.

Far more often what Mr. Kipling portrays—and portrays with power—are those hasty escapes of emotion which action cannot wholly suppress; the swift hiss of steam in its jet from the safety-valve indicates better than any rhetoric the pressure within. Such a tune goes manly. Danny must hang, for is he not the disgrace of nine hundred of his country? and yet Files-on-Parade cannot forget that he drank Danny Deever's beer a score of times. It is a tenderly passionate reminiscence. Three rounds blank are all the honors that remain for the dead comrade, and before starting it is as well to finish off the swipes, but—bitter memory!—it was only last week the comrades fought about a dog—

> An' I strook 'im cruel 'ard, 'an I wish I 'ad n't now,
> Which is just what a man can't do.

Perhaps there is as much pathos in this as in any eloquent "He who hath bent him o'er the dead." The driver as he whips the limber across a wounded brother's body to put him out of pain does not wail or beat the breast; he gives a little coughing grunt and swings his horses handsome when the command "Forward" is given, knowing that if you want to win your battles you must work your guns. But the driver's grunt holds within it all Malcolm's heartening words, "Dispute it like a man," and all Macduff's apology, "I shall do so; but I must also feel it as a man."

Through reality Mr. Kipling reaches after romance. It may be asserted in a general way that there are two kinds of romance, which, with no touch of disrespect for either, may be distinguished as its masculine and feminine forms. The one flies from all things gross and common; it chooses to gaze at what may be beheld from some magic casement

> opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Or it finds its natural haunt and home where

> the elf-girls flood with wings
> Valleys full of plaintive air;
> There breathe perfumes; there in rings
> Whirl the foam-bewildered springs;
> Siren there
> Winds her dizzy hair and sings.

Of course, it may be alleged that the great and abiding realities of the soul are best discovered by a retreat from that part of life which contains much that is drossy and much that is transitory and accidental. In the palace of Art there are many mansions, and romance feminine has a chamber, enriched like Christabel's with fair things "for a lady's chamber meet," things that are all made out of the carver's brain. The artist, as Mr. Kipling conceives him, is an artist because he sees the fact and the whole fact more exactly than the rest of the tribe; and, seeing exactly, he can scratch on bone his picture of the aurochs or the mammoth which astonishes his fellow-tribesmen, and brings them a joy that must relieve itself by gifts. The primitive tribesman, Ung, is not yet a romanticist; but he is the forefather of the masters of romance masculine, and precisely because he sees things as they are. The French painter, Millet, was in truth one of Ung's children, and in the figure of his "Sower" he has left an example of art nobly romantic because it is profoundly real. Mr. Kipling cannot often rival the achievement of Millet; too often he relies on a superficial realism, at times heaping on local color to excess, abusing his mastery of technical terms (which yet affect our ignorance with a mysterious power like that of the blessed word "Mesopotamia"), and using the cheap realism of Tommy's dialect to verify the strangeness of Tommy's romance. A day may come when the bloom of "bloomin'" will have departed, and though his dialect helps Mr. Kipling, not illegitimately, to certain comic and pathetic effects, a noble romantic poem in standard English, such as "The Derelict," may better stand the wear and tear of time.

Mr. Kipling's masculine romance does not require any aid from our charming Irish acquaintances, the people of the Faery hills. He does not think that romance died with the cavemen or the lake-folk; it is romance which brings up the nine-fifteen train:

> His hand was on the lever laid,
> His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
> His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
> His fog-horn cut the reeking banks;
> By dock and deep and mine and mill
> The Boy-god reckless labored still.

The Viscount loon who questioned M'Andrew as to whether steam did not spoil romance at sea is very summarily dismissed; it is feebleness of imagination which has no sense of the world-lifting joy that still comes to cheer man the artifex, and a dream, not of the past, not of hide-bound coracle or beaked trireme, but of the Perfect Ship still lures him on. Our miracles are those which subdue the waves, and fill with messages of fate the deep-sea levels, and read the storms

before they thunder on our coast, and toss aside the miles with crank-throw and tail-rod. "Gross modern materialism!" sighs the votary of romance feminine; and such it may be for him, but such it is not for those who with masculine imagination and passion can perceive that it is the dream of the artifex which subdues and organizes and animates the iron and the steel. We may sell a creel of turf in a sordid and grasping spirit, and we may design a steamship with something like the enthusiasm of a poet.

And as with man's instruments and man's work, so with man's character. It is well to nourish our imagination with tales of ancient gods and heroes; but the true romance still lives in the souls of modern men who dream of things to be — who plan, and toil, and incarnate the dream in a deed. The passion for adventure, which drove Defoe's forlorn hero away from hearth and home, still lives in English hearts, and is still at one with Crusoe's practical inventiveness and wholesome temper of self-help. Let any one who comes across a volume of 1866, "Two Months on the Tobique," a volume posthumously published, and which deserves to be reprinted, read the vivid pages in which the writer records his experiences in wintry solitude amid Canadian forests, and he will find that Crusoe was alive in the midmost years of the nineteenth century, islanded by involuntary exile in the impenetrable pine-wood and cedar-swamp. Many impressive passages of Mr. Kipling's poetry tell of this fire in the heart of our race—a race old yet ever young, to whom still come the whisper and the vision:

> with the places of the dead quickly filled,
> Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
> Pioneers! O pioneers!

The romance again of that spell of the immemorial East laid upon the spirit of the West, and the nostalgia of the wanderer who has responded to the invitation of the East, has never been expressed with more of genuine magic than by Mr. Kipling. There is another form of romance, vulgarized indeed by cheap examples yet part of the "true romance," with which he has dealt successfully — the discovery of some one, hidden, green oasis in a soul turned into desert by the drifted sand and parching winds of a worldly life. John Bunyan's Mr. Badman died "like a lamb," for sin had wholly indurated his soul, and God's judgment upon him was to leave him alone. Mr. Kipling's "Sir Anthony Gloster," in his death-bed wanderings, mingles together piteously carnal pride and sensuality with the relics of an iron will; yet he is not wholly lost, for a spot of sea, "'Hundred and eighteen East, remember, and South just three" by the Little Paternosters, is still sacred for him, and it is there, where he dropped the body of the wife of his youth in fourteen fathoms, that his own body must seek the depths. Perhaps the poor romance of the oasis is better than any splendid romance of the mirage.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

IN M. Taine's essay on Napoleon he comments at length on the various aspects of the Emperor presented by his numerous biographers, one group viewing him as a military hero, one as a despicable tyrant, while others present him as a combination of the two. A still larger group, made up mainly of later writers, shows his faults and his virtues with unvarnished accuracy. Summing up these various opinions, he says: "When all is said about him, for and against, Napoleon was a tremendous fact." One has some such feeling about Rudyard Kipling. He may not be a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Wordsworth, nor a Tennyson, as some of his admirers would make him; but one thing is certain: if he never writes another line, he is a tremendous fact in our literature. It is interesting to note how he is to be regarded by the collector of to-day. We know what the great mass of readers think about him, and even the critics have been pronouncing their own judgments with more certainty than when he first appeared before their astonished eyes. But questions of his literary standing do not concern us here. How is he regarded by the collector of to-day? Dare we prophesy what the collector will think of him to-morrow? Will his early books continue to sell at the high prices they are bringing to-day, or are they to fall? Is his prominence among his contemporaries to be maintained, or is it only temporary? Will his early writings bring as high prices in the auction-rooms as those of Thackeray, Dickens, Shelley, Keats and other writers whose place of honor in literature seems forever established, or will they fall far below these writers?

These and similar queries come to the mind of the collector with more or less persistence, and we cannot undertake to prophesy about the honor of this prophet. One thing is sure: Kipling is not a writer who is easily put out of mind by a collector or anybody else. His strong personality and the hurricane of his popularity bring him ever before the collector's mind as a "tremendous fact."

In the September number of THE BOOK BUYER, in 1895, an attempt was made to provide the collector with all the definite information then available about this writer. No sooner was this fragile bark launched upon the sea of other people's knowledge than it encountered high waves of criticism. No allowance was made for the fact that the compiler called it an "Attempt at a Bibliography." At the time it was issued some of Kipling's writings were unknown to the collector altogether, and who shall dare to say that there is none still to be discovered?

We called attention in the last April number to the discovery of a little volume of verse called "Echoes," and in June to the "School-Boy Lyrics"; and now we have to record the discovery of two more rarities unknown at the time. The first is the paper to which he contributed when at school, and of which he was the editor for a time. It is called "The United Services College Chronicle," and ran from 1881 to 1894. Kipling entered the school in January, 1878, and was, therefore, only thirteen years old when he began his literary career. The other discovery is "Turn-Overs," from the *Civil and Military Gazette*, published at Lahore. So far only three volumes have come to light, but they are most interesting, as containing many of his stories published first in that form, and in some cases not reprinted. The first includes selections from July to September, 1889; the second from October to December, 1889, and the third from October to December, 1890. We append a check list of Kipling's writings in first editions, embodying all our knowledge up to date, and will gladly incorporate any additions or corrections unknown at the present writing:

A CHECK LIST
OF FIRST EDITIONS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

1. The United Services College Chronicle, 4to, 1881–1894
   [30 original contributions.]
2. School-Boy Lyrics, 18mo, Lahore 1881
3. Echoes By Two Writers, 18mo, Lahore 1884
4. Quartette. The Christmas Annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 8vo, Lahore 1885
5. Departmental Ditties, oblong 8vo, Lahore [1886]
6. Departmental Ditties, 12mo, Lahore 1886
   [2nd edition, with 6 new poems.]
7. Departmental Ditties, 12mo, Lahore 1888
   [3rd edition, 10 new poems.]
8. Plain Tales from the Hills. Thacker, 12mo, Calcutta 1888
9. Soldiers Three, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
10. Story of the Gadsbys, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
11. In Black and White, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
12. Under the Deodars, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
13. Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
14. Wee Willie Winkie, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
15. Turn-Overs. From the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 12mo, Lahore 1889
    [From July to September, 7 contributions.]
16. Turn-Overs. From the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 12mo, Lahore 1889
    [From October to December, 2 contributions.]
17. Turn-Overs. From the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 12mo, Lahore 1890
    [From October to December, 5 contributions.]
18. City of Dreadful Night and Other Sketches, Wheeler, 8vo, Allahabad 1890
    [Rigidly suppressed. Contains some matter never reprinted.]

19. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses, Thacker, 12mo, Calcutta 1890
[4th edition, 2 poems omitted and 10 added.]
20. Courting of Dinah Shadd, 12mo, New York 1890
[Introduction by A. Lang.]
21. Smith Administrations, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1891
[Rigidly suppressed. Only 3 copies known.]
22. Departmental Ditties, 12mo, Calcutta 1891
[Fifth edition, exact reprint of the 4th, with title-page slightly changed.]
23. The Light That Failed, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1891
24. City of Dreadful Night, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1891
[2nd edition, omitting material in 1st.]
25. Departmental Ditties, Thacker, 12mo, Calcutta 1891
[6th edition, with glossary added.]
26. Life's Handicap, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1891
27. Letters of Marque, Wheeler, 8vo, Allahabad 1891
[Rigidly suppressed.]
28. Barrack-Room Ballads, Methuen, 12mo, London 1892
29. The Naulahka, Heinemann, 12mo, London 1892
[A new edition, with rhymed chapter headings, was issued the same year.]
30. Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads, Macmillan, 12mo, New York 1892
31. Detroit Free Press, Christmas Number, 4to, London [1893]
[Not issued in America.]
32. Many Inventions, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1893
33. Steve Brown's Bunyip, Remington, 12mo, London 1893
[Contributed introduction in verse.]
34. Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads, Macmillan, 12mo, New York 1893
[4 poems added.]
35. My First Book, Chatto & Windus, 12mo, London 1894
[Contribution.]
36. The Jungle Book, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1894
37. The Second Jungle Book, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1894
38. The Seven Seas, Methuen, 12mo, London 1896
39. Captains Courageous, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1897
40. An Almanac of Twelve Sports, Heinemann, 4to, London 1897
41. The Day's Work, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1898
42. A Fleet in Being, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1898

Ernest Dressel North.

WOMAN

I

AMBITION

To have enriched his life by one sweet hour;
By one glad hope to have o'ergilt his gray;
Chased but one darkening shadow from his day;
To his long winter given one single flower;
And bride-like to have brought him but the dower
Of one brief moment's bliss, which would not stay,
But even as he clasped it fled away,
And left behind not e'en a memory's power;
To know that once, through me, he drained delight;
That once, because of me, his earth was heaven;
And in the compass of one day or night,
By gift of mine was infinite rapture given.
O crowned reward! O rich indemnity!
Paying life, death, and all eternity.

II

THE QUESTION

Could I forget if I had given
So greatly and so tenderly;
If I had been the world to thee;
With thee had entered Love's high heaven;
In perfect glad surrender free
Had given thy lips their will of me,
In thine arms touched Love's mystery—
Oh! if life's self had thus been riven,
Could I forget?
Forget!—when lips with lips had striven
For passionate supremacy;
When souls had mingled bodily—
Oh, not till bitterest death had driven
Life, life itself from memory,
Could I forget!

III

PREVISION

Some night—God knows when we its grace shall see!—
I shall lie long awake while thine eyes sleep,
And from my own the happy tears will creep
Softly to hide them where the kisses be,
Among the curls my lips touch tenderly.
I shall feel them stir with each deep-throbbing leap
My heart gives feeling them, and I shall weep
And tremble tenfold more for ecstasy,
Because that after years apart
And desolating doubt, this end should be—
Thy kisses on my lips—(how the tears start!)—
Thou wearied out with joy upon my heart,
And I too weak and faint with bliss to move,
An hour since made a wife—thy wife, O love!

IV

CONSUMMATION

Now let earth fade—it is but earth;
Let heaven prove a lie—
'Tis only heaven; let life, let birth
Be dead; let death too die!
For I have outlived earth and heaven,
Outvanquished death and life,
Whose lips the immortal kiss have given
That seals the woman—wife.

Love made me mistress, bride and wife
To his divinity.
Mother I shall be (Love gives life)
To Immortality.

—*From "Sea Drift: Poems by Grace Ellery Channing." By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.*

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

ON the 13th, 14th, and 15th of February, in London, was sold the library of the late Mr. Delane, the former editor of the London *Times*. For the first time since its organization, a complete set of the Kelmscott Press publications came under the hammer. There was much interest manifested in the result, and a set fetched the unprecedented price of £460. Every time one of the productions of the press comes up for sale, it fetches a little higher price than the last, showing the upward tendency of these unique books, and demonstrating the firm hold William Morris has upon the public. We append a list of prices at which the individual books went with the published price in brackets: Morris's "Story of the Glittering Plain," £25, 10s. [42s.]; "Poems by the Way," £11 [42s.]; Blunt's "Love Lyrics," £7, 7s. 6d. [42s.]; Caxton's "Golden Legend," 3 vols. £8 [£9, 9s.]; Caxton's "Reynard the Foxe," £6, 15s. [£3, 3s.]; Caxton's "Recueil of Troye," £7, 17s., 6d. [£9, 9s.]; MacKail's "Biblia Innocentium," £9, 7s., 6d. [21s.]; Morris's "Dream of John Ball," £5, 7s., 6d. [30s.]; Morris's "News from Nowhere," £5, 15s. [42s.]; Morris's "Defence of Guenevere," £7, 5s. [42s.]; Ruskin's "The Nature of Gothic," £4, 10s. [30s.]; "The Order of Chivalry," £5, 5s. [30s.]; Cavendish's "Life of Woolsey," £4, 10s. [42s.]; Caxton's "Godfrey of Bologne," £8, 15s. [£6, 6s.]; Meinhold's "Sidonia the Sorceress," £8, 15s. [£4, 4s.]; Rossetti's "Ballads and Sonnets," 2 vols., £17, 17s. [£4, 4s.]; Shakespeare's "Poems," £9, 5s. [25s.]; Tennyson's "Maud," £3, 6s. [42s.]; "King Florus," £7, 5s. [7s. 6d.]; Keats' "Poems," £19, 19s. [30s.]; Morris's "Story of Glittering Plain," illustrated, £8, 17s. 6d. [£5, 5s.]; Morris's "Wood Beyond the World," £5, 5s. [42s.]; "The Story of Amis and Amile," £4, 2s. [£7, 6d.]; "Psalmi Penitentiales," £4, 12s. [£7, 6d.]; Savonarola's "De Contemptu Mundi," £9, 12s. 6d. [25s.]; Orbeliani's "Book of Wisdom and Lies," £4, 15s. [42s.]; Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," £9, 15s. [42s.]; "Tale of the Emperor Constans," £2, 12s. [£7, 6s.]; Herrick's "Poems," £11 [30s.]; Child Christopher, £3, 12s. [15s.]; Morris's "Life and Death of Jason," £8, 15s. [£5, 5s.]; Rossetti's "Hand and Soul," £3 [10s.]; Shelley's "Poems," 3 vols., £20 [£3, 15s.]; "Syr Perceyville of Gales," £2, 18s. [15s.]; Morris's "Beowulf," £4, 10s. [42s.]; Chaucer's "Works," £44 [£20]; Coleridge's "Poems," £5, 7s. 6d. [30s.]; "Laudes Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," £6, 2s. 6d. [10s.]; Morris's "Well at the World's End," £6, 5s. [£5, 5s.]; "Floure and the Leafe," £3, 12s. 6d. [10s.]; "Sire Degravaunt," £1, 15s. [15s.]; Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," £6, 17s. 6d. [21s.]; Morris's "Love is Enough," £6 [£2, 2s.]; Morris's "Earthly Paradise," 8 vols., £18, 10s. [12s.]. Morris's Story of the Sundering Flood," £4 [42s.]; Morris's "Water of the Wondrous Isles," £5, 7s. 6d. [£3, 3s.]; "Some German Woodcuts of the Fifteenth Century," £4, 6s. [£30]; "Iyrys-ambrace," £1, 13s. [12s.]; Froissart's "Trial Pages," £7, 5s. [£1, 1s.]; Morris's "A Note on the Kelmscott Press," [10s.]; Morris's "Story of Sigurd the Volsung," £12, 10s. [£6, 6s.].

It is not often that a living writer has a chance to see the first editions of his own books sell for a large sum at auction. Like many other remarkable experiences this has been reserved for Kipling. It may interest the collector to know that Kipling himself is much disgusted that books he has tried so hard to suppress are eagerly bought by the public—a strange paradox, but one that frequently happens. It is not often, however, that these disowned children of the brain are worth so much money. The fact that Kipling is but thirty-four years of age, and has only been publishing a trifle over ten years, renders the high prices paid for his first editions all the more remarkable. The following is a brief résumé of the most recent quotations on the first editions of his books, only original bindings being mentioned:

1.	"School Boy Lyrics"	£120
2.	"Echoes"	33
3.	"The Quartette"	14
4.	"Departmental Ditties"	21
5.	"Plain Tales from the Hills"	8
6.	"Soldiers Three"	12
7.	"Story of the Gadsbys"	5
8.	"In Black and White"	3
9.	"Under the Deodars"	3
10.	"Phantom 'Rickshaw"	3
11.	"Wee Willie Winkie"	4
12.	"City of Dreadful Night"	6
13.	"The Light that Failed"	10
14.	"Life's Handicap"	10
15.	"Letters of Marque"	7
16.	"Barrack Room Ballads"	1
17.	"Naulahka"	10
18.	"Many Inventions"	10
19.	"The Jungle Book"	1
20.	"The Second Jungle Book"	1
21.	"Seven Seas"	10

Among the rarer Stevensoniana, what is known as the Davos Platz pamphlets have for a long time been a desideratum for the collector. They have brought as high as $13 apiece in the American auction-room, but a complete set has never been offered for sale before. In February, at Messrs. Puttick & Simpsons, in London, a complete set fetched £51. It may be interesting to record their names, viz.: "Moral Emblems" (Part I and II); "Black Canyon; or, Wild Adventures in the Far West;" "Hotel Belvedere" (two programmes, February 4 and April 14th, 1882), notices of publication of "Black Canyon" and the "Second Collection of Moral Emblems."

It is only recently that any considerable attention has been paid to collecting first editions of Walt Whitman. If he is our only truly original American poet, it is high time he received his corner in the shelves of American first editions. As all the world knows Whitman was most erratic in his methods, and a most careful study of the various issues of his books has resulted in the following check list, furnished by an ardent admirer of his writings as well as an enthusiastic collector. Each of these volumes contains some variation from the other, and each contains some peculiarity dear to the heart of the ardent collector. There is a good opening for a careful bibliography of this author, but it must be made by the combined knowledge of the Whitmaniacs and the collector.

A CHECK LIST OF WALT WHITMAN.

1. Leaves of Grass, Author's Edition, 4to, Brooklyn 1855
2. " " " Fowler, Wells & Co., 16mo, New York 1856
3. " " " Author's Edition, 16mo, Brooklyn 1856
4. " " " (Tinted Plate) Thayer & Eldridge, 12mo, Boston 1860
5. Drum Taps. 12mo, New York 1865
6. Leaves of Grass, 12mo, " " 1867
7. " " 12mo, Washington 1871
8. Passages to India, 12mo, " 1871
9. Democratic Vistas, 12mo, " 1871
10. After All Not to Create Only, Roberts Bros., 12mo, Boston 1871
11. "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," Author's Edition, 12mo, Washington 1872
12. Memoranda During the War, Author's Publication, 12mo, Camden 1875
13. Leaves of Grass, Author's Edition with Portrait from Life, 12mo, Camden 1876
14. Two Rivulets, Author's Edition, 12mo, " 1876
15. Leaves of Grass (suppressed), James R. Osgood Co., 12mo, Boston 1881
16. " " " Author's Edition, 12mo, Camden 1882
17. " " " Rees, Welch & Co., 12mo, Philadelphia 1882–3
18. Specimen Days and Collect, David McKay, 12mo, Philadelphia 1882–3
19. Leaves of Grass, David McKay, 12mo, Philadelphia 1884
20. November Boughs, David McKay, 12mo, Philadelphia 1888
21. Complete Poems and Prose, (1855–1888), Author's Edition, 8vo, Philadelphia 1888
22. Leaves of Grass, with Sands at Seventy, and a Backward Glance o'er Travelled Roads, (Author's Edition, 300 copies printed), 12mo, Philadelphia 1889
23. Good-Bye, My Fancy, David McKay, 12mo, Philadelphia 1891
24. Leaves of Grass, David McKay, 8vo, Philadelphia 1891–2
25. Complete Prose Works, David McKay, 8vo, Philadelphia 1892
26. Leaves of Grass, Small, Maynard & Co., 8vo, Boston 1897
27. Complete Prose Works, (Portraits, etc.) Small, Maynard & Co., 8vo, Boston 1898

Ernest Dressel North.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red!
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen, cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen, cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen, cold and dead.

—By Walt Whitman; 1865. From "The Memory of Lincoln": Memorial Poems collected by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

ordered a light lit, but I couldn't find you in the crowd. Come in. Let me present you to the District Attorney and to the young lawyer whom I appointed to defend the prisoner. While I was passing sentence they were discussing the verdict. Were you in time for the sentence?" he continued.

"No," I answered, after shaking hands with both gentlemen and taking the chair which one of them offered me; "only the last part. But I saw the man before they led him away, and I must say he didn't look much like a criminal. Tell me something about the murder," and I turned to the young lawyer—a smooth-faced young man with long, black hair tucked behind his ears and a frank, open countenance.

"You'd better ask the District Attorney," he answered, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "He is the only one about here who seems to know anything about the *murder;* my client, Crouch, didn't, anyhow. I was counsel for the defense."

He spoke with some feeling, and I thought with some irritation, but whether because of his chagrin at losing the case, or because of real sympathy for the negro I could not tell.

"You seem to forget the jury," answered the District Attorney in a self-satisfied way; "they evidently knew something about it." There was a certain elation in his manner, as he spoke, that surprised me—quite as if he had won a bet. That a life had been played for and lost seemed only to heighten his interest in the game.

"No, I don't forget the jury," retorted the young man, "and I don't forget some of the witnesses; nor do I forget what you made them say and how you got some of them tangled up. That negro is as innocent of that crime as I am. Don't you think so, Judge?" and he turned to the table and began gathering up his papers.

His Honor had settled himself in his chair, the back tipped against the wall. His old manner had returned, so had the charm of his voice. He had picked up a reed pipe when he entered the room, and had filled it with tobacco, which he had broken in fine grains in the palm of his hand. He was now puffing away steadily to keep it alight.

"I have no opinion to offer, gentlemen, one way or the other. The matter, of course, is closed as far as I am concerned. I think you will both agree, however, whatever may be your personal feelings, that my rulings were fair. As far as I could see, the witnesses told a straight story, and upon their evidence the jury brought in the verdict. I think, too, my charge was just. There was—" here the Judge puffed away vigorously—"there was, therefore, nothing left for me to do but——" puff—puff—"to sentence him. Hang that pipe! It won't draw," and the Judge, with one of his musical laughs, rose from his chair and pulled a straw from the broom in the corner.

The District Attorney looked at the opposing counsel and laughed. Then he added, as an expression of ill-concealed contempt for his inexperience crept over his face:

"Don't worry over it, my boy. This is one of your first cases, and I know it comes hard, but you'll get over it before you've tried as many of them as I have. The nigger hadn't a dollar, and somebody had to defend him. The Judge appointed you, and you've done your duty well, and lost—that's all there is to it. But I'll tell you one thing for your information"—and his voice assumed a serious tone—"and one which you did not notice in this trial, which you would have done had you known the ways of these niggers as I do, and it went a long way with me in establishing his guilt. From the time Crouch was arrested, down to this very afternoon when the Judge sentenced him, not one of his people has ever turned up—no father, mother, wife nor child—not one."

"That's not news to me," interrupted the young man. "I tried to get something from Crouch myself, but he wouldn't talk."

"Of course he wouldn't talk, and you know why; simply because he didn't want to be spotted for some other crime. This nigger, Crouch"—and the District Attorney looked my way—"is a product of the war—a shiftless tramp that preys on society." His remarks were evidently intended for me, for the Judge was not listening, nor was the young lawyer. "Most of this class of criminals have no homes, and if they had they lie about them, so afraid are they, if they're fortunate enough to be discharged, that they'll be rearrested for a crime committed somewhere else."

"Which discharge doesn't very often happen around here," remarked the young man with a sneer; "not if you can help it."

"No, which doesn't very often happen around here *if I can help it.* You're right. That's what I'm here for," he retorted with some irritation. "And now I'll tell you another thing. I had a second talk with Crouch only this afternoon after the verdict"—and he turned to me—"while the Judge was lunching with you, sir, and I begged him, now that it was all over, to send for his people, but he was stubborn as a mule, and swore he had no one who would want to see him. I don't suppose he had; he's been an outcast since he was born."

"And that's why you worked so hard to hang him, was it?" The young man was thoroughly angry. I could see the color mount to his cheeks. I could see, too, that Crouch had no friends, except this young sprig of the law, who seemed as much chagrined over the loss of his case as anything else. And yet, I confess, I did not let my sympathies for the under dog get the better of me. I knew enough of the record of this new race not to recognize that there could be two sides to questions like this.

The District Attorney bit his lip at the young man's thrust. Then he answered him slowly—but without any show of anger:

"You have one thing left, you know. You can ask for a new trial. What do you say, Judge?"

The Judge made no answer. He evidently had lost all interest in the case, for during the discussion he had been engaged in twisting the end of the straw into the stem of the pipe and peering into the clogged bowl with one eye shut.

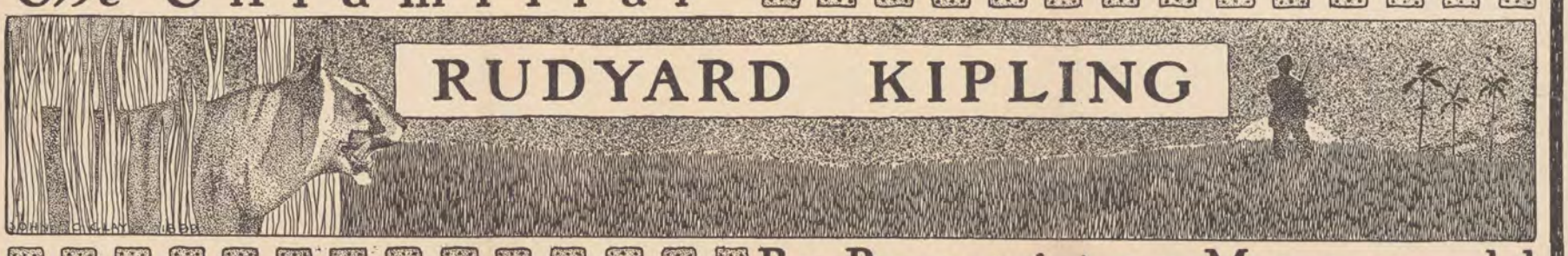
"And if the Judge granted it, what good would it do?" burst out the young man as he rose to his feet. "If Sam Crouch had a soul as white as snow it wouldn't help him with these juries around here as long as his skin is the color it is!" and he put on his hat and left the room.

The Judge looked after him a moment and then said:

"Our young men, sir, are impetuous and outspoken, but their hearts are all right. I have not a doubt but that Crouch was a guilty man. He has probably been a vagrant all his life."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Unfamiliar RUDYARD KIPLING



By Perriton Maxwell

AND now, ayah dearie, I will tell *you* a bandar story, and you will listen with your mouth and eyes wide open, and shiver at the right time, same as I do when you tell about the wicked langur of Jakko; and then you must look frightened and stop your ears with your finger-tips, and ask for more stories just as terrible.

"Once upon a time there lived a bad nat bandar in a big babul tree——"

It must have been a wonderfully fascinating narrative of the depraved nat bandar or demon-monkey that the little boy told to his Anglo-Indian nurse in the cool nursery in Bombay, for long years afterward, when the grown-up Kipling Sahib's name was on every one's lips, the guardian of his youth recalled with motherlike pride this childish fiction, the very first of all the splendid stories invented by the foremost of living tale-makers.

To those who know him well Mr. Kipling is the personification of gentleness and courtesy, and from those only who know him well the present writer has been able to gather the materials for an accurate portrait of the real Rudyard Kipling, creator of immortal Mulvaney, pen-father to Wee Willie Winkie, Punch-Baba and the profane little drummer-heroes of The Fore and Aft. It should be enough to recall these names to convince the most prejudiced that the man who has told their story must be first and last a gentle reader of children's hearts and ways.

Precocious beyond his years, little Rudyard is on record as declaring with baby passion for games that were hard to play as against the simpler pastimes of the nursery. Books he craved and read understandingly at an age when most boys are still in their tin-soldier period. His precocity, however, was not of an unhealthy sort. Lusty of lung and limb, he was every inch a boy—brown, thoughtful, and keen for the wonder side of things.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR

In the crucible of his complex nature three national ingredients have been compounded. The Kiplings came originally from Holland four centuries ago, but on the side of Rudyard's mother there is Scotch and Irish blood, and in his father's veins there flows the sturdy English strain of temper and habit. The grandfathers of Mr. Kipling were clergymen; his grandmothers were bookish ladies.

John Lockwood Kipling, the father, is a man of strenuous artistic temperament, and as Director of the Art Schools of the Madras Presidency in India, as Professor of Architecture and Sculpture in the School of Art in Bombay, and as Curator of the Government Museum at Lahore he has accomplished much in the way of æsthetic advancement in the far East. The elder Kipling is the author of a volume entitled Man and Beast in India, and from him the son inherits his noticeable love for things artistic and a certain facility in sketching. Kipling's literary talent comes direct from his mother, herself a writer of prose and verse of no mean quality.

The biographical facts concerning Rudyard Kipling can be put down in few words. Born in Bombay, December 30, 1865, he traveled with his father to England at the age of twelve, and thence went to Paris and saw the exhibition there, which made a strong impression upon his mind.

Before returning to India, the elder Kipling placed Rudyard in the United Service College, Westward Ho, in the parish of Northam, North Devon, England. This college is the scene of the boyish escapades so charmingly narrated in the Stalky & Co. stories.

As a schoolboy Rudyard exhibited no special brilliancy. He was under the average height, near-sighted, and quiet in demeanor. He has worn spectacles since he was ten years old, and his manner of stumbling over things won for him the *sobriquet* of Beetle—an insect given to blundering against every obstacle in its pathway. Rudyard was an indifferent scholar, with a low percentage in mathematics, but a frequent prize-winner in English literature and the classics.

KIPLING AS A NEWSPAPER MAN

During two of the five years spent at college he was editor of the United Service College Chronicle, in the files of which many truly Kiplingesque gems may be read by those fortunate enough to gain access to this schoolboy journal.

In 1883 Kipling returned to his father's house in Lahore, and soon afterward secured a position as sub-editor of the Civil and Military Gazette. Here he often worked during sixteen of the day's twenty-four hours.

His duties were numerous and exacting; he edited all the telegraphic copy, wrote the headings for all official reports, wrote short editorials on topics of local interest, and acted as reporter and editor of sporting and suburban news. Besides these duties, it fell to him to read all the proofs, except the editorial matter, and frequently he was called upon to make up the type forms and "put the paper to bed," as is styled the act of getting the forms on the press.

Mr. Kipling was a good reporter and a conscientious editor, according to the word of those who were associated with him in his journalistic days, and the statement is not hard to believe.

THE AUTHOR AS A BUSINESS MAN

No popular writer of our period places a higher commercial value on the products of his pen, and none receives such large prices for his work as does Mr. Kipling.

Then, too, he is a slow, painstaking producer. He writes laboriously and with conscious effort. One who has watched him at work in his study at Brattleboro describes him as resembling "a very large and shaggy mastiff teasing and buffeting a tiny mouse over a broad sheet of white paper—the mouse being the author's nervous pen."

He is his own most exacting critic, and has himself declared that, for every story he permits to get into type, six other stories are resolutely fed to his waste-basket. Methodical as a workman, he brooks no interruption, and the humblest factory slave works with no closer attention to the hour of commencing and quitting his daily task. "It is not what you write," he recently confided to a friend, "but where and when and how."

As a specimen of his businesslike ways of making and selling manuscripts, it is worth noting that Mr. Kipling has contracted to write eight stories for one of the English magazines this year, and for each story he is to receive $1200, which price is merely for serial rights in Great Britain. Add to this item the author's revenue for the same stories received from American editors, which will probably be five or six hundred dollars more than the English price, and to those figures add book royalties in both countries, and in India and the British colonies, and you will have some idea of Mr. Kipling's income from work that will probably occupy him for two months. For each story he receives ultimately about $5000, and his annual income is estimated by one of his publishers as not less than $60,000, or $10,000 more than that of the President of the United States.

Mr. A. P. Watt, of London, the man into whose hands Mr. Kipling places much of his output, admires the writer even more as a business man than as an author; he waxes eloquent with a business man's strong words when he speaks of the Anglo-Indian's shrewdness and perspicacity in arranging for the publication of his stories and poems.

Said Mr. Watt recently:

"He has destroyed the fondest tradition of the reading public—that a great author can never be a good man of affairs." For his railroad story, No. 007, some 7000 words in length, Mr. Kipling received $1500. Twenty cents a word is the high-water mark in author's pay, though it is to be noted that not even to-day can Mr. Kipling get such unprecedented prices for his literary wares outside of the land which gave him his wife.

HIS GENTLE REVENGE ON OUIDA

When Kipling's name began to be the synonym for the most modern note in fiction, Ouida wrote to the London Times, the paper that had virtually introduced Kipling to the world:

> "He has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them."

Later the gods gave Kipling his opportunity for revenge, and although the authorship of the following characterization has never been told till now, there seems to be no reason why the story should be withheld and the kindlier side of Kipling's nature thereby exploited.

> "Ouida," he wrote, "is a cynical, yellow woman in a lilac frock, who drinks tea and brandy, and smokes cigarettes; the world to her is as hollow as a sucked egg, bitter as green nuts; but there are certain people in the slums of Florence who could tell rare stories of her generosity and kindness. She smokes and smokes, and says nothing of her numerous charities. 'Never speak of your good deeds,' she says, 'or some one may find out your motive.'"

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSLATING KIPLING

Although Mr. Kipling's works have remained unknown to the vast majority of European readers until a year ago, there are now on record four of his books that have been rendered into German, two in Norwegian and Italian, and The Jungle Books have just appeared in France under the title Les Livres de la Jungle.

It is almost impossible to rehabilitate in a foreign tongue the English of this author, as his translators well know. Kipling in French is as impossible as Irish dialect in the

tongue of the Pharaohs. His unconventional turning of a phrase and his almost brutal directness of speech have kept his French translators, MM. Fabulet and D'Hanieres, in a constant fever of composition.

MR. KIPLING'S WORST ANACHRONISM

Mr. Kipling has not often been caught napping pen in hand, and the worst charge ever laid at his door by the critical sharps is in one of the finest ballads, The Conundrum of the Workshops, in which he puts the building of the Tower of Babel before the Deluge.

While this Biblical anachronism has been proclaimed from the housetops by supercritical folk, the author has never seen fit to rectify the blunder, though to do so needs but the transposition of the third and fourth verses in the poem.

A TRIBUTE TO "MOWGLI'S PAPA"

It was while the much-loved author lay unconscious and seemingly beyond human aid that the greatest tribute to his genius was paid him by two children.

Into the corridor of the Hotel Grenoble a six-year-old boy in kilts, dragging by the hand a scared-looking sister one year his junior, pattered early one morning and made for the clerk's desk.

"What do you want, little ones?" inquired the chief clerk.

"Me and Gertie wants to div Mr. Tiplin' dis. We b'wart it frum our house 'cause mamma said he was sick, an' we always dwinks it when we's sick, don't we, Gertie?"

"What is it you want to give Mr. Kipling?"

"Ith's parwegorwic, an' we want Mowgli's papa to dwink it an' get well of his sick."

"All right, my huskies, I'll see that Mr. Kipling gets the paregoric if he never gets anything else," and the clerk cleared his throat as he asked the children where they lived, and directed a porter to see them safely home.

When he recovered from his long illness, Mr. Kipling sent a fine presentation copy of the Second Jungle Book to each of his little visitants, and in each book is a funny rhyme signed by "Mowgli's papa" himself, in a very small, neat hand.

THE TRAMP DOG AND THE PROVERB

Kipling senior, like most doting parents, is fond of repeating some of the smart things the precocious Rudyard gave voice to when he was a small boy in the Bombay home. Here is one of John Kipling's anecdotes re-narrated by a member of the Kipling family. A particularly ferocious and unattractive dog bothered young Rudyard a good deal by following him about the streets and even to his door. The dog was one of the million homeless curs that curse the land of the Rajahs.

On more than one occasion the canine tramp had snarled and bit at young Rudyard's sturdy legs, and a well-founded fear was entertained by the boy for his four-footed Nemesis. The elder Kipling, thinking to dispel the little fellow's alarm by putting him to shame, remarked one day:

"Why, Ruddie, you're a regular coward. Don't you know the barking dog never bites?"

"Yes, dad," replied Rudyard tearfully, "I know the barking dog never bites, but how do I know the dog knows it?"

HOW THE NOVELIST IMPRESSED THE FISHERMAN

Perhaps the most graphic description ever given of Mr. Kipling's personal appearance was that of a typical New England skipper, who gave the famous author a vast amount of technical data relating to the fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and their dangerous vocation, afterward incorporated picturesquely in Captains Courageous.

To Skipper Riley Mr. Kipling is indebted for the main coloring in his story of the New England fishing-banks, and from this bewhiskered old sea-dog, with a face of leather, hands like a brace of mallets, and the heart of a woman, the present writer gleaned in turn some engaging facts touching the Kipling method of story-building. It was at Gloucester last summer that I met Skipper Riley, and here is a fragment of our conversation:

"You are the man who piloted Mr. Kipling around and showed him how the fisher-folk live and work, aren't you?" I asked.

"Kipling? Kipling?" repeated the old sailor, trying to fit the name and the man together in his memory.

"Yes, the Englishman who wrote Captains Courageous, and the Jungle Books, and—oh, dozens of other fine books."

"Oh, yes—to be sure! The little dark man, who peppered me full o' the darnedest questions, and told yarns about India. Wal, I reckon I remember *him* all right. He were a good sort."

"How did he impress you? I mean, what did he look like?"

"Oh, he didn't look nothin' extraordinary. Jist a shortish man, with a good hones' laugh, specs split in the middle, and baby gold teeth grippin' a short pipe when he waren't talkin'."

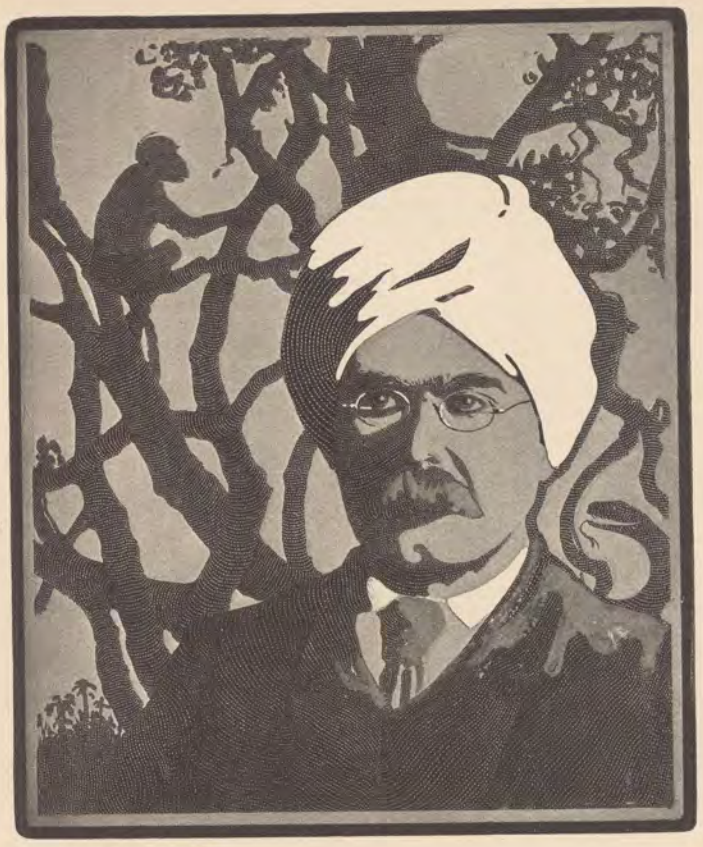
LIVING IN LONDON ON SIXPENCE A DAY

There is one chapter in Rudyard Kipling's life that has never been written—a passage which only Kipling himself can adequately deal with. It concerns the author's early struggles for recognition in England and in this country.

Reputation came to him so soon that those who snubbed him as an unknown writer have forgotten that he was not always a literary giant. But Rudyard Kipling has not forgotten, and into his longest story, The Light that Failed, he has drawn the full-length portrait of one wealthy English publisher that must make that individual wince.

In the book just mentioned Kipling has also dropped a bit of autobiography, and "Dick" Heldar is more or less a self-limned likeness of the author.

Writing of his hero's plight of poverty in London in The Light that Failed, Kipling says: "It is not easy for a man of catholic tastes and healthy appetites to exist for twenty-four days on fifty shillings. Nor is it cheering to begin the experiment alone in all the loneliness of London." It was this loneliness that Kipling had to face in 1890 when he left India with a bundle of golden stories in his trunk which no publisher would read, much less print. The editors of the



DRAWING BY PERRITON MAXWELL

Indian newspapers in which his earlier work had appeared scoffed at the art of Kipling. The English editors at first did more—they turned him away from their doors.

Then he came to the United States by the way of Hongkong to San Francisco. In that town he failed even to get a position on the newspapers to which he applied for work. Finally, in New York, he received a memorable snub from a publishing house whose name is the supposed symbol of all that is honorable and courteous.

To Kipling's wounded soul callous London and starvation made a brighter outlook than deliberate insult in New York. To London he accordingly returned.

He toiled in a garret, and for a while thought bitterly of taking up some calling giving a more substantial reward than the trade of the penman. After sending his first two or three stories to nearly every publisher in England, he finally sold them for $15. It is a great step from that figure to the $1200 he was paid for the English rights alone of his last published story.

UNFAMILIAR FACTS ABOUT MR. KIPLING

Some unknown general facts about Rudyard Kipling and his work make interesting reading. Kipling's height is five feet six inches; his eyes are dark blue, and gleam kindly through spectacles with divided lenses. His hair is dark brown, his hands large, but delicately formed. He is stoop-shouldered, but broad across the back.

He has a resolute jaw, a voice low and soft, and a smile in which there lurks a hint of cynicism. Though only thirty-four years old, he has an oldish face on which thought and incident have prematurely left their mark.

His writing-garb is a loose suit of black cloth in winter, the coat buttoned high to the throat like the blouse of a workman—which is all he pretends to be. In summer, or while in tropical lands, he affects white linen or duck. In India he wears the native turban, and in his journalistic days was often seen on the streets of Lahore and Simla in a pure white head-dress of the native type closely wound about his scalp.

Some twenty-two volumes bear his name, and beside their Shakespearian range of subject they contain in bulk more technical knowledge of navigation, seamanship, railroading, war manœuvres, the industries of distant climes, and other unfictionlike themes than all the modern novels combined.

Railroad men everywhere praise him for his accuracy in dealing with the iron-horse of transportation, sailors swear by him as one of their kind, the British soldiers long ago nominated him their laureate, and mechanical engineers will not believe he is not a graduate in their calling.

HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER

By Marguerite Tracy

THE morning sunlight filtered through the live oaks that surrounded the parade-ground as Tommy Bainbridge hurried over to his quarters. A squad of old regulars came down the brick-paved street like swinging pendulums moved by one spring, and presented arms as they passed. Tommy was very fond of his men. He was fond of everybody.

He wore the look that a man has once when the girl he loves loves him or his regiment is ordered to the front. Fear follows that look—white, blind fear. Tommy was to feel it later.

He was walking just now in Paradise, bounded at one end by the dull red, homeless barracks, and at the other by the vine-clad cottages where the officers roomed. The cottages were furnished with rocking-chairs that rocked of themselves on the dewy piazzas, just as the world was singing to itself between the trim brick walls. The mimosa blossoms, like pink thistledowns, fell before him. He caught one in the hollow of his hand and inhaled its ineffable sweetness.

"What a morning!"

"'Tis good," said the Captain, overtaking him. "You look new-made, Tommy. Had some pleasant news?"

Tommy started, blushed and laughed. "Come into my room, sir."

But when they were in Tommy's room—it was one of those queer pink shops that always soften a woman's heart with its helpless attempt at homelikeness—Tommy talked a great deal about the Battery—about the chances of service in the Philippines.

"It'll be hard on the married men," said Tommy soberly.

The Captain was a bachelor. "That's so," he assented, biting off the end of his cigar. "Don't you ever get married, Tommy."

"Eh! what's that, sir?"

The Captain pointed variously around the room. The photographs were class pictures taken at West Point, individual classmates, a champion heavyweight, and a group of his own Battery on the steps of the arsenal. There were some Remington things, and a hideous-colored print of a world-famous trotter. The newest touch of color was the portrait of Lord Kitchener from the Graphic. Tommy's heart was bound up in Kitchener and in his Captain.

"Not an actress among them," said the Captain. "I've often noticed that."

"Had those at West Point, sir. Had 'em all."

The Captain smiled. "Have you ever been in love, Tommy?"

"Most fellows have, haven't they?"

"Did she marry another man?"

"Well, I rather think not."

"She's not married, then?"

"Not yet, sir, but——"

"Then don't you marry her."

The Captain marched out in his abrupt way and left Tommy staring. Tommy sat for some moments lost in thought. He was, in fact, gazing drolly at his shoes. Finally he took off his sword that he had worn at parade and laid it on the table. Then he rose, brushed his hair before his shaving-mirror, smoothed his jacket, and drew a thread of golden hair half a yard in length from his coat sleeve wonderingly.

"And I was going to tell him about our engagement," he mused. "Poor old, bully old misanthrope. He's been crossed in love."

His *fiancée* came down to the hotel that evening. "I wish you knew my Captain," he said enthusiastically as he walked with her along the breakwater. "He seems brusque and cynical, but he's the best fellow on earth. He won't look at anything but a gun, though. Gad, he'll look a gun in the face some day, and they'll hear him talk. There's a new fourteen-inch up on the parapet that he calls his girl. He helped me, Alice—don't you remember how I used to write you my mistakes?"

"But those mistakes didn't matter," she said.

"Didn't matter!" he echoed. "George!—didn't they!"

She rested her hand on the breakwater. Her face was turned to the open where the shadows were riding in the darkness, strung with lights.

"Mistakes do matter," she said slowly, "when they are mistakes in character; when a man whom you have honored turns out a coward, and the one who was counted sincere proves false. Those are the mistakes we make, and that people make in us, that hurt."

She had spoken softly, but with such stress that for a little while Tommy was afraid to break the silence. He felt vaguely that she was looking out into the night beyond his brief experience, and that what she saw there made his early troubles very childish in comparison.

"I don't know how I should take a disappointment like that," he said, drawing the ribbon of her fan through his fingers and feeling an absurd longing to gather in his arms this slim object that had looked into the shadows of life so deep. "I never lost faith in any one, nor had them turn out cowards or anything like that. I've never cared for anybody much, except you and the Captain. I never knew my mother, and my father was killed Indian fighting." He drew himself up unconsciously.

The girl looked out into the darkness without answering. Far away to the right the hotel pavilion twinkled, and the sound of dance music came to them faintly, almost pleadingly, to the time of their heartbeats.

The rigid lines of Tommy's figure yielded a little as the picture of the plains faded and the music stole into its place. She felt his arm close about her gently, but she did not stir nor speak. He drew her to him until she rested against him.

"It frightens me when you are so still," he whispered, suddenly crushing her with all his strength. He kissed her as if she were about to be torn from him—wild, passionate kisses that he had never dared before, and he hardly knew that the face he kissed was wet with tears.

But when she put her arms up and clasped her hands softly around his neck, he trembled, his knees grew weak. She put him away from her and stood alone against the breakwater with the slow tears rolling down her face. And Tommy stood apart and knew no more of what her thoughts were than the lonely pilot knows of what the stars are thinking.

The Captain was sitting in Tommy's bamboo rocker, with one leg over the arm. He had just yawned.

Tommy crossed the room again.

"You've been to that bureau four times," said the Captain dryly. "I could understand the sideboard, but the bureau——"

Tommy retreated in confusion. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "so I have. I—the fact is, there was something in the bureau——"

"I've no doubt that if you look in it you'll find it there still. I've watched you," said the Captain, "and you didn't take anything out."

Tommy sat down. He mopped his forehead. He looked around the room. He got up and brought glasses from a wall closet. He filled the glasses. These actions suggested

tion the world over is the spectacle of men at work under all conditions; and wherever he finds courage, endurance, and capacity, he is moved by them, even when they are allied with a good deal of personal coarseness and vulgarity.

It is because he loves life with such passionate intensity that Mr. Kipling has awakened so wide an interest in a generation which has listened mainly, for the last twenty years, to echoes in verse, and has rarely heard a human voice sounding a clear, original, and genuine note.

Patriotism is essentially a concrete quality, and those who have detached themselves from the national movement and hold, with Tolstoï, that patriotism is a vice, will probably find any frank expression of it in the speech of men of elementary habit and conversation repellent; but it is to be seriously questioned whether the coarse and frank man who is ready to do something for his country, even though it may involve the sacrifice of his life, does not give his fellows something better and more real than the refined and cultivated man who stands at a distance, gathers his robes about him, and refuses to be defiled by the possible contact with the coarse things of life. There are phases of poetic expression, as there are degrees of poetic elevation and depths of poetic insight, to which Mr. Kipling has not yet attained; but the obvious reality of his work, its telling directness and concrete force, ought not to be mistaken for vulgarity. A hundred years hence his patriotic poems, if they are read at all, will probably be free from any suspicion of coarseness.

Mr. Kipling has not, it is true, the fineness of feeling which always characterized Lowell; but there were many who thought "The Biglow Papers" undignified as a form of argument for human rights, and unworthy a poet of position and reputation. There were some who thought the papers vulgar because they used the speech of very plain people. It is evident now that "The Biglow Papers" are not only free from vulgarity, but are probably the most original contribution made by Lowell to American literature. A generation which is hungering and thirsting for poetry which issues out of the deep springs of human experience instead of that which is born in graceful fancy, ought not to substitute fastidiousness for taste, nor the purely analytic spirit of the man who believes neither in himself nor his fellows for that insight which is born of a conviction of the essential dignity of human nature and the essential worth of human effort.

Faith. If all the teachers of a great Church must teach the same doctrines, all personality and vitality will be taken out of their teaching, and they will be mere echoes of opinions not their own. The notion, against which the Presbytery with wise mildness protests, that every Presbyterian is responsible for what every other is at the present time confronting. It has its life in a city in which all the forces of evil are seen at their worst. There are hundreds of women deliberately ministering to lust, thousands of men deliberately ministering to self-indulgence in appetite, other thousands engaged in every form of robbery from gambling to burglary; others, in both political parties, with their arms up to their elbows in the public treasury; others giving themselves wholly to greed of gain, and indifferent to public welfare; others living in idle luxury while poverty goes unrelieved and crime unrebuked; others who never heed a church bell or hear a church prayer, and who live without God and without hope in the world. The Presbyterian Church was until within a comparatively short time the strongest Church in this city, with the greatest power to rebuke and resist these evils, and to preach that Gospel of the love of God which Christians profess to believe is the real and radical remedy for them. And it is now invited to turn aside from this business to battle over such questions as, Was the Fourth Gospel written by the Apostle John or the Presbyter John? Is the Book of Acts a coherent and continuous history, or a series of historical memorabilia? Are we to observe the Lord's Supper because it is reported that Christ commanded us to do so, or because our love and loyalty to him prompt us to do so unbidden? The Presbytery has done well to respond to this invitation by affirming the simple and self-evident distinction between the certainties of faith and the theories of criticism.

If all Presbyterians could lay aside the polemical spirit long enough to ponder, and, pondering, apprehend and accept, two simple principles—no one but the teacher is responsible for his individual teaching; and the certainties of faith are neither dependent upon nor are to be identified with the uncertainties of criticism—the next meeting of the Presbytery might well be a meeting for thanksgiving, and its future might be expected to repeat the history so graphically and tersely given in the Book of Acts: "Then had the churches rest, . . . and were built up, and, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

An Apocalypse of Kipling.

By Prof. George F. Genung, D.D.,

Of the Richmond, Va., Theological Seminary.

An interesting subject for theological study is Rudyard Kipling's poetical apotheosis of Wolcott Balestier, prefixed to the volume entitled "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads."

In this poem Mr. Kipling is assigning their place in the eternal world to the active, toiling, heroic, though not distinctively religious class—the makers of history—

> "Such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world."

Tho in its form an apocalypse or vision of the unseen world, this poem is in reality a deliverance regarding the inner life. It is the elevation of a certain type of character to its ideal or glorified state, the projecting, as it were, of the heroic and achieving side of humanity against the background of eternity and viewing it in the light of God's judgment day. The poem is interesting as a product of the religious insight of one who figures the divine judgment in the light of an unconventional theism deduced from the divine self-revelations in nineteenth century life and history, rather than from the utterances of a supposed era of exclusive revelation centuries ago.

times healing them, not always—again, poor the kind physician.

It is really the discovery of a religion, or assignable and eternally rewardable relation to God, in those whose inner life is not introspective or self-expressive. In speaking for these Mr. Kipling exhibits the insight and audacity of a prophet. He speaks for those who formulate nothing for themselves. In thus disclosing the deepest elements in silent lives he is true to his peculiar genius, which is to stand as the Prophet of the Inarticulate. The same talent which enables him to endow Badalia Herodsfoot with spiritual life, or the jungle beast, and even inanimate machinery, with a soul, qualifies him to compute for those who have never expressed, or even thought, a religion, the essential coordinates of their religious place and value before God.

Though the spiritual life which our author discovers in these men is not contemplative, and does not secrete doctrine or psalmody, though it has not consciously passed through any process of repentance or renunciation, yet it serves God with the joy which comes of following and satisfying, in the sphere of his plans, the eager bent of a conquering will. It is the joy of toil and of achievement; and because God "worketh hitherto" this religion of work is tributary to him.

This religion is what might be called, if such a paradox is admissible, a secular religion. It is the religion of work and of daring. On the surface it does not appear to be motived by conscience or built on reasoned theory. Rather we might say that to the author's conception these men's *rapport* with God's movement in evolution constitutes in them a kind of conscience, but it is a conscience wholly immanent, wholly taken up with achieving, so that no residue of conscience is left which transcends the action, or contemplates it from a higher level, so as to bring it into judgment. As immanent or entirely transmuted into action, the conscience, as such, does not rise to a consciousness or reasoned rule of life, but acts, if at all, simply as an instinct.

Such a religion, without a transcendent conscience, is possible only in the service of a God who does not rise to the transcendent sphere in the person's knowledge. This brings us to the noticeable thing in Kipling's theism. That is strongly dominated by his conception of the divine immanence. His God is the God of evolution. He is a week-day God at work and in movement; he is perfecting his universe and its civilizations. It is in participating with the fine ardor of conquest in the divine work of subduing the world that these heroes have found their æonian life. In all this God is nerving or leading his secular servants as the immanent, moving spirit of the universe, not judging and calling them upward as the unchanging essence of holiness above the world. It is only in the open vision of an eternal world that their secular ardor, which was unconsciously serving God all along, begins to come to the perception of a transcendent master and to be transformed into an adoration, an obedience and loyalty, a

> "will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise."

Such a thought of religion is founded on a radically different conception of the soul, or rather of the soul's eternally significant aspect, from that on which the common notion of sin and atonement is founded. With Mr. Kipling the prime consideration with regard to the soul is its movement, rather than its state. It is an active principle rather than a *thing* to be condemned or approved. Its salvation, or union with God, is harmonious movement with him—it joins itself with him in his world-making. Hence its mere state as good or evil becomes a matter that will almost take care of itself. As in all living organisms, its movement clears and saves it; its vital forces throw off what is foreign to its substance. For sin is not thought of as a *nature*, too deeply rooted to be thrown off except by a regeneration, but as a separable habit or excrescence. The soul as absorbed in God's work is radically at one with him; its only need is to be purged of its earthly imperfections. Such a healthy and active soul is above any radical contamination by sin, if it only knows the folly of it, so as not to be deceived by it; the soul may even sport with the futilities of wickedness without risk so long as its eyes are wide open. Thus, with a little touch of scorn for that Pharisaism which engenders prigs and prudes, the poet says of his heroes:

> "They whistle the devil to make them sport who know that sin is vain."

And with this conception of the soul and of its sin goes also the poet's thought of death. This, according to the poet's conception, is not the "wages of sin," but a "breath" by which the spirit is "borne" to its true place, or a change which disillusionizes and purges of error. It seems to be thought of as an ordinance of nature which, because it belongs to God's realm of law, must have some beneficent function.

Such remission of sins, therefore, as is needed by these men, already at one with God in the main bent of their lives, is furnished by the experience of death. Pride, which is thought of as an inordinate valuing of human praise—a "stooping to fame" which prevents the hero, even with a Promethean sympathy with mankind, from being wholly divine—is expelled by the incorporeal enlightenment by which the soul is made to see things in their true relative importance.

"They are purged of pride because they died;
they know the worth of their bays."

The more animal forms of sin are thought of as "cast," or "sloughed as the dross of earth" in the final salvation of a soul whose movement is normal and in the direction of the divine movement.

As to the place of these people in the eternal order, Kipling is far from classing them with saints, or assigning them a station among the players on celestial harps. They are represented as in some pagan region of Paradise, occupying themselves with what ministers to intellectual and esthetic elation rather than religious rapture:

"They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine, and
the Gods of the Elder Days."

When "our wise Lord God" comes, as he often does, to their region, it is as the "master of every trade," the author of those secrets of nature which in their earthly crafts they have sought to apprehend and use, that he gains their respect and reverence; while when he

"tells them tales of the Seventh Day—of Edens
newly made,"

that is, seeks to interest them in his higher work of redeeming men, or producing specimens of saintly character, they, as "gentlemen unafraid," are reverent and acknowledge its importance and glory, but it stirs no emulation and no compunction—it is out of their line. In all this it is implied that the saintly character is but one species of divine product, a product of sabbath, or still and meditative religion—a form of life to whose epics the work-day toilers, with as legitimate a place as that of the saints in the world, may listen as "tales" without condemnation and without loss of self-respect.

Characteristically, therefore, that service which is the eternal joy of these beatified heroes is the service, not of praise, but of enterprise and resolute overcoming and reckless daring. If God has extra-hazardous work in the unseen sphere, these are the ones who stand ready to do it:

"'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep
where Azrael's outposts are,
Or buffet a path through the pit's red wrath
when God goes out to war,
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein
of a red-maned star."

And along with this fierce joy of divine exertion goes a mirth belonging to their periods of recreation—a mirth born of their intimate touch with the evolving earth and its enthusiasms. At the same time, with that limitation which is apt to restrict the sympathies of those who are strong and overcoming, and with an almost fatalistic deference for God's self-avenging laws of nature, these men dare not weaken themselves with futile regrets for the world's suffering.

"They take their mirth in the joy of the earth
—they dare not grieve for her pain—
For they know of toil and the end of toil—they
know God's law is plain."

This religion, while it may be a divine ardor for development, is not a scheme of salvation. It is devoid of that immense spiritual uplift for mankind by which Christianity calls out the human spirit, even in the most degraded, to arise and meet the divine mercy. Indeed, it does not present itself as a rival to that worship which is conscious and sanctifying. It is another sphere—it presents only the complementary side of humanity, and the complementary view of the divine manifestation. We may say that in this picture of blessedness is exhibited the highest possibility of spiritual life in the sphere of the divine immanence—no light, or conscious belief, but only the heat of a fervid cosmic impulse. Without seeking to rival or belittle the faith of those who can walk in the light, the poet suggests that in the sincere and self-conquering ones who have "loved and made our world" there may be a submerged religion which shall come to consciousness in a future world as something far other than an aversion to God. It may not develop into a seraphic rapture as it opens its blossoms in the eternal climate, but it may issue in a tolerable and even blissful *modus vivendi* with a God who has secular service to be performed as well as eternal sabbaths of worship to be enjoyed. And when we think how many there are, apparently sound and right-hearted and sincere, who nevertheless fail to be touched by our wisest church methods, may not the poet's suggestion lead us to conjecture that possibly our "tales of the seventh day" have not covered the whole ground of the infinite mercy, and that the God who is in his world as well as above it may have some place in the consummations of eternity for those whose worship never rose on earth to a higher level than a disciplined and enthusiastic sharing in God's cosmical process?

RICHMOND, VA.

At this dismal moment Mr. Kipling appears opportunely, offering 'Kim,' to redeem his decadent brethren. 'Kim' is neither a novel nor a romance, but an imaginative tale of a kind long known and perpetually interesting. Its literary lineage has been clearly traced from the "boy and beggar" tales and plays of the fifteenth century, down through the Spanish picaresque (rogue) tales of the sixteenth, Le Sage's 'Gil Blas,' and a distinguished English ancestry, including the early Elizabethans, taking on a definite national expression in Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe.' However widely these tales vary in scene, time, and treatment, they are essentially alike. They are tales of adventure on the high-road, the sea, at home, or in a foreign land, and the hero is a youthful vagabond, sometimes accompanied by an aged master or friend, and sometimes wandering alone in quest of fame or fortune, always a vagrant born. It is to the vagrant instinct, never extinguished by civilization, that the tale of the rogue and the road for ever appeals, always recognized as old and always as good as new. All these tales, from the earliest to the latest, are realistic, for they rely on exact observation and report of actual events, and on literal description of the manners and appearance of the people encountered by the way; they avoid extravagance and exaggeration, and they closely reflect human nature—unfortunately its evil side more often than its good. Great frankness, even license, of speech is conspicuous in this vagabond literature.

'Kim' is a perfect example of vagabond literature, with the old tricks almost magically transformed by a master modern hand, with the old crude, hard, superficial views of humanity wonderfully softened and liberalized, yet never sentimentalized, and all permeated with the subtlety and mysticism of the Orient. Discussion as to whether Kim is an actual or probable boy, or the lama a common, or an exceptional, or an impossible lama, is a foolish waste of energy. To be incapable of taking them as they are, just as they are given to us, without regret for what is or desire for what is not, is to confess one's self without imagination, and almost without the sympathetic power to receive an imaginative impression delivered either by shock or sustained attack. To those who must (by the law of their being) miss the meaning and the beauty of 'Kim,' are still left many minor matters of delight. No book about India that we know describes the country and people at once so vividly and comprehensively. As a picture of Oriental life, it may be compared for force of impression with Mr. Morier's 'Hajji Baba of Ispahan,' but the impression is given by very different methods. Mr. Morier's Persian tale is crowded with figures, overflows with detail of manners and customs; and the feeling that it is a truthful, minutely accurate picture is forced upon us by the spectacle of his abundant knowledge. Mr. Kipling's impression is made by his unerring selection of the significant, and by his reckless way of using the significant for all it is worth. In the sketches of "Hurree Babu," of "The Woman of Kulu," "The Woman of Shamlegh," we have perhaps never had a story-teller except Kipling who, in deference to his own sense of propriety or his public's, would not have drawn the line just where the Oriental definitely proclaims himself, and is therefore never identified with the European and never forgotten. It must be said for Mr. Kipling that he never weakens his effect by reference to our conventions—one might almost say, by yielding to an inopportune visitation of the Anglo-Saxon sense of decency. In comparing 'Kim' with Mr. Kipling's former work, we feel those remarkable qualities which have been recognized from the first, and in addition a deeper thought about life, a fuller realization of its best meaning. The relation between Kim and his lama is shown with profound sentiment, kept in check by a constant irony full of laughter; and the moral of the tale (if a moral be demanded) can be easily drawn from the devotion of the master and the Chela: by love alone are we freed from the slavery typified by the "Wheel of Things," and by the free gift of love do we "acquire merit."

instance of pecuniary peril, which, to the sensitive (or, rather, impecunious) mind, will convey a more vivid idea of appalling disaster than does a grip from the jaws of a "man-eating" shark—a fish for whose identification a large reward has been offered. The only really wearisome feature of the book is the ceaseless, day-and-night chatter of the characters. There is no cessation of it, and, if actually indulged in in the way it is presented, it would have required the enlistment of two expert stenographers to record.

The book, vouched for as being a narrative of actual experience, tells of the building, launching, and rigging of a thirty-foot boat, on Lake Michigan, by four young men. In seamanship they were trained in a good school, on the great lake where the winds are more violent and treacherous, and the waves more rugged, than are those of the Atlantic. The youths, amid a shower of parental tears, sail for Chicago. Thence, they proceed through the canal to the Mississippi, down that river to the Gulf of Mexico, across its waters to the west and east coasts of Florida, and up the Atlantic Coast (stopping at various ports) to Chesapeake Bay; thence by canal to the Delaware; up that stream to Bordentown, thence again by canal to the Raritan; from there to the Hudson, up that river to Albany; then by canal to the lakes and home—in all, a sail of 7,000 miles. There is no halt in the narrative—excepting always the padded gabble of the garrulous young sailors. The reader is carried from one danger to another with a rapidity and verve which adolescence will greet with spontaneous enthusiasm. The illustrations are remarkably fine. They are reproduced, in halftone, from photographs. Two may be specially noted: that on page 327, "Swaying on the Halliards," and the one on page 365, "The *Gazelle* raced with the flying spray into port." The last, taken from the lee-scuppers of the craft close hauled in a "rattling" breeze, is most spirited.

Dickens is not a writer who lends himself to selections, and his studies of child-life are, for the most part, too harrowing to be taken out of the humorous context which, to some extent, relieves their effect of sordid misery. In 'Ten Boys from Dickens' (R. H. Russell) Miss Kate Sweetser presents the stories of Oliver Twist, Paul Dombey, and other familiar figures, extracting them from their context with [illegible] omissions and editing them

baby's mouth is the entrance. The games played by boys seem rough enough to afford good exercise, and those for girls sufficiently enticing to keep them out of mischief. We enter real funland when we get at the toys, for certainly the Chinese maker of camels, donkeys, cats, and dogs has never feared to mould and paint and stuff, as Dr. Holmes did to write, "as funny as he could"; with over-fat puppies, elephants, and dromedaries he has outdone himself. With the block games, all the folk-lore, heroes of the nursery, famous poets, giants, and giant-killers can be represented by means of squares and triangles—even the drunken poet who insists on seizing the moon's reflection in the water and is drowned. Travelling jugglers and the itinerant showmen form a great army in China, and for fractions of a penny furnish the little folk with entertainment by the hour. For children of any growth, this book will afford endless amusement and reveal a new and unsuspected China. It makes two worlds kin. As a study in sociology the book has scientific value.

In his 'Don Quixote,' and still more in his 'Story of the Cid for Young People' (Crowell), Mr. Calvin Dill Wilson has performed a much-needed piece of work. The latter story has never before been put into language and form within the range of a child's understanding. This abridgment is founded upon Southey's translation. Mr. Wilson's treatment shows discrimination in the use and arrangement of details, in the simplification of the vocabulary, and in the omission of cumbersome material. As in his 'Don Quixote,' the historic atmosphere is preserved. The illustrations, by Mr. T. W. Kennedy, add greatly to the interest and value of the book for children.

'The Boy's Odyssey,' by Walter Copland Perry (Macmillan), is a neat volume of 200 pages, founded on Butcher & Lang's

England that shall be, if not for British supremacy, at any rate for justice, for the adjustment of all difficulties by arbitration, for the cessation of slaughter, for the attainment of an honorable peace.

ALBERT LEFFINGWELL.

The Hamilton Club, Brooklyn.

Mr. Kipling's God

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Among all the articles that have lately appeared to express what people have begun to think adverse to Mr. Kipling's writings, it strikes me as very singular that we have had none on his ethics or his religion, although he has become an inspirer to action and a writer of hymns. It is characteristic of our times that he should be spoken of as the "Voice of the Hooligan," as the barbarian whose song is a "yawp," as "not read by the cultured classes," but not roundly as pagan, anti-Christian, or satanic. Can any one be found to defend his ethics as Christian, as evidenced from his works? His "White Man's Burden" is quoted from the pulpit as if it was not Mohammed that instructed his followers to convert men by force, and his "Without Benefit of Clergy" is accepted among the laity as if it were not worse than Mohammedan. Are there any of his created characters that are not living strenuous lives in pursuit of "sensation" (a word often on their lips), of passion, of power, and of all that the old Romans and Norsemen used to worship under the names of deities? Is there a single instance in his works of high and holy love of anything? The love of woman that he pictures is at best a healthy animal passion, and at worst a profane and beastly one; while his love of country is such as leads him to accept wrong without even a protest. Before we judge Mr. Kipling right, it would be well to re-read the life and Divine Comedy of Dante, and the Song and precepts of Solomon.

Who is the Great God of Nations in whom Mr. Kipling believes? Is it the God of Righteousness, whose Son is the meek and merciful Christ, and whose followers go out to *preach* His *word*, their loins girt about with truth, their breasts covered with the breast-plates of righteousness, their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, their heads protected

by helmets of salvation, their arms advancing shields of faith, and their hands wielding the swords of the spirit—to wrestle, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places? Do Mr. Kipling's works written before or after the Hymn show such regard to these Christian principles as to warrant us in taking it for granted that it was the God of Righteousness to whom the Hymn was written?

The most widely circulated private opinion of Mr. Kipling's is that Cecil Rhodes "needs no morals; he is building an empire;" the implications, of course, being that an empire cannot be built if men are to be tied down to morality, that Mr. Kipling is an ardent imperialist and admirer of Mr. Rhodes, and that he regards morality as a dispensable quantity. All the world knows that Mr. Rhodes has not been girt about by the bands of truth, for he has ingenuously acknowledged his falsehoods; that his faith is that every man has his price and may be "squared" if one but knows his dimensions; that his weapons are those with which Dr. Jameson undertook his Raid—deceit and high explosives; that he has never shown any disposition to attack wickedness in high places; that he is himself one of the rulers of the darkness of this world, being the administrator of the corruption fund for the "improvement" of the Volksraad; and that he holds it about an even chance whether there be a God or no. Now, this doubtful god of Mr. Rhodes's (I am unwilling to begin his name with a capital letter until I am persuaded that he is the God of Righteousness) looks very much like all the devils of Milton combined into one—Lucifer, who leads men to war for pride of empire; Moloch, who tempts them to it for love of "sport" and "manly exercise;" Mammon, "the least erected fiend that fell," who entices them by gold and gems; and Belial, who inspires them with what Mr. William Watson very well calls "the loveless lust of territory."

The question of the gods of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Kipling seems to me a very important one, because whole nations are in danger of being led unawares to their ways of thinking.

Grand Rapids, Mich. C. S. H.

Correspondence

New England Village Libraries

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Unless I overestimate Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt's wish to be fairly judicial, I think he may be glad to modify somewhat his rather too sarcastic comments upon the free public libraries of small New England towns, when he has had opportunity for more exhaustive investigation. Accepting his dictum that "facts are only to be met with other facts," let me briefly set forth a deduction or two from the library statistics of Massachusetts, which are full and readily accessible. I know no reason for believing library conditions in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and southern New Hampshire to be essentially different from those in the Bay State.

The number of volumes annually taken from the Boston Public Library for home use is almost exactly two for each unit of population. The average home circulation of the ten chief cities of the Commonwealth, other than Boston, is two and three-tenths volumes to each inhabitant. That this use of books is so great—it is said to be unexampled in similar municipalities elsewhere—is owing in large degree to cheap, rapid transit, the multiplication of delivery stations, and the frequent and lavish expenditure for new and popular literature. Now, the average annual per capita circulation of the one hundred smallest towns in Massachusetts possessing public library privileges is over *three and four-tenths* volumes, and this in spite of the lack of means to buy many new books, roads often almost prohibitory to travel in spring and winter months, besides other obstructions and inconveniences spared the city book-borrower. It ought also to be noted that a large majority of these little towns have won library privileges within less than eight, and many of them within less than five, years. These one hundred towns include all in the State having under one thousand inhabitants, and three-fourths of them are of the class pronounced by the last census decadent—that is, decreasing in population or in valuation. Of somewhat larger villages gradually losing population I may be excused for mentioning that Ashland, Hopkinton, and Norton boast a book circulation of four, Sandwich of five, Chatham and Essex of six, Williamsburg of seven, Brookfield of nine, and Sudbury of ten volumes for each citizen. In short, statistics do not seem entirely congruous with Mr. Hartt's "observation that in decadent towns the library is little used"—unless, indeed, his observation has been restricted within somewhat narrow confines, or unless he is prepared to pass an even more severe judgment upon our proudest cities.

Again, Mr. Hartt's "main criticism upon the reading of country people is," in his own words, "that they discriminate absolutely against poetry, against history, against books of travel, against biography, and against popular science—caring only for fiction . . . often mere trash." This sweeping charge is fully contradicted by numerous catalogues and librarians' reports, but statistics are far from complete. The proportion of fiction (including juveniles) to the whole circulation varies greatly in different localities—between sixty and eighty-five per cent. The abnormally large percentages are found, not in the small country towns, but generally, as might naturally be expected, in city suburbs or compact manufacturing villages, in which youth predominates or the population is of miscellaneous origin. Mr. Hartt has very properly not named the localities where he found the "rustic purchasing committees who fall an easy prey to unscrupulous dealers," and "buy the most they can get for their money." The library trustees in Massachusetts are elected by town-meeting ballot for three-year terms, each board consisting of three or six persons selected from the better-educated men and women of the community, and quite often including a clergyman or two. They serve without pay. I have had occasion to know that these boards usually give careful and studied consideration to the choice of books to be purchased, and select them wisely for the wholesome amusement and instruction of young and old. They often give special attention to the needs of teachers and schools. Of course they get all the

books they can for their very limited funds; that is their duty, and, with often less than fifty dollars to expend for the annual addition to their shelves, it is well for all concerned that they know that there are cheap books and where they are to be bought; not mere trash, but cheap editions of the best works of the best authors, to be had for fifty cents or less per volume. In very many towns the books given to the library form a considerable portion of the yearly increase. In such cases the presence of trashy novels is oftener chargeable to the casual donations than to the regular purchases.

HENRY S. NOURSE
(Member of the Free Public Library Commission.)
South Lancaster, Mass.

Mr. Kipling's Theology

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of February 10 appears a letter from "C. S. H." on Mr. Kipling's God, in which the writer propounds a series of questions regarding the theology of Mr. Kipling. It is quite evident from these inquiries that the writer would answer them all in the negative. This attitude, it seems to me, is the result of that half-knowledge that is never more dangerous than in matters of literary criticism. Mr. Kipling is an author whom you cannot learn to know in a day. Truly the product of an age of intense activity, he gives bold utterance to many thoughts which are indeed common property, but which few of us have the courage to formulate or acknowledge. So it is but natural that, as they are sometimes guilty of that most unpardonable of all faults, unconventionality, we should think the kernel hardly worth the trouble of opening the prickly burr. To understand Kipling you must know Kipling—not two or three tales and a few verses, but the greater part of his extremely varied writings; know them so that you can take a volume from the shelf and turn at once to the tale, verse, or chapter you wish.

We are asked whether we can define Mr. Kipling's ethics as Christian. That may depend on what we and "C. S. H." mean by Christian ethics. Mr. Kipling is essentially the apostle of action, and we could not expect him to have any sympathy with a purely passive system of ethics, which consists in always trying to be good and never to do good. Unless I read him wrong, however, he does most decidedly teach the doctrine of cause and effect in morals: that "we are not punished for our sins, but by them." If "C. S. H." will re-read "Without Benefit of Clergy," "Love-o'-women," "Tomlinson," and "MacAndrew's Hymn," I think he will find the ethical principle just stated most clearly and forcibly illustrated. In the tales it is the *motif*, while in the poems it is expressly stated in such lines as these:

Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep in my soul an' black,
An' times like this, when things go smooth, my wickudness comes back.
The sins o' four and forty years, all up and down the seas,
Clack an' repeat like valves half fed. . . .

As for the "White Man's Burden," it is nothing but a timely restatement of the principle of moral responsibility that was the essence of Christ's teaching. What is

By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you,

but a reflection of the spirit of "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven"? I fail to find a line in the whole poem that carries with it any idea of forced conversion.

I think that it is generally admitted that the love of our fellow-men is a "high and holy love." Is this kind of love any the less noble when it is displayed without ostentation and in the performance of every-day duty? If not, then Bobby Wick in the cholera-stricken camp, and Scott in the famine district, deserve a place among those who gave themselves for others. It is to be noted that both of these men were in love at the time of their sacrifice; is theirs the spirit that is the outcome of that "healthy animal passion" which is in all things most selfish? In fact, a very cursory reading of "Plain Tales" and "In Black and White" will show the unprejudiced critic numerous examples of noble and unselfish devotion on the part of both men and women. It is perfectly true that here, as in all Mr. Kipling's work, the virile, masculine element predominates; but both Lispeth and Ameera exemplify true feminine devotion, and none the less perfectly because they are heathen. On the man's side where do we find a more touching instance of pure, unselfish love than that of Dick Helder for Maisie? Another instance of a love that is almost idyllic is that of Leo and the Girl in "The Children of the Zodiac."

There is scarcely one of the Anglo-Indian stories that does not contain a vigorous protest against the mistakes and crimes of British administration in India. In view of his more recent poems, the charge of unreflecting patriotism is certainly a most remarkable one to make. Among his earlier writings, "One View of the Question" is a caustic satire on many of the most cherished of English institutions; while in "The Head of the District," and half a dozen others that might be cited, Mr. Kipling sets forth most forcibly the almost criminal folly of placing natives in important positions.

A religion that accomplishes nothing appeals to Mr. Kipling no more than does a *fainéant* system of ethics. The kind of religious enthusiasm that gives the Oriental a secular education, "the jam that he is shrewd enough to swallow, while rejecting the pill" of religion, and so enables him to defend his own religion and institutions against those of Christianity, he justly censures. But at the same time he more than once shows his admiration and respect for the zeal and perseverance of the missionaries; and to the medical missionaries among the women, who are among the best types of Christianity at work, he pays a glowing tribute.

Who is the God of Kipling? He is the Creator, the "Master of All Good Workmen." It is the work of the world that interests Mr. Kipling above all else; to him there is nothing common or unclean. His purpose in writing is not essentially a religious one, but his prose writings do not seem to me in any way to contradict the spirit and sentiment of the Hymn. On the other hand, I think that the ethics of Mr. Kipling's works are such as to warrant us in the belief that his God is the God of Righteousness; and as all of the work of the world is His, Mr. Kipling counts those most worthy of final reward

Who did their work, and held their peace, and had no fear to die.

As to Mr. Kipling's opinion of Cecil Rhodes, that has no pertinence to the question at issue. It is simply a statement of a very generally recognized fact; that a man may possess intellectual greatness without moral greatness. This is far from being true greatness, but it is the kind that we are all ready to acknowledge in Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte. So, with his characteristic admiration for men who do things, Mr. Kipling is ready to recognize this in Cecil Rhodes.

Titusville, Pa. R. B. B.

KIPLING

By Robert Bridges ("Droch")

"*MEN live there*," is the emphatic verdict which Rudyard Kipling passes on the Channel Squadron after he has spent "a blissful fortnight" among the battleships and cruisers. "When you have been shown lovingly over a torpedo by an artificer skilled in the working of its tricky bowels, torpedoes have a meaning and a reality for you to the end of your days." To find out how the men live who are doing the world's work and how they do it—whether the instrument is a spade, a gun, or a great machine—is almost the end and aim of Kipling's literary endeavor. It is not what the man *has*, but what he *does*, that interests him. The Admiral on the after-bridge "moving some £10,000,000 worth of iron and steel at his pleasure" is for Kipling a character of intense and dramatic interest—but not more so than Mulvaney, whose highest achievement is to make good soldiers out of raw recruits. A great machine, as the product of the ingenious mind of man, is full of romance for Kipling; it is one of the measures of man's imagination—a dream made visible. If it does well the work that it was contrived to do, it possesses something of the beauty that accompanies perfect adaptation of means to end. "Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam," he says, and then describes with enthusiasm a battle-ship in motion: "Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with sheer delight of movement, perfectly apt for the work in hand, and in every line of her rejoicing that she is doing it, she shows, to these eyes at least, a miracle of grace and beauty." This coincides with a recent expression by Captain "Bob" Evans that he never expected to see a sight so majestic and beautiful as the Oregon when she pushed past the Iowa in full chase of the Colon.

> O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex
> Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Arrtifex!

The greatest thing in the world for Kipling is Power at work—whether it is exhibited by a humble man, a huge engine, or an empire. That is why he has made such a deep impression upon strong men everywhere. The age is one of great schemes, industrial, commercial, and political; the achievements of science are marvelous—and yet until Kipling came the people who write were saying that it was an unromantic age; that poetry had been killed the world over by steam, and that romance was dead because republicanism had leveled all men to a common pattern. Kipling had the advantage of living in his impressionable youth where the new civilization was imposing itself upon one that was old and worn out. He saw part of the empire in making. He was looking at the raw edges of the work, and he grasped the full meaning of the new forces behind it. Never has the executive power of man so revealed itself as in the nineteenth century. Instead of looking upon it as prosaic, and turning back to other times and countries for a field of romance, Kipling

saw that he and we are truly living in an age of romance. He set to work to reveal the age to itself. With his own McAndrew, he cried out:

I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the
loves and doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing
the Song of Steam!

He is himself the best answer to his own prayer.

With this for his creed, Kipling *must* be the most modern of writers. In order to write about it, he must see and know the world as it really is. He is as up-to-date as a newspaper. He is off to South Africa to see a new empire making; he sails with the Channel Squadron to know the battle-ship at first hand. The Queen's Jubilee produces the "Recessional;" the Czar's peace manifesto calls out the legend of "The Truce of the Bear." By knowing what things really are, he gains the admiration and respect of the men whose business it is to know them. This is a man's world that he looks upon—and, therefore, it is not free from what is cruel and wicked and incomplete. What he clearly sees must all go into the picture—pleasant and unpleasant together.

For to admire an' for to see,
For to behold this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

It had become the fashion to associate "realism" with what was depressing and often disgusting. Kipling has given a new meaning to the term. He has looked upon the world not only with a keen eye but with a healthy mind. He sees things sanely. His characters are not types but individuals. He has arrived at a true idea of the balance of right and wrong, the pleasant and the unpleasant, success and failure, by his wide acquaintance with all kinds of men. Nothing is so false to nature as the type; it is as characterless as a composite photograph. The novelist who thinks he is reproducing reality when he gathers into one character the various manifestations of a certain trait or disease or sin which he has carefully studied from a hundred subjects is not only false to art but false to truth. Nature does not manage things in that synthetic way. She gives one man his share of a sin and its punishment; and to another, who exhibits a different phase of it, is allotted a different reward.

Kipling stands for the individual, and for his chance to do something with himself if he will. He has found among all kinds of men the capacity for getting enjoyment out of life by doing one thing well. Mulvaney got the thrill of it at the taking of Lungtungpen. It was a barbarous slaughter, but for Mulvaney it made life worth while. But for the man who can't do something "off his own bat"—who is without industry or originality even in his sins—Kipling has no mercy. Like Tomlinson, there is no place for him in heaven or hell.

Having a fixed belief in the supreme importance of *the thing done*, it is natural that Kipling should show admiration for those men who take a short cut to achievement. This brushes aside many conventions. A man with his mind concentrated on a certain deed can't stop to consider all the feelings of all his friends, or split hairs over philosophical distinctions in morality. Kipling's admiration of Cecil Rhodes is in line with this belief. When recently asked whether Rhodes was a religious man, he swept the inquiry aside and answered, "Man, he is building an empire!" His impatience was evidently not with religion, but with the implication that certain conventions are an essential part of religion. Kipling's own reverent attitude toward all honest work is clearly expressed in one of his poems:

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

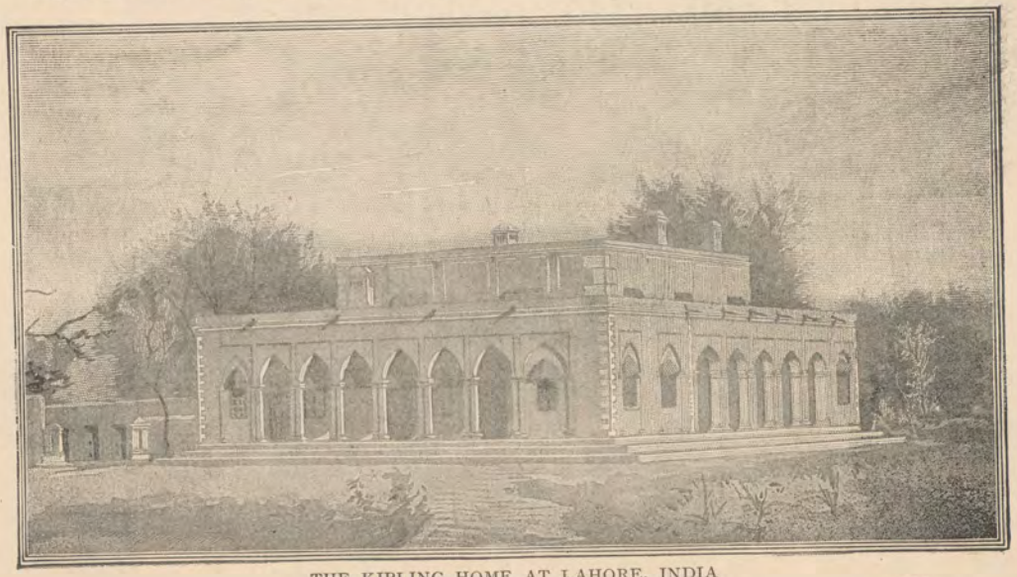
One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy Earth.

This respect for "the day's work" as the significant part of any character that he draws gives full force to his own literary methods. He holds himself up to the same rigid standard of accomplishment as that by which he judges other men. The marvelous fertility of his brain has never given him an excuse for slighting the execution of his work. A German critic, Dr. Kellner, who recently talked with him, says: "Kipling lays the greatest stress upon form. The artistic object of all details was declared by Mr. Kipling to be so

MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE AT BRATTLEBORO', VERMONT

as to produce the same effect upon the reader as these details themselves have produced upon the writer." Kipling's own proof-sheets show how he has hammered away at his phrases and sentences with the consummate patience of the artisan who is determined that you *shall* see the thing as he sees it. Language is a refractory medium, and when Kipling takes strange liberties with it he is simply trying to hammer it into the shape of his thought. For that reason he is ready and eager to use the pungent slang of men who are doing things in all walks of life. These uncouth words of theirs have sprung out of the need of their occupations for a vivid term to express a given action. This realization of the compressed, pictorial value of the slang of a trade and of its technical terms has led him to overcrowd some of his recent work with words that fail to evoke the image in the reader's mind. His vocabulary is running ahead of his audience.

With all this tenacious grasp on the world as it is, Kipling is far away from



THE KIPLING HOME AT LAHORE, INDIA

materialism. He pictures what is seen with the eyes and touched with the hands, but the reader who stops at that has lost the flower of Kipling's work. "Kipling's formula," Dr. Kellner reports, "is not completed by regarding his work as full material in perfect form. He seeks, in addition, to find the souls of men in all he writes. Both in his works and his conversation he shows himself a psychologist." Just as he values the written word solely because it is the symbol of a thought, so he values "the day's work," the thing done, wholly as the tangible expression of character. Right there is the foundation of Kipling's idealism—the very spirit of the "True Romance" of which he sings:

Who holds by thee hath Heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die.

As thou didst teach all lovers speech
And Life all mystery,
So shalt thou rule by every school
Till love and longing die.

If you miss this touch of idealism in Mulvaney or Ortheris or Gadsby, children of the earth, earthy, as they seem to be, you miss "the real thing" entirely in Kipling. Howsoever gay his children of the world may seem to be, there is always this outcropping of underlying pathos—their own swift glimpses of "the joy of all the earth." Time and again Kipling shows you that this haunting vision of the ideal is the torment as well as the inspiration of sensitive minds. There is but one corrective for the melancholy which it produces, and that is work—hard, grinding work at the daily task. And from the very success of this work springs again "the vision splendid"—the new glimpse of something not quite within reach. Then comes the despair, then the return to work, then the new vision—and so on with the eternal round which makes up the life of man—the one perpetual allurement for craftsman, or artisan, or artist.

For the over-refined and the underdone, for education that has deified mere knowledge and for education that has bred discontent, for *ennui* with the world as it is, or vain crying after a world as it ought to be—for all these Kipling comes as a splendid and stimulating force because he "draws the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!" He makes one in love with life by telling the precise truth about life. To use the crude but forceful language of Tommy Atkins:

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she hath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

Kipling to Captain Evans

Mr. Kipling several years ago sent Captain Robley D. Evans, after visiting his war-ship in company with R. F. Zogbaum, the artist, a set of his works and with them these verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower,
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine;
But you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

But these volumes will be of great and permanent interest to all students of the nineteenth century, for there have been few notable men and women with whom the author cannot claim something more than a passing acquaintance; and they are especially attractive to bookmen of every class; for throughout his long political career Mr. McCarthy has been first and foremost, though not so much as we should like, a man of letters.

In view of these *Reminiscences,* which are attracting deserved attention, it is interesting to recall a literary estimate of Mr. McCarthy which was once pronounced by the able editor of the *Scotsman.* The latter part of the criticism is especially pertinent when we observe that "a good word for everybody" seems to be harped on by every reviewer as being the keynote of the book.

It used to be said of Macaulay that he was a book in breeches. The same might be said of Justin McCarthy. He had read widely; and he remembered everything he had read. I never knew a man with such a marvellous verbal memory. Rarely have I seen him use a book of reference, yet his articles would often be studded with quotations, and they were always correctly made. He had an easy grace of style which is not common. He always knew his subject; and thus he wrote with great effect. Many things have happened since the days when we were colleagues to drive us apart; yet my friendship for him has not abated. I have regretted and criticised the course he has taken, and I have no doubt he has done the same as to myself. I do not think he can ever attain the highest eminence in anything. He is always pleasing, but never convincing. I mean that what he says and does leaves no lasting impression. What he wanted was a spice of the devil. If he could have got angry, he would have been a great man. Sometimes in his writing he seems to be getting nearly red hot; if he could get to white heat he would be the foremost writer of his time. In politics it is the same. He has more knowledge of the world and more constructive ability than all the rest of the party to which he adheres. But he cannot be angry; he cannot get into a passion; he cannot even simulate one. Thus he has been made a figurehead, and vastly inferior men are regarded as real leaders. He would have done better to have kept to literature.

The *Academy's* contributor to "Memoirs of the Moment" records a little saying which seems to him worthy to take its place among the rich store of those recently published around the names of the Brownings. It appears that at the time when the son of the poets was beginning his public career as a painter, the surviving parent was full of anxiety as to the effect of his first exhibits. "People expect so much from him, poor fellow," said Mr. Browning, "because he had a clever mother."

Over ten thousand copies of Beatrice Harraden's new novel, *The Fowler,* had been sold by the Messrs. Blackwood in England by the middle of May, and a large new edition since then has been published. Miss Harraden's work is also meeting with a wide appreciation in this country. It is curious to notice that a great many reviewers miss the point of the story altogether and fail thereby to give the book its true rating as an attempt at fictional psychology.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome paid a flying visit to London recently and returned again to Germany, where he proposes to live at least two years more. It was learned during his visit that he has given up the idea of writing a novel in the meantime. His next publication will probably be called *Three Men on a Bicycle,* and will relate the incidents of a tour in the Black Forest.

Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book,* which will probably rank as his most popular work, has been translated into very good French and recently published in Paris.

It is interesting, when so many pens are busy overhauling Mr. Kipling's literary reputation, to recall Mr. Barrie's early estimate of his illustrious compeer in letters; the first estimate, indeed, if we mistake not, that hailed Mr. Kipling's arrival as an event in literature. When Rudyard Kipling landed in England ten years ago, a youth of twenty-three, with eight books already in his pocket, the *Auld Licht Idylls* had been published a year, and people were taking an expectant interest in *A Window in Thrums.*

Mr. Barrie had made his name, and was sailing into favour on the top of the wave. Six months later his young fellow-craftsman was by his side. *Truth* and the *World,* in London, were tossing his name to and fro in hot argument as to his pretensions, and Gavin Ogilvy himself was studying the Man from Nowhere in an attitude at once critical and congratulatory. From the very outset Mr. Barrie admired Mr. Kipling. Writing in the *British Weekly* in the early summer of 1890, he declared roundly that no young man of such capacity had appeared in our literature for years, and pronounced him a second Bret Harte. Ten months later, in an article in the *Contemporary Review,* he repeated this opinion, or, at least, one very like it. "It is Mr. Bret Harte that Mr. Kipling most resembles. He, too, uses the lantern flash; Mulvaney would have been at home in Red Gulch and Mr. Oakhurst in Simla." Further on he adds: "Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical, as Mr. Harte sometimes is. There is more restraint in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is easily first in his drawing of women." This defect of Mr. Kipling's is hinted at in the earlier article. "He has not as yet drawn a lady with much success." Girlhood had proved beyond him. Even Maisie, in *The Light that Failed,* was to Mr. Barrie utterly uninteresting—colourless and a nonentity.

In these two appreciations, the first written in 1890, the other in 1891, the opinions expressed are practically the same, but the attitudes are entirely different. In the first the note of surprise is evident, and the hesitation, the uncertainty as to the future, which Mr. Kipling's precocity made inevitable in all the earlier reviews of his work. In the second he is accepted as a writer of mark, a man about whom his fellow-workers cannot fail to have a definite opinion. And Mr. Barrie has some very well-defined opinions, especially on the subject of style. He criticises Mark Twain's saying—"It would be a good thing to read Mr. Kipling's writings for their style alone, if there were no story back of it." It might, Mr. Barrie says, be a good thing if it were not impossible, the style being the story. He contrasts him sharply with Robert Louis Stevenson. "He is to Mr. Stevenson as phonetic spelling is to pure English." And on this theme Mr. Barrie dilates at length, admitting that Mr. Kipling gains his end—the vivid presentment of his idea—by coarseness sometimes, by audacity often, but showing that whether by "journalese" or Lindley Murray he gains it and clinches it, and secures it as few other writers have ever done. "While Mr. Stevenson sets his horse at ideas of one syllable, and goes over like a bird, Mr. Kipling is facing Mesopotamia and reaching the other side, perhaps on his head, or muddy."

In the *British Weekly* Mr. Barrie insisted much on Mr. Kipling's cynicism. He was too much of a cynic to be a poet, and his verses, many of them, were only "spirited doggerel." That, however, was Mr. Barrie's opinion when he had only the *Departmental Ditties* to judge by. Probably he has modified it since 1890. But the charge of cynicism he repeats again and again. It is "that of one who rejoices in being a cynic." It dwells upon the ugly side of humanity and of society. It confines its attention to the "dirty corner of the room." But ten years have changed that too, and even in these first months of Kipling's career Mr. Barrie had a generous acknowledgment for "the brilliant style, the masterly character-sketching and the quaint humour," and a hopeful prophecy for the future. The young man's audacity took his elders aback just at first; they were hardly prepared to find it genius. "He began by dancing on ground that most novelists look long at before they adventure a foot." Mr. Barrie had no objection to his dancing on this risky ground; but he was conscious of a lack of perspective in Mr. Kipling's work. He flashed his lightning into his own corner vividly enough. Mr. Barrie would have liked a wider view simply for the sake of comparison and the sense of proportion. And once more it seems to us that these ten years will have given him what he wanted.

On the whole, however, Mr. Barrie considered that Mr. Kipling's chief defect was ignorance of life, and in substantiating this somewhat startling charge he says some of the wisest and weightiest things he has ever said, even when at work in his own field, which is not criticism. "He believes" (Mr. Barrie is speaking of Dick Heldar in *The Light that Failed,* whom he identifies with Mr. Kipling) "that because he has knocked about the world in shady company he has no more to learn. It never dawns on him that he is but a beginner in knowledge of life compared to many men who have stayed at home with their mothers. He knows so little where is the fire in which men and women are proved that he has crossed a globe for it, which is like taking a journey to look for one's shadow." And this is, or, at all events, was, in 1891, Mr. Barrie's ultimatum. "With the mass of his fellow-creatures Mr. Kipling is out of touch, and thus they are an unknown tongue to him. He will not even look for the key. At present he is a rare workman with a contempt for the best material." Here we have a hint of that serious limitation which still stifles the highest reach of genius in Mr. Kipling by contracting the broad, human sympathies, the large tolerance, the deeper trust in mankind, the mighty hopes which distinguish the great artist.

There are probably only two foreigners in the world capable of writing a history of Japanese literature, and one of these is, beyond doubt, Mr. William George Aston, C.M.G., whose most interesting *History of Japanese Literature* has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. Mr. Aston's connection with Japan began five-and-thirty years ago. He knew Japan in her picturesque old days, before the Revolution of 1867 had unseated the last of the Shoguns, and resuscitated the Mikado as the constitutional head of the leaders of the great clans, such as the Satsuma and Choshiu. He began his connection with Japan as a student-interpreter in 1864, became interpreter and translator to the English Legation at Yedo, as Tokio was called in those days, in 1870; assistant Japanese Secretary to the Legation in 1875 and Japanese Secretary in 1886. In Japan, besides the ordinary first, second and third secretaries, the English Minister is provided with a Japanese Secretary, that is, a Japanese-speaking English secretary, a most responsible officer in a country where only about one Englishman in a hundred can read a word of the language, and not a very much larger percentage can speak it. There are English financial institutions of the first rank in Japan which have not a single Englishman in their employ who understands Japanese, all the interpreting being done through a Chinese shroff or compradore.

A correspondent from Clifton Springs, New York, writes us to ask if the allusion to the Christian name of Dumas's much acted hero in the June number of THE BOOKMAN was not "a bright joke" of our own. She further assures us that *her* D'Artagnan "was christened Louis in the first chapter," and asks "When did he become Jonas?" We are not at all surprised at this, nor are we sorry to be thus provoked to say a word or two about the amazing manner in which Dumas's work has been "done" into English. If our correspondent will look into the first chapter of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* in the original French she will find that it contains no allusion to D'Artagnan's Christian name. The "Louis" was a gratuity on the part of the translator—he probably liked that name, or he thought that all Frenchmen were named Louis—when they were not named Alphonse—or else it was sheer excess of impudence and bad manners. Very likely the last, for the smudge of his hoof is apparent on every page—distorting the text, suppressing expletives, assuring us in foot-notes that he, as a pretty good English horseman, finds the feats of Dumas's cavaliers ridiculous, and warning us loftily that the author and not the translator is responsible for the book. Adding a simple "Louis" is a very small matter to the translator, who in *Vingt Ans Après* arrogantly suppresses an entire chapter that is not only in itself important, but is absolutely essential to a comprehension of the story. If our correspondent will take up *Vingt Ans Après* and turn to the fortieth chapter she will find a letter from the Gascon to Athos, Comte de la Fère, signed "Jonas d'Artagnan."

Harking back to what was said in the June number about the significance of

D'Artagnan's Christian name and the conventional stage conception of the character, something is also due to the memory of Messieurs Athos, Porthos and Aramis, about as amiable a trio of cut-throats as can be found in the annals of history or romance. Of course, over the footlights they are mere supernumeraries, lugged in by the scruff of the neck as foils for the Gascon —as a concession to Dumas. No stage is broad enough, no stagecraft elastic enough to permit of their being given the places to which they are entitled. In the Valhalla of fiction there is none at once so well loved and so contemptuously scorned. They are men's heroes. Literary floorwalkers find them inelegant; smug young public-school principals assure you that they are very sensational, and loftily deplore and pity the extravagances and shortcomings of their creator; the Hypatias of the "Ladies' Reading Circles"—those charitable institutions for people of small brains and defective education—sniff and pass imperiously by. Probably the woman never lived who took up *Les Trois Mousquetaires* with the proper spirit of affection, reverence and humanity. The banquets with which Dumas and Fielding and Rabelais regale us are—more's the pity!—strictly stag affairs.

To bring out on the stage the character of Aramis it would be necessary to build a play about him alone. In the accepted stage versions Athos has had a past; Porthos a baldric and a stuffed coat; Aramis nothing. Dumas's heart was never with the Abbé; despite this, perhaps even by reason of it, Aramis is at times the most marvellous and many-sided creation of the four. The playwright has made use only of the tragic side of Athos's character; his serenity and nobility are wholly ignored. The prologue to the Sidney Grundy version was entirely superfluous. It was a good, strong scene, but the setting belonged properly to the logical climax of the story—the execution of Miladi at the village of Armentières. The history of the branding of Anne de Breiul is best told by the maudlin Athos, over the *cabaret* table. In the narration, broken by hoots of ironic laughter, we have at a glance Dumas's splendidly tragic conception of the character.

The humour of the stage musketeers is born entirely of D'Artagnan's *Gasconnades.* Baron Porthos du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds, etc.—one of the really great humorous creations of fiction —is comparatively ignored, despite the fact that throughout *Les Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Après* and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne* he is the spirit of a thousand buffooneries of speech and action that seem especially fitted for stage presentation. Quite at random, let us suggest Mousqueton's account of Porthos's weekly round of occupations in *Vingt Ans Après* as a comic footlight device comparable to Cyrano's six methods of getting to the moon. Of course the primary reason for the suppression of Porthos as a character is physical. One could not readily find, even among the troupe of stalking young giants and giantesses whom the Frohmans use in their romantic melodramas, an actor six feet six inches in height and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois—as did Dumas's musketeer.

Anonymity has its advantages, after all, as witness the following:

Sirs: I do not demand your sympathy, but I ask for it in all humility. A gentleman who, I believe, hails from California, is possessed of a very ready wit. He loves children; so do I. He writes nonsense; so do I. He is fain to have kinship with the fairies; I am already one of their best friends; free of their craft.

Sometimes, in various periodicals, I sign my name; so does he. We have even clashed in the same issue of the same paper. His name—one must be courteous in these matters; —is GELETT BURGESS. Mine is horribly similar—GILBERT BURGESS.

I recently wrote some signed art criticisms in a daily paper concerning the pictures that should never have been painted at the Academy and New Gallery. To him, in many quarters, was accorded the discredit. He, telling monstrous child tales in a paper devoted to the interests of women generally and fashion-plates in particular, has made a great success. But part of this has been accredited to me.

What am I to do?

Shall I go to California and become a humorist under his name, or shall I persuade him to stay in this country and become a critic under my name?

I respect him; but I fear him, seeing that he

but then, I can give a guess how much was omitted from (say) Mrs. Gamp and Sir John Falstaff, and, without placing Mr. Morrison's achievement on the same plane with these, I can see how notably good it is, and remain convinced that to these books, and to "Tales of Mean Streets," we must still turn if we would know aught of the East End. We get, it is true, no Virgin Scrapper; but we do get as much of the truth about things—of *la vérité vraie*—as can be conveyed in English art.

Very nearly as interesting (I will not say convincing) as Mr. Morrison is Mr. Zangwill, when he writes about his own people, whether in the East End or out of it. He "fluffs" a little, perhaps: he is too much bent on the romantic presentation of molehills as first-class mountains; he has a pen, but he has also an ink-pot; and ink is cheap—cheap! Yet have I read much—I have not read all—of "They That Walk in Darkness" with a regard which I cannot develop in "The Colossus," let me say, though "The Colossus" is, so far as I know, its author's best work; nor even (I blench as I record it) in "No. 5 John Street" and "A Double Thread."

Is "Stalky & Co." a novel? I fear it is not. But it is a book; that much must be conceded by its worst enemies. It is a little hard, I think; for one of Mr. Kipling's innumerable merits is that of never leaving you in doubt as to his meaning. It is a merit, "like another;" but I think that in "Stalky & Co." it is possibly a little too meritorious. Be this as it may, the book is alive from beginning to end; and Stalky and Beetle and McTurk are the living things that make it so. I was not in a public-school, so that I cannot sympathize with them that say that Stalky and Beetle and McTurk are in no wise typical public school boys. I am prepared to believe that they are not; and I am also prepared to assert that the author of their being does not anywhere declare they are.* If I be not mistaken, Mr. Kipling pictures not the British schoolboy in the lump, but the three uncommon and peculiar British schoolboys who did business as the firm of Stalky. England, he says, is full of Stalkys; and with all my heart I hope that what he says is true. With all my heart, too, I wish it were just as full of Beetles; though three Kiplings at a time were, per-

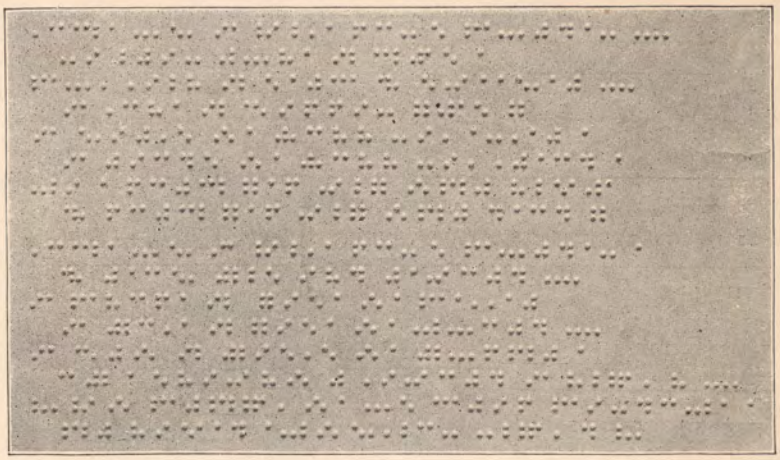
* It is to be noted that in this book Mr. Kipling's other boys are pretty much the boys we know: they might—and herein, I think, consists the fault—have gone in with Tom Brown and Scud East and Madman Martin, or even have joined hands with the heroes of *Eric*. But, in truth, the British boy is none of these; and his living picture as (within limits) a resourceful, valiant, and unscrupulous young scoundrel, has yet to be done.

haps, as much as the world could stand, while for any number of Corkrans there is even room and to spare. On the whole, though, to get back to my point, the Messrs. Stalky are too diabolishly clever for the schoolboy as I knew him, and as he is extant in me; and, to refresh my memory, I turn to "The Human Boy" of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in which I get some aspect of the wretch as I remember him—romantical, desperate, for the most part futile; and all the better for that touch of "the true Dickens," which reconciles to every page in which it is found shining.

This reminds me that Devon is fortunate in a novelist. I do not know whether "Lorna Doone" is a great book or not; but I am assured that it is by way of becoming one of the "glories of our blood and state;" and I can see for myself that in Mr. Eden Phillpotts aforesaid and in the lady who calls herself "Zack," Mr. Blackmore's tradition is, to say the least, to be worthily upheld. In "Children of the Mist" Mr. Phillpotts walks with the old, leisurely gait; he rejoices in temptations to describe that coign of England which he knows and loves beyond the rest of our common Isle; he lingers on her beauties, and her oddities are, like her speech, of an absorbing interest to him; so that her Will Blanchard, her Sam Bonus, her Lyddon, her Billy Blee are by his contrivance brought as near to us—almost—as Dugald Dalgetty and Newman Noggs. And if he should fail his county, there would still be "Zack;" and of "Zack" we have the right to expect something distinguished—it may be, something great. Her first book was absurdly over-praised. Her second, "On Trial," shows, albeit a little skimped and breathless, that she has a great talent. The person who "lays out" seems to me something overwrought; but her Ostler and her Ostler's woman are at once fantastical and real, her heroine is undeniable, while in her hero she sets forth such a story of cowardice, moral and physical, as one must go far—and possibly fail in the end—to parallel.

And now must come my Catalogue of the Ships. It is not that I like the items in it less than these free and independent subjects on which I have spoken at a certain length; 'tis simply that I have said so much about the others that I must cut short whatever I might have to say about them that are left. To begin then: There is some excellent story-telling, with a capital Villain (Mr. Townshend) in Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban's "Pursued by the Law," and there is a capital villain (Major Wilbrahan), with some ex-

How the publishers of school-books must bless Assemblyman O'Connor for his lively interest in their behalf. After July 1, 1899, he wants all school-books that have been in use for six months or more to be burned. This semi-annual holocaust is, he declares, in the interest of health and not of the school-book publishers. When one sees the fight of the present generation against germs and microbes he wonders that he ever had any ancestors.



TWO STANZAS FROM MR. KIPLING'S "THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN," WRITTEN IN POINT PRINT

Miss Josephine B. Cobb, Publisher for the Blind, at 44 North 4th Street, Philadelphia, has sent me a copy of *The Point Print Standard*, a magazine for the sightless. It contains Mr. Kipling's poem, "The White Man's Burden," in point print. As it is entirely different from the usual print for the blind, I have reproduced two stanzas from the poem.

According to the London *Academy* the first word given by Mr. Kipling to the outside world after his illness was "Yes." It was his reply to a cablegram asking him if he would join the committee of the William Black Memorial Fund. The second communication was the following note given out to the press:

"HOTEL GRENOBLE, Easter Day, 1899.

"DEAR SIR:—Will you allow me through your columns to attempt some acknowledgment of the wonderful sympathy, affection, and kindness shown toward me during my recent illness, as well as the unfailing courtesy that controlled its expression? I am not strong enough to answer letters in detail, so I must take this means of thanking, as humbly as sincerely, the countless people of good-will throughout the world who have put me under a debt I can never hope to repay.

"Faithfully yours,

"RUDYARD KIPLING."

A more characteristic letter is that written by Mr. Kipling to a bereaved father, a quotation from which is published in Mr. O'Connor's strangely named paper, *M. A. P.:*

"As to the matter which you have done me the honor to tell me, I can only sympathize most deeply and sorrowfully. People say that that kind of wound heals. It does n't. It only skins over; but there is at least some black consolation to be got from the old and bitter thought that the boy is safe from the chances of the after-years. I don't know that that helps, unless you happen to know some man who is under deeper sorrow than yours—a man, say, who has watched the child of his begetting go body and soul to the Devil, and feels that he is responsible. But it is the mother that bore him who suffers most when the young life goes out."

Still harping on Kipling. Here are the lines written by him and sent with a set of his books to Captain Robley D. Evans:

"Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning-tower,
Bossing eight hundred men.

"Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine,
But you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooting through the brine.

"Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun,
To carry seven mile.

"To him that hath shall be given,
And that 's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent."

The Doubleday & McClure Company will publish immediately, under the title of "From Sea to Sea," the collected letters of travel which Mr. Kipling has written at different times between 1890 and 1898. The book will include hitherto unpublished matter as well as an accurate text (for the first time) of the "American Notes," etc.

An English exchange thinks that "it would be interesting to know in what manner Mr. Kipling's illness has affected the sale of his books." I cannot speak for the English market, but I happen to know that they have had an enormous boom in this country.

A new Kipling publication is on the market. It is published in Boston by Messrs. Charles E. Brown & Co., and leads off with "My Lord the Elephant," neatly printed in a red-covered pamphlet. "Recessional" is printed on one cover and "The Vampire" on the other.

I have been asked by a reader of the Lounger to print the following lines which appeared recently in the London *Times*, signed J. O. C.:

"To Rudyard Kipling, Esq., from Thomas Atkins

"There 's a reg'lar run on papers since we 'eard that you was ill;
An' you might be in a 'orspital, the barricks is so still;
We 'ave all been mighty anxious since we 'eard it on parade;
An' we ain't no cowards neither, but I own we was afraid.

"An' we all prayed 'ard and earnest:
'O Gawd, don't take him yet!
Just let 'im stop and 'elp us;
An' warn, "Lest we forget!"'

"The sergeant said: ''E won't get round. It 's 'three rounds blank' for 'im!
'E won't write no more stories!' And our 'opes was bloomin' dim.
But you 'ad always 'elped T. Atkins, an' though things did look blue—
Well! we ain't much 'ands at prayin', but we did our best for you.

"'E must n't die; we want 'im!
O Gawd, don't take 'im yet;
Spare 'im a little longer!
'E wrote "Lest we forget!"'

"We 'eard that you was fightin' 'ard—just as we knew you would;
But we 'ardly 'oped you 'd turn 'is flank; they said you 'ardly could.
But the news 'as come this mornin', an' I 'm writin' 'ere to say,
There 's no British son more 'appy than your old friend Thomas A.

"'O Gawd, we 're all so grateful
You 'ave left 'im with us yet,
To 'old us in, and 'alt us,
Lest we, lest we forget!'"

The London *Outlook* has had the happy thought to review "Mr. Dooley" in his own language. "Iligint Readin'" it calls the book, and continues in this fashion:

"'Sir,' says I to me able Edithor, 'sir,' I says, 'there 's a book iv American-Irish humor and bells-letthry,' says I, 'entitled "Mr. Dooley in Pace and War,"' says I. ''T is a wurrk, sir,' says I, 'which is havin' a tremenjus sale on th' American continent,' I says, 'an' which is likewise callin' foorth the war-rmest incoomims iv th' colored and litthry press at home,' says I. 'Now if so be,' says I, 'as ye happen to want a re-view of that same,' says I, 'here sthands the boy that will do 't f'r ye on ter-rms,' says I. 'But,' says me able Edithor, 'ye 're not a Selt,' says he. 'Divvle a bit,' says I. 'F'r all that,' I says, 'I 've as much criticul fackilty—no more, mark ye—as much criticul fackilty as anny Selt that iver come out iv Seltery,' I says. An' that 's so. It is that. . . . An' he gimme the book, bedad—a squarish, stocky vollum sicklied o'er with a pale green imerald binedin', th' pallor no doubt bein' simbollic iv America, an' th' imerald, iv Ireland. Rethirin' in th' best iv ordher, I sthrode try-umfintly to me ilicthric ca-ab, yelt 'Meeda Vale' to the la-ad on

the box, set me fut aginst the front windy, lit me see-gar—ye cannot re-view nicely without a see-gar—and perceeded with thrimblin' hands and disthcreeminatin' eye to examine Misther Dooley's coriskeetin' pages. An' begorra, how they do shparkle—gems and jools iv sponteenous wit, drollry, irny, sar-rksm, it-sittery, followin' onto wan another in iligint paroors at the rate, mebbe, iv three to foor paroors to th' page."

After offering "a spicimin exthract" the reviewer goes on to say:

"In pace as in war, Misther Dooley's sintimints are the sintimints iv a highly cultiveeted an' sintillatin' indivijooality. He writes with aqual flooincy, iv polismen an' iv pothry, iv anarchists an' the decadence of Greece, iv the hero in politics an' the power iv love, iv the French charractur and Christmas gifts, an' like a feemous cumpathrite iv his, he touches nawthin' that he does not adorrn. What writer iv our own time, unless it be Misther Augusteen Birrell himsilf, cud have given us sich a masterly obiter dicter on books as this? . . . On the whool, 'Mr. Dooley in Pace and War' can be onhisiteetinly commended to all pathrites, whether hot or cowld, an' aqually to all persons who have an appreciation iv the jaynius iv the disthressful people, an' to all persons with sinse enough to laugh at the thruly funny. An' whin the book pinithrates into the House of Commons Library, ye may witness—if ye have good eyesight—the spectacle iv Misther Tim Healey and Misther Jirild Balfoor spinnin' ha'pence f'r the nixt readin' iv it."

My approval of the Grolier Club's reading of the last line of stanza liii. of the Rubaiyat has aroused a tiny tempest among Omarians. Letters on the subject have been reaching me at intervals, and I fear that I am regarded as a Philistine. One correspondent writes to me in the following strain:

"I notice that the Lounger in your March issue quotes with approval the new reading of the Grolier edition of the Rubaiyat,

"'To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?'

The language of that poem is so delicately and artificially wrought that any even the slightest change is of considerable importance. I for my part, and probably all your readers, would be glad to know whether the old reading, 'You when shall be You no more,' is really a misprint, and on what authority the change is made. To me the alteration reduces a strong line to flat prose. I note, moreover, that such a misprint is one that no printer would be likely to make, and that the artificial language used throughout the poem fully justifies this inversion, which in Latin would be the natural order of emphasis. For other strong inversions compare stanzas xiv., xxxiv., lxiv., lxxvi.; compare also the omission of *can* in stanza lix., and the Latin construction of involved clauses in lx."

As to the question whether the line as printed in nearly every edition is a misprint or not, I can give no decisive answer. I believe the Grolier edition was reprinted from the Quaritch text, but I am unable to say that the Grolier reading is that of the Quaritch edition. My correspondent is certainly going far when he condemns the corrected

RUDYARD KIPLING AND RACIAL INSTINCT.

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

EVER fascinating is the study of one who moves deeply those of his own age and generation; and clearly Rudyard Kipling, our most famous living writer, has moved in quite unique manner the thoughtful, yes, even the superficial, men and women of his time. Yet how can one hope coolly and with unwarped judgment to analyze the qualities of his friend? for he who has awakened those of many lands and of many callings to appreciate the strength of the ties which bind humanity together can surely not resent it if we one and all claim his friendship. Indeed, he has aroused a sense of even intimate acquaintance in the breasts of many who, until the anxious moments of last winter, failed to realize that they had learned to love him as a man of the widest sympathies—not devoid, indeed, of the failings of our race, but nevertheless displaying its virtues in exceptional manner.

Perhaps to another generation we must pass the task of judging, under the fierce fire of long-continued criticism, the breadth of his genius; yet it must surely be agreed that genius in no small measure has been granted to him who has so deeply affected those of his own age, and who, with all the adulation that has been poured out before him, still holds the power to judge himself calmly, to value himself as a mere expresser of what nature has bequeathed to him. No one who did not thus judge himself could have written the lightsome lines, "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre"; no one who did not thus meet the praise of his fellows could set before himself as an ideal the time when

> Only the Master shall praise us,
> And only the Master shall blame;
> And no one shall work for money,
> And no one shall work for fame,
> But each for the joy of the working . . .

Knowing the man to be of that ilk, we have no fear that the world's broad interest, of late so vividly evidenced, will warp his critical self-judgment; we but rest assured that his sense of responsibility will be deepened as he learns how large is the number of those who are influenced by his words. Nor, as his friends, do we fear to speak of his genius; nor do we hesitate in his very presence to seek to fathom in some measure its quality.

BUT genius is constituted by its very mystery; just because it defies analysis is it for us what it is. Could we analyze it, and even in a measure reproduce it, it would become at that moment common property, and no unique gift. It is as much a mystery for the man in whom it is displayed as for the one who feels that he has no measure of it himself: so much a mystery indeed that the man of genius has always persistently clung to the notion that he spoke or acted under the command of higher powers—of a Muse were he a Homer, of a δαίμων were he a Socrates. The genius throws light upon our way, leads us in paths which we joyously tread, but which would have been unknown to us had we not felt his influence. He strikes chords which resound within us, to which we are capable of vibrating sympathetically, though but for his touch our capacity would have remained unknown to us.

Kipling displayed this characteristic very distinctly when he wrote for us his stirring "Recessional." Its sentiments had been far from our thoughts, but the immediate appreciation it received showed how ready we were to recognize their significance. Its very name was an "inspiration" which led us to see how close to our deep religious life are the moments of rest after extravagant jubilation. Its substance appealed to every soul to whom experience had brought knowledge of the vanity of pomp and display uncoupled with sense of the deeper significance of life.

THE wide-spread acknowledgment of his power is doubtless due largely to the broad versatility which he displays, and which enables him to touch the hearts of men of the most diverse types. Thus it happens that few are found who do not think him a master; and yet, on the other hand, that there are few of us folk of narrower sympathies who do not find that special portions of his writings fail altogether to appeal to us—who

strong a hold upon us, are of a kind that destine him to master other generations as he masters ours. Permanent impression upon a race can only be made by one who speaks for the ideals which are scarce formed within the men of his time, but which are to become all-powerful in their descendants. To the failure to satisfy such longings of after-generations must be ascribed the fact that many writers of the past whose praises have been upon every lip during their lives have failed to influence a later age. The history of Anglo-Saxon literature is filled with the names of those who have thus appealed to their own time, but have lost their hold as years have passed. Shakspere, whose name we think the greatest upon its pages, was one who moved his own generation deeply, and who moves ours also, in all that relates to the fundamental qualities of human nature; and at the same time he voiced sentiments which are our established heritage to-day, though they were but ideals and hopes in the age in which he sang.

In much of our author's work we recognize these characteristics which are so clearly exemplified in the writings of the great masters. But there are times when we cannot avoid asking ourselves whether the use of local dialect, the appeal to special classes, the treatment of problems which are of merely momentary interest, may not prevent our descendants from listening to the nobler sentiments which set our hearts throbbing as we read his words. Yet, as we rest devoutly thankful that his voice has not been silenced in his youth, so we look forward to the work he has still to do, with fullest confidence that it will display those qualities which seem thus far to have been in a measure submerged, and which, if more distinctly emphasized, will insure the addition of another star of first magnitude to the galaxy which makes the pride of English literature.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.[1]

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

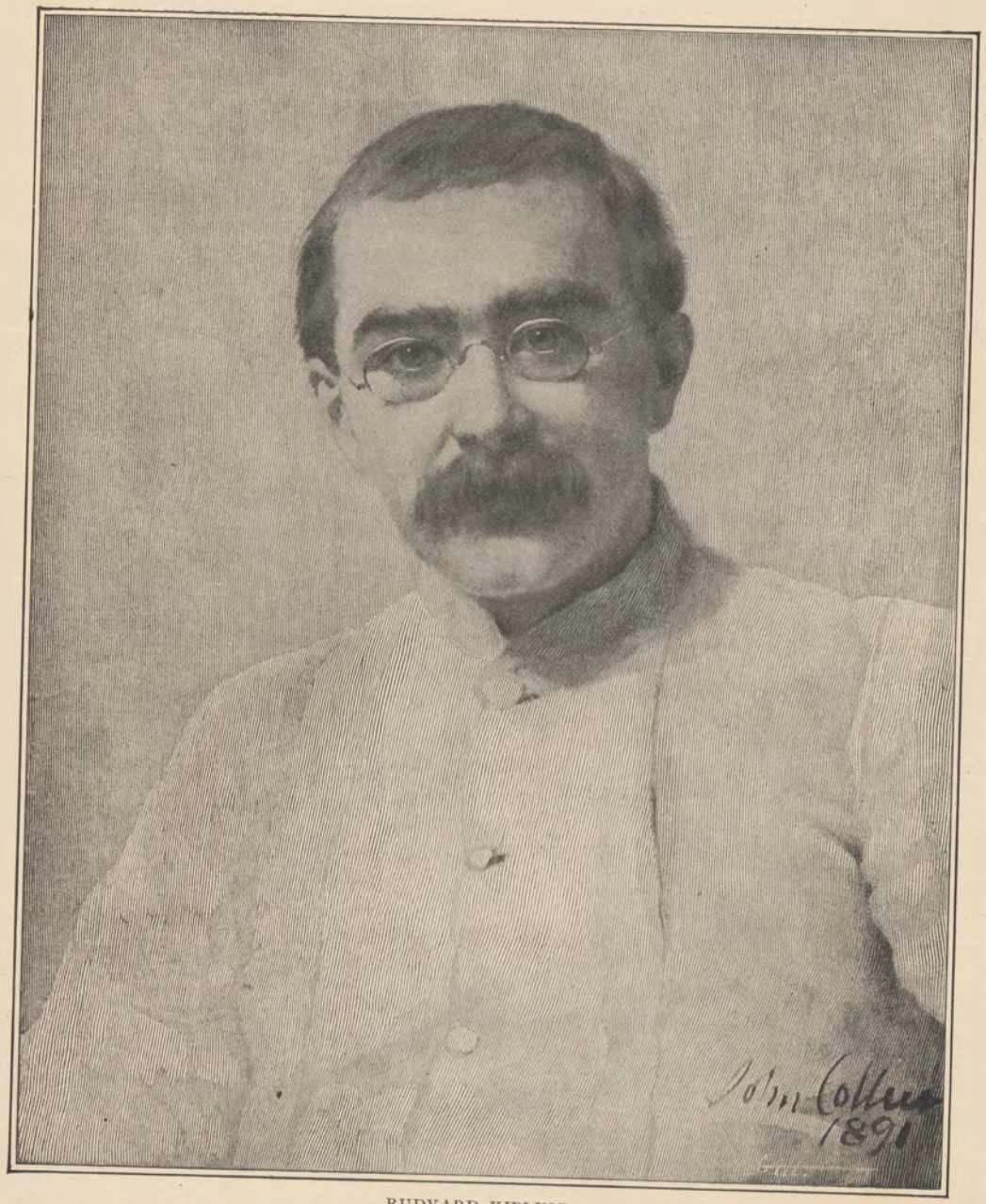
WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XVII.

GILBERT sat in the door of his tent at noon, the sun shining down upon him and warming him pleasantly, for the day was chilly, and he was still aching. As he idly watched the soldiers going and coming, and cooking their midday meal at the camp-fires, while Dunstan and Alric were preparing his own, he was thinking that this was the third day since he had saved the queen's life, and that although many courtiers had asked of his condition, and had talked with him as if he had done a great deed, yet he had received not so much as a message of thanks from Eleanor, nor from the king, and it seemed as if he had been forgotten altogether. But of Beatrix, Dunstan told him that she was in a fever and wandering, and the Norman woman had said that she talked of her home. Gilbert hated himself because he could do nothing for her, but most bitterly because he had yielded to the queen's eyes and to her voice in the instant of balanced life and death.

The great nobles passed on their way to their tents from the king's quarters, where the council met daily to trace the march. And still Gilbert's shield hung blank and white on his lance, and he sat alone, without so much as a new mantle upon him, nor a sword-belt, nor any gift to show that the royal favor had descended upon him as had been expected. So some of the nobles only saluted him with a grave gesture in which there was neither friendship nor familiarity, and some took no notice of him, turning their faces away, for they thought that they had made a mistake, and that the Englishman had given some grave offense for which even his brave action was not a sufficient atonement. But he cared little, for his nature was not a courtier's, and even then the English Normans were colder and graver men than those of France, and more overbearing in arms, but less self-seeking one against another in courts.

Dunstan came from behind the tent, where



RUDYARD KIPLING

From the portrait by the Hon. John Collier. By courtesy of "McClure's Magazine;" copyrighted, 1896, the S. S. McClure Co.

Three Poems of Patriotism

By Rudyard Kipling

These poems are here reprinted in illustration of the editorial "Kipling as a Poet of Patriotism," which is printed on another page of this number of The Outlook.

Recessional

(London "Times," 17 July, 1897.)

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

Bobs

(The Pall Mall Magazine, December, 1893)

There's a little red-faced man,
    Which is Bobs.
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can,
    Our Bobs.
If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
    Can't yer, Bobs?
. . . . . .
If a limber's slipped a trace,
    'Ook on Bobs.
If a marker's lost 'is place,
    Dress by Bobs.
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
    Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
    Chaplain Bobs;
But it keeps us outer Clink—
    Don't it, Bobs?

So we will not complain
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
    Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,
    Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
    Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it thirty years,
An-amassin' souveneers
In the way o' slugs an' spears—
    Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war,
    Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door—
    Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—
    Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' Lord
Outer Bobs,
Which was but 'is fair reward—
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton an' *arder*[1]—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!

The Absent-Minded Beggar

This poem was Mr. Kipling's contribution to the fund for the wives and children of the British soldiers in South Africa. The poem was sold to the London "Mail" for £250, and this amount and the sums paid by other papers for the privilege of simultaneous publication were paid into the fund. Large amounts have also been collected in the theaters and concert halls by the reading of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

I.

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 kharki 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 of little things behind him.

CHORUS.

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!

II.

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.

Cook'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!

III.

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 punctual once a week,
'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's 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 left behind him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom,
Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's some one 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!

IV.

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—

[1] And a half.

KIPLING'S VERSE-PEOPLE

I.

The Story of the Gadsbys was one of those published first in India. Together with the *Drums of the Fore and Aft, Studies in Black and White,* the *Departmental Ditties,* all unpretentious little tomes, modestly and quietly bound, it found its way to England, and soon the Keeper of the Books at the British Museum was struck by the fact that several well-known London literary men were asking from time to time for information in regard to a new writer named Kipling. A few months later Kipling had his "nine days' wonder." It was *The Story of the Gadsbys* that first attracted attention, and this book may be said to mark the turning point in his career. Only a short time before he had been running about Philadelphia trying to persuade editors to print his stories. He was everywhere told that nobody knew or cared anything about India. *The Story of the Gadsbys* ends with an *envoi,* the last line of which is: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." As the theme of the story was marriage, with its attendant joys and woes, the line has been accepted simply as a boisterous dig at that institution which is commended by St. Paul "to be honourable among all men"; another of those notes of warning, half serious, half mocking, which the bachelor animal Kipling used to fling out with fine relish. Did he not say that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"? It seems, however, to have another, a deeper significance—to sum up the man and his creed. "He travels the fastest who travels alone." The Kipling we know seems always to be travelling alone. It was so in the early Lahore days, it is more so now. His attitude on the part of a man who was not doing something out of the ordinary, who was not making literature, would be impertinent if not boorish. "I will write what I please. I will not alter a line. If it please me to do so I will refer to Her Gracious Majesty—bless her!—as the little fat widow of Windsor, and fill the mouth of Mulvaney with filth and oaths. I will not 'meet people.' If I am on shipboard and prefer passing my time in the smoking room drinking Scotch whiskey I will do so. I will not truckle to old women or fawn upon fools. Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. *C'est à prendre ou a laisser!* I am playing off my own bat. I am travelling alone — always alone." This attitude is of vital interest as being in a measure the keynote of his work. It has another interest. People have invited and received personal rebuffs and gone away crying: "Snob! Cad!" Snob! Of course, he is a snob! So, Madame or Monsieur, is any great man who does not hang gaping and breathless upon your twaddle; who does not accede gaily to your request that he send you an autograph collection of his works; who does not undertake to find a publisher for your own or your daughter's manuscript. A snob! Certainly.

II.

Since he began writing, Kipling's prose and verse have ranged side by side, almost in martial step, with amazing precision. The men and women of the *Departmental Ditties* were the men and women of *Plain Tales from the Hills. Barrack Room Ballads* told in verse the stories of Mulvaney, Learoyd, Ortheris and their soldier comrades. Of more recent years, in poetry as in prose, he has found his inspiration in the oil of the engine room, the thump of the screw, the salt spray of the sea; the lives of the men who toil in machine-shops, in the cabs of locomotives, in the holds of ships. That his success in treating of these later themes has been complete is open to doubt. Would "The Ship that Found Herself" for a moment have been considered seriously if it had been written by another than Kipling? "McAndrew's Hymn" and "The Mary Gloster" ring hard and cold. They may be very true. McAndrew's soul may have been such a soul as was depicted; there is humanity, if rather vulgar humanity, in the dying Sir Anthony Gloster, but there is an element lacking—they don't cling in the memory—and one gladly turns back to

the fire, the dash, the feeling of "Mandalay":

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea.

The verse-people whose joys, sorrows, aims are best understood by American readers are, of course, the people of *Departmental Ditties*. The charm of the *Ditties* as of the *Plain Tales* was their evident spontaneity. It was impossible not to feel the zest and relish with which they were written. They seemed to have been done on fine sunshiny mornings, when the eye was clear and bright, and two or three pleasant pipes had whiffed the cobwebs out of the head. A young genius looked out upon the world, beheld there laughter and tears, folly and wisdom, and considerable wickedness of a healthy sort. The wickedness roused no anger in him. There was no disposition to howl stale moralities, his mission was not that of a social regenerator, his work bewrayed no maudlin indignation. When he wrote about the deception of a husband he treated all three parties in the affair with perfect and impartial good humour. His attitude was that of detachment, his *métier* to watch the comedy and tragedy of it all as one watches a play. And after having been very much amused and a little bored he sat down to his writing table with the conviction that—

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes that ranged
India's prehistoric clay.

There are times when he seems almost to resent the fact that human nature shows so little originality in its weaknesses. The world wags on merrily and busily, new forces are constantly springing up as if out of the ground, the hand of man is growing more cunning and his brain more active, only his heart can invent no new sin. "Jack" Barrett jobbed off to Quetta in September to die there, attempting two men's work, Mrs. Barrett mourning him "five lively months at most"; Potiphar Gubbins, C.E., hoisting himself to social prominence and highly paid posts as the complaisant husband of an attractive wife—these are the oldest of pitiable human stories. Through the verses which tell of these people there rings a note of half-humorous protest at the monotonous sameness of life. For the purely narrative ditties he has more relish. A general officer, riding with his staff, takes down a heliograph message between husband and wife and finds himself alluded to as "that most immoral man." A young lieutenant wishing to break an engagement in a gentlemanly manner develops appalling epileptic fits with the assistance of Pears' Shaving Sticks. What an honest, wholesome love of fun! What animal spirits! He can see the amazement on the General's "shaven gill," and chuckle with Sleary over some especially artistic and alarming seizure. Above all he delights as—

Year by year in pious patience vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits,
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

One thinks of him as roaring with laughter as he writes of the astonishment and discomfiture of these people, as the "good Dumas" used to roar with laughter at the humorous observations of his characters.

III.

The people who have been most vehement in acclaiming Mr. Kipling as the inspired and representative singer of the Anglo-Saxon race have been moved so to do by their enthusiasm over the fire of the man rather than by any dogmatic beliefs as to what poetry should be or should not be. It was quite natural that they should have brandished the "Recessional" like a bludgeon over the unhappy head of the present Laureate. When Marshal Soult was in the Government he was accused of having lost the battle of Toulouse; when he was with the Opposition he was conceded to have won it. Before his accession to the Laureateship Mr. Austin was esteemed and respected as a poet of culture and some talent; in these days the poor gentleman cannot publish a line but he is pursued with shouts of laughter and hoots of derision. The Laureateship carries with it many burdens and responsibilities; there are thorns on the cushion, and Kipling is unquestionably

greater as he is, unfettered and untrammelled.

It is probable that he himself wanted it, as Thackeray wanted to dawdle in Parliament, and to play with sealing wax as an underling in the diplomatic corps at Washington. He has been accused of wishing to amass a great fortune and found a family. That matter, however, has no place here. Kipling marks in a measure the beginning of a new era since his success has done much to broaden the popular taste and make people bolder and more independent in their literary likes and dislikes. The age needed such a man. Certainly it is no crime to find Wordsworth and Browning hard reading, and to prefer the fiction of Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Richard Harding Davis to that of Mr. George Meredith. Only to have frankly avowed such preference would have damned one in that world where "Ladies' Reading Circles" spend an afternoon with the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* and "form opinions." The *précieuse* exists to-day as in Molière's time. Oh, for a Mascarille! So sweeping has been Mr. Kipling's triumph that even among those who profess scorn for everything but the most obscure in song it is permitted to boldly praise his ringing doggerel. Perhaps they are not far wrong who think that an abundance of books has lowered and vulgarised literary standards—who find better the old days, the brave days, when Byron's verse rang like a trumpet call, when a new book by the Wizard of the North or by Mr. Irving was an event to be awaited with serious interest and some anxiety, when people liked their novels long, strong, with plenty of blood-letting, love-making and airy, genteel conversation. Everybody reads *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* and *Childe Harold* and a little of *Paradise Lost* at some time of life, but with most of us, after a certain age, Milton and Pope and Dryden and Scott and Byron are relegated to the top shelves as irrevocably as the plays of Webster or the romances of Mlle. de Scudery. It is not so much that these poets belong to earlier periods and schools; *Tom Jones* and *Humphrey Clinker* and *Ivanhoe* and *Don Quixote*—the last-named in homeopathic doses—are being read and always will be read with undiminished relish. But the end of the century has not the time to scan its romance, and demands that its verse be not only brief but of the kind that is done quickly, done as the two best pieces of work ever done in Scotland—the Battle of Bannockburn and *Tam O'Shanter*—were done, within a single span of sunlight.

IV.

Nothing of Kipling's work in verse is marked by finer feeling than *Barrack Room Ballads*—nothing deals with more tangible people. In writing them he was giving of his best, his very best; consequently they are charged with protest. He was constantly thinking of the "travelled idiots who duly misgovern the land," of the unwritten laws which decree that "only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the railroads of State, because of the gold on his breeks." He was impatient; he girded scornfully and indignantly at official blindness and folly, the folly and blindness that makes men cheats, that discharges Edward Clay and winks when he wriggles back into the service under the name of William Parsons. Then there is six thousand miles away an ungrateful and stupid public which, upon occasion, talks largely and smugly about "thin red lines of heroes," all the while looking upon Tommy Atkins, the individual, as a pampered brute of naturally criminal instincts, who must be lashed into subordination.

The Toad beneath the barrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that Toad.

His range here is marvellously wide. In no portion of his work is the richness of his general information, which is constantly astonishing people, more striking. No detail has escaped his attention. His verse has shown us Tommy on the march as well as in barracks; Tommy under arms and Tommy in the pursuit of his not always reputable amours. And this is the secret of his strength—that he did not professedly *s'encanailler* himself, that he went to the study of this life not because it offered a new field, but because it honestly interested him. By dint of fighting the soldiers' battles he came to believe in them

as his own. A man who felt himself to be stooping when he picked up the cudgels could never have written "The Sergeant's Wedding." The flirtations and scandals of the dashing, hard riding, hard dancing married ladies of Simla society entertain him no more than do the squabbles of sergeants' wives.

When it comes to a man in the case
They're alike as a row of pins;
The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

Under the Indian sun the Tommy of his verse is a high-spirited creature, usually arrogant and brassy. He has an educated taste for strong drink, an eye for women, adores loot and practical jokes. Of his relations towards his officers Kipling has told us very pleasantly in "The Sentry," verses with a fine comic opera ring. For the civilian he has an immense and far-reaching contempt. At home the English drizzle and the gritty London pavements sap his strength; he slinks meekly out of theatres and "public 'ouses," and grows mopy and homesick for the East, with its sunshine and its "tinkly temple bells."

V.

By the hoof of the Wild Goat up-tossed
From the Cliff where she lay in the Sun,
Fell the Stone
To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;
So She fell from the light of the Sun,
And alone.

Now the fall was ordained from the first,
With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn,
But the Stone
Knows only Her life is accursed,
As She sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
And alone.

Oh, Thou who hast builded the world!
Oh, Thou who hast lighted the Sun!
Oh, Thou who hast darkened the Tarn!
Judge Thou
The sin of the Stone that was hurled
By the Goat from the light of the Sun,
As She sinks in the mire of the Tarn,
Even now—even now—even now!

In Kipling's verse there is occasionally a ring that rouses anger at the persistence with which he has held to the writing of flippant social jingles and verses of which the most striking feature is their originality of theme, invading as they do provinces hitherto deemed totally lacking in poetic suggestion. Very seldom and then usually in a spirit of scoffing lightness does he allow us to see how true a poet he is on the accepted highest poetic lines; how seer-like is his vision. A word, a line, thrown in with apparent carelessness, awakens the memory of lost cities and forgotten names. There are such lines in "Tomlinson"—the hero of which, by the way, is not a man, but an attitude—in "Possibilities," in "The Perfect Romance" and elsewhere. The verses quoted at length above seem admirably to illustrate this. They form the headpiece of "To Be Filed for Reference," and were supposed to have been found among the unpublished papers of McIntosh Jellaludin, a loafer, a drunkard, a renegade outcast, whose mind was a "ragbag of odds and ends of useless information." They are, of course, not verses of the highest quality. The whole is obscure, it is in parts meaningless. But what did Coleridge mean when he wrote "The Ancient Mariner"? What is the meaning of Edgar Allan Poe's "Ulalume"? McIntosh Jellaludin may not have been the great poet he deemed himself, but sane and sober he had the making of a good one. Is not the figure striking! What dreams it suggests! How it sums up the darkness and mystery of the East! Kipling seems to have a certain shame about laying bare his soul, to wish to put forward his truest and loftiest inspirations under the guise of mockery, to fear not the name of poet, but the imputation of thinking himself one. This peculiar shame is distinctively Anglo-Saxon. The young Frenchman of literary aspirations will very often tell you that he is a "poet" quite unaffectedly. He finds nothing strange in so saying. It is as if he were to remark that he was a plumber or an architect or an apothecary. And after all why should a young man be more ashamed of writing poems and failing to sell them than a young lawyer of being without briefs or a young physician without patients? There have been times when Kipling has seemed to be meditating some loftier poetic flight, then paused, doubting, and half heartbroken at the doubt. He has been living busily among men, delighting keenly in the rush and turmoil of modern life, knowing its pleasures and prizes and solaces, but never losing sight of life's great dominant mysteries. To the treatment of these and to the appreciation of all that is best and highest in his own art, he brings a great reverence and a profound humility.

Thy face is far, from this our war,
Our call and counter cry.
I shall not find Thee quick and kind
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me, in dreams to see
And touch thy garment's hem;
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE VAMPIRE

(From a woman's point of view. With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

A woman there was who heard a prayer,
(Even as you and I!)
From flesh and bones and a lock of hair
(He called her the woman beyond compare),
But he only used her to lighten his care,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the walks we had and the talks we had,
And the best of our heart and hand,
Were sought by the man who pretended to care,
He didn't—but why he pretended to care,
We cannot understand.

A woman received the flowers he sent,
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith she thought his intent,
(But God only knows what the gentleman meant),
Yet a man must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the vows we spoke and the vows we broke,
And the various things we planned,
Belong to the man who said he was true,
(But now we know that he never was true)
And we cannot understand.

One favour she asked—but it was denied,
(Even as you and I!)
In some way or other he might have replied,
(But it isn't on record the gentleman tried),
Her faith in him faltered and finally died,
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame,
That stings like a white hot brand,
It's coming to know he would never say why,
Seeing at last she could never know why,
And never could understand.

Mary C. Low.

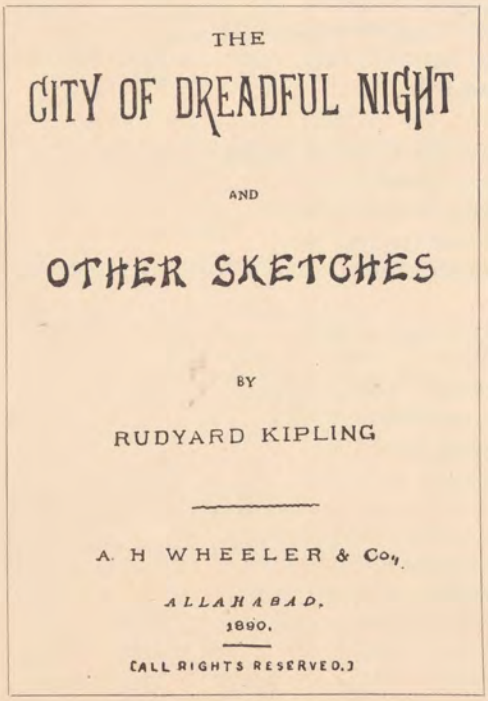
KIPLING'S SUPPRESSED WORKS

Dr. Robertson Nicoll stated in his London Letter, published in the January BOOKMAN, that Rudyard Kipling had caused three of his early volumes to be "suppressed," and several correspondents have asked us to give the titles of these three suppressed books. Happily we have been able to secure photographs of the title-pages which are herewith reproduced in fac-simile. The photographs are taken from the first editions, all of them being of great rarity.

Two of these volumes, *The City of Dreadful Night*, published in Allahabad, in 1890, and *The Smith Administration*, published in 1891, are said to comprise stories which were contributed to *The Civil and Military Gazette*, of Lahore, and *The Pioneer* of Allahabad during the period that Kipling was employed by those papers on a salary. Owing, it is said, to some dispute between the publisher and the author concerning the question of the ownership of the copyright, Mr. Kipling suppressed the books, and according to the manuscript statement in the first copies to come upon the market, only three copies of each book were preserved, and the rest of the edition was destroyed. These two books were sold at Sotheby's in December last. *The City of Dreadful Night* brought £22; and *The Smith Administration* £26.

It was while these copies were on exhibition at Sotheby's that the title-pages were photographed for reproduction in THE BOOKMAN. After the sale, however, and before the delivery of *The Smith Administration* to the unlucky purchaser, the proprietors of *The Pioneer* made the claim that the book was their property, and that it had been stolen from their office in Allahabad. In consequence, the volume was not delivered and we presume that the question of ownership will have to be decided by the courts.

Some of the stories contained in the first edition of *The City of Dreadful Night* were reprinted under the same title with some additional stories, and were published the following year, 1891.


THE

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

AND

OTHER SKETCHES

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

A. H WHEELER & Co.,

ALLAHABAD.

1890.

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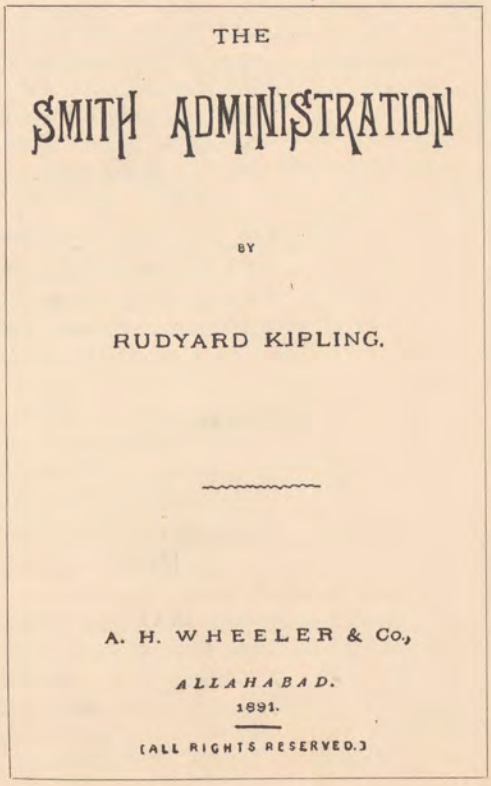
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The Great Interpreter,—Kipling

From The [London] Spectator

THE country has felt that, if it lost Mr. Kipling, it lost its chief interpreter, —the man who, best of all the present generation, can make it understand itself, its duties, and its high destiny. He is not an interpreter who merely cared to unriddle the shadowy and the vague, but one who dwelt among plain men and in contact with plain things, and yet, by the alchemy of his genius, drew forth from the common, and what some may have even thought the unclean, the true gold. Mankind find too few such interpreters, and, having one in Mr. Kipling, they realize how ill he could be spared,—how, in fact, the world would be darker without the light he offers us.

For three special acts of interpretation we must all be eternally grateful to Mr. Kipling. He has interpreted so that we may understand the common soldier, the man in the ranks, the man behind the gun and behind the bayonet,—the tortoise on whom, in the last resort, the globe of our empire rests. Next, he has interpreted India, or, at any rate, made partly luminous, the iridescent and mysterious mist in which the Englishmen in India moves. He has interpreted for us "the head of the district," the native policeman, the men of the Hill tribes, the Baboo, the Rajpoot, and a hundred other of the types with which the Englishmen come in contact. Lastly, he has interpreted for us the white men of the empire, and made intelligible the speech and thought of the native-born,—the men of Canada's snows, of Australia's sun-baked downs, of South Africa's uplands. Most interpreters have been able to translate only one tongue, but Mr. Kipling's range of view is not thus restricted, and, like a new Mezzofanti, there seem no limits to the things he can first understand himself and then make clear to us.

By acting as interpreter between the public and the common soldier, he may be said, almost without exaggeration, to have given to the nation back its army. To the generation which grew up between the close of the Indian mutiny and the first Vile campaign, the army had become an unreal abstraction. It was understood to be gallant, but it was also supposed to be composed of the off-scourings of the land,—the men whom nobody wanted in any other capacity,—the veritable leavings of the nation. But for this Mr. Kipling is not responsible. The fault lay with the lawgivers and—[illegible] as we say, the nation had never understood our army. Mr. Kipling, by a stroke of his pen, changed all that. By his pictures of Mulvaney, Ortheris, Learoyd, and by his songs of "It's Tommy this and Tommy that," and "Gunga Din," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," and the rest of the "Barrack-room Ballads," the public were made to realize that it had an army, not of wastrels, office nonentities, but of "hungering, thirsting men," who were well worth all the love, honor, respect, and pity that the nation could spare. And Mr. Kipling did this, not by preaching to us, or by putting up an ideal man or straw, and labelling him the British private, but by showing us the soldier in his habit as he lives.

A mere realist could, no doubt, have produced as accurate a model as Mr. Kipling, and might even have made him alive as the soldier is, but the country would not have understood. Like the Canuck of the Queen of Egypt in the Acts, we had the book, but there was none to interpret. Then came Mr. Kipling, expounded for us, and made us see that when the interpreter was at our side the common soldier and his talk were well worth our study.

Even more magical was Mr. Kipling's interpretation of India. No man has been, or ever will be, able to tell us all that the East dreams as she lets the legions, Greek, Roman, English, thunder past her. From her deepest reveries we are all shut out. Mr. Kipling, like the rest, can only say that there is always something behind we shall never know. But at least he has interpreted for us the writings that run round the porch-pillars of the closed doors of Indian life. In that wonderful letter which the agent of the native prince writes from London to his friend in the central provinces, we are made to understand how the English strike the native mind, and what is the value they set upon what we esteem man's happiest lot,—plenty of steam-engines and representative institutions. Again, what a picture of passion, as it stirs the man of Eastern blood, is to be found in the story of the Afghan horse-dealer, and what he told his English friend.

How profound, too, is the interpretation of a part of the physical side of Asian life to be found in the "jungle-books." As works of pure genius they stand alone in Kipling's writings. By means of an imaginative medium of the highest kind, we are made to see and understand the jungle and its life, and to see through the very eyes of the animals of the forest and the hillside the battle of life that is perpetually being fought out among the wolves, the tigers, the panthers, the elephants, the monkeys, the wild dogs, the apes, and even the snakes and the "little people." By some strange sympathy of comprehension, Mr. Kipling seems to have got to the heart of the mystery which once peopled, and indeed still peoples, India with animal gods, and to have used that mystery to show us the life of the jungle. We cannot profess to trace the connection between Mr. Kipling's talking wolves, monkeys, elephants, panthers, and snakes, and the brutish gods of the Hindoo mythology, but we feel that it is there. The something in the animal life of India which inspired, and still inspires, the worshipers of the brute creation, touched him also, and inspired him to interpret it for us in the lower terms of Mowgli's jungle friends. And so well was his task accomplished that it seems no more than natural that the bear and the great black panther should be wise and fatherly, and that "Kaa," the python, should be full of the dignity of primeval age, and that Bagheera, the panther, should be the best of companions, and Baloo, the bear, the most humorous of philosophers. Mr. Kipling has been useful to his country in interpreting the West as the East. As we pointed out in these columns several years ago, *à propos* of his poem "The Native Born," he has winged with a touch of passion and imagination the lesson that the inhabitants of our great colonies in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, have, and ought to have, a keen and thrilling, local patriotism, and that this patriotism, if properly treated and properly understood, need not in the least interfere with or exclude the greater patriotism which we all owe to the Empire as a whole. As we read that wonderful poem, we realize that Mr. Kipling has entered fully into the spirit of the Canadian, the Australian, and the South-African. And gradually the lesson Mr. Kipling there taught us is penetrating the national mind. When it has finally caught hold of us, a greater benefit will have been done to the Empire than could be wrought by a hundred imperial Federation leagues. We shall have learnt not to call colonists "disloyal" because they think strongly and speak passionately about their native land, or because they do not happen to admire this or that self-advertising patriot who has labelled himself an imperialist, and professes to have patented and made a private monopoly of the welfare of the Empire and its expansion and consolidation.

What we have said to-day must not be taken as in any sense an adequate appreciation of Mr. Kipling's work as a man of letters,—as a poet or as a creator of character. We have not even alluded to his writings about the sea, or to the fact that he almost alone of Englishmen has succeeded in writing the true short story,—the real *conte*. All we have attempted to do is to explain how natural and right was the instinct of our people and our race, both here and in America, to regard his illness as a national event of the first moment. An imperial nation is always an army on the march through an unknown and hostile country, and under such conditions to lose one's best interpreter would, indeed, have been a grievous loss.

As to the New Kipling Poem, "The Islanders."

The February number of the new magazine, The World's Work, will contain complete "The Islanders," by Rudyard Kipling, a part of which has been reprinted in the newspapers. Another part is given below by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.:

Arid, sheer, incurious, unthinking, unthanking, pot—
Will ye loose your schools to flout them till the browbeat columns quail?
Will ye pray them or preach them or print them with your guns?
Will your mechanics issue a mandate to fold them
Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye were idle both,
Pride of power and profit blended) Indolence spurred
No doubt but ye are the people; who shall make you afraid?
Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods shall aid.

Idols of greasy altars built for the spirit's ease;
Fetish of self and party and wise hood-prate;
Totems of sept and party and wise hood-prate;
These shall come down to the battle and snatch
You from under your feet.
Proven, the puny shrieking crowd with viewless
Salves rent.
And the tall half of the ballots that tell not
Whether they were sent.
When ye are ringed with the storm iron, when ye are
Scourged as with whips
When the throat is put in your belly and the beast
Rides you, O Power Ripe,
Then, and not terms, shall morning and the noon be-
holds you fall down at eyes, your remnant, under the
yoke.

KIPLING TELLS ALL ABOUT IT

He Moves a Big Audience to Laughter in His Story of the Balestier Threats.

HIS RELATIVE'S LANGUAGE.

"If You Don't Retract I'll Blow Your Damned Soul Out of You."

RUDYARD MAY LEAVE US

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., May 18.—The decision of Justice Newton on the Kipling-Balestier assault case, rendered late yesterday afternoon, binds Beatty C. Balestier over to the Grand Jury in the sum of $400. It also requires him to file bonds of $600 to keep the peace for one year. George B. Lynde, Kipling's counsel, became his surety for $600. The hearing resulted in the complete vindication of the lawyers and—[illegible] as we say, the nation had never understood our army. Mr. Kipling, by a stroke of his pen, changed all that. By his pictures of Mulvaney, Ortheris, Learoyd, and by his songs of "It's Tommy this and Tommy that," and "Gunga Din," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," and the rest of the "Barrack-room Ballads," the public were made to realize that it had an army, not of wastrels, office nonentities, but of "hungering, thirsting men," who were well worth all the love, honor, respect, and pity that the nation could spare. And Mr. Kipling

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FIELD'S JOKES STILL PURSUE POOR MR. BOK

"Gene's" Brother May Have Started the Latest One About the $1,000 Wager Between the Philadelphian and Kipling.

POOR DOUBLEDAY MIXED IN IT, TOO

Mr. Alexander, private secretary to Edward Bok, of the Curtis Publishing Company, says that Mr. Bok is being pursued by a man who makes jokes at his expense. Mr. Alexander thinks that the man is Roswell Field, a New York newspaper writer, and a brother of the late Eugene Field. The Fields have always been noted jokesmiths.

The last joke which has been perpetrated upon Mr. Bok is the publication of a story to the effect that he and Rudyard Kipling, the New York publisher, had made a bet with Rudyard Kipling that he could not write a book under an assumed name and make a success of it. The wager, according to the story, was $1,000. Mr. Field was supposed to have held the stakes. The book, which Kipling wrote, was by David Harum, and the nom de plume of Edward Noyes Wescott was suggested by a certain "local" wiseacre. Mr. Bok's friends are often wore, despite the protests of his friends.

NAUGHTY MR. FIELD.

"Now, of course," said Mr. Alexander to a TIMES reporter, "you can understand there is no truth in the story. The only thing about it that interests me is who wrote it? It is supposed to have emanated from Chicago, but I find it a significant fact that it was first published in the New York paper upon the staff of which Eugene Field, a collaboration with the author in the production of the pictures. This knowledge of the exact point where information to the public was given out, to allow of a joke is a genius. A cub reporter on the Tribune by me shaking all over. He was terribly mad. It was the first time in my life that I had ever been so seriously threatened, and I am not familiar with the etiquette to be observed on such occasions. [Laughter.] He was blue and white with rage. I have done him no wrong, God knows."

At the close of his examination Kipling heaved a great sigh of relief, shrugged his shoulders, and said to those who surrounded him—

"I am glad it's over."

State's Attorney Fitts then briefly summed up. It was unpleasant, he said, to have family matters of this kind aired, but he hoped the common law Balestier should be bound over to the Grand Jury. Counsel Hill in reply—

He said that no crime had been committed, and at the worst Balestier had shown family pride and excessively annoyed because of the stories circulated by Kipling that he was a pensioner on his bounty, etc. He was not liable to ridicule, and to say he accuse a person of his color on the highway. He added that to constitute an assault there must be more than mere words and a present ability. Mr. Kipling here interjected—

"If I suppose a man, then, has got to wait until his assailant draws his gun before he is assaulted."

To this Counsel Hitt replied—

"If you had waited for Balestier to do that you would have waited until you were gray."

Last night Mr. Kipling in said he have announced that he intends to leave the country as soon as possible, and to make his home elsewhere. His reason for doing is fear of death at the hands of Beatty S. Balestier.

CHIEFS OF POLICE CONVENTION.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 25.—The National Association of Police Chiefs met here yesterday afternoon at the Kimball House. Mayor Porter King made a speech to the body, President P. P. Riordan, of Dublin, read his annual address. He advocated uniformity in extradition laws and deprecated the effects of political influence on police departments. President Riordan was re-elected. Chief Connolly, of Atlanta, was re-elected a Vice-President, and Secretary Carr was given another term. Chief Dietch, of Cincinnati, moved that the Convention should meet in

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Will ye pray them or preach them or print them with your guns?
Will your mechanics issue a mandate to fold them
Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye were idle both,
Pride of power and profit blended) Indolence spurred
No doubt but ye are the people; who shall make you afraid?
Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods shall aid.

Idols of greasy altars built for the spirit's ease;
Fetish of self and party and wise hood-prate;
Totems of sept and party and wise hood-prate;
These shall come down to the battle and snatch
You from under your feet.
Proven, the puny shrieking crowd with viewless
Salves rent.
And the tall half of the ballots that tell not
Whether they were sent.
When ye are ringed with the storm iron, when ye are
Scourged as with whips
When the throat is put in your belly and the beast
Rides you, O Power Ripe,
Then, and not terms, shall morning and the noon be-
holds you fall down at eyes, your remnant, under the
yoke.

Kipling Interviews Come High.

I heard yesterday that Harmsworth, the proprietor of the London Daily Mail, had offered Richard Harding Davis any amount he cared to ask for an interview with Rudyard Kipling. The offer was made through Harmsworth's representative here. The Philadelphia author replied in his characteristic manner: "Not course not. How party feels fatherness." Mr. Doubleday, one of Kipling's intimate friends and his publisher, was seen by the English newspaper editor's representative and asked whether he would not oblige Mr. Harmsworth by helping him secure the interview from the author of "Mine Own People." I understand that Mr. Doubleday, when approached on the subject, told the Harmsworth man that the time for the interview to be had it shall be perfectly willing to secure the desired interview for him under one condition; namely, that it be the only interview. Mr. Harmsworth had figured on the Kipling interview as the feature for the first Sunday edition of the Mail.

ABIG-FOOT, THE PLAYHOUSE BEAR.

(Four hundred yards after Kipling.)

Whenever I go to the playhouse I sit in the endmost chair,
So little I reck of the rubber-neck or the girl with the Eiffel hair.
But oh! at each fall of the curtain, ordained by some law accurst,
A portly wretch on the quarterstretch is seized in a raging thirst;
He walks all over my Trilbys; he jumps on my cherished corn;
His lumbering tread would arouse the dead far better than Gabriel's horn.
By his shoes will ye know the monster, box-toed, brutal and square.
And make ye no truce with Abig-foot, the man that walks like a bear!

I'd rather be hit by the trolley, tho' it rended me limb from limb,
Yea! Let me be caught 'neath the Juggernaut, but keep me away from him.
One night at the fall of the curtain, he took me by surprise;
I was reading jest in the programme; I did not flit mine eyes.
Near an inch of my foot he fettered; he hoisted his hoof and then—
I have not waltzed with women; I prob-ably won't again.
So mark, when the orchestra tooteth; then thou shalt take a heed;
Take ye no chance on Abig-foot, the man that walks like a bear!

—(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

The Chicago "Times-Herald" says that Rudyard Kipling wrote the verses printed below, and sent them

when Kipling in 1899 sang of "fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay," he sang with a light heart and with all the self-complacency of his own heroes. But, alas! four times fifty thousand horse and foot have gone to Table Bay since then; and a few Dutchmen who knew nothing of polo and who never used a bit of pipe-clay in their lives, have "crumpled up" (that used to be Kipling's favourite expression) his Guards and Lancers and Highlanders, all "in one red burial blent,"

and to-day Mr. Kipling is calling his athletic but utterly untrained young English-men mere "muddied oafs." It was a bitter lesson that Kipling had to learn, and he has learned it thoroughly. Only in myth, perhaps, in his heart of hearts, contrive to moderate his indignation against those who are still labouring under a delusion which he himself has done far more than any other living man to foster and perpetuate.

H. T. P.

Chicago to Kipling.

From the Chicago News.

You've made a stubborn fight,
Ruddy Kip;
And you've come through all right,
Ruddy Kip;
Sweet's the tang of victory,
It were all done for you to be still,
Ruddy Kip.

You've touched the mightiest hearts,
Ruddy Kip;
Made of fancy parts,
Though you be,
You've scattered the blossoms with skill,
Ruddy Kip;
You've given some a newer birth,
Ruddy Kip.

You've sung the low and lofty,
Ruddy Kip;
Heard the sea and the skylark,
Rudd-y Kip;
Heard the water, wind and sky,
Rudd-y Kip;
Where no other thought to look
You've gone to work and took
What you wished for your book,
Rudd-y Kip.

There are prayers from Mandalay,
Rudd-y Kip;
Gunga Din for you to-day,
Rudd-y Kip;
Where the tides of Table meet,
Where the sea-gulls cry for the lost,
Mess ove'-spilled for the host,
Rudd-y Kip.

You've made a winning fight,
Rudd-y Kip;
Fought the same way that you write,
Rudd-y Kip;
Wrung blood from your door,
Death's scrapings from you some more,
And "cut-in" on the score,
Rudd-y Kip!

An Apocalypse of Kipling.

By Prof. George F. Genung, D.D.,

OF THE RICHMOND, VA., THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

As interesting subject for theological study is Rudyard Kipling's poetical apotheosis of Wolcott Balestier, prefixed to the volume entitled "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads."

In this poem Mr. Kipling is assigning their place in the eternal world to the active, toiling, heroic, though not distinctively religious class—the makers of history—

"Such as fought and died and ruled and loved and made our world."

Tho in its form an apocalypse or vision of the unseen world, this poem is in reality a deliverance regarding the inner life. It is the elevation of a certain type of character to its ideal or glorified state, the projecting, as it were, of the heroic and achieving side of humanity against the background of eternity and viewing it in the light of God's judgment day. The poem is interesting as a product of the religious insight of one who figures the divine judgment in the

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Books of the Week 87

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 acres and five going to Table Bay!)—
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and we have you to spare!);
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

FROM MR. ALDEN

The Fuss Over "The Islanders." "Rita" and Lingerie Advertisements—A New Craigie Novel.

(Written for THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES BOOK-REVIEW and the NEW YORK TIMES Saturday Review.)

LONDON, January 27.

The controversy over Mr. Kipling's "Islanders" shows no signs of diminishing. As was to have been expected, the thousands of men who are interested in cricket and foot-ball are extremely indignant at the epithets "flannel fools" and "muddied oafs," and the indignation of those who indulge in foxhunting and other other athletic sports is scarcely less than that of the ballplayers. To these must be added the countless persons, both men and women, who practice cricket and football because they are "English." Without a doubt, Mr. Kipling's poem will cost him a good deal of his popularity in England; but it is equally certain that he knew that fact when he wrote "The Islanders." Mr. Kipling is not the traditional poet, profoundly ignorant of all practical things. He counted the cost of the poem before he wrote it, and was content to accept the consequences, in the hope that he could rouse the country to a sense of their folly in refusing to prepare for the possibilities of war.

After all, "The Islanders" simply enforces in strong language the folly of a people who can find abundant time for athletic sports, but who cannot afford the time to learn to shoot. Papers like The Times and The Standard see and understand Mr. Kipling's motive but fully approve of the way in which he has tried to awaken the people from their traditional trust in the miraculous invincibility of the British Islands. Neither of the rose-water variety would have done so good. Doubtless, it is an exaggeration to call cricketers "flannled fools"; for cricket is an excellent game, and when played in true fashion, is said to be a proper relative position to more important games. Football is a good and intelligent people. But, inasmuch as two years of war in South Africa have failed to teach the English people that it is more important to learn to defend themselves than it is to learn to play cricket, Mr. Kipling has slashed them across the face with the whip of his satire, and for once they are thoroughly awake. Naturally, he has excited an immense amount of indignation, but Mr. Kipling, as Machiavelli, as people come to see that he is in the right.

Wellington's saying that Waterloo was won on the cricket-field contained a good deal of truth; for Waterloo was won by the dogged endurance of the men who stood all day to be shot at. But war is a different thing from what it was in Wellington's day; and, if Waterloo were to be repeated to-day, the dauntless British squares that carried the point of musketry and smooth-bore guns would be annihilated in fifteen minutes. The first necessity of the modern soldier is to be able to shoot accurately; and, if all Englishmen knew how to shoot, they could withstand an invading army, just as the Boers have withstood the British army. So far, all the efforts that have been made to induce Englishmen to learn how to use a rifle have been virtually fruitless. Mr. Kipling has induced some of his fellow-residents at Rottingdean to form a rifle-club, and Doctor Doyle has done the same thing where he lives; but beaten, nothing could prevent a German or a French army from landing on the coast, and marching straight and unopposed to London—nothing, that is, except a universal knowledge of rifle-shooting, such as the Boers possess.

What Does Kipling Mean by His Verses?

(Advertiser in London Truth.)

All sorts of explanations have been offered as to the meaning of the executor utterance in verse which appeared in the London "Times" over the signature of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The "Westminster Gazette" jumped to the conclusion that the poet, like everybody else, had got Jameson on the brain, and it gave in the same paragraph extracts from the "Times" poem and a cannon by Mr. Swinburne as the latest contributions to [illegible] Mr. Kipling can have meant it by the following verses, which, by the way, have reference to the Transvaal crisis. The evening paper accused Mr. Kipling of likening Oom Paul to King John; and the Spectator, which is the last paper in the world intended to draw a parallel between the Puritanical president of a Dutch republic and the tarnished monarch, Charles I. These hypotheses are absurd on the face of them, and carry a degree less absurd to the theory that Mr. Kipling has been reading up the early traditions of the Lowndes League and the possibilities of a Stuart Restoration. Another suggestion is that the phrase "Good King" suspected of sinister designs on Lawrence Harry's throne. The fact is that I have had a letter from an indignant Boer, who declares that Mr. Kipling is in the pay of the German Emperor, and hired by sovereign. But it might just as well be the Czar of Russia, in Germany, for the poet is known to entertain serious misgivings.

"Personally, I rather think that the party of the Second Part is the Lord Mayor of London, Master of the Crystal Palace, and the dark projects of the unknown King [illegible] Mr. Kipling's motive but fully approve of the way in which he has tried to awaken the people from their traditional trust in the miraculous invincibility of the British Islands. The human value of the hymn lies in the fact that Mr. Kipling has power with which a great many people are formulated. As a rule, a poem on it hardly surprises us, and we must go to the Hebrew prophets, and finally to Milton, to find the children of the atheist are as much concerned in the sins of their fathers. The appeal to the "Lord God of Hosts" does not make the poem theistic, but it does make it impetuous style, the vivid invective, the power it a great literary production. The power and the point lie in the warning or that literary may mean degeneration, and that for the nothing compensates. As for Mr. Andrews, he should see that the verses are educational or nothing.

Some weeks ago, when

RUDYARD KIPLING.

In the dim dawnlight of the waking world,
when life in flowers in the uncleared land
And fern-leaf and freedom fought.
There rose a singer among the elms, in the glare of day and deep-set
And he found his home wherever he stray-
ed—for he knew that life is One.

He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor—he sat at the board of kings;
He tasted the toil of the hunting slave,
and the joy that triumph brings;
He slept—whether on purple or palace hall or white-walled tent he came,
He was brother to king and soldier and
slave—his welcome was the same.

* * * * *

There has risen a singer out of the East, in the clutter and clatter and strife,
The babble of markets and blur of print—the turmoil men call life.
He came to the task that was set for him, and scarce was that work begun,
When he knew that the world is a-building and that he is the builder one.

He knew by the spirit's countersign that
Teuton and Celt and Greek,
Kaffr and Pathan and Arab thought through
the self-same language speak;
Face to face he has talked, and heart to heart with each—
they have given him of their best;
He has made his home in the sea and the
land,and brought the East to the West.

O singer of men and the hearts of men,
you have called the soul by name.
You have followed its path through the
changing world. Is it not forever the
same?
And whether you travel to Northern
snows, or the Southern sea and sun,
You will find it as you found in the ages
past, that the heart of the world is
One.

—Northern Capital.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Rudyard Kipling.

We've read a heap of writin' in our time—
And some of it was good and some was rot—
Some pickin's from the livin' chaps is prime;
But fashion's in the saddle, I'm a-thinkin',
We never gets no sleepin' draught from him—
He ain't no limpin' clergyman with his pen—
He can juggle English so 'at its worth another
hour a day
And our feelin's inside out and in again.

So here's to you, Rudyard Kipling, and we thanks you kindly
Though you ain't no Billy Shakespeare, yet you're
better than the rest;
We've had hard times and fightin' ever since you
first come out,
And you comes back with prosperity—do bring your
friends next time.

The jungle and the ocean are his homes;
He's a brother to the tiger and the tar.
He can read your heart and tell you what you are,
He has loved the writers' compact—you, Kipling,
Engines, heathens all is specialties o' his—
He can practically paint any dirty thing that ain't,
And so wipes the earth with everything that is.

Then here's to you, Rudyard Kipling, as you enters
of your land.
We takes our hat off to you and we gives you the
glad hand;
Our spare room's swept and waitin', and you ain't
no stranger guest;
For of all the brin' literary crew we loves you best.

FRANCIS JAMES MACDAVITT.

A POEM TO KIPLING.

Written by the Eleven-Year-Old Son of Marion Verdery.

From the New York Press.

Much sympathy is being manifested by the immuserable verses written by admirers of Rudyard Kipling, whose hearts were pained out in sympathy for him in his dangerous illness. If Kipling could have read some of them he might have laughed himself back to health long before nature took its course. It is more than likely that every one who has ever written verses or a copy de luxe to the poet, and we shall probably hear from him in a characteristic style when he is fully recovered.

Marion J. Verdery, Jr., a boy of 11, son of our fellow townsman and banker, Mr. [illegible] Verdery, has written a poem which he has entitled to dispose of his own copy, and sold it. Trusting that we shall soon find some more rarities for your consumption, I am

Dic. Yours faithfully,

Edwin A. Newhall

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137 Fifth Avenue,
New York, April 8th, 1899.

H. W. Fisher, Esq.,

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your favour of April 7th. My telegrams urging a compliance with the agreement were sent you so that I might be at liberty to dispose of the books which you did not care to purchase.

I regret that it was impossible for you to fulfil the agreement as I have sold the sale of Departmental Ditties at full price, and probably that of Letters of Marque, also at full price. I do not mind missing these sales particularly, for the books are easily sold, but the delay rendered me unable to keep faith with my customers, and hence my repeated telegrams.

I have no letter from Mr. Kipling relating to the City of Dreadful Night: the letter I showed you referred to The Smith Administration. During Mr. Kipling's illness I promised his intimate friend Mr. Doubleday to try to prevent the sheets from being published after they left my hands. When Mr. Kipling is again well enough to attend to the matter I will see if I cannot get him to give me a letter stating his personal objection to their being published, and I should be pleased to present to you, for your customer, any such letter that he may write.

Your customer has of course a perfect right to publish these stories, so far as I can see, but I understand you to say that he would then conform to the author's wishes in this matter. If I am in error kindly inform me. The letter, while full in existence, inn the possession of the Pioneer Press, (Allahabad), who declined to part with them under any consideration. The manager, Mr. Bulkeley, held that

-2-

he was entitled to dispose of his own copy, and sold it. Trusting that we shall soon find some more rarities for your consumption, I am

Yours faithfully,

Edwin A. Newhall

TOWN TOPICS Oct. 31 1901

BOOK

o prophesy. [illegible] that page of appreciation I devoted to Mr. Kipling's tale, when it had but just begun to filter its way through a monthly magazine. "Kim" is before us now, complete and compact, and in nothing does it lack fulfilment of its early promise. Here, in the adventurings of *Kim* and the aged, holy lama from the hills, is a wonderfully picturesque and fascinating panorama of all India. Here, writ large and satisfyingly, are the matters that were hinted of in many an early "Plain Tale From the Hills." Here we see the intricate threadings of the great Indian Secret Service that we saw foreshadowed in *Cockaland* years ago; here are maturings of many things learned in other, more impertinent days of Kipling the teller of Indian tales. We may easily object that, strictly speaking, "Kim" has no plot, and leads nowither. We are simply led along with *Kim* until that young man has passed through many ordeals and adventures, and until his master, the holy man, has reached a final enlightenment. Perhaps, strictly, accustomed as we are to the novel that must needs parade all its characters in front of the final curtain, in the cut-and-dried manner of the stage finale, "Kim" does fall short of many an accepted canon in fiction. All the greater marvel, then, that we follow its pages so closely. It unrolls before us so motley a pageant of life in India, it tells us so directly the hopelessness of the ordinary onsider really getting beneath the surface of the varicolored jostle of existence in those hills and plains, that we can only hark back to the old formula: Mr. Kipling is the one man who makes India vivid and wonderful. "Kim" is Kipling at his most maturee. It has the calmer art of experience imposed upon the same keenness of vision and intuition that marked his freshest tales. Yet those who missh upon the ordinary methods of the novel—as certain critics of painting lay stress upon "composition"—may still with justice assert that Mr. Kipling has not yet written a novel. But oh, if some of our accepted novelists could only write as some of the pages in "Kim" are written!

OF ONE WHO GREATLY DARED

FEW are the men writing English today in whom an attempt to echo the mediæval cadences of "Canterbury Tales" would not seem an impertinence. Yet fewer, however, are those who, when it comes to a sense of the stylistic beauties of our language, deserve to be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Maurice Hewlett. No one finds Mr. Hewlett's new book of "New Canterbury Tales" the most unalloyed delight. Here are quaint tales of England and Italy in olden days, set down in the most pleasant words a man must delight not only the mere seeker after entertainment, but the student of language. To one is the art with which Mr. Hewlett delves about among the finer meanings of words. The whimsies of syllable and sentence. In a wilderness of books produced by persons who consider style unnecessary, such a collection of tales as these "New Canterbury Tales" is a thing to rejoice over. If you want true romance, here it is. If you want to know that our fine language can be made to sing as music in it such as no slang can ever lend it, here is your chance.

WS, WEDNESDAY, M

rion J. Verdery, Sr., was greatly worried about Kipling. A sprinkling of rhyme and story in "The Jungle Book," and can recite off-hand all the "Barrack-Room Ballads." Verdery, Jr., is his idea, and a paraphrase of that ballad prayed on the mind so that he was unable to sleep. One morning, about 1 o'clock, he awoke his mother to say that he had written a new poem, and could not rest until he had dictated it. So Mrs. Verdery, Sr., awoke, took pencil and paper, and as he sat up in bed wrote down his verses. It was not only he first poem, but also his first dictation. I regard the effort as marvelous for a child, and do not hesitate to publish it. Suffer not the old King: for we know the breed!

Rudyard Kipling.

"What are the papers blowin' for?"
Said Flies-on-the-wall.
"'Cause Kipling's sick, 'cause Kipling's sick,"
Said Color-Sergeant sad.
"What makes you look so white, so white?"
Said Flies-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I'm apt to fear," the
Color-Sergeant said.
"For they're nursing Rudyard Kipling;
You
Can 'ear the Dead March play;
The Reporters 'ang around the door,
They're nursin' Rudyard Kipling
In the mornin'."

"What makes our Poet breathe so 'arf?"
Said Flies-on-Parade.
"'Cause 'e's 'avin' of pneumonia," the
Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes 'is fever run so high?"
Said Flies-on-Spree.
"Too much New York, too much New
York!" they
Cried in agree.
"An' they're nursin' Rudyard Kipling;
You
Can 'ear the Dead March play;
The Reporters 'ang around the door,
They're nursin' 'im to-day;
They're nursin' Rudyard Kipling
In the mornin'."

"What made the Statesmen ask 'im out?"
Said Flies-on-Spree.
"Because 'e was so popular," the
Color-Sergeant said.
"But they've pumped 'im up with oxygen,
An' now 'e's a-feelin' well,
An' soon they'll be a-movin' 'im
Away from that 'ere hell.
Now they're feedin' Rudyard Kipling,
You can 'ear the Quick-step play,
The Reporters they 'ave quit 'im,
They are feedin' 'im to-day.
They are feedin' Rudyard Kipling
In the mornin'."

March 16, 1899.

Kipling, true to his calling, damns not a little, and is the less for it. Some would call it "otel," young Verdery wanted to stick in the poem, but he couldn't see his way to not use bad language. His father didn't care about the language so much, but was careful. While in America we are always talking about spending fifty or sixty million

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"KITCHENER'S SCHOOL"

Extract From a New Poem by Rudyard Kipling—Published in London.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun cables an extract from a poem by Rudyard Kipling, published in the London Times, which follows something on the lines of "The Troop of the Board," and is highly suited to the prevailing spirit in England, where an excuse for slaying the Boers-which is as grateful as positive to a sore toe. The following is the extract:

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have
no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning and all
the English give,
It is their treasure, it is their pleasure, thus are
their hearts inclined,
For Allah created the English mad, the maddest
of all mankind.

They do not consider the meaning of things, they
consult not creed or clan,
Behold, they clap the slaves on the back and be-
hold, he becomes a man.
They forcibly carpet the earth with dead, and
before their cannon advance,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call
the living to school.

Certainly they were mad from of old, but I think
one new thing
That the magic whereby they work their magic,
the mysterious their fortunes spring.
May we, who are all people their magic and
not by price, or all people their magic and
not by price, or return
Wherefore, since we lend to that magic, O
humbler, more haste and learn.

THE KING.

By RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Seven Seas," "Stalky & Co.," etc.

ALL we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, 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 gray-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-fog
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 overseas;
They that beg us barter—wait his yielding mood—
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our brother's blood.

Kipling and the Royal Navy.

THE NAVY LEAGUE in England is the organization of which Lord Charles Beresford is the parent and head. Supporting it in its early days was the "Times" publication of Mr. Kipling's tale, when it had but just begun to filter its way through a monthly magazine. "Kim" is before us now, complete and compact, and in nothing does it lack fulfilment of its early promise. Here, in the adventurings of *Kim* and the aged, holy lama from the hills, is a wonderfully picturesque and fascinating panorama of all India. Here, writ large and satisfyingly, are the matters that were hinted of in many an early "Plain Tale From the Hills." Here we see the intricate threadings of the great Indian Secret Service that we saw foreshadowed in *Cockaland* years ago; here are maturings of many things learned in other, more impertinent days of Kipling the teller of Indian tales. We may easily object that, strictly speaking, "Kim" has no plot, and leads nowither. We are simply led along with *Kim* until that young man has passed through many ordeals and adventures, and until his master, the holy man, has reached a final enlightenment. Perhaps, strictly, accustomed as we are to the novel that must needs parade all its characters in front of the final curtain, in the cut-and-dried manner of the stage finale, "Kim" does fall short of many an accepted canon in fiction. All the greater marvel, then, that we follow its pages so closely. It unrolls before us so motley a pageant of life in India, it tells us so directly the hopelessness of the ordinary onsider really getting beneath the surface of the varicolored jostle of existence in those hills and plains, that we can only hark back to the old formula: Mr. Kipling is the one man who makes India vivid and wonderful. "Kim" is Kipling at his most maturee. It has the calmer art of experience imposed upon the same keenness of vision and intuition that marked his freshest tales. Yet those who missh upon the ordinary methods of the novel—as certain critics of painting lay stress upon "composition"—may still with justice assert that Mr. Kipling has not yet written a novel. But oh, if some of our accepted novelists could only write as some of the pages in "Kim" are written!

Mr. Kipling should be careful. He is trifling with his reputation in putting forth such a thing as "Recessional" in addition to his ode for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Queen Victoria's dead. There is nothing in the object may be a good one, but the poetry is not good, and that is the thing here chiefly concerned. There is no question but there is a serious doubt about Kipling. The recent "Stalky" stories were wholly unworthy of him, and his slip-shod verse, if not meaningless, is undignified and without the true Kipling ring. His fame is "wabbling" at present.

... Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Juba—jumbo—jimple—jand!"
Meaning, in his artless lingo,
"You're a daisy, and, by jingo,
Here's my hand!"

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Hoola—scoola—hunki—bam!"
Which the same, translated freely,
Means, "I'm charmed with you, now really;
Deed, I am!"

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Ori—joori—boori—blag!"
Thus to those not too obtuse he
Says: "I'll linger longer, Lucy,
'Neath your flag."

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Joowiz—jeewiz—Dewiz—jakes!"
Meaning, "Dewey is a dandy,
And we much approve the stand he
Took and takes."

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Hoolee—doolee—moolee—mirst!"
Meaning, "Don't send to Ohio
For postmasters

RUDYARD KIPLING, BARD OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE YEARS BETWEEN. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1919.

THE publication of a new volume of Rudyard Kipling's verse is the most important literary happening of this nineteenth year of this twentieth century. Although Kipling has won his widest popularity as a teller of tales, he is also a singer of songs treasured in the hearts of English-speaking men and women scattered on all the shores of all the seven seas. If he is not now to be hailed as the foremost of living poets, not only in his own tongue but also in any foreign language, who is there to challenge his right to this lofty position? There is today Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian, and there was yesterday Edmond Rostand, the Frenchman, and the rest is silence. D'Annunzio has risen recently to unexpected heights of patriotic exaltation, and his service to his own country is undeniable. But his poetry, taken as a whole, lacks the simplicity and the variety of Kipling's, and above all else, it lacks the masculine sturdiness of the English lyrist. Rostand was taken from us all too soon; and yet we could hardly hope that if he had been spared longer he might have revealed new aspects of his indubitable but strictly limited genius. Nor can we overlook the fact that Rostand's overdecorated muse was a delicate frequenter of Parisian salons rather than a sure-footed and stout-hearted dweller on the twin peaks of Parnassus.

Kipling began to write verse as early as he wrote prose. He "leaped in numbers for the numbers came." His "School-Boy Lyrics" were composed in the years when he was graduating from 14 to 17. When he prepared his works twenty years ago for the complete Outward Bound edition, he gathered into a single volume of "Early Verse" these "School-Boy Lyrics," the "Echoes" (written before he was 19) and the "Departmental Ditties," the earliest of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" and a selection from the varied poetry contributed by him to the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore between 1884 and 1887, when (in 1889) prefixed a few lines in which he expressed his mature opinion of these juvenile efforts. The latest harvest of his verse "these 'School-Boy Lyrics,'" the "Echoes" (written before he was 19) and the "Departmental Ditties," the earliest of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" and a selection from the varied poetry contributed by him to the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore between 1884 and 1887, when (in 1889) prefixed a few lines in which he expressed his mature opinion of these juvenile efforts. The latest harvest of his verse is now published in "The Years Between," and it is as full of promise as the earliest sheaf. It is as rich in performance as the most copious of the volumes which have preceded it.

But thinks not, knows not—say, will not believe—
That there are Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Homes
All like his own, a thousand homely talks,
Manners, and customs—so I saw the world
With millions of my brethren. Then I wrote
And all my verse sprang fire-new from a brain
That loved it and believed it. But the world
Coldly, in silence, passed my numbers by.
Therefore I sang in fury! When the years
Brought with them coolness, all too late I found
There were ten thousand thousand thoughts like mine!

Douglas Jerrold once commiserated a young poet for having published a volume or two before he was old enough to have anything to say; "he took down the shutters before he had anything to put in the shop windows." Kipling's early verse reveals his precocious cleverness and his astonishing faculty of assimilation. As we turn its pages we can see him "playing the sedulous ape to many masters," (as Stevenson confessed that he had done)—masters of many diverse schools—Poe and Father Prout, Browning and Bret Harte, Tom Hood and Omar Khayyam, the "Bab Ballads" of W. S. Gilbert, the "Fly Leaves" of C. S. Calverley, and even the "Carols of Cockayne" of the now totally forgotten H. S. Leigh. By this imitation he learned how to be original: he studied the processes of his predecessors; and thus he acquired suppleness and certainty. The poet must be born, no doubt; but he has to be made, after he is born; and the making takes time and labor. The most brilliant of diamonds is brilliant only after it has been cut and polished with its own dust.

"Ave Imperatrix," (written when Kipling was scarcely seventeen on the occasion of an attempt on Queen Victoria's life), is the most significant of these "School-Boy Lyrics," because we can see in it the handiwork of the poet who was to achieve the stern elevation of the "Recessional." As these five quatrains testify:

> Such greeting as should come from those
> Whose fathers faced the Sepoy hordes,
> Or served you in the Russian snows,
> And, dying, left their sons their swords.
>
> Once more we greet you, though unseen
> Our greeting is, and coming slow.
> Trust us if need arise, O Queen;
> We shall not tarry with the Bow!

When Kipling left school he went back to India, where he had been born, and from the moment of his return he seems to have marveled at the wonder of his native land and to have felt its infinite pathos, openly expressed in "Christmas in India" and in the "Galley-Slave."

One result of his return to India was an increased intimacy with the British Army, and this supplied the motive and the material for the second group of "Barrack-Room Ballads," which was published in 1891 when Kipling was 26, and which contained the stark and grim "Danny Deever" and the lilting melody of "Mandalay," with its yearning refrain. A third group of these soldier songs was included in the "Seven Seas" of 1896. To the mere reader some of these "Barrack-Room Ballads" seem a little rough-and-ready, but their apparent harshness disappears when they are recited or sung, for they are then found to fall trippingly from the tongue, because—as Kipling once told me—they were all composed to tunes which were running in his head. The "Barrack-Room Ballads"—the three groups taken together—would have made a reputation for any other poet, but it may be that they have interfered with Kipling's, since their military brass-band music has drawn undue attention and repelled more delicate ears from appreciation of his subtler and loftier strains.

But the most delicate ear could not fail to find delight in the "Ballad of Kind and Wise," printed in the 1891 volume and fitly companioned by "McAndrew's Hymn" and by the "Mary Gloster" printed in the volume of 1896. Here, again, are three bold and masculine lyrics unapproachable in the works of any English poet since Tennyson and Browning passed their prime. Kipling is the master ballad-ist of our time; he has recaptured the spirit of the old unknown bards who sang their stories into being; and he has made his profit out of all the old and more literary balladists, Macaulay and Longfellow and Tennyson. He has the singing simplicity, the straightforward directness of the folk-singers and also a dexterity of craftsmanship, a command of rhyme and rhythm unachieved by any of them, even by modern masters in whose footsteps he is following and by whose example he is stimulated. They are the work of a bard who has the swiftness of the primitive folk-singers, the psychologic curiosity of Browning, and the metrical accomplishment of Swinburne. They owe their rush and swing and fire, their forward-driving motion, partly to the fact that they were not put together on paper pen in hand;

(Continued on Page 195.)

(Continued from Page 189.)

they were built up in the brain and carried to completion in the head, not to be set down in black and white until they were attained their full-orbed certainty. I have told elsewhere how Kipling recited "McAndrew's Hymn" to me walking up and down and pouring it forth in full flood from the depths of the book on one side of the blank order form on the other, and dictated them up and down the empty floor. Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. Kipling can trade discount, and, reckoning twelves as thirteens, no accountaken and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest notes and was transferred from the publisher, the left hand pocket, direct to the author, the right hand pocket, et. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of sales was prodigious, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by overstimulating with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements.

The Order of His Books.

From the Baltimore Sun.

It was in 1885, while he was in India, that Mr. Kipling's first literary work of note appeared. This was "Departmental Ditties," and was followed in rapid succession by "Plain Tales from the Hills," logically, his subsequent works are as follows:

"Plain Tales from the Hills," 1887.
"Soldiers Three," "In Black and White," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "Under the Deodars," "Wee Willie Winkie," 1888-89.
"Life's Handicap," 1891.
"The Light That Failed," 1891.
"Barrack Room Ballads," 1892.
"Many Inventions," 1893.
"The Jungle Book," 1894.
"Second Jungle Book," 1895.
"The Seven Seas," 1896.
"Captains Courageous," 1897.
"The Day's Work," 1898.

His Schoolboy Days.

From the Baltimore American.

At an early age Rudyard was sent to England for his schooling. He proved an able scholar, and kept his place in his classes throughout his career there. Strange to say, he never seemed to study seriously and continuously at other times, but was always ready for a lark or some practical joke, which kept him frequently in disgrace and a prisoner in the school. During his frequent terms of confinement to his quarters he occupied the idea of editing and publishing a weekly school newspaper. This aroused the admiration of the professors, and then and there he made his first reputation as a writer.

In 1882, when only 16, he returned to India, and began at once to earn a modest income by writing for the Civil and Military Gazette, a four-page daily.

Besides occasional reporting outside the office, Kipling's daily work on the Civil and Military Gazette was briefly: 1, to prepare for press all the telegrams of the day; 2, to provide all the extracts and paragraphs; 3, to make headed articles out of official reports, etc.; 4, to write such editorial notes as he might have time for; 5, to look generally after all sports, out station and local intelligence; 6, to read all proofs except the editorial matter. He may have had to do more, but roughly speaking, for a few, a very few, hundreds of rupees a month, he did the work of at least two men, and in his odd moments he wrote the stories, verses and sketches, some of which have been published.

He published in India "Departmental Ditties" and "Plain Tales from the Hills," followed by six small books on military, native and social life in India, including "Soldiers Three."

Kipling left India in 1889 and traveled in China, Japan and America, and thence went to London. He liked to work in London, and occupied chambers in Villiers street, just opposite Charing Cross Station, where he labored diligently throughout the day and far into the night. He is grow enthusiastic over some certain idea and was loth to leave it until it had taken itself something like permanent form. This kind of thing can be overdone, however, and Mr. Kipling's health has been seriously affected by it. After the completion of his novel, "The Light That Failed," he found it necessary to take a long rest.

Life in This Country.

From the Baltimore American.

Mr. Kipling was married January 18, 1892, in London, to Miss Balestier, sister of the young American novelist, Wolcott Balestier, who died in Dresden in 1892, and with whom Kipling collaborated in the story called "The Naulahka." It was through this brother that she became acquainted with Mr. Kipling. Her father, Joseph Navarro Balestier, was a very successful real estate man and lived in New York city. He bought very extensively property in and around Brattleboro, Vt., and to-day the Balestier estate there includes many hundreds of acres.

It was thus that Mr. Kipling settled in Brattleboro shortly after his marriage. He and Mrs. Kipling lived in the town until their new home was finished, just outside the Brattleboro line. It is fashioned after the plan of an Indian bungalow, in which one long corridor from end to end of the building divides all the apartments, as in a hotel, and is built on the side of a hill. It is long, curious looking structure, without an entrance on the side that faces the roadway, and with but one door in the house, that on the hillside.

The property slopes down from the hillside to the roadway, and at the base of the hill, although there are no fences or obstructions, are scattered signs reading: "Trespassing on these premises is forbidden."

Here Mr. and Mrs. Kipling lived for some time the year round, and many stories are told in Brattleboro of his life there. Strangers who saw him for the first time thought a cowboy had come to town, though his boots, his great coat and his sombrero, whenever the weather permitted him to go without a thick cap, were familiar to all the town folk.

How He Came to be Named Rudyard.

From the Baltimore American.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay December 30, 1865, and is the son of John Lockwood Kipling, head of the Lahore School of Art in Bombay. The elder Kipling is a native of Staffordshire, England, where he was formerly a designer of decorative tiles for large pottery firm. Dorton's, formerly Pinder, Bourne & Co. Pinder's son, who is now a traveling salesman for the pottery firm, tells the following story of how Rudyard came by his rather peculiar name:

"One day my mother gave a picnic to the young people of the neighborhood at a pretty little English village, not far removed from Burslem, one of the Staffordshire towns, and there he met a pretty English girl, Mary Macdonald, the daughter of a Methodist minister at Endon. Kipling fell in love with her at once, and they met very often at my mother's house, and it was there that I, as a child, saw them. Then John Kipling went to the art school at Lambeth to study modeling, and sent out to direct the art schools of the Indian government. He took his bride to India, where he took pretty Mary Macdonald's name, Rudyard, from a little stream that runs through the village of Rudyard, not far from Endon, where he had met her. Rudyard Kipling is the result of this union."

Rudyard Kipling gives this as his own version of a story in literary journals: "One night, coming home from the office very tired indeed, I found in my study a man who denly a gentleman followed by two schoolboys. 'Are you Rudyard Kipling?' inquired the gentleman.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Are you the Rudyard Kipling.'

"'Boys, this is where you write?' he continued.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Boys, this is where he writes.'

"'And before I write some more, boys and take a seat they had all literary. Lon don to do in that way.'"

Walker Eve

The Female of the Species

A Study in Natural History: By Rudyard Kipling

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster who will often turn aside;
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When Nag, the wayside cobra, hears the careless foot of man,
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can;
But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail—
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,
They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws—
'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts pale—
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say,
For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;
But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale—
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations, worm and savage otherwise,
Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise;
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe;
Mirth obscene diverts his anger; Doubt and Pity oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue—to the scandal of the Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same,
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast
May not deal in doubt or pity—must not swerve for fact or jest.
These be purely male diversions—not in these her honour dwells—
She, the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else!

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate;
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties;
Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him, who denies!
He will meet no cool discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-bear fights;
Speech that drips, corrodes and poisons—even so the cobra bites;
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw,
And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer
With his fellow-braves in council, does not leave a place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands
To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern; shall enthrall but not enslave him.
And *She* knows, because She warns him and Her instincts never fail,
That the female of Her species is more deadly than the male!

KIPLING.

Stories of His Life and His Successful Literary Work.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

In a couple of pages on "My First Book," which he contributed to McClure's four or five years ago, he told something about the way in which his verses were written, saying:

"Had as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and, therefore, my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be scrambled for, and the humor of the song, the swing of the sailors, quite as much as his imagination and his marvelous technical knowledge, which led the aging Tennyson to indicate Kipling as the proper successor to the poet of Poet Laureate. These are the elements—or ingredient I have direct from the friend to whom the elder poet expressed it; and the words in which he expresses the same characteristically idiomatic: "That young fellow, Kipling, has more of it in him than anybody else."

"The Five Nations," published in 1903, contained the austere and lofty "Recessional," written six years earlier; and it contained half a dozen other poems which proved that Kipling's vision was broadening, that his power was becoming more penetrating, that his liking for the lighter forms of verse was diminishing, and that his artistic conscience was becoming more and more exacting. Then came the Boer war, and Kipling was one of the earliest to see that there shall be no room, for pity, for mercy, for respect, for fear, or even for loyalty between man and his fellow-man, when the record of the tribe comes to be written. That record must satisfy, at all costs to the word and to the man behind the word. It must satisfy alike the keenest vanity and the deepest self-knowledge of the present; it must satisfy also the most shameless curiosity of the future. What he has done this, it is literature of which it will be said in due time that it fully represents its age. I say in due time because, as you individuals, do not always at once appreciate the merits of a record that purports to represent them. The trouble is that one always expects just a little more out of a thing than one puts into it. [Laughter.] Whether it be an age or an individual, one is always a little pained and a little pessimistic to find that all one gets back is just one's bare deserts. This is a difficulty old as literature.

"A little incident that came within my experience a few weeks ago shows that that difficulty is always being raised by the most unexpected people all about the world. A few weeks ago, in a land where the magic of words is peculiarly potent and far-reaching, there was a tribe that wanted rain, and the raindoctors set about setting it. To a certain extent the rain-doctors succeeded. But the rain their magic brought was not a full, driving downpour that tells of large prosperity; it was patchy, local, circumscribed, and uncertain. There were unhealthy little squalls blowing about the country and doing damage. Whole districts were flooded out by waterspouts and other districts annoyed by trickling showers, soon dried by the sun.

"And so the tribe went to the rain-doctors, being very angry, and they said, 'What is this rain that you make? You did not make rain in the time of our fathers.' And what have you been doing?' And the rain-doctors said, 'We have been making our proper magic. Supposing you tell us what you have been doing lately?' And the tribe said, 'Oh, our women have been running about hunting jackals and our little people have been busy chasing grasshoppers.' And the chief head men have been running about hunting jackals and our little people have been busy chasing grasshoppers.' And the chief head men have been running about hunting jackals and our little people have been busy chasing grasshoppers.' And just as long as your tribe runs about hunting jackals, and just as long as your tribe runs about hunting grasshoppers, just so long will the rain fall in this manner.'" [Cheers and laughter.]

JOURNAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1899.

TEACHERS' BUSY DAY

HON. JOHN L. GRIFFITHS ADDRESSES THEM IN THE EVENING.

In Rudyard Kipling's Life and Work He Finds a Fruitful Theme for His Eloquence.

TWO SESSIONS DURING THE DAY

AT WHICH PAPERS OF INTEREST WERE READ AND DISCUSSED.

More Teachers Register than Ever Before at the Opening of the Sections Held Meetings.

Last evening at 8:30 o'clock 650 teachers had registered as members of the Indiana State Teachers' Association. Secretary J. B. Hart said that this was two hundred more than had ever registered before. Said he: "I think, from all indications, that I can safely say one thousand teachers will register before the meeting closes."

The evening session of the general association began at 8 o'clock, and when President Glascock introduced the association quartet, composed of L. M. Tilson, W. J. Stabler, W. B. M. Browne and W. H. Lobo, for the first number on the programme there was not an available seat in the house. At the conclusion of the song, which was well rendered by the quartet, Hon. John L. Griffiths, the speaker of the evening, who was on the programme for the annual address, was introduced and addressed the audience on the subject of "Rudyard Kipling." He said in part:

"Among the many delightful things which have come to those who live in the nineteenth century, a century full of poetry and chivalry and romance, are the works of Rudyard Kipling. At an age when most authors are still saying goodbye on rejected manuscripts he has written and had published a dozen odd volumes of books, and more, and written them so well that he has commanded the attention of the masters of literature. Whatever may be said finally, passed upon his works, of their place, if any, it may ultimately keep in the realm of literature, and not only that the masters adide, whether his contributions to fine literature are a passing interest and lack that beauty of form and expression which alone make for permanency, they are compelled to recognize him as an author who has revealed to us a new world instinct with a new life.

LITTLE KNOWN OF HIM.

"Of the man himself we know but little. He seldom obtrudes his personality into the stories. We lose sight of him as he becomes completely do his characters act out their parts. We know that he stands among the most distinguished artists of modern times. Burne Jones, recently deceased, and Sir Edward John Poynter, the present president of the Royal Academy. His father wrote a highly instructive, if not a highly imaginative, work on "Man and Beast in India." He has shown great skill as an artist in the illustrations with which adorn the outward-bound soldier of the son's works, and his mother and sister have a little of the artistic temperament. The dedication of his first book to the wiliest woman in India, it as also a reward to his mother. Kipling himself was educated in England. He served for some time as a war correspondent and assistant editor of a newspaper in the east. He is fond of all outdoor sport, said capable of prodigious industry. He has a good judgment to marry a woman of taste, and for ten years he has done more than his work and a greater variety of work than of his contemporaries. He has collected his tales, he says, from all times and all sorts of people—from priest and carver and carpenter, from nameless men on steamers and trains, from women spinning outside the cottage doors in the twilight, from officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and from the ranks. Nobody can say that the old father grave was ill has been suggested that the first in Kipling's case was the literary that he has advanced to prove that Shakspeare could not have written the plays which bear his name, since he was not learned in law or medicine or theology, and had never sailed the seas, for it is evident, is it not, as one writer remarks, that Kipling must have studied long and ardently at all the best schools and universities in the world, or how could he have acquired his acquaintance with geology, as set forth in the "Story of the Gadsbys," his knowledge as exhibited in "Captains Courageous" and with botany, as expressed in his "Seven Seas" and "Flowers?" He must have served a long apprenticeship on the sea, and gratified his passion for that element by taking service in the Greek galley, and afterward in that of the Viking. He must then have occupied a position on the following vessels as quartermaster: A Chinese spy boat, a Bilboa steamer, a New England fishing smack, a Bering sea sealer, a Dundee whaler and an American liner. He must have spent a few years of complete rest in the midst of the jungle, and familiarized himself with the manners and customs of birds and beasts and creeping things. He must have had a large number of appointments in the Indian civil service, and served for a considerable period in the army, and had at least one engagement in the Sudan. He must have passed a number of years in disguise among the natives to become conversant with their habits of thought and ways of living, and must have had the honor of being knighted by the King of the White Cloud district. In the case of Kipling, as of Shakspeare, it is the divine gift of imagination that has quickened and deepened his sympathies with men of every class and race, and given him free entrance to their hearts.

HIS CHILDREN'S TALES.

"If a man keeps very quiet, says Kipling, and humbles himself and refrains from looking down to his superiors the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world. His 'Children's Tales' show how fully the little folk have taken him into their confidence, how unreservedly they recognize him as their friend and companion. His love for and sympathy with children is one of the most beautiful traits of his character. His understanding of their ways and feelings is shown in the quaint and unconsciousness of his use of words. He has depicted almost every phase of child life, and depicted it so charmingly that we are most regret that we cannot blot out the intervening years and dwell again in the golden age and fall asleep to the music of the 'Just So Stories.'

"The spirit of simple faith and heartfelt reverence characterizes much that Kipling has written and is especially noticeable in the poem, 'Recessional,' which is never sentimental nor mawkish. It does not concern itself with the theological technicalities; it has interest in the quibbles of creeds; is wholly free from affectation or sham and is at all times strong, insistent and manly. It is the religion, as a recent writer remarks, of Joshua and Cromwell and Cromwell. Not adapted to saints or martyrs, to angels or to children, not to dream about or philosophize over, but for Tommy Atkins and the rest of us. It exhorts to deeds rather than to faith. It is the religion of the drawn sword, and it is the only religion that has appeal to an effective body. It is the God of battles who uses drastic means to us to accomplish his purposes and to cleanse the world of sin.

"If Kipling had written 'Crossing the Bar' he would have said, triumphantly, 'I know that I will meet my pilot face to face. He has the passionate faith of the fanatic, his enthusiasm, too, but tempered with a judgment that sees things in their true proportions and not in an atmosphere of phantasy or mysticism. In looking back over the nineteenth century we can realize that the days of England's supremacy and power and glory have been the days when the people and statesmen maintained high ideals of duty and righteousness and that whenever there has been a moral lapse the nation has been humbled on land and sea, as suffered internal dissensions, has had a loss of men and ships and colonies, as well as spiritual decadence which nothing could compensate for. He never preaches, and his expressions of serious and genuine religion mark even his earliest work.

A TRUST IN GOD.

"'McAndrew's hymn, the tribute to Walcott Balestier, and much else that he has written show that he has a trust in God. It is not surprising, therefore, that amid the pomp and show and circumstances of the Queen's jubilee, when others were singing of their power and dominion as if they were the works of their hands, that the Recessional should have been written and that the lofty note should have sounded high above the tumult and the clamor. Above all the little attempts at self-glorification, recalling men to a sense of their dependence and helplessness and of their were unmindful of Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the destiny of nations. Compared with Watson's poem, 'To the Almighty God,' written apparently to prove that England has made her greatest achievements in the nineteenth century, when she forgot, it will be seen that Kipling has attained to a higher degree of moral judgment to mention his name with praise, and for ten years he has done more than his work and a greater variety of work than of his contemporaries. He has collected his tales, he says, from all times and all sorts of people—from priest and carver and carpenter, from nameless men on steamers and trains, from women spinning outside the cottage doors in the twilight, from officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and from the ranks. Nobody can say that the old father grave was ill has been suggested that the first in Kipling's case was the literary that he has advanced to prove that Shakspeare could not have written the plays which bear his name, since he was not learned in law or medicine or theology, and had never sailed the seas, for it is evident, is it not, as one writer remarks, that Kipling must have studied long and ardently at all the best schools and universities in the world, or how could he have acquired his acquaintance with geology, as set forth in the 'Story of the Gadsbys,' his knowledge as exhibited in 'Captains Courageous' and with botany, as expressed in his 'Seven Seas' and 'Flowers?' He must have served a long apprenticeship on the sea, and gratified his passion for that element by taking service in the Greek galley, and afterward in that of the Viking. He must then have occupied a position on the following vessels as quartermaster: A Chinese spy boat, a Bilboa steamer, a New England fishing smack, a Bering sea sealer, a Dundee whaler and an American liner. He must have spent a few years of complete rest in the midst of the jungle, and familiarized himself with the manners and customs of birds and beasts and creeping things. He must have had a large number of appointments in the Indian civil service, and served for a considerable period in the army, and had at least one engagement in the Sudan. He must have passed a number of years in disguise among the natives to become conversant with their habits of thought and ways of living, and must have had the honor of being knighted by the King of the White Cloud district. In the case of Kipling, as of Shakspeare, it is the divine gift of imagination that has quickened and deepened his sympathies with men of every class and race, and given him free entrance to their hearts.

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ed on those high grounds to make some sort of compromise with, or to extend some recognition to, the Powers of Darkness.'

"Yet, if we accept these pleas, we shall betray mankind as effectively as though we had turned our backs on the battle from the first. Your own President has said that there is no conceivable halfway house in dealing with the world's enemy. It is certainly true that any compromise or arrangement or attitudes for our own satisfaction till we have administered some measure of justice to those who have made it their religion to do iniquity. I say, some measure of justice, because when the full tale is told, the world will see that no retribution which for our own soul's sake we dare exact, can atone for the sin against the light that Germany has deliberately committed. To that extent, then, the world's enemy must be humanity's decree that there are certain things which man, born of woman must not do. Among that bare protection, what right has this Power of Absolute Evil to concern herself either in the shaping or the substance of life on earth after the war? None whatever, till we have once more made it safe, but even for that purpose—that her heart has been changed.

"But you have not come 2,000 miles to protect Germany. Your little vanguard is here to help her change her heart. I read in the New York Tribune a day or two ago the lines on

Outlook [6 January

Kipling as a Poet of Patriotism'

It is interesting to note in contemporary history the difficulty of deciding the rank and value of a piece of literature when it comes warm from the imagination of the writer. If Shakespeare were to give the world to-day those superb passages on England which may be regarded as the high-water mark of noble expression of the passion of patriotism, there are those who would urge that the eloquence of these splendid apostrophes was timely rather than enduring, and that they were calculated to catch the ear from vulgar rather than the imagination of the cultivated.

Mr. Kipling is now going through the process of being judged as regards the importance and merit of his verse which has been inspired by recent events. There are many who think that he has given the world nothing fresher, stronger, or more original in conception and decisive in utterance than the poems called forth during the last two or three years by contemporary public conditions. The first of these was the "Recessional," which impressed most people who read it as a true insight into the spiritual significance of the Jubilee Celebration, but which a good many people, with Mr. Watson at their head, instantly challenged as barbaric. Mr. Birrell, who is usually as sane as he is fresh and entertaining, has recently questioned the quality of the patriotism which has found such vigorous utterance in three or four more recent poems from Mr. Kipling's hand, and declared that he was not ready to believe that "Kipling's muse really represented, in dignity or in feeling, the heartfelt emotions of a great people."

The poems to which he referred—especially that on Russia—have undoubtedly had a certain touch of almost brutal frankness; but great plainness of speech is something very different from vulgarity. Mr. Kipling interprets through the imagination what may be called the executive side of the English spirit. He is preeminently a poet of the Englishman in action. That which touches his imagina-

"On another page are printed three of Mr. Kipling's patriotic poems—"The Recessional," "Boots," and "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY SCULPTURE GALLERY. NO. I.—THE MAN WHO IS.

THE
CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT
AND
OTHER PLACES
DEPICTED
BY
RUDYARD KIPLING.

A. H. WHEELER & Co.,
ALLAHABAD.
1891.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The title-page of this second edition is also reproduced. This book, it is believed, has been suppressed as well, but numerous copies must have been put upon the market. The same is true of the *Letters of Marque*, published in 1891, although it seems to be rarer than the other.

After Kipling became known in England, Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston and Company printed *The City of Dreadful Night*, in 1891, uniform with the other octavo volumes of his stories which

LETTERS OF MARQUE.
BY
RUDYARD KIPLING,
AUTHOR OF
"Plain Tales from the Hills," "Departmental Ditties," &c., &c.

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[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

they were issuing in paper covers. It was duly published, but, for some reason or other, strenuous efforts were made after a few days to suppress it and all unsold copies were destroyed. It is intended also to issue a reprint of the *Letters of Marque* in the same style, to be published in two volumes. Only the first volume, however, seems to have been printed. It was never published, and we understand that the entire edition, excepting only three copies, was sent to the paper mill.

Luther S. Livingston.

SNOW-BOUND

And snow-flakes dim the misty air—the petals of the cold:
The day gropes blindly in the gloom above the land and wold,
The wind lets up his stormy march in music wild and grand
While Winter lays his grim blockade across the frozen land.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

Mr. John M. Egan, vice-president of the Central Railroad of Georgia, was gored by a cow at Savannah, Ga., recently, receiving a cut six inches long in the fleshy part of the thigh. His injures are not dangerous.

***

Mr. Egan will pardon me if I seem to overlook his suffering. As a matter of fact, all railway men must have been extremely sorry to hear of his accident, for the cut must be painful. The southern papers show a disposition to treat the incident with a levity with which I can in no way sympathize. A poet in the Atlanta Constitution has broken into a song in imitation of "Danny Deever," from which the following stanzas are quoted:

"Twas a black cow of the pinelands, that was rope and bullet-proof,
An' Egan was so proud of her he couldn't keep aloof,
An' he went out to admire her, and she tossed him to the roof.
An' he saw the stars a-shinin' in the mornin'.

"He had roamed the western prairies 'mid the snorting buffaloes;
He had tamed the wide-necked cattle that to Armour's factory goes,
He had made the festive Indian to the daisies turn his toes,
Before he came to Georgia in the mornin'.

"But he'd never had experience with a cow of sable hue,
Like those notable ancestors lived where Georgia grasses grew,
An' that's why Egan shouted to his friends: 'Good-by to you!'
As she tossed him to the barn roof in the mornin'.

***

It matters not that in subsequent verses the poet represents the Georgia Central road as being revenged on the mutilatress of its vice-president:

"What's that so black upon the track,' said folks-on-parade;
'It's that cow of Johnny Egan's,' the Central flagman said;
'It's goin' to have revenge on her—she'll prowl soon be dead—
'He's goin' to have Johnny Egan in the mornin'!

"What's that that's goin' high in air an' ralsin' of a row—
The engineer is blowin' of a merry whistle now;
He's obeyed his latest order to 'Run down Johnny Egan's cow
For tossin' him to Tybee in the mornin'."

For tossin' him to Tybee in the mornin'."

MR. KIPLING TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Author's Response to the Toast of "Literature" at the Anniversary Banquet Held on May 5 at Burlington House — He Had Arrived from South Africa That Morning.

Rudyard Kipling responded to the toast of "Literature" at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy, held on the evening of May 5 in the Central Gallery of Burlington House, London. The gathering was a brilliant one, including eminent representatives of the arts and sciences, letters, politics, and the professions. In the courtyard a guard of honor supplied by the Twentieth Middlesex (artists), R. V. C.) was mounted, with the brass band of the regiment in attendance; and the Duke of Connaught, the representative on this occasion of the royal family, was received on his arrival with a royal salute, the band playing the national anthem.

Fully 250 guests sat down to dinner. On the president's right were seated the Duke of Connaught, the Russian ambassador, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Netherlands minister, the Norwegian minister, Lord Carrington, Mr. Haldane, M. P. (secretary of State for war); Mr. Birrell, M. P., and Mr. Sydney Buxton, M. P. On the president's left sat the French ambassador, the Turkish ambassador, the American ambassador, the Italian ambassador, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Northumberland, the Danish minister, the Swedish minister, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cawdor, Lord Stanley, Lord Ashbourne, Mr. R. [illegible], the Postmaster-General, Mr. [illegible] Forster, M. P.

In introducing Mr. Kipling, according to the London *Times*, the president, Sir Edward Poynter, remarked:

"Among our guests we include many whose names are distinguished in literature. The close alliance between literature and art has often been celebrated in this room. The influence that literature may have upon art is obvious and need not be gone into now, but literature which is worthy of the name is in itself an art; by this I mean that the writer, like the painter or the sculptor, must have a mastery of his material, and that in neither profession is a man who does slovenly work entitled to be called an artist.

"I propose to couple with this toast the name of one well known to you all, who never wrote a slovenly line in his life either of poetry or prose, and why has, besides, that insight into humanity and that power of concentrated expression which proclaim an artist of the highest degree [cheers]; you know him as the enchanter of childhood, the hero of boyhood, the grand exponent of vigorous manhood, the stanch upholder of the honor of his country. When I add that he is the adored of our brave soldiers you will easily guess whom I mean. [Cheers.] Rudyard Kipling has come straight home from South Africa, arriving only this morning, to do us the honor of replying to this toast. I will not praise him further to his face, for he has never courted applause and is modest enough to resent it. Wisely foreseeing that once an artist becomes a public man he is almost doomed as an artist, he set his face, from the time that he came to England from India—almost a boy and suddenly famous—against being lionized, and resolutely refused to be dragged into the vortex of social or public life. His work is his life, and his home and family are his dearest relaxation. I give you the toast of literature coupled with the name of Mr. Rudyard Kipling." [Cheers.]

MR. KIPLING'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Kipling said:

"A great, and I frankly admit a somewhat terrifying, honor has come to me; but I think, compliments apart, the most case-hardened worker in letters speaking to such an assembly as this must recognize the gulf that separ