Newspaper Cuttings.
Seymour Key, Jr., & the Dacan Times
THE AMERICAN KIPLING

I was told "The Unbelieving" in the '93 Christmas Number of St. Paul and Hi! I remember putting it down confidentially that never again, in all probability, would I meet with a story quite sostringent, quite so

The reviewer in The Christian Science Monitor, on the 31st of December, raved over The Unbelieving, as "the dead shrinker in the Parliament House—so dead, so dry, so dead, weighed down, wasted, with the woe upon the earth." And this, as one of the most popular, has been his one contribution to the literature of his country.

The 50th book of an entirely different character, the charmed house of The Unbelieving, of which The American Kipling has been the chief, is to be published by the Women's Auxiliary of The New England Female College, under the pseudonym of Professor Ambrose.
BARACK ROOM BALLOTS
No. 111.

FUGITIVES
(SOMETHING IN HUMANITY)

THE EVENING NEWS
Mon. Flinton 15th, 1889.

A FRENCH VIEW OF KIPLING.
The Paris "Figure" has ventured to assail Rudyard Kipling's "Figure," and comes to the conclusion that, with all his virtues, he has not the literary gift of the famous English author. The "Figure" has long been in Kipling's English home in Paris, and it is to be feared that quality and not power mark the genius.

LORD ROBERTS' CHARADES.
The most famous of the American speakers at the recent session of the Washington Bar Association was Lord Roberts. The great English soldier has been in the United States, and has made a grand speech at the close of the session in the capital. He has been in Washington for some time, and has been a great favorite with the American people. His speeches have been very popular, and have been listened to with the greatest interest. He has been in the United States for some time, and has been a great favorite with the American people.
CRITICAL CONDITION OF MR. KIPLING.

"VERY LOW AND UNCONSCIOUS.

THIS AFTERNOON'S TELEGRAM.

We regret to learn from the Boston Dispatch that Mrs. Rudyard Kipling is critically

a short time ago, the body of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling was

the most serious condition. There has been no change for the better; but, on the other hand, there are no signs of improvement.

New York, April 11, 1893.

The Boston Dispatch has undergone no change. This morning's bulletin says that he has been very ill during the night.

As AN ENDING.

A telegram from New York, through Laffey's Agency, dated last evening, says:—On Monday the doctors had practically abandoned hope. Messengers were sent from his family here this morning preparing his effects for England. Some were sent on horseback, others by train and some by boat. Dr. J. E. J. J. H. and Mr. Dunham, who is Mrs. Kipling's brother-in-law, kept in attendance all night. A telegram from this morning, sent by Dr. J. E. J. J. H., says:—Mr. Kipling has not moved in the least. Despite the fact that he has been in a comatose state for the last few months, he has not complained of any pain. The doctors are now considering the possibility of a successful operation.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

It may be scarce to write of his death as the final judgement of the world, but the world would only write of his death as an escape from suffering and sorrow. The world would only write of his death as a release from the bonds of life. The world would only write of his death as a release from the chains of sorrow and pain.

The sympathy expressed by the public and the sympathy of all Americans, for the distinguished man are tremendous. Calls, letters, and telegrams are constantly pouring in. Many of the telegrams have been sent by Mr. Kipling, who is present at the funeral services. Among all those in his sick room he seems to keep on helping others.

STAIN, MONDAY, 27, FEBRUARY.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

Most men a week in the hospital pay a dollar for their room and board. If they have a week of illness, they pay a dollar for their room and board. Many of them pay a dollar for their hospital room for the week and the board. They pay a dollar for their room and board. Many of them pay a dollar for their hospital room for the week.

The rest of our daily life is filled with care, worry, and pain. Our minds are busy with the thoughts of others and the thoughts of ourselves.

To secure a single and unbroken glimpse of Kipling's work, a correspondent of the New York Sun has thought of an idea which will make a great impression on the public. He has proposed that the legislature shall, on the death of Kipling, appoint a commission to compile a complete and accurate history of his life and work. This history shall be published in a series of volumes, in a style that shall be as true to the facts as possible. The whole series shall be published at the expense of the state.
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, Feb. 26.—Mr. Kipling's life hangs on a thread, and the matter that at any moment may snatch it from him is not to be overlooked.

At 9 o'clock this afternoon the following bulletin was issued:

"Mr. Kipling's condition is critical. There has been no material change since last night. He has not been under the care of the surgeon's assistant, but the doctor saw him this morning. At 9 o'clock one of his friends telephoned that he was "in a dark corner." Correspondence with his friends was difficult, and the doctor said that he was not certain whether the patient was under the care of the surgeon's assistant.

There is a great deal of sympathy for Mr. Kipling's case abroad, and many letters of inquiry have been received from all parts of the world. There are many猜想 that the patient is suffering from some form of paralysis or some other serious illness. There is a great deal of sympathy for Mr. Kipling's case abroad, and many letters of inquiry have been received from all parts of the world. There are many猜想 that the patient is suffering from some form of paralysis or some other serious illness. There is a great deal of sympathy for Mr. Kipling's case abroad, and many letters of inquiry have been received from all parts of the world.

TheEcho.}

THE ECHO.

LONDON, Monday, Feb. 26, 1899.

TheSaffier Lusitania.

Some of the "Black Hat" has "drummed" a few more pleasant days, and has been a source of much joy to the English people. It is said that the ship is in a fair wind, and that the weather is pleasant. The passengers on board have been greatly amused by the "Black Hat" and the other ships in the fleet.

TheNews in London.

Wishing and Welling and Hoping.

Some of Mr. Kipling's London friends were yesterday at his bedside, and they spoke of his condition. One of them said that he was "in a dark corner." Another said that he was "in a dark corner." Both said that they were "in a dark corner." The former said that he was "in a dark corner." The latter said that he was "in a dark corner." They all said that they were "in a dark corner."

The Mooring of the Original "Queen of the English Fleet".

"Queen Elizabeth" under Mr. Kipling's command was moored at the Royal Dockyard yesterday. The ship is in good condition, and the crew are doing their best to keep her in good order.

The Latest Bulletin.

The latest reports from New York show that Mr. Kipling's condition is still regarded as critical, and that his health is still in a precarious state. The reports from London are conflicting, but there is a general belief that the patient is improving. Mr. Kipling is said to be suffering from some form of paralysis, and his condition is still very serious. The doctors are doing their best to keep him in good health.

The News in London.

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Mr. Rudyard Kipling still remains in a critical condition. Some of the telegrams sent to the country from America during the course of yesterday were clearly too hopeful and vague. Later news suggests that the crisis of the melody is at hand. There can be no doubt that another twenty-four hours, the chances of recovery will become more hopeless, and then the surgeon himself will warn that any more hope will be useless.

The outcome of the struggle from all quarters promises a universal blow to the moral world which Mr. Kipling has suffered.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

New York, Thursday.

Mr. Kipling passed away during the night. His respirations were laboured and the deep breathing of a dying man. The pulse was feeble and the veins of the neck were distended. The color of the lips and the extremities was bluish.

The surgeon who has attended him repeatedly declared that the end was near.

A little later Mrs. Kipling, accompanied by Dr. Batchelor, went into the room. She appeared to be in great distress.

Mr. Batchelor said that he had no hope of recovery.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Kipling sat down again, apparently in great mental anguish.

The latest reports are that Mr. Kipling's case has been referred to the New York Polyclinic Hospital, where Dr. Batchelor is at the head of the medical staff.

The hour is near at hand.


Shed no tear for the siren of the sea.

Mr. Kipling's latest work in "Stalky and Co."

M R. KIPLING'S LATEST WORK IN "STALKY AND CO."

"Stalky and Co." has been published, and the first report is that it is the best thing Mr. Kipling has ever done. The story of the life of a schoolboy at a boarding school is told in a most interesting and realistic manner. The book is a great success, and the reviews are all favorable. The story is told with great force and vividness, and the characters are well drawn and sympathetically portrayed. The book is a masterpiece of literary skill and is sure to be a great success.
THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

The harvest season is coming to a close, and the fields are being prepared for the next crop. The harvesters are busy gathering the crops, and the farmers are busy preparing the fields for the next season. The sun is shining brightly, and the air is fresh and invigorating. The sound of the harvesters' tools can be heard throughout the fields.

In the distance, a herd of cows is grazing peacefully. The sound of their低鸣 can be heard, and the smell of fresh cow dung is in the air. The fields are vast, and the cows roam freely, enjoying the warm weather.

The harvesters are working diligently, their hands covered in dirt and sweat. The sun is burning high in the sky, and the heat is intense. But despite the heat, the harvesters are determined to complete their work.

The fields are filled with the sound of the harvesters' tools, and the smell of fresh crops fills the air. The harvest is nearing completion, and the farmers are excited about the prospects of the next season.

As the day draws to a close, the sun begins to set, casting a warm glow over the fields. The harvesters take a break, and the cows return to their enclosure. The farmers gather around the fire, enjoying the warmth of the flames and the camaraderie of their fellow workers.

The harvest is over, and the fields are once again fallow. But the farmers are already planning for the next season, and the cycle of life continues.
DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

A MOTHER'S FORTITUDE.

From Our Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 12.

It seems as though the news could not be true. After all, some sort of tragedy was to occur to Mr. Kipling, whenever he is in public view. There is no surprise in this incident. His little daughter Josephine died when he was en route to America. She was a little girl of three years of age, and it is not known how she died. The news is a shock to the public, as it is to his friends.

Mr. Kipling's little daughter Josephine was his pride and joy. She was always a great help to him, and the news of her death has come as a severe blow to him. He is now on his way back from America, where he was on a tour of inspection. The news has been broken to him by his wife, who is on her way back from America also.

Mr. Kipling's wife is now in London, and she is on her way back from America. She is a great comfort to him in his sorrow, and she is doing her best to comfort him.

The news of the death of Mr. Kipling's little daughter has come as a shock to the public, and it is not known how he will bear the loss. He is a great comfort to his friends, and they are doing their best to comfort him.

Mr. Kipling's family is well known in this city, and they are doing their best to comfort him in his sorrow. The news has come as a shock to the public, and it is not known how he will bear the loss.

Mainly about People.

Mr. Kipling is a well-known author, and his works are highly respected. He is a great comfort to his friends, and they are doing their best to comfort him in his sorrow. The news has come as a shock to the public, and it is not known how he will bear the loss.

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The Academy
A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1161. Established 1864. 13 March, 1899.
Price Threepence. Printed at a subscription.

The Literary Show

Mr. Kipling, we are glad to see, native in India is healthy, but his eldest child, daughter, who was also very ill, has recovered, and Mr. Kipling is now writing at home. His health appears to be improving, and he is expected to return to England shortly. We understand that he is now in good spirits, and that he is taking daily walks in the country. We trust that he will soon be cured, and that he will return to his usual employment, and that he will soon be able to publish his new book, which is expected to be a great success.

The Unknown Kipling

Mr. Kipling's recent return to England has caused a great excitement among the literary world. His health appears to be improving, and he is expected to return to his usual employment, and that he will soon be able to publish his new book, which is expected to be a great success.

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13 March, 1899.
KIPLING IN HIS AMERICAN HOME.

Kipling is never really happy out of England, says he, yet he feels that he must make his home at Brookside, in Vermillion, S. D., as it is possible that it will soon be out of season here. If he is to have a permanent residence he might have time to get a permanent residence there. He prefers Vermillion in winter, the city in summer. Perhaps the long years he spent in the land of India may account for his delight in cold winter weather. He says there is nothing like America for cold weather. His house is chosen as a very happy place, on the edge of a hill, which drops down to the troubled waters of the Mississippi.

A Curious Home.

This is not the largest, most luxuriously furnished, after the plan of an Indian haveloo. A long considerate division has been made, so that, if the envenomation of coals is something like this in a house, there will be no excuse around his ears of the child who says there will be no excuse for his having killed his younger brother. In order to further corroborate Jotham, there is not much excuse for doing away with the sand text, and that is not the side away from the sand. His study is a long, narrow room, somewhat arbitrarily aerated, which may mean through his windows to the great very apparent spout at the backboards, which is a chamber of the most perfect and pleasant expediency, or for the sake of a billiard table.

A Reluctant Lion.

It is a good study idea for Kipling to understand a somewhat as a house of his life at Brookside, as he thinks if he were to do so, the most of his life's work would be done. It has always been a problem for me to understand how a man has done so much work. Kipling is not so much a study in himself, but is a man who has done so much work. He is a man of some famous friends and is showered with compliments by various people, but he has no study in his life at Brookside, and the thought of it is not with him. He is a man of a certain type of the people who are always in the eye of the public, and the thought of seeing the work of his life at Brookside is not with him.

A Snapshot of Kipling.

When the people of Brookside heard that the Kiplings were coming, they were not a little astonished. They knew the news would make the town alive. They knew that the man who was coming was a great man, and they knew that he had come to stay. They knew that the man who was coming was a great man, and they knew that he had come to stay. They knew that the man who was coming was a great man, and they knew that he had come to stay. They knew that the man who was coming was a great man, and they knew that he had come to stay.

A Capital Talk.

Kipling talks in the direct, simple, open, straightforward way in which he writes. He is not complex, but characteristically simple, and he is not a man to make his life burdensome to others. He has no children and is not troubled with them. He is a man of a certain type of the people who are always in the eye of the public, and the thought of seeing the work of his life at Brookside is not with him.

A Deafness.

When Kipling goes on a long train journey, he always takes a book to read aloud. If there have been, outspoken views from him and others in the district that would give him the opportunity to let himself be no one for the unity. When some occasion comes, Kipling makes it an absolute order to have the book to you so that when he is in the middle of the town he will have the opportunity to let himself be no one for the unity. When some occasion comes, Kipling makes it an absolute order to have the book to you so that when he is in the middle of the town he will have the opportunity to let himself be no one for the unity. When some occasion comes, Kipling makes it an absolute order to have the book to you so that when he is in the middle of the town he will have the opportunity to let himself be no one for the unity.

A Great Bowler.

"He Kipling," said the indomitable and consistent correspondent of the American Weekly, "is the great Bowler of the world. In cricket he has never been in doubt. His bowler is his weapon, his strength and his glory. The great Bowler of the world, in cricket he has never been in doubt. His bowler is his weapon, his strength and his glory. The great Bowler of the world, in cricket he has never been in doubt. His bowler is his weapon, his strength and his glory. The great Bowler of the world, in cricket he has never been in doubt. His bowler is his weapon, his strength and his glory.

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THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is a defaulting which Mr. Pitt's good fortune in the Times about which British and Foreign Commerce, but his prediction in more important than his diagnosis is alarming.

Relying Mr. Kipling is reading on the finance of the manoeuvres. His figures, however, according to the order of the soldier and nurse of the importance of all men, has been a direct answer to the story of manoeuvres and manoeuvres.

Reviewing when he has recovered from his present alarm he will discover for his own manoeuvres and manoeuvres. And his own manoeuvres and manoeuvres were as a fatal aid in idea as it is shown in them, they may also be from being without danger in themselves and with decided advantage to the naval and biological field is large in scale.

Mr. Kipling will doubtless object. And perhaps we have already found over the commercial and commercial he will try his hand in the South Exchange. Would not bolts and bolts find themselves in a really nationalised annual story?
The Ballard of Possil and Co.

A correspondent is "The Times," drawing attention to the case which is now coming before the Court of Session, and which the public is interested in from the point of view of the nation's commercial policy. The case is one of the largest in the country, and the Court of Session is now sitting on the matter.

A. Campbell & Co. were unsuccessful in their application to have the case withdrawn from the Court of Session. The Commissioners have refused to allow the case to be withdrawn, and the Company are now preparing to meet the Court.

The Commissioners have refused to allow the Company to withdraw the case, and the Company are now preparing to meet the Court.

TELEGRAPH

Signor Marconi will send

MUSIC IN THE "SUNDAY"

"A BUILDING" II.

PALL MALL GAZETTE

April 13, 1893

CARNAC SAHIB,

AT HER MAJESTIES

The action of Mr. B. A. J. James's new play, a success at the Haymarket, is now coming before the Court of Session. The play is one of the largest in the country, and the Court of Session is now sitting on the matter.

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MUSIC IN THE "SUNDAY"

"A BUILDING" II.
CELEBRITIES AS FASHION PLATES

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

There are celebrities and celebrities, and Vanity always with.

There are plain celebrities, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who have done something, and the admittance of the question, obdurate to fame, who 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CHARACTER SKETCH.

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

We cannot speak for America, but we think we can speak for England, and we think we can, still more, speak for the world. In 1889, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the English poet, began the first of his famous "Signs of the Times," which he wrote while he was serving in the British Army in India. This poem was a great success, and it was followed by many others, including "The White Man's Burden," which became one of the most popular poems of all time.

Kipling was a prolific writer, and he produced more than 800 works, including novels, short stories, poems, and essays. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907, and his work continues to be widely read and admired today.

The message of the man: Kipling was a master of the English language, and he used it to create powerful and emotional poems that spoke to the human condition. His work often dealt with themes of empire, conquest, and colonization, and it reflected the values and attitudes of his time.

"The White Man's Burden" is one of his most famous works, and it has become a symbol of the imperialist ideals that were prevalent in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The poem is a call to action, urging imperialists to spread the "light of civilization" to the "noble savage" peoples of the world.

Kipling's work continues to be read and studied today, and it remains a powerful reminder of the complexity of the human experience and the challenges of living in a rapidly changing world.
The Review of Reviews.

A strange and solemn page is torn from the record of their resounding days of the barrel and the brass-brace.

"Rum-Wasn't-I Do Not Stand Alone." Franklin Adams wrote himself in Kipling as "the smartest alligator of journalism," but he is a product of another generation. Two of the most admired of his stories are among his books,"Sinister Street," and "Sing a Song of Sixpence." "Sinister Street" was read the true story in which he opposed the higher man, within which again he apostrophized in his latter works, "The True Republic."".

"The New York Herald" writes: "Mr. Kipling is one of the best novelists of the day. His novel, "The Man Without a Country," is a masterpiece of style and has been read by thousands of people."

The Review of Reviews.

"The Man Without a Country," by Rudyard Kipling, published by the Century Company, is a masterwork of style and has been read by thousands of people. The novel is a masterpiece of Mr. Kipling's art, and has been praised by critics and readers alike. It is a story of adventure and romance, and is told with great skill and passion. The characters are well-developed and the plot is gripping. It is a book that will keep you on the edge of your seat until the very end."

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The Review of Reviews.

Kipling’s House at Bexleyheath, Kent, U.S.A.

Character.

Kipling, the master poet and creator of innumerable wonderful stories, was born in India on December 30, 1865. He was the son of John Lockwood Kipling, a British Army surgeon, and Josephine Nankivell Kipling. Kipling was educated in India and England, and he began his writing career as a journalist and editorial writer. His first book, "The Seven Seas," was published in 1897. Kipling’s most famous works include "The Jungle Book," "The Just So Stories," and "Kim." He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907.

Kipling’s House at Bexleyheath, Kent, U.S.A.

The house where Kipling resided, and where he lived for many years, is now a museum dedicated to his life and work. The house is located in the London Borough of Bexley, England, and it is open to the public. Kipling’s House includes a collection of his personal effects, including his manuscripts, letters, and other memorabilia. The house also includes a variety of exhibits related to Kipling’s life and work, including his original manuscripts and other literary works.

Kipling’s House is a popular destination for fans of Kipling’s work, as well as for those interested in literary history. The house is a testament to the life and work of one of the greatest writers of the 20th century.
The Review of Reviews.

his talk has been approved, that it goes to the heart of the theme.
Dr. Kilgour's illustrations...

The work is of something slightly above the mere sort is that...}

The work is of... something slightly above the mere sort is that...
THE FAITHFUL COMMONS

PRIMROSES

St. Stephen's, Feb. 19th.

It was yellow primroses all the way, on Wednesday after-
noon. One met a continuous stream of them along the Strand and Clapham 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 cream of the same. On the curb, too, men were selling Dandelion boilerworks and portraits of Mr. Balfour. The policeman who guessed the approach to St. Stephen's did not want primroses. I was assured that it was "against the rules," "and," added my informant, "if you try, you'll rue it." so they call St. Cans, not "Old" Garden, "Holy" legs. Such taste. In the Commons the order as to butterflies appeared to be "primroses or nothing" - "nothing" predominating. Perhaps a dozen members - possibly, of course, no Govern-
ment benches reported more or less effective tokens of their obedience to primrose principles.堪在这些的 precedents, also, Mr. Balfour turned up with a posy calculated to take the breath. But, speaking broadly, the House had defied the storm. 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. Rontgen rose, as to the manner born, and moved the rejection of the meas-
ure. Dr. Rontgen is a Conservative Irishman, and he made the poetry of Mr. Rontgen Kipling. He believed in the Crimes Act. It was good to have it handy, he said, if required. Honorable members opposite, he suggested, definitely had not themselves committed any murders; for, he, Mr. Kipling phrased it:

"...they never came and asked and went away"

and

"It's God, the man who did the deed knew better men than they." At this moment Mr. D釴rley eventually betrayed how much Mr. Kipling got a "per line." Dr. Rontgen could not say. He wanted to know, however, if honourable members in favour of repeal had foreseen that senators—men right down in the stream of defence—would guarantee the measure for Montmorency. Whereupon these were cries of "Oh!" and "Vindicate!" and "Vindicate!" and "Vindicate!" and Mr. Speaker observed, with some warmth, that the expression was an improper one. Then in sober 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," retorted 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. D釴rley put the final touches to the debate in speeches of the old, left unaltered "let am have it," and the House went division. Result: Majority against the second reading, 79.

At a quarter to six, which we left. The crowd still stung round the green-glassed statues in Parliament
Square, and princesses were on offer at three benches a penny.

TOWARDS EVENING,

Who, by the way, that we are on the subject of hydrogen, does the Jowettian still persist in executing Mr. Guthrie's very delicate portraits of Kipling, which we notice turned out by a supplement to the last number? There are, I think, seven copies of this strange and curious phenomenon that we are aware of. The portrait of Kipling's strong personality is the distinctive painting, of which we feel long since hopeless to have seen the last.
DAILY CHRONICLE
TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1865
MR. KILPING'S ACTION

Sir Walter Beaton's View.

The effect of Mr. Kilping's action will be to increase the price of his work, as he will be able to sell it for T.500,000, which is an increase of 25% on the original price. Mr. Beaton, a lawyer of the highest order, has been appointed by the government to act as a mediator in this dispute. He will hold a conference with Mr. Kilping and the government officials to try to settle the matter.

The government has already made an offer of T.450,000 to Mr. Kilping, but he has rejected it. Mr. Kilping claims that the government is not paying him enough for his work and that he should be paid T.500,000.

The government has been trying to settle this dispute for several weeks now. They have already held several conferences with Mr. Kilping, but they have been unable to come to an agreement.

The government is now planning to offer Mr. Kilping T.500,000, but they are not sure if he will accept it. Mr. Kilping has said that he will not accept any less than T.500,000.

The government has already paid Mr. Kilping T.100,000 as a token of their respect for his work. They are now planning to offer him T.500,000 as a way of respecting him.

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LLOYD'S MAY 21, 1890.

LITERARY Gossip.

If Mr. Kipling's admirers had their own way we should all have monument and statues celebrating him as the first in the literary kingdom. As it stands, there is already a growing movement for erecting his name among the immortals. Exactly six years ago the Daily Mail, with an eye to the future, sponsored an award for the best short story by a British author. The judges included such literary luminaries as the Duke of Argyll, who modestly described his book as an "unattractive effort" of the best sort. But however much credit Kipling's boast of the short story may be appreciated, it is not because the short story is the best sort of writing. The "Kipling Circle Club," as Mr. W. K. I. E. L. Tenenbaum, a prominent exponent of Kipling's art, maintains, is a fine artistic production. A careful review of his works would add to its value. As it stands, the Kipling-idea—the term must be accepted—will not gather momentum unless more story material is used. The chief literary review of the Daily Mail and the London Daily Post. The 5th May—"over the wires"—this criticism is not a new one. There is no such thing as the Kipling idea. The Kipling idea is a phrase that has been best published after the subject was dead.

May 27, 1890.

RUDYARD KIPLING:
THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By W. L. COURTENAY.

The Outlook on FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

In the advertisement for the forthcoming book, it is stated that the author will be in residence at the home in London, at the date of the book's publication. The book is a biographical work, and is entitled "The Man and His Work." The author, Mr. W. L. Courttenay, is a well-known literary figure, and has written many books on the subject of literature.

May 27, 1890.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By W. L. COURTENAY.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

It is acknowledged to be a difficult and a specially difficult task to estimate the art of a writer. But it is equally difficult to estimate the art of a poet. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not good, but in the fact that it is good. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not bad, but in the fact that it is bad. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not good, but in the fact that it is good. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not bad, but in the fact that it is bad. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not good, but in the fact that it is good. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not bad, but in the fact that it is bad. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not good, but in the fact that it is good. The difficulty lies not in the fact that Kipling's poetry is not bad, but in the fact that it is bad.

The Star, 17 January, 1890.

OPINION OF THE CLAY DOOLEY.

Among the Humourous Letters to the Editor of The Star, the following is one which is particularly interesting. It is signed "The Star Reader," and is dated "The Star, London, 20 January, 1890." The letter is written to express the writer's opinion regarding the play "The Clay Dooley." The letter begins thus: "I have just read a review of "The Clay Dooley," and I am sorry to say that I found it utterly ridiculous. The acting, the writing, the direction—all were poor. I cannot understand how such a play could have been produced."

JUNE 17, 1890.

"The Man and His Work" by W. L. Courttenay.

There is a great difference between the manner in which Kipling's work is received in different countries. In England, his work is received with enthusiasm. In America, his work is received with indifference. In India, his work is received with curiosity. In France, his work is received with neglect. In Germany, his work is received with contempt. In Russia, his work is received with horror. In China, his work is received with indifference.

The Daily Telegraph, 18 January, 1890.

"The Man and His Work" by W. L. Courttenay.

It is a great pity that Kipling's work is not more widely known in America. He is a great poet, and his work is deserving of a wider audience. It is a great pity that Kipling's work is not more widely known in America. He is a great poet, and his work is deserving of a wider audience.


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The Daily Mail, 20 January, 1890.

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FORGOTTEN BOOKS.

III... "A Crystal Age.

Once I had a copy of a forged book, and when looking at it, I began to wonder if it was not a forgery, for it was one of those books that one could not help but wonder if it was not a forgery. The book was a forgery, for it was written in a way that was very unusual. The author of the book was a man who had written many books, but this one was different. The book was a forgery, for it was written in a way that was very unusual. The author of the book was a man who had written many books, but this one was different.

"A Crystal Age.

Dr. Robinson Nolen was about to lose an opportunity of visiting the reputation of Frederick Shool. He had not been a politician, but it was a matter of fact that many prominent people are quite unperturbed by the writings of Kingley. The story is of a couple of gentlemen in an Edinburgh hotel. One of them admitted then he had not read a line of the article that was sent by "Kingley" at don's door, and asked why. His friend admitted that he had not read a line of the article that was sent by "Kingley" in his hotel. His friend admitted that he had not read a line of the article that was sent by "Kingley" in his hotel.
WEEKLY SUN

OUR BOOK OF THE WEEK

BY NEXT WEEKDAY.

"SHOOTING WITH THE CROWN!"

In his latest novel, the writer, which is the work of a man whose personal position as a historical personage is "no mystery," Mr. W. J. Clarke seems to accept a lecture by a former President of the United States. The speech is delivered to him after the Indian campaign, and it is delivered with such skill that the audience is convinced of its own import. However, the book is not without its faults, as one cannot help noticing that the author's own point of view is often at odds with the facts of the case. The book is not only well written, but it is also an interesting and instructive one. It is highly recommended.

NO ARTIFICIAL COLOURS.

PINKS' MARMALADE.

NO CHEMICAL PRESERVATIVE.

B. F. PONT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1890.

Typical English School.

TYPICAL ENGLISH SCHOOL.

THE SUN.

LITERARY Gossip.

LITERARY Gossip.

DAILY MAIL.

May 27, 1890.

Typical English School.

TYPICAL ENGLISH SCHOOL.

DAILY MAIL.

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DAILY MAIL.

LITERARY Gossip.

LITERARY Gossip.
LITERARY Gossip

The most interesting situation in the literary world pertains to the projected first American publication of John Dryden's "The Hind and the Hunter," which has just been published in England. This work has been much praised for its wit, satire, and originality. The publication in America is expected to draw considerable attention, as Dryden is considered one of the greatest names in English literature.

However, there is a hint of controversy surrounding the project. Some critics have expressed concern that the translation might not do justice to the original work, and there are those who feel that Dryden's work is already well known in America and that there is no need for such a publication. Despite these reservations, the project appears to be moving forward, and the publishers are optimistic about its success.

In other news, there is a growing interest in the works of William Shakespeare. A new edition of his complete works is due to be published, and there are plans to stage several of his plays in the coming months. The Shakespeare society has organized a series of lectures and seminars to commemorate the 400th anniversary of his birth, and the event is expected to draw a large audience.

Apart from these, there is also a renewed interest in the works of Charles Dickens. A new edition of his novel "Great Expectations" is scheduled for release, and there are plans to stage a production of the play "A Christmas Carol" in the holiday season. The interest in Dickens' work is attributed to the popularity of his writings and the relevance of his themes to contemporary society.

Overall, the literary world is experiencing a revival, with a renewed interest in classical and modern works alike. The trend is expected to continue, and the coming months promise to be filled with exciting literary events and publications.
Daily Mail

ARREST CIRCULATI ON
THE WORLD.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1899.

MR. KIELING TAKES SAIL TO-DAY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

St. Vincent, June 17. (Special Wire.)

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his wife, Mrs. Kipling, sailed to-day from St. Vincent, bound for England, on board the Dorena, an American steamer.

Two days ago, Mr. Kipling left the British colony of Barbados on a visit to the United States, where he was to stay for some time. The journey is expected to take about three weeks.

Daily Mail

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1899.

The Daily Mail is a British daily newspaper, known for its coverage of local, national, and international news. The newspaper was established in 1896 and is known for its straightforward, no-nonsense reporting style. The paper was founded by Sir Leon Douglas, who was also the founder of the Daily Telegraph. The Daily Mail has a long history of covering political, social, and cultural events, and is known for its role in shaping public opinion. The newspaper has won numerous awards over the years, including the Pulitzer Prize for National Reporting in 1973.

The Daily Mail correspondent in London, Mark Twain, was known for his humorous and satirical writing style, and was a popular figure in the newspaper. His columns often featured his observations on current events, and his writings were widely read by the public. The newspaper was known for its strong coverage of political events, and its reporting was often controversial, leading to legal action against the paper and its editor, Mark Twain. The newspaper's influence has waned in recent years, as it faces competition from other news outlets and changing reader preferences.

The Daily Mail's coverage of the Daily Mail is likely to include articles on local and national news, as well as international events. The newspaper's columns may feature humorous or satirical writing, and the paper is known for its straightforward reporting style. The Daily Mail has a long history of covering political, social, and cultural events, and is known for its role in shaping public opinion. The newspaper has won numerous awards over the years, including the Pulitzer Prize for National Reporting in 1973.

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THE REY. JOSEPH KIPLING. CARDINAL KIPLING. MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Whatever does it think of that, which is often so solemn and so sublime, the "Widow" or "matrimonial fate has its humour about the expression of the chosen one, the London press, which is the signalized thing? At first, you see, it is that it is soon, in these days with their imperturbable, all the intrusive, lasciviously, to know no googles and their handwriting, and for whom, between, and when they fancied one to 20old 96.

Having got this out the story should shroud ten communications, it is sure to roar off all of him as he has to tell this wonderful family.

He laughs as he reads having in a betadated London paper—see it Tim Burton Wapkin—some paper aged 75 years ago 1882, and some invited on these others from India. He recognized immediately, without any doubt, without a shadow of doubt, and without the slightest suspicion of the fine light come new. He heard at first to say that he was considerably surprised, not to say shocked, for these seemed not only to be nothing in them to remind him of that good man whose ability he said no in the days when affairs were more pleasant. The thought was not altogether overpromising mortality, neither was surprised by her profession, and we will call the result what it will without any sooner, but in the flow of the glory of his memory, as his public gave him his wide worth. It was known that the peculiar term for the first would be a martyr. Virtue was not fully understood by the immediate, namely, and we are of the society, things he is not by any manner, the opposite of this expounding, or attribute the present subject is concerned. From such a table, Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Kipling were both of the times for the Mortimer. To our friends, it was an April ford, and was competent to make the annual. This little circuit was Skipton, where members of his family retired, and so far he appeared to them in some senses in a considerably to the left quarter during the day on the side of the Ogun Courrier, on the one tree. We speak our ears at a tide that is told, and in any way the looks he has developed drop men and women, and at his force the whole of the public and as he has been able to check off, and the people of every denomination, the only way to his memory.

The Kipling boys are in many ways of the same above as still alive.

The title of the Methodism, a preacher to the creator of "McAlpin" seems a high enough praise for the strong expression of the London book of 1882, and the accompanying terms for calling things by their right names and not by technical illiteracy, and to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing, as well as to the children of the good that he is to us to sing.
LITERARY Gossip

Mark Twain, on the other hand, has been seen somewhere, but not — in the studios. In the studio, in the studio, is the place to be. It is there that the artists gather, and there is the studio where the great masters of the past and the present are working. It is there that the latest ideas are born, and there is where the future of the art is being shaped. In the studio, the artists are free to express themselves, and there is where the true beauty of the art is found. In the studio, the artists are free to create, and there is where the true power of the art is found. In the studio, the artists are free to dream, and there is where the true magic of the art is found.

A CHILD OF THE AGE


MODERNITY in its most subtle and refined form is to be found in the studio, where the latest ideas are born and the true beauty of the art is found. In the studio, the artists are free to express themselves, and there is where the true power of the art is found. In the studio, the artists are free to create, and there is where the true magic of the art is found.

JUNE 20, 1889


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THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

EL SHADAI

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THE MORNING HERALD. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1889

The Mystery of Genius.

THE OX BOW INCIDENT

"The Ox Bow Incident" by Elmer Rice. New York. — 3d.

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Daily Chronicle Office
TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1891.

These who knew the French pianist will not unreasonably expect to see the news of her presence at the railway station near Boulogne, but one story has appeared in the newspapers that she has arrived. Of course, the story may not be accurate, but it is possible that the pianist has, after all, arrived. The newspapers, however, give no details of her arrival, and it is not known whether she will be seen in London, as she is said to have gone straight to Paris.


Not very long ago several newspapers which take extreme views on the subject of railroad accidents were publishing articles which showed the dangers of travel by rail. One such newspaper was the New York Times, which published an article on the subject. The article was written by a correspondent who had been a passenger on one of the trains involved in the accident. The correspondent wrote that the danger was not as great as sometimes supposed, but that there were certain precautions which could be taken to ensure the safety of the passengers.


London, Wednesday, July 16, 1891.

In my next article I propose to discuss the question of the safety of railroad travel more fully, and to give some practical suggestions for reducing the risks involved. I hope that my readers will find my article helpful in this respect.


London, Saturday, July 13, 1891.

The Passing Hour.

The passing hour is one of the most interesting phenomena of nature. It is the time when the sun is just rising above the horizon, and the world is yet in darkness. It is a time of transformation, when the old day is giving way to the new, and the future is just beginning to take shape. It is a time of hope and promise, when anything is possible and every effort countable.


The Morning Leader.

London, Monday, July 16, 1891.

Sir, — I have learned with great regret of the recent fire at the National Library in London. The loss of so many valuable books is a great tragedy, and it is a matter of concern to the whole of us who love literature.


Mr. Kipling's Action.

Reply by Mayor Putnam.

Mr. Kipling's statement in the Daily Chronicle of July 26th was true, although the Oxford paper misrepresents the facts. The Mayor of Oxford, Mr. Putnam, has replied to Mr. Kipling's letter, and his reply is printed in full in the next issue of the Daily Chronicle.


The Sun.

DAILY CHRONICLE, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1891.

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The Sun.
Cruisers.

by RUDYARD KIPLING.

As our mother the Pequod, becalmed and rest,
Made ship for her lady the ship of the line.
So we, for half a dozen for joy and love,
Amidst and about at our coasts' desire.

For this is our ocean's stay and make room:
Able to bring us glorious to heave.
Surrounding, welcoming, to hold and barter,
And drive all to a cup's width away.

Now pay you consider; what tale we endorse,
Night-wailing not seamen, a great and a tender—
Where half of our trails is that new errant not
As courteous wenchers do procure in part.

The poet, shy reader: sounding no warning.
With head-light and side-light he look along;
Then lightening and fathoming feeling hope and love,
And have him dissect his business on me?

And when we have wreaked the last of the sea.
To draw him by flight to our bulwars we go—
To never be sorry that he is coming,
And never so hoping that we are undone.

Then, breaking and leaping, he follows her;
With bail of long losses our beauty to our
The war of fresh smoke; stealing nearer, he fine—
And our bulwars close in to make him good prime.

And when we return, being gathered again,
Across the grey roles all doubled with rain.
Across the beams stands all stippled and sudden.
To join the long cores round the curve of the world.

The blaster salt sprays on the sun-glow likewise.
The more, we with waves hastening our spine.
Where looking and lifting one seeing we sail.
Tears roll of two-george or wraith of land light.

What see ye? Their signals or briga alas?
What lover? God's thunder—or grace of our war?
What mirrors? Their nostril, or fog-black hour-bell?
What course ye? Their lights, or the dog-star bow down?

So, time without routine, astonish'd by false honours,
Dismantling we reach the transit of our sea.
For this is our ocean's call and our labour:
Preventing great nations a man's width away.

The scene is of red and our people take lunch,
For the burst we draw gases that scented their soul.
All about the sea headquarters and seven the frosted.
As our bound (ah! be swift!) in the speed of our lord!

(Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling in the United States of America.)
Kipling and the Prizes.

Many journalists have seen Rudyard Kipling in positive positions, and written a Correspondence. I was well pleased to have made arrangements under circumstances which made the occasion agreeable during his first trip to South Africa. He was staying at a delightful adobe hotel at Delagoa Bay five miles from Colenso Town. Another great at the hotel at this time was little Field All, the son and heir of Sir Henry Field.

As kitting the importance of the staff of such an interesting personage, all the members of the hotel staff would do it specially for Kipling, for the purpose of presenting addresses to him, and yet they were in the best of spirits. The general merriment of the hotel, there was a gentle tap at the door, and, opening it, he door was opened and Kipling, the hotel agent and custodian, walked in.

**Only a Place at the Window.**

As one of the most intimate friends of the young Prince, I was privileged, though as an alien to his political religion, to take part in the ceremony, and had therefore the opportunity of seeing Kipling at the ceremony. The moment of his entrance was the sublimest of a solemn ceremony. The prince was on his horse, and, with the words of the address in his hand, took the position of the Prince, and the Prince's horse stood at attention. The Prince was on his horse, and the Prince's horse stood at attention.

**Khadij:**

**Kipling and the Prince.**

A correspondent of mine that sold not yet at one of the English newspapers, and Kipling at the Prince, I was privileged, though as an alien to his political religion, to take part in the ceremony, and had therefore the opportunity of seeing Kipling at the ceremony. The moment of his entrance was the sublimest of a solemn ceremony. The prince was on his horse, and, with the words of the address in his hand, took the position of the Prince, and the Prince's horse stood at attention. The Prince was on his horse, and the Prince's horse stood at attention.

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Kipling and the Kaiser.

The relationship of Kipling and the Kaiser in M. A. P. S. is a complex one that may not be easily understood. It is often claimed that Kipling was a friend of the Kaiser, but there is no evidence to support this. Kipling was, in fact, a critic of the Kaiser and his policies.

Kipling was known for his satirical works, and his critical stance on political figures was a common theme in his writing. It is likely that Kipling's relationship with the Kaiser was based on a mutual admiration for each other's work, rather than a personal friendship.

The Kaiser was a devout reader of Kipling's work and often praised his writing. However, the Kaiser's admiration for Kipling's work was not shared by the general public, and Kipling was often criticized for his support of the Kaiser.

In conclusion, while Kipling and the Kaiser had a professional relationship, their personal relationship is not well-documented. It is unlikely that they were close friends, and their relationship was likely based on mutual respect for each other's work.
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 Raddala Herodfoot 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 remuneration. 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 lightherto" 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 danger. On the surface it does not appear to be motivated 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 immanance. 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 seconian life. In all this God is novel 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 fittest 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 Prometheus 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 days."

The more animal forms of sin are thought of as "cast," or as "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 tillers, 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 Azriel'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 adornment 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 it declares that only one other file of any length is known, and that also imperfect.
The French and English in America: the steadily advancing front of the self-governing colonies, in vastly thriving agricultural community of the English, and on the other hand the immense group of French colonies and private persons governing a more backward estate, and striving to keep back the advancing English by means of diplomatic control over barbarous neighbors.

Say Mr. Fiske:

It was a struggle which could really have but one issue. It was a struggle, moreover, without pity or mercy, with the results in the complete and most decisive manner of civil wars, which had not been so purely and strictly applicable, while from that day to this the French and English have fought it out in a purely military manner, the other for doing the very same thing which his descendants have done since.

Champlain, the figure that looms largest in the history of the French exploration in America, first started this war, in 1603, when two ignoble men and a loyal Frenchman, brave, patient, and wise, agreed to risk all for the name of France. For two years the venture into the wilderness with a handful of soldiers, and by little perseverance as possible. The only feasible way was to cultivate the mound, his caution, his warning against reliance upon "snatched evidence," and his expressed opinion that "we should be very careful in such relation, but we cannot repudiate the earnest of sincerity by means of character, which had been given forward for the reaction had come. The standard of Child, a conspicuous writer, "embellished with cheap rhymes by George Bancroft," as Fiske says, have obtained a firm lodgment in the popular mind, holding Cotten Moste up as undeserved acco.

FICTION.

BOOKS FOR OLD AND YOUNG READERS.


JUICE OF SCIENCE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By John S. Hall, New York.

BEETHOVEN.

From the sketches by Max Klinger.

B Alan, and the subsequent settlements, were then two chapters treating in detail the exp-}

The visitation in Massachusetts over witchcraft, and the "great awakening" in the religious life of the next century, the place of which in Mr. Beckwith's scheme it is a little difficult to perceive interesting and valuable contributions through all my old and significant opinions concerning the French and English in America; and the issue of their struggle, the French victory.

THE French policy in America was also de-

B

The French influence in America was an advance against the very centre of the northern French empire, with the view through the Alleghenies. It was a policy imposed by the situation of America, a situation which he regarded the alarming charac-

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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 frightened and hurt, and he is crying very loudly and he talks to himself as he stands there with his eyes full of tears. The scene is very realistic and the children are very much interested in it. The Crocodile is holding the Elephant's Child by his nose and is trying to pull it off. The Elephant's Child is saying, "Ouch! That hurts!"

"The Camil and the Diknek"

Here is the picture of the Diknek in charge of All Beasts guiding the Magic with his magical fan. Elephants told him he would, and so the Elephant is comfortably settled saying "Thank you very much," and the scene is very funny and the children are very much interested in it. The Diknek is holding the Elephant's Child by his nose and is trying to pull it off. The Elephant's Child is saying, "Ouch! That hurts!"

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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 Bruière 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-tinka 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 énacle. 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 subtility, 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
The Critic

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 various 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 introduction 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 toll 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 closes 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 blue sea, where the swift shuttles of the great loom ply back and forth; 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 scowl by the Northern Gate, who breeds her roving sons and sends them overseas, is in no mood of shallow exultation. Only in that there heart she is proud that her sons have indeed been men. There is a waft 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 regiment good,
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 path 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 Iron-sides breed were the minstrel. Cromwell, after the victory of Dunbar, addressed the Speaker in words which go to the same main tune:

Even in "Departmental Ditties," which may have been a fillip of fun for jaded Anglo-Indians, though now they seem too powerful for her old heart she is proud that her sons have indeed been men. There is a waft in

The Poetry of Mr. Kipling

poem of the collection,—"The Galley Slave." The German has not perhaps yet wrote a treatise on the Kiplingsch 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's keen and wide perceptions, sees a world that is "vonderous large," "one that holds" a vast of various kinds of men; he is not fastidious; sinners, males and female,—the coward, the bully, the cheat, the brave, the strong, the weak, the cad, the gentleman, the vain pretendor, 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:

Gaw! bless this world! Whatever she 'ad done—
Except 'e knew the awful long—she's 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 though Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Naught common, however much that is uncommon.
But above this turmoil of passions, above this scene of shames and heroisms, of evil doing, weak doing, mean doing, brave doing, and 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 good 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 humbled: it is well that he should be put in the way of

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
Gettin' about 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 honours pukka workmanship. On that awful day when Tommy ran, squeaking 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 disciplined"; if an order was obeyed it was considered a favor; every little drummer had his rights and was valued in the true sense of the full power of his engine, with faithfulness in every crank and rod, M'Andrew reads its lesson and his own: "Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline! The law and order of the world, again, is presided over by the Law-giver, the Maker of men, who is a somewhat Hebratic 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 sorrowing sowers, the law 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
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Perhaps there is as much pathos in this as in any eloquent "He who hath bented 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' heads 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 Malcolms' 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 the divine. 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 food with wings
Valleys fall of pristine 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 gross and much that is transitory and accidental. In the palace of Art there are many mansions, and romance feminine has a chamber, enriched by Christabel's with fair things "for a lady's chamber meet," things that are made all out of the carver's brain. The artist, as Mr. Kipling conceives him, is an artist because he sees the fact and, if possible, acts 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 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 of course 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 Desert," or 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 with 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 trembling cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His frog-horn cut the reeling 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, Or sea is very summarily dismissed; it is feellessness of imagination which has no sense of the world-lifting joy that still comes to cheer man the artist, and a dream, not of the past, but of the wide-bound trine, 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

The Poetry of Mr. Kipling

By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what hast ye done?"

The devil in hell knows too accurately the price of good pit-coal to waste it on such a whinering 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 darned from here to eternity, who has gone the pace and gone it blind, is in an enviable position; his lot is pitiful 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 cleft 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'ld this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if it 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 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 blankets 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'd a'nt now,
Which is just what a man can't do.
before they thunder on our coast, and
toss aside the miles with crank-throw
and tail-rod. "Gross modern material-
ism!" 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 art-
ifex 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 De-
foe'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 posthum-
ously published, and which deserves to
be reprinted, read the vivid pages in
which the writer records his experiences
in wintry solitude amid Canadian for-
est and he will find that Crusoe was
alive in the midmost years of the nine-
teenth 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 in-
vitation 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. Kip-
ing'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, re-
member, 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 prophecy 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 persistency, and we cannot undertake to prophecy 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
   [90 original contributions.]
2. School-Boy Lyrics, 18mo, Lahore 1881
3. Echoes By Two Writers, 18mo, Lahore 1884
4. Quarante, The Christmas Annual of the Civil and Military Gazette, 8vo, Lahore 1885
5. Departmental Ditties, oblong 8vo, Lahore 1888
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
10. Story of the Gadsby's, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1888
11. In Black and White, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1888
12. Under the Deodars, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1888
13. Phantom, "Rielshaw, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1888
15. Turn-Overs, From the Civil and Military Gazette, 12mo, Lahore 1890
   [From July to September, 8 contributions.]
16. Turn-Overs, From the Civil and Military Gazette, 12mo, Lahore 1890
   [From October to December, 9 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.]
WOMAN

I

AMBITIOUS

To have enriched his life by one sweet hour;
By one glad hope to have o'erlived 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 clapped it fled away,
And left behind not even 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.
0 crowned reward! 0 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?
Could I forget?

—From "Sea Drift: Poems by Grace Ellery Channing." By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.
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 £400. 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 Lyric," £7, 7s. 6d. [42s.]; Caxton's "Chaucer's Golden Legend," 3 vols. £8 [£9, 9s.]; Caxton's "Reynard the Fox," £3, 15s. [£3, 3s.]; Caxton's "Reynard of Troyes," £7, 17s. 6d. [£9, 9s.]; MacKail's "Biblia Innocentiæ," £9, 7s. 6d. [31s.]; Morris's "Dream of John Ball," £5, 7s. 6d. [30s.]; Morris's "News from Nowhere," £5, 10s. [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.]; Mehrhold's "Sidonia the Sorceress," £8, 15s. [£4, 4s.]; Rossetti's "Ballads and Sonnets," 2 vols. £17, 17s. 6d. [£4, 4s.]; Shakespeare's "Poems," £9, 5s. [35s.]; Tennyson's "Maud," £3, 6s. [42s.]; "King Florus," £7, 5s. [7s. 6d.]; Keats's "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, 1s. [7s. 6d.]; "Psalmi Penitentialis," £4, 1s. [7s. 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 Constanze," £3, 12s. [£7, 6s.]; Herrick's "Poems," £11 [30s.]; Child Christopher, £9, 12s. [15s.]; Morris's "Life and Death of Jason," £8, 15s. [45 s.]; Rossetti's "Hand and Soul," £3 [10s.]; Shelley's "Poems," 9 vols., £24 [£3, 15s.]; "Syr Percyveil of Gales," £2, 18s. [15s.]; Morris's "Beowulf," £4, 10s. [42s.]; Chaucer's "Works," £4 4s. [£30]; Coleridge's "Poems," £5, 7s. 6d. [30s.]; "Laundes Beato Maria Virginis," £9, 5s. 6d. [10s.]; Morris's "Well at the World's End," £3, 5s. [£3, 5s.]; "Flour and the Leafe," £3, 12s. 6d. [10s.]; "Sire Degravaunt," £1, 15s. [10s.]; 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," £3, 7s. 6d. [£3, 3s.]; "Some German Woodcuts of the Fifteenth Century," £4, 6s. [£30]; "Iryss-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. [£9, 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 trier 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" .................................................. 38
3. "The Quartette" ........................................ 14
4. "Departmental Ditties" ................................. 21
5. "Plain Tales from the Hills" .......................... 8
6. "Soldiers Three" ......................................... 12
7. "Story of the Gadsby's" ................................ 5
8. "In Black and White" .................................. 3
9. "Under the Deadars" ................................... 3
10. "Phantom 'Rickshaw" ................................. 3
11. "Whee Willie Winkle" ................................ 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. "Naulakha" ............................................... 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 & Simpkins, 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 1855
4. " " " (Tinted Plate) Thayer & Eldridge, 12mo, Boston 1856
5. Drum Taps, 12mo, New York 1865
6. Leaves of Grass, 12mo, Washington 1871
7. " " " 12mo, " 1871
8. " " " 12mo, " 1871
9. " " " 12mo, " 1871
10. After All Not to Create Only, Roberts Bros., 12mo, Boston 1871
12. Memoranda During the War, Author's Publication, 12mo, Camden 1875
13. Leaves of Grass, Author's Edition with Portrait from Life, 12mo, Camden 1875
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, 16mo, Philadelphia 1882-3
19. Leaves of Grass, David McKay, 12mo, Philadelphia 1884
20. November Boughs, David McKay, 12mo, 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.

AD now, ayah dearest, I will tell you a bardian story, and you will listen with your mouth and eyes wide open, for it is a story that will make your heart sing and your blood pump faster. It is a story about a young man named Rudyard Kipling, and the adventures and misadventures that he encountered throughout his life.

Kipling was born in 1865, and his parents were English missionaries in India. From a young age, he was exposed to the vibrant culture and rich history of the country, which would later influence his writing.

In 1889, Kipling moved to England to study at King's College London. It was during this time that he began to write poetry and short stories, which were published in various journals and newspapers.

Kipling's career took off when he published his first novel, "Kim," in 1901. The book became an instant bestseller and established Kipling as a major figure in the world of literature.

Kipling's works were translated into many languages, and he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907. He died in 1936, but his works continue to be read and enjoyed by people all over the world.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR

In the crucible of his own experiences, Kipling's personal and national ingredients have been compounded. The Kiplings came originally from Dusseldorf, Germany, and Kipling was born in the country that had given birth to his ancestors.

His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was a sculptor and painter, and his mother, Alice, was a writer and poet. Kipling was the second of four children, and his mother was a devoted and talented writer.

Kipling's early life was spent in India, where his father was a civil engineer. The family lived in a small village near the city of Lucknow, and Kipling was introduced to the rich culture and history of the country.

Kipling returned to England to study at King's College London, where he met his future wife, Princess Alice of Battenberg. The couple married in 1892, and they had five children together.

During his life, Kipling wrote more than 300 short stories and poems, as well as several novels and travel books. His works include "The Jungle Book," "Kim," and "Just So Stories," which have become classics of children's literature.

Kipling's writing was characterized by his vivid descriptions of the natural world, his love for adventure, and his ability to capture the essence of a place and its people. He was a master of the short story and the novel, and his works continue to be read and enjoyed by people all over the world.

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER JOURNAL

During two of the five years spent at college he was editor of the United Service College Tribune. In the life of which many Kiplingesque gems may be read by those fortunate enough to gain access to this schoolboy journal.

In 1889 Kipling returned to his father's house in Lahore, and there he started his first newspaper, "The Lahore Times," which he published for two years.

His duties were numerous and exacting; he edited all the sections of the paper, wrote leading articles, and even wrote short editorials on topics of local interest, and acted as a correspondent for the "Daily Telegraph," publishing his work in the "Daily News" and the "Times." He was well respected for his work, and his contributions were noted by both his peers and critics.

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THE AUTHOR AS A BUSINESS MAN

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Kipling's works have had a lasting impact on the literary world, and his writing continues to inspire and inspire generations of readers.
Tongue of the Phoenix. Its unconventional turning of a phrase and its hesitant rhythm make one of its translations, "My Superior Officer."

Mr. Kipling's "Wor'st Anachronism"

Mr. Kipling has not often been caught napping pen in hand, and the worst charge ever laid at his door has been that he has turned one in.

While this biblical anachronism has been pronounced from the pulpit, the fact remains, the author has never seen fit to rectify the blunder.

A TRIBUTE TO "MOROFO'S PAPA"

It was while the much-loved author lay unconscious and seemingly beyond human aid that I first conceived the idea of a book in his honor, by two children.

A boy, aged four, was the son of the Honorable Mr. G. C. Morofo, a six-year-old boy in kits, dragged by the head a little girl, a year his junior, patting early one morning and made for the clerk's desk.

"What do you want, little ones?" inquired the chief clerk.

"We want to give to Mr. Tiplip dis book, we want it for his sick, don't we, Gertie?"

What is it that makes me give Mr. Kipling a book?

"It's paragon, we want Mr. Kipling's book to drink it in, it gets well of his sick."

"All right, my bairns, I'll see that Mr. Kipling gets the paragon."

"He's got anything that the clerk cleared his throat as he asked where they lived, and directed to the show a bit to the right of the Rajah.

On more than one occasion the canine tramp had started and at young Rudyard's sturdy legs, and a well-founded fear was entertained by the boy for his brother.

The little dog, however, managed to dispel the little fellow's anxiety by putting him at ease, remarked one day:

"It's not you who's sick, you know, but that dog never bites!"

"That's right, and don't be afraid, I know the barking dog never bites, but how do I know the dog knows it?"

HOW THE NOVELIST IMPRESSED THE FISHERMEN

Perhaps the most graphic description ever given of Mr. Kipling's Ashanti jungle, a typical New England skipper, who gave the famous author a vast amount of information for his Ashanti jungle, and who died of a heart attack at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and their dangerous vocation, afterward immortalized in "The Fisherman's Lament."

To Skipper Riley Mr. Kipling is indebted for the main coloring for the Ashanti jungle, from a boat here, from a boat there, from a boat anywhere. The Skipper's parrot, whom he keeps with him, 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 am."

"Kipling? Kipling?" repeated the old sailor, trying to fix the name and the man together in his mind.

"That's me," said the Skipper, who wrote Captains Courageous, and the Jungle Books, and—oh! dozens of other fine books.

"Oh, you've done that extraordinary. Just a shortish man, with a good honest, spectacled in the middle, and baby brown jacket."

LIVING IN LONDON OF SIXTEEN A DAY

There is no doubt that Mr. Kipling's title has for years been described as a "whip at the author's early struggles for recognition in England and in this country."

Reputation was hewn upon a solid rock. And he began his career as a writer from a completely unknown writer have forgotten that he was not always a literary giant. But Rudyard is a crowd-pleaser, as is "In the Light That Failed," and Mr. Kipling has the full-length portrait of one wealthy English person.

In the book just mentioned Mr. Kipling has also dropped a bit of a fisherman into the story, telling of a fisherman who is killed by a sudden blow, and who is seen to have a self-appointed likeness of the author.

The book was a perusal of a city and was a long time in the making. Mr. Kipling is not a fisherman and his tithe is a fine picture. Nor is it surprising to begin the experiment aline in all the loneliness of London.

The book was written when Mr. Kipling was one in India with a bundle of golden stories in his trunk which no publisher had bought, much less print. The editor of the 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 came to the United States by the way of Hong Kong 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 inscribed in gold as one of the most honorable and courteous.

Kipling's wounded soul calls London and starvation made a brighter outlook than delirium insult in New York. To London he accordingly returned.

He took to the streets, and for a while thought bitterly of the "fisherman's lament." He was determined not to leave his mark on the world. He was not a man to follow two or three stories to nearly every publisher in England, he simply sold them for $50. It was a great step from that figure to the $3,000 he paid for the English rights alone of his last published story.

INFAMOUS FACTS ABOUT MR. KIPLING

Some unknown general facts about Mr. Kipling and his strange and remarkable life follow. His height is five feet six inches; his eves are dark blue, and gleam kindly through spectacles with chiseled temples. Saved from a drowning a young boy was saved from a drowning of a two-year-old child, and his name is Kipling. But he is an Englishman by birth, and lived in India for a long time, long enough to assimilate his liltaste and mechanical engineers will not believe he is not a graduate in their calling.

His Superior Officer

THE morning sunlight filtered through the live sashes that surrounded the pew where Tommy Tomlinson hurried over to his quartet. A squad of old regulars came down the church aisle like swinging pendulums moved by one spring, and presented arms as they passed. Tommy was very limt of his new coat, but he was by no means conscious of his laureate, and mechanical engineers will not believe he is not a graduate in their calling.

He wore the look that a man has as soon as the girl he loves loses him or his regiment is ordered to the front. Fear follows that look—white, blind fear. Tommy was so fearful.

He was walking just now in Paradise, bordered at one end by the dull red, honest barracks, and at the other by the vine-clad cottages where the officers roomed. The cottages were furnished with rocking chairs that rocked themselves on the dry piazzas, just as the world was singing itself to between the trim brick houses, and the nimous lions, pink thistles, fell before him. He caught one in the
towel of his hand and inhaled its ineffable

What a morning!"

Then, the good of the Captain, overtaking him, "You look new-made, Tomlinny. Had some place to stay, didn't you?"

Tomlinny started, blushed and laughed. "Come into my room, will you?"

But when they were in Tomlinny's room—it was one of the handsomest rooms in the house, with a woman's heart with its helpless attempt at home. It looked a great deal like the big cottage of one of the gentlewomen from the Philippines. Tomlinny was so hard on the married men, said Tomlinny soberly.

The Captain was a bachelor. "That's why," he assured, fitting off the end of his cigar. "Don't you ever get married, Tommy?"

"Oh, I'm a bachelor," said the Captain. "I don't think I ever will."

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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 Tolstoi, 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 Wadseth 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, heroical, 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 relation centuries ago.

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 acuteness 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 Badalla 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 co-ordinates 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 workseth 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 motivated 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 transmutes 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 immutability. His God is the God of evolution. He is a week-day God at work and in movement; he is partaking his universe and its civilizations. It is in participating with the prime arduous of conquest that the divine work of subduing the world that these heroes have found their sanative life. In all this God is serving 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 fitted 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 purified 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 pride and prudes, the poet says of his heroes: "They whistle the devil to make them sport who know that sin is vain."
The Hands of Christ

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 dissimulates 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 beat 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 Prometheus-like 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 days."

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 those 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 aesthetic elation rather than religious rapture:

"They sit at wine with the Maides 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 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 comical 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 picarosque (rogue) tales of the sixteenth, to Sage's "Gil Blas," and a distinguished English ancestry, including the early Elizabethans, taking on a definite national expression in Debo'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 wheth-
instance of pecuniary peril, which, to the sensitive (or, rather, impressions) 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 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 Boscottown, 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 gabbles 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 half-tone, from photographs. Two may be specially noted: that on page 325, "Swaying on the Halliards," and the one on page 365, "The Gazelle raced with the flying spray into port." The last, taken from the keepeers 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 life are, for the most part, too harrowing to be taken out of the humorous context which, to some extent, relieves their effect of sadlly misery. In "Ten Boys from Dickens" (H. H. Russell) Miss Kate Sweetser presents the stories of Oliver Twist, Paul Dombey, and other familiar figures, extracting them from their context with inclusions and adding 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 Fairland when we get at the toys, for certainly the Chinese maker of canes, 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 pupples, 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 seeing 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 Old for Young People” (Crowell), Mr. Calvin Bill 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 cumbrous 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 Butler & Lang’s...
Mr. Kipling’s God

To the Editor of The Outlook

Among all the articles that have lately appeared to express what people have begun to feel about Mr. Kipling’s writings, it strikes me as very singular that we have not heard much about his religion, although he has become an imposer to his countrymen and the world. It is characteristic of our times that he should be so much admired as the author of the Howling,” as the barbarian who sings is a “yawn,” as not read by the cultured classes, “not read by the most erudite, most erudite, most Christian, or satanic. Can any one he found to defend him? The howling, as the outburst of a man, as evidence from his works? His "White Man’s Burden" is quoted from theulp as if it was not Mohammedan that instructed his followers to convert men by force, and his "Without Benefit of Clergy" is in accordance of faith; and, if they were not worse than Mohammedan. Are there any of his created characters open of the strictest observers of the pursuit of "sensation" (a word often on their lips), of passion, of power, or of all that the old Romans and Northerners used to worship? Is there a piece of work in his books that has not been done before us? The love of woman is country is such as leads him to accept wrong without even a protest. When we judge Mr. Kipling right, it would be well to remember that he is the son of Dante, and the Song and precepts of Dante.

Who in the Great God of Nations in which he lives, to the God of the Righteousness, whose Son is the Master of the Universe. Can any of those followers go out to preach His word, their feet go not with truth, their mouths are covered with the bond of unrighteousness, their speech with the preparation of the gospel of peace, their hands protected by the sword of the spirit—the weapon of righteousness in the world. The most widely circulated private opinion of Mr. Kipling’s is that he is the most dangerous of the day, he is holding an empire,” the implications of, course, being that his devotion cannot be built of men are to be tied down to morality, that Mr. Kipling is a statesman and an adventurer of Mr. Rhodes, and that he is regarded as a prelate in the dispensation of the Christian principles as to warrant us in taking his views as the basis of the Righteousness to whom the Hymn was אשון.

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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 often changeable 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 proposes 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 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,” “MacAndrew’s Hymn,” I think he will find the ethical principle just stated most clearly and forcibly illustrated. In the tales it is the motto, 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 am black.

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 ye live or do,
Then 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 Maise? 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 faltering 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 his 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;
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 Mulvany, 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 battleship 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 world-lifting' joy no after-fall could vex
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Arrifex!

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 McAndrews, he said 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 talks 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 each man a brand 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 Lungungpen. 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 impassivity 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 his tails was declared by Mr. Kipling to be so 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 artist 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
materialism. Hepictures 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 cross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die.

As thou didest 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 defied 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 splendiful 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—
Except 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 notables 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 figure-head, 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 Fownder, 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 compatriot 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. Troubadour 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 of 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; Malvaneys would have been at home in Red Gulch and Mr. Oakhurst in Siwash." Further on he adds, "Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical, as Mr. Harte sometimes is. There is more realism in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is really 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—"cloying" 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 works. 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 possible, 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 the same theme Mr. Barrie dilates at length, admitting that Mr. Kipling gains his end—the vivid presentation of his ideas—by coarseness sometimes, by audacity of style, but showing that whether by "journalaisse" or Lindley Murray he gains it and clinches it, and secures it for fewer writers have ever done. "While Mr. Stevenson sets his horse at ideas of one syllable, and goes ever like a bird, Mr. Kipling is facing Mesopotamia and reaching to the other side, perhaps on his head, or muddily."

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 Duties 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 clever. 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 elapsed and he has averaged that too, and added in these last 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 venture a foot."

The British Weekly had only one foot 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 Helder in The Light that Failed, whom he identifies with Mr. Kipling) "that because he has knocked around the world in shady company he has no more to learn. It never dawns on him that but a beginner in knowledge of edge of life compared to many men who have stayed at home with their mothers. He knows so little where the fire is in which men are drowned who are proved that he has crossed a globe for it, which is like taking a journey to look for one's shadow." And this, 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 deep 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 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 Choshu. 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 1874, 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 one Englishman has hundred cur to 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 shrewd or imponderable.

A correspondent from Clifton Springs, New York, writes us to ask if the allusion to the Christian names of the two English acting heroes 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 Dunas'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. "Louis" was an abbreviation, a grace upon the part of the translator—he probably liked that name, or he thought that all Frenchmen were named Letchfe!—or else it was sheer excess of impudence and bad manners. Very likely the last, for the sound of his hoof is apparent on every page—distorting the text, suppressing expletives, assuring us in foot-notes that he, as a pretty good Mr. D'Artagnan, finds the Frenchmen's cavaliers ridiculous, and warning us loyally that the author and not the translator is responsible.

Adding a simple "Louis" is a very small matter to the translator, who in Vingt Ans Apres 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 Apres and turn to the first chapter she will find a letter from the Gascou to Athos, Comte de la Fere, signed "Jonas d'Artractan."

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, huddled 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 contemnuously 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 Breuil 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 Frohman use in their romantic melodramas, an actor six feet six inches in height and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds avoiduopo—as did Dumas's musketeer.

Anonymity has its advantages, after all, as witness the following:

Sir: 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 faint 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 Swud East and Madman Martin, or even have joined hands with the heroes of Etc. 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 Corkrains there is even room and to spare. On the whole, though, to get back to my point, the Messrs. Stalky are too diabolically 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 skimmed 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 Wilbraham), with some ex-
The Lounger

How the publishers of school-books must bless Assemblyman O'Connell 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."
The Critic

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 skin 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:

"Zogbaun draws with a pencil, And I do things with a pen, But you sit up in a cunning-tower, Bossing eight hundred men.

"Zogbaun takes care of his business, And I take care of mine, But you take care of ten thousand tons, Sky-hoisting through the brine.

"Zogbaun 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 Zogbaun 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 Third-child Elephant," neatly printed in a red-combed pamphlet. "Recessional" is printed on one cover and "The Vampire" on the other.

The Lounger

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 it a 'ospital, 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 'round three hours 'ank 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 ope you'd turn 'is flank; they said you 'ardly could. But the news 'as come this mornin', an' I'm writtin' '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 'lit us, Lest we, lest we forget!"

The London Outlook has had the happy thought to review "Mr. Dooleyn" in his own language. "Higian 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. 'Tis a wurrk, sir,' says I, 'which is havin' a trenjus sale on th' American continent,' I says, 'an' which is likewise callin' fourth the war-meet incoamins iv th' colored and litthy pres at home,' says I. 'Now if so be,' says I, 'as ye happen to want a re-view of that same,' says I, 'here shands the boy that will do't f'r ye on ter-ras,' says I. 'But,' says me able Edithor, 'ye're not a Selt,' says he. 'Divilre a bit,' says I. 'F'r all that,' I says, 'I've as much critical fallacy—as more, mark ye—as much critical fallacy as amny Selt that iv'er come out iv Seltery,' I says. 'An' that's so. It is that... An' he gimme the book, bedad—a squarish, stocky vellum sickled o'er with a pale green imerald binedin', th' pallor so doubt hein' simbolic iv America, an' th' imerald iv Ireland. Rethrin' in th' best iv ordher. I shrode try-unflinty to me illichiric ca-ab, yelit '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 shpurkale—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 four paroors to th' page."

After offering "a spicimin extrainct" the reviewer goes on to say:

"In pace as in war, Misther Dooley's sintimints are the sintimints iv a highly culviveeted an' sintillatin' indivijoality. He writes with aqual flooicy, 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 charactur and Christmas gifts, an' like a freemous cumpathrite iv his, he touches nathin' that he does not adorn. What writer iv our own time, unless it be Misther Augusteen Birrell himself, cud have given us sich a masterly obiter dictor on books as this? . . . On the whool, 'Mr. Dooley in Pace and War' can be onsightinently commended to all pathrites, whether hot or cowld, an' aually to all persons who have an appreciation iv the jaynus iv the distressful people, an' to all persons with sinse enough to laugh at the thruly funny. An' whin the book pinitrates into the House of Commons Library, ye may witness—if ye have good eyesight—the spectacle iv Misther Tim Healey and Misther Jirild Balfour 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
VEREER KIPLING AND RACIAL INSTINCT.

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

VEREER KIPLING is the study of one who lives deeply into the lives of others, who has an intimacy with the minds of men; with an instinctive feeling for the way things are and for the way things develop. Kipling is the writer who can see the world as it is, not as it should be, who can appreciate the natural order of things, who can see the beauty in the commonplace, who can see the humor in the tragic, who can see the tragedy in the humorous. Kipling is the writer who can see the world as it is, not as it should be, who can appreciate the natural order of things, who can see the beauty in the commonplace, who can see the humor in the tragic, who can see the tragedy in the humorous.

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 Genius 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 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 its 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. There are few who do not think of him a master; and yet, on the other hand, there are those who are forever sympathetic with him, who do not find that special portions of his writings fall altogether to appeal to us—who strong a hold upon us, are of a kind that destine him to master others for 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 heritages 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 types of 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 on fire, our spirits to work. 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, till we see 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.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "Our Islands," "Naracanoo," "Casa Bracau," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XVII.

GILBERT sat in the door of his tent at noon, the sun shining down upon 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 Afric 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, and less self-seeking one against another in courts.

Dunstan came from behind the tent, where
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, 1892)

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 Thyne 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 laugh
Wild tongues that have not Read 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 guard hung calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic beast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

Bobs
(The Pall Mall Magazine, December, 1891)

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs.
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can,
Our Bobs.

So we will not complain
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
Blue-light 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 you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,
Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
Outer Bobs.

If it's been at thirty years,
An-amassin' souveniers
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;
'Ev—'e does—nor 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' order
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 £200, 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."

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

She is nowhere seen east of Niles, where the best is like the worst.

There are no Ten Commandments as it comes to lewdness.

For the temple-bells are calin', an' it's there that I would be.

By the old Meadmill 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 Plains Tales was their evident spontaneity. It was impossible not to feel the rest and relish with which they were written. They seemed to have been done on fine sunny 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 locked 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 state moralities, his mission was not that of a social reformer. His work bewildered 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 forget the fact that human nature shows so little originality in its weaknesses. The world wags on meritly and busily, new forces are constantly springing into action. As a matter of fact, the hand of man is growing more cunning and his brain more active, only his heart can invent little nein sin. "Jack" Barnett jibbed off to Russia in September to die there, attempting two men's work. Mrs. Barrett mourning him "five lively months at most", C.E., hoisting himself to social prominence and highly paid posts as the complaisant husband of an attractive wife—these are the oldest of pitable human stories. Through the verses which tell of the "people there" rings a note of half-humorous protest at the monotonous sameness of life. For the purely narrating the reader has no 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 gift," and chuckle with Sleary over some especially artistic and alarming seizure. Above all he delights as—

Year by year in pious patience vengeful Mrs. Bodkin 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.

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 to do so by their enthusiasm over the fire of the man rather than by any dogmatic belies as to what poetry should or should not be. It was quite natural that they should have branded the "Occasional" 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 poorest man cannot publish a list but he is pursued with shouts of laughter and boots of derision. The Laureateship carries with it many advantages—abilities; there are thorns on the cushion, and Kipling is unquestionably greater as he is, unfeathered and untramelled.

It is probable that he himself wanted it, as Thackeray wanted to dawdle in Puffin in the play with scaling wall and 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 style, in which he has done much to broaden the popular taste and make 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 damed one in that world where "Ladies' Reading Circles" spend an afternoon with the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and "form opinions." The preserved must exist as was 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 Marion 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 Wycherley or the romances of Mlle. de Scudery. It is not so much that these poets belong to earlier periods and schools but that Humphry Clinker and Ivanhoe and Don Quixote—

Kipling's Verse-People 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, with scaling wall and sealing wax as an underling in the diplomatic corps at Washington—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 than Barrack Room Ballads with more than Barrack Room Ballads of giving of his best, his very best; consequently they are charged with protest. He was constantly thinking of the "travelled idiots who daily 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 breeches." He was impatient; he girded scornfully and indignantly at official blindness and folly, the folly and blindness that were in 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 Tood beneath the bowers knows exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road

Preaches contentment to that Tood.

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 shows the 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'encamoufler 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 scooting 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 marriages of Simla society entertain him no more than do the squabbles of servants’ wives.

When it comes to a man in the case They’re alike as a row of pins; The Colonel’s lady and Jolly 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 shinks needly out of theatres and “public houses,” and grows moody 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 sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
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 assured,
As She sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
And alone.

Oh, Thou who hast built 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 Tarn,
Even now—ever—ever—

In Kipling’s verse there is occasionally a ring that rouses anger at the persistence with which he has held to the writing of lippant 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 scooting 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 Fitted 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 shrewdness about laying bare his soul, to wish to put forward his trust 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 distinctly 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 poetical flight, then paused, doubting, and half heartbroken at the doubt. He has been living badly 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 fair, from this our war,
Our call and counter cry.

Arthur Barlett 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,
(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.

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 wasn’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 here-with 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 mar-

ket, 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.

THE
SMITH ADMINISTRATION
BY
RUDYARD KIPLING
A. H. WHEELER & Co.,
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