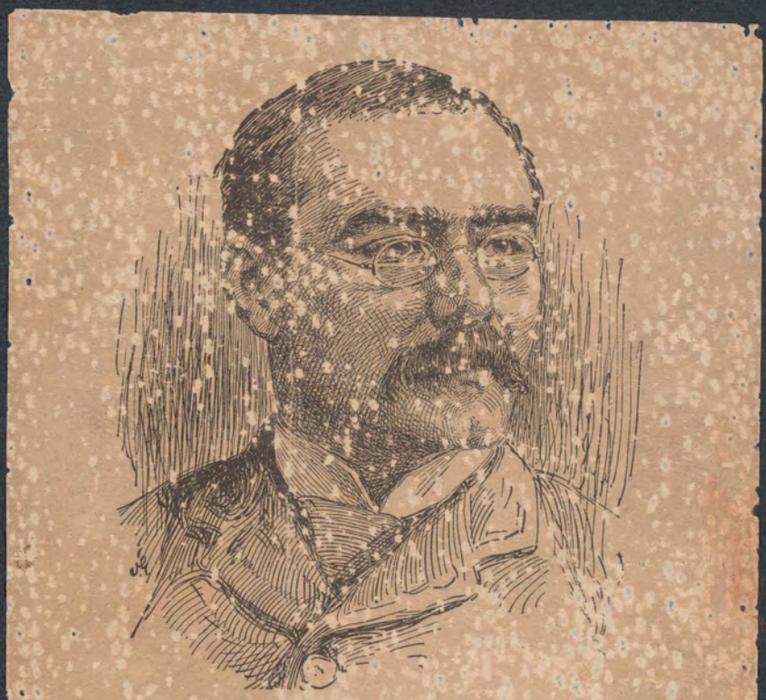
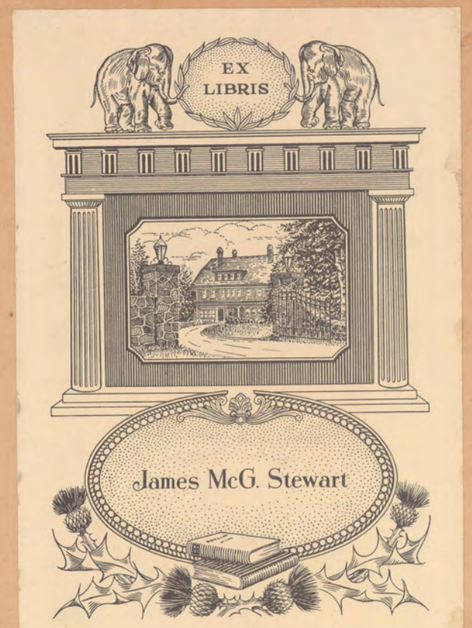


Rudyard Kipling

ELLIS AMES BALLARD · KIPLING COLLECTION



Mr. Kipling's autograph + address - in his hand - written in the "minute direction" To P.L. Cleveland, Ohio. allu written by him

D.S. 32344

N.Y. Sun
SUNDAY - Sept 13/96

THE SUN

Fuzzy-Wuzzy Leaves Us.

We've been visited by men across the seas,
And some of them could write, and some could not;
The English, French, and German, whom you please,
But Kipling was the finest of the lot.
In sooth, we're loath to lose him from our list;
Though he's not been wholly kind in all his dealings;
Indeed, from first to last, I must insist,
He has played the cat and banjo with our feelings.

But here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, with your comments and your slurs;
You're a poor benighted Briton, but the Prince of Raconteurs!
We'll give you your certificate, and if you want it signed,
Come back and have a fling at us whenever you're inclined!

You harrowed us with murder and with blood,
You dipped us deep in Simla's petty gulle,
Yet we ever found ourselves misunderstood
When we served you a sensation in our style;
And though you saw some grewsome pictures through
The Windy City's magnifying lens,
Yet we took it just a little hard of you
A-objecting to the slaughter of our pens!

But here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and the boys of Lung-tung-pen,
And all we have to ask you is, make 'em kill again!
For though we're crude in some things here, which fact I much deplore,
We know genius when we see it, and we're not afraid of gore.

And yet we love you best on Greenough Hill;
By Bisesa and her sisters dark perplext;
In your sermons which have power to lift and thrill
Just because they have the heart of man as text;
And when you bend, the little ones to please,
With Bagheera and Baloo at hide and seek,
Oh! a happy hour with Mowgli in the trees,
Sets a little chap a-dreaming for a week.

So here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and to Mowgli and Old Kaa,
And to her who loved and waited where the Gates of Sorrow are;
For where is brush more potent to paint, since Art began,
The white love of a Woman and the red blood of a Man?

So, since to us you've given such delight,
We hope that you won't think us quite so bad.
You're all hot sand and ginger, when you write,
But we are sure you're only shamming when you're mad.
Yet, so you leave us Gunga Din's salaam,
So you incarnate Mulvaney on a spree,
Mr. Kipling, sir, we do not "care a damn"
For the comments you may make on such as we!

Then here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and Columbia avers
You're a poor benighted Briton, but the Prince of Raconteurs.
You may scathe us, and may leave us, still in our hearts will stay,
The man who made Mulvaney and the road to Mandalay!

E. P. O.

LABOUCHERE'S FUN.

London Truth.

In order to mitigate an agitation that had become almost insufferable, Lord Rosebery, it is understood, took steps a short time ago to prepare the ground for the election of a successor to Lord Tennyson. Wishing to obtain some personal knowledge of the fitness of the numerous candidates, he communicated with them all, desiring each to send in by a certain date a competition ode, having for its subject the recent birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York. Two of these odes are appended:

MR. A. C. SWINBURNE.

O Tootsicum! toothless and tiny!
O Baby so royally bred!
Whose head is so pinkily shiny,
Whose mouth as a rosebud is red;
Ineffable infant! my praises,
My paeans, my plaudits I bring.
For thy beauty allures and amazes—
Oo sweet ickle sing!

Time was that all kings I derided,
All potentates pelted with scorn;
But it's some years ago I subsided,
And quite a new Swinburne was born;
And changed from his hat to his boots is
The poet now eager to fling
This wreath at thy plump little tootsies—
Oo sweet ickle sing!

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Widdy down at Windsor a great grandson has again,
So boom the guns, and clang the bells, and bang the drums, my men!
And please brim up your glasses—no heel-taps, mind, by stealth—
And stand upon the table as you drink the babby's health!
He's a first-class sort of infant,
And his equal we shan't see,
Though we search from Deal to Delhi,
Or from Kew to Kurrachee,
So, here's to you, Yorky-Porky!
With your scanty head of hair!
Here's to you, Yorky-Porky,
For, by Jingo, you're all there!

KIPLING'S CLOSE CALL.

The Novelist Missed His Footing While Clambering Into a Schooner From a Boat.

1896

Gloucester, Mass., May 22.—On the deck of the fishing sloop Venue, as it sailed up the harbor this afternoon, after a short trip from Boston, were two men, evidently passengers, who watched intently the movements of the crew, as well as keeping a close observance of the other fishing crafts near by. On going ashore they both drove to the Swift house, where they registered at "James Conland and friend, of Boston."

By misadventure, however, one of the men forgot that they were traveling incognito, and addressed the other as Mr. Kipling. The clerk caught the name, and in a short time not only in the hotel, but all over the city, it was known that the famous novelist was in town.

Evidently Mr. Kipling and his friend did not care for scrutiny, for as they became the center of a curious throng, they abruptly fled once more to the shelter of the sloop which had brought them from Boston. There they remained until this evening, and it was while returning to the shore that Mr. Kipling met with the accident which might have caused him serious injury, if not death, only by the greatest good fortune.

While clambering over the rail of the schooner to climb to the boat awaiting them, he missed his footing and fell quite a distance. In some manner he landed on his side, and thus escaped the full force of the blow, which, if he had not warded it off, would surely have caused him serious injury.

The boat was hastily rowed ashore and the novelist at once retired to his room, where he denied himself to reporters or those solicitous as to his welfare, and he refused to state the extent of his injuries.

Mr. Kipling is traveling here to acquaint himself with actual life on board a fishing vessel for the new story which he is now writing, the scene being laid here, and its leading characters being some of the men manning the Gloucester fishing fleet.

Kipling (Rudyard). Author of "Plain Tales, s," etc. A. L. S., 1p, 8vo, 1895, with address, "Naulakha, Brattleboro, Vermont," in relief.
Scarce. 5.00

Rudyard Kipling will bid adieu to America tomorrow for a few years. He will sail from New York on the Lahn with his wife and their two children. He has told his intimate friends only his plans for the future, but one of these says it is his intention to spend the winter in the south of Europe and then travel to India, where he hopes to pick up the material for other books.

Sept 1896

A KIPLING STORY.

Not One Written by Him, but One About His Boyhood—His Capacity for "Holding On."

This capital story some one tells of Rudyard Kipling as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterward to achieve such widespread fame by his pen. When a boy of twelve he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately seasick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices.

Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head, and down the companion-way dashed the boatswain, three steps at a time, and shouting excitedly: "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he ever lets go, he'll drown sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."

Book Sales of 1895.

Mr. Temple Scott's *Book Sales of 1895* sheds a vivid light upon a path which not many people tread, but which is frequented with an intense passion by a few. The stout and compactly printed volume, handsome enough in itself for a place in any library, apart from its contents, and running up to over 400 pages, contains a record of the most important auction sales of books for last year, giving the title and a description of each book sold and the price which it brought. The sales are arranged chronologically, and the volume is really a combination priced-catalogue which every collector, and of course every dealer, will find invaluable. American as well as English sales are included, and many private libraries as well as public collections; and the whole is rendered accessible for quick and easy consultation by means of a full index, wherein the entire contents are entered by titles under one alphabet. In his preface Mr Scott offers a number of remarks which deser[ve] to be remembered and pondered in their connection. The book collector, he well says, apologizingly, "is a man of passion . . . consumed by a glorious desire." But he is not to forget that what he longs to buy today may be offered for sale again tomorrow. Let every purchase be the very best he can make under the circumstances. "Let it be the first edition in the best condition." The craze for Elzevirs and Aldines is past. The craze for Napoleana may pass too, but probably not till the end of the century. The interest in Dickens may be waning a little, but that in Thackeray is likely to last for a long time to come. Good books on sporting are "safe." It is always "safe," too, to buy first editions of classic authors in any tongue, all early printed books with illustrations, and books printed by the first printers — the true "incunabula." Large-paper editions are accounted by Mr. Scott a snare and a delusion; they "must go the way of all flesh." Stevenson and Kipling he believes have come "to stay" as treasures for collectors. These, in short, are his four pieces of imperative advice to the users of his list: Never collect other than first editions; never buy a book in a bad condition; never lend a book; and never ill-treat a book! [London: P. Cockram. Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, sole agents for America. $3.18 postpaid.]

'Literary World'

OUR MAIL.

Mr. Kipling at Sea.

STEAMSHIP LAHN,
Wednesday, September 9, 1896.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and family are on board. He seems a very bright and pleasant man. One day I was reading some of his "Ballads" which I happened to have with me, and he asked if he might look at the edition. When he handed me back the book, he had written a verse in it with his signature. Lucky Dog!

Chicago Sunday Tribune
Nov. 1 = 1896

KIPLING'S NEW VERSE

His Genius Once More Proved by "The Seven Seas."

BOOK WILL BE POPULAR.

Jeannette Gilder Finds Much to Praise in the Volume.

NEW BARRACK ROOM BALLAD

Army Songs Sometimes Marred by a Vein of Coarseness.

POEMS WILL SOON BE PUBLISHED

RUDYARD KIPLING is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. I am more than ever convinced of this after reading the new volume of his poems, "The Seven Seas," from the advance sheets furnished me by his publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. He is equally a master of prose and verse. The book is dedicated to Bombay, the city of his birth.

The cities are full of pride,
  Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain-side,
  That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships full tale—
  Their corn and oil and wine,
Derrick and loom and bale,
  And rampart's gun-flecked line;
City by city they hail:
  "Hast aught to match with mine?"

And the men that breed from them
  They traffic up and down,
But cling to their cities' hem
  As a child to its mother's gown.

When they talk with the stranger bands,
  Dazed and newly alone;
When they walk in the stranger lands,
  By roaring streets unknown;
Blessing her where she stands
  For strength above their own.

(On high to hold her fame
  That stands all fame beyond,
By oath to back the same,
  Most faithful-foolish-fond:
Making her mere-breathed name
  Their bond upon their bond.)

So, thank I God, my birth
  Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth,
  Or warring tribes untried—
But that she lent me worth
  And gave me right to pride.

Surely in toil or fray
  Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say:
  "Of no mean city am I."

"The Last Chantey."

The book proper opens with the stirring "A Song of the English," of which every Englishman should be proud. "The Last Chantey will be remembered for its swinging rythm. Once you get it in your head and you can't drive it out:

Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the angels and the souls in their degree:
"Lo! Earth has passed away
  On the smoke of judgment Day.
That Our Word may be established shall We gather up the sea?

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
"Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee!
  But the war is done between us,
  In the deep the Lord hath seen us—
Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may sink the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayed Him:
"Lord, hast Thou forgotten They covenant with me?
  How once a year I go
  To cool me on the floe,
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea!"

etc., etc.

Poem of Curious Meter.

Here is a curious meter in a poem called "The Miracles," from which I quote a few stanzas:

I sent a message to my dear—
  A thousand leagues and more to her—
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,
  And lost Atlantis bore to her.

Behind my message hard I came,
  And nigh had found a grave for me;
But that I launched of steel and flame
  Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
  To bid me change my mind again—
He broke his teeth along my rail,
  [illegible]

What a vigorous song is that of the banjo, and yet it suggests W. S. Gilbert:

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile,
  You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp;
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
  And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking pots and pails,
  I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork;
And when the dusty column checks and tails
  You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!

With my "Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!"
  (O, it's any tune that comes into my head!)
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;
  So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
  When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,
You can hear my strumpty-tumpty overnight
  Explaining ten to one was alway fair.
I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
  Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
  Give me time to change my leg and go again.

Etc., etc.

Barrack-Room Ballads Again.

Mr. Kipling introduces his barrack-room ballads with these lines, which, I am sure, no one would appreciate more than "'Omer" himself:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
  He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
  'E went an' took—the same as me!

The market girls an' fishermen,
  The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
  But kep' it quiet—same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
  They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
  And 'e winked back—the same as us!

Coarseness in Kipling's Verse.

Strange to say, there is more of coarseness in Rudyard Kipling's verse than in his prose, and there are several of these ballads that are not intended for reading aloud in the family circle. There are others, however, that might with perfect propriety be read aloud in church. I will quote the "Envoi," and then I think that I have taken as much from the book as is fair to the author:

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic had died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

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

No one can afford not to own this volume of verse, for to read it is as invigorating to the jaded brain as a plunge in the surf is invigorating to the jaded body.

Jeannette L. Gilder

A FAMILY ROW.

Kipling Tells About it on the Witness Stand.

HELD FOR THE GRAND JURY

Brother-in-Law of the Author Balestier Treated "Outrageously."

At Least, That is What the Plaintiff Says —A Point of Etiquette That Kipling Didn't Understand.

O.K.
MAY 15 1896

Special to the New York Sun.

Brattleboro, Vt., May 12.—The decision of Justice Newton on the Kipling-Balestier assault case, rendered late this afternoon, binds Beatty S. Balestier (Mrs. Kipling's brother) over to the grand jury in the sum of $400. It also requires him to furnish bonds of $400 to keep the peace for one year. George B. Hitt, Balestier's counsel, became his surety for $800. The hearing to-day resembled farce comedy in some respects. One of the lawyers said:

"If we could only have this attraction well advertised at our Valley fair we could draw 25,000 people at $1 a head."

Justice William S. Newton is venerable, and has a Daniel Webster countenance, and no one can be found in the country who would say an unkind word of him. But as a presiding justice at an important hearing the lawyers have a way of playing with him, and it is charged that long ago he established a rule to invariably find for the prosecution.

The crowd in court was made up of about two hundred citizens. In the afternoon the hall was filled to overflowing. The interest in the trial was such that well-to-do citizens perched in window seats and the small boys climbed on the backs of settees.

The lawyers indulged in much sparring. Both the State attorney and Counsel Hitt freely admitted that they were putting in testimony outside the limit of evidence. State Attorney Fitts said hat he was giving Counsel Hitt the freest rein so as to make as favorable a case as possible for Balestier. The other side charged that Kipling was allowed to testify to his impressions and air his prejudices.

Justice Newton ruled that the testimony was competent as long as it was in any way connected with the case, and his decision was greeted with shouts of laughter. Then ponderous Sheriff Starkey shouted, "Gentlemen, we must have order," and the crowd laughed again.

Of course the principal actor in the trial was Mr. Kipling. His spanking pair of bay horses attached to a carriage, with a driver in livery on the box, a nurse girl caring for his little daughter, as the rig came into town to-day, was in marked contrast to the personal appearance of the novelist, who wore a suit of clothes which may have cost at the outside limit $15.

Colonel Haskins and State Attorney Fitts had engagements before the Supreme Court at Montpelier this afternoon, and were anxious for postponement, but Mr. Hitt, counsel for Balestier, insisted that the hearing go on.

After it had been announced that the plea of Mr. Balestier was not guilty, Mr. Kipling was sworn, repeating the oath after the magistrate. Mr. Kipling said that he settled in Brattleboro, built a $50,000 house, allowed Balestier to supervise the work, make the contracts, and receive a commission of fifty cents on each laborer employed in the work, in addition to a generous salary. All this was done simply to extend a helping hand to the younger brother of his wife. Kipling said that Balestier worked well for a time, "then tailed off," these being Kipling's exact words, "drifted from worse to worse," "drank outrageously," but still received advances from his sister, Mrs. Kipling, who is cashier of the Kipling household, and a little later, when Kipling found that the merchants were looking to him to pay Beatty's debts, he spoke angrily to Colonel Fransic Goodhue, Frank Bliss, and Colonel Haskins, and intimated that he was carrying Beatty by the "slack of his trousers financially."

When these stories became current on the street Beatty wrote him insolent letters, and followed it up on May 6 by using indecent language, coupled with profanity and a threat to take his life. On the cross-examination Kipling said:

"The relations between Balestier and myself were pleasant until last May, one year ago. There was a scene at my house. Since then Balestier has not spoken to me, with perhaps a single exception, until our meeting last Wednesday. I have had a desire all the time to assist the young man. He would have nothing whatever to do with me. How could I do anything for him when he wouldn't even speak to me? I went to his house.

"My acquaintance with Brattleboro people was limited, but there seemed to be a general understanding among the tradesmen here that I was a financial backer of Balestier. Naturally this was not pleasing. I don't hesitate to say that the principal reason Mrs. Kipling and myself located at Brattleboro originally was because of a desire to render assistance to Beatty. At the time of the trouble Balestier did not owe me a cent, as I understood it, but I felt that I had been supporting him for three years. He had worked out the money we had advanced or paid him. I was glad to see him working, but after a bit, don't you know, he was not willing to work. Balestier seemed to be insane. I should have commenced proceedings to have him committed to an asylum for the insane if I had not been told that it was difficult to have a person who at times is sane declared insane. I have a decided objection to being shot. When a man says, 'If you don't retract I'll blow your damned soul out of you,' one has reason to fear that there is danger of being shot. I have never known him to carry a pistol as a practice. At our meeting on the highway he was shaking all over. He was raving mad. It was the first time in my life that I have ever been so seriously threatened, and I am not familiar with the etiquette to be observed on such occasions. (Laughter.) He was blue and white with rage. I have done him no wrong, God knows."

At the close of his examination Kipling heaved a great sigh of relief, shrugged his shoulders, and said to those who surrounded him:

"I am glad it's over."

State's Attorney Fitts then briefly summed up. It was unpleasant, he said, to have family matters of this kind aired, but under the common law Balestier should be bound over to the grand jury. Counsel Hitt then argued the case for Balestier.

He said that no crime had been committed, and at the worst Balestier, full of family pride and excessively annoyed because of the stories circulated by Mr. Kipling that he was a pensioner on his bounty, erred only in good taste in righteously giving his accuser a piece of his mind out on the highway. He added that to constitute an assault there must be more than mere words and a present purpose. Mr. Kipling here interjected:

"I suppose a man, then, has got to wait until his assailant draws his gun before he is assaulted."

To this Counsel Hitt replied:

"If you had waited for Balestier to do that you would have waited until you were gray."

BELESTIER IS UNDER BONDS.

Rudyard Kipling May Leave the Country to Protect Himself.

Brattleboro, Vt., May 14.—An informal hearing was held today in the case of Rudyard Kipling against his brother-in-law, Beatty Belestier.

Kipling testified that on the afternoon of May 6, while riding toward Brattleboro in his carriage, he was overtaken by defendant on a bicycle. Belestier was wild and ungovernable and wished Kipling to retract certain stories which, he claimed, witness had circulated. Kipling told him to see his counsel.

Belestier said: "This is no case for lawyers. If you don't retract, I'll blow your soul out of you." He then called Kipling a liar, thief, cheat and coward.

The interview lasted four minutes. Kipling thought Belestier insane and that he would commit murder under similar circumstances. He is dangerous only when under the influence of liquor.

Kipling was cross-examined at length by George S. Hill. He said that Belestier had charge of building Kipling's house and looking after the place; that their relations became unpleasant last May and since then Belestier had addressed him but once, at last Wednesday's meeting. Witness was at all times inclined to be friendly. At the last settlement of the parties there was a balance due Belestier of $35.35.

The defense put no witnesses on the stand, but tried to prove by Kipling, on cross-examination, that he had caused objectionable stories to be circulated. In reply to a question Mr. Kipling said: "This was the first time I ever had my life threatened and I did not know just what was etiquette under such circumstances."

Justice Newton decided to hold Belestier in the sum of $400 for his appearance before the grand jury at the September term of court; also to hold him under $400 bonds to keep the peace. Belestier and his counsel were accepted as sureties.

Mr. Kipling expressed profound regret that circumstances compelled the course he had pursued. He said that he did not feel secure here and that the only thing for him to do to protect himself and family, so far as he could see, was to leave the place, and possibly the country. Several prominent townsmen have informed Mr. Kipling during and since the trial of their friendliness and all have expressed the hope that he would not leave the town.

Scattering Shot.

Rudyard Kipling can get even with his quarrelsome brother-in-law by making him the subject of a poem! —Boston Traveller.

Kipling gets a large write-up. One of the things reported with some authority is that he has bought an estate in Wiltshire, Eng., and is proposing to make his home there. Another is that he had nearly completed a book on American life, the scene being principally laid about Gloucester and dealing with real live characters.—Boston Record.

Just how this story will reach the public is not yet known. It is possble that it will come out simultaneously in American and European magazines, or it may be given to a syndicate and appear in several newspapers. Anyhow, it is surely coming and, it is needless to say, will be well worth reading.—Repulbican Correspondence.

Let's hope that Brother-in-Law Balestier will be put under bonds to keep the peace and that he won't forfeit his bond. The world could spare a great many of its inhabitants better than Rudyard Kipling.—Boston Herald.

It is better that a difficulty should be adjusted in court than in the hollow between three hills, with fists, for the effect of a judicial settlement is better. Yet, nevertheless, there is a certain element of dramatic weakness in the creator of Otheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney, "soldiers three," rushing to a justice of the peace for protection against a brother-in-law.—Boston Transcript.

Col Hooker philosophizes: "If we could only have this attraction well advertised at our valley fair we could draw 25,000 people here at $1 a head."

The presiding justice, William S Newton, is a venerable man with a Daniel Webster countenance, and no one can be found in the county who would say an unkind word of him. But as a presiding justice at an important hearing the lawyers have a way of playing with him, and it is charged that long ago he established a rule of invariably fineing for the prosecution. [Boston Globe Correspondent.

Justice Newton in a mournful voice frankly remarks on seeing his supposed picture in the newspaper, "Oh, its a disgrace, a terrible disgrace!"

Nobody wanted the creator of the jungle stories to be killed. A man who can give us a Bagheera a Baloo, a Kaa a Mowgli and a manpack is not the stuff for a target. And if Mr Cowyard Kipling, as Joel Chandler Harris calls him, were not so manifestly unfriendly toward the public and to the reporters who represent that public, the public would not wax hapdy over his uneasiness. If we are nothing but "blawsted Yankees, you kuow," we wonder if we are good enough to buy Mr. Kiplings books. Mr Kipling's victory in the court should put him into a more mellow mood. We wish he could be moved to believe that a reporter is not the advance agent of the devil, but that he may be a cultivated, conscientious and courteous gentleman. [Boston Journal.

Vermont has seen nothing half so exciting as that since the state convention. Kipling, doubtless, is a free trader, and should expect trouble in the Green Mountain state.—[Boston Journal.

Rudyard Kipling has always seemed like a good deal of an exoticas planted in rural Vermont. His lack of congeniality was not expected to appear in the form in which it has broken out there. The form is too much brother-in-law. Without undertaking to give an opinion upon the merits of the family quarrel (with which, indeed, the public has little concern), it strikes us that Mr. Kipling appears well as he is brought before the public. He occupies the attitude of a gentleman, and of one who respects the laws of the country in which he is sojourning.—[Boston Herald,

Beatty Balestier is under $400 bonds to keep the peace; and Kipling can stride about the Vermont hills, or ride behind his dandy chestnuts, driven by his blue liveried coachman, in peace. A great throb of relief runs from Brattleboro to San Francisco.—[Boston Record.

At last Rudyard has gathered material, which after the natural soreness of the situation has gone, he can work up into a magnificent chapter in some of his books.

Hitt, who has the lawyer-like faculty of absorbing his clients, cause to a remarkable degree, declares that he will stake his professional reputation on the prophecy that the grand jury will find "no bill" and this will be the last of it for Balestier.

The affair has been almost world-wide in the attention it has drawn. Mr. Kipling got a cablegram of anxious inquiry from England Tuesday, and never, not even at the Fisk funeral have so many newspapers had their reporters here.

Phila. Press 4-11-96

WANTED TO KILL KIPLING.

The Author Has His His Brother-in-Law Put in a Vermont Jail.

Beatty Balestier Resented Kipling's Offer to Manage His Business Affairs. Would Not Accept Bail From Him.

Special Despatch to "The Press."

Brattleboro Vt., May 10.—Rudyard Kipling is in danger of being numbered with his ancestors, to the sorrow of countless readers of his mystic stories. His life is in danger, and he seeks the protection of the laws of "this beastly country."

Kipling's wife was the daughter of an old and respected family; her elder brother, now dead, was, in conjunction with Kipling, the author of several stories. One member of her family is a younger brother, Beatty Balestier, whose escapades have caused her and her noted husband much trouble.

Beatty carries on a small farm a short distance above this town. He is a bright, capable man. Some time ago Kipling made brotherly advances towards him, and offered to straighten his affairs, which had become somewhat tangled, if he would leave his path of roses and thistles. To Kipling's entreatics Balestier turned a deaf ear and was sadly ruffled in temper, the ruffles increasing until a declaration of hate on the part of Balestier.

A short time ago Kipling was coming from his retreat on Putney Hill to trade in town. Balestier had business on the same road, and a result of the meeting was the opening of hostilities, Balestier threatening to take Kipling's life. Thereupon Rudyard came here, related his grievances, and Balestier was brought before Judge Newton, and a preliminary hearing held last evening. Balestier was held in $300 bail not to do injury to Kipling before Tuesday.

Though his relatives are rich, none would furnish bail, and when Kipling himself offered security Balestier refused it with scorn and went to jail.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling's grandfather, E. Peshine Smith, was appointed adviser on international law to the Japanese Government, at the recommendation of Hamilton Fish, United States Secretary of State, in 1871, and during the five years he was so employed negotiated many foreign treaties for the Japs. It was he, by the way, who originated and introduced the word "telegram" as a substitute for "telegraphic dispatch."

The other day it was announced that Rudyard Kipling was to receive the very handsome remuneration of 1 shilling a word for the new story recently accepted by a London magazine. The London Daily News says that Boston must have heard of this, "for we now learn that two American editors of that city of culture have combined to take 50,000 words by Rudyard Kipling at the joint expenditure of £5,000, or two shillings (50 cents) a word."

The complete edition of Mr. Kipling's works, to which allusion has recently been made in this place, is to be brought out, it appears, by the Scribners. There will be, it is said, eleven volumes, each one provided with a frontispiece especially designed for the purpose by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, the author's father. It is a brief announcement, but it means much. No man stands more in need of a careful rearrangement of his stories than Mr. Kipling. He has wandered from pillar to post, from publisher to publisher, and though the set of volumes printed by the Macmillans is, on the whole, a good one, it could be improved. The tales are so numerous, they cover so wide a range, yet they cry out for a grouping of themselves into separate volumes, which would each possess a distinct individuality. Presumably, Mr. Kipling has attended to all this for the new edition, and we will have his books at last, especially the "Jungle Books," edited as they should be.

In the mean time the Macmillans announce a volume of "Soldiers' Stories," made up for boys and devoted to the picturesque Three. The collection will be illustrated, and will be the first, we believe, saving the "Jungle Books," to be published in this way. The name of the illustrator has not been mad public.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has bought the copyright of "Departmental Ditties" from Sir George Newnes, with a view of withdrawing the volume from the English market.

*** June 1899

On July 3 1899 Sotheby's will sell three copies of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics," also an anonymous manuscript journal of Gen. Burgoyne's expedition from Canada in 1777, and the campaign in Canada under Sir Guy Carleton in 1776. The journal is beautifully written and minutely kept, presumably by an officer of the Forty-seventh Regiment. The same sale includes the first complete edition of Montaigne's "Essais," of 1588, the only recorded example with printed title page.

***

What appears to be a concise handbook of the complete writings of Rudyard Kipling is announced from the press of Brown & Co., Boston. The book is called "A Kipling Primer," by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. It contains among other things, the bibliographies of first editions and of reference articles, a biography, a critical analysis of Mr. Kipling's works, and a complete alphabetical index to the plots of all stories and ballads, together with two portraits of the subject.

June 1899

Fuzzy-Wuzzy Leaves Us.

We've been visited by men across the seas,
And some of them could write, and some could not;
The English, French, and German, whom you please,
But Kipling was the finest of the lot.
In sooth, we're loath to lose him from our list;
Though he's not been wholly kind in all his dealings;
Indeed, from first to last, I must insist,
He has played the cat and banjo with our feelings.

But here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, with your comments and your slurs;
You're a poor benighted Briton, but the Prince of Raconteurs!
We'll give you your certificate, and if you want it signed,
Come back and have a fling at us whenever you're inclined!

You harrowed us with murder and with blood,
You dipped us deep in Simla's petty guile,
Yet we ever found ourselves misunderstood
When we served you a sensation in our style;
And though you saw some grewsome pictures through
The Windy City's magnifying lens,
Yet we took it just a little hard of *you*
A-objecting to the slaughter of our pens!

But here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and the boys of Lung-tung-pen.
And all we have to ask you is, make 'em kill again!
For though we're crude in some things here, which fact I much deplore,
We know genius when we see it, and we're not afraid of gore.

And yet we love you best on Greenough Hill;
By Bisesa and her sisters dark perplext;
In your sermons which have power to lift and thrill
Just because they have the heart of man as text;
And when you bend, the little ones to please,
With Bagheera and Baloo at hide and seek,
Oh! a happy hour with Mowgli in the trees,
Sets a little chap a-dreaming for a week.

So here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and to Mowgli and Old Kaa,
And to her who loved and waited where the Gates of Sorrow are;
For where is brush more potent to paint, since Art began,
The white love of a Woman and the red blood of a Man?

So, since to us you've given such delight,
We hope that you won't think us quite so bad.
You're all hot sand and ginger, when you write,
But we are sure you're only shamming when you're mad.
Yet, so you leave us Gunga Din's salaam,
So you incarnate Mulvaney on a spree,
Mr. Kipling, sir, we do not "care a damn"
For the comments you may make on such as we!

Then here's *to* you, Mr. Kipling, and Columbia avers
You're a poor benighted Briton, but the Prince of Raconteurs.
You may scathe us, and may leave us, still in our hearts will stay,
The man who made Mulvaney and the road to Mandalay!

E. P. C.

383 **Kipling** (Rudyard) Soldiers Three—The Story of the Gadsbys—In Black and White—Under the Deodars—The Phantom Rickshaw and other Eerie Tales—Wee Willie Winkie and other Stories; 8vo, *Nos. 1 to 6 of Wheeler's Indian Railway Library*, 6 vols., *in original pictorial wrappers*, ALL EARLY EDITIONS, **10/6** 1891, &c.
Interesting as the first form in which these now famous stories of Anglo-Indian life made their appearance, and a form in which they are no longer obtainable, having been transferred to the more luxurious garb of their author's later works.

384 **Kipling** (Rudyard) The City of Dreadful Night, thin roy. 8vo, FIRST EDITION, *original pictorial wrappers, scarce*, **10/6** (1891)
This edition printed at Aberdeen was issued simultaneously with that published at Allahabad, and bears the imprint of the latter place on title; it was shortly after SUPPRESSED, and is not likely ever to appear in any other form.

Nobody seems precisely to understand the merit of the Kipling-Putnam lawsuit, but the fact that the Putnam edition of Kipling's works contains something called "A Ken of Kipling" by a writer who signs his first name "Will" has naturally brought all British sympathies to the Kipling side. To have a "ken" written about an inoffending author would naturally exasperate him, and the additional fact that his "ken" was written by a person capable of signing his name "Will" would in most places lead to justifiable bloodshed.

W. L. ALDEN.

June 1899

KIPLING'S BUNGALOW IN VERMONT.

KIPLING (RUDYARD). Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses. Lahore, *the Civil and Mililitary Gazette Press*, 1886. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, original paper cover. $75.00.
——— Barrack-Room Ballads. London, 1892. FIRST EDITION. Post 8vo, original cloth, uncuut. $4.75.
——— The City of Dreadful Night. Allahabad & London, n. d. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, original paper cover. $4.00.
——— In Black & White. Allahabad & London, n. d. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, original paper cover. $4.00.
——— The Phantom 'Rickshaw. Allahabad & London, n. d. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, original paper cover. $4.50.
——— The Story of the Gadsbys. Allahabad & London, n. d. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, original paper cover. $4.00.
——— Plain Tales from the Hills. Calcutta, Thacker, Spink & Co., 1888. FIRST EDITION. Post 8vo, original cloth. $4.00.
——— Under the Deodars. Allahabad & London, n. d. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, original paper cover. $4.00.
——— Wee Willie Winkie. Allahabad & London, n. d. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, original paper cover. $4.00.

March 1895

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS' REMARKABLE

William D. Howells in His Study.
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday Journal.)

THAT DAY.

(From "The Seven Seas"; copyright, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling and printed by special permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.)

A SELECTION.

It got beyond all orders an' it got beyond all 'ope;
It got to shammin' wounded an' retiring from the 'alt.
'Ole companies was lookin' for the nearest road to slope,
It was just a bloomin' knockout—an' our fault!

Now there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,
Nor there ain't no band to play;
An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did,
Or seen what I seed that day!

We was sick of bein' punished, an' we let 'em know it, too;
An' a company commander up an' 'it us with a sword,
An' some one shouted "'Ook it!" an' it come to sove-ki-poo,
An' we chucked our rifles from us—oh, my Gawd!

There was thirty dead an' wounded on the ground we wouldn't keep—
No, there wasn't more than twenty when the front began to go;
But, Christ! along the line o' flight they cut us up like sheep,
An' that was all we gained by doin' so.

IT is not proof of strength in a man that he does not remind you of others. The weak man is often as peculiar, as original, as the strong man; sheer imbecility and a very remarkable singularity of temperament are not at all incompatible.

The most commonplace achievements in literature have been the work of minds wholly innocent of the intent or the effect of imitation in their dulness.

Nevertheless we like the thing that is fresh, pristine, surprising; and when we find a brilliant talent as unlike all other talents as a dull one often is, we prize it as if its novelty were a virtue.

I myself had it on the point of my pen to declare that the novelty of what pleases in Mr. Kipling's verse is what forms its chief claim to our admiration, when the foregoing reflections luckily occurred to me. Now I see that he is, indeed, the most original poet who has appeared (to put it guardedly) in his generation; but that he might very well be original and yet be altogether unpleasing, flavorless, tiresome; he might have none of the other qualities which make him a force and a delight.

I will own that I get no part of my joy in his new book ("The Seven Seas," D. Appleton & Co.) from the patriotism which pervades it, and which I find inevitable, perhaps, but not essential. The patriotism of an alien is always a little offensive; it is like the corporeal warmth of a person who is not your friend; it gives you a little disgust; and the patriotism of an Englishman is apt to give an American a very great disgust. I suppose that in the same way our love of these States is loathsome to the native of those Kingdoms; and it is only on the vast ground outside our nationalities, the Promised Land of humanity, that we peoples of the same race can take pleasure in one another.

I meet Mr. Kipling very often there in this new book of his, and am able to rejoice pretty constantly in him, because he bears with the outcast and the sinful and shameful, not alone for their errors, but also for the errors against them, and for the misery that comes to them from both. Such a poem as "Mary, Pity Women," is worth a hundred times more to me than "A Song of the English," but I do not misprize that, either, though it has not the warmth of my blood in it.

He can not only get out of his own nationality into our common country, but he can climb quite to the top of the fence that shuts in our nationality, and upon the whole see better what is here than some of us inside. In fact, I do not know where (except, perhaps, somewhere in Lowell's verse) you shall look for such another image of Americanism as the poem beginning with these following verses:

AN AMERICAN.

From "The Seven Seas," copyrighted, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling, and printed by special permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

The American Spirit speaks:

If the Led Striker call it a strike,
Or the papers call it a war,
They know not much what I am like,
Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,
The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;
Where, cosmopolitantly planned,
He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

TRIBUTE TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Distinguished American Novelist Writes to the Sunday Journal That the Voice of the English Poet Is the Clearest and Noblest Now Lifted in the World.

In this poem is the best portrait of the American people that I have yet seen; there may be others more like, but I have not seen them; and I do not say that this gets everything in. No portrait does, for that matter; this, if unflattered, is not unfriendly; and we need not be ashamed to confess it true. As I read it over, it seems to me mighty true, incomparably true.

It is possibly my perversity that makes me take more to the "Barracks Room Ballads" in this volume than to the more syntactical verses. They are all human enough; there is no dandy pathos nor young ladyish heroism in any, though perhaps there is something boyish in their gallantry. I do not mean that offensively; but at this stage of the proceedings I find the celebration of deeds of warlike daring rather immature. So, I do not care as much, say, for "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" as for "McAndrew's Hymn," nor for any of the pieces that acclaim doing as much as those that study being. But I might very well like them all, and I do like them all, for that sane and truthful light which shines in them all upon deeds of blood, and shows such deeds barbaric, however heroic.

Perhaps this trait marks a stage in the civilization of the poets who will yet be so far converted to Christianity that they will be willing to beat their lyres into some implement of husbandry when the sword has completely evolved into a pruning hook.

But, as Mr. Bret Harte once remarked, when a composer had used a lyric of his without leave, "Much must be forgiven to a musician," and one who sings so truly and so naturally as Mr. Kipling must now and then be suffered to sing slaughterously. I talk as if anything could stop him, even criticism, but I do not suppose that anything really could stop him, and I should be sorry if anything did.

His is the lustiest voice now lifted in the world, the clearest, the bravest, with the fewest false notes in it. It may break a little in the upper register, but there is a depth of sweetness in its bass which I should not know where to match now among the living. It is a voice of faith, too, faith in God and the life everlasting, and what is more to the purpose, faith in men and in women.

Possibly the last poem in the book will suggest the spirit in which he sings even better than I have been expressing it; sometimes a poet has so much advantage of a critic; and, at any rate, the poem is beautiful.

L'ENVOI.

From "The Seven Seas," copyrigighted, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling, and printed by special l permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

When earth's last picture is paininted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have fadeded and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shahall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workrkmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall ll be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-leagugue canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to o draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sh sitting, and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise ise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for moneyey, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, ag, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees bs It for the God of Things as They Are!

This shakes the heart with its rs mere sound, like a drum or an organ pipe; but commonly ty the music of this poet is the music of deep-throated, fu full-voiced, great-mouthed bells—bells of the high steeple, sv swung over the roofs of dreaming towns, and shocking t the air deliciously with their chimes. It iis their dong, ig, dong, dong, ponderous, clear, glad, that mostly resounds is in our poet's rhyme; he of all the poets has mastered the he spondee, and won from it the secret of its manly music. ic. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley uses it, too, with keen sensense and deep knowledge of its mighty magic, but most of all all I associate the use of it with Mr. Kipling, who understantands no less the charm of the quick-stepping dactyl, and all all the measures that men march to.

I do not see why, in reading hi his book, we should not put ourselves in the presence of of a great poet again, and consent to put off our mourning ig for the high ones lately dead. I suppose we must own th that he is English; he is very strenuous about it, and vi we must let him call himself so; but he is of the im imperial, not the insular, English, and we may at least clainlaim him for that boundless English literature of which, as I s I have said before, American literature is only a conditiolition.

W. D. Howells

Rudyard Kipling in His Workshop

(From a photograph taken for the Sunday Journal.)

M'ANDREW'S HYMN.

From "The Seven Seas;" copyrighted, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling, and printed by special permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

A SELECTION.

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the just—the tail-rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double bass; the feed pump sobs and heaves.
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking linkhead bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.

The Ranter.

(On the rear of a special train.)
With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

We have heard some silly speakers if yer please,
An' some spoke common sense an' some did not.
There was Altgeld, Tillman, Harvey—such as these,.
But Bill Bryan was the tamest of the lot.
We never got a bit o' sense from Bill,
Altho' he filled the papers day by day—
Tho' he caught his nomination with a thrill,
He found afterward he'd little left ter say.
So here's to yer, Billy Bryan, from beyond the river Platte:
Keep on talking, sayin' nothin' an' you'll wonder "where you're at."
Indiana's heard you once or twice; if you come back again
We'll treat you as they treated brother Sewall, down in Maine.

He hasn't got no ideas of his own,
He hasn't even got plain, common sense;
He banks on "Coin" Harvey, who has shown
How to knock a dollar down to fifty cents.
He's traveling 'round the country in his train,
An' he makes a speech at every place he can,
But he don't get no invite to come again:
Heaps o' words don't always fool the workingman.
So here's to you, Billy Bryan, an' the missus and the kid.
When you swiped that nomination you don't know what you did;
When you said you'd run for President, why didn't you say walk?
Do you really mean it, Bill, or do you love to talk?

He rushes into print with ghoulish glee,
An' he even quotes the Scriptures in his talk.
(There's none so blind as them that will not see.)
An' he even talks o' carryin' New York!
He's a daisy, he's a ducky, he's a lamb!
He's a crippled rooster crowing on the fence;
He's a candidate that doesn't give a dam
For logic, argument or common sense.
So here's to you, Billy Bryan, from beyond the River Platte.
You may not know it, Billy, but you're talking through your hat.
If you want to be our President you best go back to school,
An' learn that wind ain't argument, nor the workingman a fool.

—C. H. F., in Indianapolis "News."

With pathos compliments
E.S.H.

Mark Twain's London Speech.

Last February, when Rudyard Kipling wass ill in America, the sympathy which was poured out to him was genuine and sincere, and he believed that that which cost Kipling so much would bring England and America closer together. He had been proud and pleased to see this growing affection and respect between the two countries, and he hoped it would continue to grow, and please God it would continue to grow. He trusted they would leave to posterity, if they could not leave anything else, a friendship between England and America that would count for much. He added that he had been engaged for the past eight days in compiling a pun. He had brought it there to lay it at their feet, and not to ask for their indulgence, but for their applause. It was in these words:

"Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling,
May they not be severed in Twain."

June 1899

...ollowed by the campaign, t...

...Burne-Jones, Now

...ith that wt work of art itself, is the talk
... It is an an odd and an original repre-
...ns from thethe grave tosuck the life blood
...se in drainaining the vitality of earthly
...nts the vavampire as a most beautiful
...red spot u upon his breast from which
...ew, as popopular superstition ever at-
...by no meaeans as pretty as the work of
...d his poenem is the practical conclusions
...eartless cr creature who totally lacks ap-
...g with nenever a regret. The painting
...scinating. r. Theophile Gautier uses the
...man whosose soul Satan releases by night
...se of the e trouble and her tomb is ef-
...ones have e managed to make no end of
Times-Heerald.

...expected Thursday, but on account of
the absence of Mr. House, and for other
reasons, the conference was deferred.
Mr. Wesley, the present lessee of the
property, said that nothing would be
done for a fortnight or so, and Mr.
House is not expected back before June
1. The project under consideration is
the removal of the present ancient
structure, and its replacement with a
huge hotel. The other hotels of the
city would have to take care of the
present Weddell House business for al-
most two years while the work of recon-
struction would be in progress. The
Weddell House was established in 1846,
and the present building is substan-
tially the same as that then erected.

Fresco and pictorial artists. Weber, Lindsay & Hall, Pythian Temple, Huron-Erie sts. 1.

...It's busted my lip so that I look like
I'm goin' to cry when I'm tryin' to
laugh. I'm goin' back home this fall."
he added, after a pause, "to get my
money—I'm twenty-one now, but I'm
comin' back out here—this country is
all right."

Doc, who had earned his title by doctoring his uncle's horses, had inherited a little fortune of $1,800, and when the summer had come and gone he went back home in a Pullman car, for he had saved $50 out of his salary of $60 and board, every month.

Five years later, in the dawning of the morning, as I was climbing out of an upper berth at another mountain town, a man caught hold of my coattail, and I found that the "man under my bed" was Doc Pippin. He said he was living in Denver; so was I, and in a few days he would come to see me.

Young Pippin's success in this now celebrated case won for him the full confidence of the agency, and

...The next day the father of one of the
...and, having done his work, Doc de-
...made an attempt to kill the detective,
...parted. Friends of the accused hired
...a lawyer, who made a beautiful pic-
...ture of these innocent lads who had
...lived all their lives in this quiet coun-
...try town, and who had never been
...guilty of a wrong until they were en-
...couraged and trapped into it by the
...wicked young detective.

Alas for the criminals! one of the gang gave up to the Sheriff and by the finding of stolen goods and the property of a man who had been murdered, they were all, save the one who had weakened, sent to Joliet, where they are still receiving their mail.

Young Pippin's success in this now celebrated case won for him the full

Rudyard Kipling in His Wo

(From a photograph taken for the Sunday Jou

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nterdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
o work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.

½d.

Messrs. METHUEN & Co.,

36, Essex Street,

LONDON, W.C.

Last February, when Rudyard Kipling wass ill in America, the sympathy which was poured out to him was genuine and sincere, and he believed that that which cost Kipling so much would bring England and America closer together. He had been proud and pleased to see this growing affection and respect between the two countries, and he hoped it would continue to grow, and please God it would continue to grow. He trusted they would leave to posterity, if they could not leave anything else, a friendship between England and America that would count for much. He added that he had been engaged for the past eight days in compiling a pun. He had brought it there to lay it at their feet, and not to ask for their indulgence, but for their applause. It was in these words:

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June 1899

"The Vampire"—A Painting by Philip Burne-Jones, Now the Talk of London.

Rudyard Kipling's poem on Philip Burne-Jones' painting, "The Vampire," with that work of art itself, is the talk of two continents. The picture is hung in the exhibition of the new London gallery. It is an odd and an original representation of the medieval folklore tradition of the ghost or simulacra which returns from the grave to suck the life blood out of living men. The vampire may be the soul of man or woman, and its purpose in draining the vitality of earthly persons is to nourish the decaying corpse in its cerements. Burne-Jones represents the vampire as a most beautiful woman. She is bending over the form of a dying man lying in bed, with a great red spot upon his breast from which the last of his life's blood is oozing. The painter's conception of the vampire is new, as popular superstition ever attached to the death-dealing ghost an aspect of horror, and old prints extant are by no means as pretty as the work of the son of the famous painter. Mr. Kipling takes another view of the matter, and his poem is the practical conclusions to be drawn from the painting by his cousin. He interprets the female to be a heartless creature who totally lacks appreciation of her lover's affection, and after taking most of his life leaves him dying with never a regret. The painting fascinates and horrifies almost all who see it, while the poem horrifies without fascinating. Theophile Gautier uses the story of the vampire in "La Morte Amoureuse," in which he tells the tale of a woman whose soul Satan releases by night in order that she may absorb the blood of her lover. The priests discover the cause of the trouble and her tomb is effectively sealed by their exorcisms. Between them Mr. Kipling and Mr. Burne-Jones have managed to make no end of talk which will certainly last through "the season" in London, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

(Reproduced by George Graf.)

KIPLING'S LATEST POEM—WRITTEN FOR "THE VAMPIRE."

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care);
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I).

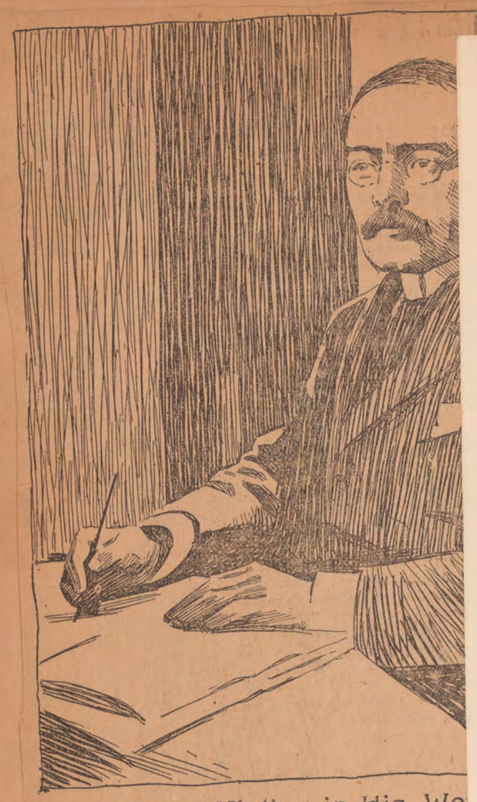
Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I),
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant);
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I),
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried.)
So some of him lived, but the most of him died
(Even as you and I).

d it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand;
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.



Rudyard Kipling in His Wo
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday Jou

M'ANDREW'S HYMN.

From "The Seven Seas;" copyrighted, 1896, b
Kipling, and printed by special permission o
lishers, D. Appleton & Co.

A SELECTION.

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing t
Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orc
lime
Whaurto—uplifted like the just—the tail-rods mark the
time.
The crank-throws give the double bass; the feed pump
sobs and heaves.
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the
sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking linkhead
bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin'
through the guides.
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin' cho-
rus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.

36 Essex Street, London, W.C.

October 22nd, 1896.

Publishers Nov 5 - 1896

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW BOOK.

Messrs. METHUEN & Co. beg to announce the publication of the following work:—

TO BE PUBLISHED ON NOV. 2nd.

The Seven Seas

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Crown 8vo. 6/-

150 copies on hand-made paper. *Demy 8vo.* 21/- net.

30 copies on Japanese paper. *Demy 8vo.* 42/- net.

The enormous success of "Barrack Room Ballads" justifies the expectation that this volume, so long postponed, will have an equal, if not a greater, success.

This volume is uniform with "Barrack Room Ballads" and contains 20 more pages than that volume.

From

_____

_____

Per _____

_____ *The Seven Seas*, 6/-.

_____

METHUEN & Co.,

36 Essex Street, London, W.C.

Mark Twain's London Speech.

Last February, when Rudyard Kipling wass ill in America, the sympathy which was poured out to him was genuine and sincere, and he believed that that which cost Kipling so much would bring England and America closer together. He had been proud and pleased to see this growing affection and respect between the two countries, and he hoped it would continue to grow, and please God it would continue to grow. He trusted they would leave to posterity, if they could not leave anything else, a friendship between England and America that would count for much. He added that he had been engaged for the past eight days in compiling a pun. He had brought it there to lay it at their feet, and not to ask for their indulgence, but for their applause. It was in these words:

"Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling,
May they not be severed in Twain."

June 1899

The next day the father of one of the gang, who was himself a hard man, made an attempt to kill the detective, and, having done his work, Doc departed. Friends of the accused hired a lawyer, who made a beautiful picture of these innocent lads who had lived all their lives in this quiet country town, and who had never been guilty of a wrong until they were enticed and trapped into it by the wicked young detective.

Alas for the criminals! one of the gang gave up to the Sheriff and by the finding of stolen goods and the property of a man who had been murdered, they were all, save the one who had weakened, sent to Joliet, where they are still receiving their mail.

Young Pippin's success in this now celebrated case won for him the full confidence of the agency, and in a few days he would come to see me. It's busted my lip so that I look like I'm goin' to cry when I'm tryin' to laugh. I'm goin' back home this fall." he added, after a pause, "to get my money—I'm twenty-one now, but I'm comin' back out here—this country is all right."

Doc, who had earned his title by doctoring his uncle's horses, had inherited a little fortune of $1,800, and when the summer had come and gone he went back home in a Pullman car, for he had saved $50 out of his salary of $60 and board, every month.

Five years later, in the dawning of the morning, as I was climbing out of an upper berth at another mountain town, a man caught hold of my coat-tail, and I found that the "man under my bed" was Doc Pippin. He said he was living in Denver; so was I, and in

Fresco and pictorial artists, Webber, Lind & Hall, Pythian Temple, Huron-Erie sts.

expected Thursday, but on account of the absence of Mr. Rouse, and for other reasons, the conference was deferred.

Mr. Wesley, the present lessee of the property, said that nothing would be done for a fortnight or so, and Mr. Rouse is not expected back before June 1. The project under consideration is the removal of the present ancient structure, and its replacement with a huge hotel. The other hotels of the city would have to take care of the present Wedgell House business for almost two years while the work of reconstruction would be in progress. The Wedgell House was established in 1846, and the present building is substantially the same as that then erected.

Philip Burne-Jones, Now

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o Times-Herald.

CABOT'S

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"QUILT."

Heat Insulation: Better and Cheaper than Back-plaster.

"Houses are warmer and the cost of protecting them is less than by back-plaster." — *Loring & Phipps.*

Sound Deadening: Best in the market.

"Quilt is considered by us the best kind of deafening paper in the market. — *Rossiter & Wright.*

"I have found the Quilt invaluable as a deadener of noise." — *Rudyard Kipling.*

The peculiar laminated structure of Quilt forms innumerable small cells of DEAD air. Dead air is the best non-conductor.

SAMPLES ON APPLICATION.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer,

70 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

When Rudyard Kipling lived in Vermont he was besieged by autograph hunters, and it struck him as a good idea that these gentlemen should be made to pay something for his signature. As will be remembered, he made quite a little money in this way for what he called his "pet charity"—the Fresh Air Fund. Here is an amusing letter, which has not been published before, that he wrote at the time to somebody who had apparently deluged him with requests for autographs:

"NAULAKHA; WAITE, VERMONT.

"*Dear* ——: Your order of the 22d inst. has been filled, we trust to your satisfaction, and the stuff is returned herewith.

"We did not know that there would be such a mass of lumber to put through the mill; and we note also that your order covers at least *two* supplementary orders—(*a*) in the case of a young lady, aged nineteen (not in original contract), and (*b*) an autograph book, for which we have supplied one original hardwood verse.

"Our mills are running full time at present in spite of business depression; but we are very reluctant to turn away any job that offers. Under these circumstances, and making allowance for time consumed in unpacking, sorting, packing, crating, and returning finished goods, we should esteem it a favor if you could see your way to warding an additional ten dollars to the F Air Fund.

"Very sincerely yours,

"R. KIPLING & C

"P. S.—Autographs supplied on mod terms: guaranteed sentiments to order. V specialty. *No discount for cash.*"

MULVANEY TELLS ABOUT IT.

The Old Private Thinks Coventry and Not a Drum Head Court Martial Would Have Been the Proper Thing.

(From the Boston Record.)

Brattleboro, May 11.—Private Mulvaney came down to the P. O. bungalow as he persisted in calling it just at dusk.

Long before he reached the steps those who were waiting there could see that something was up for he was walking the regulation step the only step that is ever used on the road to Mandalay. Again he was talking to himself. It was when he was disturbed that these two soldier traits returned to him and those on the steps were anxious for the revelation.

Mulvaney began it himself. "I knew it would come" he said. "Its only the wolf that will suckle a strange cub from love and you can never fit a Mauser bullet into a Martini rifle. But I did not think it would come so soon. When your mess secrets leak out it's time somebody should be recailed but the proper course is coventry not a drum head court martial yet that's wot it's come to.

He stopped for a while to take a solitary drink from a flask. "I know yer temperance folks" he said "so I won't offend yer" then he replaced the flask in his pocket. "I never told you about the row up at our bungalow did I? Of course not but there's not a child on the place but wot 'as been playing fight wid wot 'e knows of it.

"To begin with I always was suspicious when Misther Kipling and his wife's folks began to chum together. It's onnatural from the start and it's bad for the health. Even elephants separate from their young when the young begin to trumpet in the spring. But at the start you know the Kiplings and the Balestiers were all as happy as a lot of boy lieutenants who have never seen service—only pictures of it.

Kipling was 'ere building his bungalow and the others were looking on and each afternoon they used to send notes to one another built like wigway messages hoping that they'd slept well and they liked the new house.

A regiment is alway at its best just before an outbreak. 'Ow sweet says I to meself looking on and so loving too.'

Well 'im that's Kipling you know was subpoenaed yer know just before his house was finished and had to go off on a forced march to write some more stuff about me and—Jack Ortheris. There was a council the day before and when he left we all knew he left Beatty, that's his brother-in-law, Balestier in charge.

"Now, Beatty, apparently is a decent enough young fellow. The bad thing about him is his name and the fact that he has never grown old. I'd wager my gun kit and all that Beatty-Betty was Betty and that is a woman's name. Now you can give a man a handle like that in fun and he will thrive on it. The smartest man in the Goolhi Hill campaign was called Jennie in the mess tent and at barracks but w'en yer regularly Christian one wid the chaplain in robes that way why it spoils them. Then as I was saying, he used to forget she was 35. That means staying up later than one should and getting liquid stuff inside.

"Two days after his taking hold Beatty ran a sewer down from the Bungalo into the land. I've seen that done in India and I made up my mind that there was something beside fancy farming in his mind when he did it.

"Well, Kipling came back and the wig wag work commenced and all his relatives lined up like side boys all except Beatty. He began to work his fancy farming and kept away from Kipling. It was as plain as day that something was up and we in the stables soon made up our mind that it was over money.

"Beatty was running over and had touched Kipling for $1500 it was said. When the break came he asked him for the money.

Slowly stopping in the midst of his story to curl his legs in dervish fashion, Mulvaney continued, lowering his voice, "and Beatty told him to take his sewer off his land. I think it must have been the first he knew of it but at 12 that night the sewer was down in a new place and another demand was made for the cash.

"As long as men talk to one another you can feel sure of the end, the out and out murder always comes after a spell of silence. So as long as they come chinning each other like a couple of non-coms who are too proud of their pretty faces to have it out I did not pay much attention, not but wot other's would have died just fer the sake of hearing such vocal fireworks with their 'phoon! phoon!!' and red fire.

"If a forced march had been ordered either of them there would be peace now instead of a court martial with people who do not know the nature of things. The luck though was against them and then came the black silence between the two. In the black silence the eye or the tongue are never lifted.

"Beatty began to fret under that for to the weaker man it is like meeting phantom. He could not talk to Kipling, so he began to talk about him, something which he never would have done had he only grown old in the proper time.

"No man is always on dress parade; there are times when he leaves his whole kit off and those were the time Betty taked. He told the truth, perhaps, at the start, which was another bad thing. Kipling should have kept him quiet, but he talked and as he was a campaigner there was less excuse for him. His stories, it seems, stung Betty a good deal more than Betty's did him.

"You never heard the story of the man who met '100 lies, did you? Well, that is another story, but as that man sold his soul to a dervish, grew a beard and died in the native quarter chanting the Koran and the English version of the Bible, why, you can see his feelings were being stirred up.

"The last thing Betty heard was that he was a pensioner on Kipling's bounty, and this broke the heart of the idol of the family. First, he wrote a letter to Kipling, saying that at the first chance he wanted a retraction and personal satisfaction, and then he started out to look for Kipling.

"Now, it is easier for one to find a friend in the Kyter Hills where a man only mates with one whose rifle is of the same range, than here in Brattleboro and for almost a week the feud was on.

"I felt a little easier when it got down to that, for it was the Indian way when the boys go out arm in arm under the guard's nose to have it out by the palm trees. Wednesday they met in the woods. Betty got down first, and I admired him for it. There was blood in his eye. 'I will give you a week in which to straighten out these stories,' he said, 'and if you do not I will punch the life out of you.'

I was lying down behind the wall listening to it.

"'Do you mean personal violence?' asked Kipling, and I could have kicked him for the cool way he said it.

"'Yes, if licking you is personal violence,' said Betty, looking up.

"It was a fine flare up, but it ended there, when it should not have ended at all. But what I didn't understand is the taking into court. Kipling got out a warrant for Betty, and alleges that he tried to assault him. They had one hearing on Saturday when Betty was held in $300, and on Tuesday comes the drum-head court martial.

"But I won't be here. I'm off to join the service in the morning. For the whole thing isn't an h'office', or row, nor has it been conducted in a h'officer's way.

"They'll have it out in one court, and then appeal to another, and so it will go in a way to disgust a decent soldier man, for you can never settle a dispute between a man who sees nobody else in the world and one who hasn't grown old."

Scattering

RAILROAD MEN ON ".007."

Some Expert Criticisms of Kipling's Engine Story.

From the New York Tribune.

The recently published story of Rudyard Kipling entitled ".007," in which many of the characters are locomotives, has attracted considerable attention in railroad circles, and many professional railroad men agree in crediting the author with unusual knowledge of railroad usages, technical terms and mechanical matters. Much of the conversation in the story is carried on by locomotives of various types, which meet in a round house, where .007, "an eight-wheeled American loco," becomes acquainted with a number of his fellows.

"You can't expect a writer of jungle stories to be letter perfect in railroad matters," said an old engineer, "especially if the writer is an Englishman and the railroad matters in his stories are American. He tries hard to appear American, but in the first sentence in which the engine with the impossible name is referred to, he shows his English. No one on this side of the water ever refers to an engine as a 'loco,' and the author never once uses the word engine in his story. If Kipling's '.007' had been written for England or the colonies, it would have been perfectly proper to refer to a certain style of engine as 'American' in build, but in this country we have only American locomotives, and no practical railroad man in the United States uses the word 'bogie' when speaking of a 'truck.' These errors show that Kipling is like Sullivan's tar and

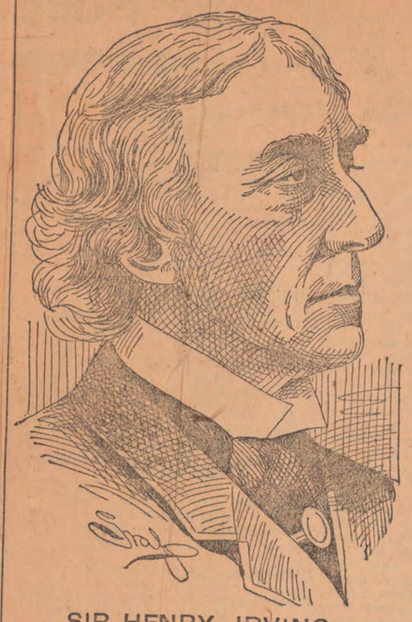
In spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.

"If he had been reared in this country or had more than a bowing acquaintance with railroad people, he would not have spoken of an engine as 'he,' and he would have chosen some other decoration than pea green with a red 'buffer bar' for one of the most conspicuous of his collection of 'locos.'"

Edgar Van Etten, general superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, says: "It is one of the best railroad stories I ever read. Many writers try to write similar tales, but they usually fall when they strike technical points; but Kipling has made none of the usual blunders, and his story would be most excellent, from the railroad man's point of view, but for a few slight errors. For example: 'I've trouble enough in my own division,' said a lean, light suburban loco, with very shiny brake shoes. 'My commuters wouldn't rest till they got a parlor car. They've hitched it on just ahead o' the caboose, and it hauls worse'n a snow plow.'

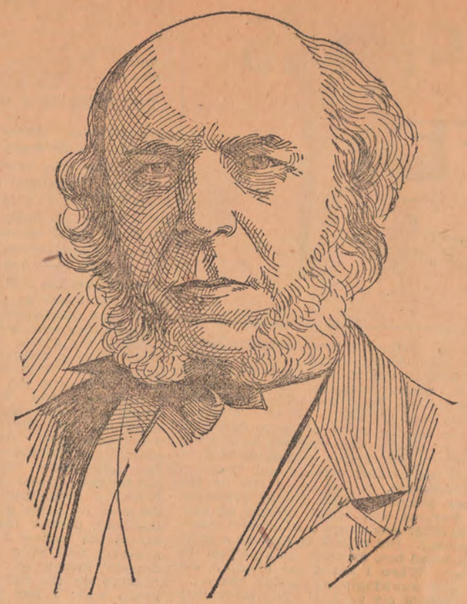
"Now, a caboose, every one knows, is the car at the end of a freight train, and no one ever saw a caboose and a parlor car hitched as Kipling describes. His satire on the yardmaster is simply delicious. It may be a little overdrawn, but it shows that officer to be an unlimited monarch, and that's what he is for the time being. But when the author has the yardmaster examining freight receipts, he makes another error. A yardmaster never sees these documents. He handles way bills and running bills, but never a freight receipt. Mr. Kipling shows that he has been around engines and knows much about them by mentioning the fact that they carry jack screws, but he probably never heard any one in a roundhouse talk about 'iced-water.'"

FOUR OF THE GREATES



SIR HENRY IRVING.

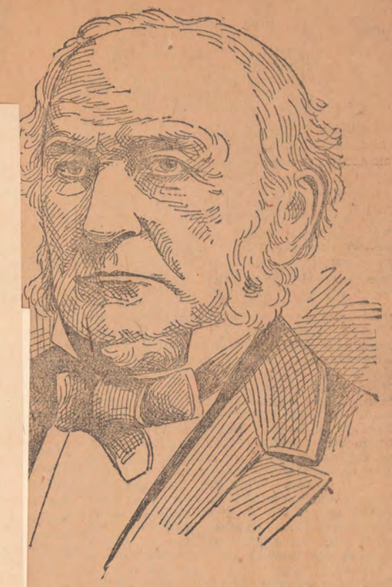
The Man Who Has Done the Most For the English Stage During This Century. He is Always Original.



HERBERT SPENCER.

A Philosopher Who is Conceded to be the Most Comprehensive Thinker of the Century. His System of Synthetic Philosophy is His Lifework.

T LIVING ENGLISHMEN.



IAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Accomplished More Than Any Other Living or the Purification and Strengthening of the h Empire.

Mr. George Moore does not like Mr. Kipling, and, as Mr. Moore always has the courage of his prejudices, he has freely expressed his persuasion that Mr. Kipling is a hideous blot on the civilization of the century. People always say that Mr. Moore has no sense of humor, but could any humorist have said anything funnier than that Kipling is a hideous blot? When Mr. George Moore arises in his wrath to denounce some great wrong which rankles in his soul, he usually displays an amount of humor that would make his fortune as a humorist were he conscious of its existence.

Mr. Moore delivered his estimate of Kipling at a dinner in honor of Mr. Yeats, the new Irish poet and dramatist. Mr. Yeats is a true poet, though I doubt if he is so very much superior to Shakespeare as Mr. Moore insists that he is. However, there is no doubt that he has written a good play, and that some of his verses are distinctly original and beautiful. But his first duty is to quarrel with Mr. Moore. So long as Mr. Moore makes after-dinner speeches in his praise and incidentally points out the enormous inferiority of such men as Shakespeare and Kipling, the public will refuse to take Mr. Yeats seriously. A poet might succeed, even if he had all of Dr. Doyle's six concentrated critics in opposition to him, but no man can hope to succeed if he has the active support of Mr. George Moore. I wish that this were not so. For Mr. George Moore's genius I have a profound admiration. In the days when other men ridiculed him I believed in him, and foresaw the day when he would write "Esther Waters" and thereby place himself in the very front rank of English novelists. But he is such a preposterously wrong-headed man when he writes of contemporary authors! His friends ought to keep him under close restraint and never permit him to make a speech or to write a line except when writing a novel.

Adams Letter My Times June 7/99

that the author knew nothing about a real newspaper office. Miss Gilder thought her experience had been sufficient to relieve her from such a charge, but she did not attempt to contradict so distinguished an authority.

Two books of substantial value which the Century Co. announce are "Forty-six Years in the Army," by General John M. Schofield, and "Impressions of South Africa," by James Bryce. From the same house we are to have one of the most beautiful books for children ever made—Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc," a simply told story of the Maid's life, illustrated with forty-three colored pictures after drawings by this distinguished painter.

MISS ABBE CARTER GOODLOE

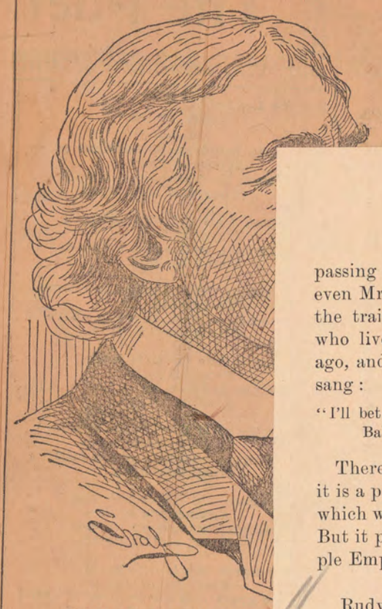
Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe, whose "College Girls" found many appreciative readers last year, will contribute the paper on Wellesley College to a series of articles on women's colleges to appear next year in *Scribner's Magazine*, similar in scope to the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton articles lately published. Miss Goodloe's portrait is made from a photograph not previously published.

The new publishing firm of Small, Maynard & Co., in Boston, will soon issue, as its initial publication, a new edition of the works of Walt Whitman, in which they have acquired all future rights, from Whitman's literary executors. Whitman's own arrangement of the matter in the volumes will be followed, with such slight changes as uniformity and convenience may suggest. A number of new poems (published in periodicals after the appearance of the 1892 edition) will be added to "Leaves of Grass." A new portrait of Whitman will be used as frontispiece, but the familiar steel portrait of the poet made for the first edition will be re-engraved and included. A few copies will be printed on hand-made paper for collectors.

One of the historical novels of the autumn will be "When Knighthood was in Flower," rewritten from the old memoir of Sir Edwin Caskoden and telling the love tale of Mary Tudor, sister to King Henry VIII, and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. This is one of the most romantic stories in royal history. Mary, it will be remembered, was Queen of France less than three months, and after the death of Louis XII married her lover Brandon, and became the grandmother of Lady Jane Grey. The Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, will publish this novel, and will also issue a new volume by Robert J. Burdette, "Chimes from a Jester's Bells," consisting of new stories and sketches, humorous and pathetic.

The record of the experiences of Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, of Princeton University, in the daily life and manual toil of a

FOUR OF THE GREATES



SIR HENRY IRV

The Man Who Has Done the Most lish Stage During This Century Original.

passing train. But we are not sure that even Mr. Kipling has caught the song of the train any better than an old darkey who lived up in Nova Scotia some years ago, and who used to say that the train sang :

"I'll bet yo' fip' de debbil git yo' 'fo' yo' git to Baltimo'."

There may be no roar in this line, but it is a pretty good song for a gravel train, which was what the darkey heard oftenest. But it probably would not do for a "Purple Emperor" or a "White Moth."

Rudyard Kipling's contribution to the Queen's jubilee poetry, which appeared in the London *Times*, has already been reprinted in several American newspapers, but we think the readers of THE BOOK BUYER will not grudge it space here. Far and away the most dignified piece of verse which that occasion has called forth, it gains distinctly in value for its purpose by assuming the greatness of British power, and sounding a note of warning which only a puissant nation needs to hear.

RECESSIONAL.

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

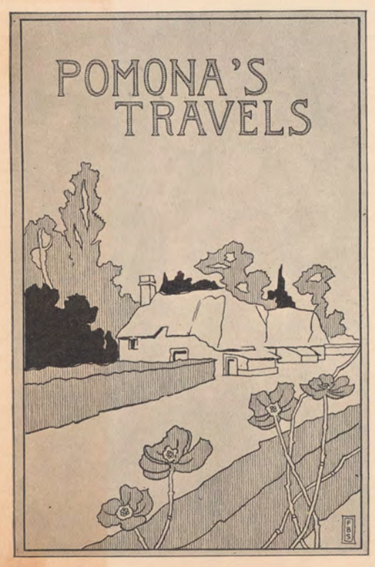
The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

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

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

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

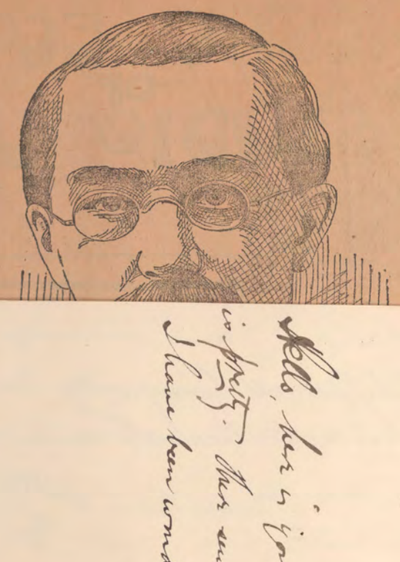
AMEN.

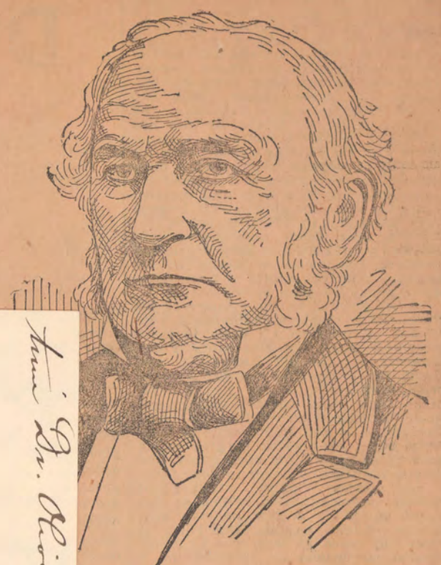


COVER DESIGNS

"Taken by Siege" is the title of a novel by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, which the Scribners will publish within a few weeks. It is a tale of journalists and musicians, and the story revolves about the old Academy of Music. The novel was published anonymously several years ago, and, in a review of the book at that time, the *Tribune* said that it was evident

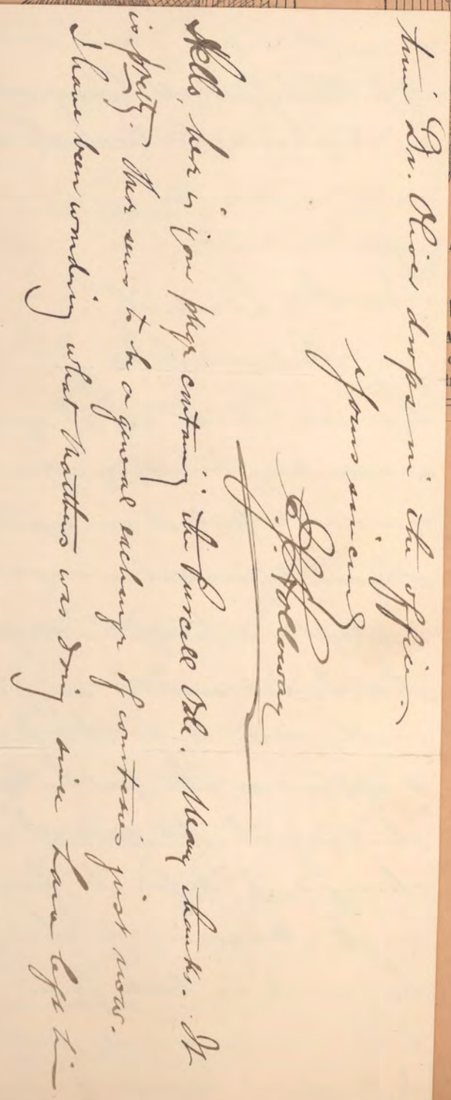
T LIVING ENGLISHMEN.





IAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Accomplished More Than Any Other Living or the Purification and Strengthening of the h Empire.



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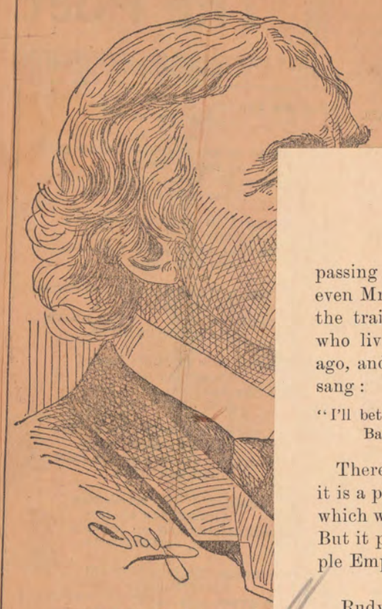
Mr. Moore delivered his estimate of Kipling at a dinner in honor of Mr. Yeats, the new Irish poet and dramatist. Mr. Yeats is a true poet, though I doubt if he is so very much superior to Shakespeare as Mr. Moore insists that he is. However, there is no doubt that he has written a good play, and that some of his verses are distinctly original and beautiful. But his first duty is to quarrel with Mr. Moore. So long as Mr. Moore makes after-dinner speeches in his praise and incidentally points out the enormous inferiority of such men as Shakespeare and Kipling, the public will refuse to take Mr. Yeats seriously. A poet might succeed, even if he had all of Dr. Doyle's six concentrated critics in opposition to him, but no man can hope to succeed if he has the active support of Mr. George Moore. I wish that this were not so. For Mr. George Moore's genius I have a profound admiration. In the days when other men ridiculed him I believed in him, and foresaw the day when he would write "Esther Waters" and thereby place himself in the very front rank of English novelists. But he is such a preposterously wrong-headed man when he writes of contemporary authors! His friends ought to keep him under close restraint and never permit him to make a speech or to write a line except when writing a novel.

Adams Letter my Times June 7/99

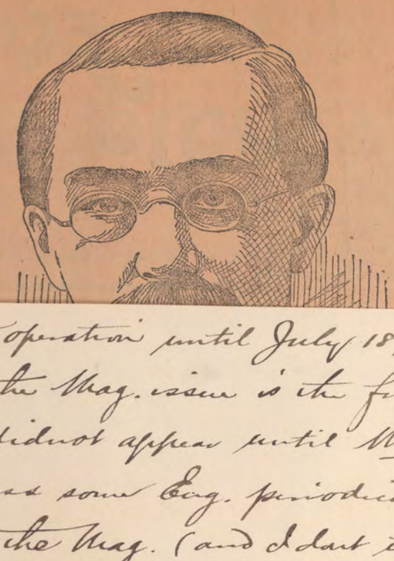
FOUR OF THE GREATES

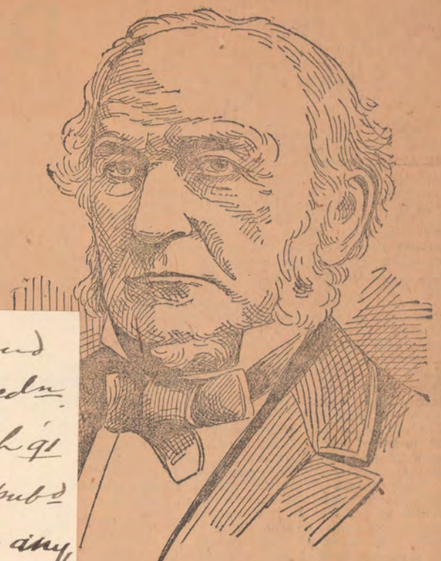


SIR HENRY IRV

The Man Who Has Done the Most lish Stage During This Century Original.

T LIVING ENGLISHMEN.





IAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Accomplished More Than Any Other Living or the Purification and Strengthening of the h Empire.

passing train. But we are not sure that even Mr. Kipling has caught the song of the train any better than an old darkey who lived up in ... ago, and who us... sang:

"I'll bet yo' fip' d... Baltimo'."

There may be... it is a pretty goo... which was what... But it probably... ple Emperor" o...

Rudyard Kip... Queen's jubilee... the London *Ti*... printed in seve... but we think t... BUYER will n...

Far and away the most dignified piece of verse which that occasion has called forth, it gains distinctly in value for its purpose ... the greatness of British

J. B. Lippincott Company,
Publishers and Booksellers,

Philadelphia 18th June 1891

Dear Mr. Lemperly:

I dont think you have Swinburn... "Locrine", and as I yesterday came across another copy, unopened, I hope you will put it in your bookcase. It goes by mail.

Replying to yours regarding "Light that Failed" would say that K. originally wrote it in the form in which it appears in the published vol, but thinking it too sad, I suppose, he changed it before its first publication in the Magazine to that form. When he issued in book form he reverted to the story originally written. The International copyright arangement did not go into operation until July 1891, and I think the Mag. issue is the first edn. The vol. did not appear until March 91 and unless some Eng. periodical publ it before the Mag. (and I dont think any did) the Mag. is 1st edn.

Do with End of the Passage in Mag. for Aug. 1890. Life's Handicap (which contains it) did not appear until Sept. 1891.

"End of the Passage" is considered one of K's best, but ~~th~~ I saw that last page criticised somewhere as unnecessary and inartistic. I presume the meaning of it is that the Dr. with the Kodak photographed the vision remaining in the retina of the dead mans eyes. Whether such a thing is possible or not I do not know. Will ascertain the next

Mr. George Moore does not like Mr. Kipling, and, as Mr. Moore always has the courage of his prejudices, he has freely expressed his persuasion that Mr. Kipling is a hideous blot on the civilization of the century. People always say that Mr. Moore has no sense of humor, but could any humorist have said anything funnier than that Kipling is a hideous blot? When Mr. George Moore arises in his wrath to denounce some great wrong which rankles in his soul, he usually displays an amount of humor that would make his fortune as a humorist were he conscious of its existence.

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Adams Letter My Times June 7/99

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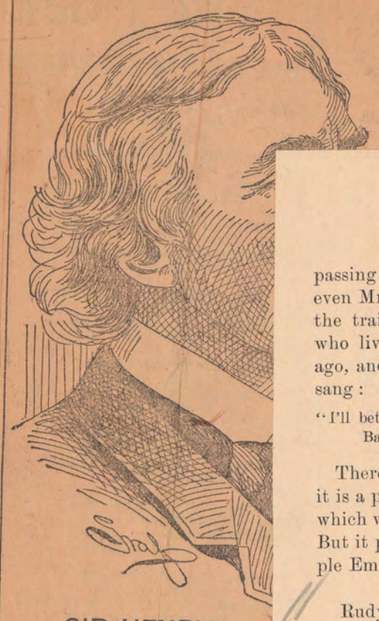

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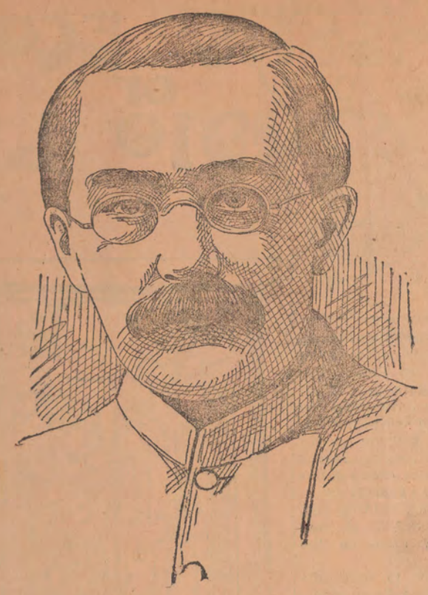

RUDYARD KIPLING.

He is Without an Equal in the Writing of English Short Stories. As a Poet He Ranks Among the First.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

He Has Accomplished More Than Any Other Living Man For the Purification and Strengthening of the British Empire.

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Adams Letter My Times June 7/99

(Copyright, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling.)

They christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he bears—
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er sleek flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the bidding of checked desire.
Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob-majors die.
Could wait for my turn in the pimpling choir?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

When the smoking scud is blown,
And the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling Towers.
(I war with a darkling sea.)
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not he!

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There was never a hand to toll
When they made me guard o' the bay,
And moored me over the Shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll—
My four great hammers ply—
Could I speak or be still at the church's will?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

The landward marks have failed—
The fog bank glides unguessed—
The seaward lights are veiled—
The spent deep feigns her rest:
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell—I cry!
Could I wait in sloth on the church's oath?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

At the careless end of night
I thrill to the nearing screw—
I turn in the nearing light
And call to the drowsy crew.
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the blind bow backs away
Do they give me their thanks if she clear the banks?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not they!

The beach-pools cake and skim—
The bursting spray-heads freeze—
I gather on crown and rim
The gray grained ice of the seas,
Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,
The plunging colliers lie.
Would I barter my place for the church's grace?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

Through the blurr of the whirling snow,
Or the black of the inky sleet,
The lanterns gather and grow,
And I look for the homeward fleet.
Rattle of block and sheet—
Ready about—Stand by!—
Shall I ask them a fee that they fetch the quay?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

I swoop and I surge and I swing
In the rip of the racing tide—
By the gates of doom I sing—
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound I bide
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(Shoal 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

THE Book Department of the H. B. Claflin Co. have just ready the fifteen-volume edition of Kipling's books, published by arrangement between the author and his authorized publishers—D. Appleton & Co., The Century Company, and The Doubleday & McClure Company. The edition consists of 20,000 sets. Each volume will have stamped on the cover the swastica, adopted by Kipling as his signmanual and underneath it the autograph of the author. A six-volume set of Kipling's works will be issued probably on July 1. A five-volume set and a volume of his "Soldiers' Stories" are also promised for July. To make the attractions of this set the more compelling Mr. Kipling has rewritten numerous portions of the most popular stories contained therein. In September they will publish a large and beautiful calendar stamped in brass from a design by Kipling's father. About 5,000 of these, it is understood, will be put on the market. The relief depicts a "Jungle Book" scene, and is a most striking and effective piece of work. The cover of the calendar pad will be embellished with a fine photogravure of Kipling.

Pub. Weekly June 17–1899

DEMURRER IN THE KIPLING-PUTNAM SUIT.

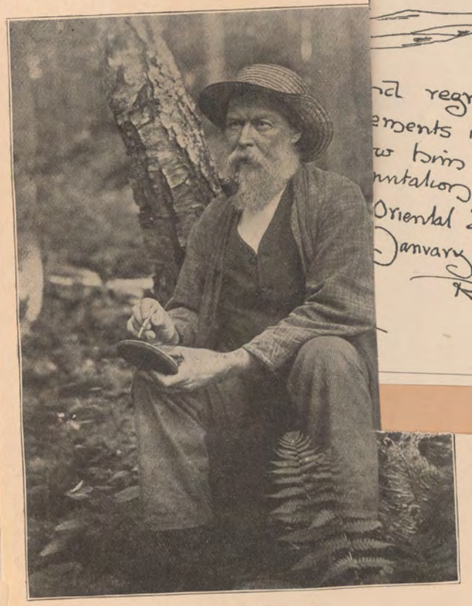
THE attorneys for G. P. Putnam's Sons have filed a demurrer to the complaint alleging infringement of copyright served upon the publishers by the counsel for Rudyard Kipling. Counsel for defendants say that the complaint shows no sufficient cause of action. It is reported that Kipling will not return to this country till next year, to appear in the trial.

Pub. Weekly June 17/99

THE BOOK

'Lisha's Outing," by Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, who in "Danvis Folks" and other admirable writings has shown that a man whose own eyes have failed him may help others to see clearly into life out-of-doors. A collection of short stories, to be called "The Young Mountaineers," by Charles Egbert Craddock, is the other of these books.

The accompanying picture of Mr. Robinson in the woods was taken by a friend some years since, before he had lost his sight. The friend remarks of it: "It is only amateur work . . . but it seems to me to portray the lover of nature that he is. Any one else would have trampled the fern at his feet, or frightened away the grasshopper on the leaf."



ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

NAULAKHA
BRATTLEBORO
VERMONT

nd regrets that his present
ements in Vermont do not
ow him to accept the very
vitation of The Aldrich Club
Oriental Evening on the night of
January.
Rudyard Kipling

***

of ten thousand dollars a year, [illegible] at Mr.
because I have earned the money by
the sweat of my brow through liter-
ary and legal work, and not because
my "judicial seat" is "padded"
with inherited stocks and bonds.

It may interest those who have con-
vinced themselves that my philosophy
is founded on a patrimony, to know

[illegible] from it, Mr. Kipling and the Put-
nams!"

British Weekly **June 15/99

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY*

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

There 's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There 's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,
Or the wreck that struck last tide—
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

* From *The Seven Seas*. By RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE MONTGOMERY PUBLISHING CO., 23 Park Row, New York, has just published "The Choate Story-Book," with a biographical sketch of Ambassador Joseph H. Choate, by Will M. Clemens. The English edition of this book, entitled the "Joe Choate Jest-Book," was suppressed by the publisher in deference to Mr. Choate's wishes. They have also published a new edition of Charles Knowles Bolton's "The Reign of the Poster," and a cheap issue of "The Vampire," by Kipling. They have in preparation a collection of "Kipling Parodies" and a "Kipling Bibliography." The latter volume will contain no less than 200 titles and will be published in a limited edition for collectors only. They also announce a Chinese love-story, with the scenes laid in Mott and Doyers Street.

Pub. Weekly June 24/99

(Copyright, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling.)

They christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he bears—
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er sleek flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the bidding of checked desire.
Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob-majors die.
Could wait for my turn in the pimping choir?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

When the smoking scud is blown,
And the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling Towers.
(I war with a darkling sea.)
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll
When they made me guard o' the bay,
And moored me over the Shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll—
My four great hammers ply—
Could I speak or be still at the church's will?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

The landward marks have failed—
The fog bank glides unguessed—
The seaward lights are veiled—
The spent deep feigns her rest:
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell—I cry!
Could I wait in sloth on the church's oath?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

At the careless end of night
I thrill to the nearing screw—
I turn in the nearing light
And call to the drowsy crew.
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the blind bow backs away
Do they give me their thanks if she clear the banks?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not they!

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Pub Weekly June 17-1899

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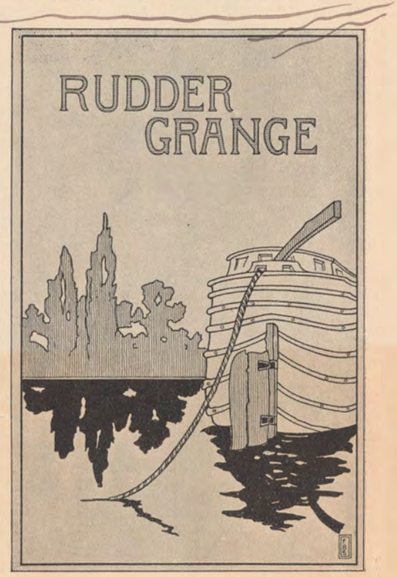
Pub Weekly June 17/99

K BUYER

ask THE BOOK BUYER how the words should run to give the onomatopoetic effect intended. We are not sure that the following accent of the lines is what Mr. Kipling had in mind, but it seems to convey something of the whirling roar of a mile-a-minute engine as it comes swiftly out of silence, crashes past, and fades away again into the night:

"With a míchnai—ghígnai—schtíngal! Yah! Yah! Yah!
Eín—zwei—dreí—mutter Yah! Yah! Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple
Und she fríghten all der people
Singin' míchnai—ghígnai—schtíngal! Yah! Yah!"

In these lines one can hear the hiss of steam, the shattering exhaust, the rattling clatter and the metallic undertone which is always present in the roar of a swiftly



TWO NEW

In Rudyard Kipling's story of the locomotive —".007," in the August number of *Scribner's Magazine*, he put the song of a flying locomotive into words whose scansion has perplexed a number of readers, some of whom have written to

NAULAKHA
BRATTLEBORO
VERMONT

Rud.

and regrets that his present engagements in Vermont do not allow him to accept the very kind invitation of The Aldrich Club to an Oriental Evening on the night of the 31st January.

Rudyard Kipling

Jan. 26. 1895.

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY*

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

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
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Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
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If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

* From *The Seven Seas*. By RUDYARD KIPLING.

***

Great regret was expressed at Mr. Kipling's intention to bring an action against the Putnams, and this regret is not confined to literary circles. In view, not only of the enthusiastic interest shown in Mr. Kipling's illness by the American public, but of the firm stand made by the Putnams for the rights of authors in connection with the copyright question, it is thought that the action is particularly ill-timed. Mr. Hodder asked the opinion of a very eminent New York lawyer as to the probable result of the action. "Well," was the cautious reply, "there are two parties who will suffer from it, Mr. Kipling and the Putnams!"

British Weekly *** June 15/99

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Brattleboro Vt

THE GREAT KIPLING CASE

THAT HAS AGAIN CENTERED ALL EYES ON BRATTLEBORO.

The Great Novelist Has His Brother-in-Law Arrested for Assault and Threats to Kill—The Latter Held Under Bonds—A Painful Family Trouble—But the Recital Brightened with Many Witty and Interesting Things.

The local sensation of the week, one with which the leading newspapers of the country have been filled and one that had some graphic and amusing features, with more that were painful and unfortunate, was the prosecution, on complaint of Rudyard Kipling of his brother-in-law, Beatty S. Balestier for "assault, with opprobrious and indecent epithets and threatening to kill." The affair for which this complaint in the courts was made by State's Attorney Fitts, occurred last week Wednesday afternoon, in the woods called "The Pines" between this village and the homes of the two men. According to Kipling's story, which was not contradicted in the evidence, he was walking along by his bicycle from which he had just fallen, when Balestier drove by and hauled up, saying, "See here, I want to speak to you." Kipling replied "If you have anything to say, say it to my lawyers." When Balestier rejoined "By J—this is no case for lawyers. I want you to understand that you have got to retract those G—d— lies you've been telling about me. You've got to do it inside a week or I'll punch (or kick) the G—d—soul out of you." Kipling said he observed, "Let us get this straight. Do you mean personal violence?"

"Yes, I'll give you a week, and if you don't do it I'll blow out your G—d— brains."

"I then said," Kipling continued, 'you will have only yourself to blame for the consequences.' In the course of this conversation he also called me a liar, a cheat and a coward. Then he drove on to where the road forks, about 40 yards beyond and turned and and went back."

The conversation lasted not over three or four minutes. Balestier "seemed not in his right senses—crazy—waving his hands about—shouting loudly—his cheek bones blue with passion." "I honestly think he will kill me sometime—if he loses his head again," Kipling testified.

Balestier's side of the story—if there is any—was not told, but the cross examination by his counsel, indicated that his claim was that the threat was simply one of a thrashing and that the provocation was stories which he believed Kipling to have set in circulation that Balestier was or had been living on his bounty. Not a particle of evidence of this was produced except Kipling's admission on cross examination that when spoken to about it by Balestier's creditors and others he had said that he had "done everything he could to help the boy, and it was no use." Neither of the witnesses mentioned in the cross examination as having got such an impression of charitable dependence from talks with Kipling, was produced, leaving the presumption that he had never conveyed it and that it was entirely Balestier's morbid imagining. Kipling himself swore that he didn't know what Balestier alluded to in his demand for a retraction, and supposed it was offers he had made, through others or in connection with others, to help Balestier out of his money troubles, if he would stop drinking and would go to work. "I came here for this purpose—to help that boy what I could" he said feelingly. It's what I have staid here for the last three years—the reason I settled here in preference to anywhere else in America."

Mr. Kipling's appearance on the stand was one to reveal the qualities that so attract people that come into close relation with him, while a merely superficial acquaintance is apt to repel. There were not only flashes and sparkles of brightness from that great mine of genius of his, but there were glimpses of the depth and tenderness of feeling that contribute to his power.

Balestier is a man of much native brightness and genialty and after the reporters got here Tuesday he won several of them to his side—doubtless with the aid of the old scores they have laid up against Kipling, and though Balestier's side of the story was not given in court, he told it to the reporters thus:

All this talk about my threatening to kill Kipling is false. I met him on the highway and threatened to thrash him if he did not retract certain stories he had told about me. They were based wholly on financial transactions, in which he claimed to have supplied me with money, and reflected seriously on my general character. I don't look like a tough, do I? That talk about the row being caused by a sewer drain emptying on my land is arrant nonsense. It's his false stories, and nothing else, that have caused the trouble. You'll find that to be the truth when you have all the facts.

It is admitted on both sides that there is much to the case that was not told in court. Kipling evidently told as little as he could against his brother-in-law and what did come out of him, especially the statement about the injunction of care from the late Wolcott Balestier, wa wrung out of him. Balestier on the other hand urged his counsel to go into these matters as little as possible. Saturday there was an offer from Balestier's side to adjust the whole trouble between the counsel, including an apology from Balestier; but Lawyer Hitt who made it to Col. Haskins, was called out of town, and before he got back the papers by State's Attorney Fitts had been served. But by Tuesday Balestier, who had read the newspaper accounts, had got into a belligerent mood, and the prosecution then, seeing all the reporters hovering on the scene, wanted to avoid a public washing of linen and urged a waiving of examination, but Balestier and Hitt refused, insisting either on a nol pross, or a trial to the bitter end. This and the collateral negotiatons was the explanation of the long delay in beginning both forenoon and afternoon. As a result of them, it was stipulated that the issue should be confined to the assault, and the temper displayed by the lawyers was really due to a fear that the stipulation was to be violated, with a restrained threat of retaliating by letting in stuff that all wanted to keep out.

Balestier was arrested Saturday afternoon, by Sheriff Starkey brought before Justice Newton and hearing set for Tuesday. When the question of bail was raised Balestier professed inability to furnish it and readiness to be placed in the custody of the officer. When Mr. Kipling realized that this might mean lying in the lockup, he seemed more pained than Balestier and wanted to draw his check for such amount as was necessary to avoid it. It was finally arranged that Balestier should go on his own recognizance.

Tuesday Kipling was the only witness and on his direct examination told the story of the assault as given above. Hitt put him through an extended and very adroit cross examination, calculated to get him to admit, and at points really getting him to the attitude of having admitted, that he was responsible for the stories in circulation that Balestier was a sort of pensioner on his bounty, had been "held up by the slack of his breeches" financially by Kipling. He said that when Col. Goodhue had used that expression he had replied that he had "helped the boy all he could," but had got through. He had spoken about it with John Bliss who said to him: "Is Beatty crazy, or what is the matter with him? He is mad because you said you would support his wife and child if he would quit drinking and go to work." Perhaps with one or two others, though he couldn't remember them, and creditors of Balestier had spoken to him and he believed that the chief reason Beatty had obtained cre dit, was the understanding that Kipling was back of him. He had employed Balestier as a sort of manager, allowing him a bonus of 50 cents a day on each hand employed, had paid him besides $2 a day himself as superintendent, had—or rather Mr. Kipling who managed their business affairs had—made advances of money whenever he had wanted it and allowed him to work it out afterwards, and they had at one time endorsed notes with him to the amount of $900. Evidently he had sought to help him in the only self-respecting way that help could be received. He had stopped it because "not satisfied with Balestier's behavior"—and pressed on that point all that Kipling would say was that Balestier was "not always perfectly sober," and Kipling thought he had found that men for whom he was paying wages and bonus were being worked on Balestier's land. "But everything was all paid was it not?" asked Hitt, "Eventually" was the laconic reply. The bright and interesting passages were many.

Speaking of his purpose of helpfulness in settling here:

"Incidentally," said the attorney, with a grin, "you have written?"

Mr Kipling smiled. "Incidentally, I have written a few things."

"And all the assistance you gave him was in these matters, where he paid every dollar?"

"Er—he worked it all."

"You were glad to see him work?"

"I—Yes. But he wouldn't after a bit." For six weeks he worked beautifully and after that he sort of tailed away."

Kipling denied that he had talked freely about his accounts with Beatty.

"I suppose you did not talk with the reporters?" said Mr Hitt.

Back like a flash came: "The assumption is correct."

"Prior to last Wednesday you were never menaced by Mr Balestier, were you?" asked Mr Hitt.

"He used to write me letters; but he never verbally menaced me. The day after we came back, in last April, he wrote me a letter in which he demanded a retraction, but I didn't know what he wanted me to retract."

The testimony then went back to the quarrel on the road.

Mr. Kipling leaned forward, and with great animation replied: "I honesty believe—I swear that he was cracked or crazy."

"Then do you not feel guilty for bringing a suit in a criminal court, instead of applying for an examination as to his sanity?"

"Well," drawled Mr. Kipling, "if you would get that done—But they say it's difficult. This, however, will be a sort of opening wedge to that end. You see, he's all right when he's sober, but when he's loaded he's perfectly crazy."

"This would probably keep my brains in my own head," responded the witness.

"Were you afraid of being shot?" inquired Mr. Hitt.

"I had an objection to it," returned Kipling.

"Did you see any firearms about Mr. Balestier?" asked Mr. Hitt.

"No," murmured Kipling. "It was the first time I ever had my life threatened and I did not know what was etiquette in such a position. I am dead sick and tired of the whole business."

"This will probably keep my own brains in my head. It will save me from being shot?"

"That is something you very much fear?"

"Oh, I have an objection to it."

"He gave you a week's time to retract those stories?"

"Er—yes, under threats of death."

"Did he specify what stories he wanted you to retract?"

"Oh, no! Oh, dear, no! He didn't condescend to explain that much? He was shaking all over—raving—shouting."

"Sort of fever and ague?" suggested the attorney.

Mr. Kipling seemed to collapse. "You can call it that," he answered.

"Well" replied Mr. Kipling, "he was just plain ugly, and he was all that a man who has more a board him day in and day out, than he should have, could be."

"And how about his financial difficulties?"

"He always seemed to me on the edge of a break-up. I tried to talk to him once or twice about his affairs, but you can never get a straight statement out of him."

"Previous to this time, you had shown as much feeling toward him as he showed toward you?"

"Do you mean that I objected to him?" asked Mr. Kipling.

"Yes."

"Oh, dear no! He dropped me altogether." (Laughter.)

"Why are you unwilling to undo the wrong you have done this man" asked counsel.

"Because," said witness impressively, "I am not conscious of having done him any wrong, God knows."

Fitts questioned: "Did you in any way try to represent a false idea to Col. Goodhue and John Bliss in your talk with them?"

"O my Lord, of course not."

"Did you ever say you would pay Balestier's creditors" asked Fitts.

"Well, I believe that I did say on certain conditons I would pay his creditors," panted Kipling.

"You are anxious to buy that farm of his, are you not" asked Lawyer Hitt.

"No." was the answer. "I wouldn't take it as a gift. I offered to buy it and let him have it back when he got his affairs straightened out."

"That's all, Mr. Kipling."

"Thank you," and with a sigh of relief Mr. Kipling industriously fanned himself.

For two hours he was in a state of great unrest. He did not remain in the same position more than a minute at a time, and his constant shifting betrayed intense nervousness. He would cross his legs, uncross them, crumple his soft hat into a ball, throw it upon the floor and then immediately stoop to pick it up and busy himself in straightening it out.

The counsel for state, Fitts, and Col. Haskins in the forenoon and Stoddard in the afternoon, led the cross examination without objection, then claimed that it had laid the foundation for their questions, as Hitt objected to them, and declaring that he "didn't want a lot of stuff brought in over from England," and growing hotter, as he kept repeating objections and the court kept saying to Fitts "go on. Hitt declared, "The learned court must know," with an accent on the "learned."

"Most of what the court knows, it learned from you," said Justice Newton.

This allusion to the days when Hitt used to be states attorney and village attorney and lay down his instructions in criminal cases what to do, naturally brought down the house.

"Er—er—to what question am I answering now?" asked Kipling at one point.

The state's attorney repeated. With a twinkle in his eye, Rudyard turned to his brother-in laws' counsel and asked, "Have you any objection to make before hand, Mr. Hitt?"

Hitt drew himself up proudly and glared at the witness.

But Kipling said afterward that he had no fault to find with Hitt, whom he thought had treated him very courteously.

State's Attorney Fitts simply pointed out that the case manifestly came under the section about "disturbance of the peace." "The old familiar one?" asked the court. "The very one," with a faraway look of comfort at the recollection of the last settlement with the auditor. Hitt made an impassioned argument of half an hour, and an ingenious one, in its law claim that there was nothing in the case that came under the statute because the public peace was not disturbed by the "indecent and opprobrious names," as no one but the two was there, and he had got Kipling to say that he was not disturbed by them, and so that the whole disturbance was in the "assault" and "threat" which were one thing, and they could not constitute a disturbance, because they were "conditional"—on Kipling's retraction—and had "no present purpose". He read from a decision to sustain this claim, and the court carefully minuted the volume and page, only to throw them away when Fitts read the rest of the decision showing the case to be precisely parallel to this and that the court held the respondent guilty. Fitts also got very impassioned in his closing and his characterization of Balestier's conduct, his demeanor in court and his return to the man who had tried to do so much for him and would if he would only be a man.

Justice Newton announced promptly that he should hold the respondent. Fitts and Stoddard consulted and announced that they would ask $400 for appearance at county court and $400 more to keep the peace. The justice suggested $500 each. "Do you want more than the prosecution does?" asked Hitt, by this timevery midly.

Mr. Kipling, who undoubtedly feared for his life, though he said Balestier would harm nobody when himself and was to be feared but for his heavy drinking, and naturally feeling deep pain at such scenes, declared Tuesday that he would leave town and return to England. Prominent citizens have been laboring with him to reconsider this purpose assuring him of the sympathy and respectful regard of the community and promising him anything desired in the way of the protection of the law. He has not yet fully determined what to do, though very likely he and his family may leave temporarily.

THE REFORMER.

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1896.

Brattleboro, Vt

The Rhyme of the Nine Members

READ BEFORE

THE KIPLING CLUB

May 29, 1897, the occasion being the twenty-fifth and last meeting and the third and last annual dinner

Taughannock Falls, N. Y.

TO MORSE STEPHENS

To the lair of the friendly Nilghai when the club has come to meet,
Evening by evening in term-time the members are fain to retreat,
And drink and smoke and argue and wrangle and counsel and eat.

They trust each time to a merry night, for the President is by;
They have no fear there will not be beer; they know they will not go dry,
For Gunga Din knows what it must mean when he catches a member's eye.

'Tis theirs to hark, in amazement dark, to each paper that is read,
To talk about publication, till the evening is almost sped,
And to badger the harmless initiand, who utterly loses his head.

They take their cheer when they gather here, in the shelter of Kipling Hall,
For they know of toil and the end of toil,—and their incomes are mainly small,
So they turn to Kipling for solacement till other times befall.

He tells them tales of far-off lands, adventures strange and true,
Love, death, travel and fighting, old themes, but always new,
And they all speak highly of Kipling, for they think they are clever too.

To those who rejoice in Kipling's voice and listen much to the same,
Who meet in his honor monthly, and call themselves by his name,
To lead them and be among them, our brother the Nilghai came.

Scarce have I need to sound his praise, or tell about his worth,
E'en as he sits before us now, so walked he from his birth,
With hearty soul and potent speech, and comfortable girth.

Then glass in hand each member stand, and give him welcome high
Who sits at the head of the banquet board with the members ranged thereby,
And drink the health of the President before the Club must die.

THE RHYME OF THE NINE MEMBERS

Away in the town of Ithaca,
In Cascadilla Place,
Where the seven that are left of the Kipling Club
Are gathered face to face,
At evening when tobacco burns
In old familiar ways,
And when the memory returns
Of men of other days,
In Kipling Hall, now desolate,
They tell the tale anew
Of a sudden loss and a sudden lack,
Of the nine that went and did not come back,
And what they thought they would do.

Now this is the academic lot, that ye find out year by year,
When ye spend a while in a single place, ye are likely to disappear;
Ye stay not long in a single place, but move onward and fare away,
And when the end of the year comes round, it is not a merry day;
Ye must fare away and hie you forth and go to another place,
And if your lot is a better one there, why, yours is a hopeful case.

It was the place they call Cornell, and there were men by the score,
From land near by and from oversea, from inland and from shore,
Many there were that lived thereby—colonel and captain and sub,
A plentiful lot, but the best, God wot, were the men of the Kipling Club.
Once in a month they met and talked—they met in the Nilghai's lair,
They met in Cascadilla Place—rookery, bleak and bare,
But when the spring of '97 came winter-like to view,
The men that would stay till another spring were counted, and they were few:
The Nilghai remained and the Infant stayed, Dam Rass, and the Worm also,
And Justus Krenk and Wali Dad, and Baloo did not go,
But all the rest were sent afar to the corners of the earth
And the Nilghai cursed the day that first the Kipling Club had birth.
(For loss it is that is sad as death to part with nine of one's friends,
And 'twas plainly clear that the coming year was helpless to make amends).
Now hark to the tale of them that went forth, the list of the wandering nine.
When the time drew near at the end of the year for the Club to gather and dine.

Athon Dazé, the keeper of gods, wise in the lore of his caste,
He sailed over the black water when the shrine from his hands had passed;
Brave and witty was Athon, a right good priest to know,
And the men who had known and loved him, grieved that he should go.

Many Inventions,, the crafty soul, subtle of hand and brain,
Fit to handle a ship of the line, or manage a G. B. Train,
The only man besides Wardrop could have made that engine start,
Whose illustrations to Kipling were clever, besides being art—
Of him they speakk in the evening time, when the pipes in the bathroom freeze,
And they pray that those many inventions of his have brought him a stack of rupees.

Pagett, M. P., the mendacious G. T., with tales of the wonderful east
He went away from the banquet board and no more came to the feast,
He had learned the American climate was bad, he thought it was time to go home.
So Pagett took his Baedeker book and started again to roam.

Now the guid McIcPhee no more could be content to remain ashore
For his spirit pined for the offshore wind, from Sandy Hook to the Nore;
Stoutly, they say, he sailed away once more on the open trail,
Bound for the strand of the Dutchman's land, and that is the end of the tale.
And Semmy went to the land of his birth, for lo, he had found him a berth,
So man by man they fared away, and greater grew the dearth.

Golightly, the pride of the country side, the marvel of the mess,
Setting the pace for the rest of his race in billiards and form and dress,
Golightly, *alias* Binkle, was transferred to a regiment new,
And changed the colors of the corps from orange to peacock blue.

Then Jock Learoyd took up the tale, and said, "Is it true at last
That the troop-ship's here at the end of the year and the days of my service are past?
Sorrow is me, to Schenectady, to the works of the G. E. Co.,
Leaving my gun, as Terence has done, a civilian I shall go.
No more I'll help out Gunga Din and give the guest a swig;
No more I'll fright the candidate with questions upon Pig.
Packing my kit with a heavy heart, I go as the rest have gone."
He went, and of him they likewise tell, as the hours of night run on.

And Evarra the maker of gods, in lands beyond the seas,
Who was collector of the Club, and kept the Club's rupees,
Who most was fit in cleanly wit and kindly courteous mirth,
Who never spake save for the sake of saying something worth,
He saw the club was soon to be upon the minus side:
Do what he could, *the record stood; it grieved him; "Lo," he cried,*
"The time has come that I die again—I ha' died some times before,
Four times that are written in Kipling's book and doubtless several more;
For I have more lives than Solomon wives—with the Kipling Club I die,
And reviving again beyond the main where the waters of Isis lie,
Gods I shall make for my own sweet sake as many as I please,
And all that look in my next book shall find the names of these;
And should any claim in Kipling's name a welcome into the land,
Wherever they go they shall surely know that mine is the gladdest hand."
He died as he said,, and straightway sped where the waters of Isis flow,
And the men that had known him so long for their own were loath that he should go.

And Gunga Din looked round the scene and saw that his work was done,
For the men that had drunk from the can that he filled were vanishing one by one;
He strained his eye in vain to spy the look of a soul athirst,
For the seven, he knew, were far too few to keep him busy as erst.
Mussick and uniform he threw aside with a grunt and a grin,
Ruing the day that he could not stay to labor among his kin;
Loath he went from the Nilghai's lair, grinning despite his woe,
And the men that had drunk from the can that he filled were loath that he should go.

Seven left, but nine men gone,
Ours is a roving race—
Staying not long in a single spot,
Moving from place to place—
Not for all time shall the seven stay,
If the past be for a sign;
Now while the roll for the last time is whole,
Drink we the health of the nine.

The Kipling Club

January 26, 1895 — May 29, 1897

a moral treatise. The little poets have to be pretty careful, though.

nell University has not only a Kipling So- but the complete collection—some 200 vol- —of that defunct rival of the Tauchnitz Edi- The English Library, founded by Kipling's r-in-law, the late Wolcott Balestier, who was is collaborator in the Naulahka, and who was ear or two a rather erratic undergraduate at . Some of Kipling's best work—The Light ailed, The Phantom Rickshaw, Mine Own e, Soldiers Three, Barrack-Room Ballads, ppeared in the English Library. Cornell is, ore, an appropriate spot for the creation of a g Society.

ee Po>oetry Again.—Nearly all comments on the lled forforth by the recent Jubilee refer to it as, on the cidedlylly inferior in quality. *The Chap-Book* says that May anand June each London newspaper received on an betweeneen ten and fifteen Jubilee odes a day, and that, poet la laureate upward, they were all failures as speci- poetry.ry. The London *Spectator* agrees that most of es on t the occ sion were "outrageously bad or obvi- nped uj up," but thinks the laureate's official ode is "more ly goood." Since the Jubilee has passed, Kipling has lence w with a hymn, which Sir Arthur Sullivan is setting , and w which is generally recognized as a poem of high The Lolondon *Times* prints it, as follows:

RECESSIONAL.

God od of our fathers, known of old—
LoLord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneneath whose awful Hand we hold
DoDominion over palm and pine—
Lorord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lestst we forget—lest we forget!

The ie tumult and the shouting dies—
ThThe captains and the kings depart.
Stillill stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
AtAn humble and a contrite heart.
Lorord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lestst we forget—lest we forget!

Far-ar-called our navies melt away—
OnOn dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, o, all our pomp of yesterday
Is Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judidge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lestst we forget—lest we forget!

If, d drunk with sight of power, we loose
WWild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Sucich boasting as the Gentiles use
OOr lesser breeds without the Law—
Lorord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lessst we forget—lest we forget!

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

Amen.

The Rhyme of the N

READ BEFORE

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"The time has come that I die again—I
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For I have more lives than Solomon wives—
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MEMBERS

With date of first attendance at meeting, and address for the year 1897–8.

H. MORSE STEPHENS, *President*.....Jan. 26, 1895
176 Cascadilla Place, Ithaca, N. Y.
W. STRUNK, JR, *Secretary*,.....Jan. 26, 1895
92 Cascadilla Place, Ithaca, N. Y.
F. C. S. SCHILLER, *Treasurer*.....Jan. 26, 1895
Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England.
J. B. LANDFIELD.....Jan. 26, 1895
34 Stuyvesant Street, Binghamton, N. Y.
U. G. WEATHERLEY.....Jan. 26, 1895
University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

H. J. O'BRIEN.....Feb. 4, 1895
113 W. 64th Street, New York City.
F. CUTTS.....Feb. 4, 1895
106 Front Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

A. EMERSON.....March 3, 1895
American School of Classical Archæology, Athens, Greece.
H. J. EDMISTON.....March 3, 1895
Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
G. H. MCKNIGHT.....March 3, 1895

D. A. MURRAY.....April 4, 1895
170 Cascadilla Place, Ithaca, N. Y.
E. ALBEE.....April 4, 1895
78 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N. Y.

C. H. HULL.....April 30, 1895
89 E. Buffalo Street, Ithaca, N. Y.
H. D. WILLIAMS.....April 30, 1895
142 Cascadilla Place, Ithaca, N. Y.

W. C. ABBOTT.....June 1, 1895

S. W. PATTERSON.....Oct. 29, 1895
113 W. 64th Street, New York City.
W. K. HATT.....Oct. 29, 1895
Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
W. C. JACKSON.....Oct. 29, 1895
602 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

C. J. SEMBOWER.....Nov. 20, 1895
University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

W. D. BANCROFT.....Dec. 12, 1895
7 East Avenue, Ithaca, N. Y.

A. LEFEVRE.....March 14, 1896
69 Heustis Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

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Loath he went from the Nilghai's lair, grin
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Ours is a roving race—
Staying not long in a single spot,
Moving from place to place—
Not for all time shall the seven stay,
If the past be for a sign ;
Now while the roll for the last time is whole,
Drink we the health of the nine.

HONORARY MEMBERS

With the dates of their election, and with address for 1897–8.

WILLIAM DOHERTY ..... Feb. 4, 1895
Macassar, Netherlandsindia.

F. N. SCHILLER ..... April 30, 1895
Bengal Club, Calcutta.

H. S. UNDERWOOD ..... Oct. 2, 1895
Winchester, Mass.

LIEUT. G. H. BELL, JR., 3d Infantry, U. S. A. ..... Sept. 3, 1896
Fort Snelling, Minn.

GUESTS

With the dates on which they were present (omitting those subsequently become members).

R. A. GUNNISON, Binghamton, N. Y., ... April 4, 1895
T. W. TAYLOR, JR., Winnipeg, Manitoba ..... April 4, 1895
E. M. MILLS, Buffalo, N. Y. ..... June 1, 1895
G. L. FOX, New Haven, Conn. ..... Jan. 17, 1896
THE REV. C. M. TYLER, Ithaca, N. Y. ..... March 14, 1896
E. H. WOODRUFF, Ithaca, N. Y. ..... April 26, 1896
LOUIS DYER, Oxford, England ..... May 15, 1896
E. W. HUFFCUT, Ithaca, N. Y., ... Sept. 3, 1896
JAMES SETH, Ithaca, N. Y., ... Oct. 13, 1896
J. M. HART, Ithaca, N. Y. ..... Dec. 5, 1896
THE REV. C. M. TYLER, Ithaca, N. Y. ..... Dec. 5, 1896
N. E. SCHERMERHORN, Baltimore, Md. ..... Feb. 13, 1897
A. T. BRUEGEL, Ithaca, N. Y. ..... April 24, 1897
B. I. WHEELER, Ithaca, N. Y. ..... May 21, 1897
G. L. BURR, Ithaca, N. Y. ..... May 21, 1897

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The Nilghai	Dam Rass
Wali Dad	Justus Krenk
Evarra	Baloo
Gunga Din	Many Inventions
Ulysses Gunn	. . . . .
Namgay Doola	Gayerson
Learoyd	Dicky Hatt
Athon Dazé	Pagett, M. P.
Lieutenant Golightly }	. . . . .
John Binkle }	The Infant
McPhee	The Worm

KIPLING CLUB PRIZE ESSAYS

1895

Won by S. W. PATTERSON, New York, N. Y. "The Life and Adventures of Terence Mulvaney."
Proxime accessit—E. M. MILLS, Buffalo, N. Y.
Honorable mention—H. L. TAYLOR, Hamburg, N. Y.

1896

Won by C. D. CLINTON, Peekskill, N. Y. "Childhood as Depicted in Kipling's Writings."

CLUB PAPERS

March 3, 1895
"Kipling's Attitude toward the Supernatural,"—F. C. S. SCHILLER
April 4, 1895
"Mr. Kipling's Library,"—W. STRUNK, JR.
"Tobacco in Kipling,"—F. CUTTS
April 31, 1895
"The Indian Government as Illustrated in Kipling's Writings,"
H. MORSE STEPHENS
November 20, 1895
"The Indian Army,"—H. MORSE STEPHENS
December 12, 1895
"Kipling as a Fabulist,"—H. J. EDMISTON
January 17, 1896
"The Poetry of Kipling,"—A. EMERSON
"The Ethics of Kipling,"—E. ALBEE
February 21, 1896
"The Jungle Law,"—C. H. HULL
March 14, 1896
"Scotchmen in Kipling's Writings,"—D. A. MURRAY
April 20, 1896
"Kipling's Language,"—G. H. MCKNIGHT
May 15, 1896
"The Kipling Club's Visit to Olympus,"—F. C. S. SCHILLER

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October 31, 1896
"Kipling's Attitude toward the Supernatural,"--- F. C. S. SCHILLER
December 5, 1896
"Women in Kipling," ---------- W. STRUNK, JR.
January 16, 1897
"A Woman's View of Kipling,"---------- (Contributed)
February 13, 1897
"Notes of a Visitor to India,"---------- W. C. JACKSON
March 13, 1897
"Abdurrahman, The Ameer,"---------- H. MORSE STEPHENS
April 24, 1897
"Kipling's Views of America,"---------- G. H. MCKNIGHT
May 21, 1897
"Kipling as a Versemaker," ---------- H. J. O'BRIEN
May 29, 1897
"The Rhyme of the Nine Members,"---------- W. STRUNK, JR.

ANNUAL DINNERS

June 1, 1895---------- Taughannock Falls, N. Y.
May 28, 1896---------- Sheldrake, N. Y.
May 29, 1897---------- Taughannock Falls, N. Y.

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MR. KIPLING'S GRAMMAR.

New York Times.
Cooperstown, N. Y., October 11, 1897.
Can you give space for the following query?
The second stanza of Kipling's poem "Recessional" begins:

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—"

Is the grammar of the first line correct?
T. G. B.

It is not grammar at all. It is the defiance and scorn of grammar. But, like the kings of the Romans, the princes of lofty rhyme are supra grammaticam.
Milton rises superior to the restraints of all grammar in his "Lycidas":

"Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due."

Keats in "Endymion" exhibits the same indifference to the law against making two nouns in the singular the subject of a singular verb:

"Over wide streams and mountains great
we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants
With Asian elephants."

There are many such examples in Shakespeare—in "Cymbeline," Act III., Scene 3:

"O, Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience
knows."

and in Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2:

"For women's fear and love holds quantity."

If these great examples do not excuse, they extenuate. We do not ask that a really great poem shall parse any more than we ask that a great picture shall be a moral treatise. The little poets have to be pretty careful, though.

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To Book-Collectors.

It is with great pleasure that CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce the first uniform edition of the

WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

A limited number on Japan paper will be printed for collectors which will have many unique features. Mr. Kipling has personally edited the OUTWARD BOUND edition, re-arranging the stories as set forth in his Preface, as follows:

For the convenience of the reader an attempt has been made, in this edition, to group the stories by their subjects. Thus, under "Soldiers Three" will be found all the events in which Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd were concerned, followed by other military stories; "In Black and White" covers tales of native life in India, and "The Phantom 'Rickshaw" those which deal with matters more or less between the two worlds.

To "Under the Deodars" has been added "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out"; and to "In Black and White" "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P." "The Story of the Gadsbys" and the Anglo-Indian child-stories stand as first issued. Alterations in matter and text have been avoided as much as possible, but two tales, "Bitters Neat" and "Haunted Subalterns," have been added to "Plain Tales from the Hills." These formed part of the original series as it first appeared in India ten years ago. The Mowgli stories have been collected

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
PUBLISHERS
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE,
BETWEEN 21ST AND 22ND STREETS.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 19, '96.

Dear Sir :--

We send you herewith an advance proof of the Japan copies of the new Kipling set which we are to publish early next year. As the Limited copies of Field and Barrie were all sold out before a single volume was ready to deliver, and orders have already begun to come to us for copies of this Kipling set, we have thought that you might be glad to secure an early copy of this edition. As the facts mentioned in the circular have not been made public, and will not be for some time, kindly keep it confidential, and oblige,

Yours truly,

Ernest Dlott

Paul Lemperly, Esq.,
CLEVELAND, Ohio.

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RUDYARD KIPLING.

The books will contain, as will be seen, several stories not before collected, and everything appertaining to the set has been done with the approval or coöperation of the author.

A new photograph of Mr. Kipling has been made especially for this set, not printed elsewhere. He will sign the photogravure reproductions used as the frontispiece to Volume I, giving the numbered sets a unique value for all time.

The paper used has been made by the Imperial Mills in Japan. The autograph initials "R. K." in water-mark will appear on every page, and the sheets, being hand-made, will be left with "deckle edge," two innovations in Japan paper which collectors will appreciate.

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SONS,
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Mr. Kipling has made the uniform set for American readers, and has written a characteristic Introduction which gives new significance to the name of the edition.

The making of the books — plates, printing, and binding — will represent the best work of the De Vinne Press, and the publishers feel secure in the statement that the set will represent the very highest standard of the printer's art.

The decoration of the books will be absolutely unique. Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E., the author's father, has modeled in clay with extraordinary skill and sympathetic feeling, a series of between 30 and 40 pictures which are accurately reproduced — the first series of illustrations, it is believed, done in *solid*.

Two hundred numbered copies for America and possibly fifty for England will be printed. The price of the set is $100, and the right to increase it after January 1st on any copies remaining is reserved.

The numbers will be allotted to subscribers as their orders are received, and it is suggested that early application may save disappointment.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
153-157 Fifth Avenue, New-York.

they scattered in every direc- | you are the friend of the author, or
n. While this was going on the sec- snobbish enough to wish to be thought

(Copyright, 1897, by Cy Warman.)

"Now a locomotive is, next to a marine engine, of course, the most sensitive thing man ever made."—Rudyard Kipling in the August Scribner.

I.

I am not supersensitive, like Canada
that throws
A fit and has hysterics when she's
called a land of snows—
Which snow is half her glory, e'en as
mine bides in my pull,
And push, and speed, and come and go;
and yet my heart is full
Of grief and indignation. First off, you
write me "he,"
And rate me 'ong with stationary water
boilers. We—
(I speak of all my sisters—all who wear
the petticoat.*
For we are "ladies" every one, aye,
even to the Goat)**
We all are proud to have engaged the
pen of one who may
At will depict the eagle less imposing
than the jay;

II.

Who only needs to pause, and touch, or
breathe upon the strings
Of the mute lyre, and lo, the songless
slumberer wakes and sings,
And all the glad world listens to the
songs that rise and swell.
Blame not my poor interpreter, for he,
too, loves you well.
He loves your friend, McAndrews, too,
who loved his engines so;
The engines Calvin might have made,
"enormous," aye, but "slow."
My driver also loves me. He knows the
sort of steel
Of which my wheels and ribs are
wrought, and what it is to feel
My hot breath on his upturned face; to
test my speed and power;
While holding me against the night at
eighty miles an hour.

III.

And you call these more sensitive who
flounder in the sea,
Or drive the tug—or boil the glue—
more sensitive than we,
Who show ourselves in half an hour in
half a dozen towns,
And sound our bells by running brooks
and whistle on the downs;
I thank you kindly, Kipling, for the
kind words you have said.
I'd blush to seem ungrateful, yet when
my driver read:
"Next to marine engine"—O! Nigger-
stoked at sea!
Well, when it all came home to him
he shot one glance at me,
The sunset shimmering o'er my sides
and on my burnished bell,
And white steam fluttering from my
dome as we dropped down the dell.

IV.

We passed a ferry coughing low and
sidling 'cross a stream;
The driver pulled my whistle valve and
made me fairly scream;
"Wi! Wi! watch the world go by!" you
should have seen his smile;
The clock hands marking forty-seven
seconds to the mile.
I hope it was not vanity. The engine
in the mill
That toils and runs from year to year,
tho' always standing still,
Excites my pity. Like a fettered felon
in his chains
She toils on patiently, while I go romp-
ing o'er the plains.
I'm sure the lumbering engine that rolls
in a twisting sea
Would gladly, gladly come ashore and
roam the earth with me.

V.

She knows there is a "world" some-
where that she has never seen.
She knows she has a boiler, too, some-
where below the green
Line of the ocean. Now the driver
hooked my lever back
A notch, and, leaning, listened to the
flutter of my stack.
We passed a little thresher engine,
sweating in a field,
And how my heart went out to her,
rust-red and half concealed
In smoke and dust. The driver lightly
laid his hand on me
And touched my throttle half a hair, 'n
I felt the touch. Says he:
"Did you read what that rooster writ,
'bout sensitive machines?"
"Yes," said the fireman; "that's a joke.
'Twas writ for the marines."

* Draft, or lifting pipe. ** A yard engine.

—Cy Warman, Interpreter.

ONE DOLLAR A WORD.

dyard Kipling is Going to Write a Poem and be Well Paid.

London, October 16.—It is understood t for the poem which is to be writ- for the first number of Literature, ich is to be issued under the au- ces of the London Times, Rudyard pling will be paid one dollar a word. is entitled "White Horses," is in stanzas of eight lines, and is ap- priate for Trafalgar day, but with- a word of politics in it.

eries.

Rudyard Kipling has been rebuked y an Irishman for making Private ulvaney speak of her majesty as the quane." The vowels and certain com- inations of vowels, he says, are pro- ounced by the Irish people as they ere pronounced when English was rst taught the inhabitants of the merald Isle—namely, the sounds hich the letters possess in Latin ountries today. Such words as tea, eat, etc., are pronounced "tay," nate," but no Irishman mispro- ounces priest, chief, or belief. Nor they mispronounce the words beef, en, feel, or queen, but they do pro- ounce queer "quare."

fort.

KIPLING'S ASSIGNMENT.

Sprinfield Republican.

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THURSDAY, AUGUS

RUDYARD KIPLING, JR. [189?]

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n. While this was going on the sec- | snobbish enough to wish to be thought

This is all wrong. Ed.

From "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," ed. by W. W. Robertson Nicoll and T. J. Wise. Vol. 2. p. 403.

THE SUPPRESSED WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

It is happily not our business to record Mr. Kipling's contributions to Indian journalism. Many of them have not been reprinted -- will never be reprinted. Two little collections have been issued and suppressed. The first is "The City of Dreadful Night," a description of Calcutta, which occupies eight chapters and is followed by "Among the Railway Folk," "The Gisidh Coal Fields" and "In an Opium Factory." This had a considerable circulation in this country and in India before it was withdrawn. The other is entitled "Letters of Marque, vol. 1," and was published after "The City of Dreadful Night." So far as we know, it was never sold in this country, although it was circulated some weeks in India. Both books were issued by the publishers in perfect good faith while Mr. Kipling was on his travels, but they were thought by the auhtor and his friends too immature for separate publication. Many passages, however, show the writer at his best, though the whole has evidently been written currente calamo. From the "Letters of Marque" we venture to make some extracts.

Then follow two extracts, covering five pages. The first is the description of the Taj (which is also given in the Dillingham reprint called "Out of India"); the other is the description of "Amber, Queen of the Pass" (also given in "Out of India")

THIS IS ALL THERE IS TO THE ARTICLE!!

MR. KIPLING'S JUBILEE POEM.

By special arrangement with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we print herewith his very remarkable Jubilee poem, "Recessional." At the close of the elaborate and august ceremonies in celebration of the completion of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, when it seemed that every thought and emotion that the occasion could possibly prompt had been more than once expressed, and that nothing more remained to be said, Mr. Kipling quietly sent this poem to the London "Times." At once it was recognized as the strongest and most searching word of all that the Jubilee had called forth. The "Times" gave it the honor of a place immediately under the letter of the Queen expressing her personal gratitude and thanks for the "loyal attachment and real affection" on the part of her subjects which the Jubilee had given proof of. An editorial article in the same number commented on both the letter and the poem, saying of the latter:

"The deep sense of religious feeling and of moral obligation which has colored the whole of the Queen's life will bring her heartily into unison with the spirit of the fine poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which we print this morning. There is a tendency, in these days, to rush into dithyrambic raptures over every great exhibition of national power. It is well that we should be reminded by a poet who, more perhaps than any other living man, has been identified with pride of empire and with confidence in the destinies of our race, that there is a spiritual as well as a material side to national greatness. The lesson has been taught before by some of our noblest men of letters—by Milton and Wordsworth, by Burke and Carlyle. We all acknowledge its truth in our hours of serious thought, but, none the less, we need, all of us, the warning words of the seer and the bard—'Lest we forget—lest we forget!' The most dangerous and demoralizing temper into which a state can fall is one of boastful pride. To be humble in our strength, to avoid the excesses of an over-confident vanity, to be as regardful of the rights of others as if we were neither powerful nor wealthy, to shun 'Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser breeds without the Law,'—these are the conditions upon which our dominion by sea and land is based even more than on fleets and armies. At this moment of imperial exaltation, Mr. Kipling does well to remind his countrymen that we have something more to do than to build battleships and multiply guns."

RECESSIONAL.

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

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

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

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

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

ONE DOLLAR A WORD.

Rudyard Kipling is Going to Write a Poem and be Well Paid.

London, October 16.—It is understood that for the poem which is to be written for the first number of Literature, which is to be issued under the auspices of the London Times, Rudyard Kipling will be paid one dollar a word. It is entitled "White Horses," is in ten stanzas of eight lines, and is appropriate for Trafalgar day, but without a word of politics in it.

FIRST SNOW STORM

Series.

Rudyard Kipling has been rebuked by an Irishman for making Private Mulvaney speak of her majesty as the "quane." The vowels and certain combinations of vowels, he says, are pronounced by the Irish people as they were pronounced when English was first taught the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle—namely, the sounds which the letters possess in Latin countries today. Such words as tea, meat, etc., are pronounced "tay," "mate," but no Irishman mispronounces priest, chief, or belief. Nor do they mispronounce the words beef, seen, feel, or queen, but they do pronounce queer "quare."

comfort.

KIPLING'S ASSIGNMENT.

Sprinfield Republican.

The report that Rudyard Kipling, our Brattleboro neighbor, who has been in England of late, has been sent to Crete as war correspondent of the London Times at a salary of $5,000 a month, is confirmed by letters received by his friends in Vermont. Both parties to this contract are to be congratulated—the Times on obtaining a "feature" of such great interest as Kipling's letters will be, and the novelist and Boswell of the British private soldier on securing a profitable outing that ought to be much to his liking. There will be not only plenty of present fun and excitement in this assignment, but a wealth of "material" for future literary use.

ND, THURSDAY, AUGUS

RUDYARD KIPLING, JR. 1897

A Baby Boy Born in the Household of the Novelist.

New York, August 19.—A cable dispatch from England announces the birth of a son to the household of Rudyard Kipling, the novelist.

The boy will probably be named Rudyard, the father having announced his intention some time ago to so christen the prospective baby if it should be a boy. Kipling has three children, the two elder being girls.

Plain Dealer June 27/99

Rudyard Kipling, Books by and About Him.

When Rudyard Kipling was engaged in Anglo-Indian journalism he wrote a number of travel letters and other occasional articles of general interest for the Civil and Military Gazette and the Allahabad Pioneer. A portion of the special correspondence, descriptive of places in India visited by him, were published under the general title of "Letters of Marque." The greater number, written to the Pioneer, gave an account of his experiences as a "globe trotter," when he went from India eastward by way of the Straits to Japan and thence to the United States, pursuing his journey across the continent to the Atlantic slope, where he closed his series with a letter descriptive of his hunt after and interview with Mark Twain in Elmira, N. Y. These letters, thirty-seven in number, appeared under the heading "From Sea to Sea."

Unauthorized republications of portions of these letters and other newspaper articles have forced Mr. Kipling to get together the bulk of the special correspondence and occasional articles written by him for the two Anglo-Indian papers between 1887-89. These, having been edited, revised, with some excisions and some modifications, have been issued in two volumes under the title "From Sea to Sea; Letters of Travel." In addition to the two series of letters already mentioned, the volumes contain eight letters on Calcutta, the "City of Dreadful Night;" a narrative of a visit "Among the Railway Folk" of the East India railway; an account of life in "The Giridih Coal Fields;" "In an Opium Factory," and a number of newspaper articles written between 1887 and 1888 under the title "The Smith Administration."

The chief interest for American readers lies, of course, in the letters descriptive of his experiences in the United States. There are sixteen of these. Landing at San Francisco after having left Yokohama not many days before, his first impression was that it was a mad city, "inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty." Starting out from the hotel, which he had reached after many adventures, he set about studying in what manner Americans differed from "us, their ancestors." In the first place, he found, "they delude themselves into the belief that they talk English—the English—and I have already been pitied for speaking with 'an English accent.' The man who pitied me spoke, so far as I was concerned, the language of thieves. And they all do. Where we put the accent forward they throw it back, and vice versa; where we use the long a, they use the short; and words so simple as to be past mistaking they pronounce somewhere up in the dome of their heads. How do these things happen? Oliver Wendell Holmes says that Yankee schoolmarms, the cider and the salt codfish of the eastern states are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. A Hindu is a Hindu and a brother to the man who knows his vernacular; and a Frenchman is French because he speaks his own language; but the American has no language. He is dialect, slang, provincialism, accent and so forth."

Mr. Kipling's comments on our political system, as its workings in a big city came under his observation when but newly landed, a young man of twenty-three, trained as a newspaper man to quick observation and rapid judgment, are interesting, and in spite of being prejudiced, have more truth in them than is pleasant to confess. Every American of twenty-one years of age, he informed his readers, possesses a vote. He may not know how to run his own business, control his wife or instil reverence into his children; may be a pauper, half crazed with drink, bankrupt, dissolute, or merely a born fool, but he has a vote. If he likes he can be voting most of his time—voting for his state governor, his municipal officers, local option, sewage contracts or anything else of which he has no special knowledge. Once every four years he votes for a new president, and in his spare moments he votes for his own judges. "Since every man has a vote and may vote on every conceivable thing, it follows that there exist certain wise men who understand the art of buying up votes retail and vending them wholesale to whoever wants them most urgently. Now, an American engaged in making a home for himself has no time to vote for turncocks and district attorneys and cattle of that kind, but the unemployed have much time because they are always on hand somewhere in the streets. They are called the 'boys' and form a peculiar class. The boys are young men, inexpert in war, unskilled in labor, who have neither killed a man, lifted cattle nor dug a well. In plain English, they are just the men in the streets who can always be trusted to rally round any cause that has a glass of liquor for a visible heart. They wait—they are on hand—and in being on hand lies the crown and the glory of American politics. The wise man is he who, keeping a liquor saloon and judiciously dispensing drinks, knows how to retain within arm's reach a block of men who will vote for or against anything under the canopy of heaven. No every saloonkeeper can do this. It demands careful study of city politics, tact, the power of conciliation and infinite resources of anecdote to amuse and keep the crowd together night after night, till the saloon becomes a salon. Above all, the liquor side of the scheme must not be worked for immediate profit. The boys who drink so freely will ultimately pay their host a thousandfold."

Observe, wrote Mr. Kipling, the plan of operation. "The rank and file are treated to drink and a little money—and they vote. He who controls ten votes receives a proportionate reward; the dispenser of 1,000 votes is worthy of reverence, and so the chain runs on till we reach the most successful worker of public saloons—the man most skillful in keeping his items together and using them when required. Such a man governs the city as absolutely as a king. And you would know where the gain comes in? The whole of the public offices of a city (with the exception of a very few where special technical skill is required) are short term offices distributed according to 'political' leanings. What would you have? A big city requires many officials. Each office carries a salary and influence worth twice the pay. The offices are for the representatives of the men who keep together and are on hand to vote. The commissioner of sewage, let us say, is a gentleman who has been elected to his office by a Republican vote. He knows little and cares less about sewage, but he has sense enough to man the pumping works and the street sweeping machines with the gentlemen who elected him. The commissioner of police has been helped to his post very largely by the influence of the boys at such and such a saloon. He may be the guardian of city morals, but he is not going to allow his subordinates to enforce early closing or abstention from gambling in that saloon. Most offices are limited to four years, consequently he is a fool who does not make his office pay while he is there."

If Kipling was not in love with the men he met, and especially with the politicians, he was captured by the girls—and after reading his eulogy of the American girls as a whole it is not to be wondered at that he afterwards surrendered for life to one of them. "Sweet and comely," he wrote, "are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers, and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian 'spin' in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever; they can talk. Yea, it is said that they can think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing. They are original, and look you between the brows with unabashed eyes, as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they have associated with 'the boys' from babyhood and can discerningly minister to both vices or pleasantly snub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a life among themselves, independent of masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea fights, where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed, without parting with any tenderness that is their sex right; they understand; they can take care of themselves; they are superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming, they say: 'It is because we are better educated than your girls—and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round, but we aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on regularly.' Yes, they have good times; their freedom is large, and they do not abuse it."

In taking leave of America in this part of the collected letters he atones for much that might have been offensive in his criticism by saying: "Let there be no misunderstanding about the matter. I love this people, and if any contemptuous criticism has to be done I will not do it myself. My heart has gone out to them beyond all other peoples, and for the life of me I cannot tell why. They are bleeding-raw at the edges, almost more conceited than the English, vulgar with a massive vulgarity which is as though the pyramids were coated with Christmas cake sugar works. Cocksure they are, lawless and as casual as they are cocksure; but I love them." To an English critic of this approbation he said: "I admit everything. Their government's provisional, their law's the notion of the moment; their railways are made of hairpins and match sticks, and most of their good luck lives in their woods and mines and rivers, and not in their brains; but for all that, they be the biggest, finest and best people on the surface of the globe! Sixty million people," he concluded by saying, "who are trained from youth to believe that nothing is impossible, don't slink through the centuries like Russian peasantry. They are bound to leave their mark somewhere, and don't you forget it.".—Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

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A small volume of "American Notes, by Rudyard Kipling," contains seven of the sixteen American letters, reprinted from the original newspaper publication, it is needless to say without the author's revision or sanction. The letters in this edition have an interest, when compared with the authorized edition, in showing what Mr. Kipling judged best to leave out in his revision. In the first there is a noteworthy omission. Mr. Kipling had followed a truculent note on the defenseless condition of San Francisco harbor and what could be done "by two gunboats from Hong Kong with safety" with the remark: "This may sound bloodthirsty; but, remember, I had come with a grievance upon me—the grievance of the pirated English books." Mr. Kipling might well have retained that passage in his authorized edition, for it affords a good explanation of the splenetic humor with which he at first wrote concerning things American, a humor which wore off as he came to know more of the country and its people. The small volume is well printed, is furnished with a brief biographical introduction, and is of handy pocket size.—Brown & Co., Boston: The Burrows Brothers Co.

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A revised authorized edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads" has been issued. This is the first authorized American edition of the "Departmental Ditties" which marked Mr. Kipling's entrance into popular esteem as a poet. The whole volume has been thoroughly revised by the author and makes, with the volume of "The Seven Seas," the definitive collection of his poetry thus far.—Doubleday & McClure Co.

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A thin volume containing "A Glossary to Accompany Departmental Ditties as Written by Rudyard Kipling," is, according to the explanation of the publishers, "offered to the enthusiasts and students of the writings of Mr. Kipling, merely as a suggestion to those who might care to compile for their own use still further matter along the same lines." For this purpose ample margins and blank spaces are given, with the idea that the book as printed will form a suitable key to the furtherance of such a line of work.—M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, New York: The Helman-Taylor Co.

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With Mr's Compliments

THE NOVELS TALES AND POEMS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

EDITION DE LUXE

LIMITED TO 1050 COPIES

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MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.
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LONDON . . 1897 . .

THOMAS CARVER,
SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER,
8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

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eason of long residence, John Lockwood may certainly be reckoned a genuine ndian. He went out there, from "home," shortly after his marriage, and the birth yard occurred at about Christmas-time year in Calcutta. Mr. Kipling had re- s art education at the famous South on Institution. A proof that the merit ork was even then fully recognized is with two associates, Messrs. Terry and was chosen as the director of an art hich it was proposed to found in Bom- project was successfully carried out, ted the beginning of art instruction in ome years afterward Mr. Kipling left for Lahore, where he established the t School, a monument of the Govern- the memory of Lord Mayo. Here he inted to a still more notable position— urator of the Lahore Museum. This in- the first and by far the largest one of in India, is devoted to all varieties of t and to native curiosities of every de- Its growth and the interest of its col- are chiefly due to the energy and the gment displayed by Mr. Kipling as its rom the time he accepted these latter til he left India about two years ago, ing made his home at Lahore, leaving it occasional trips, usually in the interests ork. He had charge of all the Indian ns which have been given from time to n Lahore in 1882. The Indian portion of nial and Indian Exhibition in London, was managed by him from his home e water, and it was regarded as one of successful features of the undertaking. od De Forrest, of this city, who has mately acquainted with Mr. Kipling for rs and has visited him in India on dif- casions, said to the writer last week:

sider Lockwood Kipling unquestionably authority living on certain aspects of d its people, especially on any matter to the artistic work, ancient and mod- the country, and I believe that almost e acquainted with the facts would grant superiority. He has given thirty years e to his study, and has thrown himself ith a genuine love of the subject. Per- he is a thoroughly charming man and for whom I have the warmest admira- re are a great many traits in common im and his son, and I think the father's nfluence has had a powerful effect upon the ounger man's work. Even in their manner of writing there is much similarity, and this is oticeable as much in letters, perhaps, as in nything else."

In the midst of his artistic career, Lockwood Kipling has found time to accomplish considerable literary work. His style, while not so easy as that of his son, is polished and scholarly and displays a happy vein of Kipling humor. One of his most interesting books, "Beast and Man in India," was published five or six years ago. It is a comprehensive and lively account of the domestic animals and birds of that curious land in their relations with their Hindoo masters. The numerous illustrations, by Mr.

Plain Tales June 25/99

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Messrs. MACMILLAN *& Co. have the pleasure to announce that they will publish in the autumn the first volume of an entirely new and complete edition of the*

WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

This edition, which will be strictly limited to 1050 copies, will be comprised in 12 monthly volumes, and will be printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark of Edinburgh, on paper specially manufactured by Messrs. John Dickinson & Co., Limited.

The price of each volume will be 10s. 6d. net, and orders will only be taken for complete sets.

A new Portrait of Mr. Kipling has been etched from life for this edition by Mr. William Strang.

with Alec's compliments

The contents of the various volumes will be—

- *Vol.* 1. *Plain Tales from the Hills.* To be published Sept. 28.
- „ 2. *Soldiers Three, and Military Tales. (Part I.)* Oct.
- „ 3. *Soldiers Three, and Military Tales. (Part II.)* Nov.
- „ 4. *In Black and White.* Dec.
- „ 5. *The Phantom Rickshaw. and other Stories.* Jan. 1898.
- „ 6. *Under the Deodars. The Story of the Gadsbys and Wee Willie Winkie.* Feb.
- „ 7. *The Jungle Book.* March.
- „ 8. *The Second Jungle Book.* April.
- „ 9. *The Light that Failed.* May.
- „ 10. *The Naulahka.* June.
- „ 11. *Poems.* July.
- „ 12. *Captains Courageous and other Stories.* August.

THOMAS CARVER, SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER, 8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

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In the midst of his artistic career, Lockwood Kipling has found time to accomplish considerable literary work. His style, while not so easy as that of his son, is polished and scholarly and displays a happy vein of Kipling humor. One of his most interesting books, "Beast and Man in India," was published five or six years ago. It is a comprehensive and lively account of the domestic animals and birds of that curious land in their relations with their Hindoo masters. The numerous illustrations, by Mr.

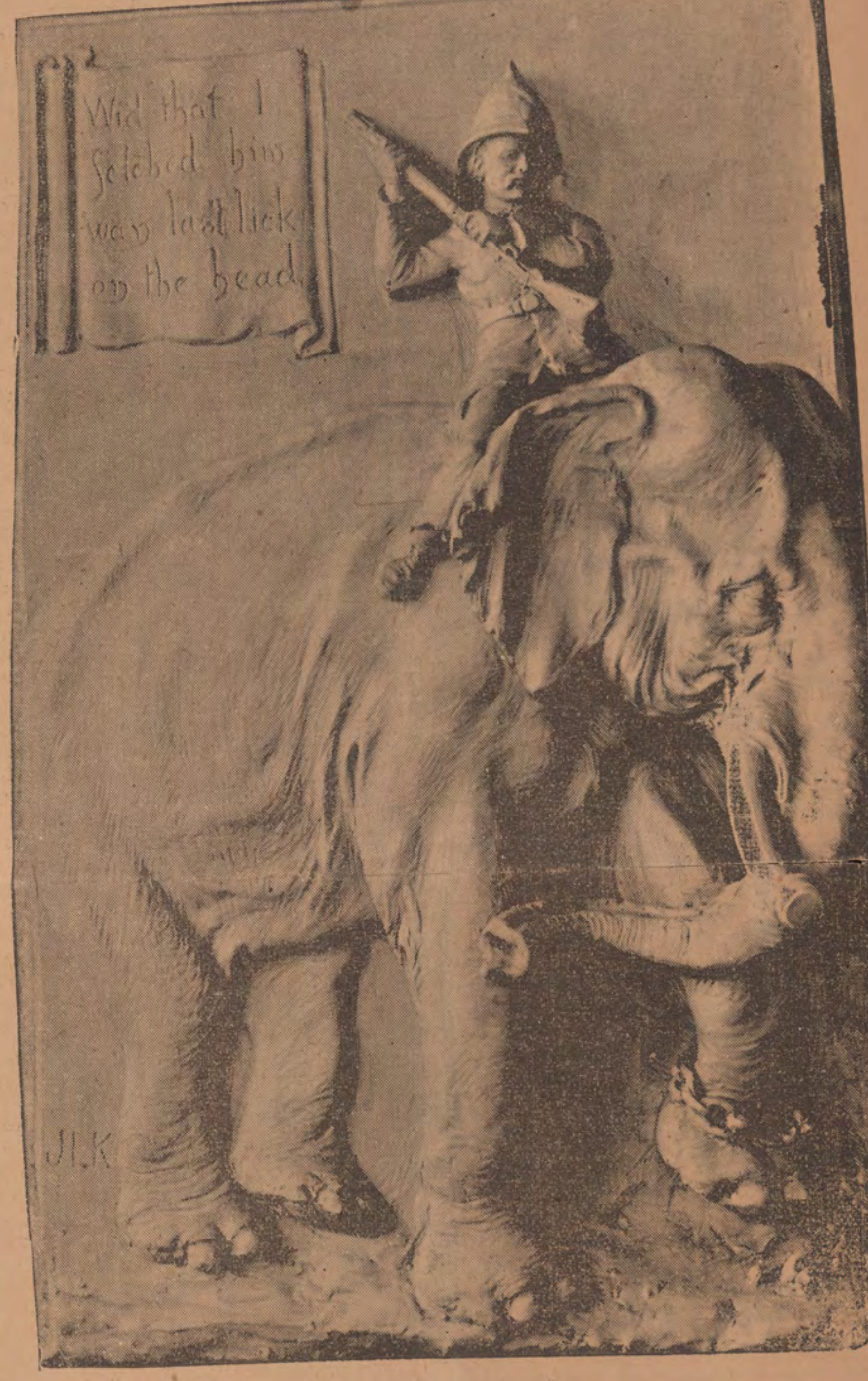
THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

...to eat the Indian is carefree and happy. ...r their monotonous songs as they pass our ...or receive hilarious greetings on the road. ...at the Agency, the time is spent in friend... ...ngs, or the women sit in silent groups wait... ...the call the woman receives the rations of ...ar, coffee, soap and salt, in her blanket, ...them to the wagon on her back. The ...breaks up as the issue is received, and ...is over."

Mr. Kipling, sr., whose artistic ability enabled him to fill for over a quarter of a century several of the most important art positions under the Government of India, has made all the illustrations for the new "Outward Bound" edition of the works of Rudyard Kipling. Two volumes of this edition have already been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, and the pictures

Kipling, are charming ... thought and execution. Other specimens of his skill in this direction may be found in the pictures accompanying Mrs. Flora Annie Steele's "Tales of the Punjab." One of these quaint drawings, "The King of the Crocodiles," is here reproduced from the book by permission of its publishers, Macmillan & Co. Some of the "Jungle Book" illustrations are also the creations of Mr. Kipling's pencil.

The native art work of India has always been held in high esteem by Mr. Kipling, and in many of the illustrations to his own books he has reproduced some of the strange and beautiful Hindoo designs. He is thoroughly familiar with the decorative carving in teakwood, and with the application of it to architectural adornment. It was in connection with this branch of his work that a rather unusual incident hap-



MY LORD THE ELEPHANT.

which supplement the text are such as to make the reader long impatiently to see the remaining books completed.

Rather a sculptor than a draughtsman by profession, Mr. Kipling has followed his natural inclination by modelling all these illustrations in clay and then having the casts photographed for reproduction. The effect produced is wonderfully solid and lifelike. Father and son consulted long and earnestly together upon the choice of subjects to be depicted, and no one who has seen the plates which have already been issued will be likely to criticise the selections. The true Kipling spirit is in the pictures as well as in the text. What more delightful or characteristic embodiment of "My Lord the Elephant" could be found than the illustration here reproduced? The task of completing the thirty-six plates which the edition is to contain

pened about two years ago. To Americans especially, noted for the freedom with which they spend money, the facts in the case, involving a royal personage, will sound strange.

It seems that Queen Victoria, either to satisfy a desire of her own, or to conform to the growing fondness for Indian art as a house decoration, determined to have an Indian-room in one of her palaces. John Lockwood Kipling was chosen as the man best qualified to superintend such an undertaking, and under his direction a Hindoo artist of note prepared the designs upon teakwood panels. The people of India, while they excel in the actual carving, are too unfamiliar with the European style of architecture to be able to dispense with such supervision. Now comes the odd part of the story. The room, to be a perfect specimen of Indian work, should have been finished, walls and ceiling, in solid blocks of the real, carved teakwood. The thing has been done in this country. But teakwood costs money, and the Queen decided that such a proceeding was too expensive for her to countenance. So the Hindoo artist was allowed

Plain Dealer June 25/99

Rudyard Kipling, Books by and About Him.

When Rudyard Kipling was engaged in Anglo-Indian journalism he wrote a number of travel letters and other occasional articles of general interest for the Civil and Military Gazette and the Allahabad Pioneer. A portion of the special correspondence, descriptive of places in India visited by him, were published under the general title of "Letters of Marque." The greater number, written to the Pioneer, gave an account of his experiences as a "globe trotter," when he went from India eastward by way of the Straits to Japan and thence to the United States, pursuing his journey across the continent to the Atlantic slope, where he closed his series with a letter descriptive of his hunt after and interview with Mark Twain in Elmira, N. Y. These letters, thirty-seven in number, appeared under the heading "From Sea to Sea."

Unauthorized republications of portions of these letters and other newspaper articles have forced Mr. Kipling to get together the bulk of the special correspondence and occasional articles written by him for the two Anglo-Indian papers between 1887-89. These, having been edited, revised, with some excisions and some modifications, have been issued in two volumes under the title "From Sea to Sea; Letters of Travel." In addition to the two series of letters already mentioned, the volumes contain eight letters on Calcutta, the "City of Dreadful Night;" a narrative of a visit "Among the Railway Folk" of the East India railway; an account of life in "The Giridih Coal Fields;" "In an Opium Factory," and a number of newspaper articles written between 1887 and 1888 under the title "The Smith Administration."

The chief interest for American readers lies, of course, in the letters descriptive of his experiences in the United States. There are sixteen of these. Landing at San Francisco after having left Yokohama not many days before, his first impression was that it was a mad city, "inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty." Starting out from the hotel, which he had reached after many adventures, he set about studying in what manner Americans differed from "us, their ancestors." In the first place, he found, "they delude themselves into the belief that they talk English—the English—and I have already been pitied for speaking with 'an English accent.' The man who pitied me spoke, so far as I was concerned, the language of thieves. And they all do. Where we put the accent forward they throw it back, and vice versa; where we use the long a, they use the short; and words so simple as to be past mistaking they pronounce somewhere up in the dome of their heads. How do these things happen? Oliver Wendell Holmes says that Yankee schoolmarms, the cider and the salt codfish of the eastern states are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. A Hindu is a Hindu and a brother to the man who knows his vernacular; and a Frenchman is French because he speaks his own language; but the American has no language. He is dialect, slang, provincialism, accent and so forth."

Mr. Kipling's comments on our political system, as its workings in a big city came under his observation when but newly landed, a young man of twenty-three, trained as a newspaper man to quick observation and rapid judgment, are interesting, and in spite of being prejudiced, have more truth in them than is pleasant to confess. Every American of twenty-one years of age, he informed his readers, possesses a vote. He may not know how to run his own business, control his wife or instil reverence into his children; may be a pauper, half crazed with drink, bankrupt, dissolute, or merely a born fool, but he has a vote. If he likes he can be voting most of his time—voting for his state governor, his municipal officers, local option, sewage contracts or anything else of which he has no special knowledge. Once every four years he votes for a new president, and in his spare moments he votes for his own judges. "Since every man has a vote and may vote on every conceivable thing, it follows that there exist certain wise men who understand the art of buying up votes retail and vending them

wholesale to whoever wants them most urgently. Now, an American engaged in making a home for himself has no time to vote for turncocks and district attorneys and cattle of that kind, but the unemployed have much time because they are always on hand somewhere in the streets. They are called the 'boys' and form a peculiar class. The boys are young men, inexpert in war, unskilled in labor, who have neither killed a man, lifted cattle nor dug a well. In plain English ... men in the stre... trusted to rally ... a glass of liquor ... wait—they are o... hand lies the c... American politic... who, keeping a ... ciously dispensi... retain within ar... who will vote ... thing under the ... every saloonkee... mands careful s... the power of c... sources of anec... crowd together ... saloon becomes ... liquor side of ... worked for im... who drink so ... their host a th...

Observe, wro... operation. "Th... to drink and a ... He who contro... portionate rew... votes is worth... chain runs on ... cessful worker ... most skillful i... and using the... man governs ... king. And y... gain comes in... offices of a cit... very few whe... required) are s... according to ... would you have ... officials. Each ... influence worth ... are for the rep... keep together a... commissioner o... gentleman who ... fice by a Repub... and cares less ... sense enough t... and the street s... gentlemen who ... sioner of police ... very largely by ... such and such ... guardian of city ... ing to allow hi... early closing or ... in that saloon. ... four years, cons... does not make ... there."

If Kipling was ... he met, and espe... he was capture... reading his eulo... as a whole it ... that he afterwa... one of them. ... wrote, "are the ... delicate and of g... live in the pleas... cinating for all ... ... of France, ...

mothers, and wi... the wicked wo... place and to th... the Anglo-India... son; but the g... and beyond the ... they can talk. ... think. Certainl... of so doing. T... you between t... eyes, as a sister ... They are instru... of the male min... with 'the boys' ... discerningly m... pleasantly snub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a life among themselves, independent of masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea fights, where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed, without parting with any tenderness that is their sex right; they understand; they can take care of themselves; they are superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming, they say: 'It is because we are better educated than your

girls—and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round, but we aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on regularly.' Yes, they have good times; their freedom is large, and they do not abuse it."

In taking leave of America in this part of the collected letters he atones for much that might have been offensive in his criticism by saying: "Let there be no misun-

In the "New World" of last December appeared a short essay on "The Religion of Mr. Kipling," by W. B. Parker, the associate editor of the Atlantic Monthly. The essay was an enthusiastic, rather than judicial, appreciation of some of Mr. Kipling's religious views as evinced by his works in prose and verse. Mr. Parker holds that the reverent mood, though often

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...ch week is sewing day, when we are glad to ...me our women and give them help in whatever ...they are doing—cutting garments, mending ...ng over. The four remaining days are devoted ...siting, then the lessons receive practical demon... ...ion in their own homes and become of real ...e to them we hope. We plan to help in what... ...may be on hand—cooking, serving meals, ...ding or making garments, attending the sick, ...ing baby, or in assisting in making home neat. ...have grown to think that nothing is out of our ...and to adapt ourselves to all situations, even ...leeping in the cabins when attending the sick, ...ough the last is a severe trial. ...nce in two weeks, on Saturday morning, the ...ncy Commissary is a busy place when the Ind... ...come for their issue of rations. It is a gala ...and they come in holiday attire. Gay prints, ...r blankets and bright faces give color and ani... ...ion to the scene which is interesting indeed to a ...ce. They come in big, lumbering farm wagons ...vn by two Indian ponies, the one spring seat oc... ...ed by my lord, the head of the family, while the ...ien sit on the floor of the wagon and bear the ...ng of the rough roads uncomplainingly; nay, ...faces absolutely jolly with smiles. Behind ...wagon follow the lithe young colts, any num... ...from two or three to eight or ten, some of them ...raceful, slender and beautiful in every way we ...to pet them, but they are too shy. ...verybody is jolly on issue day. There will be a ...t in every home when it is over, and having

JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

THE CLEVER FATHER OF A CLEVER SON.

SOME EXAMPLES OF HIS SKILL IN THE ILLUSTRATION OF INDIAN SUBJECTS—HIS HIGH STANDING AS AN ART AUTHORITY.

It is perhaps inevitable that John Lockwood Kipling, formerly of Lahore, India, and now living in Wiltshire, England, should be chiefly known to the world as the father of his brilliant son, Rudyard. Yet the talents of the elder man, while of a kind less likely to attract universal attention, are much too great to allow such a state of affairs to pass without protest. Now, through a happy combination of the father's work with that of the son, the public is to have an opportunity to become acquainted with the former, and that under the most favorable auspices which could be found.

is far from done, but Mr. Kipling is hard at work, and the publishers are receiving about one photograph a week from him. Rudyard Kipling, in a letter to a friend in this country, said the other day that his father was getting more and more into the "spirit of the job"; that he had a "stableful of clay" on his place, and was working almost incessantly.

By reason of long residence, John Lockwood Kipling may certainly be reckoned a genuine Anglo-Indian. He went out there, from "home," in 1865, shortly after his marriage, and the birth of Rudyard occurred at about Christmas-time of that year in Calcutta. Mr. Kipling had received his art education at the famous South Kensington Institution. A proof that the merit of his work was even then fully recognized is that he, with two associates, Messrs. Terry and Griffiths, was chosen as the director of an art school which it was proposed to found in Bombay. The project was successfully carried out, and marked the beginning of art instruction in India. Some years afterward Mr. Kipling left Bombay for Lahore, where he established the Mayo Art School, a monument of the Government to the memory of Lord Mayo. Here he was appointed to a still more notable position—that of curator of the Lahore Museum. This institution, the first and by far the largest one of its kind in India, is devoted to all varieties of native art and to native curiosities of every description. Its growth and the interest of its collections are chiefly due to the energy and the good judgment displayed by Mr. Kipling as its head. From the time he accepted these latter posts until he left India about two years ago, Mr. Kipling made his home at Lahore, leaving it only for occasional trips, usually in the interests of his work. He had charge of all the Indian exhibitions which have been given from time to time, the first of the series having been arranged by him in Lahore in 1882. The Indian portion of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London, in 1886, was managed by him from his home across the water, and it was regarded as one of the most successful features of the undertaking.

Lockwood De Forrest, of this city, who has been intimately acquainted with Mr. Kipling for many years and has visited him in India on different occasions, said to the writer last week:

"I consider Lockwood Kipling unquestionably the best authority living on certain aspects of India and its people, especially on any matter relating to the artistic work, ancient and modern, of the country, and I believe that almost every one acquainted with the facts would grant him this superiority. He has given thirty years of his life to his study, and has thrown himself into it with a genuine love of the subject. Personally he is a thoroughly charming man and a friend for whom I have the warmest admiration. There are a great many traits in common between him and his son, and I think the father's influence has had a powerful effect upon the younger man's work. Even in their manner of writing there is much similarity, and this is noticeable as much in letters, perhaps, as in anything else."

In the midst of his artistic career, Lockwood Kipling has found time to accomplish considerable literary work. His style, while not so easy as that of his son, is polished and scholarly and displays a happy vein of Kipling humor. One of his most interesting books, "Beast and Man in India," was published five or six years ago. It is a comprehensive and lively account of the domestic animals and birds of that curious land in their relations with their Hindoo masters. The numerous illustrations, by Mr.

merely to make a set of pattern panels of the wood. Impressions of these were taken, and the entire room finished in stucco, at comparatively small cost, and in fair imitation of the genuine article. The difference could, of course, be detected by any one familiar with the teakwood work, and Mr. Kipling's ideas regarding this stroke of royal economy can perhaps be guessed at just as well as if they were expressed.

Mr. Kipling has visited this country several times, the last occasion being in the summer of 1895, when he spent some weeks at his son's home in Brattleboro, Vt. When in this city he has usually stayed at the house of his friend, Mr. De Forrest. Mrs. John Lockwood Kipling, who is said by those who have met her to be a charming and brilliant woman, was a Miss Macdonald, and is a sister of Lady Burne-Jones and Lady Poynter.

QUEER OCCUPATIONS.

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."

Arthur Weir in Montreal Star.

A poet sung of a nation
In words that were kindly meant,
And his song on ethereal pulses
Throughout the Empire went.
It breathed the Imperial spirit
At which the bosom glows
But he slurred the land that he fain had praised
As "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has lands unknown to Summer,
But she keeps them for a park,
For such as find little Europe
Too small for ambition's mark.
She keeps them to pleasure Nansen,
For a Franklin to repose,
But they lie remote from the marts and home
Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

True, she has somewhere, sometime
Winters when keen winds bite,
And in the frosty heavens
Gleams the auroral light;
When in the drifted forest
She counts the ringing blows
Of the axe that reaps a harvest
For "Our Lady of the Snows."

But while the sturdy Briton
Still shivers in east winds,
The Winter flees, and the rivers
No more the ice king binds,
And blossom calls upon blossom
And each its fair form shows,
In the land that is called by Kipling
"Our Lady of the Snows."

She has woods of pine and maple
Where England might be lost:
She has ports that are ever open
To ships that are tempest-tossed;
She has fields of wheat unbounded,
Where the whole horizon glows,
And the hot sun laughs to hear her styled
"Our Lady of the Snows."

She has vineyards hanging heavy
With clustering purple and white,
And the velvet peach in its swaying nest
Fills the gardener with delight.
She can pluck, if she will, at Yuletide
In the balmy air, the rose,
And her people smile when they hear her called
"Our Lady of the Snows."

The wire that brought that message
On lightning under the sea
Had been too short to bear it
To her furthest boundary.
Not by a heedless phrasing
Of catchword, verse, or prose,
Can the truth be told of the vast domain
Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

THE VAMPIRE.

(Verses written by Rudyard Kipling for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

R. KIPLING, JOURNALIST.

HOW "KUPPULEEN SAHIB" WORKED FOR HIS LAHORE NEWSPAPER.

Ready for Everything but Editorials—Laboring with a Hindu and Eurasian Staff—A Hunt for a Tongue-Cutting Fakir.

From the Academy.

Kipling has said that he who has once been a journalist remains a journalist to the end. He said this in a semi-autobiographical sense. But when a man has reached the point of having it even rumored that syndicates are formed to buy his MSS. at the rate of so much a word, the mill of daily journalism must go round without him.

But once Kipling was a journalist to the marrow, and there was real pathos in his parting with the "rag" in India, which he had for so many years done so much to adorn. When, too, after fame was his, and America and England competed for his copy, he sent many a sketch in his best vein to the old paper at the old low rate of pay. The early hours of the first morning of his flying return visit to Lahore, his City of Two Creeds, saw him, for sheer love of the old work, sitting in the familiar office chair correcting the same old proofs on the same old yellow paper, with Mian Rukhn-ud-din, the Mohammedan foreman printer, flying round the press with green turban awry, informing all hands that "Kuppuleen Sahib" had returned. And there his old editor found him when he came to the office. But those times are not now.

Lahore, however, stands where it did. Two and a half days' journey up country from Bombay you will find the many mosqued capital of the armed Punjab, and there, on the right-hand side of the broad Mall, embowered in sirls and peepul trees, behind a lawn-studded with palms and Bougainvillias, whose planting Kipling helped to superintend, a large building bears across its front the legend: "The Civil and Military Gazette Press." There Kipling worked for years, and before that, when the *Civil and Military Gazette* was still a losing venture, he had worked for it also in humbler premises, near the native city, where the Eurasians live in dark verandaed bungalows, and where the native pleader bargains with his clients.

As a boy from school Kipling was brought out to India, and began at once to earn his modest monthly wage at the bottom of the ladder of Anglo-Indian journalism. Newspaper work in India is carried on by three classes of men. The natives—Hindu, Mohammedan, and Sikh—labor side by side in setting up the type and working the machines. Eurasians and domiciled British subects supply the staff of "readers," while the comparatively expensive, because imported, Anglo-Indians fill the editorial staff. And who are the shorthand reporters and sub-editors? In Kipling's day the up-country newspaper had none. The editorial staff, comprising two men, did the entire work of getting out the daily paper, and if you want to know how Kipling worked as one of the two men who produced the *Civil and Military Gazette* daily, with its seven pages of reading matter and seven of advertisements, you could not do better than turn into that large double bungalow on the Lahore Mall and ask cheery Mian Rukhn-ud-din, the Mohammedan foreman printer; ask Bahi Pertab Singh, the loyal and orthodox Sikh bookkeeper; ask Babu Hakim Ali, the courteous Moslem clerk, to whom was intrusted the task of pasting Kipling's printed work into volumes—for from the earliest days Kipling had the careful habits that so seldom accompany genius such as his; ask Habibulla, the willing chaprassi, on whose head Kipling's office box came and went daily. They will tell you how Kipling worked. As a journalist he was the man whom all editors seek and few find. He was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was "above him," and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing editorial "notes" to putting side heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police court case, he was as willing as he was gifted. To every grade of work he brought a brilliance of happy thought which placed his topic in its brightest light, a dead-sure aim with words which made his headlines fit his matter with that complete aptness which satisfies the editorial heart; a command of abrupt turns of expression which supplied humorous side-headings to small paragraphs in such taking ways that the reader could not help but read, but, more than all, he exhibited a conscientious industry and an inexhaustible pluck in his work which made his friends many times fear that the quick wheels of his mind would one day whirr and stop. He went near to it once or twice.

There are nights in the Punjab when the rains are delayed and the thermometer ranges about 100 degrees day and night; when the day's waking thoughts of a busy brain twist themselves into torturing nightmares in those stifling hours that precede the dawn, and the dawn brings no relief. Such nights there were in 1887, and the English-speaking world then went near to losing Kipling before it had heard of him.

But he never slackened in his work, of which on "high-collar" days there was more than enough. A "high-collar" day, it may be explained, was one on which no telegrams from England were received before going to press, and editorial "Notes of the Day" had to be written to fill the column which the telegrams should have occupied, thus bringing the editorial matter close up to the head, like a high collar, of the first column. At other times a multiplicity of telegrams crowded out so many "Notes of the Day" that several of these, dealing with cognate subjects, had to be strung together into what Kipling called "patent seamless" leaders. Outside contributors to papers in India nearly all belong to the civil or military services, and their contributions were often bald in style, though welcome for the information they contained. Adding the few lines of comment to qualify their contributions to be used as notes Kipling described as "fitting on the whiplash," and his were always neatly tied and keen in application.

The heaviest and most distasteful burden that Kipling bore in those journalistic days was the Blue Book. At certain seasons of the year the Government of India issues a stream of official reports. This flux of "Blue Books" has been not inaptly compared to a swarm of white ants issuing from an old beam of wood. It is the duty of the painstaking Anglo-Indian journalist to catch these reports as they come, dissect, boil down, and serve them up with such literary garnishing as may tempt the appetite of the capricious reader. Forestry, Police, Jails, Registration, Education, Public Works, &c.—each with its pages of statistics, come as the dryest of grist to the mill, and no small portion of Kipling's working hours was devoted to the grinding thereof. Even genius cannot build in marble with mere bricks, but Kipling often went near to converting Government reports into interesting and picturesque narrative. Besides this, a great deal of sub-editor's work necessarily fell to his share when the entire drudgery of the daily paper had to be done by two men. He was an adroit wielder of scissors and paste-brush, with a quick eye for matter worth republishing, and a happy knack of knocking it into shape. As a reporter, whenever the nature of the function to be described lent itself to graphic or humorous treatment, Kipling was inimitable; and brilliant fragments of the experience thus gained of viceregal durbars or "tamashas" in native States flash from the pages of many of his later sketches. But his was a very mixed bag of work.

After-dinner speeches at commemorative banquets, university convocations, race meetings or lawsuits, a flower show or a military review, whatever came, it was always Kipling's turn to "do" it, for there was no one else but the editor. Probably the worst job ever intrusted to Kipling was his mission to interview a notorious fakir, about whom there was great religious excitement in the Punjab, as he was reported to have cut out his tongue in order that it might, with the help of the goddess Kali, grow again in six weeks, and thus prove the verity of the Hindu faith. Kipling never found the fakir, but through a hot Indian day he found himself misdirected from one unsavory slum of Amritsar to another, till he was sick to death of his quest. It no doubt suited the fakir's scheme to be evasive when a sahib was looking for him, and on his return to Lahore it was a very dirty and travel-stained Kipling who cheerily expressed the hope that the next time the editor wanted details of a tongue-cutting boom he would go and get them for himself.

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BY RUDYARD KIPLING

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The Vampire.

Sucking Ghost in Art and Popular Superstition.

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"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."

Arthur Weir in Montreal Star.

A poet sung of a nation
  In words that were kindly meant,
And his song on ethereal pulses
  Throughout the Empire went.
It breathed the Imperial spirit
  At which the bosom glows
But he slurred the land that he fain had praised
  As "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has lands unknown to Summer,
  But she keeps them for a park,
For such as find little Europe
  Too small for ambition's mark.
She keeps them to pleasure Nansen,
  For a Franklin to repose,
But they lie remote from the marts and home
  Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

True, she has somewhere, sometime
  Winters when keen winds bite,
And in the frosty heavens
  Gleams the auroral light;
When in the drifted forest
  She counts the ringing blows
Of the axe that reaps a harvest
  For "Our Lady of the Snows."

But while the sturdy Briton
  Still shivers in east winds,
The Winter flees, and the river
  No more the ice king binds,
And blossom calls upon blossom
  And each its fair form shows,
In the land that is called by Kipling
  "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has woods of pine and maple
  Where England might be lost:
She has ports that are ever open
  To ships that are tempest-tossed;
She has fields of wheat unbounded,
  Where the whole horizon glows,
And the hot sun laughs to hear her styled
  "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has vineyards hanging heavy
  With clustering purple and white,
And the velvet peach in its swaying nest
  Fills the gardener with delight.
She can pluck, if she will, at Yuletide
  In the balmy air, the rose,
And her people smile when they hear her called
  "Our Lady of the Snows."

The wire that brought that message
  On lightning under the sea
Had been too short to bear it
  To her furthest boundary.
Not by a heedless phrasing
  Of catchword, verse, or prose,
Can the truth be told of the vast domain
  Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

THE VAMPIRE.

(Verses written by Rudyard Kipling for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

R. KIPLING, JOURNALIST

HOW "KUPPULEEN SAHIB" WO... FOR HIS LAHORE NEWSPA...

Ready for Everything but Editori... boring with a Hindu and Eurasi... —A Hunt for a Tongue-Cutting...

From the Academy.

Kipling has said that he who has on... a journalist remains a journalist to ... He said this in a semi-autobiographic... But when a man has reached the poin... ing it even rumored that syndica... formed to buy his MSS. at the rate of ... a word, the mill of daily journalism ... round without him.

But once Kipling was a journalis... marrow, and there was real pathos in ... ing with the "rag" in India, which he ... so many years done so much to adorn. ... too, after fame was his, and Amer... England competed for his copy, he se... a sketch in his best vein to the old pap... old low rate of pay. The early hour... first morning of his flying return visi... hore, his City of Two Creeds, saw ... sheer love of the old work, sitting in th... iar office chair correcting the same ol... on the same old yellow paper, wit... Rukhn-ud-din, the Mohammedan ... printer, flying round the press with gr... ban awry, informing all hands that "... leen Sahib" had returned. And there ... editor found him when he came to th... But those times are not now.

Lahore, however, stands where it di... and a half days' journey up country fro... bay you will find the many mosqued c... the armed Punjab, and there, on th... hand side of the broad Mall, embow... siris and peepul trees, behind a lawn-... with palms and Bougainvillias, whose ... Kipling helped to superintend, a larg... ing bears across its front the legend ... Civil and Military Gazette Press." ... Kipling worked for years, and befo... when the *Civil and Military Gazette* w... a losing venture, he had worked for it ... humbler premises, near the native city ... the Eurasians live in dark verandaed ... lows, and where the native pleader ... with his clients.

As a boy from school Kipling was ... out to India, and began at once to ... modest monthly wage at the bottom ... ladder of Anglo-Indian journalism. ... paper work in India is carried on b... classes of men. The natives—Hindu, M... medan, and Sikh—labor side by side in ... up the type and working the machines. Eurasians and domiciled British subects supply the staff of "readers," while the comparatively expensive, because imported, Anglo-Indians fill the editorial staff. And who are the shorthand reporters and sub-editors? In Kipling's day the up-country newspaper had none. The editorial staff, comprising two men, did the entire work of getting out the daily paper, and if you want to know how Kipling worked as one of the two men who produced the *Civil and Military Gazette* daily, with its seven pages of reading matter and seven of advertisements, you could not do better than turn into that large double bungalow on the Lahore Mall and ask cheery Mian Rukhn-ud-din, the Mohammedan foreman printer; ask Babi Pertab Singh, the loyal and orthodox Sikh bookkeeper; ask Babu Hakim Ali, the courteous Moslem clerk, to whom was intrusted the task of pasting Kipling's printed work into volumes—for from the earliest days Kipling had the careful habits that so seldom accompany genius such as his; ask Habibulla, the willing chaprassi, on whose head Kipling's office box came and went daily. They will tell you how Kipling worked. As a journalist he was the man whom all editors seek and few find. He was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was "above him," and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing editorial "notes" to putting side heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police court case, he was as willing as he was gifted. To every grade of work he brought a brilliance of happy thought which placed his topic in its brightest light, a dead-sure aim with words which made his headlines fit his matter with that complete aptness which satisfies the editorial heart; a command of abrupt turns of expression which supplied humorous side-headings to small paragraphs in such taking ways that the reader could not help but read, but, more than all, he exhibited a conscientious industry and an inexhaustible pluck in his work which made his friends many times fear that the quick wheels of his mind would one day whirr and stop. He went near to it once or twice.

There are nights in the Punjab when the rains are delayed and the thermometer ranges about 100 degrees day and night; when the ...

... Indian day he found himself misdirected from one unsavory slum of Amritsar to another, till he was sick to death of his quest. It no doubt suited the fakir's scheme to be evasive when a sahib was looking for him, and on his return to Lahore it was a very dirty and travel-stained Kipling who cheerily expressed the hope that the next time the editor wanted details of a tongue-cutting boom he would go and get them for himself.

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A STIRRING STORY OF ADVENTURE ON THE GRAND BANKS.

THE author of the "Jungle Books" and of the stories of "Soldiers Three" has written in "Captains Courageous" his first American novel. Mr. Kipling never ventures into a field that he does not know, and there have been many proofs of his intimate knowledge of the strong types of American character and of the picturesque scenes that he depicts in this novel. The story deals with the experiences of the son of a western multi-millionaire. He is a boy of only fifteen years, but he has been spoiled by a doting and indulgent mother. He is swept by a wave from the deck of an Atlantic liner, and is picked up by the crew of a fishing vessel on the Grand Banks. The captain of the smack is a typical Yankee skipper, who ridicules his story of wealth and prominence, and forces him to work his way until the cruise is ended. After a false start or two the boy faces the situation with true American pluck. His months of continual hardship on the little vessel and in the dories, and his association with the rugged, sturdy fishermen, develop the latent manliness in his character. The book is full of the breezy romance of the sea, and the adventures are stirring and thrilling. It is the most vivid picture of life on the Grand Banks, with its perils and its tragedies, that has ever been drawn. It has one trait noted in other books by Mr. Kipling: it appeals with equal force to young and old.

THE STRIKING TITLE OF THE BOOK.

Mr. Kipling is invariably felicitous in his choice of titles. There has been some speculation as to the source from which he drew the happy title "Captains Courageous." A correspondent of *The Critic* notes that it was probably taken from the good old ballad of "Mary Ambree."

"When captaines couragious, whom death could not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt," etc.

And later:—

"Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?"

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Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it isn't on record that the lady tried),
So some of him lived but the most of him 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 that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

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But once Kipling was a journalis... marrow, and there was real pathos in... ing with the "rag" in India, which he... so many years done so much to adorn... too, after fame was his, and Ame... England competed for his copy, he se... a sketch in his best vein to the old pap... old low rate of pay. The early hou... first morning of his flying return vis... shore, his City of Two Creeds, saw... sheer love of the old work, sitting in t... iar office chair correcting the same ol... on the same old yellow paper, wi... Rukhn-ud-din, the Mohammedan... printer, flying round the press with g... ban awry, informing all hands that ... leen Sahib" had returned. And ther... editor found him when he came to t... But those times are not now.

Lahore, however, stands where it di... and a half days' journey up country fr... bay you will find the many mosqued c... the armed Punjab, and there, on th... hand side of the broad Mall, embo... siris and peepul trees, behind a lawn... with palms and Bougainvillias, whose... Kipling helped to superintend, a lar... ing bears across its front the legend... Civil and Military Gazette Press.'... Kipling worked for years, and bef... when the *Civil and Military Gazette*... a losing venture, he had worked for ... humbler premises, near the native cit... the Eurasians live in dark verandaed... lows, and where the native pleader... with his clients.

As a boy from school Kipling was... out to India, and began at once to... modest monthly wage at the botto... ladder of Anglo-Indian journalism... paper work in India is carried on ... classes of men. The natives—Hindu,... medan, and Sikh—labor side by side ... up the type and working the machines. Eura... sians and domiciled British subects supply the staff of "readers," while the comparatively expensive, because imported, Anglo-Indians fill the editorial staff. And who are the shorthand reporters and sub-editors? In Kipling's day the up-country newspaper had none. The editorial staff, comprising two men, did the entire work of getting out the daily paper, and if you want to know how Kipling worked as one of the two men who produced the *Civil and Military Gazette* daily, with its seven pages of reading matter and seven of advertisements, you could not do better than turn into that large double bungalow on the Lahore Mall and ask cheery Mian Rukhu-ud-din, the Mohammedan foreman printer; ask Bahi Pertab Singh, the loyal and orthodox Sikh bookkeeper; ask Babu Hakim Ali, the courteous Moslem clerk, to whom was intrusted the task of pasting Kipling's printed work into volumes—for from the earliest days Kipling had the careful habits that so seldom accompany genius such as his; ask Habibulla, the willing chaprassi, on whose head Kipling's office box came and went daily. They will tell you how Kipling worked. As a journalist he was the man whom all editors seek and few find. He was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was "above him," and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing editorial "notes" to putting side heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police court case, he was as willing as he was gifted. To every grade of work he brought a brilliance of happy thought which placed his topic in its brightest light, a dead-sure aim with words which made his headlines fit his matter with that complete aptness which satisfies the editorial heart; a command of abrupt turns of expression which supplied humorous side-headings to small paragraphs in such taking ways that the reader could not help but read, but, more than all, he exhibited a conscientious industry and an inexhaustible pluck in his work which made his friends many times fear that the quick wheels of his mind would one day whirr and stop. He went near to it once or twice.

There are nights in the Punjab when the ... and the thermometer ranges ...

Indian day he found himself misdirected from one unsavory slum of Amritsar to another, till he was sick to death of his quest. It no doubt suited the fakir's scheme to be evasive when a sahib was looking for him, and on his return to Lahore it was a very dirty and travel-stained Kipling who cheerily expressed the hope that the next time the editor wanted details of a tongue-cutting boom he would go and get them for himself.

Besides occasional reporting outside the office, Kipling's daily work on the *Civil and Military Gazette* was briefly: 1. To prepare for press all the telegrams of the day: 2. To provide all the extracts and paragraphs; 3. To make headed articles out of official reports, &c.; 4. To write such editorial notes as he might have time for; 5. To look generally after all sports, outstation, and local intelligence; 6. To read all proofs except the editorial matter. He may have had to do more, but, roughly speaking, for a few, a very few, hundreds of rupees a month, he did the work of at least two men, and in his odd moments of leisure wrote his verses and sketches, some of which have been republished in "Departmental Ditties," "Soldiers Three," and "Plain Tales from the Hills." These were scarcely journalism, but they were the only portion of his work which ever needed "editing." His youthful fancy now and then kicked too freely over the traces of convention, and more than one sketch found its home in the waste-paper basket. As a rule, however, they were much too good for a hack's pay on a paper in the northwest of India, and even Kipling's modesty, almost a fault, could not blind him to the fact that he was selling his brain work far below its market value, wasting its razor edge on blocks of literally worthless and perishable matter; but he believed that he owed a debt of gratitude to the newspaper proprietors, who took him on credit and gave him a salary when he was a boy fresh from school, and he determined to serve them for a full term of years.

A FLYING TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

ONE of the most notable passages in the novel describes the record-breaking run of a special train across the continent. In reference to this the Santa Barbara (Cal.) *Independent*, of April 17, 1897, says:

"The original of the 'Constance,' the private car used for Cheyne's marvelous run across the continent in Kipling's story, 'Captains Courageous,' arrived in Santa Barbara to-day. Its real name, at the time the story was written, was 'The Bay State,' but it is now known simply as No. 220. The coach is eighty feet in length, one of the longest ever built, and the story of its race against time is founded on fact, save that it carried a son to the bedside of a dying father, instead of a father to greet a recovered son.

"In June, 1895, B. P. Cheney, President of the National City and Otay Railway, was summoned in hot haste to Boston, as his father was at the point of death. As soon as he received the message, the wires were set humming in all directions, clearing the way for the 'Bay State.' The arrangements were almost identical with those so graphically described by Kipling. The description of the journey is equally vivid, for Mr. Cheney made the trip from San Diego to Boston in fifty-seven hours, an almost incredible rate of speed."

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE STORY.

"The closing chapters give a valuable lesson to the analytic novelists by describing the awakening of the boy's heart and soul in such a manner that a boy can perceive it."—*Boston Pilot.*

"The most vivid picture of the sea toilers of New England which this generation has known."—*Boston Journal.*

"If you want to feel the salt spray dashing in your face, to smell the aroma of the ocean and the smell of cod-fish, to hear the waves swash and beat about the vessel, to feel the roll and pitch, and to think that you must get your sea-legs on at once, read Kipling's 'Captains Courageous.' . . . The rough-and-ready life of the sailor and fisherman is brought to us with a reality that is startling. It is as if Kipling had sailed on a banker for years and filled all positions from cook to skipper. It is the real thing, and to read it is almost like being there oneself. Read it one of these warm spring days that are coming when the rain goes, and see how refreshing will be the effect."—*Criterion, St. Louis.*

"Kipling's powers of description are brought into play and are here seen at their best."—*Post Express, Rochester.*

12mo, 300 pages, 21 illustrations by W. Taber. Cloth, $1.50.

Kipling's Latest Poem.

The Vampire.

(Verses written by Rudyard Kipling for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones for the New Gallery.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care);
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I),
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant);
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I),
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it isn't on record that the lady tried),
So some of him lived, but the most of him 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 that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

HE VAMPIRE.

The Painting by Philip Burne-Jones, Which is the Talk of All London, and Which Inspired Kipling's Powerful Verses.

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."

Arthur Weir in Montreal Star.

A poet sung of a nation
In words that were kindly meant,
And his song on ethereal pulses
Throughout the Empire went.
It breathed the Imperial spirit
At which the bosom glows
But he slurred the land that he fain had praised
As "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has lands unknown to Summer,
But she keeps them for a park,
For such as find little Europe
Too small for amotion's mark.
She keeps them to pleasure Nansen,
For a Franklin to repose,
But they lie remote from the marts and home
Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

True, she has somewhere, sometime
Winters when keen winds bite,
And in the frosty heavens
Gleams the auroral light;
When in the drifted forest
She counts the ringing blows
Of the axe that reaps a harvest
For "Our Lady of the Snows."

But while the sturdy Briton
Still shivers in east winds,
The Winter flees, and the rivert
No more the ice king binds,
And blossom calls upon blossom
And each its fair form shows,
In the land that is called by Kipling
"Our Lady of the Snows."

She has woods of pine and maple
Where England might be lost:
She has ports that are ever open
To ships that are tempest-tossed;
She has fields of wheat unbounded,
Where the whole horizon glows,
And the hot sun laughs to hear her styled
"Our Lady of the Snows."

She has vineyards hanging heavy
With clustering purple and white,
And the velvet peach in its swaying nest
Fills the gardener with delight.
She can pluck, it she will, at Yuletide
In the balmy air, the rose,
And her people smile when they hear her called
"Our Lady of the Snows."

The wire that brought that message
On lightning under the sea
Had been too short to bear it
To her furthest boundary.
Not by a heedless phrasing
Of catchword, verse, or prose,
Can the truth be told of the vast domain
Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

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R. KIPLING, JOURNALIST

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Ready for Everything but Editori... boring with a Hindu and Eurast... —A Hunt for a Tongue-Cutting

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ONE... re... reference... 1897, sa...

"The... marvelou... Courage... the time... known si... of the lo... founded ... father, in...

"In Ju... Otay Rai... was at th... wires wer... 'Bay Stat... so graphic... ney is equ... to Boston...

W...

"The clos... ists by desc... a manner t...

"The mo... this generat...

"If you w... the aroma o... swash and ... think that y... 'Captains C... and fisherm... as if Kipling... from cook t... like being t... that are com... the effect."

"Kipling's ... here seen at ...

12mo, 300

REAL ESTATE.

...ood 12-room house on Bell ...clid; every modern conveni...

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...ot, 53x218, on north side ...er Forest; house 9 rooms; ...ces; cost $7,500; now goes

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...ne stone house on Prospect, ...$32,000; now goes for $17,500;

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...ne place on Euclid, near ...t bargain in it for someone.

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...ne house, No. 146 Hoadley ...Superior; 8 rooms; modern ...see photo in our office; ...in Cleveland at $2,700; look

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...elegant building lot on ...gleside, at a bargain to

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...elegant modern house and ...st Prospect st.; hardwoods, ...; barn, etc.; great bargain.

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...elegant place on Bolton, ...d; 12 rooms; bargain in it ...purchaser.

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...ok at house 724 Republic; ...rooms; great bargain for

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...ce modern house, 8 rooms, ...spect; every convenience;

...LOR & SON, 243 Superior.

...r a first-class home, cheap, ...houses on Jennings av., ...nden av.

...n to be appreciated.

...om basement to billiard

...ust sell to erect a modern ...ouse.

...every afternoon.

...S-AMBLER REALTY CO., ...3 The Arcade.

...reat Sacrifice—House of 7 ...hot and cold water, bath, ...on paved street; good neigh... ...and west of Willson av.; ...now goes for $2,350. ...KENNEDY, 206 Superior st.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Congregational.

...ONGREGATIONAL ...Detroit and Highland, ...Richards, pastor. Residence, ... Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. ...ice, 10:45. Evening service, ...prayer meeting Tuesday, ...Christian Endeavor Friday, ...Junior Endeavor Sunday, 6:30

...ISON CONGREGATIONAL ...er East Madison and Quincy. ...Thomas, pastor. Residence 150 ...n. Services, 10 a. m. and ...Sunday school 12 m. Christian ...esday evening, 7:30. SaSu-tf

...AV. CONGREGATIONAL ...er Logan. Dr. Ladd will ...e morning and evening.

Baptist.

...BAPTIST CHURCH—Corner ...and Huntington st. Rev. H. ..., D. D., pastor. Services at ...nd 7 p. m., standard time, ...by the pastor. ...subject, "The Untrodden ...he evening subject will be ...e Preacher." ...E. Tuesday at 7 p. m. ...se and conference meeting ...p. m., standard time. Strang... welcomed to all services.

...IST CHURCH—Corner Pros... ...nead sts.

Cleveland Real Estate Boar...

INCORPORATED 1892

Commissions are the same that have be... charged for the past twenty years. Eac... member is held strictly accountable by t... board to fair and honorable dealing.

The board is composed of the followin... brokers and dealers only, and the majori... of whom have been in the business contin... uously for the past twenty (20) years:

JOHN COLAHAN,	J. G. W. COWLES,
A. G. FRISBIE,	ALEX S. TAYLOR
W. M. LOFTRIDGE,	H. P. MINTOSH,
W. H. VAN TINE,	J. M. ODELL,
CHAS. E. FERRELL,	J. W. SIMPSON,
C. H. KIDDER,	J. H. M'ARTHUR,
J. W. TAYLOR,	WM. G. TAYLOR,
T. A. SELOVER,	G. M. HICKS.
DANIEL R. TAYLOR	V. C. TAYLOR,
C. W. MIX,	R. M. PARMELY.

jy21-Su-tf

REAL ESTATE.

$5 PER FOOT

For lots 40 feet front, only 30 minute... from the square; no change of cars; side... walks, shade trees, good drainage, 212 fee... above lake level.

THE HEALTHIEST PLACE

in the city; no smoke, no swamp, no mia... ma, no malaria; good place for

EVERYBODY EXCEPT UNDERTAKERS

The city is growing at the rate of 20,00... yearly and

AN INVESTMENT IN A CHEAP LOT

is better and surer than any other. Why ... not place your savings weekly or monthly ... in a good lot on

CITY VIEW ALLOTMENT?

It costs nothing to investigate; we re... turn car fare to those who visit the a... lotment; our representative will be there ... daily, including Sunday, from 9 a. m. t... 5 p. m.

M'ARTHUR'S REAL ESTATE,

1198 Pearl st. and 803 Clark av.

Take Brooklyn or Jennings car to th... allotment. 20-22

FOR SALE—Business corner, 71 7-12x12... Lorain and Birch sts., cheap for cash, o... easy payments; half down, balance 6 pe... cent. J. D. SLATER, ... 24 8 Euclid. 'Phone 4010.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Presbyterian.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN OR OLD STONE ... Church—Corner Ontario st. and Publi... square. Rev. H. C. Haydn, D. D., and ... Rev. H. W. Hulbert, associated pastors. ... Dr. Haydn will preach in the morning ... on the theme, "Paul's Entrance Int... Corinth," and in the evening on "Whithe... Are We Drifting?" ... Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 ... m. Bible school at 9 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E ... Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General praye... meeting at 7:30 p. m. Friday, preceded b... a social and a song service. Everybody ... welcome.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH— ... Corner Prospect st. and Sterling av. Rev ... Paul F. Sutphen, D. D., pastor. ... Services at 10:15 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., ... with preaching by the pastor. Morning ... subject, "The Message of the Martyrs." ... Evening subject, "The City of Athens." ... Sunday school at 12 m. Midweek prayer ... service Friday evening at 7:30. Welcome.

EUCLID AV. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ... —Corner of Euclid av. and Brownell st. ... Rev. Dr. S. P. Sprecher, pastor. Service... at 10:15. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. ... C. E. at 6 p. m. Friday evening service ... at 7:30. ... Rev. E. P. Cleveland of Freedonia, N. ... Y., will preach in the morning. There ... will be no evening service.

...VARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—

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But once Kipling was a journalis[t] ... marrow, and there was real pathos in ... ing with the "rag" in India, which he ... so many years done so much to adorn. ... too, after fame was his, and Ame[rica and] England competed for his copy, he se[nt] a sketch in his best vein to the old pap[er at the] old low rate of pay. The early hour[s of the] first morning of his flying return vis[it to La]hore, his City of Two Creeds, saw ... sheer love of the old work, sitting in th[e famil]iar office chair correcting the same ol[d proofs] on the same old yellow paper, wi[th] Rukhn-ud-din, the Mohammedan ... printer, flying round the press with gr[een tur]ban awry, informing all hands that "[Kuppu]leen Sahib" had returned. And ther[e the] editor found him when he came to th[e office.] But those times are not now.

Lahore, however, stands where it di[d ...] and a half days' journey up country fr[om Bom]bay you will find the many mosqued c[apital of] the armed Punjab, and there, on th[e ...] hand side of the broad Mall, embo[wered in] siris and peepul trees, behind a lawn ... with palms and Bougainvillias, whose ... Kipling helped to superintend, a lar[ge build]ing bears across its front the legend ... Civil and Military Gazette Press." ... Kipling worked for years, and befo[re,] when the *Civil and Military Gazette* ... a losing venture, he had worked for it [in] humbler premises, near the native cit[y where] the Eurasians live in dark verandaed [bunga]lows, and where the native pleader ... with his clients.

As a boy from school Kipling was ... out to India, and began at once to ... modest monthly wage at the bottom ... ladder of Anglo-Indian journalism. ... paper work in India is carried on b[y] ... classes of men. The natives—Hindu, [Moham]medan, and Sikh—labor side by side in [setting] up the type and working the machines. Eurasians and domiciled British subects supply the staff of "readers," while the comparatively expensive, because imported, Anglo-Indians fill the editorial staff. And who are the shorthand reporters and sub-editors? In Kipling's day the up-country newspaper had none. The editorial staff, comprising two men, did the entire work of getting out the daily paper, and if you want to know how Kipling worked as one of the two men who produced the *Civil and Military Gazette* daily, with its seven pages of reading matter and seven of advertisements, you could not do better than turn into that large double bungalow on the Lahore Mall and ask cheery Mian Rukhn-ud-din, the Mohammedan foreman printer; ask Bahi Pertab Singh, the loyal and orthodox Sikh bookkeeper; ask Babu Hakim Ali, the courteous Moslem clerk, to whom was intrusted the task of pasting Kipling's printed work into volumes—for from the earliest days Kipling had the careful habits that so seldom accompany genius such as his; ask Habibulla, the willing chaprassi, on whose head Kipling's office box came and went daily. They will tell you how Kipling worked. As a journalist he was the man whom all editors seek and few find. He was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was "above him," and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing editorial "notes" to putting side heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police court case, he was as willing as he was gifted. To every grade of work he brought a brilliance of happy thought which placed his topic in its brightest light, a dead-sure aim with words which made his headlines fit his matter with that complete aptness which satisfies the editorial heart; a command of abrupt turns of expression which supplied humorous side-headings to small paragraphs in such taking ways that the reader could not help but read, but, more than all, he exhibited a conscientious industry and an inexhaustible pluck in his work which made his friends many times fear that the quick wheels of his mind would one day whirr and stop. He went near to it once or twice.

[...]ALER, SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1897.

REAL ESTATE.

SLAUGHTER! SLAUGHTER! SLAUGHTER!

For 30 Days Only,

Special Sale of Real Estate.

Unheard of Sacrifices in

Desirable Property

For Cash.

For cash we offer as follows:
In Glenville addition at terminus of St. Clair st. motor line.

Vacant Lots.
Former prices ....$550 and $6[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....$375 and $4[..]

New Houses.
Former prices ....$1,950 and $2,0[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....$1,650 and $1,7[..]

See Mr. H. J. Lewis at No. 9 Lonsdal[e] av. in this allotment after 4:30 p. m. ... most desirable allotment.

Doan St., Near St. Clair.
Formerly ....$28 per fo[ot]
NOW FOR CASH ....$22 per fo[ot]

Columbia Av.
A beautiful street near St. Clair ... car line.
Former price ....$[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....$[..]
Parkwood boulevard, formerly $28 per fo[ot]
NOW FOR CASH ....$20 per fo[ot]

Orchard Grove is our South End All[ot]ment on Warner Road, near Broadwa[y]. Our agent, Mr. Henry Holmes, 65 Map[le]tree st., will show customers every ... tention.
Lots formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....$1[..]
Houses formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

Also 122 Anderson Av.
Formerly ....$[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

Vacant Lots on Anderson Av.
Formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

217 Becker Av.
Formerly ....$4,[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....$3,[..]

1538 Superior St.
Formerly ....$[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

Atlantic St. and East Madison Av.
Vacant lots formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

617 East Madison Av.
Formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

Block, 1832-1844 Broadway.
Formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

7 Burdock St.
Formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

2066 E. Madison Av.
Formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

2399 East Madison Av.
Formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

2358 East Madison Av.
Formerly ....[..]
NOW FOR CASH ....[..]

Vacant Lots—Woodland Hills Av., C[..] Inman St.
Formerly ....$22 pe[r]
NOW FOR CASH ....$17 pe[r]

The above special reductions are for cash only. Very liberal redu[ctions] also on payments. Come and see [what] we can do for you. Real estate is low in Cleveland and now is the [time] to act.

THE GEO. M. HICKS REALTY IMPROVEMENT CO.,
718 Garfield Building.
Bell Phone 2218. Home Phone 4[..]
Office open every week day and [Mon]day evening.
my18-10t [..]

The Vampire.

The Blood Sucking Ghost in Art and Popular Superstition.

The sensational work of the present picture exhibition at the New gallery in London is "The Vampire," by Philip Burne-Jones, son of the famous Burne-Jones.

The picture shows a room flooded with moonlight, in which a dying man, with a wound in his breast, lies sleeping. Over him leans a beautiful woman—the vampire—who has just drained him of his life blood. The work shows strong artistic qualities, but it is hardly necessary to say that it is the subject more than the execution that draws attention to it.

Popular superstition says that the vampire is a blood sucking ghost. The soul of a dead person rises from the grave and goes about by night sucking the blood of the living, and thereby causing their death. The superstition is still prevalent in many parts of Europe.

It is alleged that vampires are generally wizards, witches, suicides and persons who have come to a violent end, or have been cursed by their parents or by the church. A variation beloved by the artists, however, has been to make the vampire a beautiful woman, for in that case the victim becomes incapable of resistance, even if he is more or less conscious of the injury he is suffering.

One of the most famous of all vampires in fiction has been created by Theophile Gautier in "La Morte Amoureuse." In this story a beautiful woman, who has died and lost her soul, is enabled by Satan to leave her tomb at night and live by drinking the blood of a lover. This vampire is so bewitching that one is almost horror-stricken when the priests discover the secret and seal her tomb so that she can never leave it again. It is also brutal to summarize "La Morte Amoureuse" in this way, for there is hardly a more beautifully written story in the French language.

Rudyard Kipling has seen in the female vampire an allegory of the worthless woman, whom a man loves and for whom he strives until at last he ffinds she has stolen all or the better part of hiis life. In his strong and original way he lhas put his ideas into the verses which acccompany his cousin's (Mr. Burne-Jones) pictture.

e goddess to some purpose ... front of him $150,-

to the naked eye.—Askalon in Philadelphia Tiimes.

THE BOOK BUYER

A SUMMARY OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XIII NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1896 No. 10

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RUDYARD KIPLING

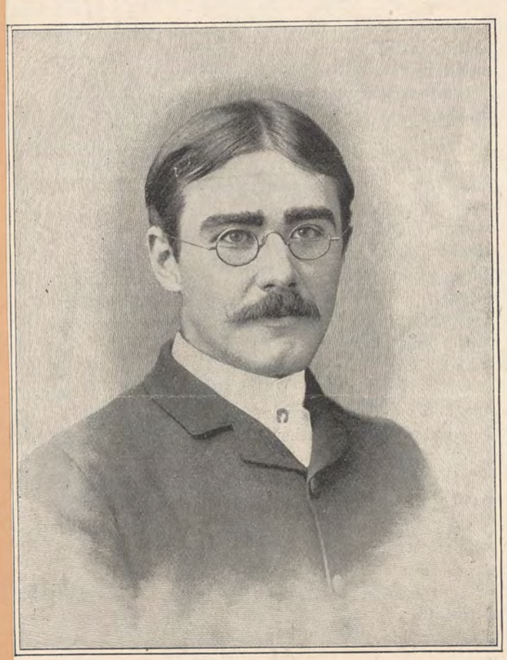
IT is almost ten years since Rudyard Kipling's first East Indian tales reached England and the United States. For a generation the drift in fiction had been toward a refinement of workmanship, and popular writers were engaged in photographing attitudes and thumbing collections of synonyms as if that were the serious business of literature. Here and there a robust spirit like Stevenson was in open rebellion, but Stevenson was alone in combining great native vigor with a perfect art. The time was propitious, and in the adventures of Kipling's humble heroes the public found refreshment as grateful as a cold plunge to a loiterer in a hot-house. Humor glowed, imagination shone, and evidence of the keenest observation crowded from these pages. There was manly coarseness, too, but no trace of the beast in the barracks and bungalows of "Plain Tales from the Hills." The great public, which is the final judge in such matters, was abreast of the critics in enjoying this new genius—of course, with self-respectful reservations. Were his stories proper reading for young persons? Were his verses really poetry? Would he become the fashion? Would he last? Is he the greatest among us?

Since his fugitive stories began to attract so flattering attention from his sceptics, Mr. Kipling has answered all these questions through steadily accumulating tales of love, of adventure, of East Indian politics, and of sea life; to which he has added fables, ballads, and, alas! novels. The young person has discovered that she can read his East Indian stories without blushing. She may have been obliged to ask explanation of certain passages, but she learned nothing she ought not to know; and this is, after all, a proof of Kipling's essential wholesomeness, which is the health and sanity of the natural man.

Whether all Mr. Kipling's verses are poetry or not, his best work is poetical. Indeed, many of the short stories of Indian life would appropriately reduce to the ballad form. What finer themes could the singer desire for such a purpose than "Beyond the Pale," "Thrown Away," and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft"? "The Ballad of East and West," probably the most virile poem of its kind produced in this generation, is not more poetical in its essence than are these tales.

Of Mr. Kipling's humorous verse it may be enough to say that, although "Fuzzy Wuzzy" is dearer to thousands of readers than the more pretentious verses of anybody else who is writing at the present time, yet it is not Mr. Kipling's best work. But if "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "Danny Deever," "Gunga Din," and "Mandalay," are not poems in the strictest sense, what has the critic to say of "The Gipsy Trail," "The Gift of the Sea," "The English Flag," and "McAndrew's Hymn"? If they are not great poems, they are, at least, extraordinary accomplishments for the author of "The Man Who Was" and "The Jungle Book," while, to take an example in a different kind, "The Legend of Evil" is, surely, one of the most delightful bits of humorous verse in the language; based, as all true humor is based, upon a philosophical insight.

Kipling's humor is one of his strongest claims to fame. There is no funnier episode in the adventures of Don Quixote than "The Taking of Lungtungpen," and hardly a page has come from the prolific author of that masterpiece that does not contain some exquisite pleasantry. "Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt," begins Kipling in "The Man Who Was," and from a jest that is wiser than a proverb the reader gets a British point of view without which the Eastern question is unintelligible. The compact phrases in which Kipling crowds chapters of description, character reading, and history written and unwritten, are often delightful fooling. "'E's all 'ot sand and ginger when alive, An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead," contains not only the very soul of the Soudanese warrior, but the very breath of the desert in which he encountered Tommy Atkins, to the manifest disadvantage of the latter; and when Tommy adds: "'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree," the mind refuses to believe that more could be known about this "first-class fightin' man." Nothing could be farther from justice, however, than an impression that Kipling is a funny man. His humor is always spontaneous and sane. He believes in the men and women about whom he writes. He is not laughing at them nor ashamed of the least of them. He is in perfect sympathy with them. He trusts them and escapes the burlesque. It was no mere self-confidence that gave "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and "Oonts" to a world used to Arthurian legends and the rondels of Austin Dobson.

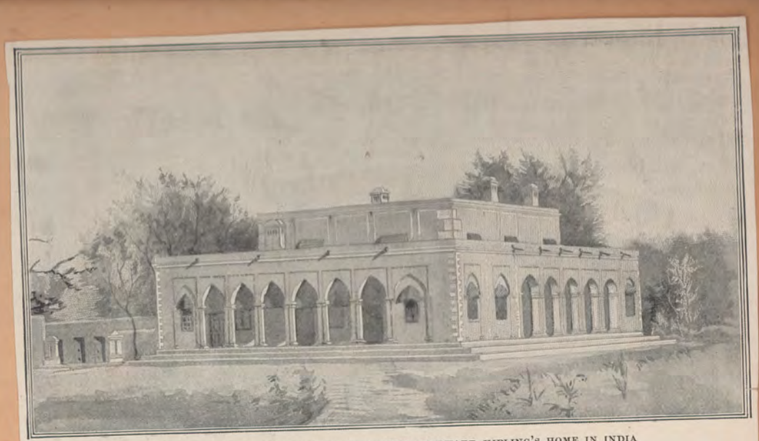


KIPLING AT TWENTY.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Mr. Kipling's Jungle stories remain to be considered. They are excursions in a field rarely invaded in these times, but occupied by some of the greatest books. It was an adventure to set down Mowgli in the presence of Aladdin and the fairy people of Andersen's tales, and it is the highest praise to say that "The Jungle Book" invites comparison. No other living writer has given us a delight equal to the first reading of "Kaa's Hunting," "Tiger, Tiger," "The White Seal," "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," and "Red Dog." To find a comparable pleasure, one must turn to earlier work from the same pen. These tales of the jungle, like all the great tales ever told, are not addressed to one age or condition more than to another. Doubtless they will be known for all time as children's stories, because everybody will have read them in his childhood—the best literature is the literature of childhood—but their imaginative qualities are so rare that it is doubtful whether any other stories of this period deserve to be ranked so high. Stevenson knew the civilized child better than Kipling, but, before "The Jungle Book," no Englishman had ever told us stories in which we permitted ourselves the illusion that we understood the feelings and motives of animals. It is as easy to believe that Kipling overheard "The Law of the Jungle" as that he enjoyed the acquaintance of Private Mulvaney.

Kipling's shortcomings, like those of his heroes, are open to every reader, and they are the more evident because this is precisely the age which has made a particularly unctuous virtue of the literary qualities to which he is indifferent. The judicious must grieve at his novels, and in scenes of domesticity like "The Gadsbys," written at the mature age of seventeen, he is not happy. He has, however, given us within ten years three series of original works of art, the East Indian tales, the Barrack Room Ballads, and the Jungle Books. If the first and last of these do not entitle him to the leadership among living writers of short stories, it would be difficult to name his equal. Certainly, no Englishman or American can claim like rank, and, if the admiring reader choose to make the point that the short story is the type of fiction in this generation as the novel was the type in the last, there will be none to gainsay him.



MR. LOCKWOOD KIPLING'S HOUSE AT LAHORE—RUDYARD KIPLING'S HOME IN INDIA

Of Mr. Kipling's personality, Mr. E. Kay Robinson has recently told us* all that a public curiosity, unprovoked by Vermont lawyers, has a right to demand. We know that for seven years Kipling bore the trials of a reporter on the *Civil and Military Gazette* with unflagging good-humor. The chance acquaintance who writes these lines hopes to be pardoned for adding that Mr. Kipling's kindliness toward all who claim it is of the same stuff as the self-respect which resents the publication in the Sunday newspaper of illustrated chapters from his domestic life.

John D. Adams.

ONE of the earliest impressions of th
in England is that of admiration fo
esque and romantic castles which
much to historic and romantic
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* *McClure's Magazine* for July, 1896.

The picture of Mr. Kipling at twenty, and that of the elder Kipling's home in India are reproduced here by the courtesy of Mr. S. S. McClure.

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A writer in "The Bookman" has been unburdening himself on the subject of Mr. Kipling's work. He observes that "in his glowing pictures we find no deep humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies." Here's richness! If there is one thing more than another in which Kipling abounds it is sympathy with humanity. No other writer of fiction in our day, unless it is Mr. Hardy, has a clearer insight into the human heart than the author of "The Man Who Was" or "Without Benefit of Clergy." That he has "no ear for the clash of spiritual armies," whatever that may mean, is interesting intelligence. He ought to turn his attention to the matter at once. It is absurd to be wasting time over the affairs of mere men and women, mere beings of flesh and blood, when "spiritual armies" are waiting for their "clash" to be recognized and celebrated. From the same writer it is learned that as a poet Kipling "is loud," but, we are asked solemnly, "is he sincere?" It is the opinion of "The Bookman" that Kipling's is, "on the whole, brass band poetry—exciting, but hard, noisy and tiresome." The author of this precious deliverance ought to read "The Bell Buoy," which Mr. Kipling has lately printed in "The Saturday Review." We wonder if he would find "hard, noisy and tiresome" stanzas like these:

They christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he bears—
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry,
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I!

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard o' the bay,
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll—
My four great hammers ply—
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

I swoop and I surge and I swing
In the rip of the racing tide—
By the gates of doom I sing—
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound I bide
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I!

reprints.

Athenæum Oct 4, 1890

Literary Gossip.

We regret to hear that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has broken down from overwork. He has been ordered to take a sea voyage, and sailed on board the P. and O. steamer Shannon for Naples on Thursday. His illness will probably delay the publication of 'The Book of the Forty-five Mornings.'

Lord Acton will print in the forthcoming number of the *English Historical Review* an article on 'Döllinger's Historical Work,'

ROCHEFORT AND BOULANGER.*

The last part of the Rochefort memoirs—that is to say, the whole of Volume V. of the French edition—is devoted to a review of the famous Boulanger episode. As is well known, Rochefort was the General's confidant and adviser throughout that serio-comic affair, and he was, therefore, in a better position than any one else to know the true inside history of those famous intrigues which cost Boulanger his life and Rochefort himself six years of exile. It is doubtful, however, that M. Rochefort has told all he knows. In fact, the memoirs reveal little that is not already public property. M. Rochefort would, in truth, have no interest in disclosing facts that could only incriminate himself.

He begins by enumerating the causes that led to the General's enormous popularity with the masses—a popularity that nearly placed him in the Palace of the Elysée as President or Military Dictator. There were, he says, two causes for this. First, the unpopularity and incapacity of the existing Ferry Ministry, whom the mob held responsible for all France's colonial troubles; second, Boulanger's unequivocal attitude and language toward the hereditary enemy Germany, and also his vigorous and humanitarian reforms while Minister of War. He permitted the soldiers to wear beards and to go to bed later than eight o'clock. He moved to other cities regiments that by favouritism had been allowed to be garrisoned in one place for fourteen consecutive years. "These measures," declares the journalist, "aroused the fury of the reactionaries, and made a popular idol of the man."

Concerning the General as a soldier and a patriot, Rochefort has this to say:

"I, who was the recipient of all Boulanger's secrets, and before whom he unbosomed himself all the more freely because he knew I was incapable of betraying him—I feel it my duty to declare that all the judgments formed regarding him, even the most favourable, are almost completely erroneous. Politics were an indisputable means with him, but entirely secondary. His aim, and the only one he pursued obstinately, was revenge for our disasters and the repossession of our two lost provinces. He waited only for the moment when, having entirely reorganized the army, he could find an opportunity to put himself at its head and march against the enemy."

Rochefort did not meet Boulanger for some time after the latter's popularity began, and as the pamphleteer was ever eager to seize upon anything or anybody to discredit the government, he was quick to see how a man like Boulanger could be induced to attempt even the wildest schemes. Rochefort seems plausible enough when one is reading him, but his whole career shows him to have been in conflict with every form of government—imperial and republican—and to have had no consistent policy of his own. In other words, Rochefort is an irresponsible meddler in politics, and a dangerous one because of his clever pen.

"I had seen Boulanger only once before he was made Minister," he writes. "The support I gave him in *L'Intransigeant* was, therefore, purely a matter of policy. It was only on the day following the inauguration of the Cercle Militaire, at which he presided, that I was taken to him. After referring in complimentary terms to the magnificent ovation given him by the crowds in the street the previous evening, I gave him this bitter pill to swallow: 'You may be sure that you are eating the best dish now. I know what popularity is. You'll pay for all these acclamations one day. They will call you traitor and robber; they will insist that you wanted to poison your father so as to inherit quicker. I, myself, after having been borne aloft in triumph, have been accused of burglary and of robbing church poor-boxes.' Boulanger laughed. Yet the troubles I prophesied then were far less than those that came."

When the Schnabele incident took place, Boulanger was the man of the hour. War with Germany seemed inevitable; the *brav' général* and his black horse were hailed as the saviours of France.

"I was among the first," says Rochefort, "to hasten to the General to gather particulars concerning the outrage, and find out what our government proposed to do. I found Boulanger perfectly calm, like a man who has taken a supreme resolution and will not go beyond the limit that he himself has attributed to reconciliation. When I entered he was standing at the door of his office. He closed the door and said: 'If they really mean war, they will always be able to provoke it, even during negotiations. We must therefore mobilise without the loss of a moment's time.' And, in fact, while I was with him he rang his bell ten times to send off messengers with orders. I received, therefore, from my visit the disquieting impression that an absolute rupture with Germany hung only by a thread. And, I am free to confess, Boulanger appeared so full of ardour and so disposed

*Les Aventures de Ma Vie. Par Henri Rochefort. Tome v. Paris: Paul Dupont.
The Adventures of My Life. By Henri Rochefort. Eng. trans. 2 vols. New York: Edward Arnold. $7.50.

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March / 1897

CAPTAIN JOHN

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In the rip of the racing tide—
By the gates of doom I sing—
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound I bide
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I!

reprints.

Athenæum Oct 4, 1890

Literary Gossip.

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ure, instruction, and inspiration, are larded with vulgarisms of thought and expression? As to these last I might be doubtful if I thought that Mr. Kipling's soldier-songs were actually displacing the pompous old favourites, such as the "Tired Soldier" and the "British Grenadiers."* Now his poems nearly all come under one of the above heads—most under the serio-comic. As such I have not a word to say against them. My sole, but strenuous objection is that by many (as by the critic quoted above) they are regarded as serious poetry, and that in some unmistakable but indefinable way (apart from orthodox print and binding) they do seem to regard themselves as such. Mr. Kipling is, or pretends to be, so much in earnest; he weaves in so many fine fancies among his deliberate deformities; he at unexpected moments assumes such high ground. I firmly believe that he does mean it for poetry, and has formed some theory of naturalistic composition which I humbly deplore. Narrow verse and raise prose—is our safest maxim. Poetry should never reflect the sordid ideas and coarse expressions of vulgar minds. It can stoop at times with Wordsworth to childlike simplicity, but ver to slang; it is powerless to depict w life, because its very nature must stroy the impression of actuality hich alone justifies the choice of such subjects. Take one instance—Mr. Kipling's longest, most ambitious piece, "The Mary Gloster." It is built on two bad models, Tennyson's "May Queen" and "Northern Farmer." Now literary usage and a sense of fitness allow Œnone and Tithonus to reel off their impassioned soliloquies in perfect metre, but how does the vernacular garrulity of a prosaic, shrewd, old money-maker gain by being tortured into verse? It loses the veracity of prose without becoming poetry. But the last dying speech (eleven pages long) of old Gloster is more flagrant. As a prose study it would have been admirable, though his sentimental craze about the funeral is inconsistent with his business character. Sir Anthony is an ignorant, sordid, vulgar, obscene, impenitent villain, who has made himself and his millions by fraud and avarice. To his genteel son he groans out the tale of his triumphant crimes and sordid grievances; every idea, every image is mean, every expression coarse or revolting. Now I grant that nearly all he says, such a man might and would have said, but, be sure, he would never have said it in rhyme. A grovelling soul without one ray of romance (for the funeral craze was only superstitious monomania), he is valuable only from the realistic veracity of his presentation, and that illusion of veracity is utterly destroyed, when with his last breath he persists in versifying his slang and ribaldry. And yet it has been asked—"If this be not poetry, what is?"

Let this one instance suffice of the error which lies at the root of Mr. Kipling's system. Compared to this his other faults are trifling. Among them is the daring familiarity, in many eyes amounting to profanity, which marked his "Tomlinson," and reappears in the "Last Chantey." There is also a tendency to stereotype the protest against prudery, and to keep up the high-pressure flesh-and-blood tone, by not only calling a spade a spade, but by flourishing one every now and then as a sort of standard, and by an ostentatious coarseness of allusion to the venerable mysteries of generation and maternity, which, after all, is more boyish than manly. That the volume is full of ability, of knowledge of men, of insight, of powerful expression, even of several of the elements which conspire to make great poetry, goes without saying, so I have not troubled to say it. That the author could write such poetry is very possible, but only by adopting new subjects and new methods. My concern has been only with the salient truth which seems to leap to light from every page—namely, that those phases of humanity and its environment which he has made peculiarly his own, and which, revealed in his magic prose, assume well-nigh the glamour of poetry, sink, when weighted with the trammels of verse even by fingers dexterous as his, beneath prose to the level of serio-comic extravaganza.

Y. Y.

* I have since been informed by a dragoon just returned from India and Egypt that while Mr. Kipling's stories are highly appreciated in the barrack-room (my informant seemed well versed in most of them) the ballads are neglected. "What we sing are the latest songs out, and a few of the old things."

with emotion," but only throb with the mechanical beat of a high-pressure engine. I shed no tear—not once did I laugh—just now and then a smile at some brilliant flash of wit. The metres are well enough—often modelled on Mr. Swinburne's—but the words are too "cunningly ordered" to "tingle with life" in unsophisticated ears. Many of them I do not understand—the slang, the shibboleths of the forecastle and the barrack-room, the colonial phrases and allusions, not even all the archaic and far-fetched words which Mr. Kipling loves to revive. Sometimes the "cunning order" seems due to the exigencies of the "throbbing metre," and the result is obscurity and mystification. Alas, this straw avails not! The critic affords no ideas that I dare purloin and adapt.

There remain my careful notes on the several poems. The fire alone shall digest them. For what sincerity can harbour in the less or more of praise doled out to the details of a whole which one dislikes and deplores? Nothing seems left but to hold one's peace, or to hint very briefly—to lay down and substantiate them would require many pages—the grounds of my dissent from the main principles of this new school of poetry.

There is here no question as to those pieces in which Mr. Kipling adheres to orthodox poetical traditions, as in dignified lyrics like his "Dedication" and "Song of Battle," or in such brilliant *jeux d'esprit* as the "Neolithic Age" and the first half of the "Three-Decker," where he compares well with Hood and Praed. My remarks point only to those poems which exhibit most strongly his peculiar powers, tastes, and individuality.

Now, first, as to his spirit, his attitude to men and things as shown in his selection of subjects and the treatment thereof. Suppose we call it the Brutal-Human spirit, of course in no offensive sense. It seems to me that his peculiar province, the domain where he was first pioneer, and will long reign supreme, is the Brute-Man, or Man-Brute, whichever name you prefer. This to his praise—nay, to his supreme glory. For in all men the brute is a part, in many a large part, in some the whole. And to recognise, to teach, to convince, as he has done, that such men are not necessarily less worthy than dogs and horses, that the brute in man is, after all, a noble animal in its way—this is a solid service to morals and to literature. Mr. Bret Harte and his followers (among them Stevenson in his *Wrecker* and *Ebb Tide*) are scarcely rivals; they charmed but did not convince at all. Their Sentimental Ruffian (in whom I have but sparingly believed) is always a refined, sensitive gentleman by birth or by instinct, who has gone to the bad and got crusted over. Mr. Kipling's function is to cut down to the Natural Man through all disguises, and in his conscientious, sternly righteous surgery he rarely fails. But, as I feared long since, he is going and will go too far, carrying the public also with him. His marvellous pictures, so vivid, impressive, and convincing, must perforce tend to make us not only condone, but positively admire the lawless force, the furious passions, the sordid vulgarity, the wildly picturesque sins of the Brute-Man. When reading his greatest tales I felt this as much as you, and, like you, flattered myself by saying: "Away with squeamish prudery! This is honest; this is true; this is natural. Why be ashamed of it?" Were we quite sincere? Did not our enthusiasm savour of the decadence? When in our easy-chair we gloated over the murderous frays, the hellish frenzies and the mortal agonies, did not the down-turned thumbs of the Roman amphitheatre warn us? More I will not say. But just this much, that the Man which Mr. Kipling has revealed to us is but a part of Humanity—a fine, an interesting, a sympathetic part, but surely not the best part, nor that upon which it profits the multitude to dwell too fondly.

But the main point is this. Mr. Kipling's aims and methods being what they are, prose, not poetry, is his only fit vehicle—prose, which can express fully everything high and low, not poetry, which can only express a few things, though it expresses them exquisitely. Now, is it narrowing too strictly the definition of poetry to put comic and serio-comic songs and the whole music-hall minstrelsy outside the pale? Ought we even to admit satirical verses in the vernacular like the "Biglow Papers"? Or songs which, being aimed to catch the fancy and to be adopted by the vulgar for their pleas-

CAPTAIN JOHN

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John Codman.

A writer in "The Bookman" has been unb
ing himself on the subject of Mr. Kipling's
He observes that "in his glowing pictures
no deep humanity, no intelligence of obscure
and endurance, no ear for the clash of sp
armies." Here's richness! If there is one
more than another in which Kipling abound
sympathy with humanity. No other writer
tion in our day, unless it is Mr. Hardy,
clearer insight into the human heart tha
author of "The Man Who Was" or "Without
fit of Clergy." That he has "no ear for the
of spiritual armies," whatever that may m
interesting intelligence. He ought to turn
tention to the matter at once. It is absur
wasting time over the affairs of mere m
women, mere beings of flesh and blood
"spiritual armies" are waiting for their "cl
be recognized and celebrated. From th
writer it is learned that as a poet Kipling "i
but, we are asked solemnly, "is he si
It is the opinion of "The Bookman" tha
ling's is, "on the whole, brass band poetry
ing, but hard, noisy and tiresome." The au
this precious deliverance ought to read "T
Buoy," which Mr. Kipling has lately pri
"The Saturday Review." We wonder if he
find "hard, noisy and tiresome" stanzas lik

They christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he bears—
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I!

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard o' the bay,
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll—
My four great hammers ply—
Could I speak or be still at the Church's wh
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

I swoop and I surge and I swing
In the rip of the racing tide—
By the gates of doom I sing—
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound I bide
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I!

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Athenaeum Oct 4, 1890

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NEW BOOKS.

THE SEVEN SEAS.*

The *Seven Seas* is a garland of poems and songs more or less nautical, to which is hung a pendant of over a dozen new *Barrack-room Ballads*. I have examined it with wonder, reluctant admiration, repulsion, dismay. And, worse, I have promised to write about it—to write about admitted masterpieces which are utterly out of my line, which I can neither understand nor appreciate, which violate the literary principles which I hold most dear. How can I write with even justice—how write anything whatever to the purpose concerning works of genius which it is my wish and fixed intention always to ignore? One can be many-sided; to be every-sided is to be a mass of protoplasm or a humbug. I feel—I almost know—that my first principles are right; but I own that when they are outraged, some chemical process takes place—some effervescence, ebullition, or what not—and a mist of indifference or even prejudice is evolved to blind me to the real merits of the subject under analysis. To be perfectly catholic one must believe everything a little, but nothing very much. One critic is born a Catholic; another a Protestant. Each are useful beacons in their way: the one a steady reflector, too often, perhaps, a revolving light; the other an intermittent flash, which at least serves to measure the darkness. Prejudice is, of course, highly reprehensible, but, after all, is not without its sweet uses. No doubt if we have strong and solid reasons for disliking a work, we ought to stifle that dislike and try to take a proper interest, to put ourself in the author's place, to look out for beauties, to keep our noses against the grindstone until we feel a pleasurable friction, and so on; but we don't—and won't. Not in literature only—in everything. Thus, machinery—I admit it as an ugly, wholesome fact, but ignore it all I can. To this day I have contrived to remain blessedly ignorant of how the steam works the engine. This is prejudice, but surely harmless; for what concern have I in machines? Why should I admire them against the grain? You lure me down into the engine-room. You explain, you expatiate. I smile, I nod, I compliment, I even put in an intelligent inquiry—for courtesy makes hypocrites of us all; and you think I am vastly interested. But I am not even listening. Furtively closing my eyes against the stupid, shuddering, slavish cranks, and my nostrils against the smell, the smell, the hateful, modern, utilitarian, economically defensible smell, I muse upon white decks and pitchy fragrances, and saffron skies fretted by the slender spars and diaper cordage of the good ships of old.

Well, all this is something more than illustration, and comes near to being an allegory. For what I say to the mechanical enthusiast I would say to Mr. Kipling, if I dared. His earlier prose works, down to *Many Inventions*, I studied with enthusiasm and eulogised in many columns. Of his later prose I have read nothing; of his poetry but a few fragments. And now I find it just what I feared—as clever, as powerful, as utterly inadmissible, beyond my comprehension and remote from my sympathies. Others are more fortunate. Among the appended advertisements I seem to catch at a straw. "The *Barrack-room Ballads*," says a critic, "teem with imagination, they palpitate with emotion. We read them with laughter and tears; the metres throb in our pulses, the cunningly ordered words tingle with life; and if this be not poetry, what is?" What is? Why, merely all the poetry of all the great poets—the poets whose themes, whose treatment, and whose language were all entirely poetical. With more point might we ask, If the poetry from Homer downward which universal criticism has sanctioned be really poetry, what then is this new school of blood and iron, of slang and profanity? The New Poetry is no more poetry than the New Woman is a woman, or New Caledonia a land o' cakes. It leaves me strangely indifferent. Granted that it "teems with imagination," often grandiose and rich, sometimes, alas, undisciplined and extravagant, I cannot hear it "palpitate

* The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 50.

McClure March / 1897

A NOTE ON SKIPPER IRESON BY CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN.

In the January number of this magazine, Rudyard Kipling gives us the true story of "Flood Ireson." It is concisely as I had heard it from an old Marblehead mate long before Whittier's poem was published. The poet had probably not come to the knowledge of anything but the old version which he put into rhyme. That story was that Skipper Ireson was returning from the Banks with a full fare when he passed a capsized schooner with the crew clinging to her bottom, and inhumanly left them to their fate. They were, however, afterwards taken off by another vessel, and on their arrival in port reported the incident, and then Ireson's indignant fellow-townsmen tarred and feathered him, and put him on a rail stretched fore and aft in a dory that was mounted on wheels. The women dragged him through the streets and over to Salem while he was made to sing this dialect song:

> Oi, Flood Oierson, for tellin' a loi
> Was torred and feathered above my oi.
>
> Oi, Flood Oierson, for leavin' a wrack
> Was torred and feathered all over my back.
>
> Oi, Flood Oierson, for my hord hort
> Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a cort.
>
> Oi, Flood Oierson, in all my glory,
> Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a dory.

Bearing in mind the story of my old mate, when the poem appeared I went down to Marblehead and called upon Captain Sam Fabens, who is still living there, and got from him and other old inhabitants, somewhat more fully, the story as related by Kipling. They said it was all true about the tarring and feathering and the song, but that the women took no part in the outrage. The truth was, they said, that Ireson desired to take off the shipwrecked crew, but that his men, who were sailing on shares, were in a hurry to get into port and to forestall the market. When the shipwrecked crew afterwards arrived and told the tale of their being deserted, Ireson's crew laid it to his charge, and as there was the testimony of a dozen to one, they were believed with the readiness that sailors' evidence is often credited in the courts. A notable instance of this has lately transpired in the case of the "Herbert Fuller." From the day of his cruel persecution poor Ireson was hated and despised in Marblehead, deprived of his position, and forced to eke out a scanty living by fishing in a small boat and digging clams till the time of his death. It was after that, and when it was too late to be of service to him, that the conscience-stricken sailors, as their own end drew nigh, made confessions that completely exonerated him. The Rev. Mr. Brooks (if I remember his name aright) of the town made researches similar to mine, and gave them to the public. The Rev. Dr. Chadwick of Brooklyn, a Marblehead man himself, also corroborated him. I am not sure whether one or both of them called Mr. Whittier's attention to the matter. I addressed him a letter begging him either to exclude the poem from the future editions of his works, or to append a note of explanation to it. I sincerely hope that he did not get the letter. At any rate, no attention was paid to it. As Kipling says, "'twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, and 'tweren't fair." I am mindful of the maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But Whittier should have been mindful of it, too. It is not too late to make the correction. His works will be published and republished for generations yet to come, and I cannot but think it the duty of the publishers to satisfy themselves of the error into which the poet has fallen, and in justice to his memory, as well as to that of Skipper Ireson, in their future editions to add a few lines of truthful prose to the imaginary tale he has so dramatically set forth.

JOHN CODMAN.

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Critic Oct 23/97

Mr. Kipling on Newfoundland

MR. BECKLES WILLSON prefixes to his book on Newfoundland, "The Tenth Island" (London: Grant Richards), this interesting letter from Mr. Kipling:—

"NORTH END HOUSE, ROTTINGDEAN.

"DEAR SIR: What can I say in reply to your letter of the 13th, except that it is rather a large order to compress allusions to the whole of our empire into two hundred lines of alleged verse? And when it comes to my sins of omission—well, I ought to have included Perth, West Australia, Dunedin of the Southern Island, N. Z., the West Indies, and a few other places.

"But, indeed, I am not unmindful of Newfoundland. Perhaps I may know more about it than you think; and certainly no man in his senses ever doubted the loyalty of the senior colony. We can leave that, I think, to the Yankees, who seem to take comfort from inventing curious fictions of that nature.

"However, when and if there is another edition of my verses, I will do my best to put in Newfoundland's voice also, but the task is not a pleasant one. If I leave out all reference, I am taxed with 'injustice.' If I make a pointed reference, as I did in 'Our Lady of the Snows,' I am, to put it mildly, supposed to be scaring away immigrants by misrepresenting the climate of the Dominion.

"But we will make a bargain. I will put in a four-line verse among 'The Song of the Cities,' if you, on your part, will drop, and influence other people to drop, allusions to the 'loyalty' of the 'colonies.' In the first place, I dislike the word 'colonies,' and if you look through my verses you will find I very seldom use it. It is out of date and misleading, besides being provincial. In the second place, there is no need to talk of 'loyalty' among white men—that is to say, races speaking the English tongue, with a high birth rate and a low murder rate, living quietly under laws which are neither bought nor sold. That is one of the things we all take for granted—because the Empire is Us—We ourselves, and for the white man to explain that he is loyal is about as unnecessary as for a respectable woman to volunteer the fact that she is chaste.

"Like yourself, I am a colonial in that I was born in Bombay, but it has never occurred to me to say that I am 'loyal,' because, like you, I am a white man, and—one can't step out of one's skin.

"Very sincerely yours,
"RUDYARD KIPLING."

Critic Number 818

Mr. J. W. Bonton announces a second edition of "The Private Library: What we Do Know, What we Don't Know, What we Ought to Know about our Books," by Arthur L. Humphreys.

The English *édition de luxe* of Kipling's works, though not yet published, has risen in value from six to nine guineas. Meanwhile, says *The Academy*, the early editions command high prices. "We observe that Mr. Karslake, of the Charing Cross-road, asks for 'Wee Willie Winkie' in its first edition and wrapper, 2*l.* 2*s.* A similar copy recently fetched 2*l.* 14*s.* The first edition of 'The Barrack-Room Ballads,' uncut, is valued at 1*l.* 5*s.*, and the first edition of the 'Second Jungle Book at 9*s.* These prices quite outshine those obtainable for first editions of R. L. Stevenson's works. 'Across the Plains,' 10*s.*; 'Ballads,' 10*s.* 6*d.*; 'The Ebb Tide, 1*l.* 1*s.*; 'The Black Arrow, 10*s.* 6*d.*—such are the prices asked for uncut first editions of these books."

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Kipling's Dislike For Americans.

In a recently published letter to a citizen of Newfoundland, Rudyard Kipling says that there is no question of the loyalty to the British Empire of all white men "speaking the English tongue, with a high birth rate and a low murder rate, living quietly under laws which are neither bought nor sold." The meaning of this is too plain to be mistaken. It is equivalent to saying that in the United States, where most of the white men speaking the English tongue live, there is a high murder rate, a low birth rate, and a population living restlessly under laws which are bought and sold.

Mr. Kipling is a genius of the first rank, and whatever he may say of this country cannot alter that fact or obscure his fame; but for a man who lived for years in the United States, who still owns a home here, where his wife was born and grew to womanhood, and who has been praised, admired, and enriched without stint by American readers, his attitude toward this country is singularly ugly. The young Anglo-Indian author's dislike of Americans seems to be in inverse ratio to the sale of his works in this country and the pleasant things which have been said and printed about him by Americans.

Something must have gone mightily against the Kipling grain while he lived in the United States. A bad case of brother-in-law is known to [illegible]. Perhaps that was not the [illegible] facts.

CHIEF OF THE HARAS.

Rao Raja Bishen Singh Was Every Inch a Rajput.

HIS WAS "THE LAST SUTTEE."

THE REALITY OF THE FAMOUS POEM BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

SONG OF THE "BOONDI QUEEN."

HER HOME IN A ROADLESS LAND OF HILLS AND FOREST.

She Came From the Stock Represented by the Present Chief—A King Who Was a Despot in His Little Empire.

In his poem "The Last Suttee" Rudyard Kipling has sung of the "Boondi Queen," who hungered for "the death she might not share," on the funeral pyre of her deceased lord because it had been interdicted by the great sirkar. He has also described in prose, from a personal visit, the wild beauty of the home of her birth in a roadless land of hills and forests. She came of the stock represented by the late and present chiefs. Go back one generation farther and you find that the little boy's great-grandfather was the Rao Raja Bishen Singh, who joined hands with the British power in 1817, when Bundi was in sore straits, for the Mahratta flag waved in ulson with her own within the walls of the capital, while the revenues collected scarcely afforded the means of personal protection to its prince. He had been described thus:

"He was an honest man and every inch a Rajput. Under an unpolished exterior he concealed an excellent heart and an energetic soul; he was by no means deficient in understanding and possessed a thorough knowledge of his own interests. When the Mahrattas gradually curtailed his revenues and circumscribed his power and comforts he seemed to delight in showing how easily he could dispense with unessential enjoyments and found in the chase the only stimulus befitting a Rajput."

A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

He would bivouac for days in the lion's lair, nor quit the scene until he had circumvented the forest's king, the only prey he deemed worty of his skill. He had slain upward of 100 lions (there are no lions in Bundi to-day) with his own hand, besides many tigers and boars innumerable had been victims to his lance. In this noble pastime not exempt from danger, and pleasurable in proportion to the toil, he had a limb broken, which crippled him for life, and shortened his stature, previously below the common standard. But when he mounted his steed and waved his lance over his head, there was a masculine vigor and dignity which at once evinced that Bishen Singh would have wielded his weapon as worthily in our cause as did his glorious ancestors for Jehangir or Shal Allum.

He was somewhat despotic in his own little empire, knowing that fear is a necessary incentive to respect in the governed, more especially among the civil servants of his government. The raja had a reserve fund, to which his chancellor of the exchequer was required to add a hundred rupees daily, and whatever plea the minister might advance for the neglect of other duties, on this point none would be listened to, or the appeal to Indraject was threatened. "The conqueror of Indra' was no superior divinity, but a shoe of superhuman size suspended from a peg, where a more classic prince would have exhibited his rod of empire. But he reserved this for his barons, and the shoe thus misnamed was the humiliating corrective for an offending minister.

ADMIRED BY BRITISH OFFICERS.

His son, the Rao Raja Ram Singh, who succeeded to the gadi in 1821, was wont in the last year of his life, 1888, to pride himself in having reigned longer than any sovereign, past or present. He preferred transit duties and fixed tariffs to free trade and metaled roads, and was blind to the advantages of schools, vaccination, and other paraphernalia of modern civilization. The Rajput, who swears by sword and shield, time-honored emblems of his race and faith, together with the few British officers who had an opportunity of knowing this old chief of the Haras, who never left his kingdom, nor wished to make it accessible to strangers, still hold in respect and admiration his manly character and frank sincerity.—London Sketch.

POET OF [illegible]

Some of Kipling's Critics.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Having read the letters concerning Rudyard Kipling by Whidden Graham, William Ward Crane, and "A 'Good Lady'" in THE SATURDAY REVIEW, it has occurred to me that some light may be thrown on the subjects discussed by reference to the preface of the "Outward Bound" edition. The ideas brought forward by Mr. Graham are very interesting and worthy of consideration. It is a truism that every man has the right to criticise every other man, but it should be remembered that every man has a right to his own point of view. Says Mr. Kipling to the skipper of his new ship, (the "Outward Bound edition:)

"Answer questions as to the sun, moon, and stars openly, according to the custom of the sea; for we find our way thereon only by the lights of God, the refuge of terminations which are common to all. It is not needed to show strangers our charts, for these be of man's making, and each must prick his own for himself."

Mr. Crane has called our attention to a grave fault of the present day, our proneness to rush into extremes of feeling often without due knowledge and without serious consideration. We may not feel, perhaps, that we wish Rudyard Kipling placed as an equal in the select company of favorites mentioned at the end of his letter—but this is beside the mark.

The "Good Lady" may be referred to the following passage from the preface. [Mr. Kipling speaks of his writings as "the cargo" of the ship.]

"Remember, too, that many of the cloths are double and treble-figured, giving a new pattern in a shift of light. Some are best seen in full sun, others under a lamp, and a few are only good to be used in dark places where they were made. The women should know this."

I must add that it seems to me that if the "Good Lady" has studied Mr. Kipling's work carefully, she has not been successful in reaching a just or a clear conception of his standpoint. His endeavor is always for truth—to "draw the thing as he sees it." When he shows vice he does so honestly; often with its antecedents and its consequences. He wishes to give an account of mankind in writing as accurate and strong as a great machine. He gives this dramatically from the standpoint of the men and women he portrays, and by no means personally "indorses the sentiments" of those characters whose minds and hearts he shows us.

Let us remember the great word of Emerson: "He serves all who dares be true."

SARA KING WILEY.

East Orange, N. J., June 3, 1899.

N.Y. Times June 8/99

THE TEN BEST POEMS.

The Ten Short Poems.

An interesting though perplexing task for the fancy of erudition is here proposed:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: Will you please name the best ten short poems in the English language? H. D."

Before the choice is attempted, we must agree what poem is short. Compared with the great epics, Comus and Sohrab and Rustum are short. Compared with the latter, Lycidas and the Pied Piper are short. If these four were eligible they would have to be among the ten. L'Allegro and Blenheim are shorter still. But interpreting our correspondent's wishes by his words, we will choose from the truly short only. In so doing, it will be well to say that, to prevent the list from being swamped by SHAKESPEARE or MILTON, we will take but one poem from each. Again, that one will be chosen somewhat arbitrarily, without prejudice to its rivals. With these preliminary explanations we venture upon selection:

Sonnet:	Sonnet:
"When in Disgrace," SHAKESPEARE	"When I Consider," MILTON
Bannockburn.....BURNS	Hohenlinden...CAMPBELL
The Tiger.....BLAKE	Brahma.....EMERSON
Pibroch of Donald Dhu, SCOTT	At the Church Gate, THACKERAY
Bugle Song....TENNYSON	Gunga Din.....KIPLING

The list of others, running from more unalloyed sentiment to more intense and purely distilled poesy, is by no means brief. But looking among the short poems bearing the divine stamp of poetic genius, for the vivid, the picturesque, the lyrically complete, the intellectually impressive, and the passionately inspiring, the ten given above are certainly very powerful claimants for their places. And what a marvellous lot they are!

The following are the poems recently selected by the New York Sun as the "best ten short poems" in the language:

WHEN IN DISGRACE.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—William Shakespeare.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide:
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—John Milton.

BANNOCK-BURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Let the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

—Robert Burns.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—Thomas Campbell.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Oftimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming.
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming; she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes, she's here, she's past!
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil!
Come away, come away;
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

—Sir Walter Scott.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunshine are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahman sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me and turn thy back on heaven.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart:
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—William Blake.

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

Oh, hark; oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!

—Alfred Tennyson.

GUNGA DIN.

(The bhisti, or water carrier, attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants. He is also appreciated by the men.)

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the blomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.
He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippy hitherao!
Water, get it! Panee lao!
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"
The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.

'E would dot an 'carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waltin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide,
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

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

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone,
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din!

—Rudyard Kipling.

KIPLING SUES ELBERT G. HUBBARD.

THERE was filed in the United States Circuit Court at Utica, N. Y., on the 15th inst., the complaint in a suit brought by Rudyard Kipling and his publishers, D. Appleton & Co., against Elbert G. Hubbard, of East Aurora, Erie County. The complaint recites that Kipling is an English subject; that he is an author, carrying on the business of writing books, comprising tales, sketches, ballads, verse, and other literary compositions, and that he has been fifteen years in such business, schooling himself in the requirements of his said business and in acquiring and developing a style of composition peculiar to himself.

In or about 1892, the complaint goes on to recite, Kipling collected a number of his verses and ballads, corrected and revised them, adding thereto a number of new verses and ballads, and published the collection under the name "Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads," Macmillan & Co. doing the publishing. Macmillan & Co. duly copyrighted the book.

In 1893 Kipling again revised "Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads" and added other verses, and on March 29 last The Macmillan Co. sold and delivered to Kipling all of the plates, stock, etc., of the above-mentioned work. The complaint alleges that Elbert G. Hubbard, the defendant, who is a printer, and manager of the Roycroft Press, published Kipling's "Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads," "The Seven Seas," "The Last Chanty," "The Dipsy Chanty and Other Selected Poems," despite the copyright on the work, now held by D. Appleton & Co.

Kipling, through his counsel, asks for a writ of *subpœna ad respondum*. The trial of the action will occur in Utica within a short time.

The suits which Kipling has already brought against American publishers are but the beginning of an attempt on his part to suppress as far as possible the wholesale piracy to which his writings and rights are subjected. His attorney, therefore, has entered into an attempt to suppress the abuse, first by persuasion, next, if the apparently offending publishers will not be persuaded, by recourse to law. It is conceded by those into whose hands Kipling's interest in this respect has been placed that there may be a large number of suits brought in all parts of the country. Many of the persons addressed have agreed to discontinue their alleged infringements without the compulsion of the laws, suits against others are pending, correspondence with others is in progress, and some have as yet received no attention.

gratitude of posterity; for in their company we have heard tales and seen sights to make us laugh, to make us weep, to set our pulses beating and our hearts throbbing, to bring before us in living reality some of the manifold phases of a life of which we knew nothing.

It is as a short-story writer that Kipling is pre-eminent. In this multitude of short stories the uniform degree of excellence is astonishing. All are good; some are better; some are best—as to the latter no two critics agree *in toto*. From the flirtatiousness of "The Rescue of Pluffles" to the tragedy of "Thrown Away," the grim pathos of "The Man Who Was," or the gripping horror of "At the End of the Passage," there is a wide field in which to choose, were choice possible. But it is not; the only thing is to read them all and be duly thankful.

"The Light that Failed," Kipling's first novel, is presented in the Macmillan edition—its final shape—without the orthodox "happy ending" that marred the first edition. It is now, we are told, given as it was originally planned by its writer, and it is immeasurably the gainer thereby, although the bitter sadness of the tale is fairly haunting in its intensity. In "The Light that Failed," as in "The Naulahka," written in conjunction with Wolcott Balestier, Kipling has not reached his highest level; but both books bear his impress and abound in brilliant touches and striking episodes—witness the scenes following Heldar's blindness, his ride to his death across the desert, and Tarvin's night journey to the Gye Mukh, in "The Naulahka."

Of Kipling as a poet it is impossible to speak; for if there are no limits to time there are definite limits to space. Suffice it to say that his verse is as good, if not better, than his prose. He is a born balladist. Whether he gives us light songs of fun and flirtation, rhymes of cynical philosophy, or ballads that stir one's blood, his verse has ever a lilt and a swing that mark it as his own. Let those who doubt his claim to the laurel read "The Song of the Women," "Christmas in India," "Danny Deever," "Mandalay," "The Ballad of East and West," "The King's Jest," and that beautiful conception, "Evarra."

The many phases of the art of Rudyard Kipling cannot be appreciated in a cursory reading of one or two of his tales. Of the many whom they have reached, comparatively few have fully realized the knowledge, the brilliancy, the comprehension of life, the swift sureness of thought that are there revealed. Those who have done so need no critic to set forth his merits or demerits. To those who have never felt his spell we would say that in his company they may, if they will, pass golden hours and learn much that it is good for man to know.—H. E. H.

The Literary News.

An Eclectic Monthly Review of Current Literature.

EDITED BY A. H. LEYPOLDT.

JULY, 1895.

THE ART OF RUDYARD KIPLING.*

Some six years since, there appeared in India "a sort of book, a long 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," in which were gathered a sheaf of verses that had from time to time filled an odd corner in one of the Indian journals. Thus were "Departmental Ditties" born into the world, precursors of the astonishing array of stories and lyrics that are now set before us as the "complete works" of a man who half a dozen years ago was absolutely unknown in literature.

When a writer has attained the dignity of a "new, uniform edition" it may be taken for granted that he is no longer "new"—he has won his spurs and proved himself an accepted knight of the pen. The rapidity with which Mr. Kipling has attained this dignity, the very swiftness and brilliancy of his literary career, have detracted from a just estimate of his work. He has dazzled the eyes of the public, and the public while it enjoys the new sensation, dislikes to take such dazzlement seriously, as something more than a device for its temporary amusement.

Now, the art of Rudyard Kipling, to be judged fairly, must be taken seriously. He is no retailer of marvels and horrors; no juggler with scenes made to "take"—as some have said. Still less is he bound by the canons and traditions of his art. But he is, in the judgment of those who have followed his work from its beginning, one of the great writers of these our own days; a writer who, if he never produced another line, could rest enduring claims to fame upon these six volumes of his "prose tales," and the three others not included in the "new uniform edition"—the "Ballads," "Many Inventions" and the "Jungle Book."

To know his spell fully the reader must be long to that company of fortunate people who have not lost their faith in romance, and who believe that all things in heaven and earth are not yet known to our philosophy. For Romance is a true goddess, and Rudyard Kipling is one of her anointed. In the face of this statement it seems paradoxical to say that the dominant quality of Kipling's work is its reality. But it is the reality of true romance—not the realism of fiction—the absolute, quiet certainty that these things have happened, and that they must have happened and could have happened in no other way than that set forth by the romancer. Kipling's readers may wonder at his tales; they cannot doubt. His highest art is the absolute verisimilitude with which he invests the weird and the marvellous. "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" to the city of the living dead; the horrors of the contest with the Silver Man, in "The Mark of the Beast"; the supernatural mystery of "At the End of the Passage" and "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," these and many more fairly take away one's breath with their daring and their strangeness; yet they bear the unmistakable stamp of verity. We dismiss our reason, and simply say, "I know that these things happened."

Equalling, perhaps surpassing, this faculty of making fiction fact, is the knowledge of human nature that pervades Kipling's books. The secret of this knowledge is not far to seek. He gives it to us when he says:

> "I have eaten your bread and salt,
> I have drunk your water and wine,
> The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
> And the lives that ye led were mine.
>
> "Was there aught that I did not share,
> In vigil or toil or ease,
> One joy or woe that I did not know,
> Dear hearts across the seas?"

It is just that. He has known them all—the joy and ease, the vigil, toil and woe; and with that knowledge he can say, "God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men." And he shows us men indeed. Men neither all good, nor all bad; but very human. Men strong, yet weak; fiercely brave, yet subject to wild fears; capable of sublime self-sacrifice, and of utter failure. Throughout his books there come again and again glimpses of his knowledge of and insight into the springs of human action. Take the

* New uniform edition of the prose tales of Rudyard Kipling. 6 vols. 1. Plain Tales from the Hills; 2. Life's Handicap, being Stories of Mine Own People; 3. Soldiers Three, The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White; . Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie; 5. The Light that Failed; 6. The Naulahka, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. *Also* Ballads and Barrack-room Ballads. (New York: Macmillan. $1.25 per vol.)

Rudyard Kipling's Works. *Authorized Royalty Edition.* Uniformly bound in 7 vols. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, per vol., $1.25. V. 1, Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads and other verses.—2, Plain Tales from the Hills.—3, Soldiers Three and In Black and White.—4, The Phantom Rickshaw and Wee Willie Winkie.—5, The Light That Failed.—6, Story of the Gadsbys, and Under the Deodars.—7, Mine Own People, including The Courting of Dinah Shadd, etc. With a critical introduction by Henry James. (Lovell, Coryell.)

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awful night when Dick Heldar wrestles with his blindness in "The Light that Failed"; or the scene in "Thrown Away," where the grim deception is evolved that shall screen the memory of The Boy from shame; or, in a less degree, the scene where Aurelius McGoggin, stricken with aphasia, says blindly: "But I can't understand it. I am quite sane; but I can't be sure of my own mind, it seems—my *own* memory. I can't understand it—it was my *own* mind and memory!" Perhaps in none of his tales is this knowledge of mankind better shown than in "The Story of the Gadsbys." In the eight short scenes, of less than a dozen pages each, that make up the story, we have love, life, the shadow of death, joy, despair, the sadness of failure, compressed, as it were, into an absolute "human document." "The Story of the Gadsbys" has never won approval in Philistia; but it is Life, as life is lived.

Woman does not rank with man in Kipling's tales, for the reason, frankly acknowledged, that he knows little of her. The few women that he has given us are perfect of their type; but the type, though a large one, is by no means the noblest. It is the type of which Mrs. Hauksbee is the representative at one end of the line and Maisie—the shallow, utterly selfish heroine of "The Light that Failed"—at the other. To be sure, we have Minnie Threegan, who might have developed into a woman's woman; and Ameera, the sweet and truly lovely heroine of "Without Benefit of Clergy,"—one of the most perfect of pathetic histories.

Mr. Kipling gives us not only real tales of real men and women, but he gives them to us in English that is a joy and a revelation. His work is never marred by sloppiness or carelessness of finish. His tales are made up of crystallized sentences that in their turn are composed of words chosen and fitted as are the stones for a mosaics. Yet the whole effect is so simple that it is delusive. He does not tell the story; the story tells itself, in lightning-flash phrases that pass from the mind, leaving in their place a picture. Take the brief sentence describing the thunder-storm in "False Dawn":

"The wind seemed to be picking up the earth and pitching it to leeward in great heaps; and the heat beat up from the ground like the heat of the Day of Judgment."

Could anything be more effective, or more simple—at first sight?

Of his humor it is superfluous to speak. It is conceded that the literature of mirth is permanently enriched by such stories as "The Taking of Lungtungpen," "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" and "My Lord the Elephant"—tales that are unsurpassed for fun, for *verve* and force; while there are few of his stories that are not lightened by gleams of dry, quaint humor, sometimes so blended with grim tragedy as to be awesome to a degree.

Pessimism is the fault most frequently charged to Kipling; and in a measure justly. His cynicism and pessimism are the expression of a strong nature, alive with sympathy for and understanding of suffering, and feeling its impotence to set right a world that is out of joint. He sees too clearly the seamy side of life—the failures, the heartaches, the unfulfilled hopes and the daily struggles—and he finds no remedy. The fatalism of the East has laid its spell upon him. He can but say "Kismet." Life must be lived; only a craven will shirk its duties and its responsibilities; but the battle must be fought sternly alone, with the blind hope that if there be a Divinity that shapes our ends It will pity and understand. As was to be expected, Kipling is essentially a man's man. Few women care for him or appreciate him. His virility, his pessimism, his lack of any "doxy," his calm disregard of convention, set him without the pale of feminine approval. His men are too profane; his women too fond of admiration, and with him love is but one of the many emotions of life.

It is impossible within the limits of this sketch even to touch upon the distinctive features of Kipling's individual works. They may be roughly grouped into soldier stories, stories of Anglo-Indian society life, stories of native life, novels, ballads, beast stories, and miscellaneous tales. Of these, the soldier stories have won the most immediate fame, as was inevitable from their entire freshness and novelty. "Soldiers Three" accomplished that amazing feat, the opening of a *new* vein in fiction. There is no question that the "Three Musketeers" of "the Widdy" have won immortality as surely as did their forerunners who served in past centuries under His Majesty of France. Learoyd, the impassive; Ortheris, the irrepressible; Mulvaney—inimitable, never-to-be-forgotten "Krishna Mulvaney"—to know them is to love them, and to admit them into immediate and intimate friendship. Thomas Atkins is no longer a machine in a red uniform—he is a man and a brother. Let him speak for himself:

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

If Mr. Kipling had done no more than create "Soldiers Three" he would have earned the

McClure Sept 1897

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

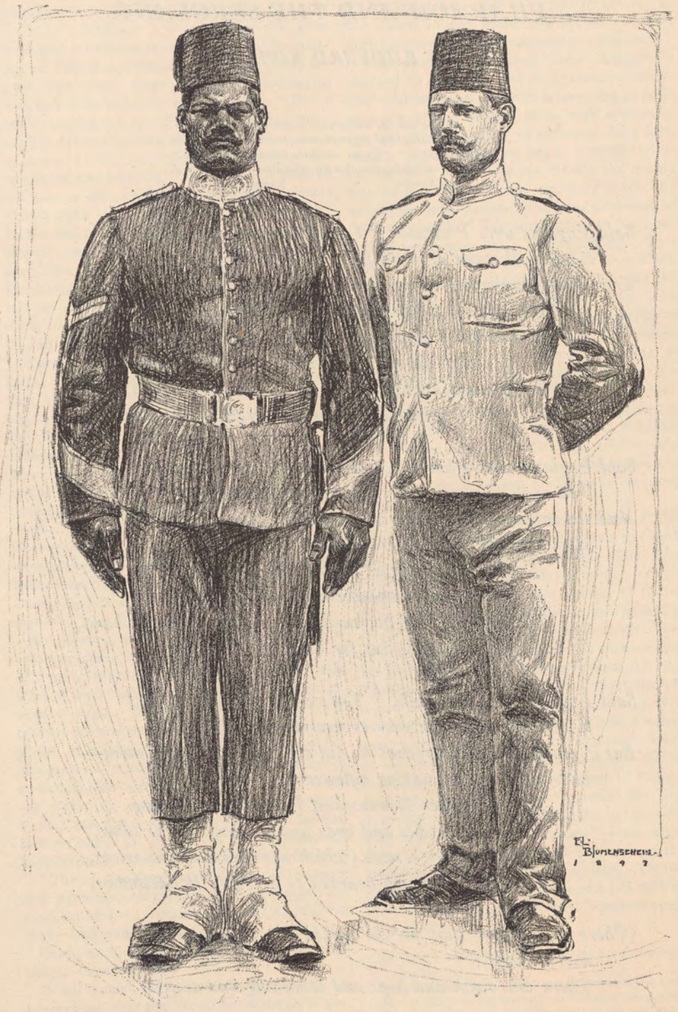
. . consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive. *Extract from letter.*

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do."
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.
It was not a Duke nor Earl nor yet a Viscount—
It was not a big brass General that came;
But a man in khaki *kit who could handle men a bit,*
With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Tho' at present singing small,
You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
And left 'em in the desert making friends.
It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral,
It was not a public house of common fame,
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles before,
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you something more—
He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptic;
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),
And Pharaoh hearked to Sergeant Whatisname.

(There were years that no one talked of: there were times of horrid doubt;
There was faith and hope and whacking and despair;



While the Sergeant gave the Cautions, and he combed old Pharaoh out,
And England didn't look to know nor care.
That is England's awful way o' doing business;
She would serve her God or Gordon just the same;
For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Holborn Hill,
And she didn't think o' Sergeant Whatisname.)

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my people go!"
(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start)
And they entered 'em at Firkeh on a most astonished foe—
But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart
That was broke, along of all the plagues of Egypt,
Three thousand years before the Sergeant came—
And he mended it again in a little more than ten,
So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatisname!

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was cholera and thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.
Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land of his desire,
And his Moses it was Sergeant Whatisname!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily bread,
Which we have to buy from those that hate us most,
And we must not raise the money where the Sergeant raised the dead,
And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast;
But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he made a mummy fight,
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and Instructor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same!

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A MAN FIGHTS BEST IN HIS OWN TOWNSH

By Robert Barr,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

UNDER the hot sun Tom Stover rode slowly across the Texas plains towards the collection of shanties which he saw ahead of him, some miles away. He meditated deeply as he rode, for he was on the eve of a momentous enterprise. As he approached the group of buildings they resolved themselves into items; first, a long, low, wooden building that served at once for freight shed, telegraph office, and station house of Chapman's Junction; next to it on the east was a shanty with a stovepipe sticking through the board roof, where Peters, the station agent, lived. On the other side, near the track, were fenced-in enclosures, all whitewashed, with slatted, inclined planes up which the cattle traveled to be wedged side by side in the stock cars of the trains going East.

Tom tied his horse to the topmost rail of the whitewashed enclosure, and walked up the steps to the broad platform that surrounded the station building.

The station was on the south side of the straight track, the two converging steel rails of which, like lines without a turning drawn on the level plain of Texas, disappeared into the eastern horizon on the one hand and into the western horizon on the other. The overhanging eave of the northern side of the building threw a grateful shade upon the broad platform, and in that shade, upon a chair tilted back against the side of the house, his heels on the lower rungs of the chair, his back resting against the wall, sat a man with his broad-brimmed hat drawn over his eyes, apparently sound asleep. His slumber was guarded by the outstretched arms of the red signal boards: one to the east and one to the west of him, up and down the iron lines.

"Hallo, Peters!" shouted Stover. "You are a hard-worked laboring man."

Peters slowly shoved the brim of his slouched hat back from his brow and stared up at the interloper.

"Hallo, Tom!" was all he said; then he tilted his chair down on its four legs again, rose, and stretched himself, after which he offered his hand to the

comer.

"Say, Peters, you haven't another about the place, have you? I want down and have a talk with you."

"No," replied Peters. "There another chair within ten miles, I g but there's a box in the telegraph that'll do just as well; so you sit do my chair and fire away. I've got thing a mighty sight more practical chairs, and that is a bottle of good tucky."

"Now, you're shouting," rejoined with undisguised glee. "Some might think it a little too hot for dr whisky, but I can stand it if you can

"Oh," said the station master, tone of authority, "that's one th like about whisky, it suits any clima

Saying which, he dragged a squar out of the telegraph office and sat upon it, after handing the bottle o Tom, who took a pull, wiped the mo the bottle on his coat sleeve, and it solemnly back to the station m who, echoing his sentiment, "Her you," turned the bottom of the toward the clear Texan sky. "Well, Peters, setting the bottle down an distance between them, "I'm might you came in. I was getting a bit some."

"I should think," said Tom, "thi ing you are station master and tele operator and switch tender and f shover, all in one, you would have e to do to keep you awake at least."

"Well, I haven't," said Peters. see, with about one train in twent hours, for the night express doesn't there isn't much excitement aroun junction; in fact, Chapman's Ju isn't even a junction, because the lin surveyed from here was never put thr on account of the panic coming on. then the city those speculators stak —well, there's some of the stakes and that's about all. No—there much excitement round here."

"That's so," admitted Tom; "a

THE QUESTION OF THE LAUREATE.

Up to the present moment of writing, no announcement has yet been made in England of the appointment of a successor to Lord Tennyson. Possibly by the time that these lines are read, the question may have been finally disposed of, for it is generally believed that Lord Salisbury will deem it expedient to reach a decision before the wedding of the Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark, in order that the event may not pass without the customary tribute from a Poet Laureate. However this may be, and whether or not the matter is already *res adiudicata*, it may be of some interest briefly to consider the question of the laureateship from the American point of view.

It will, of course, at once be said that an expression of opinion by Americans is a purely gratuitous thing, verging, perhaps, upon impertinence; and that because the office of Poet Laureate is a purely English creation, a post held by direct appointment from the English crown, the question of its disposal is of direct interest to Englishmen alone, just as an election to the French Academy is a matter with which none but Frenchmen have any immediate concern. But this is precisely the question which it is proper at the present time to discuss; and it is possible that a little consideration may justify an American, even in the eyes of Englishmen, in expressing not only a deep concern but a strong opinion regarding the decision that may be ultimately reached.

From the time when Berdic was described in the Domesday Book as "Joculator Regis," and when one Ruherus or Roger was "king's minstrel" to Henry I., down to the appointment of Tennyson as Poet Laureate to the present Queen in 1850, a claim on the part of quasi-foreigners to be consulted in the choice might well have seemed absurd; but the recent growth in England of the imperial idea has radically altered the attitude of all except the "Little Englanders" toward their kindred beyond the seas. Certain striking facts ought carefully to be considered. One of these facts is the remarkable expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race in every quarter of the earth. That race to-day numbers fully 130,000,000 souls, of whom only 40,000,000, or less than one third, are inhabitants of the British Islands. Now, while the Poet Laureate is in a narrow sense only the "king's minstrel," as in the days of William Rufus, he is in a broader sense the laureate of the whole English-speaking world, the master-singer to whom more than a hundred million men and women cheerfully accord the poetical headship of their race. This splendid honour was never disputed in the case of Tennyson; and not only Englishmen, but Americans, Canadians, Australians, Anglo-Indians, and the dwellers at the Cape all hailed the appearance of each of his magnificent bursts of song as the common glory of their mother-tongue. To-day the feeling of unity, which was once only a vague and intangible sentiment, is growing stronger and taking more definite shape and form; and of those who appeal to it with the greatest fervour, the conservative English are the foremost. A league of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is to-day the dream of many of the ablest statesmen of Great Britain; it forms the theme of innumerable discussions in the English press, and not a week passes without some expression of this strong desire. Perhaps the hope has become more strenuous in the past year, since the strange events that lately startled the Western world, when Japan dropped the mask and revealed the presence of a great power looming up in the Orient—a power with sentiments and traditions wholly alien to our own, and combining the science and discipline of the West with the ferocity and cunning of the East. Only a few years ago Lord Wolseley wrote with deep conviction of the potential menace to Christian civilisation which he detected in the huge, disorganised, but incalculable power of the Chinese Empire. Recent events have minimised this danger, in the form he dreaded; but it is the form alone that is changed. A revivified China, with its swarming millions organised, armed, and directed by the quick-witted, unscrupulous, and extremely able Japanese, might easily loom up in proportions so terrific as to make a league of all the white-skinned nations necessary to the preservation of their faith, their civilisation, and perhaps their very existence. The days of Attila or of Amurath may well return again, and the whole fruits of our twenty centuries of enlightenment be staked upon the issue of a single mighty battle. But if such a day shall ever come, the only sure bulwark of our civilisation will be found in the union of the masterful, tenacious, and invincible Anglo-Saxons. No league that can be formed by any other peoples can be at once homogeneous, effective, and enduring. French and Germans, Russians and Swedes, Austrians and Italians—the very enumeration recalls only mutual jealousies and rivalries, and the unreality of any common tie; and so if the day of Armageddon should arrive, and the tawny myriads of the East should ever hurl themselves against the strongholds of the West, it is upon the mighty fortress of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, with all their broadsides thundering together, that this appalling tide of invasion would beat in vain.

"A KNIGHT OF ASIA" (SIR EDWIN ARNOLD).
From the London Sketch.

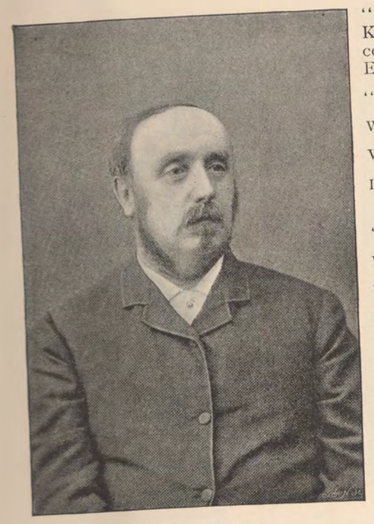
This possibility may be only the remotest chance; yet putting it aside from one's thought, it is still most desirable, it is even vital, that whenever the opportunity arises, the essential oneness of our race should be emphasised and accentuated so that Englishmen

and Americans, Australians and Canadians, should grow more and more familiar with the thought, and should feel more and more that they are of the same blood, that the same high traditions belong to all alike, and that in the last supreme crisis they would exult in standing side by side and shoulder to shoulder against all who menace what they are taught from childhood to hold most dear. The power that is now in

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Lord Salisbury's possession affords a magnificent opportunity; and if he neglect it, if he throw it away, he will be guilty of nothing less than a crime to the future destinies of the British Empire and the welfare of all nations of our blood and lineage.

With this thought in mind it is interesting to recall the names of those who have been named in connexion with the laurel left by Tennyson. It is generally understood that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris, who are both as poets well worthy of high honour, have privately signified their unwillingness to be considered. Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Alfred Austin have lately been thrust forward as candidates in high favour with the British Premier, though both of them are most unsuited for such distinction. Sir Lewis Morris is hardly to be seriously considered, though often spoken of as a possible recipient of the prize. There remain two names that deserve much thought, and of which we earnestly hope that one may commend itself to the appointing power. These are the names of Mr. William Watson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Of Mr. William Watson enough was said in the last number of THE BOOKMAN. As a poet he can excite no seriously adverse criticism. He has distinction, a noble loftiness of diction, perfect taste and discretion, and he is, moreover, still young; so that he represents, as Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris do not, the future rather than the past. As between him and Mr. Kipling, regarded solely from the standpoint of poetical merit and classic correctness, in the judgment of the mere critic perhaps the scale would incline in Mr. Watson's favour; yet there is one quality in Mr. Kipling which should, we believe, be allowed to outweigh all that Mr. Watson possesses. Mr. Kipling represents not only in his verse, but in his own person, at once the extension and the unity of the race. Born in India, but of English stock, he is closely identified in his life and works with the greatest of England's possessions, whose strange life he first revealed to the wondering world; his knowledge of the other British colonies is almost equally minute. By ties of marriage he is in some degree an American, and his home for a number of years has been in the most homogeneously English portion of this country. He is not, therefore, a mere Englishman, nor a mere Anglo-Indian, nor a mere American, but something above and beyond all these minor distinctions—an Anglo-Saxon. And his verse and prose alike show all the traits that might be expected of this wonderfully wide range of experience. They have the glow and fervour of one who has within him the spirit of conquest that marks our race; they ring like a trumpet and stir the blood, and appeal not to the narrow patriotism of a single land or a single fraction of the men who have subdued all rivals in



SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

every quarter of the globe, but are a sort of *réveille* to rouse them all to the greatness and vastness of an imperial destiny.

Equally weighty is the consideration that Mr. Kipling has an audience such as probably no other living writer possesses. He is not read by the cultivated few alone, and with a merely critical approval, as is Mr. Watson, but his name is a household word in every part of the civilised world. Scholar, critic, man of business—all read with equal eagerness whatever Mr. Kipling writes, and all feel with equal force the magic of his unerring touch, his splendid audacity, and his blended force and fire.

A fine illustration of this special significance of Mr. Kipling's poetical quality—of the imperial side of his genius—comes very opportunely in a poem of his, which appeared in the London *Times* of October 18th. As it has not, so far as the present writer knows, been reprinted in full, it may be very fitly given here. It is entitled "The Native-Born," by which Mr. Kipling means the man of English ancestry, who is, however, born out of England:

"We've drunk to the Queen, God bless her!
We've drunk to our mothers' land,
We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand);
We've drunk to the wide creation
And the Cross swings low to the dawn—
Last toast, and of obligation,—
A health to the Native-born!

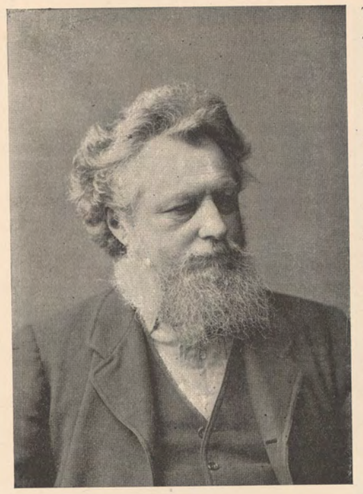
"They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam!
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England "home."
We read of the English sky-lark,
Of the spring in the English lanes,
But we screamed with the painted lories
As we rode on the dusty plains!

"They passed with their old-world legends—
Their tales of wrong and dearth—
Our fathers held by purchase
But we by the right of birth;
Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith and our hope and our honour
We pledge to our native soil!

* * *

"I charge you charge your glasses—
I charge you drink with me
To the men of the Four New Peoples,
And the Islands of the Sea—
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside,
And our own good pride shall teach us
To praise our comrade's pride.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

" To the hush of the breathless morning
  On the thin, tin, crackling roofs,
To the haze of the burned back-ranges
  And the drum of the shoeless hoofs—
To the risk of a death by drowning,
  To the risk of a death by drouth—
To the men of a million acres,
  To the Sons of the Golden South.

" To the Sons of the Golden South (Stand up !)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a single blow !

" To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
  To the sheep on a thousand hills,
To the sun that never blisters,
  To the rain that never chills—
To the land of the waiting springtime,
  To our five-meal meat-fed men,
To the tall deep-bosomed women,
  And the children nine and ten !

" And the children nine and ten (Stand up !)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a two-fold blow !

" To the far flung fenceless prairie
  Where the quick-cloud shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn—in the offing—
  And the line of the new-cut rail.

To the plough in her league-long furrow
  With the grey lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
  And the warm wet western wind !

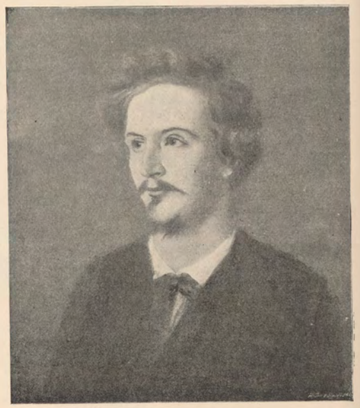
" To the home of the floods and thunder,
  To her pale dry healing blue—
To the lift of the great Cape combers
  And the smell of the baked Karroo.
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head—
  To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
  To the map that is half unrolled !

" To our dear dark foster-mothers
  To the heathen songs they sung—
To the heathen speech we babbled
  Ere we came to the white man's tongue.
To the cool of our deep verandahs—
  To the blaze of our jewelled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
  And the fire-fly in the cane !

" To the hearth of our people's people—
  To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altars
  Where the Abbey makes us We.
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
  To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
  To the Power-house of the Line !

" We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her !—
  We've drunk to our mothers' land :
We've drunk to our English brother
  (And we hope he'll understand),
We've drunk as much as we're able
  And the Cross swings low to the dawn
Last toast—and your foot on the table !—
  A health to the Native-born !

" A health to the Native-born (Stand up !)
We're six white men arow
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

All bound to fight for the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow !
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands !)
From ths Orkneys to the Horn
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by)
All round the world (and a little strap to buckle it)
A health to the Native-born !"

Now this is by no means one of the best of Mr. Kipling's poems. It was evidently dashed off on an impulse. It has a number of very evident blemishes. That he should twice introduce such a rhyme as " dawn" and " born," which suggests the pronunciation of a Georgia negro, is a very serious technical defect. The repetition of " charge" in " I charge you charge your glasses," is ugly. The chorus lines printed in italics introduce a metrical variation which seems unrhythmical and somewhat ischiorrhogic. Moreover, the lines,

" To the Bank of the Open Credit,
  To the Power-house of the Line !"

which we have heard praised for their cleverness and audacity, are by no means commendable ; for their cleverness is rather of a journalistic sort, and the metaphor of the trolley speaks of the audacity of the literary gamin rather than of the audacity of the literary genius. But these are only minor objections. The poem as a whole has a wonderful lyric quality, and it flings before one's eyes with a breathless, startling vividness pictures that cannot be forgotten. " The thin, tin, crackling roofs" is a remarkable assonance ; " The drum of the shoeless hoofs" is inimitable, and so is his marvellous prairie-verse. And more than all stand out the vast sweep and comprehensiveness of the whole—English, but more ; British, but more still.

Altogether, if the office of Laureate be something more than a petty insular distinction, if it is to become one of the innumerable symbols of Anglo-Saxon unity, a possession of Greater Britain, and if our whole race could choose its occupant, it is unthinkable that the choice should be a matter of any doubt, or should single out another name than that of Rudyard Kipling.

H. T. P.

BY THE FIRE.

Within my door, good Dame To-day
  Spins by the hearthstone bright,
And keeps me at my task alway,
  Till taps my neighbour Night ;
Then brushes she the hearth, betimes,
  And bids the wheel be still,
And, with her gossip Duty, climbs
  The path up yonder hill.

While neighbour Night and I, alone,
  Beside the hearth's low flame,
Sit hearkening the wind's wild moan,
  But speak no word nor name ;
For neighbour Night, right young is he,
  And I have heard it said
That, haply, he will some time be
  With gay To-morrow wed.

And I am old. Each hour I track
  The step of Watchman Time ;
So soon will Dame To-day come back,
  Then farewell dream and rhyme !
But now, with neighbour Night, a space
  Is mine, he'll not gainsay,
To brood awhile upon a face,—
  My lost love, Yesterday.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

"THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

Everybody who can be said to know Kipling at all knows his sketch called "The City of Dreadful Night," in which the magic of his pen seems to lend to his subject, a sufficiently grim one, all the mystery of the Orient. Most persons who pick up the new Kipling book called "From Sea to Sea" will be surprised to find in it another and longer sketch bearing the same title. This is, in fact, nothing but a lively and caustic account of life among the high and low in Calcutta written by young Kipling in 1888 for the newspaper published in Northern India which he was serving as correspondent. It reads well, even now, and, in the circumstances, its republication with the other Kipling writings of the same period is quite justifiable. But, of course, the author never intended until lately to republish his scathing criticism of Calcutta, (which, he admits, did not hurt the city,) and in which occur many Kiplingesque phrases and this characteristic sentence: "All India knows of the Calcutta municipality; but has any one thoroughly investigated the Big Calcutta Stink?"

Rudyard Kipling's fondness for the phrase, "The City of Dreadful Night," has given to it a much larger share of publicity than its inventor could give to it. In fact, very few persons who are not close and constant students of literature seem to know anything about the sombre poem which Kipling likes so well and from which he quotes. There seems to be a vague notion extant that the phrase occurs in Thomson's "Seasons." But the James Thomson who wrote "City of Dreadful Night" was not the eighteenth century poet, but of this century, born in 1834 and dying as recently as 1882. He was a Scot, of good Presbyterian ancestry, and an adventurer and journalist as well as a poet. Once, in the seventies, he was correspondent of a New York newspaper among the Spanish Carlists. By the few good judges who know his writings well he is accounted a true poet, insomuch as a small part of what he wrote is likely to live. He was a slave to narcotics, and possessed other and better qualities in common with De Quincey, and he has also been likened to Heine. His best-known poem was published in 1874.

The Survival of the Fittest.

Mark Twain by his extraordinary proposal seems to have more faith in the permanence of books than Mr. Wells, the author of "When the Sleeper Wakes," and other tales of a Jules Verne-Bellamy character. According to this author of wonderful imagination, books will in A. D. 2100 be superseded by elaborate kinetoscope pictures. In which the characters move and speak. In the light of this prophecy it is interesting to note what of contemporaneous literature will be preserved in cylinders two centuries hence. Mr. Wells daringly declares for only three: Mr. Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King," Mr. Conrad's "The Heart of Darkness," and Henry James's "The Madonna of the Future." It would be edifying to hear Mr. Wells's defense of his somewhat rash statement.

Kipling (Limited.)

From The London Academy of May 27.

[A Syndicate, it is said, has been formed in America to get complete control in that country of all Mr. Kipling's writings. In commenting thereupon a contemporary asks, Why not Kipling (Limited)? Why not, indeed? The prospectus, we imagine, might run somewhat on the following lines.]

KIPLING (Limited).
(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.)
CAPITAL.....£1,000,000.
DIRECTORS.
Mr. A. P. Watt, (King of Literary Agents,) London.
Messrs. Romeike & Curtis, Press Cutting Agents, London.
Mr. Doubleday, Publisher, New York.
AUDITOR.
Sir Walter Besant.
ADVERTISING AGENT.
Mr. Thomas Atkins.
BREAKER.
Mr. George Moore.
OFFICES.
Army and Navy Mansions, Victoria Street.

KIPLING (Limited).
PROSPECTUS.

This company has been formed to acquire and traffic in all the writings—prose, verse, or private letters—of the celebrated author, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling, who is at this moment the most famous writer now living, is still young, and there is promise that he has before him a considerable period of active productivity.

KIPLING (Limited).

The Company proposes to acquire not only Mr. Kipling's future works and the work on which he is at present engaged, but also everything that may already exist. Negotiations are now afoot for the acquisition of letters written by Mr. Kipling as a child, for copy books containing his earliest attempts at pothooks and hangers, and for a vast amount of other immature penmanship. These will be from times to time fac similed in the illustrated papers and in due course sold by public auction, at (the Company feels convinced) a greatly enhanced figure.

KIPLING (Limited).

The Company will be vigilant that no Imperial crisis shall pass without poetic comment from Mr. Kipling's pen. It trusts also that it will be successful in inducing Mr. Kipling to give to these political poems a form which shall be easily parodied; thus providing for increased publicity.

KIPLING (Limited).

The Company is delighted to observe that not only are there now before the public two or three monographs on Mr. Kipling's work, but others are in preparation. The Company also views with much satisfaction the circumstance that the action now being brought by Mr. Kipling against an American firm is not likely to be heard for eighteen months. This insures a continual succession of articles and paragraphs in the public press—during the early stages of the Company's career.

KIPLING (Limited).

Arrangements have been made with the Biograph and Mutoscope Company to take living pictures of Mr. Kipling in a variety of daily actions, such as sitting down to his writing table, alighting from a steamer, reading press notices, conversing with a recruiting sergeant, and filling in his income tax. These pictures will be exhibited in all the leading cities of England and America, both on the screen and in the penny-in-the-slot machines.

KIPLING (Limited).

In addition to such ordinary literary work as novels, short stories, and verses, Mr. Kipling, it is hoped, will agree to write every year no fewer than six strictly private letters on debatable public questions, which shall, in due course, find their way into the public press.

KIPLING (Limited).

A private wire will be affixed between Potsdam and the Company's offices, to facilitate the transmission of telegrams to Mr. Kipling from the German Emperor.

he says really hurt anybody? He met some Americans in Japan:

My experience is sadly limited, but the American I have heard up to the present is a tongue as distinct from English as Patagonia.

A gentleman from Boston was kind enough to tell me something about it. He defended the use of "I guess" as a Shakespearean expression to be found in "Richard III." I have learned enough never to argue with a Bostonian.

"All right," I said, "I've never heard a real American say 'I guess,' but what about the balance of your extraordinary tongue? Do you mean to say that it has anything in common with ours except the auxiliary verbs, the name of the Creator, and Damn? Listen to the men at the next table."

"They are Westerners," said the man from Boston, as who should say, "Observe this cassowary." "They are Westerners, and if you want to make a Westerner mad tell him he is not like an Englishman. They think they are like the English. They are awfully thin-skinned in the West. Now in Boston it's different. We don't care what the English people think of us."

The idea of the English people sitting down to think about Boston, while Boston on the other side of the water ostentatiously "didn't care," made me snigger. The man told me stories. He belonged to a Republic. That was why every man of his acquaintance belonged either "to one of the first families in Boston" or else "was of good Salem stock, and his fathers had come over in the Mayflower." I felt as though I were moving in the midst of a novel. Fancy having to explain to the casual stranger the blood and breeding of the hero of every anecdote. I wonder whether many people in Boston are like my friend with the Salem families. I am going there to see."

San Francisco struck him as "a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose ing.

A BOOK OF THE SEA.*

The author of this book made his acquaintance with the sea at first hand. He has had all the experiences familiar to those who go down to the sea in ships, and a few which are unfamiliar. He has been dragged down in the whirlpool of a sinking ship, he has been the only survivor on a waterlogged derelict, he has been over a submarine earthquake, and he has seen the most fearful of all fights to the death between a whale and a giant squid. He learned his sailoring as a boy, and signs himself on the title page of his book "first mate." His observations are those of a seaman, not a scientist, yet it is not impossible that in some instances he may be right, as he confidently believes he is, and the scientists wrong.

The volume consists of a varied assortment of material. The first part, "Idylls of the Sea," from which the book takes its name, is a collection of word pictures of sea life. This is the part of the volume which makes the strongest claim to literary distinction, and it will earn for its author no small amount of praise. Yet its merits must be accepted with reservations. It may not be unfair to say that it is astonishingly good writing for a sailor. That, however, may not be a fair way of putting it, for we have no information as to the manner in which he gained his "book learning." That he formed early in life the habit of observing the phenomena of the sea is beyond question, but where did he get his command of picturesque description? It is an acquired command, as one cannot help perceiving from a careful reading of these idylls. His style has none of the hall marks of the natural gift, such as that of John Bunyan. It lacks straightforward simplicity, naked power. It is a Turneresque profusion of colors, not a sculpturesque purity of line and form that this style possesses. Yet it paints, and

IDYLLS OF THE SEA. By Frank T. Bullen. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ere for a French-speaking public? find in it the most admirable, the complete, the most amusing and lly formed collection of French and colloquialisms that may be ed.
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Adolphe Cohn.

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"THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

Everybody who can be said to know Kipling at all knows his sketch called "The City of Dreadful Night," in which the magic of his pen seems to lend to his subject, a sufficiently grim one, all the mystery of the Orient. Most persons who pick up the new Kipling book called "From Sea to Sea" will be surprised to find in it another and longer sketch bearing the same title. This is, in fact, nothing but a lively and caustic account of life among the high and low in Calcutta written by young Kipling in 1888 for the newspaper published in Northern India which he was serving as correspondent. It reads well, even now, and, in the circumstances, its republication with the other Kipling writings of the same period is quite justifiable. But, of course, the author never intended until lately to republish his scathing criticism of Calcutta, (which, he admits, did not hurt the city,) and in which occur many Kiplingesque phrases and this characteristic sentence: "All India knows of the Calcutta municipality; but has any one thoroughly investigated the Big Calcutta Stink?"

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AUDITOR.
Sir Walter Besant.
ADVERTISING AGENT.
Mr. Thomas Atkins.
BREAKER.
Mr. George Moore.
OFFICES.
Army and Navy Mansions, Victori

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PROSPECTUS.
This company has been formed
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AND ART. N.Y. June 10/99

1899. SIXTEEN PAGES.

KIPLING'S TRAVEL LETTERS.

His Early Newspaper Correspondence Collected and Republished.*

Two volumes of letters and "special articles" contributed by Mr. Kipling to The Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore and The Pioneer of Allahabad are prefaced with a curt statement signed by the gifted author that he has been forced to republish these early writings "by the enterprise of various publishers, who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations."

This seems, after all, but an ungracious beginning. Doubtless Mr. Kipling's "public," which comprises nearly if not quite all cultivated persons in Great Britain and her colonies and the United States, is not very much disturbed because his popularity is so great as to get him into squabbles with "enterprising publishers." And it becomes even a man of genius to seem urbane in his public relations. Moreover, the best possible excuse for the republication of these articles written between Mr. Kipling's twenty-third and his twenty-fifth year is to be found in their unquenchable vitality. Wine as good as this truly needs no bush.

The two volumes contain nineteen chapters of description of life in India, entitled, collectively, "Letters of Marque," and thirty-seven sketches of travel in the East and West, including the Western United States, called "From Sea to Sea," as well as "The City of Dreadful Night," "Among the Railway Folk," "The Giridib Coal Fields," "In an Opium Factory," and "The Smith Administration."

It is perfectly safe to say that there is not an uninteresting page in all the 860. The subjects are sometimes trivial, the writer's mood merely whimsical, but his extraordinary powers of observation, his vigorous personality, and his happy knack of saying things smartly are everywhere manifested. Of quotable phrases, passages, and pages there is no end, and one hastily running through the book, with the burden of "scant space" on his mind, is impelled nevertheless to begin marking as near the front as Page 6, with its characteristic description of the Taj at Jeypore first seen in the morning sunlight, "beautiful, after the beauty of a woman who has done no wrong."

Youthful, even for his years, except in the remarkable development of his literary gift; aggressive, inconsiderate sometimes, frequently unfair, is the writer of these collected papers, but his fresh, young skill, his humanity, the temperament and the eye of the poet, more than compensate for his faults.

Kipling was twenty-five years old in March, 1889, when, as he expresses it, Necessity turned to him and said: "Now, you need do nothing whatever. You are free to enjoy yourself. I will take the yoke of bondage from your neck for one year. What do you choose to do with my gift?" He thought of regenerating society, of going on a "monumental bust." But—

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tractiveness of which is due to the loveableness of the man. It is the most natural conversation that French literature has known since the time of Montaigne. Its chief merit is life. Those who have known the great critic find in it the good-natured though homely face, the twinkle of the merry eyes, the gruffness of the Rabelaisian voice. The foreigner—why not say it, since we do not write here for a French-speaking public?—will find in it the most admirable, the most complete, the most amusing and naturally formed collection of French idioms and colloquialisms that may be imagined.

And some of us will find in it the living memory of a friend.

He will be missed.

Adolphe Cohn.

"FROM SEA TO SEA"

AMONG Mr. Kipling's contributions to Indian periodicals before he became world famous were a number of descriptive sketches relating to India which, though well written, were mainly of local interest. After the great success of his stories most of these sketches were collected and published in book form by his publishers, A. H. Wheeler and Company, of Allahabad. Their author, however, did not look kindly upon these volumes of newspaper articles, and made strenuous efforts to suppress them.

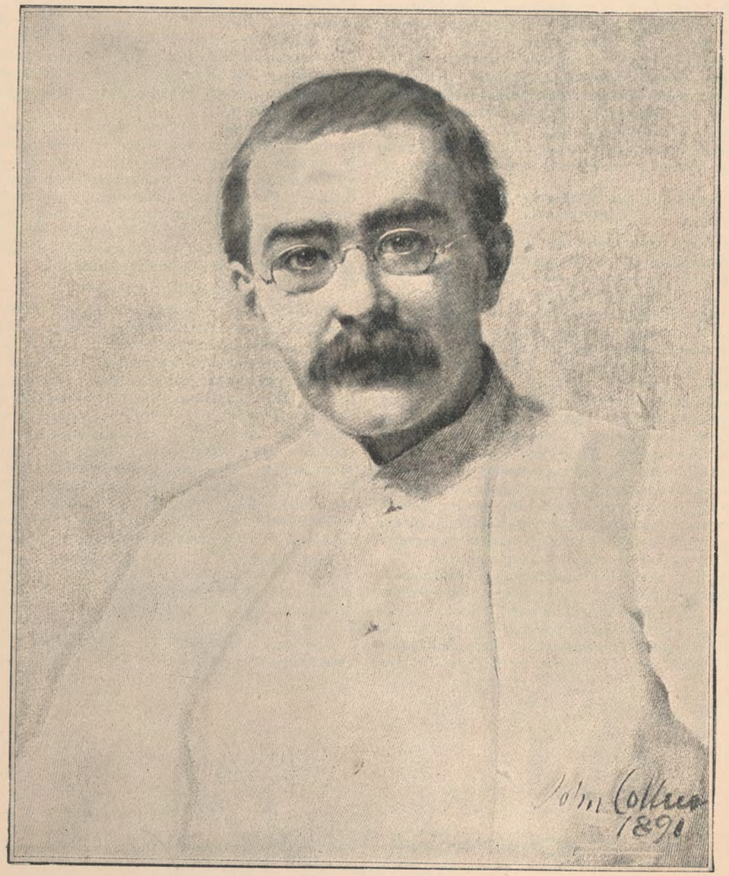
The City of Dreadful Night was first printed in 1890 and *The Smith Administration* in 1891, but neither of these volumes was published, the entire edition of each, with the exception of a very few specimen copies, having been destroyed. *The City of Dreadful Night,* with contents somewhat altered, was reprinted the next year in Allahabad, and another edition was printed in London. It is said that efforts were made to suppress both, but it is certain that a number of copies were allowed to get upon the market. The same year *Letters of Marque* was published in Allahabad, but suppressed shortly after publication. Preparations were also made for bringing out an edition in two volumes in London. The first volume was printed, but with the exception of a very few copies the edition was entirely destroyed.

Literally thousands of volumes of these books have been run through the paper mill and money has been lavishly spent in efforts to suppress these despised writings. But the world insists upon the privilege of reading them, and the young giant has at last succumbed to the public demand, and realising that a book once printed cannot be suppressed has just issued authorised editions of *The Letters of Marque, The City of Dreadful Night* and *The Smith Administration.* With these he has incorporated a series of travel sketches written while on a tour from India to London by way of Singapore, Hong-Kong, Japan and the United States. This new series gives the title to the two volumes, *From Sea to Sea.**

In his short prefatory note the author says that he has been forced to publish these articles "by the enterprise of various publishers who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations."

We think that in some respects Mr. Kipling is a harsher judge of his own work than is the reading public. Some

*From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday and McClure Co. 2 vols., boxed, $2.00.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

From a portrait by the Hon. John Collier, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1891.

Have you seen this, and do you know Lanier? He is the "literary man" on the staff of the R. of R. H.C.P.

A SKETCH OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY CHARLES D. LANIER.

IT is a decidedly new sensation to find a volume of verse from the pen of a man who has not yet reached his thirty-second year which the critics of five continents hasten to compare with the author's "early" work. But Rudyard Kipling was already voluminous at twenty-five, and by this time he and his art seem, with all their distinguishing freshness, as old as that Oldest Land which has come to life again in these ravishing tales. Kipling was born in Christmas week, 1865, in Calcutta. The world does not know much more of his earlier youth than it does of the Death Bull and those other things that only Hindu priests and Strickland Sahib know. Kipling is intolerant of gush, and is sensitive concerning the private affairs of his own life to a degree which should insure some protection, and which does—when reinforced by a determined refusal to prying eyes. His schoolboy days were spent in England; after that he went back to India and to active newspaper work, as sub-editor and war correspondent. It was in this period that he began to write verse and stories, a great deal of both. He was twenty-one years old when his first volume, "Departmental Ditties," appeared, and twenty-three when the first collection of prose stories was taken from the Lahore journal, of which he was sub-editor, and incorporated in the volume, "Plain Tales from the Hills," published in Calcutta. Then the yarns began to spin out thick and fast; "Soldiers Three," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," "Wee Willie Winkie,"—all appeared within a year after "Plain Tales from the Hills." Some chance ray of light brought London's eager eye to a glint of this precious material, and when the young journalist returned to England in 1889 he awoke from the P. and O. liner to find himself famous. But he had already been famous in India for years, and there were scores of cultured people there who knew him to be a genius.

London was as interesting as India for Mr. Kipling, which, fortunately, means for everybody who reads anything. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," and his first novel, "The Light that Failed," appeared in 1890-91; then a fresh collection of verse, published in America under the title, "Mine Own People," and more verses, and so on through a round which will be seen in better perspective in the bibliography attached to this sketch. It was in London in 1891 that Mr. Kipling met and loved young Wolcott Balestier, with whom he wrote "The Naulahka," and it was Mr. Balestier's sister whom, in 1892, Mr. Kipling married and brought to America. The succeeding three years he spent in Vermont, near Brattleboro, and last fall he returned to London.

This is about what the world knows of Mr. Kipling's itinerary through life, so far as the external man is concerned. In the Vermont hills, which had been the home of his bride's family for many generations, he built the long, low house that is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, and christened it "The Naulahka." For a young man of a daily newspaper training in an East Indian setting of manly and barrack-room ease, with the temptations of his precocious success, he is an exceedingly regular and industrious worker. At "The Naulahka" he devoted himself to writing from nine o'clock in the morning until one, and during those hours he was as inaccessible as Gibbon makes any of the Roman Emperors. After lunch he tramped abroad over the noble hills that surrounded his home, in winter indulged in the exhilaration of a snowshoe expedition, rode on his bicycle or worked in his garden, of which he is very fond. These constitutionals were followed by casual social duties and the English papers, which he read with avidity.

As his readers will suspect, Kipling is intensely fond of out-of-door life. In figure he is rather under the average stature, of a compact figure, which is, of late, filling out comfortably. His quick eyes always gleam out from behind spectacles. His complexion hints of Indian suns, and the slight stoop in the shoulder of the arduous newspaper work that made his early manhood training. He is no great hunter himself, but is very fond of fishing. He tried the salmon fishing of our northern streams during his stay, and one of his acquaintances told me that in earlier days, when Kipling was in England, where decent waters are almost uniformly preserved, he wrote for a sporting journal and took his remuneration in certain fishing privileges controlled by the proprietor. When "Captains Courageous," the story of New England fishermen's life, was before him, Kipling spent some weeks among the Gloucester salts with an acquaintance who had access to the household gods of the cod-folks. He had already made a study of the Yankee dialect and character for "The Walking Delegate."

He is apt to be shy on first acquaintance, but if the ice is broken he makes friends quickly and readily with all kinds of people. His ardent attachment to Wolcott Balestier was begun at the very

first meeting, and only two or three months later the Anglo-Indian was on a visit of many weeks in the house of the young Vermonter, collaborating with him on "The Naulahka." Some of Kipling's shyness is undoubtedly due to the curiosity of the more impertinent part of the world, which has offended him more than once, and he has become sufficiently impatient of journalistic nuisances to give point to an incident one of his publishers gave me. When the fame of the East Indian story teller first was just spreading abroad, people generally thought that Rudyard Kipling was only a pen name, and one coterie of New England journalists in particular went still further in saddling the authorship of "Plain Tales from the Hills" on a young newspaper man of their circle who had been to India just after leaving college. This youth became well known in New England as the author of the stories, and the fame thrust upon him suggested to him an "interview with his double"—the real Rudyard Kipling—as a tempting newspaper exploit. But the real R. K. not only did not want to be interviewed, but conceived a violent aversion to the importunities of his American self, and in his publisher's room spent much energy in calling down the wrath of the gods and the protection of his agents. He had scarcely finished a resounding harangue in their London office one day when the false Rudyard Kipling actually did track him to his lair, and presented the journalistic opportunity for "interviewing his double" in a way that appealed so strongly to Kipling's sense of the dramatic that the invader came away unharmed and lugging with him about all the books his victim had ever written, with autographs on the fly leaves.

Most of the stories about Kipling's decided unconventionalities are untrue, and the small remainder ought not to have been told, for he conforms very carefully to conventional surroundings and lets out his high spirits and his taste for frank manners only among intimate friends and in his out-of-door life.

"THE NAULAHKA,"
The house that Kipling built last year near Brattleboro, Vt.

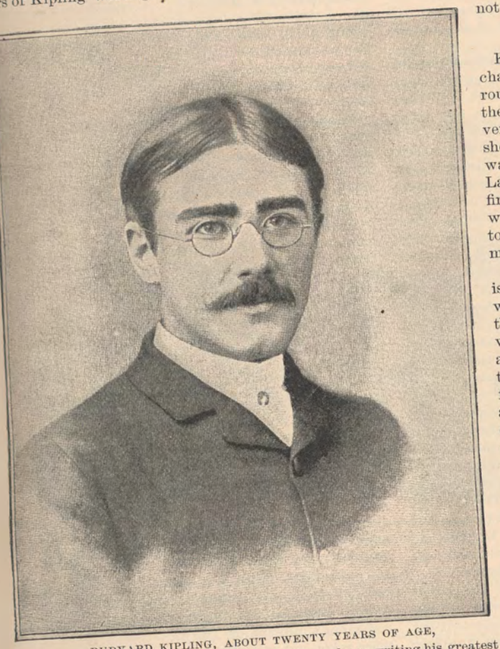
In short, he is a gentleman as well as an artist. Of course he is a good talker. Not that all, or many, literary artists are, but somehow one knows that Kipling must be, with his intense, vital interest in everything, and those clear cut, ready sentences, not book words, but live, talking words, that we have learned to know him by. He can have a good time at social functions, too, but much of that sort of thing tires him. It is certainly worth while saying of such a "man's man" as Kipling is in his literary character, that a charming and gentle and very discerning lady gave as one of her first and lasting impressions of him, "the wholesomeness and sweetness of his atmosphere, which is always almost affectionate."

Kipling is a systematic and painstaking workman, as is suggested by the daily routine of his Vermont life. The *fac-simile* of his writing that we produce shows the clear, regular and remarkably compact letters of his manuscript. This bit was taken from a fair copy that he made of the introduction to the forthcoming edition of his entire collected works. The original would look very different. He makes on the wide margin of his paper corrections and changes and substitutions,—slues of them, but all very intelligible. And he tears up scores of written pages, so that sometimes his waste basket holds considerably more manuscript than his desk. I asked an intimate friend of Mr. Kipling and his wife about that note book which, on various occasions in the stories, earns the disapprobation of Mulvaney and Ortheris. She said the pencil was sometimes in requisition, but Kipling's memory was so marvelous that a character or phrase or situation or idea appealing to him was forever after in his possession, ready on tap for literary exploitation.

We can imagine that the constant and loving labor through his youth and earliest manhood of treasuring in that note book the things that were worth seeing and telling had a powerful effect in developing and strengthening his naturally fine memory. Though Mr. Kipling is first of all the intensely acute, sensitive observer and reporter of the dramatic and poetic in men and beasts, as they actually live, love, hate, fight, work and play, he is imaginative enough to make a very fair shift in reproducing "local color" and dialect at second hand. In one of his distinctively American stories, the southern and western character, built on other people's reports, scarcely differ in kind or degree from the Yankee part, which the author saw and studied.

Kipling's careful workmanship is maintained in spite of the so often fatal danger of facility. At times he writes with exceeding ease, and in versification, especially, his quickness is generally marvelous. At other times the music comes less trippingly, it would seem; for certain of his publishers told me that he was two weeks patching up a satirical ballad aimed in a direction from which injustice had come; and then he gave the poem away to an English weekly. But nobody else could have done it in two

years. And for an artistic example of concentrated cussing, it could have given points to old Bishop Ernulphus. Kipling displays as much thoroughness in his business dealings as in his literary methods. Mr. Watt of London is his literary agent, and buyers of Kipling wares give the author a good share



RUDYARD KIPLING, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE,
When he was in the Lahore newspaper office, and was writing his greatest short stories.

of the credit for the very uniformly advantageous and businesslike arrangements that are made for the publication of the stories and the verses. I have heard three of his publishers describe Kipling as quite a rare bird among geniuses, or even among the vastly wider genus of authors, in this respect of business ability, and they say it is an immense relief to find a writer who has such a clear head for rights and royalties. Except for serial rights, Kipling does not sell his books outright, like Marion Crawford and other novelists, but contracts on the royalty plan. As an evidence of his interest in the details of the business affairs of his books, the gentleman who is in charge of the newest edition of his collected works showed me the proof of the small two-leaf circular announcing the series. Kipling had written part of the document, corrected the whole of it, had made destructive and constructive suggestions about typography, and had drawn on the proof his idea of the right thing in the way of conventional type ornament—all for a small advertising detail which most writers would not know the existence of.

II. KIPLING IN INDIA.

Kipling himself has given us in characteristic style a picture of the surroundings and atmosphere in which, at the age most boys are entering the university, he was writing the greatest short stories in English literature. This was during his sub-editorship on the Lahore newspaper. And in the very first of these stories, "The Man who would be King," he has, by the way, told the joys of East Indian newspaper-making.

"The paper began running the last issue of the week on Saturday night, which is to say Sunday morning, after the custom of a London paper. This was a great convenience, for immediately after the paper was put to bed the dawn would lower the thermometer from 96 to almost 84 for half an hour, and in that chill—you have no idea how cold is 84 on the grass until you begin to pray for it—a very tired man could set off to sleep ere the heat aroused him.

"One Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the paper to bed alone. A king or courtier or a courtesan or a community was going to die or get a new constitution, or do something that was important on the other side of the world, and the paper was to be held open till the latest possible minute in order to catch the telegram. It was a pitchy black night, as stifling as a June night can be, and the *loo*, the red-hot wind from the westward, was booming among the tinder dry trees and pretending that the rain was on its heels. Now and again a spot of almost boiling water would fall on the dust with the flop of a frog, but all our weary world knew that was only pretense. It was a shade cooler in the press-room than the office, so I sat there, while the type ticked and clicked, and the night jars hooted at the windows, and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water. The thing that was keeping us back, whatever it was, would not come off, though the *loo* dropped and the last type was set, and the whole round earth stood still in the choking heat, with its finger on its lip, to wait the event. I drowsed, and wondered whether the telegraph was a bless-

ing, and whether this dying man, or struggling people, was aware of the inconvenience the delay was causing. There was no special reason beyond the heat and worry to make tension, but, as the clock-hands crept up to three o'clock and the machines spun their fly-wheels two and three times to see that all was in order, before I said the word that would set them off, I could have shrieked aloud. Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits."

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

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as '*Ek aur chiz*'—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindoo does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's.

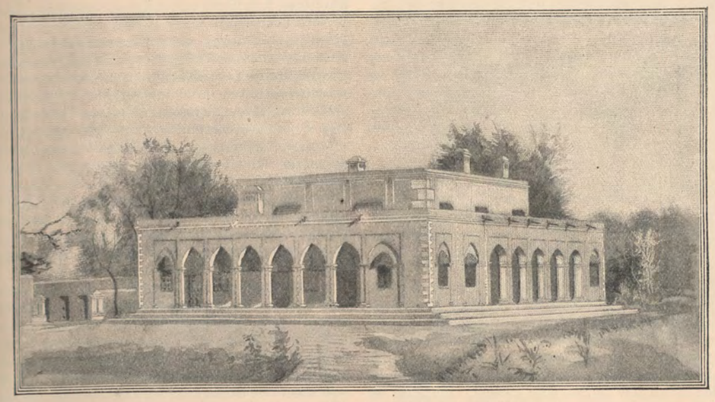
"And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper. I was in very good company, for there is always an undercurrent of song, a little bitter for the most part, running through the Indian papers. The bulk of it is much better than mine, being more graceful, and is done by those less than Sir Alfred Lyall—to whom I would apologize for mentioning his name in this gallery—'Pekin,' 'Latakia,' 'Cigarette,' 'O.,' 'T. W.,' 'Foresight,' and others, whose names come up with the stars out of the Indian Ocean going eastward.

"Sometimes a man in Bangalore would be moved to song, and a man on the Bombay side would answer him, and a man in Bengal would echo back, till at last we would all be crowing together like cocks before daybreak, when it is too dark to see your fellow. And, occasionally some unhappy Chaazee, away in the China ports, would lift up his voice among the tea-chests, and the queer-smelling yellow papers of the Far East brought us his sorrows. The newspaper files showed that, forty years ago, the men sang of just the same subjects as we did—of heat, loneliness, love, lack of promotion, poverty, sport, and war. Some of them had been sung to the banjoes round camp-fires, and some had run as far down coast as Rangoon and Moulmein, and up to Mandalay." A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. Also, I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner, and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire stitched, to imitate a D.O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply-postcards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements. The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding tore the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition traveled as far as Hong-Kong on the map, and each edition grew a little fatter, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back, and was advertised in the publishers' poetry department.

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

It is like Kipling to make merry at his own expense over the humors of his Indian journalism. But we know from others that he had a hard row to hoe in his artistic labors, as any young genius must who makes his living as assistant newspaper editor. His newspaper days were long and arduous and hot; he got through the enormous amount of office work which a thoroughbred can turn out under pressure as long as his nerves and digestion last; and then went home to the more loving toil of writing stories and poems.

His life during his incumbency on the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore has been very pleasantly described by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, who was brought by the proprietor to that journal, while Kipling was writing for it, to "put some sparkle into the paper." Mr. Robinson says that the Kipling family had a charming home in Lahore. "John Lockwood Kipling, the father, a rare, genial soul, with happy artistic instincts, a polished literary style, and a generous, cynical sense of humor, was without exception the most delightful companion I had ever met. Mrs. Kipling, the mother, preserved all the graces of youth, and had a sprightly, if occasionally caustic wit, which made her society always desirable. Miss Kipling, the sister, now Mrs. Fleming, inherits all her mother's vivacity and possesses a rare literary memory. I believe there is not a single line in any play of Shakespeare's which she cannot quote. She has a statuesque beauty, and in repose her face is marvelously like that of Mary Anderson." Mr. Lockwood Kipling has a fine talent for modeling in clay, and the new uniform edition of his son's works are to be illustrated entirely from plaques designed and executed by the father. The father is an author, too, having published a pleasant book entitled 'Man and Beast in India,' illustrated by himself. The son, too, is clever with a pencil, and uses it with great humorous effect. When he could not come to some function of the Aldine Club in New York, he sent a very graphic excuse in a drawing which showed him absurdly enveloped in great coats and mufflers, stalled in a fence-high Vermont snow. When Mr. Robinson came to the paper that Kipling had failed to aërate he showed his assistant that monumental letter of invitation, and the necessity for "sparkle" in the new *régime*. "I read the letter to him, and we agreed that champagne had more of the desired quality than anything else we could think of; and as the 'Sind and Punjab Hotel' happened to be opposite our office, I sent over for a bottle, and we inaugurated our first day's work together by drinking to the successful sparkle of the 'rag' under its new management. Among many cherished scraps of paper lost in a dispatch box which was stolen from me in Italy, that land of thieves, on my way back from India, was a drawing in red ink, perpetrated partly by Kipling and partly by myself, of this initiatory symposium. I knew that Kipling was predestined to fame, and I kept this sketch as the first result of our collaboration. It represented our two selves seated at the office table, with champagne bottle and glasses, and was headed, 'Putting some sparkle into it'" These touches show what "good fun" Mr. Kipling and his pen are ready to be at the slightest prompting.



THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE KIPLINGS AT LAHORE.

From a drawing by Baga Ram. Owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling. By courtesy of *McClure's Magazine*.

III. THE SHORT STORIES.

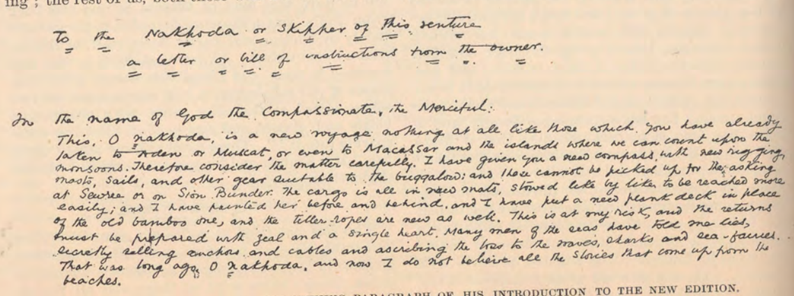
Who has not tried to write out some story, the best thing one ever heard in one's life, irresistibly glorious in the smoking room, and utterly naught on paper, though every word be there and all the resources of punctuation and emphasis most artfully

contrived? The mood and the man behind the story are always wanting for the inextinguishable laughter, and the thing simply cannot be done by ordinary mortals. Mr. Kipling not only does do it, but, adding a poet's imagination and observation, he reels off yarn after yarn, never spun before, compelling the mood and ever maintaining, by mere literary art, the hypnotic power that the born sayer of good things uses with his eyes, or his gestures, or his *sang froid*, or, rather, with his whole character as a man, to exact one's willing tribute of intense interest.

Kipling is a man enamored of the artistic triumph of saying dramatic things in the most effective way, with a marvelous memory for and sensitiveness to forceful words and well turned phrases, with an incomparable training for a story teller, a varied experience, a "new field," an indomitable energy and a clear head concerning the value of industry as an adjunct to genius. But far greater than these are his poet's soul and the alert interest in everything that meets his eyes. It is in this intense vitality of mind, this "sensitive aliveness," as one of his friends puts it in describing her strongest impression of the man, that he most surpasses other writers. Few things are so common or unclean but that he can see the better essence of them, and nothing is unworthy of study. And since there is little in this world that is wholly unclean to a poet, when Kipling takes a particularly hard case and applies his inimitable art to bring out the uncommon part of it, there is a contrast of magnificently dramatic or humorous proportions, and the world gets Mulvaney. Very naturally, the world is divided into a few ladies who cannot read him at all, and all the men and the rest of the women, who must read him wherever they see him. There is no middle ground, and this comes about because, as a masterful and plain speaking sort of a fellow, Kipling insists on looking at things exactly as they are: he finds a good many impolite things, and he promptly clears his way by letting us have the worst of it. The "few ladies" never get over the clearing; the rest of us, both those who are too careless, and those who are too wise, to mind the oaths that burnt the way, never want to come back from waiting for the "other stories." Kipling is always called a man's man, which he certainly is,—and cynical. It seems to me that if one wants to fling adjectives at him he might be reproached with fatalism; but a man cannot be cynical and write "Without Benefit of Clergy" or "Wee Willie Winkie." In fact it is a foolish word and means something smaller than any essential part of any great artist.

This is Kipling's mannish idea of a right philosophy of education for the young, as opposed to the Sheltered Life System. "Let a puppy eat the soap in the bathroom or chew a newly blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and Old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dogs' ears. Being young he remembers and goes abroad, at six months, a well mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots, and soap and big dogs till he came to the trinity full grown and with developed teeth, consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be. Apply that notion to the 'sheltered life,' and see how it works. It does not sound pretty, but it is the better of two evils."

As to Kipling's women folks, they are just the sort that one would expect from the imagination of a man's man, that is, women—creatures of the opposite sex to Mulvaney. In a rougher but healthier way there is the same instinctive difference of sex that belongs to Thomas Hardy's people. So when you meet one of Kipling's girls it is like coming out of a week's hunt in the wind and the weather, or from marching among the Paythans and their cold, mountainious parts,—from a life that was different from theirs and well calculated to whet one's appreciation of their world. Kipling personally is generally *au mieux* with the ladies, and has scarcely ever failed to make warm friends with the women of unusual wit and soul whom he has met. One of them told me that he read very little, though



KIPLING'S HANDWRITING IN THE OPENING PARAGRAPH OF HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW EDITION.

he was very fond of Stevenson, and the remark left me wondering whether the man's vocabulary and style had just "growed" in those newspaper offices. Not that they are ever particularly resounding or elaborate; his style can be biblical in its direct simplicity, and one can find an entire half page here and there of Saxon words of one syllable; but this is just the sort of style that comes after much reading and vast writing and vaster self restraint. This is a half page of Kipling, cut out almost at random:

"And, because this sudden and new light of love was upon him, he turned those dry bones of history and dirty records of misdeeds into things to weep or to laugh over as he pleased. His heart and soul were at the end of his pen, and they got into the ink. He was dowered with sympathy, insight, humour, and style for two hundred and thirty days and nights; and his book was a Book. He had his vast special knowledge with him, so to speak; but the spirit, the woven-in human Touch, the poetry and the power of the output, were beyond all special knowledge. But I doubt whether he knew the gift that was in him then, and thus he may have lost some happiness. He was toiling for Tillie Venner, not for himself. Men often do their best work blind, for some one else's sake.

"Also, though this has nothing to do with the story, in India, where every one knows every one else, you can watch men being driven, by the women who govern them, out of the rank and file, and sent to take up points alone. A good man, once started, goes forward; but an average man, so soon as the woman loses interest in his success as a tribute to her power, comes back to the battalion and is no more heard of.

"Wressley bore the first copy of his book to Simla, and, blushing and stammering presented it to Miss Venner. She read a little of it. I give her review verbatim—'Oh your book? It's all about those howwid Wajahs. I didn't understand it.'"

But it has come to be a joke, these attempts to "explain" Mr. Kipling; though an idle shy more or less will not matter. After all is said of his methods, we know as much as before—viz., that we want to read those stories as long as there are any to read, regardless of the clock, or the dinner bell, and then read them over once in a while and say to ourselves again that these are the only stories that can be read twice, much less a dozen times; we want to laugh loud and make hot war by the side of the great grizzled Irishman and be in the scrapes with the little fox terrier man Ortheris and the six feet of Yorkshireman; it is low company, to be sure, and so were Falstaff and Bardolph and Pistol. We want to know the secrets of the jungle not as men, but as Mowgli and Bagheera knew them. We want to be left in blank tantalizing horror by Bimi, and behold the sea serpent through eyes that made it realer, more elemental in its hugeness and muskiness and blindness than ever it appeared corporeally to prehistoric man. We want to hunt Dacoits and stand under the fire of Paythans and seek out with

PHOTOGRAPH OF A BAS-RELIEF, BY J. L. KIPLING, C.I.E.,

Reduced from one of 36 illustrations for the new edition of Rudyard Kipling's works to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Strickland big painted, murderous, world-old mysteries that never white face before ours beheld. We want to get behind the silk curtains stealthily rustling in the palace of the Naulahka; to hear more of Mrs. Hauksbee's wiles and the Venus Anodomini; to listen to the real talk of horses, and learn entire the thousand traits we had but half seen in beasts and men, until we peered through Mr. Kipling's eye-glasses.

Mr. Kipling's first claim to immortality is certainly based on these short stories, though it now looks as if that precedence may only be chronological. The two novels, "The Light that Failed," and "The Naulahka," are immensely good stories, judged by other standards than those already set by Kipling himself. The world is a child that never tires of being amused with thrilling tales, and it honors and loves greatly any one who will tell it good stories. This artist with the thoroughbred dash, the naïvety, the knowingness, the audacity, the easy conscience, the impatience of sham that we love in a high spirited college boy, has captured the world, horse, foot and dragoons. His point of view gives such sublime confidence of being strictly "in it," whatever "it"

may be, that his reader is proud and anxious to share it and feel a partnership in the good things to be said and seen. This point of view is that of the gentlemen subalterns who "are as good as good can be; because their training begins early, and God has arranged that a clean run youth of the British middle classes shall, in the matter of backbone, brains and bowels, surpass all other youths."

Perhaps there was some quality of this adolescent freshness that we must not expect in Mr. Kipling again. The things he is doing and will do may be greater, but they may also be a trifle less fetching and contagious. Mr. S. R. Crockett tells us that he was one of a party, including many of the Englishmen who know best how to read and write, when a ballot vote was taken for the six best stories that Kipling has written. "The Man Who Would Be King" stood at the head of the list. That was made before Kipling was twenty-one years of age, and he was scarcely older when the best of the other stories came out,—"The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "Bimi." "Namgay Doola," "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," and the other Mulvaney stories, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and "Wee Willie Winkie." The last two are the best of the child series; in the first, two blackguard little drummer boys of thirteen, and in the second, a tot of six and three-quarters, figure in heroic attitudes that would be absurdly impossible if another than Mr. Kipling drew the strings. Children are rather a hobby with him,—in a category of hobbies extending from fat fox terriers to Anglo-Saxon unity. His reverence for these appears in the paragraph of preface to the three juvenile heroes. "Only women understand children thoroughly; but if a mere man keeps very quiet, and humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world."

IV. THE POET OF THE SEVEN SEAS.

Kipling is a poet of a highly magnetized metal, which attracts or repels alike very strongly. His newest book, "The Seven Seas," has shown such a high preponderance of attraction that it is easy to neglect the repulsed element in speaking of his achievements in verse and the world's appreciation of them. He has a remarkable facility in versifying which he cultivated and developed in India in spite of office work and the proprietor. Eight years ago, when we were first startled by Mr. Kipling's invasion of the western world with these hundred stories that he brought as literary baggage, his readers paused before each tale with wonder in their hearts over some haunting scrap of verses beneath the title. No one knew what they meant exactly, or whether they were free translations from stray Indian epics, or something of immortal song that one ought to have recognized. But their quality was deeply felt, especially after the chapter had been read. When the Mowgli stories came to us we knew that it was K'pling who must have been responsible for them first and last, and that he was quite as great a poet as we had half suspected. This belief was aided by the exhilarating lyrics of "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads," and quickened into certainty as the greater poems appeared which have been incorporated in the volume of "The Seven Seas."

The range of this poetical work is magnificent. It is inspired by what he has seen in Afghan battlefields and Vermont hillsides, in Indian mess rooms and London streets, on the road to Mandalay, and off the coast of Gloucester, Mass.

Each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They Are.

Thus he explains, in L'Envoi of "The Seven Seas," his own idea of his poetic efforts, and he has seen Things as They Are in many lands and on many seas. Yet, though Mr. Kipling's muse be too untrameled to be dominated by any one theme, certainly there is the dominantly recurring note in his verse, as in a less degree there is in his prose, to the British soldier and the British flag. Mr. Stead calls him the "laureate of the Empire." Already in his earliest ditties Mr. Kipling has struck this note, with a lighter touch in some of the most inimitable verses, like "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," of which we give a couple of verses.

"FUZZY-WUZZY."
(Soudan Expeditionary Force.)

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

* * * * * * *

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn
For the Regiment o' British Infantree.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you bruk a British square.

The delicious lyrical quality which Mr. Kipling has joined with his fetching talent for humorous rhymes has no more exquisite example than "Mandalay."

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
O, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' lazy at the sea—
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay.

One of the charms of this, and of all Kipling's work, is, of course, the fact that we do not and cannot understand the secret of it, or why we should thrill as we have not thrilled since we were reading Dumas at twelve. The little mystery helps him.

One is tempted to go on quoting Kipling things regardless of columns and pages, but the last volume, "The Seven Seas," will naturally have most interest and freshness for readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Professor Charles Eliot Norton finds most to admire in "McAndrew's Hymn," the soliloquy of an old Scotch Calvinist steamship engineer,—surely a unique piece of work.

Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,
An' taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God—
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* "Institutio."
I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to please;
I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God an' these
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again.
Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the crosshead-gibs are loose;
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse. . . .
Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o' sight,
An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-night!
His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—Two—Three since he began—
Three turns for Mistress Ferguson . . . an' who's to blame the man?
There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast or slow,
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago.

It is difficult indeed to see how a reader can find anything but joy in the methods by which Mr. Kipling has brought him before the God and the world of McAndrews, but there are not wanting cavillers. The *Saturday Review* gibes fiercely at the "abuse" of technical terminology, which it considers a growing fault, and suggests a Hospital Hymn

"The inspissated alkaloids with eczema contend,
But Heaven pursues the comatose, no bismuth can befriend;
Spasmodic hydrocarbonates with tetanus combine
To whing thy cardiac meroblast, oh, molecule of mine!"

which there is no particular object in quoting except to show how much irrelevancy and hard logic must be swallowed to raise any seriously qualifying objection to "The Seven Seas." Kipling's quick ear and retentive memory for techincal terms has been one of his most characteristic endowments since his boyhood. Though no sporting man himself, he wrote in India, with no apparent effort, verses full of hunting lore and allusions that set the horsey people wild with delight all over the Empire. They were on every clubman's lips, and the riding set generally voted the author the greatest poet living. Nothing is easier than to trip up a poet or a story teller who enters a special field assuming some knowledge of it; but nothing is more difficult than to trip up Kipling, though he tacitly assumes about all there is to know. The naval experts say that he is all right on the men of war. I have played detective on his arrogance in the matter of marine insurance, and was as satisfied that he had mastered the principles he needed as thoroughly as he knew how cod were caught on the Grand Banks or what horses and dogs thought and did.

Of the lighter motifs in "The Seven Seas," there is a delicious taste in "The Old Three-Decker," a playful tribute—though not without some strong backhanded strokes of satire—to that noble old British institution, the three volumed novel.

THE THREE-DECKER.

"The three-volume novel is extinct."
Full thirty foot she towered from water-line to rail.
It cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten sail;
But, spite all modern notions, I found her first and best—
The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held our breeze behind us—'twas warm with lovers' prayers :
We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs ;
They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wicked Nurse confessed,
And they worked the old three-decker to the Island of the Blest.

Carambas and *serapés* we waved to every wind,
We smoked good Corpo Bacco when our sweethearts proved unkind :
With maids of matchless beauty and parentage unguessed,
We also took our manners to the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions—we pumped no hidden shame—
We never talked obstetrics when the little stranger came :
We left the Lord in Heaven, we left the fiends in Hell,
We weren't exactly Yussufs, but—Zuleika didn't tell !

No mortal doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared
The villain got his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered.
'Twas fiddles in the foc'sle—'twas garlands on the mast,
For every one got married, and I went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks.
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing checks,
In endless English comfort by county-folk caressed,
I left the old three-decker at the Islands of the Blest !

That route is barred to steamers : you'll never lift again
Our purple-painted headlands of the lordly keeps of Spain.
They're just beyond the skyline, howe'er so far you cruise
In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking screws.

In a more reverent mood there is a hymn "To the True Romance," that gives a side of Rudyard Kipling he does not often show for the benefit of stupid people who cannot argue it of him ; but which is good for stupid and witty people, too, to read. It begins :

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

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

The "Rhyme of the Three Sealers" and "The Song of the Banjo" are, too, perfect in their way. The first is the magic story of three sailors befogged in the Northern seas ; in the second Kipling glorifies the banjo as giving the music of civilization in the outer wilds, and setting the step of the march of progress :

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rear guard to a walk !

With my "*pilly-willy-winky-winky p-p-p !*"
[Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head !]
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop ;
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

As its name indicates, this volume is given largely to verses inspired by the smell of the salt water, the heroism and hardships of sailor life, and all the tragedy of Old Ocean. The imperial strain is heard in such pieces as "The Widow at Windsor :"

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead ?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red ;
(Ow, poor beggars in red !)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns ;
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars !—it's blue with our bones !)

* * * * * * *

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead ;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play;
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

Mr. Stedman calls attention to Kipling's pre-eminent success in the ballad poem, and his remarkably clear discernment of his own distinctive talent in that field. "At this stage, and as a poet, he is a balladist through and through, though one likely enough to be eminent in any effort which he may seriously undertake." Of the ballads in "The Seven Seas" Mr. Stedman is particularly impressed by "The Last Chantey," which he calls "one of the purest examples since Coleridge's wondrous 'Rime' of the imaginatively grotesque."

Mr. Kipling captured an empire before he donned the *toga virilis*, and was trailing the rest of the reading world behind his chariot before he was twenty-five. He is now a strong, sane man of thirty-two. We should listen to him for more than a generation to come, and it would be impertinent to hint at the great things he should, by all laws of comparison, achieve.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FIRST EDITIONS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

I. 1885 | QUARTETTE | THE CHRISTMAS ANNUAL | OF THE | CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE | BY | FOUR ANGLO-INDIAN WRITERS.

Contents : "The Mirror of Two Worlds," "Divided Allegiance," "An Anglo Indian Episode," "At This Distance," "The Unlimited 'Draw' of 'Tick' Bolleau," "A Tragedy of Teeth," "The Haunted Cabin," "The Second Wooing," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes, C. B.," "Two Sonnets," "My Christmas at the Agaigaum Exhibition," "Rivals," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," "From the Hills," "Mopsuel's Jurisdiction," "Parted." This Christmas annual was entirely written by members of the Kipling family. Two of Rudyard Kipling's stories appeared here for the first time.

II. NO. 1 OF 1886 ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE ONLY | DEPARTMENTAL | DITTIES | AND OTHER | VERSES | TO | ALL HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS | AND ALL ANGLO-INDIANS | RUDYARD KIPLING ASSISTANT. | DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC JOURNALISM | LAHORE DISTRICT. | 1886.

Printed on one side only, on brown paper like a public document, at Lahore, by the *Civil and Military Gazette* Press.

III. PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS.

Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co. London : W. Thacker & Co. 1888.
Twenty-eight of the forty Tales appeared originally in the *Civil and Military Gazette*; the others were new.

IV. SOLDIERS THREE.

A Collection of Stories setting forth Certain Passages in the Lives and Adventures of Private Terence Mulvaney, Stanley Ortheris and John Learoyd. Done into type and edited by Rudyard Kipling.
Allahabad : Printed at the *Pioneer* Press. 1888.

V. THE STORY OF THE GADSBYS.

A tale without a plot by Rudyard Kipling.
Published by Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. Allahabad. 1888.
Contents : Preface. "Poor Dear Mama." "The World Without." "The Tents of Kedar." "With any Amazement." "The Garden of Eden." "Fatima." "The Valley of the Shadow." "The Swelling of Jordan."

VI. IN BLACK & WHITE.

Published by Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. Allahabad. 1888.
Contents : Introduction. "Dray Wara Yow Dee." "The Judgment of Dungara." "At Howli Thana." "Gemini." "At Twenty Two." "In Flood Time." "The Sending of Dana Da." "On the City Wall."

VII. UNDER THE DEODARS.

Published by Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. Allahabad. 1888.
Contents : "The Education of Otis Yeere." "At the Pit's Mouth." "A Wayside Comedy." "The Hills of Illusion." "A Second-Rate Woman." "Only a Subaltern."

VIII. THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW, AND OTHER TALES.

Published by Messrs. A. H Wheeler & Co. Allahabad. 1888.
Contents : "The Phantom 'Rickshaw." "My Own True Ghost Story." "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes." "The Man who would be King."

IX. WEE WILLIE WINKIE, AND OTHER STORIES.

Published by Messrs. A. H Wheeler & Co. Allahabad. 1888.
Contents : "Wee Willie Winkie." "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." "His Majesty the King." "The Drums of the Fore and Aft."

X. THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD, AND OTHER STORIES.

Containing a biographical and critical sketch of Kipling by Andrew Lang.
New York : Harper & Bros. Franklin Square. 1890.
Contents : Biographical Sketch of R.K., "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." "A Man who Was." "A Conference of the Powers." "Without Benefit of Clergy." "On Greenhow Hill." "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney."

XI. DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES AND OTHER VERSES

Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co. London : W. Thacker & Co. Bombay : Thacker & Co., Limited. 1891.

XII. THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT AND OTHER PLACES DEPICTED BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Published by Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. Allahabad. 1891.
Contents : "A Real Live City." "The Reflections of a Savage." "The Council of the Gods." "On the Banks of the Hugli." "With the Calcutta Police." "The City of the Dreadful Night." "Deeper and Deeper Still." "Concerning Lucia." "A Railway Settlement." "The Mighty Shops." "At Vulcan's Forge." "On the Surface." "In the Depths." "The Perils of the Pits." "In an Opium Factory."

XIII. DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES AND OTHER VERSES.

Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co. London : W. Thacker & Co. Bombay : Thacker & Co., Limited. 1891.

XIV. THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

London : Macmillan & Co. 1891. Mr. Kipling's first novel.

XV. LIFE'S HANDICAP, BEING STORIES OF MINE OWN PEOPLE BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

London : Macmillan & Co., and New York. 1891.

XVI. LETTERS OF MARQUE.

A. H. Wheeler & Co. Allahabad. 1891.

XVII. BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS AND OTHER VERSES.

Methuen & Co., 18 Bury Street, W. C. London. 1892.
Many of these appeared originally in the *National Observer*, four in *Macmillan's Magazine*, three in *St. James Gazette*, one in *The Athenæum*. The others are new. This was also issued on large paper (225 printed) and Japan paper (30 printed).

XVIII. THE NAULAHKA :

A Story of West and East, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.
William Heinemann, Bedford Street, W. C. London. 1892.
A new edition with rhymed chapter headings was copyrighted the same year by Macmillan & Co.

XIX. BALLADS AND BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.

New York : Macmillan & Co., and London. 1892.

XX. DETROIT FREE PRESS CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Price sixpence. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," by Rudyard Kipling. "One Day's Courtship," by Luke Sharp, illustrated by Miss G. M. Hammond and Miss C. D. Hammond. 1893.
Detroit Free Press, 310 Strand, London, W. C.
Kipling's contribution occupies 9 pp. It was afterward included in "Many Inventions."

XXI. MANY INVENTIONS.

London : Macmillan & Co., and New York. 1893.

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Abridged from the bibliography prepared for the *Bookbuyer* by Ernest Dressel North. New edition with additional Poems.
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XXIII. MY FIRST BOOK.

The experiences of various contemporary authors.
London : Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1894.
Kipling's Contribution, 91-97.

XXIV. THE JUNGLE BOOK.

With illustrations by J. L. Kipling, W. H. Drake and P. Frenzeny.
London : Macmillan & Co., and New York. 1894. New York : The Century Company.

XXV. THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK.

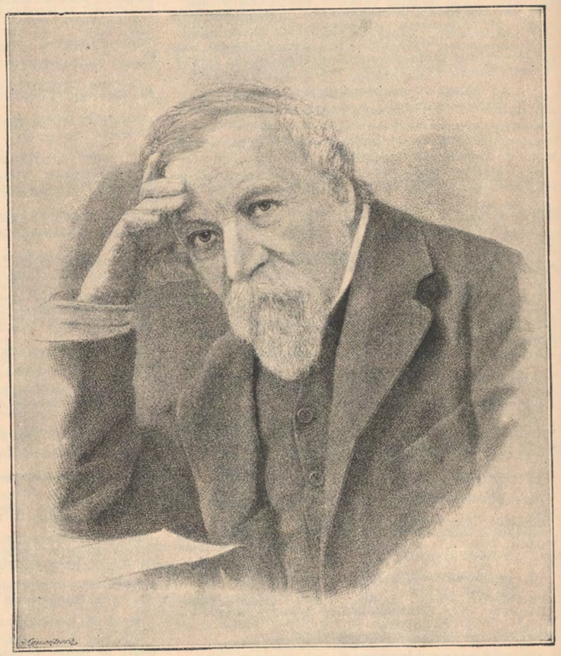
With illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E.
London : Macmillan & Co. 1895. New York : The Century Company.

XXVI. THE SEVEN SEAS.

London : Methuen & Co. 1896. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

Abridged from the complete bibliography prepared for the Bookbuyer by Ernest Dressel North.

BROWNING AND THE LARGER PUBLIC



Robert Browning

(Reproduced from the signature in the marriage register.)

ON the 12th of December a Browning commemoration service was held in the parish church of St. Marylebone in London. Robert Browning died on the 12th day of December, 1889, and his surviving personal friends, together with those who honor his memory through devotion to his work, are accustomed to bear in mind the date of his death. It was in the St. Marylebone parish church that Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were married in September, 1846—fifty years ago. Robert Browning was three years younger than Elizabeth Barrett, who was thirty-five and in the full enjoyment of her great reputation at the time of their wedding. Her death occurred in 1861, her husband surviving her twenty-eight years. At the recent commemoration service the Rev. Dr. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, made a most sympathetic address on Robert Browning and his message, which we are permitted to present to our readers. It is a striking paragraph with which Dean Farrar concludes his paper and sums up the practical lessons which he derives from Robert Browning's life and poetry. We reproduce, in *fac simile* from Dean Farrar's manuscript, this concluding paragraph. Mrs. Browning's views, especially touching matters of theological and religious discussion, have been freshly brought to mind by the appearance of a hitherto unpublished series of her letters. These are to be found in the second volume of the "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. T. J. Wise, which is among the new books of last month.

The steady growth of a wholesome popular demand for the poems of Robert Browning on our American side of the ocean is well indicated by the fact that two publishers have this season given us exceedingly satisfactory two-volume editions at very reasonable prices. The Messrs. Macmillan, whose admirable edition comprised in nine volumes appeared two years ago, at $20 for the set, have now reprinted on thinner but most excellent paper the entire unabridged collection in two volumes, at the extremely low price of $2.50. Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Company also have published the standard selection made by Browning himself in 1872, with additions from the poet's best subsequent work, and the two volumes of this edition are enriched with valu-

5 JHVH holds dear the righteous,
But the wicked and lover of outrage His soul does abhor.
6 Coals of fire and brimstone He rains on the wicked,
And in their goblet is a wind that is scorching.
7 For JHVH is just, and uprightness he loves,
His face shall the blameless behold.

PSALM 15.

Psalm of David.

1 O JHVH, in Thy tent who dares to sojourn?
On Thy holy mountain who dares to dwell?
2 He who lives blamelessly, and practises righteousness,
And speaks from his heart what is true,
3 Who utters no slander with his tongue,
Does no wrong to another,
And his neighbor he does not calumniate,
4 Pompous arrogance He despises,
The God-fearing man he respects,
He pledges his word to his neighbor, and keeps it,
5 He puts not out his money at interest,
And cannot be bribed to injure the innocent,
He who does this, for all time cannot be shaken.

PSALM 24.

Of David. A Psalm.

1 The world is JHVH's, and the fulness thereof,
The earth and its inhabitants.
2 He has founded it on seas,
And established it on floods.
3 Who dares ascend to worship on the mountain of JHVH?
Who dares set foot on His holy abode?
4 He who has sinless hands and a pure conscience,
Who cherishes no longing for evil,
And never swears falsely.
5 He will receive blessing from JHVH
And righteousness from God, his Help.
6 This is the circle of those who inquire after Him,
Who seek Thy face, O God of Jacob! *Selah.*

7 Lift up your heads, ye gates!
Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors!
That the King of glory may come in!
8 Who is the King of Glory?
JHVH, the Mighty, the Hero,
JHVH, the Hero in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors!
That the King of Glory may come in.
10 Who, then, is the King of Glory?
JHVH Sabaoth, He is the King of Glory *Selah.*

PSALM 26.

Of David.

1 Right me, O JHVH! my conscience is clear,
And in JHVH I trust without wavering.
2 Try me, O JHVH, and prove me,
Test thou my mind and my heart!
3 Ever-present is Thy kindness before me,
And in Thy faithfulness do I walk.
4 I sit not in the company of men who are false,
And with dissemblers I have no converse.
5 I hate the society of caitiffs,
And sit not in the company of the wicked.
6 I wash my hands in innocence,
And I go about Thine altar, O JHVH,
7 To chant aloud my gratitude,
And to recount all Thy wonders.
8 O JHVH, I love the house where Thou dwellest,
And the mansion of Thy majesty.
9 Snatch not away my soul together with sinners,
And my life with men of blood,
10 In whose hand is violence,
Whose right hand is full of bribes.
11 As for me, my conscience is clear,
Deliver me, and be gracious to me.
12 My foot stands on even ground;
In congregations will I praise JHVH.

One Psalm with the accompanying explanatory notes is subjoined, to give some idea of the character of the notes appended to all of the Psalms when necessary.

PSALM 87.[1]

Of the Sons of Korah: A Psalm, a Song.

1 How fair is the city of God
Which He has founded on holy mountains!
2 JHVH loves the gates of Zion
More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
3 A glorious thing is told of thee,
O thou city of God! *Selah.*
4 Natives of Rahab[2] and Babylon,
Of Philistia and Tyre, and even of Cush,
Are among my followers;
5 But every one calls Zion his mother,
And of it is every one native.[3]
He Himself, the Most High, keeps it.
6 JHVH writes in the Book of Nations[4]:
This one is native here and that one there, *Selah.*
But, gentle or simple[5]—
The home of them all is in thee, O Jerusalem!

[1] The text is corrupt in several places, but the meaning is clear. The Jews are dispersed over the whole world, but the home and mother of them all is Zion.
[2] *I.e.*, Egypt; *cf.* Ps. 89, 10; Isa. 30, 7; 51, 9.
[3] The real home of every Jew is Zion, no matter where he may have been born.
[4] The civic register in which the names of all the dispersed citizens of JHVH's people are recorded.
[5] noble or humble.

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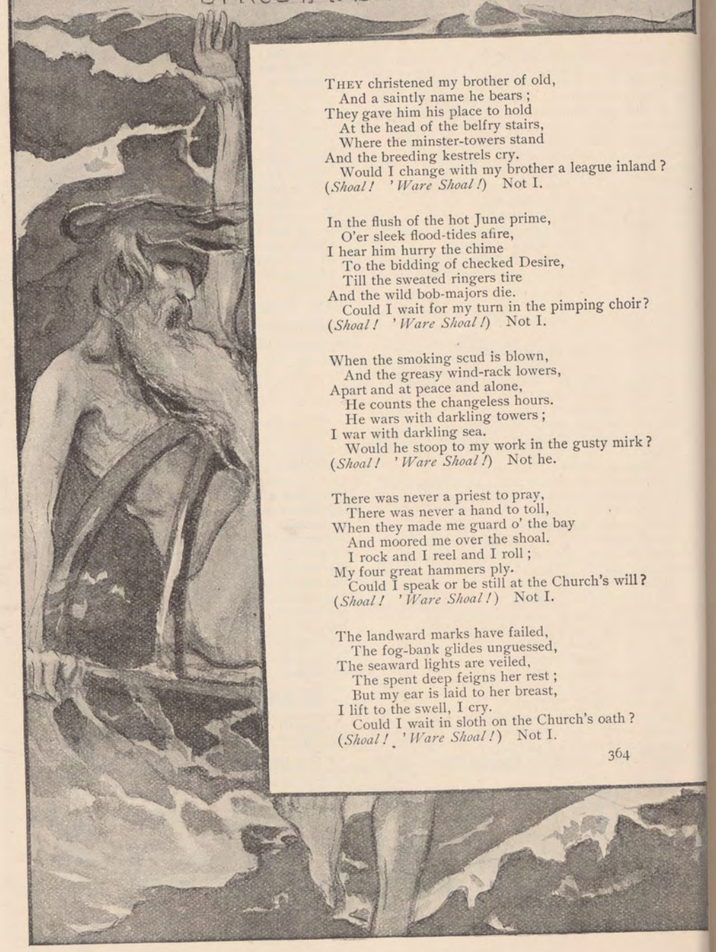
THE BELL-BUOY

BY RUDYARD KIPLING



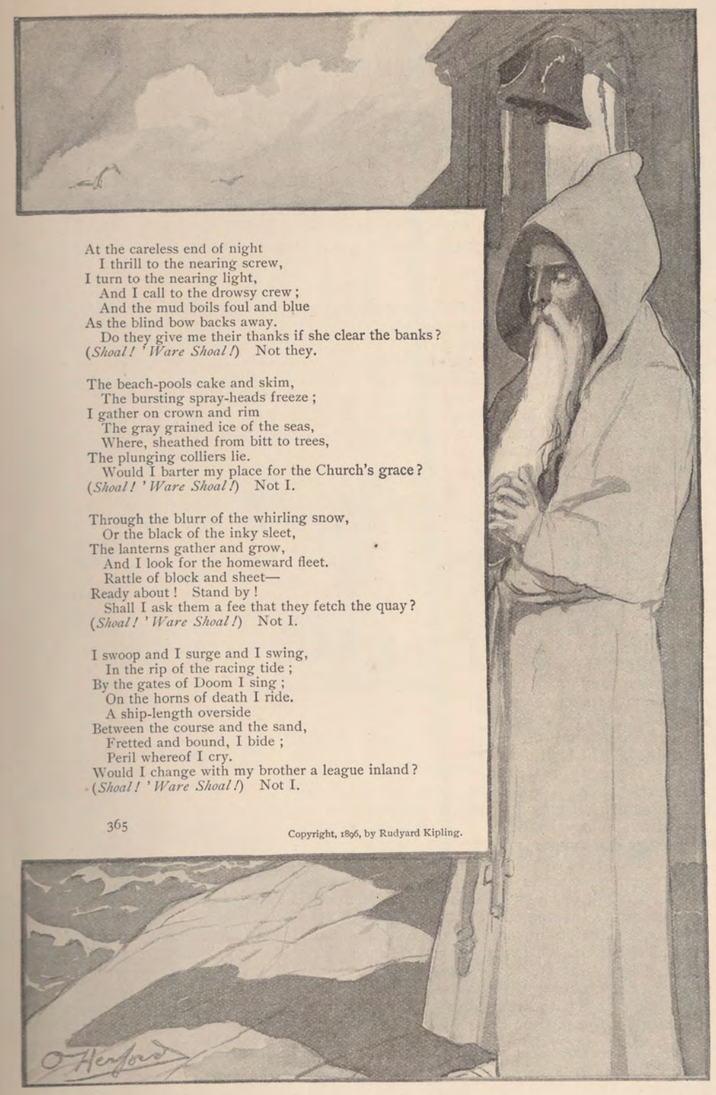
THEY christened my brother of old,
And a saintly name he bears;
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er sleek flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the bidding of checked Desire,
Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob-majors die.
Could I wait for my turn in the pimping choir?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

When the smoking scud is blown,
And the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling towers;
I war with darkling sea.
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not he.

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard o' the bay
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll;
My four great hammers ply.
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

The landward marks have failed,
The fog-bank glides unguessed,
The seaward lights are veiled,
The spent deep feigns her rest;
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell, I cry.
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.



At the careless end of night
I thrill to the nearing screw,
I turn to the nearing light,
And I call to the drowsy crew;
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the blind bow backs away.
Do they give me their thanks if she clear the banks?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not they.

The beach-pools cake and skim,
The bursting spray-heads freeze;
I gather on crown and rim
The gray grained ice of the seas,
Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,
The plunging colliers lie.
Would I barter my place for the Church's grace?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

Through the blurr of the whirling snow,
Or the black of the inky sleet,
The lanterns gather and grow,
And I look for the homeward fleet.
Rattle of block and sheet—
Ready about! Stand by!
Shall I ask them a fee that they fetch the quay?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

I swoop and I surge and I swing,
In the rip of the racing tide;
By the gates of Doom I sing;
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound, I bide;
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

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McClure's July 96

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GRANT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

BARRACKS LIFE AT ST. LOUIS.—GRANT'S COURTSHIP OF MISS JULIA DENT.—HIS PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR.—A DARING RIDE AT MONTEREY.—TWO IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM GRANT.—GRANT'S BOLD CHARGE INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO.—HIS STANDING AND CHARACTER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

ABOUT ten miles south of the city of St. Louis, on a fine height which overlooks the oily, tawny-colored flood of the Mississippi River, is set the Jefferson Barracks of early Western history. New buildings have been added, and the trees have grown, but the old buildings set round the square of sward are quite untouched of change. They look as they did in 1843, when Ulysses Grant joined the army there, and entered upon his duties as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. They are of whitewashed stone, with galleries and generous roofs, in the Southern manner. At the eastern end of the campus is set the flagstaff, and under it the brass cannon which serves as evening gun. Across the river are wooded banks, and to the north the city of St. Louis shows vaguely in the smoke and haze. On the river below, steamboats ply with shining paddle-wheels which make no noise. There is a singular air of peace and repose and gentle life within this quadrangle, though it rings at intervals with the imperious commands of the bugle. All fear, all anxiety concerning the future seems left behind. The men move quietly about, the robins tug at worms on the lawn, and the bluejay flying across mocks the bugle's note with saucy unconcern.

THE SUNSET GUN AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

It was a large post in the early forties, for St. Louis was then a far-Western town and a most important military centre. No less than sixteen companies of infantry were stationed at Jefferson Barracks when Grant was assigned to duty there just after his graduation from West Point. Colonel Stephen Kearney commanded the post, and commanded it reasonably, and the young lieutenant found army life very agreeable. The routine was not severe, and though his room was bare and the duty monotonous, yet there was compensating charm. For diversion, men and officers alike looked to St. Louis. Between roll-call and drill the officers were permitted to enjoy themselves without inquisitorial search into their plans and motives. With his mind still set on securing a situation as teacher, Grant set to work to do some reading and studying. Possibly this resolution kept him out of the degenerating tendency of the routine life, which makes toward indifferentism and mechanical action. At any rate, no one has yet uttered a word of criticism of his life there. General Longstreet says of him at this time: "He was a general favorite, and his name was never connected with anything which called for rebuke or reproach. The routine was strict enough to account for every man and to fill his time pretty thor-

Note.—With the abundance of material gathered by Mr. Garland on the period of Grant's life covered by the present paper, particularly in reference to Grant's service in the Mexican War, it would have been easy to carry the narrative on through a second paper. But this would have prolonged the series beyond our first plan, and conflicted with other matter already arranged for; so it was deemed better to condense the material. In the book form which the papers are finally to take there will not be this need of condensation.—Editor.

Rudyard Kipling

wrote his first "Jungle Stories" for St. Nicholas Magazine. This year he will contribute to St. Nicholas a new series of fantastic stories about animals in an entirely new vein,—the "Just-So Stories" he calls them because they must be read "just so" to children. The first one will appear in the Christmas number. The November St. Nicholas, now ready everywhere, *begins the new volume.* If your young folks are not taking St. Nicholas buy this number and see what it is.

THE NOVEMBER "ST. NICHOLAS"

Contains the first instalment of Frank R. Stockton's new serial, "The Buccaneers of Our Coast," a thoroughly healthy "pirate" story for boys and girls, first chapters of a capital historical serial, "With the Black Prince," by W. O. Stoddard, and contributions from James Whitcomb Riley (a delightful poem, "Mister Hop-Toad"), George Kennan, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and others.

New subscriptions should begin with November. $3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. All dealers or the publishers, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

The Century Co. publish also

Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," the novel of the Grand Banks, now selling everywhere. Illustrated, $1.50. Also Kipling's famous "Jungle Books" (two), $1.50 each.

Nov Independent Dec 58

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WRITTEN IN 1887 AND 1889.

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PRACTICAL POLITICIANS.

What Mr. Kipling says of the American politician, whom he first met in San Francisco, is perfectly true. We say it ourselves:

I went almost directly afterwards to a saloon where gentlemen interested in ward politics nightly congregate. They were not pretty persons. Some of them were bloated, and they all swore cheerfully till the heavy gold watch chains on their fat stomachs rose and fell again; but they talked over their liquor as men who had power and unquestioned access to places of trust and profit. The magazine writer discussed theories of government; these men the practice. They had been there. They knew all about it. They banged their fists on the table and spoke of political "pulls," the vending of votes, and so forth. Theirs was not the talk of village babblers reconstructing the affairs of the nation, but of strong, coarse, lustful men fighting for spoil and thoroughly understanding the best methods of reaching it.

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When one criticizes these letters of Mr. Kipling's he may remember that they were written when the author, who is still a young man, was a much younger man. After he knew more about America he probably changed his mind, and he never authorized the publication of what he had written until forced to do so. It was the American pirate who unearthed these letters and flaunted them in the face of the public, for the purpose of making bad blood as much as anything else. After Mr. Kipling knew us better, if he could have destroyed them entirely, I have no doubt that he would have done so. But I don't know but that I would regret their destruction, as I have found them entertaining.—Jeannette L. Gilder, in the Chicago Tribune.

m the following cablegram in de-
he statement that he had written
rsonal friend that he had paid his
s debts in full:

s. Publishers: Lie. Wrote no such
Still deeply in debt."

The Bibelot, published by Thomas
sher, Portland, continues to sup-
pice reading matter to its fortunate
bers. The November number
ns the story of Odysseus in Phæa-
ve sion of the sixth book of the
ey, y Mr. J. W. Mackail, whose
tion are commended as "exqui-
by Mr. Gosse. The December
r will consist of "The Death of
we," a tragedy by Richard Hengist

The Academy says of Miss Wilkins,
er 30th, 1897:

ally, we would say that it seems to
Americans should be very proud of
Wilkins. Her modesty and retiring
coupled with the humble characters
on she writes, may have withheld
er countrymen a full appreciation of
eat and singular merits; but it seems
hat in this quiet New Englady lady
a possesses a novelist of lowly life
subtle comprehension of the elemen-
sions is not surpassed by any living
and one who serves her art with a
and patient fidelity not to be over-
d."

The death of Mr. John Sartain re-
a picturesque figure from both lit-
e and art. Mr. Sartain came to
ca from London in 1830, when he
bout twenty-two years old, and
d himself to engraving, mezzotint,
it painting and other art work. In
e became a magazine editor, and in
ecame part proprietor of the maga-
hat for a number of years bore his
Besides his editorial labors, he

The History of Our Navy. By John R.
8x5, pp. 421. Vols. I, II, III. The same.
vols.....
The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Wh
comb Riley. 7¾x5, pp. 368. The same.....
The Life of Philip Schaff. By Da S. Schaff.
D.D. 8¼x6, pp. 535. The sa ....
Gallegher, and Other Poems. By
ding Davis. 8x5, pp. 236. The sa
Cinderella, and Other Stories. By
ding Davis. 7¾x5, pp. 305. The s

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days (he entered the Academy in 1849) to
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Illustrated by Oliver Herford.

The First one is in

THE DECEMBER

"ST. NICHOLAS."

THE BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THIS is the beginning of a new series of stories about ani... —fantastic stories—which Mr. Kipling has written "St. Nicholas" to follow his "Jungle Stories" which first peared in the same magazine.

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A year's subscription to "St. Nicholas" costs $3.00. Can think of a more helpful influence in your home?

THE CENTURY CO.,

UNION SQUARE, - - NEW YORK.

THE REV. JOSEPH KIPLING, GRANDFATHER OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

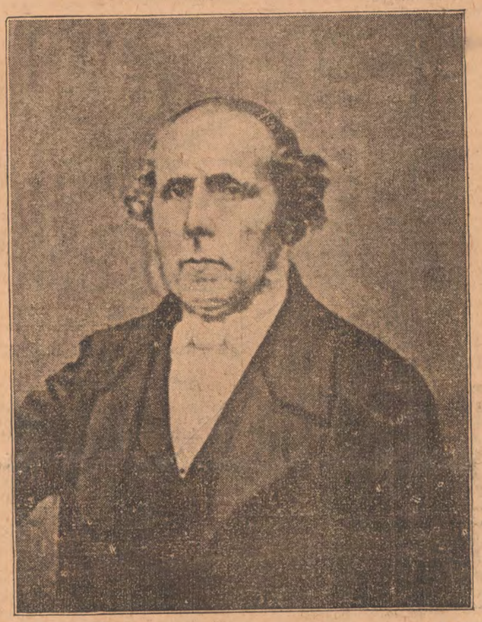
By JOHN ACKWORTH.

Whenever he does think of it, which in truth is not often, your Yorkshire "Wolder" or moorland farmer has his misgivings about the strange limitations of his chosen oracle, the London pressman, and wonders in a mild sort of way why it is that he seems, even in these days of express trains and telegraphs and the all-intrusive bicycle, to know so little after all of the wold country and its inhabitants. If only one of these keen and omniscient writers would go and see him he could tell him things; for, though he is almost English enough to be Scotch in his hatred of anything like posing, and his tendency to what the *Spectator* recently called "under-dressing" of himself, there are things to be known about him and his ways that would, in his opinion, well repay the trouble of finding out. He is never likely to make much fuss about them himself, but if you would call upon him, though he might forget to tell you of the wonderful romance of his own life, of how during this present century he has entirely transformed the bare, wild uplands of the North Riding, he could astonish you still with other things equally remarkable. If you would leave your citified tone in the stackyard, and draw up to the kitchen fire and take a draw of genuine "old Ebor," and let him talk about things that interest him as well as things that interest you, he will in a few minutes make it sufficiently clear to you that you have come into one of the most remarkable parts of this most remarkable county. You didn't know, of course, that the muscle and brain of your great London was built up and constantly replenished from these unheard-of parts. "Why, sir, the very house you are now sitting in was, a generation ago, the birthplace of a man who has already been High Sheriff of his county, and if you will just look over the window blind in the corner behind you, you will see the cottage in which the Blank Bros., now merchant princes, were reared. You are a Wesleyan, of course; why then listen, if you please, to this long list of the names of great ministers and missionaries who have 'gone out' from these parts; and you have only to walk to the brow of that hill over there to see across the valley yonder the very village where the great Jackson, R.A., was born; and if you *will* stay all night and go down to Malton fair to-morrow, then whilst we are attending to the sale or purchase of 'hogs' or 'yows,' you can walk over to Castle Howard, the seat of the Carlisles, and see the very pictures the great artist painted."

And just lately our complacent friend has got another feather in his cap—a very peacock feather for size and brilliance—"for weren't the papers a few weeks ago full of a certain Kipling? Didn't the whole English-speaking people of the world seem to gather round the bedroom door of this Kipling, and even the great German Emperor send a wire to enquire about his health? Very well! You may think it is boasting, but that very Kipling springs from these parts, and his people are with us to this day. If you do go to Malton to-morrow, you can be introduced without the least difficulty to the uncle after whom he is named, and in at least one comfortable farmhouse not far away you can hear of a merry, good-tempered little fellow who used to visit there, and whom they familiarly called 'Rud.'"

Having thus got our stolid friend thawed into communicativeness, it is easy to draw out of him all he has to tell about this wonderful family.

He laughs as he recalls having read in a belated London paper—was it THE BRITISH WEEKLY?—some years ago that a new writer with an odd name had arrived on these shores from India. He recognised the name, of course, at once, although when the first writings of this new light came into his hands he is free to confess that he was considerably surprised, not to say shocked, for there seemed not only to be nothing in them to remind him of that good man under whose ministry he used to sit in the days when sermons were sermons, but there was much that altogether shocked him, though on second thoughts he admits that the downright call-a-spade-a-spadishness of them had a sort of North-country Methodist ring about them that was distinctly reminiscent. His grandfather? Yes, that good man was remembered lovingly thereabouts even yet. The family came originally from further north, Lythe, near Whitby, being the place where the Rev. Joseph was born, in 1805. And here the good man interjects the information that the great writer's full name is Joseph Rudyard, after his grandfather and the uncle now living at Malton. But the real home of the Kiplings, he goes on to explain, was at Edston, near Pickering, where the last representative of the older generation recently died. From this farm the eldest son went out into the ministry, and rode away in 1831 by "lead and tie," which is a local euphuism for post riding, to his first circuit, Wisbeach. The family, our friend, who is great on questions of pedigree, continues, intermarried with the Lockwoods of Skelton. Mr. Lockwood, who was the steward of Sir Michael Wharton, appears as one of the figures in Wilkie's great picture of "The Rent Day." Existing pictures of the Rev. Joseph Kipling, he next explains, would give the impression that he was a tall man, but the Kiplings are all of about medium height. He was a dark, round-headed man, with a very piercing eye, and a keen intellectual face, a voracious reader, and something of a bibliophile. Most of the old preachers, we are next reminded, were hobbyists of some sort, some of them being pronounced amateur naturalists; some were addicted to herbalist practices, and we will omit the curious stories which our friend advances to illustrate his point, and the strange cures of which he has heard. Mr. Kipling also had his little fad, and was said to be a wonderful topographer, and to have a most complete knowledge of every road, by-way, and bridle-path from the wolds right over to Skipton. He was what Methodists of the last generation always called a "sound" preacher, manifesting a very remarkable acquaintance with Scripture, and was as careful in his preparations for a little village pulpit as he would be for the most exacting audience. His pulpit style was clear, orderly, and somewhat quaint, and our friend looks as if he were not sure what they meant when he informs us that his brother ministers used to regard him as a subtle thinker and student. Quiet and reserved in his manner, he knew how to keep an unruly member in order in a meeting, and used to cool the ardour of would-be complainers by demanding exactitude of statement and sufficiency of proof. His ministry, we next learn, was spent mostly in country circuits, where his training and tastes rendered him peculiarly acceptable to his people. No, he was not very easy to understand at first, but as you got to know him you grew to love and revere him and the people amongst whom he laboured still cherish his memory, the country people delighting to tell about the reserved but wise pastor who visited in their homes, and prayed with their families, prayed sometimes when the servants were fidgeting to get to other occupations, and the cat was stealing the breakfast bacon. The earliest days of his ministry were spent in the fens, but presently he got back to his native county, his first appointment being to the circuit from whence he came into the ministry. And here our farmer friend seems evidently to wish us to know that this was a sort of distinction, for the "prophet in his own country" is a proverb as well known in Wesleyan circles as anywhere else in the world.



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Mr. Kipling, we learn next, was just the man to have to deal with that great agitation known as "The Reform," which broke out in his time, and we are expected to believe that, though quietness itself in manner, there was no mistaking the meaning of the good man when once he had expressed himself, and disturbers were fain to give him a wide berth.

In his later ministry he was known by that peculiar term the true inwardness of which seems only to be fully understood by ministers, namely, "judicious," and our friend of the moors, though he is not by any means sure that he altogether understands what it means when thus applied, is quite willing to endorse it as far as the present subject is concerned. From all that we can gather, Mr. Kipling worked hard in his circuits, and as these were heroic times for the Methodist ministry it is no wonder that he aged fast, and was compelled to retire earlier than is common. His last circuit was Skipton, where members of his family still reside, and after spending some time there in somewhat indifferent health he preached his last sermon on the day of the Prince Consort's funeral, on the text, "We spend our years as a tale that is told," and a few days later he developed dropsical symptoms and died; and at his funeral the vicar of the parish officiated, the bells of the church were muffled, and people of every denomination attended to do honour to his memory.

Mr. Kipling left six children, most of whom are still alive.

From the painstaking Methodist preacher to the creator of "Mulvaney" seems a far cry indeed, but the preference for strong expressive phraseology, the earnest scorn of flimsy unrealities, and the uncompromising taste for calling things by their proper names which are so strongly characteristic of the soldier's laureate, are not only decided family idiosyncrasies, but Yorkshire and Methodistic ones too, and though "Departmental Ditties" are not exactly hymns, yet the "Recessional" more than reassures us, and the "White Man's Burden" expresses our patriotic Methodist missionary Imperialism in a way that relieves even our friend at the moorland farm of any anxiety as to the real source of the inspiration.

WE have received a long letter from a correspondent who, while confessing that he sails under Mr. W. B. Yeats's colours himself, objects to any comparison between writers so dissimilar as his hero and Mr. Kipling. We cannot print his letter, but there is room for the confession of faith with which it ends: "Give me Mr. Yeats's new treatment of the old forms of poesy—the sun, the moon, and the stars, the day and the night, and his impossible mystical women. Give me these, and you may send the whole fleet of Mr. Kipling's ironclads to the bottom; spike all his guns and dip his colours—his eternal Union Jack."

INDEED, our own letter bag and other indications give unhappy proof that the publication of so much Kiplingana has caused a reaction in his disfavour. Even the *Times* cannot record his departure for England this week without stating that he was wearing a "close-buttoned overcoat." What should a convalescent wear when starting on a voyage? The Union Jack? And Mr. Doubleday, we notice, now identifies himself with the Kipling family and speaks of them as "we"—"We go immediately to Rottingdean."

Mr. Monkshood's newly-issued monograph on "Rudyard Kipling; The Man and His Work," has been received with an outburst of criticism of the most extreme severity. "Obviously incompetent," "feeble style," "faults of grammar," "untrained judgment," "farrago of ineptitude," are some of the expressions used. Evidently this inaugural volume of Messrs. Greening's series—"English Writers of To-Day"—is not calculated to improve the prospects of that venture. It is to be hoped that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's promised work on Kipling will prove to be more worthy of the subject.

BRITISH WEEKLY

"MOWGLI" IS A REAL BEING.

Kipling's Famous "Man Cub" is Alive and Well.

Held in a Mild Form of Captivity by Missionaries.

The Only Son lay down again and dreamed
that he dreamed a dream,
And the last ash dropped from the dying
fire with the click of a falling spark,
And the Only Son woke up again and
called across the dark:
"Now, was I born of womankind and laid
in a mother's breast?
For I have dreamed of a shaggy hide
whereon I went to rest.

And was I born of womankind and laid
on a father's arm?
For I have dreamed of long, white teeth
that guarded me from harm.
Oh, was I born of womankind and did I
play alone?
For I have dreamed of playmates twain
that bit me to the bone."
—THE ONLY SON.

So it seems "Mowgli," Kipling's man cub, is a real being, and even today, though somewhat advanced in years, is alive and well, says the Times of that city. At least two persons in Kansas City have seen Mowgli. They are Dr. Charles Stirling and his wife, Dr. Marion Fairweather Stirling of No. 3918 Washington street. She was superintendent of the government dispensaries at Agra, British India, and he was field surgeon with the British troops. Both have spent several years in India. Their present home on Washington street is a veritable museum of curiosities and bric-a-brac, gathered, many of them, from places made famous by Kipling's stories.

"My husband and I are personally acquainted with several of Kipling's characters," said Dr. Barton Stirling, "and we have visited many of the places he wrote about. His stories are actual fact, thinly disguised as fiction. In some instances he took so little pains to disguise names that Anglo-Indians can readily identify them. His places and events, some of which came within our own experience, and there were many others for whose truth we can vouch.

"'Mowgli' is Hindoostance for 'man cub.' This character appears in the 'Jungle Stories,' but was first introduced to the public in a tale entitled 'In the Rukh.' It will be remembered that Grisborne, the forester, saw a man walking down the dried bed of a stream, naked except for the loin-cloth, but crowned with a wreath of the tasselled blossoms of the white convolvulus creeper. So noiselessly did he move over the little pebbles that even Grisborne, used to the soft-footedness of trackers, started.

"Mowgli is not a filament of the imagination, but a real creature of flesh and blood. He is now under a mild form of captivity by the missionaries at Secundra, a mission station forming a suburb of Agra, on the Great East India railroad. Between 40 and 50 years of age, this man cub has never developed an intellect of more than half that of a human being. But nevertheless his intelligence is very much above that of the monkey. Articulate speech is not among his accomplishments. He makes a gutteral noise, and squeaks and chatters, but there is little evidence of an attempt to form words. In the sign language, however, he is proficient, and usually manages to make his wants understood.

"Mowgli was taken 20 years ago by a party of 'pig stickers,' or hunters of the wild boar. While pushing through an Indian jungle they saw a queer-looking thing running with a pack of wolves. It moved on all fours, its motions resembling the 'lope' of a horse. They lassooed it and brought it to Secundra.

"While effects of civilizing influences upon Mowgli have been in the main disappointing, still he shows some improvement over the jungle creature of 20 years ago. He is less vicious, but it is still considered unsafe to allow him at large. As to personal appearance—well, we'd call him deformed. He is very stooped and his arms are too long. His body has more hair upon it than that of the average human being; his brow is retreating, and his eyes are wild and shifting. He usually stands upright now, but when he gets excited and wants to make good time he drops upon all fours and moves with the peculiar 'lope' which the pig stickers noted.

"His origin is still a mystery. No one knows who or what his parents were, but that they were human beings scientists are agreed. Mowgli was probably born as well as any other Hindoo peasant. In time of plague or famine infants are often abandoned, many times unintentionally. It sometimes happens that a family is wiped out of existence in a few hours, leaving a sole survivor. Mowgli may have been such a survivor. It is not impossible that in his infancy he suckled a she-wolf which by some accident had lost her young. The relations between wild animals and the human kind of India are such as are not easily understood here.

"The Mowgli of today is confined in an inclosure in the rear of a grand old palace of great beauty and antiquity, forming the mission station at Secundra. It is 1,200 miles by rail northwest of Calcutta. Agra is a town of 1,000 people, of which Secundra may be considered a suburb. My husband and I lived there three years before removing to Delhi."

Among the souvenirs which the Drs. Stirling have gathered in India is a tulwar, or Hindoo sword, with an ugly, curved blade twenty inches in length. Both blade and handle are closely studded with barbaric talismen and heathen deities, which stand out from the steel in bas-relief.

Dr. Charles Stirling showed a scar on the ball of his left thumb.

"Here is a sample of its work," said he. "It was wielded by a thieving Mohammedan, who, a few seconds later, had the misfortune to lose his head. One of our soldiers blew it off with a gun at short range. His friends who noted the mishap no doubt thought it a judgment upon the Mohammedan for using a sword that bore the images of Hindoo gods, for a Hindoo god to a Mohamedan is blasphemy.

"The incident happened during the Black mountain expedition of 1889, in the northwest frontier of India, the purpose of which was to repel attacks of marauding hill tribes, Mohammedans mostly, who would come down from the 10,000-foot level to the foot hills, and there pillage, burn and ravish, carrying away everything that caught their fancy. There were forty-four in our party, commanded by Major Cotton. I was the surgeon. One day we ran across a detachment of the thieves in a little pocket in the mountains, and it was a case of fight or die on both sides, as neither could retreat. It was during this scrimmage that I was assaulted by the ill-fared 'true believer.' I don't know how it happened that he carried a Hindoo sword, but think it probable he had just stolen it from some Hindoo peasant in the lowlands. He would certainly not have used it from choice if any other weapon had been at hand.

"Here is an image of the Goddess Vishnu, second in importance to Brahm himself. Hunneman is the monkey god. And over on this side of the blade is Kali, the black goddess, goddess of all things evil—murder, famine, plague, sudden death. They bribe this goddess, and it goes without saying that she receives more attention than the beneficient deities. But to the Mohammedan they are all sacrilege, all false and without power for good or evil."

Plains Reader July 8/99

Century July 1899

RUDYARD KIPLING AND RACIAL INSTINCT.

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

EVER fascinating is the study of one who moves deeply those of his own age and generation; and clearly Rudyard Kipling, our most famous living writer, has moved in quite unique manner the thoughtful, yes, even the superficial, men and women of his time. Yet how can one hope coolly and with unwarped judgment to analyze the qualities of his friend? for he who has awakened those of many lands and of many callings to appreciate the strength of the ties which bind humanity together can surely not resent it if we one and all claim his friendship. Indeed, he has aroused a sense of even intimate acquaintance in the breasts of many who, until the anxious moments of last winter, failed to realize that they had learned to love him as a man of the widest sympathies—not devoid, indeed, of the failings of our race, but nevertheless displaying its virtues in exceptional manner.

Perhaps to another generation we must pass the task of judging, under the fierce fire of long-continued criticism, the breadth of his genius; yet it must surely be agreed that genius in no small measure has been granted to him who has so deeply affected those of his own age, and who, with all the adulation that has been poured out before him, still holds the power to judge himself calmly, to value himself as a mere expresser of what nature has bequeathed to him. No one who did not thus judge himself could have written the lightsome lines, "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre"; no one who did not thus meet the praise of his fellows could set before himself as an ideal the time when

> Only the Master shall praise us,
> And only the Master shall blame;
> And no one shall work for money,
> And no one shall work for fame,
> But each for the joy of the working . . .

Knowing the man to be of that ilk, we have no fear that the world's broad interest, of late so vividly evidenced, will warp his critical self-judgment; we but rest assured that his sense of responsibility will be deepened as he learns how large is the number of those who are influenced by his words. Nor, as his friends, do we fear to speak of his genius; nor do we hesitate in his very presence to seek to fathom in some measure its quality.

BUT genius is constituted by its very mystery; just because it defies analysis is it for us what it is. Could we analyze it, and even in a measure reproduce it, it would become at that moment common property, and no unique gift. It is as much a mystery for the man in whom it is displayed as for the one who feels that he has no measure of it himself: so much a mystery indeed that the man of genius has always persistently clung to the notion that he spoke or acted under the command of higher powers—of a Muse were he a Homer, of a δαίμων were he a Socrates. The genius throws light upon our way, leads us in paths which we joyously tread, but which would have been unknown to us had we not felt his influence. He strikes chords which resound within us, to which we are capable of vibrating sympathetically, though but for his touch our capacity would have remained unknown to us.

Kipling displayed this characteristic very distinctly when he wrote for us his stirring "Recessional." Its sentiments had been far from our thoughts, but the immediate appreciation it received showed how ready we were to recognize their significance. Its very name was an "inspiration" which led us to see how close to our deep religious life are the moments of rest after extravagant jubilation. Its substance appealed to every soul to whom experience had brought knowledge of the vanity of pomp and display uncoupled with sense of the deeper significance of life.

THE wide-spread acknowledgment of his power is doubtless due largely to the broad versatility which he displays, and which enables him to touch the hearts of men of the most diverse types. Thus it happens that few are found who do not think him a master; and yet, on the other hand, that there are few of us folk of narrower sympathies who do not find that special portions of his writings fail altogether to appeal to us—who

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Nov 5th 1898

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES by
William L. Alden,
Author of "Shooting Stars as Observed from the Sixth Column of THE NEW YORK TIMES."

LONDON, Oct. 20.—[illegible] "History [illegible]

Kipling's poem concerning the hypocritical and wicked bear is supposed by every one to be a parable aimed at the Czar. As such it has aroused the ire of The Daily Chronicle—the radical paper which always feels so tenderly for every enemy of England. I really do not know whether the poem is aimed at Russia or not. It is thoroughly good, whatever be its purpose, and it is hardly necessary to look a gift poem in the mouth and try to transform it into an allegory.

Kipling's new volume of stories, which has already reached its twenty-fourth thousand, has furnished an amusing instance of the peculiarities of criticism. It has been received with the warmest enthusiasm by certain journals—notably The Spectator and the St. James's Gazette—but, on the other hand, it has been mildly praised, and, in some instances, actually condemned by journals of lesser consequence. One critic frankly expresses the opinion that "Kipling is played out," which reads very much as if the editor of The Arizona Kicker had become a London critic. The Daily Chronicle, while it selects some of the stories for praise, thinks that many of them show Mr. Kipling in his least desirable form, and that the "Brushwood Boy" is a weak echo of "Peter Ibbetson." I do not mean to give The Chronicle's exact words, but merely the substance of its so-called thoughts. If the "Brushwood Boy," which I had supposed to be one of the most original and delightful stories in the language, is simply an echo of Du Maurier, I presume that the "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is a feeble imitation of Charles Lever, and that the "Captains Courageous" is a miserable imitation of one of Cooper's stories.

It is true that in "The Ship That Found Herself" and in the story of the locomotive Mr. Kipling revels in technicalities, but I do not know any book on rhetoric in which it is laid down that an author ought to be ignorant of the subject of which he writes. As a matter of course we all have our tastes, and some of us prefer Mr. Kipling's Indian stories to his stories of talking locomotives and argumentative horses. It does not, however, follow that we should regard the latter as objectionable either in subject or treatment.

I do not wish to give the impression that "A Day's Work" has been seriously condemned by any portion of the press, except by the amazing person who exclaimed that "Kipling is played out!" Undoubtedly many papers have said that the book contains too many technicalities, but at the same time they have acknowledged the supreme genius displayed in several of the stories. Perhaps the only complaint that can be called serious is that the volume does not show any decided progress in the character of Mr. Kipling's work. Doubtless there were contemporary critics who said that Dante's "Paradiso" did not show any progress on the part of the author of the "Inferno." Perhaps there are some persons to-day who, every time they see a perfect rose, sadly remark that it fails to show any progress in comparison with the roses of ten years ago. If the "Brushwood Boy" and "The Tomb of His Ancestors" are no better than some of the stories that Mr. Kipling published three years ago, it is simply because when one has written a perfect story it is impossible to write one more perfect. Until the English language is provided with a comparative and superlative degree for the adjective "perfect," we shall probably be unable to find that Mr. Kipling writes better stories to-day than he did when he first made his reputation.

Perhaps I am a little mad on the subject of Kipling. To me he is the greatest master of prose and verse that England has ever known, and it exasperates me beyond endurance when I read that he is a feeble imitator of Du Maurier, and that his work does not show any progress. Take the least interesting story in his new book and show me one man now living, with the exception of Rudyard Kipling, who could write its equal. Until we have some one who can come within measurable distance of Kipling's poorest work, it seems to me that common decency and ordinary modesty require that we should not venture to hint that Kipling is making no progress. "A Day's Work," had it been a first book, would have made its author famous. That seems to be the opinion of the reading public, judging by the rapidity with which the book sells.

I saw the other day that Mr. Zangwill had remarked of one of the Kailyard authors that he had "gone up like a Crockett and come down like a Stickit." This was certainly witty, as are most things that Mr. Zangwill says, but it was hardly just. I have never been an admirer of Mr. Crockett, but it is absurd to say that his popularity is on the decrease, which it may be assumed is what is meant by saying that he has "come down like a Stickit." Moreover, his new story, now running in The Pall Mall, will be a surprise for those who fancied that he could write only about Scottish "meenisters." So far "The Silver Skull" is a capital story, and what is distinctly odd, its author has given us the local color of Southern Italy with as much fidelity as he has hitherto shown in writing of Scotland. We may not find Mr. Crockett's Scotch stories quite to our taste, but his popularity shows no signs of waning, and if his new story keeps up to its present standard it will give him a much higher reputation than he has yet gained.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's new story, "Aylwin," was published last Saturday, but, unfortunately, I have not yet been able to get a copy. It is advertised as a "new romance," but it was written many years ago, and withheld from publication for the reason that one of its principal characters is a study of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the author feared to give offense thereby to Rossetti's friends. The book has been tremendously praised by several of the daily papers, but it is the weekly and not the daily critic whose voice carries weight. Whatever may be the merit of the book, it is certainly attracting a great deal of attention, and its commercial success is already beyond doubt.

❧

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, *The Day's Work*, has been well received by the public, the circulation up to date being larger than that attained hitherto by any of Mr. Kipling's works in the same period. The characters in Mr. Kipling's new serial of schoolboy life to appear in *McClure's Magazine* are Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle, and they are said to be "the most real, attractive, likeable boys since Tom Brown." Among the titles of the chapters are "An Unsavoury Interlude," "The Moral Reformers," "The Little Prep," "The Last Term."

❧

A story has been going the rounds to the effect that the editor of the *Cantab* published at Cambridge, in England, requested a literary contribution from Mr. Kipling, and that Mr. Kipling replied with a humorous negative in rhyme *à la*

Bookman p. 300
17/98

Mr. Gilbert, but that he conceded to them a bit of drawing which was reproduced in the November *Critic* as from Mr. Kipling's pencil. The story seems to have some truth in it, but both the *Academy* and the *Critic* were duped in believing Mr. Kipling to be the artist. As a matter of fact, it was the work of a Cambridge undergraduate, but the cartoon is good enough to reproduce once more in association with the Great Young Man's Refusal.

A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE'S IDEA OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

❧

When Sir Philip Sidney boasted that although he never drank of the Aganippe well he somehow managed to write rather good verse, he was slurring that holy thing which a good many modern reviewers call the "literary quality." As employed by them the term is often cabalistic, and therefore beyond the reach of exact definition, but here is an illustration of its use: A certain writer—it happened to be Jerome K. Jerome—was praised by a reviewer in very high terms. A genial fancy, a pleasant humour, a happy turn of phrase—all were his. His book was readable, but—here the blow falls—it was unliterary. Now the particular merits of Mr. Jerome are not in question. He may or may not be literary. What puzzles us is merely the use of the term. Why withhold it from him, if by means of letters, he succeeds, as the reviewer thinks, in producing these effects? This is only one case among many of the application of the mystic literary canon, and there is some danger lest a useful word may be wrenched from its moorings altogether. The critical soothsayers have a great knack at such perversions of an honest term. They sanctify it first, and they will soon be turning it into cant if they are not watched.

❧

How far they have gone already is illustrated in a recent interview with Mr. Kipling, who applies the word as if it actually conveyed an insult. Sir Edward Russell, of the Liverpool *Daily Post*, had caught him and was drawing him out about India, Cape Colony, Cecil Rhodes, and several other things. "Wasn't India a fine example of a grand civilising empire with a great literary organisation behind it—a Leadenhall street all the time?" asked Sir Edward. "Oh, that didn't amount to much," was the reply. "There was nothing literary about Clive, was there?" This seems to have shocked the interviewer, but not so much as Mr. Kipling's championship of Mr. Rhodes.

"Well, but now there was Mr. Schreiner, a good English university man, of high culture, eminent at the bar and in the Cape Parliament. He and his sister, the author of *The Story of an African Farm*, were opposed to Mr. Rhodes. Were they benighted and uncivilised? No, but they were purely literary," at which word my great writer sniffed as if he had been a Hannibal, a Barnato or a Kitchener.

Altogether a rather absurd interview with its contrast between the blunt, careless overstatements of the man and the little prudish thrills and shocks of the interviewer, but serviceable enough in illustrating our point. For it is clear that Kipling does not like the thing known to critics of a certain class as the "literary quality."

Bookman 17/98

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Book News 10/97

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[illegible]e connects the prayers of [illegible]nn with the rescue of Jason [illegible]e suspicion of artifice here [illegible]on as it rouses itself, for [illegible]dwell upon the scene; he [illegible]he leaping cod and the all [illegible]ore one has a chance to [illegible]atic hint in the scene re[illegible]t in the whirl and fresh[illegible] the voyage.

N. Y. Tribune

[illegible] readers of "Captains Coura[illegible] agree with Mr. James Lane [illegible]ported in the *Springfield Re*[illegible]t "Kipling himself has never [illegible] American subject, in prose, [illegible]tinct injury to his reputation." [illegible]on could stand on that story [illegible]ave a strong and broad foun[illegible]

[illegible]te in the ranks is praised [illegible] cannot presume to thank [illegible] better the next day." [illegible]y Rudyard Kipling ac[illegible]npliment from Lord Ten[illegible]; to testimony set forth [illegible]graphy, just published.

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Nov 5th 1898

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES by
William L. Alden,
Author of "Shooting Stars as Observed from
Column of THE NEW YORK TIMES."

LONDON, Oct. 20.—

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When a writer like Mr. Kipling begins to hurl the term "literary" at a man as if it were an abusive epithet, the cant sense of the word must be reckoned with. This cant usage always suggests something done laboriously and with an eye to effect. It sometimes implies the heavy plush style as in Mr. Hall Caine's writings, and sometimes merely those standards of elegance which dog you from the days when you took text-books on rhetoric seriously. At all events, it calls to mind the supremely conscious style that works from without inward, fitting the thought to the words, not the words to the thought, with the result that the showman's anxious, puckered face peers at you between the lines. In the long run the public sees this and renders a rude justice, giving, of course, either bad reasons or none at all, for the public is not analytical. It merely knows the difference between its servants and its masters, and it requires more man and less manner than it commonly gets. Herein lies the weakness of the literary schools with their emphasis of the method.

Good or bad, Mr. Kipling's thoughts are flung to the public in the way he chooses. It may take them or leave them. If he feels like naming every bolt and bar in a steam engine, he does so. If he disapproves of Asia, Asia is no more. The mere independence of the man sets people buzzing and gives him half his success. There is no "literariness" in him; he has no models and takes no advice. There is an immense certainty in his views, and all he has to do is to clothe them with the words he likes best. To quote again from the interview with Sir Edward Russell:

> His beau ideal, or at all events his present-day idol, was Mr. Rhodes. What did he think of him? The greatest of living men. . . . My next question: Has Mr. Rhodes, in a public sense, any morals? "Tut," says the other great man, "he's making an empire!" What did I mean by morals? Here the conversation became a little confused, and on the great man's side a little contemptuous. "Morals forsooth!" Well, high ideals. "The best ideal is to spread civilisation and to make an empire in doing it."

"Tut" does not sound like one of Mr. Kipling's expletives, and as for "forsooth" we would as soon believe it of him as "Zounds, sirrah," but this is a detail. The rest is his own without doubt. Mr. Rhodes the greatest of living m and the political philosophy that ma the big moral swallow the little one.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has now written m than half of the sequel to *Sentime Tommy*. The provisional title is *Celebrated Tommy*, but this may changed. Mr. Barrie will not be abl finish the work in time for its appe ance in *Scribner's Magazine* next y but he hopes to have it ready for periodical in 1900.

Mr. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy* has translated into Swedish.

The success of *The Little Minister* the stage has incited Mr. R. H. Ru to publish a handsome edition of Barrie's novel, to be known as the M Adams edition. The same artist, M Allan Gilbert, who made the illustra for Mr. Russell's Maude Adams sou spoken of here last month, has pre thirty full-page wash drawings for edition of *The Little Minister*, and will also be a number of illustra from photographs taken especiall the purpose. It will be bound in vellum, stamped with an appropria sign in gold, with a miniature portr Miss Adams. If the book realis that it promises to be, it is certainly at the price, which is $2.50.

Mr. Barrie's dramatisation of *Th tle Minister* is being toured at pres Scotland by a road company, whil larger towns are being reserved fo Haymarket company. We believe the play is having a good reception as was to be expected when the pla put on its native heath, critics and goers are having a good deal t about it. Especially has this bee case in Forfarshire, where the fa "Thrums" (Kirriemuir) is situated, of all they claim that the actors d give the true dialect nor the corre cent. But the Forfarshire dialect fearful and a wonderful thing, an accent of Thrums sounds most vil the ears of even a Scotsman—in parts. Then again some of the stai

12/98

Speaking of interviews reminds me that Rudyard Kipling adheres staunchly to his determination not to supply any prowling journalists with profitable copy. A week or two ago one of the *Daily Telegraph* men ran the coy Kipling to earth and bade him stand and deliver. Kipling was on a bicycle, his persecutor was on foot; Kipling made off, the other followed, and after a spirited chase actually overtook his quarry, only to be subjected to the severest snub he ever received in the course of his existence. Rudyard Kipling is now in Dorsetshire rambling around on foot and awheel with a congenial companion, to wit, Thomas Hardy.

Book News 10/97

"Captains Courageous" has the sea in it and the sea's power, its mystery, its charm; but the narrative flows on with a simplicity like that of life itself. There are no adventures "made to order" in this book. Once, only once, there seems a possibility that Mr. Kipling is going to take the step that means error—it is when he connects the prayers of the hazy-minded Penn with the rescue of Jason Olley's boy—but the suspicion of artifice here is swept away as soon as it rouses itself, for the author does not dwell upon the scene; he takes it as he takes the leaping cod and the all pervading fog. Before one has a chance to notice the melodramatic hint in the scene referred to, one is back in the whirl and freshness and magic of the voyage.

N. Y. Tribune

Independent 10/8/97

....Few readers of "Captains Courageous" will agree with Mr. James Lane Allen, as reported in the *Springfield Republican*, that "Kipling himself has never touched an American subject, in prose, without a distinct injury to his reputation." His reputation could stand on that story alone, and have a strong and broad foundation.

"When a private in the ranks is praised by a general he cannot presume to thank him, but fights better the next day." That is the way Rudyard Kipling acknowledged a compliment from Lord Tennyson, according to testimony set forth in the latter's biography, just published.

UN POÈTE DE L'ÉNERGIE: RUDYARD KIPLING.

[By M. le Vicomte Robert d'Humières.]

Si l'on admet qu'on puisse définir un poète : la conscience de sa race, on reconnaîtra que cette formule s'adapte étroitement à Rudyard Kipling. Sans doute, il en est beaucoup d'autres plus rigoureuses et plus comprehensives à la fois ; n'en répudions aucune. Mais il y a des hommes qui méritent qu'on invente pour eux des définitions.

L'Angleterre a-t-elle eu jamais un poète *national*, un inspiré qui découvrît le rhythme de la vie anglaise totale, en dégageât l'harmonie d'ensemble et la promût à la Beauté? Je ne le crois pas. En exceptant un phénomène d'ordre général comme Shakespeare, des chanteurs de terroir comme Barns ou Wordsworth, on peut dire que le poète en Angleterre a plutôt joué le rôle d'*outlaw*. Sans citer Marlowe, voyez Byron, maudissant son pays qui l'exila; Shelley, expulsé d'Oxford pour athéisme, errant d'une mer à l'autre à travers l'Italie ; Coleridge qui vieillit, suspect après les fantaisies de sa jeunesse, refugié dans les vapeurs de l'opium. Une fois morts, leur patrie les a reconnus et repris—c'est Westminster, les *birthday books*, le marbre, toutes les expiations ; mais en définitive on serait tenté de croire que ses artistes elle les préfère posthumes et les tue quelquefois pour les empailler.

Mais celui-ci, comment le méconnaître? Elle y tâche cependant, par habitude. On vous dira que Kipling est vulgaire, que ce n'est pas de l'Art : lui-même dans une pièce de son dernier volume de vers répond avec sa tranquille ironie à l'objection : "*Is it Art?*" Il est naturel aussi que le *cant* s'alarme, rien de moins hypocrite que ce libre génie. Et cependant combien respectueux encore de ce *cant*, au point de vue des mœurs, plus important là-bas que celui des principes, et que n'était-on pas en droit d'attendre de ce prodigieux don de vie, s'il eut pu s'exercer dans une sphère moins bornée de passions, avec l'audace et la franchise d'un Maupassant par exemple !

N'importe, sa popularité déjà très grande ne peut que s'accroître. Elle a des raisons majeures pour cela, raisons qui ne sont extérieures ni à ce peuple, ni à cette époque de son développement. On peut dire d'une manière plus claire que l'artiste est nettement situé dans sa race et dans son temps. Fortune singulière ! Ainsi nulle déperdition dans l'émotion communiquée, le contact immédiat du public, nul épuisant noviciat dans les Élites. Je ne doute pas que cette conception de la gloire n'apparaisse comme inélégante, teintée de yankeeisme aux yeux des purs, de ceux pour qui le Calvaire des précurseurs, ou la Tour d'Ivoire des Solitaires sont les seuls tréteaux possibles devant la postérité. Je crois cependant qu'il faut l'accepter. À l'examen elle pourra sembler belle et logique.

L'inlassable, l'admirable effort de la race anglo-saxonne moderne, voilà ce dont Rudyard Kipling a senti et rendu la poésie. On entend bruire dans son œuvre "les sept océans" de la planète sous la quille intrépide des navires d'Angleterre, l'or sur les comptoirs des marchands, les fifres aigus et les balles afghanes, le banjo du settler qui, auprès des feux mourants, raconte "aux étoiles nues" les chansons de l'exil.

Mais son patriotisme ne comporte ni l'étroitesse ni l'incompréhension qui en sont chez nous les formes les plus pures. Qu'on ne s'y trompe pas, il y a selon les tempéraments une patrie au-dessus de toutes les autres. Pour un Renan, ce sera la Vérité, pour un Kipling, c'est l'Action. Cet amour de l'Énergie est l'axe même de son esprit. J'en trouve la preuve dans une pièce de son premier volume "Departmental Ditties," que je regrette de ne pouvoir citer et où il pose ce dogme de la fraternité des braves. Ainsi serait-il conduit à cet aboutissant presque fatal de toute haute pensée contemporaine : le culte des Héros.

Mais ce n'est pas un rêveur.

Rien de plus simple que sa conception de la vie, que son *excuse de durer*. L'univers est un conflit d'activités, avec la volonté de l'homme au sommet. Toute la poésie et la joie de vivre sont dans la lutte de l'homme pour conserver cette domination soit par le risque hardi ou le patient labeur. La nature entière se courbe pour rendre hommage à celui qui est sa conscience et son maitre. L'épave même, sombrée à moitié, dit : "L'homme m'a faite et mon vouloir est encore pour mon créateur," et ne songe avant de se démembrer dans les courants qu'à ne point molester, dans sa course à travers les routes de la mer, un navire fraternel. ("The Seven Seas—The Derelict.") Qui ne se serait attendu en pareille circonstance à des variations sur l'insanité de l'effort humain?

Donc, l'homme promène l'éternelle jeunesse de sa force à travers la jeunesse éternelle du monde, émerveillé de ses spectacles, dompteur de ses éléments. Le Paradis, Kipling le dit expressément, ce sera l'étoile où l'on travaillera sans lassitude pour le seul plaisir et la seule récompense de travailler.

Il est naturel qu'une telle philosophie fasse bon marché de bien des scrupules. La bravoure, la persévérance deviennent les vertus cardinales ; cela peut mener loin. En somme, nous arriverions à trouver, en poussant ce raisonnement à ses extrêmes conséquences, que l'Action forcenée absout tout motif, et si nous osions interroger Mr. Kipling sur le fond de sa pensée, je crois qu'il nous répondrait : "Oui, j'estime que la jouissance esthétique résultant de l'accomplissement ou du spectacle d'un acte héroïque est propre à rendre tout à fait négligeable sa signification éthique." Je doute qu'on reconnaisse son style dans cette réponse, mais sa pensée y est. Laclos a écrit : "Voilà bien les hommes, tous également scélérats dans leurs enterprises, et ce qu'ils mettent de faiblesse dans l'exécution, ils l'appellent probité." Mais cela c'est du cynisme français. Voici d'un parent allemand : "L'homme est un être qui veut se dépasser lui-même." Cette parole appartient à un homme qui à force d'aller jusqu'au bout de sa pensée a fini par en sortir, Friedrich Nietzsche. Il existe véritablement un rhythme des esprits et je laisse au lecteur le soin de vérifier ces concordances. Kipling, sans traquer l'idée aussi loin que Nietzsche, s'est arrêté à l'Art, mais il suivait la même route.

Il n'en a point franchi l'étape tragique, où Zarathustra s'allégea dans son ascension vers la Lumière, du faix de la Pitié. Si peu chrétien dans ses tendances il est encore pétri de christianisme et le linceul évangélique l'enferme jusqu'au cœur.

Mais il a la pitié virile comme le pessimisme brave. Dans la lutte, il s'attarde aux victimes. Sa tendresse va aux obscurs, sinon aux humbles, aux hors-la-loi, aux irrésignés. Et par une de ces contradictions qui sont en somme le sel d'un esprit, il professe le respect de la Loi dans plus d'un passage de ses livres. On dirait une sorte de morale sociale (tant l'élément moralisateur et prédicant est opiniâtre chez un Anglais) tempérée de tolérances et même d'inclinations pour les individus.

Je ne sais quelle fortune attend en France les œuvres de Rudyard Kipling, mais, si différent, comment ne l'aimerions-nous pas ! On nous reconnait encore une certaine acuité de sens critique, un don de comprendre (j'en lisais l'éloge dans une revue anglaise à propos du livre de M. de la Sizeranne sur Ruskin) que nos voisins pourraient comparer entre eux à cette lucidité de vision que prête la légende aux moribonds. Toute originalité nous requiert. Mettez en regard cette équation du bonheur avec celle d'un Anatole France, par exemple. Je prends ce nom comme résumant les tendances, les acquisitions et les grâces de l'esprit français en ce temps. C'est plus qu'un nom ; tout le mouvement dont Renan fut l'initiateur y est signifié. Et nul terroir que le nôtre ne pouvait produire cette qualité de génie. Pour lui les idées ne valent que par ce qu'elles détruisent ; il est essentiellement négatif. Kipling est de son côté absolument positif. Nous nous en consolerons par la joie de pouvoir sentir des formes d'esprit et d'art si différentes et en songeant que le signe *plus* et le signe *moins*, en algèbre, perdent tous sens devant le signe de l'Infini.

Ce dont nous n'avons pas parlé dans l'impossibilité d'en définir la puissance, c'est l'accent, le mordant, la sobriété passionnée du style de Rudyard Kipling. Il a quelque chose de direct, une familiarité qui reste digne, la plus mâle vigueur. Cette pudeur de la personnalité, cette absence d'exhibitionnisme sentimental, la vibration profonde d'une sympathie et d'une imagination servie par des moyens dont la simplicité confond, tout cela forme un art qu'on aime avec quelque chose de plus que son sens critique, et qui, par delà les régions de l'émotion littéraire, atteint, dirait-on, les couches profondes de la sensibilité, le domaine sacré de l'Inconscient que n'a pu profaner l'analyse et où la philosophie après tant de vains essors retourne humblement et à tâtons chercher les solutions espérés.

1898/99. Nr. 41.

Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt in Stuttgart.

Stuttgart, den 31. Mai 1899.

P. P.

Mitte nächsten Monats bringen wir zur Versendung die

= zweite Auflage =

von

Das Licht erlosch.

Roman

von

Rudyard Kipling.

Neu übersetzt von **Leopold Rosenzweig.**

Rudyard Kipling.

Durch das bekannte Telegramm des deutschen Kaisers ist Rudyard Kipling jetzt auch in Deutschland populär geworden. Die Nachfrage nach dem vor einigen Jahren bei uns in deutscher Uebersetzung erschienenen bisher einzigen Roman des jungen genialen englischen Schriftstellers ist so stark, daß wir uns genötigt sahen, eine neue Auflage zu veranstalten, für die wir eine vollständig neue Uebersetzung von Meisterhand haben herstellen lassen. Der Neudruck wird binnen kurzem beendigt sein; wir werden dann die vielen zurückliegenden Bestellungen ausführen und können dann auch wieder à condition liefern. Es ergeht unsre freundliche Bitte an Sie, jetzt, da das Interesse für die Schriften Kiplings allenthalben ein so reges ist, den günstigen Zeitpunkt auszunützen und sich durch lebhafte Verwendung für den Roman ein schönes Geschäft zu sichern. Dies wird Ihnen um so weniger entgehen, als wir den Roman seit längerer Zeit in allen unsern Zeitschriften und Lieferungswerken fortgesetzt anzeigen.

Wir ersuchen Sie um gefl. umgehende Einsendung Ihrer Bestellung und begrüßen Sie

hochachtungsvoll

Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

Von der Deutschen Verlags-Anstalt in Stuttgart verlange:

per Post — per Eilgut — per Frachtgut!

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Kipling, Rudyard, Das Licht erlosch. Roman. Zweite Auflage. Aus dem Englischen neu übersetzt von Leopold Rosenzweig.

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[November 12, 1898.

British Weekly. THE

Correspondence of Claudius Clear

MR. MEREDITH TOWNSEND HAS HIS LITTLE FLING.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

Well, let us remember that, after all, there is a critical standard. There are few critics whom we can trust implicitly, but there are some who will not lead us far astray, and occasional aberrations are corrected by the verdict of the wisest. Sometimes the wise are driven mad by the exaggeration and the violence of the talk they hear round them, and become exaggerated and violent themselves. Thus Mr. George Moore, as I think he would admit if we were face to face, was too sweeping lately in his denunciation of Kipling and his praises of W. B. Yeats. Essentially, however, he was right. Kipling is undoubtedly a man of genius, and his verses serve their turn, and serve it well. If the British Empire were to continue in its present uneasy, feverish, truculent condition, with alternations of heat and chill, Mr. Kipling would live. He can express the whole thing, the insolence, the bluster, the triumph, the profanity, the greed, the occasional pity, and the headachy piety. But the British Empire is not to go on like this. When a hundred years are gone we shall know where we stand better than we do, and shall take high rank or low rank quietly enough. If our descendants then know anything about Mr. Kipling, they will admire him in the old sense rather than the new. But there are things by Mr. Yeats which must live whatever become of empires. They will live with love and sorrow and death. I will make an assertion which may seem slightly bold, but which no person who knows anything about literature will think bold at all. I am going to quote eight lines from Mr. Yeats of which I say deliberately that they are worth all the poetry Mr. Kipling has ever written or ever will write, and I will say further that those who do not see this saying to be true will never understand at all in any proper way what poetry is—

"Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams."

The blessedness of these things is that no argument is possible. You can no more argue a man into appreciating poetry than you can argue him into understanding that the grass is green, or that the sun shines. It is want of faculty, that is all. If Mr. Meredith Townsend is as destitute of faculty as this article would show him, he is a far more wonderful man even than I ever supposed he was, for he is a man who has managed to conceal his defects for nearly forty years, though he has been set on a pinnacle in the full face of the sun.

I am, sir, yours etc.,
CLAUDIUS CLEAR.
Basil Regis, Middlesex, Tuesday.

his early days he was always to the front in matters political and events connected with the Church.

In the Leicestershire and Rutland 'Notes and Queries' for 1894, some particulars are given showing that the family of the Brownes were closely allied to Lord Macaulay and Sir Issac Newton. The entry is as follows:—

A Bookish Family.—One of the more prominent and notable of the early Leicester printers and publishers was Mr. John Browne, who was born in 1755, on the site of the 'Bible and Crown,' which was built in 1839–40, by his grandson, John Garle Browne, who succeeded his father, John Garle Browne, senior, in 1838, up to which date the latter had conducted the business. John Garle Browne retired in 1843 in favour of his brother, T. Chapman Browne. Mr. John Browne, who commenced business in 1776, commenced printing in the year 1790, in a goodly quarto, a 'History of the Town of Leicester,' compiled by John Throsby, who was clerk at St. Martin's Church, Leicester, but as he could not get paid for his work he declined to print the whole volume. The particular part of the history where Mr. Browne ceased to print is clearly shown by the book itself, the character of Mr. Browne's work as a printer being very similar in style and excellence to that of the famous Baskerville, of Birmingham. Mr. Browne, who adopted the trade of a printer in preference to continuing in that which had been followed by several generations of his family, of hosiers and woolstaplers, was apprenticed to a Nottingham printer and publisher. There is not any record of the works published by him, but his son, John Garle Browne, published several important works, notably 'The Theocratic History of England,' by the Rev. Mr. Schonberg, in two vols. 8vo.; also 'Death's Destruction and other poems,' by T. J. Onseley, in one vol. 8vo.; also 'The Legends of Leicester,' beautifully illustrated with wood engravings by the excellent engraver, Mr. Jewitt. He also published the magazine called the *Conservative Standard*, and was the printer and publisher of the famous collection of hymns by the Rev. Thomas Robinson, vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, of which he issued something like 100,000 copies; also a 'Commentary on the Galatians,' by the Rev. John Owen, vicar of Thrussington, in 8vo. His son, John Garle Browne, printed and published jointly with his brother a beautiful edition in small 4to. of Owen Feltham's 'Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political,' a work of singular power and excellence, which has passed through many editions published by many printers, notably by William Pickering, of Chancery Lane, London.

John Garle Browne, sen., married Sophia Reynolds, the daughter of Mr. Reynolds, the owner of a good deal of property in the Cank Street. Sophia Reynolds was the great granddaughter of Lucy Babington, of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, born in 1618, and married to Mr. Renolds, or Reynolds, of Newtown Linford. His cousin was Thomas Babington, the banker, of the firm of Mansfield and Babington, whose bank was in Gallowtree Gate, Leicester, on the site of the Stamford and Spalding Bank now existing. This Thomas Babington in 1787 married Miss Jean Macaulay, daughter of the philanthropist, the Rev. Zachary Macaulay. Thus the great essayist, Thomas Babington Macaulay, afterwards Lord Macaulay, and Sir Isaac Newton were closely allied to the family of the Brownes.

Sir Monier Monier-Williams.

The death is announced this week of Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E., Boden Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford. He was in his eightieth year, and was the son of Lieut.-Col. Monier-Williams, who was formerly Surveyor-General of Bombay Presidency. Educated at King's College, at East India College, Haileybury, and at Balliol. He was elected fifty-six years ago Boden Sanscrit Scholar of Oxford, and since 1860 he held with distinction the post of Boden Professor of Sanscrit. For a time he lectured on Sanscrit and other languages at Haileybury and at Cheltenham. One of the chief works of his life was the founding of the Indian Institute at Oxford, for which he laboured zealously. This building was begun in 1883, and its foundation-stone was laid by the Prince of Wales. To the institute Sir Monier-Williams gave his splendid collection of Indian literature, and in its development he took the deepest interest, and was its keeper and curator. The literary labours of this great scholar were extraordinary. For twenty years he slaved on the compilation of a Sanscrit-English dictionary. He translated the drama 'Sakuntala,' and many other Sanscrit works. His books are well known to every Sanscrit student, and are full of the evidence of a remarkable erudition. In 1886 he was knighted, and many learned societies honoured him with degrees, both Cambridge and Oxford conferring their honorary degrees. He contributed to many learned periodicals, and had all his life been much interested in the literature of other lands.

THE DEMAND FOR BOOKS.

In the interesting 'Table Talk' which Sylvanus Urban contributes to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, there are this month some notes on the demand for books. The writer has always regarded 'as a national reproach the fact that in our middle-class residences so few books are ordinarily to be counted. A room containing a couple of hundred volumes is not seldom dignified by the name of a library, and a score or two books enclosed in one of those table shelves, with ends turning up on hinges, representing at most an outlay of a few pounds, is often all one sees in a room crowded with costly furniture and *bric-à-brac*.' Mr. Andrew Lang, it may be remembered, stated in the *Westminster Gazette* that the demand for books comes from authors. 'I do the books,' he said, 'because I like doing them; the demand is my own private demand.' And Sylvanus Urban admits that for one publisher who applies to an author for a book there are scores of authors who go to the publishers with suggestions concerning new works. He adds that the anxiety of many men to see themselves in print is undying, and so it will always remain; but thinks there is at the same time a genuine demand 'for a certain class of works.' Roughly speaking, he proceeds, 'a popular writer addresses hundreds of thousands of readers. Of these, however, how many are purchasers? In the case of costly books, these may almost be said to be narrowed down to a few hundreds. A man of average taste, bent on a long journey, will purchase probably half-a-dozen cheap novels, English or French. A very much smaller class is that that will purchase a six-shilling novel with a view to reading it and putting it on the shelves. For one man who does this there are a hundred, and for one woman five hundred, who will get it from a library. Book-buyers, however, exist, as I am in a position to state, and buyers of a class of books for which the demand is supposed to be the smallest. I will give an instance, which I think to the point. A volume of verse by a writer absolutely unknown to the general public—a first production, I believe—attracted the attention of a critic, who devoted a few pages to it in a well-known review. I read the comments on the volume while on a brief holiday in South Wales, and noted the book as one to be purchased. Within a week I returned and ordered a copy through a bookseller. By then the edition was sold out, and I have never been able to see the book, much less to purchase it. I have no idea how many copies constitute an edition in the case of a work of this class. I am, indeed, lamentably unprovided with statistics in general. Still, if a book of verse, by a man previously unheard of as a poet, can be sold out in a week or two, there must be a good many genuine book-buyers. How many people, I wonder, had the *nous* to buy the first edition of Mr. Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon' when it burst upon the public? Those of us who are most on the *qui vive* for rising talent cannot avoid missing chances. He would be an indefatigable man, and a close student, who would read all new verse in the expectation of coming upon a work of genius. Yet, how else is one to avoid a loss such as I mention? I am aware that these remarks are vague and disconnected. I contribute little or nothing to the elucidation of my subject, hence I say I should like statistics.'

FOREIGN APPRECIATION OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's illness and the sad loss he has sustained have helped to show how much the author and his writings are esteemed, not only by English-speaking peoples, but also by others.

M. Abel Chevalley, in *Le Temps*, draws attention to the prodigious success that has attended this young writer, a success which in France, too, is rapidly increasing. As an instance of this, he adds: 'The other day, the son of an Academician, replying for his father, stated that he preferred Rudyard Kipling to all other English writers past and present.

'It was India which first revealed Kipling to Kipling, but it was Kipling who revealed India to Europe. Born at Bombay, the son of a functionary of Lahore, sent to Devonshire, that nest of adventurers, to receive an English education, he returned before he was eighteen to his native tropics.

'Not at all encumbered by erudition or theories, ignorant of literary cliques but also of universities, Kipling returned to India without a great store of ideas; he will never be a thinker, but he has a talent which supplies the place of all, that of evoking life. He soon became a journalist, editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore and correspondent of the *Pioneer* of Allahabad. Following the troops wherever they went, he frequented a mixed society of sub-lieutenants and traders, of soldiers and natives. Disastrous summers blew into his face the poisonous winds of the desert; he heard the jungle speak and the gigantic rivers roar in the times of floods. During the season he haunted the terraces of Simla. It was this Indian medley that furnished the subjects for his earliest stories: "Plain Tales from the Hills," "White and Black," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Gadsbys," &c. Here and there in these stories he raised the rather thin veil of Anglo-Indian morality; but, perceiving the ground to be dangerous, stopped. Besides, this sort of subject does not seem to suit his genius. Kipling is very near to nature, the most debased nature. This he showed when he discovered, at the same time as India, the English trooper, Tommy Atkins, in his "Soldiers Three." . . . These are the Three Musketeers which the literature of an Imperialist Democracy lacked. Subsequently the "Barrack Room Ballads," with their coarse flavour of gin and jingo, completed this powerful picture. Very possibly Kipling will never surpass these. India and the soldier form his domain. But glory had come to him already. He left India in 1889, and travelled in China, Japan, and South

Africa. He familiarised himself with ships, sailors, and engines, of which he was afterwards to make use. . . . Returning to London at the age of twenty-three, Kipling became a celebrity. . . . He knew everybody and everybody knew him. A nephew of Burne-Jones, he also profited by many artistic relations. Then his ambition aspired to become the interpreter of a great national movement. Even while in India he had a presentiment of Imperialism. With the journalist's instinct, which he has never lost, he felt the tide rising, gave himself up to it, and is heard singing on the crest of every wave. It is the Kipling of "The Seven Seas," with his scientific and technical jargon, his coarse taste, his complete neglect of all art, also his freshness and power, and his wrestler's short, quick breath. For, with him, literature is no longer literature, but action. The fleet ought to be increased: quick, an ode; the Jubilee must be celebrated: his voice is awaited to unchain enthusiasm. A roaring popularity comes to him by leaps and bounds. At an age when others are only making their appearance he is already, by national consent, the real poet laureate.

'To these functions Rudyard Kipling joins that of a commercial traveller in foreign politics. This designation has nothing uncivil about it, for it has been officially given to Lord Charles Beresford in the House of Commons. So the young author was present at the naval manœuvres; and last autumn, when war with France seemed imminent, he opened fire in the columns of the *Morning Post* by his "Fleet in Action." . . . Two years ago Kipling was on the banks of Newfoundland, whence he returned with his "Captains Courageous," a child's book, but written for sailors.

'And now, what avails it to ask, concludes the French critic, if Kipling's singular glory is not rather artificial? if his genius exceeds that of a good journalist? if the relative mediocrity of his novels ("The Light that Failed" and "The Day's Work") does not reveal a curious impotence of composition? if the immense success of his novels is a sure guarantee of their value? if his poetry, without beauty, will live by its vigour? if the abuse of dialect and professional slang does not for ever disfigure his prose and his verse? What does all this matter to-day? Posterity will say if Rudyard Kipling has genius. Meanwhile, he is so successful that, sooner or later, the whole universe will have read him. We must recognise this. See what figures tell us.

'From America we have just received a list of the six authors whose writings had the largest sales in the book market last month. Kipling stands first, and Rostand* sixth.'

* With his 'Cyrano de Bergerac.'

REVIEWS.

From the **Cambridge University Press.**—'Cambridge Compositions: Greek and Latin,' edited by R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A., and R. D. Hicks, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Heads of schools, special tutors, and classical scholars generally will welcome this volume. It will enable schoolmasters and tutors to provide students with an advanced course of composition, and classical scholars to refresh themselves with these happy renderings by those who know how 'to sing' in the language of Homer and of Virgil. The contents are delightfully varied, and include extracts from Tennyson, Macaulay, Matthew Arnold, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Gladstone, Browning, John Stuart Mill, Longfellow, Heine, and Froude, to name but a tithe of the authors translated; while the list of translators comprises Professors Butcher, Davies, R. C. Jebb, A. J. Mason, and J. S. Reid, the late Bishop Lightfoot, and a host of other well-known Cambridge men. The arrangement is as follows: Latin verse and prose, followed by Greek verse and prose, and the translation faces the extract. The printing is in keeping with the high standard of the Cambridge University Press—fine bold type, plenty of space between the lines, and a good wide margin; the Greek text deserving a special word of commendation. With regard to the translations, when it is stated that they are 'fair copies' (published for the first time), it will be readily understood that they are scholarly in the best acceptation of the term. It would be invidious to particularise, but mention may be made of a fine rendering of an extract from Sir John Mandeville into Greek by Mr. Archer-Hind, and of a pretty translation of a poem by Charles Lamb into Latin by Mr. Moule, though it must be understood that these are chosen simply as further showing the great range of the work. Private students have long bewailed the want of such a volume as this, and to them, as well as to the classes previously mentioned, it should prove of inestimable value, for with its efficient aid they can without difficulty exercise themselves in every variety of prose and verse translation. The publishers, evidently aware of the fact that the book would appeal to a large section of the public, have wisely bound it in such fashion that it will be an ornament to any library, the limp cloth covers being particularly neat. The editors are to be congratulated on the discrimination which they have shown both in their selection and in their arrangement. They begin with short and simple passages and lead up gradually to longer and more difficult extracts, a system which schoolmasters and students will appreciate alike. This excellent selection of classical renderings from our great University can therefore be strongly recommended not only to those who 'were nursed upon the self-same hill,' but also to those who purpose to proceed thither—or to any other seat of learning.

From the same.—'The "Hellenica" of Xenophon,' Books I. and II., edited, with Introduction and Notes, by G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. This addition to the 'Pitt Press' series is designed chiefly for those students who have already some knowledge of Greek, but are not advanced enough to grapple with the difficulties of Thucydides. As schoolmasters, however, know, the text of the 'Hellenica' is sufficiently difficult for use even in a higher form, while its historical value and interest are very great. The arrangement followed is the usual one in this excellent series. The introduction contains a short life of the author, an outline of the 'Hellenica,' other authorities for the period contained in the book, sketches of Greek history bearing on the period, and a summary of the chief events recorded in 'Hellenica.' The notes omit no real difficulty, the index is complete, and there are two maps, the Ægean Sea and its coasts and a map to illustrate the naval operations in the Propontis &c. As in all other volumes of this series, everything possible has been done to aid the student by variations of type. This scholarly little volume maintains the high standard of the Pitt Press publications.

From the same.—'The Lays of Ancient Rome and other Poems,' by Lord Macaulay, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. H. Flather, M.A., of Emmanuel, Cambridge, is yet another addition to the 'Pitt Press' series. Besides the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' it contains five other poems on historical subjects by Lord Macaulay: 'Monc… 'The Armada,' 'Ivry,' 'Navarre… 'Epitaph on a Jacobite.' All that w… in the preceding notice with reg… arrangement applies to this volume, w… exception—an important one—which … the editor's chief object in the notes h… to explain the meaning of the text … benefit of young students, and in editi… 'Lays' the needs of those who h… commenced the study of Latin or of … history have been especially co… The maps in the volume are Ro… Central Italy.

From **Messrs. Chatto & Windus.**—… Records of Vincent Trill, of the D… Service,' by Dick Donovan. There s… be no end to these books of cri… criminals. Dick Donovan, in search… annals of dastardly deeds, is tempted … grimly 'at the cant which tells us … are better, purer-minded, and freer fr… than were our forefathers of a centur… The book is compounded of murd… mysteries. In many parts, indeed, … more like a glorified police-court rep… anything else. Not that the stories a… done; of their kind they are distinctly … and we can quite believe that reade… delight in the sensational will glue th… to the book from beginning to end.

From the **Church Missionary Society**—… History of the Church Missionary S… its Environment, its Men, and its W… Eugene Stock, Editorial Secretary. … week, as most people are aware, the … Missionary Society is celebrating, amid… meetings and much rejoicing, the cen… of its inception on April 12, 1799, … Castle and Falcon Hotel, Aldersgate … The monumental history, of which w… have the first two volumes (the third … is to follow shortly), was planned … back as 1891, when the Rev. Charles … Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History at … College, London, was entrusted wi… work. Mr. Hole, however, had only … pleted the first volume and brou… history to the year 1814 when th… available was nearly half gone, and his … engagements prevented him from com… the undertaking in such an exha… fashion. What he had actually don… then published under the title of 'The … History of the Church Missionary So… and the history proper was entrusted, … less ambitious plan, to Dr. W. P. Mea… of the South China Mission, who, on his … was soon obliged by ill-health to abandon … task. The duty then fell to the Edi… Secretary, Mr. Eugene Stock, who, we … once say, has entirely justified the Soc… choice. His history has been written … pendently from the beginning, and is … ambitious character. It is much more … a mere narrative of the Society's missi… quite one-third of the whole work is de… to the affairs of the Church in general, … the Society's environment both at home … abroad, including a sympathetic study of … history of the Evangelical party. In the … way the operations of other societies, wi… and without the Church of England, … frequently noticed, and usually in the fra… liest of tones. There is even a preliminary … part giving a rapid sketch of the earl… missions—primitive, mediæval, Roman, … modern Protestant—up to the end of … eighteenth century, the period which saw … foundation of the Church Missionary Soci… and several kindred organisations. The work … is, therefore, singularly complete, and likely … to prove of immense value to every student … of English Church history. Portraits are … given of many of the leading men wh…

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

(*W. M. Thackeray.*)

—*From the "Sketch."*

KIPLING'S MEN

The composite Kipling hero, if he could be placed before us, would astound us by his frank humanity. He would drink—sometimes to the point of getting gloriously drunk—he would smoke incessantly; he would make outrageous love to his neighbour's wife; he would have his moments of depression and elation; he would possess brains, energy and stupendous cheek. His nationality would, of course, be American. At about the age of thirty-two he would marry himself for love with the composite Kipling heroine, the description of whom would be out of place here. But what we would remember of him most vividly would be his cheek, and his Americanism. In Kipling's more recent prose work the occasional ring of insincerity that sounded through much of his early writing has happily been absent. There are those who find it hard to reconcile the reverence of the "Recessional" with the popular and probably just estimate of his cynical genius, but that is a mere detail, and nowhere has he bewrayed the wholesale and unscrupulous sacrifice of fact to effect that was the very substance of *American Notes*. The "Notes" have been pretty well forgiven and forgotten. Americans don't lose temper over *Martin Chuzzlewit* any more. We have become accustomed to that sort of thing; we are doing quite well, thank you! and after a moment's irritation are inclined to think of our critics with kindly, pitying curiosity. Easterners, on the whole, rather enjoyed the malicious exaggeration of Kipling's notes. Those absurd Chicagoans, who had grown so aggressive with their big buildings, their stock yards and their Fair, richly deserved the trouncing, and as he wisely refrained from trying to be funny at the expense of New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Washington, we accepted with really civilised fortitude his abuse of our neighbours and frankly gave him the honour due the creator of Mulvaney and Dravot. He was a very young and very clever man with a reputation for impudence to sustain, and there is probably no better refutation of his *American Notes* than the portrait of the American Tarvin in *The Naulahka*. Standing by himself Nicholas Tarvin claims hardly more than passing attention. He is interesting in that he combines all those qualities of heart and head which go to make the complete Kipling hero (which means that he is a worker, that he has brains, courage, and, above all, cheek, that he rides bucking horses and dents flying coins) and that he is evidently meant by his creator as a representative American. Among Kipling's men he is not easily to be classified. He and two or three others occupy niches apart.

Despite all that has been written of the absolute originality of Kipling's tales and characters, there was much in his early work, the work done during his connection with E. K. Robinson on the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, that was strongly suggestive of Thackeray's influence. To mediocrity the influence of the author of the *Book of Snobs* is often blighting: to Kipling it was a spur and inspiration. The writer without real strength is too ready to accept Thackeray's view of life as complete for all times and environments, and to drift into mere imitation. Kipling confined himself to accepting Thackeray's understanding of that part of the world and the human heart of which he himself had no knowledge, and with each day the debt grew less. Compare, for instance, the club-room scene in "The Story of the Gadsbys" with a similar scene in the forty-seventh chapter of *The Newcomes*. There could be no suspicion of imitation, but the suggestion is apparent. In both the story is carried on by the same device, almost by the same men. In both the dialogue is too witty. We are prone to ridicule as unnatural and absurd the stately, pompous Alexandrines of the old tragedy. They violated reality, certainly, but for a purpose, and a future age may as justly find fault with the present-day novelists who make their club men talk in epigram.

Despite the clearness with which most of Kipling's men stand out from the background of his stories, there are few

authors whose characters are so difficult to analyse as individual types. None knows better than he that the age of heavy-weight novelists is past. Our literary bruisers to-day are mostly bantams and feathers; here and there a sprinkling of light and middle weights, whose mission is to entertain us with limited bouts spaced off into rounds of twenty-four hundred words or so each, and, to carry the fistic figure further, to be followed by long periods of lazy money-winning on the stage and lecture platform. The thunderous, boring methods of the days of Belcher, Cribb, and "Gentleman" Jackson are no more obsolete than the three-volume novel. Long introductory dissertations are but a degree more modern than "Poems by a Person of Quality;" and Kipling from the beginning of his career has, after a few curt descriptive strokes, swept us away with the rush and fire of the story he had to tell. This is much more the case with his men than with his women. But they were so human, so keenly alive that we accepted them at once and made place for them in the Valhalla of heroes and heroines among Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Argan, Goriot, Colonel Newcome, D'Artagnan, Tartarin, Esmond, Captain Bunsby, or whoever the reader's favourites may be. In our enthusiasm their right is never questioned, it is only on close analysis that we realise with amaze how slight is their tangible claim and how much of them is born merely of suggestion. Bronckhorst is a brute who bullies his wife outrageously; Moriarty drinks secretly; Strickland, a dark-eyed young civilian with a taste for secret investigation, Jellaludin McIntosh, a most striking character, quotes fragments of Greek, writes a strange book, and says "Good heavens, I was once an Oxford man!" In black and white this is about all. But between the lines we had read their past and present, we knew all about Bronckhorst's courtship, the number of Moriarty's relatives in England and Connaught, the intimate details of McIntosh's early misfortunes. These men told their life stories in their talk and their gestures. The complexity of Kipling has never been sufficiently urged. It is often quite impossible to detach the story and its hero or heroine from that particular portion of the world in which the scene is laid. Weakened by the cruel Indian sun Moriarty has taken to drinking secretly. A worthless woman attaches him to her train and he, believing in her implicitly, pulls himself together for her sake. It is a mere detail of life, incomplete and apparently without dramatic possibilities. By a mere touch Kipling has shown us the contrast, the man alone against the feasting, drinking, posture-making, scandal-loving world. It is in this remarkable power over mere details that Kipling's originality lies. This is equally as true of his tales of pure adventure. The motive of "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is by no means new; before "Bimi" orang-outangs have been jealous of men's wives; "The Mark of the Beast" brings no new horror into fiction; the device of "The Man Who Would be King" (an imperial tale, of his stories the most characteristic, furnishing the best key to the greatness and limitations of the man, combining as it does all the qualities of his extraordinary power and originality) is of the simplest and oldest.

There are three property air-castles over which every man of any imagination whatever, at some time in his life frivols pleasantly away many hours. From all other air-castles they must be classed apart, for in their splendid absurdity they are dependent upon no condition or environment. He who dreams by day of being a great poet, a great actor, a great painter, or a great financier, must have a bent for scribbling or daubing or spouting or money getting. Such day dreams are merely local and individual. But imagine yourself becoming suddenly the possessor of wealth, not to the mere point of vulgar luxury and affluence, but wealth illimitable; wealth that is power; that is of that intangible vastness that makes you the peer of kings. That is the first of the three great property air dreams. Vast as are the literary and dramatic possibilities of the theme, they were practically exhausted in *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

The second of these day dreams deals with the establishment of a mighty secret society, working silently and tirelessly toward certain noble ends; achieving them through sheer strength of unity. The elder Dumas ran this theme through countless volumes: George

Sand made use of it in *Consuelo* and in *The Countess of Rudolstadt*. Balzac went farther and attempted to bring it into every-day life; actually organised such an order; believed in it with naïve ardour; and found huge delight in saluting his brother Invincibles when he met them in society, with great winks and grimaces.

The third and most magnificent day dream, being a king, may be attained in various ways. Ego, for instance, am perched upon a high revolving stool, trying vainly to balance two pages of a big leather-bound book, in a musty, dusty office somewhere on the lower end of Manhattan Island. Then, without preliminary blare of trumpets are ushered in several grave little old gentlemen in black, who inform me respectfully that Ego am the long-lost heir apparent of the throne of Illyria, and that a 22-knot armoured cruiser, flying the purple and gray Illyrian royal standard is lying at anchor off Tompkinsville waiting to bear me away to my loyal and enthusiastic people. Again, if Ego have an imagination for ways and means, Ego may find myself in some Oriental empire at a time of great political crisis, dye my face, don a pigtail, and with the connivance of an adroit and crafty prime minister, seize the throne and wisely sway the imperial sceptre. There are also many other ways. In fiction a reporter once became a king: Rudolph Rassendyl sat for a time upon the throne of Ruritania; there were two illiterate loafers who had been soldiers, engine drivers, newspaper correspondents and about everything else, who founded an empire in Afghanistan, an empire that was to furnish two hundred thousand fighting men to cut in on Russia's flank. And Carnehan was crucified, but lived and came back ov the mountains, misshapen and mad, ca rying in a leather bag the crowned an dried-up head of Daniel Dravot.

To those whose admiration of Ru yard Kipling's work is most sincere an heartfelt, "The Man Who Would b King" is incomparable. Interest in th tale itself is all but lost in our astonis ment at the richness of the man's min his marvellous insight into the huma heart, the fire and raciness of his style.

The Irish are the Gascons of the Br ish Isles and occasionally we recogni a bit of D'Artagnan peering out fro under Mulvaney's cap. Mr. Kiplin frankly avows the inspiration, and i addition has given us a Porthos in Le royd and a regimental Aramis in Stanle Ortheris. Mulvaney has all the dash an dexterity of D'Artagnan, and, like th musketeer of Louis XIII., he is an un mitigated blackguard. But the men o fiction are not to be measured by th mean standards of every-day life. W don't ask of them that they be goo fathers and husbands, paying their deb and leading clean and wholesome lives only that they be men, frank, jovial, an generous—with other people's money they have none of their own. Mulvane is a great scoundrel made amiable. It hard to say for what we admire him. Bu then the most virtuous reader has sneaking fondness for Barry Lyndo blackleg and wife-beater, and Mulvane is a staunch friend and worthy soldier. There it ends. He is a drunkard, a bar rack-room Don Juan, and the tinge o sadness which redeems him from utte savagery is at heart mostly selfishnes and vanity.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

MR. KIPLING AT THE CROSS-ROADS*

It is generally reported that this last book of Mr. Kipling's is selling more freely and more extensively than any other of his has ever sold. This fact rather confirms us in a belief which long ago crystallised in our mind that it is by a man's best work that he makes his reputation, while it is by his worst work that he makes his money. Not that this book as a whole is the worst thing that Mr. Kipling has done; and for that matter, the worst of his work is better than the best of most other men. But this much we feel bound to say, that the volume now before us contains a large proportion of stories which no one would care to read a second time, and which are distinctly ephemeral and unworthy to be set beside his masterpieces. To be sure, there is nothing here that so nearly verges upon the flat and fatuous as did his "Brugglesmith," which appeared several years ago, and which represents the low-water mark of his genius; but on the other hand, there is nothing that is half so good as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Story of the Gadsbys," and a dozen others that leap at once into the mind whenever Mr. Kipling's name is mentioned. Most of the present stories appear to have been written to fill magazine orders, and many of them lack either the spontaneity and firmness of grip so characteristic of Mr. Kipling at his best, or else they deal with themes whose very nature prevents him from winning anything more permanently valuable than a *succès d'estime*. Certain of the stories, such as "The Bridge Builders," "The Tomb of his Ancestors," "William the Conqueror," and "The Maltese Cat" take us once more to India—the India which Mr. Kipling in part discovered for us and perhaps in part created for us, just as Sir Walter Scott discovered and created the romantic Highlands. These stories are all most admirable. One reads them again and again with pleasure and with a feeling that here is something which no other man than Mr. Kipling could possibly have done, a feeling that we are being taken into the very heart of things and made to have an intimate and perfect knowledge that could be given us by no one else.

On the other hand, here are some of Mr. Kipling's American stories—his horses that talk respectively in the Down East and in the Kansas dialect, his locomotive that is personified and the story of which is thoroughly inchoate and unmeaning, and also his other tale of the Anglicised American who flagged an express train in England and got into trouble with the railway company, and then got out of it again as soon as he let it be known to the company's representatives that he was an American and therefore nationally and inevitably eccentric. These stories excite in us a certain feeling of exasperation. The hero of the last is described as having become externally and minutely English, as having "schooled himself to an English walk," and acquired an English voice, and mastered the British language except that he would insist to the end upon asking for "Worcestershire sauce"; yet in the conversations which Mr. Kipling has detailed in the course of his story, this person expresses himself in what is obviously the American language; and the notion that he could have deceived any one as to his nationality is simply preposterous. Moreover, the story itself is nothing more than a bit of caricature verging upon the farcical.

No one can accuse us of entertaining any prejudice against Mr. Kipling and his work. Long before the general run of critics were willing to take him with entire seriousness, we spoke of him in these pages as the one writer of genius now living who has made permanent and priceless additions to English literature. We urged strongly his claim to succeed Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate, on the ground that he would be more than an English laureate, and would stand forth as the laurelled singer of our whole great imperial race. Hence at the present time we feel entirely free to deplore the fact that he is squandering his gifts in turning so frequently his back upon that field in which he is supreme, in order to grind out clever nothings like some of the stories in this book, or novels like *Captains Courageous*, that are meaningless. Mr. Kipling, in fact, has reached the turn of the road. He can keep straight on if he will and remain unique—a master, a marvel, a genius—or he can go down the pleasant easy path along whose borders bank-cheques are forever bursting into bloom, and at whose end he will become a sublimated Norris or a glorified Crockett, with a plethoric balance at his banker's and a shrunken and diminished literary reputation.

His verse still stands at its highest level, as witness his recently published and most extraordinary poem, "The Truce of the Bear;" but we see very clearly in his prose something symptomatic of deterioration, something which makes it seem not impossible that he may be destined to illustrate the truth of Dr. Johnson's maxim that no man was ever written down save by himself.

H. T. P.

*The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. New York: The Doubleday and McClure Company.

EN ROUTE

A song of France in the autumn time,
When rooks fly low, then go calling, calling
That summer's a thing of long ago,
For the golden warmth you would never know,
But the bronze-brown forests tell you so,
And leaves are falling, falling.

The broad, bright river shines and flows
In sweeps of blue, then goes singing, singing,
Where borders of fern in crimson line
Are aglow like flame in the late sunshine.
In little slim poplars straight and fine,
Mistletoe's clinging, clinging.

What matter after the sun goes down,
If chill creeps out from the forest's hollow,
Promising winter that earth affrays?
Is not the course of the year always
Toward spring and glory of golden days
To follow, follow, follow?

The light of the late year's in my heart,
That will not linger on death or dying.
Like leaves of the forest, sere and gone,
Are hopes of a future it once looked on;
But Life and Love to goals to be won,
Go flying, flying, flying.

Marie L. van Vorst.

AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST

M. J. James Tissot, the famous French artist, has undertaken and recently accomplished a remarkable piece of work in his *Life of Jesus*. It is an interpretation of the Gospels in terms of art; calling for deep study, long preparation and heroic devotion to the task during a period of ten years. It is at last completed, and the original paintings and drawings (now on exhibition in New York at the American Art Galleries) have been published in two large folio volumes, containing reproductions of the three hundred and sixty-five paintings in oil and water-colour, and one hundred and fifty pen-and-ink drawings. These sketches are not the least interesting part of this massive work, presenting with a few strokes of the pen striking bits of scenery and studies of Oriental types which lend vividness to the entire work, proving it a "study from life." The paintings deal with Jesus as he is portrayed in the Gospels, covering every incident leading up to his birth and following each step of his career to the tomb and beyond. On the right-hand side of each page the text of the Vulgate is given applicable to the pictures printed in the text or on the page opposite (when they are full-page illustrations). On the left of the page is a French translation of the section from the Gospels, in the original French edition, the same extract appearing in the English of the authorised version, in the edition printed for England and America.

Perhaps the greatest success so far is that of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*, which I had the honour of reviewing in the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Watts-Dunton belongs to the *Athenæum* staff, and the *Athenæum* is not a genial journal, although Mr. Watts-Dunton's contributions may be called eminently genial. Many critics made no secret of their intention to speak frankly about the book, but so far the verdict of the most hostile has been one of almost unmixed praise. The book has run almost at once into the third edition, and there is every sign that it will long maintain its popularity. I hope Mr. Watts-Dunton will be induced by the success of *Aylwin* to give to the public in due time the other novels he has written. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's book of stories, *The Day's Work*, has been severely criticised, but the public who have come to know Mr. Kipling, and who were especially pleased with his "Recessional," a genuinely British utterance, have come to the rescue, and bought the book more rapidly than has been the case with any of his previous works. The critics complain, and I think reasonably, of the great technicality and difficulty of the tales. Nevertheless the public relish for Mr. Kipling is shown by the fact that an unprecedented price has been paid for the serial rights of his next six stories, which are to appear in the *Windsor Magazine* on this side. It is natural that critics should become a little impatient of the annual volume of short stories, and that they should ask Mr. Kipling when he is to give us a really great work. About Mr. Crockett's new book, *The Red Axe*, opinions are divided, but some of the severest critics say it is the best thing he has done. Ian Maclaren's book of stories, *Afterwards*, is not out while I write. There are signs that the biography of Professor Henry Drummond, by George Adam Smith, will have a very large circulation. The Bismarck book has sold well, but not wildly.

The *Academy* has come out with a cover, and is a wonderful threepenny-worth, printed on glazed paper and with illustrations. It is extremely readable, in fact I think that its chief danger is that it is too readable. The editor is too much afraid of really solid and instructive matter. I doubt whether the people who read *Tit-Bits* will be made to read a literary paper, however much it is popularised, and the people who do not read *Tit-Bits* have still a little nerve and vigour left. Our literary journalism in London was never better than it is now.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

Mr. Kipling as an Artist*

One who would criticise Mr. Kipling's art may well walk softly before the world. For the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" has become that anomalous being, a living classic. We may carp as we will. We may say that a twelve-year-old classic is no classic; the fact remains that, in the world of art, here is a man who has become a law unto himself—which is perhaps only another way of saying that he has adjusted his work to the laws of creation. "But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old, 'It's clever, but is it art?'" By which polite paraphase Mr. Kipling has remarked to a friendly public that, while all critics may not be directly related to the Father of Lies, they are pretty sure to have the tricks of his trade and to know as little as he himself of the creative secret.

A cat may look at a king, however,—the critic may say this for himself,—and a patient cat may see, sometimes, things denied to the king himself—the back of the king's head, for instance. It is, we suspect, behind the back of his head—to carry the figure an inch or two farther—that much of Mr. Kipling's thinking is done; or, if not there, then in that secret recess of being—called, in psychological parlance, the subconscious self—wherein most of the wise and the wicked and the unutterable thoughts of genius take their rise. The growth of a Jungle Tale,—of "Toomai and the Elephants," it may be,—at first a formless thing, a haunting sense of unshaped mystery and sound, it slowly grows to melody, a hint of some primeval cradle-song, brooding and weird, merging into words and rhythm, —the song that little Toomai's mother sang at cradle-time; and telling at last the whole wonderful story of Toomai and the elephants—"little Toomai, who had seen what man had never seen before—the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills!" The man who composes after this fashion does not, we may well believe, have a theory of art. He simply speaks, "straight on, what he does know." How he came to know certain things, or how he does them, it would perhaps puzzle him as deeply as the rest of us to tell.

Mystery is, in Mr. Kipling's eyes, no impediment to art. Just as there are "things no fellow would do," so there are things no fellow can understand; he delights in them—the commonplace that is incomprehensible through its very simplicity, and the strangeness that is incomprehensible through its aloofness. The love of dogs and horses for their masters, the wisdom of a little child, are no less tempting to his pen than the mysteries of vast India or the councils of the gods. Out of the simplest life he will spin "thoughts that lie too deep for tears"; and through the mysterious, shrouded other world, he leads one back to the land of Policeman Day.

Work like this has sometimes, in spite of its power, the effect of

*See "Mr. Kipling as a Moralist" in November *Critic*, p. 360.

and Vulcan are powerless to help or hinder. The human god rules. "Peroo," telling Hitchcock that the "first time he went into the engine-room of a steamer, when he was a boy, he prayed to the low-pressure cylinder," is only a heathen it may be; but he is a modern heathen he has many contemporaries; and Mr. Kipling is their poet.

J. B. P.

a *tour de force*. The athletic artist pays for his performance. The old question, "It's striking, but is it art?" once raised will not down. Is it art? the reader finds himself asking, to make machines talk like human beings, and human beings talk like the Hebrew Scriptures? Is it art to make all the wicked people clever, and all the good ones stupid; to make three-year-old toddlers as wise as Solomons, and gray-haired patriarchs to sit at their feet? Are we to rank the juggler who does these tricks with those others—with Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare? The wary critic withholds an applauding hand. A refrain floats down, above the banjo's "tunky-tunky-tunk." It falls upon his doubting ear, "Lest we forget—lest we forget." A figure steps noiselessly from the forest shelter, crowned with white star-flowers, guarded by four "gray brothers." Mulvaney, swearing and speckless, saunters across the parade ground. A tiny figure, mounted on the back of a great gray elephant, receives the salute reserved for the Viceroy of all India. And down from the country of dreams, down the thirty-mile ride, sweeps the Brushwood Boy, clean-limbed and brave and real. The humbled reader falls upon his knee, and demands of the all-wise critics, "If these things be not art, then what is art?"

"This is indeed the merit and distinction of art: to be more real than reality; to be not nature, but nature's essence." The definition seems not bad,—for a critic,—and much of Mr. Kipling's work falls into line under it. It may not be nature for Tod to know more about the "Sub-Montane" amendment than his elders, but it may be very good art, and "of the essence of nature." For those things which are hidden from the wise are revealed unto babes, and Tod was a knowing babe. Many instances of the real "more real than reality" might be cited in Kipling-lore. But there comes at last a hitch. Certain of the tales, notably the most recent ones, the machine stories, refuse to rise superior to nature. Behold the Master of Jungle days harnessed to a machine. A machine is a noble animal; but must it, therefore, talk and walk and sing and pray and philosophize? Machine us no more machines, Mr. Kipling, we pray you. Give us men; give us little children; give us the wild beast in his lair; but let the machine go free. The spell is not on it. The new-fangled electric deity, the machine god, the forty-thousand-horse-power Pegasus will not trot at your bidding.

To see the great wheels go round, and no motion, is a sad sight. Yet because Mr. Kipling believes in machinery and science, and believes at the same time that there is something greater and more incomprehensible than these, he is great among poets. For the poet to-day to whom the power and mystery of machinery, the hurrying hum of modern life, the interlocking of man and machine, does not appeal, is no poet. He is a maker of verses—a ballad-singer, it may be: but he belongs to an age that is past, and his art is of the past. Machinery—the new god, if we may believe the seers—is to be the

theme of great poets of the future. And a great poet shall be known by this sign—that he sings of the new god. Whether he sing well or ill is of little moment. The daring and the insight shall be to us for a sign. But in places we are inclined to think that it is mere daring. If one may apply to Mr. Kipling's stories of machinery the time-worn distinction between imagination and fancy, it would seem that they are the product of fancy, not imagination. The conception of "The Ship that found Herself" is, with all its cleverness, little more than an allegory, a fable, a fancy. The rivets that talk and the steam that sputters are clever personifications, grotesque caricatures of human society, but hardly of the essence of nature, hardly reality. The same test might be applied to some of the later stories of animals. They do not carry conviction like the "Jungle Books." They seem machine-parodies of human nature. "The Walking Delegate," when all his clever talk is done, is only a vicious horse pretending to be a man. He is an American Shere Khan. But Shere Khan was a very different sort of animal. He talked and planned and schemed, and was tiger and man in one—something more real than reality. "The Jungle Book" is neither allegory nor fairy tale; it rises through imagination to something higher. Mr. Kipling does not use the animals of the jungle to illustrate human nature. He makes them akin. When he shall apply the same quality to machinery, he may give us an art that is at once greater, more modern, and more human than any we have known.

"'I have made man to worship the fire-carriage as it stood still breathing smoke, and he knew not that he worshipped me,' said Hanuman the Ape. 'Beloved, they will do no more than change the names, and that we have seen a thousand times.'" "'Surely they will do no more than change the names,' echoed Ganesh; but there was an uneasy movement among the gods." For the gods see more clearly than Hanuman the Ape. Clearly it is revealed that the worship of the fire-carriage is not the old worship of Hanuman under a new name. It is the worship of a new god, a god of humanity, not of nature. The old gods were nature's children. But the god of machinery, the new god, is born of man; and his coming *is* the dusk of the gods. He is teaching men to use the fire snatched from the gods. They have fashioned a cunning frame and placed the fire within it. And this new Thing, made by man's own hands, brain of his brain and flesh of his thought, this new wonder called a machine, he now worships. For it is not the old god under a new name; it is a new god, a human god; and before its power the old gods must bow—earth and air, sky and water. Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, Ceres, and Vulcan are powerless to help or hinder. The human god rules. "Peroo," telling Hitchcock that the "first time he went into the engine-room of a steamer, when he was a boy, he prayed to the low-pressure cylinder," is only a heathen it may be; but he is a modern heathen he has many contemporaries; and Mr. Kipling is their poet.

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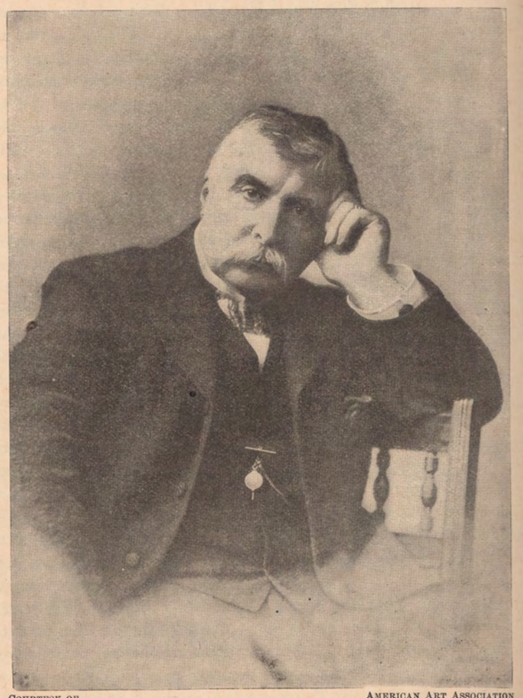

COURTESY OF AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION

M. J. J. TISSOT

KIPLING TO GERMAN EYES.

AN ANALYTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE NOVELIST BY DR. KELLNER.

Mixture of Temperaments and Training—Genesis of His Works—Some Opinions of Kipling's—Site of the Garden of Eden—Ostend Gambling Profits—Ian Maclaren.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—Kipling has been interviewed again. This time Dr. Leon Kellner was the successful man, and the result was published in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*. Dr. Kellner seems to have been greatly struck by the air of happiness that surrounds Kipling. After his interview he said to himself: "To-day I have seen happiness face to face."

The first impression produced by the author upon his interviewer was striking in its diversity. "Whenever Mr. Kipling speaks and turns his face full upon you, you would think you had before you a very wide awake, lively and harmless child, but the profile shows a strong man, who has not grown up in the atmosphere of the study. I have seldom received two such different impressions from one and the same face."

Kipling's workroom is described as being of "surprising simplicity. The north wall is covered with books half its height, over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones (Mr. Kipling's uncle), to the right near the window stands a plain table, on which lie a couple of pages containing verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no knickknacks, the unadorned room simple and earnest like a Puritan chapel."

"I much fear," began the interviewer, "that I have come too early, and that I have disturbed you in your work."

"No, no," interrupted Kipling, "I have done my daily task."

"I looked astonished at him," Dr. Kellner continues. "The late lamented Trollope came to my mind, who under all circumstances wrote his twenty pages every day, but Trollope and Kipling! He guessed at once what had astonished me."

"I do my daily task conscientiously, but not all that I write is printed. Most of it goes there."

"The waste paper basket under the table here received a vigorous kick, and a mass of torn-up papers rolled on the ground. Kipling's movements are quick and lively, and, perhaps, somewhat nervous; a thoroughly southern temperament."

The interviewer despairs of giving a report of the interview, which lasted for about five hours, but furnishes to his German readers an analytic account of Kipling, evidently based on information supplied by the novelist himself. He lays stress on the complex influences that have worked upon Kipling's nature. In him are blended three different nationalities. "On the mother's side, Scotland and Ireland; on the father's, England, though 400 years ago the Kiplings came from Holland. There is likewise a mixture of two different temperaments in the genealogy. Both grandfathers were clergymen, but the father is an artist, and the mother has throughout her life told stories in verse and prose. The same complexity existed in the early environment of the future author, spent in the wonderful world of India, midst the primitive culture of the East on one hand and the most advanced civilization of the West on the other. The child could thus see one family content with four clay walls under a straw thatch, three earthen pots and a handful of rice, earned by hard work, while close by he could find himself surrounded by all the conveniences which Europeans find necessary to make their stay in India bearable. As the child began to talk he learned to call things by two different names. Kipling speaks Hindustani as fluently as English. Through the servants he came in touch with all the religions of Asia; his Ayah was Roman Catholic, and he knelt with her at the same altar; other servants took him into the mosques, others introduced him into the temples of the Hindus and Parsees. As soon as he reached the age of boyhood he was torn from these marvels and placed at an English school at Westward Ho. But he had scarcely time to learn his new surroundings before he again went to the East to earn his own bread at the age of 16. For seven years he passed through the dangerous apprenticeship of a journalist in India—dangerous because he remained throughout that time in the plains, even when all other Europeans had fled to the hills. Throughout the heat and the rainy season he remained watching the military and civil organizations of England at work. No man, not even a physician, sees so much of life as a journalist who has eyes to see. Kipling sees and hears with all his senses, and retains all that he sees and hears in his marvellous memory forever."

The genesis of the "Barrack Room Ballads" is thus set forth: "Especially he had studied that poor devil, Tommy Atkins, the common soldier of England, despised at home, doing all the hard and dirty work of the empire in all the five quarters of the globe without ever receiving a word of thanks. Kipling was especially struck by the barrack room songs with their striking lilt, their power of expression, which said so much in so few words, and their rousing choruses. He removed the dust and dirt from the unpolished stones, and gave them a new setting after polishing each facet. Some of the 'Barrack Room Ballads' are actually soldier songs, treated as Heine and Goethe treated the folk-poesy of their native land, but most of them are composed merely in the spirit and to the tunes of old soldier songs."

After "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Plain Tales from the Hills" had been published, Kipling had made his mark, and Dr. Kellner describes how he met his sudden fortune in the following words: "The Puritanic strain in his nature came out the more strongly at the moment when others—like Burns, for example—have lost their hold on themselves in the hour of triumph. Kipling is never so distrustful and self-critical as when he has around him the cries of praise. 'I am very distrustful against praise,' said he, 'very distrustful against fame. You know the fate of eighteenth century English literature, how many "immortal" poets that prolific time brought forth, and yet how much of this "immortal" poetry still lives in our time? To name only one, who reads Pope nowadays? I often run over these volumes there (here he pointed to the "edition de luxe" of his works published by Macmillan) and think to myself how much of that which is printed on such beautiful paper ought never to have seen the light. How much was written for mere love of gain, how often has the knee been bowed in the "House of Rimmon?" (a favorite expression of Kipling's).'"

With regard to the actual work of the author Dr. Kellner says: "Kipling lays the greatest stress upon form. He has, of course, created a school, and equally, of course, the scholars imitate the weakest points of his youthful work—superabundance of material with sovereign contempt for form. This has much irritated Kipling and caused him to lay even extravagant stress upon the work of form.

"The artistic object of all details 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. An interesting example of this was given by Mr. Kipling with regard to Shakespeare's 'Tempest.' When he visited the Bermudas he was surprised to find when landing on one part of the coast how familiar it all seemed to him. Suddenly he came across a lofty cave and the riddle was solved. It was exactly the scene of Shakespeare's 'Tempest' as he had always pictured it to himself. On investigating the source of Shakespeare's play it turned out that the great dramatist had in fact read a description of a voyage to the Bermudas and had exactly reproduced the details.

"But Kipling's formula is not completed by regarding his work as full material in perfect form. That is the ideal of all writers of the first rank. He seeks, in addition, to find the soul of men in all he writes. Both in his works and his conversation he shows himself a psychologist who even reaches by his own observation the same results as modern men of science, of whose works and names he has never heard. 'All thought,' he said, for example, 'is abortive speech,' and thus summed up without having heard of it the theory of the late Prof. Stricker, which he had contended for in trying to explain the true nature of speech."

When Dr. Kellner complained to him of the difficulties he found in comparing the different value he found placed upon English poets in England itself and among foreign nations, Mr. Kipling remarked:

"I perfectly understand the difference of taste, and, therefore, of judgment, on one and the same poet by two different people. I only wonder that now and then agreement does at all exist. You Germans may understand English as far as grammar and dictionary can convey it to you, but when you translate 'justice' by 'gerechtigkeit,' or 'virtue' by 'tugend,' you by no means call up by these words the same idea which the Englishman thought of when he wrote down these words. We write, it is true, in letters of the alphabet, but, psychologically regarded, every printed page is a picture book, every word, concrete or abstract, a picture. The picture itself may never come to the reader's consciousness, but deep down below, in the unconscious realms, the picture works and influences us, and that is where the difficulty lies. Every nation has its own picture for every word, and this is passed on unconsciously from generation to generation. The German has quite another kind of picture for 'gerechtigkeit,' as the Englishman for 'justice.' Now, every poem contains hundreds of such pictures. It is rather to be wondered at that any nation can at all understand the poetry of another, and still," he added, reflectively, "the time is rapidly approaching that the nations will understand one another."

From what the interviewer heard from Kipling, he was of opinion that the Friends of Peace will find no difficulty in winning Mr. Kipling as a member of their society.

"The annexation of one white nation by another," he said, "I regard as the greatest crime that a politician can commit. Don't annex white men."

"How about the blacks?"

"I am against slavery," was the answer, "if only for this reason, that the white man becomes demoralized by slavery."

Distrustful as he is about himself, he is without bounds in his recognition of others. He admires Stevenson warmly, delights in Henley's poetry. He expressed himself in high praise of the latest work of Leonard Merrick, "the actor manager." He interests himself in all the literary work of the day, and is at home in all the chief movements and side currents in the spiritual life of England. When discussing the literary history of England, which Dr. Kellner has in hand, Mr. Kipling said:

"If I had your book to write, I would attempt in a final chapter to discover the path which may lead from the present chaotic condition of our literature and that of the twentieth century. I would call the chapter, 'Between Two Epochs.' I feel that we are between ebb and flood. It is now just what sailors call slack tide. We are waiting for the great personality which will unite all the minor tendencies of the time and collect all the partial and petty forces into one power that will give a new and adequate expression to the new time."

The interviewer concludes his interesting article with the question, "Is that man still to come, or is he already here?"

Sun Dec 3/98

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HENRY T. COATES & CO., PUBLISHERS, Philadelphia.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, November 12th, 1898.

THE literary world was astonished last week by the appearance of a series of articles by Rudyard Kipling in the *Morning Post*. You in America do not know what that means, but if you were in London you would. The *Morning Post*, which for many years has been little more than a Court circular written up for society ladies and gentlemen who dawdle over their morning meal, has blossomed out as a great newspaper,—no longer the petted organ of a chosen few, but a paper for the multitude. Never before did the *Morning Post* possess the modern energy for getting a genuine "scoop." But in this same case they have made the "scoop," and by getting Mr. Kipling to contribute his breezy articles on "A Fleet in Being" at a moment when England appears to be on the verge of a naval conflict, have shaken the *Times* and its editorial squad as if by an earthquake. For it was in the *Times* that Kipling came forth as the author of the "Recessional" and other timely and beautiful poems; and the public assumed that the poet would henceforth be associated with that great journal.

The result of the publication of "A Fleet in Being," which is nothing less than a graphic and powerful description of all that Mr. Kipling saw while a guest on a British warship during the recent manœuvres, has been to send up the circulation of the *Morning Post* by tens of thousands. I fancy, however, it was not a mere question of dollars and cents that gave the *Morning Post* the coveted articles. Mr James Nicoll Dunn, who was recently appointed editor of the *Morning Post*, was an associate of Kipling's in the old days of the *Scots Observer*, and the connection between editor and contributor has lasted to the present time. It is not surprising, therefore, that when the writer had something very good in a journalistic way, he should have placed it in a friendly quarter. The articles have not only given more people a better idea of life on a warship than they ever had before, but have also shown what a brilliant journalist was lost to the world when Mr. Kipling took to writing books.

THE CHICAGO RECORD comes as near being the ideal journal as we are for some time likely to find on these mortal shores.—*Prof. J. M. Hoffield, of the Northwestern University, in the Evanston (Ill.) Index.*
The Chicago Record has the largest morning circulation in Chicago.

The CHICAGO PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Keep Posted. Clippings of Everything Printed on Any Subject. 56 FIFTH AVE.
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From the Milwaukee, Wis., Journal.

S.S. Mc... NOV 3 1897

WHITE HORSES.

Where run your colts at pasture?
Where hide your mares to breed?
'Mid bergs against the Ice-cap
Or wove Sargossa weed;
By lightless reef and channel,
Or crafty coastwise bars,
But most the deep-sea meadows
All purple to the stars.

Who holds the rein upon you?
The latest gale let free.
What meat is in your mangers?
The glut of all the sea.
'Twixt tide and tide's returning
Great store of newly dead—
The bones of those that faced us,
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, offshore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
Ten million hoofs unshod—
Break forth the wild white horses
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramplings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils
Your forelock who may hold?
E'en they that use the broads with us
The riders bred and bold,
That spy upon our matings
That rope us where we run—
They know the wild white horses
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We nuzzle at their door—
By day with stamping coursers,
By night in whinnying droves,
Creep up the wild white horses,
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?
No wit of man may save.
They hear the wild white horses
Above their fathers' grave;
And, kin of those we crippled
And sons of those we slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To lash the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,
Oh jealous steeds and strong?
Save we that throw their weaklings,
Is none dare work them wrong,
While thick around the homestead
Our grey-backed squadrons graze—
A guard behind their plunder,
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—
With press of wheeling hosts—
Stray mob or bands embattled—
We ring the chosen coasts:
And, careless of our clamour
That bids the stranger fly,
At peace within our pickets
The wild white riders lie.

* * * *

Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the gathering wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind!
To mill your foeman's armies—
To bray his camps abroad—
Trust ye the wild white horses
The Horses of the Lord!
(Copyright, 1897, by Rudyard Kipling.
From Literature, published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Northwest and the South.
New Orleans Picayune.
A western critic, in commenting on ...

L'Envoi.
When earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy—they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are!
—From Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas."

White Horses.

Where run your colts at pasture?
Where hide your mares to breed?
'Mid bergs against the Ice-cap
Or wove Sargossa weed;
By lightless reef and channel,
Or crafty coastwise bars,
But most the deep-sea meadows
All purple to the stars.

Who holds the rein upon you?
The latest gale let free.
What meat is in your mangers?
The glut of all the sea.
'Twixt tide and tide's returning
Great store of newly dead,—
The bones of those that faced us,
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, off-shore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
Ten million hooves unshod—
Break forth the wild white horses
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramplings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils—
Your forelock who may hold?
E'en they that use the broads with us
The riders bred and bold,
That spy upon our matings
That rope us where we run—
They know the wild white horses
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We nuzzle at their door—
By day with stamping coursers,
By night in whinnying droves,
Creep up the wild white horses,
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?
No wit of man may save.
They hear the wild white horses
Above their fathers' grave;
And, kin of those we crippled
And sons of those we slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To lash the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,
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Save we that throw their weaklings,
Is none dare work them wrong,
While thick around the homestead
Our grey-backed squadrons graze—
A guard behind their plunder,
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—
With press of wheeling hosts—
Stray mob or bands embattled—
We ring the chosen coasts:
And, careless of our clamour
That bids the stranger fly,
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The wild white riders lie.

* * * *

Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the gathering wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind!
To mill your foeman's armies—
To bray his camps abroad—
Trust ye the wild white horses
The Horses of the Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Copyright, 1897, by Rudyard Kipling in the United States of America.)

Los Angeles Times 11/14/97

Rudyard Kipling's poem, for which he received $1 per word, does not look to be worth it, and there is money to be had to back up a bet that had it been offered to a magazine by some John Doe Smith or Richard Roe Jones, the poet would have been trun down and kicked out of the print shop.

Frisco Argonaut 11/15/97

The price paid to Rudyard Kipling for the poem, "White Horses," which he contributed to the first part of *Literature*—which is reprinted elsewhere in this issue—is said to have been at the rate of one dollar per word.

Rudyard Kipling, by his poetry and prose, has done so much toward keeping British patriotism aroused and the martial spirit alive in the Empire that any but favorable criticism from an English source for his works of a national character is rare. In the current London *Truth* Mr. Labouchere falls afoul of Kipling's latest poem, "White Horses," which appeared in the first number of *Literature* and was published in the London by permission of the American publishers of this magazine, the Harpers, a short time ago. Mr. Labouchere's opinion of the poem is adverse; it is, therefore, novel and also interesting. "As a poet," says the proprietor of *Truth*, "I have never thought much of him (Kipling). There is a certain go in his rhymes, but they hardly rise above music hall level. *Literature* has accepted what seems to be an inevitable necessity, and publishes a poem of the bard. It ends thus:

Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the gathering wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind!
To mill your foeman's armies—
To bray his camps abroad—
Trust ye the wild white horses,
The Horses of the Lord!

All this seems to me to be nothing more than a jingle of resonant words. If I am one of the "ye" who are requested to trust, I do not quite understand the what, the why, or the wherefore of my confidence. Apparently, it is to be in the "curdled hollows," etc., because they will "mill" my "foeman's army," and "bray his camps." If Mr. Kipling means that this simple faith is to take the place of an army and a navy, even I—an opponent of the present excessive expenditure on both—am not with him. I can, however, hardly suppose that this is his meaning, for he is ever seeking in his lays to evoke a martial spirit. Why, too, are the "wild white horses" the "Horses of the Lord," except that a word was wanted to rhyme, as nearly as might be, with "abroad?"

The appearance of the Kipling plague in

Rudyard Kipling's "White Horses" are not of the breed of Pegasus by any means.

Milwaukee Sentinel 11/11/97

There is a chance that Rudyard Kipling is writing too much. But as [illegible] bring him one dollar per line, he will be justified in whipping them up to their top speed. He will write a poem for the Christmas Scribner, entitled "The Feet of the Young Men." The theme is the song of human longing for the wilderness.

Kipling aparently is losing his grip. He has just published a poem of eight stanzas on "White Horses," and there isn't in it even a hint about the red-headed girl.—(Chicago Times-Herald.

Why should he? Reading it is enough to make anyone red-headed.

They tell us that Rudyard Kipling will be given $1 a word for his forthcoming poem, "White Horses." At that scale of prices Wheeler Wilcox ought to get at least $1 a word for a poem on "Red Headed Girls."—Morgan Sun.

HOW TO CATCH COD

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.—*By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. 12mo. Century Co. $1.50.*

THE newspapers are good enough, from time to time, to give us news about the doings of the authors. We are, for instance, informed that Mr. Rider Haggard went to Mexico to get the atmosphere for one of his books. Dr. Conan Doyle was in Egypt for some time on a similar errand. Mr. Augustus Thomas lived "in Missoura" until he knew the land. And so on. Curiously enough we seldom hear that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is anywhere—securing material. And more marvellous still—each of his books shows a preparatory knowledge that seems almost beyond possibility. We are so accustomed to call a man versatile because he can write novels and essays, and build lighthouses into the bargain, that we have no word to express the parts of one who seems to have done everything and been everywhere. In his latest book, *Captains Courageous*, Mr. Kipling writes:

"Troop says the most interesting thing in the world is to find out how the next man gets his vittles."

Quite the most interesting thing about *Captains Courageous* would be to find out how its author got his material. Of course, there are persons—and it is alleged that the whole town of Gloucester took up arms over the book—there are persons who deny that Mr. Kipling has written truth. There were those who found his "007" foolish, because he had referred to green and red bumpers on a locomotive. But the fact remains that Mr. Kipling slips up only because he tries to be thorough, while other writers are content to fail in their superficialities. Surely no story-teller of his time has known so much about so many things, and made it all interesting. Mr. Kipling should write text-books: he should be engaged by the United Boards of Education of all towns to write of dull things in such a way as to entrance his readers. Under his guidance learning would become a pastime and delight, while half-education would cease to be the characteristic of America.

Captains Courageous is hardly a story; it is really a patchwork of two articles by Mr. Kipling—one on the fishery business of Gloucester, and the other on an American millionaire. What there is of story is wholly incidental and of miraculous unimportance. A fresh and impudent boy—son of a much occupied millionaire and an adoring and foolish mother—is, in a seasick faint, dropped from the deck of an ocean steamer as it is passing the Banks. He is picked up by a fisherman in a dory and carried to the schooner *We're Here* of Gloucester. The owner is not greatly overcome by the honor of the rescue and listens badly to the promises of unlimited reward if he will steer straight for land and miss the fishing season. He merely thinks the boy is crazy, and to bring him to he pounds him in the face until he is reasonable. Thereafter the boy—having had just what was needed—became a proper laboring member of the crew.

The rest of the book is practically given over to a description, minute and somewhat lengthy, of fishing life along the Banks. Written by any one else, it would have no attraction for the general reader. Done by Kipling, it is saved from interminable tediousness only by the wonder of its being. It is so constantly a surprise—the information and detail—that one reads on, although the matter in itself

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170 Kipling. Soldiers Three, Third Indian Edition, *illustrated wrapper* *Wheeler & Co. Allahabad,* 1890

171 KIPLING. DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, and other Verses, *the very rare* FIRST EDITION, *printed at the Civil and Military Gazette Press, Lahore, in the original wrapper, with the front flap* (*No.* 1 *of* 1886)

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184 Plinius Secundus. Epistolæ, Panegyricus, &c. (cura Aldi Manutii), *editio Aldina, autograph of* NICOLAS UDALL, *tutor to Edward VI (when Prince), and* EDWARDUS P. (*Edward VI*) *on title, old calf* *Venet. in æd. Aldi,* 1508

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155 American Continental Congress, Votes and Proceedings (extracts from the), *Philadelphia*, 1774—Salmon (W.) Country Builders Estimator, *old calf*, 1737—Tariff of the prices of polished plates of glass, 1794—Political Skits by Sir E. Jenkins, &c. (21) ; and another

156 Brown (Dr. J. C.) Forest Lands of Finland ; Forests of England and Northern Russia ; French Forest Ordinances of 1669 ; Schools of Forestry in Germany ; and Management of Crown Forests at the Cape of Good Hope, 6 vol. *Edinb.* 1883-87

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163 Bertie (Peregrine, *eleventh Lord Willoughby d'Eresby*) Memoir, *head, J. Murray*, 1838—Harcourt (C. G. V.) Legends of St. Augustine, St. Anthony, and St. Cuthbert, painted on the Stalls in Carlisle Cathedral, *plates, Carlisle*, 1868—Bloxam's Fragmenta Sepulchralia, *woodcuts*, 1850 (3)

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*** This copy has a MS. note by Mr. Kipling on the first leaf, answering a question of the owner's as to particulars of the work, and it is enclosed in the envelope sent back from New York (*to the owner*) by Mr. Kipling.

167 Kipling (Rudyard) Quartette : the Christmas Annual of the Civil and Military Gazette, by "Four Anglo-Indian Writers," *in the original wrapper (backed), very scarce* *Lahore : Civil and Military Gazette Press*, 1885

168 Kipling (Rudyard) The City of Dreadful Night, and other Places depicted, FIRST EDITION, *illustrated wrapper, rare* *Wheeler & Co. Allahabad*, 1891

MR. KIPLING'S HYMN.

RUDYARD KIPLING has achieved something far greater than writing a beautiful poem or moving the critics and men of letters to admiration. In his Jubilee "Recessional," published in last Saturday's *Times*, he has touched the heart of the nation deeply, and touched it to deep issues. His poem has moved his fellow-countrymen, not by any subtle dose of Imperial flattery, or by any sugared draught of adulation, but by the simplest, the sternest, and the most direct appeal which men are capable of feeling. Mr. Kipling's new verses speak almost solely to the religious sentiment of the nation. If that sentiment did not exist, and exist passionately—*i.e.*, as a living, moving thing—his poem would be passed by as simply incomprehensible. It is here, indeed, that Mr. Kipling's genius is visible. He realised that if the nation's heart was to be moved to the full, it could only be on the religious side;—we keep at least this much of the old Puritan spirit. But to know that alone was not enough. The poet might have the insight required to see that the nation could only be adequately touched by the religious appeal, and yet be unable to make that appeal. Mr. Kipling has not failed in this. Whether the religious spirit belongs to him always we do not know, and have, of course, no right to inquire. His Jubilee verses, however, like several of his other poems, show that he can and does often receive the religious element in that afflatus which belongs to the poet. People who think of the lighter side of Mr. Kipling's verse may call this notion far-fetched, but it is true for all that. Burnt into Mr. Kiplings's spirit is a touch of that Puritanism which has inspired our empire-builders so largely. With us, indeed, the greatest and most zealous patriotism has in it always a strain of Puritanism. Whatever the form, Mr. Kipling is always at bottom in deep and serious earnest. Though so wonderful a master of style and metre and of every form of rhetorical artifice, he never writes for the sake of word-spinning, but always because he has got a nail which he is most anxious to drive in up to the head. He at any rate has no vestige of sympathy with the people who say that we English take ourselves too seriously.

We dwelt a few years ago in these columns on the success with which Mr. Kipling has performed one of the most important functions of the poet,—the function of interpreter to the nation. He has revealed certain aspects of the national life, and made our people understand themselves. In his "Recessional" Mr. Kipling has interpreted the feeling of the nation with an insight and a force which are truly marvellous. Humble people all over the United Kingdom and the Empire have during the Jubilee been deeply impressed with a certain dread lest the rejoicings should be made an excuse for boasting and vainglory, and that by its means the people's heart should be turned from—

"What makes a nation happy and keeps it so;"

to that perilous laudation of material things which, in the end, to borrow Milton's phrase again—

". . . . . ruins kingdoms and lays cities flat."

But to people in general this was only a vague uneasiness, a dumb warning against the forgetting of the true meaning of the Jubilee. Mr. Kipling has seized the nation's half-formed

thought, and with a poet's insight and a poet's passion has brought it forth in conscious and coherent words. He takes the awe-inspiring thought—what is all this but dust and ashes unless God is with us till the end? and gives voice to the nation's dread—"Lest we forget—lest we forget!"—

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

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

That we venture to say was the feeling in thousands of hearts. But neither in the popular mind nor in the poem was this feeling in any sense one of terror or unworthy abasement. It was but the true reaction from the pomp and splendour,—the sudden realisation that, after all, the only sacrifice worthy of God is "a humble and a contrite heart." There was nothing wrong, nothing but what was right and seemly, in the national thanksgiving to God, held amid the shouts of the people and the pomp and circumstance of armed men, so long, but only as long, as the nation remembered that it must keep always the humble and the contrite heart,—the heart of the man who prays for strength not to forget God in the loneliness and isolation of his riches, his honours, and his power. He who possesses everything that the material world can give, unless he is "drowned in security," feels far more than the poor and humble the necessity for help not to forget. "Lest I forget—lest I forget," if he has a heart to feel, is the thought that masters him. Just in the same way a nation, if it is sound at heart and not "drowned in security," turns at the zenith of its strength and power to the thought, "Lest we forget—lest we forget." The fact that the better minds of the nation did feel this instant need for the "ancient sacrifice" of "a humble and a contrite heart," and that the most virile, and in a sense the most untamed and least reflective, of our poets should have chosen it as his contribution to our great tumult of rejoicing, is proof that we are still "God's Englishmen." Though we show in our turbulent strength so much of the "heathen heart," and though we make the "frantic boast" and utter the "foolish word," we have yet sense enough of what is our place in the world to still pray the old prayer and to ask "Thy mercy on thy people, Lord." In spite of all "the roaring and the wreaths" we remember that it was not we ourselves but God who gave us the dominion. Truly and in very deed the poet who can bring home these things to the plain ordinary man has done the nation as great a service as if he had worked for her with the sword, had served her by day and night upon the sea, or had toiled for her at the Council Board till, like Pitt, he sank overwhelmed with cares not his own.

It is difficult to write fully and from the heart about a poem like that of Mr. Kipling without saying things that must seem to foreigners like either hypocrisy or self-adulation. Still, on occasion these things must be said, for it is sometimes better to be misunderstood than not to speak. We should like to ask our readers in what other country in the world a poet like Mr. Kipling would be touched to a note of deep seriousness, of elemental piety if you will, by a celebration like that of the Jubilee. Mr. Kipling is, of course, a poet who has always been intensely national in sentiment, but he is also a great master of literary technique,—a conscious artist in words who has laid himself out to study language as men study a science, and to wring from it all its secrets and all its latent possibilities. We know what happens in France when men do that,—how the artist eats up the man, and how the inhuman maxim of art for art's sake takes him captive. Imagine the most modern and most artful of the younger French poets being moved to write in the mood of a Hebrew prophet. The thing is inconceivable. He might, no doubt, have produced a great patriotic ode full of fire and splendour; but could he have touched that note of seriousness which we see in Mr. Kipling's verse? We do not, however, wish to dwell upon this comparison except to show how essential is still the seriousness of the English race, and how it inspires our most modern poets quite as strongly as our preachers or our statesmen. It is this seriousness,

this religious fibre—a fibre which, we readily admit, is often found very strongly developed in men who profess to be emancipated from all religious feeling, but who belie in their lives and actions their dismal creeds—which has proved the antiseptic of our national life. Without it our material progress must have destroyed us,—have left us weak and ignoble. It is this which has made untrue the taunt of our enemies,—the taunt that we are Carthage. We resemble Carthage in our wealth, in our activity, in our world-wide Empire, in our commercial aptitude; but in our seriousness, in our devotion to something higher than our material interests, we have the something which will preserve us, as long as we maintain it, from the fate of Carthage. The poet who best represented the latest moods of Carthage would have filled his hymn to her with the splendour of her wharves, with the glory of her people, with the strength and beauty of her ships and the prowess of her soldiers. He would not have warned her that unless she fell on her knees and showed the sacrifice of a humble and a contrite heart, asked God's mercy for the frantic boast and foolish word, and prayed with the passion of truth that she might not forget, all her strength and splendour were of no avail. But our poet has warned us thus, and warned us, not with the voice of one crying unheeded in the wilderness, but with a voice that has spoken to our very hearts, and made us know ourselves and our own thoughts. We are not Carthage, and shall not become as Carthage while we keep this precious gift of seriousness—this religious fire—a fire which since it was lighted for us by the Puritans has never died out, though it has sometimes been dimmed by luxury and pride. But in our delight and gratitude for this exhibition of the true Puritan spirit in the nation—the spirit which seeks God and not man—we must not lose touch of the very feeling of which we write. If we ask the nation to exult in its humbleness of spirit, we ask it to forego the sacrifice which is the only true mode of expressing thankfulness for its greatness and prosperity. Our duty is done when we have urged men to heed Mr. Kipling's appeal—

"Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Truly nations move to their destiny as a man who walks in the dark at the edge of a precipice. While he remembers and takes care of his footsteps he is in no danger; but if once his heart grows light with the insolence of success, and he rushes along flushed, self-confident, and unheeding, he is in deadly peril. Then indeed may he bless the man who in a moment's flash shows him the precipice at his feet and recalls to his mind the prayer of men and of nations:—

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

....Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has promised to set Kipling's "Recessional" to music, says that he wrote the "Lost Chord" while watching at the bedside of a sick brother. One night the patient had dropped off into a peaceful sleep, and Sir Arthur, who was sitting, as usual, near by, chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Proctor's which had once very deeply impressed him. Now, in the quiet of the night, he read them over again and, almost as he did so, conceived their equivalent in music. A stray sheet of paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the thing grew and, becoming utterly absorbed in it, he worked on until it was completed. The song—perhaps the most famous that Sir Arthur has written—has had a sale of over a quarter of a million copies.

KIPLING AND RILEY.

For several weeks the public has been waiting for Mr. Kipling's dollar-a-word poem and Mr. Riley's new rubaiyat. All of the former has arrived, and part of the latter, and up to this writing no person has come forward to say that he is well paid for his waiting. These two poets have everything in their favor in the way of sympathy and affection from the public; they have no prejudice, special or general, to overcome, for even those who never read Shakespeare and always make sport of Shelley confess their liking for Kipling and Riley. Hence, when they fail to please, it is quite evident that they are soaring so high as to be quite out of sight, or are letting their wings touch the ground so often as to seem not to be soaring at all.

There can be no doubt about what Mr. Riley is doing in his "'Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers," the first part of which appears in the November Century. He is groveling; and it is lamentable that either he or his publishers should think that that sort of thing is elevating, or even entertaining. Dialect in verse is generally degrading and this is more so than usual, for there is no seeming necessity for it. One can forgive it and enjoy it in the work of Mr. Dunbar when he uses it in the songs and stories of his own race, for theirs is a form of speech peculiarly their own, and their life is full of rhythmic song that needs to be expressed in their own language. But Mr. Riley's dialect is no more than bad grammar and false orthography, carried to such extent that some of it needs to be translated to be understood. Even the method he adopts does not demand some of the monstrosities that he introduces, and some of the words are misspelled in a way that cannot possibly change the pronunciation. Then, again, there is nothing new in the substance of this poem. It is simply the story of a country doctor of the kind that is very abundant, and there is nothing in it that requires the dignity of verse for its expression.

Mr. Kipling's latest effort in verse is called "White Horses," and appears in the new literary weekly, Literature, which advertises the fact that it paid a dollar a word for it, which means many hundreds of dollars, for the poem is long. Any journal that starts out with that kind of tuft-hunting is unworthy of credit. The poem is not worth the money; perhaps Mr. Kipling's name is. Since the "Recessional," the public expects very great things from this poet, and therein may lie one reason for the present disappointment. The poem is obscure—differently so from most of his verse, for this may be read without the aid of a gazetteer. After many readings one realizes that he is beginning to discover something, but no sense of elevation comes with it, and without that nothing is poetry. This poem is not ordinary—Mr. Kipling is never guilty of being ordinary in anything—and is it not quite possible that in his efforts to create the extraordinary he may at times leave out certain essentials and thus destroy the usefulness of his work?

Mr. Kipling is always the inventor; Mr. Riley, never. Mr. Kipling gives us new thoughts; Mr. Riley gives expression to our own best thoughts—when he chooses so to do. Both are poets and neither has any rival in his chosen field, but that fact should not permit them to become careless. The affections of the public are precarious and art is very exacting.

A Rhyme by Rudyard.

Rudyard Kipling, who has named Canada "Our Lady of the Snows," recently sent Lady Majorie Gordon, daughter of Lord Aberdeen, the following skit for "Wee Willie Winkie," a juvenile magazine of which she is the editor:

There was once a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck.
When asked: 'Are you friz?'
He replied: 'Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.'

The English *édition du luxe* of Kipling's works, though not yet published, has risen in value from six to nine guineas.

KIPLING'S REPLY.

New York Tribune.

Mr. Kipling, like every other literary man of note, is bored and worried by the impertinent and incapable in the ranks of would-be authors. To one of these who recently sought advice from him he wrote: "No man's advice is of the least benefit in our business (and I am a very busy man). Keep on trying until you either fail or succeed."

The attitude of authors toward these silly people who write to them for advice, criticism, and autographs has changed in the last decade. They have learned, busy men that they are, that these unwarrantable intrusions upon their time and strength are largely the fruit of vanity on the part of young persons who want to show a letter from a distinguished writer. Not once in a thousand cases do such letters come from a youngster with enough brain and real ambition to make him really worth helping. Moreover, it is apparent in these days that no young person need lack the opportunity for practically testing his ability.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. KIPLING'S COCKNEY RHYMES

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

THE whole history of many books is—that they are born, reviewed, die, and are forgotten. Sometimes the critics kill them, but much oftener it happens that they die because they have not sufficient vitality to live.

But such a book as *The Seven Seas* of Mr. Rudyard Kipling is of so robust a constitution that THE CHAP-BOOK, as well as other literary journals, continues to print interesting paragraphs concerning it, although it is no longer the newest important book of the year; and I think they will go on doing so until some better and stronger book of original poems shall appear—an event which we need not expect for many a long day.

It would be a thankless task for me to attempt merely to find fault with such a work; and what I have to say concerning it is more in the way of pointing out a minor "curiosity of literature" connected with the author's art of versification than an attempt to find little faults in the poems of a master.

The curiosities in question are the egregious cockney rhymes—the only false ones—that mar some of Mr. Kipling's verses. To the millions of English-speaking people whose ears and tongues are not vitiated by the mincing affectation of contemporary London speech, these false rhymes come with an unpleasant little shock, which may be compared to the sudden spit of cold sea-water that flies in the tourist's face while, from the deck of an Atlantic steamer, he is absorbed in contemplating the glories of the ocean.

By Jeannette

Among the great qualities of Mr. Kipling's poems the critics have justly commended the immense technical skill (as well as the variety) of his versification. Rhymes seem to obey him almost as the piano keys obey Paderewski; and it is therefore not to be thought that these cockney rhymes exist through any poverty of resource on the author's part. The only conclusion we can come to is that he himself pronounces the English language a good deal as our ancient friend, Lord Dundreary, did, and that he believes such pronunciation to be correct. I may be using the wrong term in characterizing such pronunciation as "cockney." It certainly is not the cockney speech of such common folk as "'Arry" and "'Arriet," but it is also far removed from the sound and clear pronunciation of such a scholar as Mr. Gladstone or the faultless rhyming of an artist like Tennyson.

Such defects may never be detected till a man writes in rhyme—just as a person may be color-blind all his life and never suspect it till he comes to paint a picture; and even then the false coloring which startles normally endowed people still seems right and true to him. We may be sure that so eminent a literary artist as Oliver Goldsmith must have believed it right to omit the sound of the *l* in the word fault (Irishmen, to this day, pronounce it "fawt"), for in *The Deserted Village* he makes it rhyme with "aught," and in the ballad of Edwin and Angelina, with "sought."

Similarly, if we sound these words of Mr. Kipling's cockney-wise, the rhymes become perfect; but if we sound them in straight English—out come the defects. They would hardly be defects if they occurred in the poems written in avowedly cockney dialect, but this is very rarely the case in the examples which follow, and which are cited from the American edition of *The Seven Seas*. I give in parentheses the current cockney or Lord Dundreary pronunciation of each defective rhyme.

On page 5 we find the word "horses" as a rhyme for "courses"—not such a bad rhyme as it stands, but it at once becomes perfect as pronounced by a Cockney—(cawses). Page 25 gives us "abroad" and "Lord"—(Lawd). On page 38 and again on page 45, in that masterpiece, *McAndrews' Hymn*, we find "port" as a rhyme for "thought"; "*pawt*" makes the rhyming perfect—but fancy the grim and rugged old Scotch engineer making use of such a prettified word! What he really did say (for McAndrews, like Falstaff, is alive and real) was not "pawt" but *porrt*—rolling his *r* with a rich burr, like the sound of one of his own "purrin' dynamoes." On page 74 we have "walk" and "pork" (pawk); page 86, "calm" and "harm" (hahm); page 131, "ma" and "are" (ah); page 157, "straw" and "corps" (caw); pages 160-161, "Gawd" and "sword" (sawd); pages 177 and 180, "salaam" and "harm" (hahm).

All this may have been publicly pointed out already, but I have not seen it.

FREDERICK KEPPEL.

Chap Book Nov 15=1897

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of these essays. Sheehan has the book.

"Departmental Ditties'—"Barrack Room Ballads.'—These two volumes of Kipling's poems make up a neat and attractive ~~set intended~~ to catch the eye of the holiday buyer. They are 16 mos. with gilt tops, deckel edges, and a portrait in each, and repose side by side in a chaste white box. (New York: M. F. Mansfield, 22 East Sixteenth street, Detroit and Ann Arbor: J. V. Sheehan & Co.)

Rudyard Kipling
From Departmental Ditties
Published by
M. F. Mansfield, 22 East 16th St., New York

Rudyard Kipling
From Barrack-Room Ballads
Published by
M. F. Mansfield, 22 East 16th St., New York

IN LONDON LIBRARIES.

The one novel mot read in the public libraries of London is Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne"; George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" and "Adam Bede" are the most popular of her novels. Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley and Thackeray are still in steady demand. Hall Caine is one of the most popular contemporaneous authors. Rudyard Kipling has declined in popularity, if the lessened demand for his works in the libraries may be taken as an evidence of the public attitude toward him. Stevenson and Barrie continue as popular as ever. Among the writers of the romantic and historical schools, such as Stanley Weyman, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope and Rider Haggard, there has been no noticeable loss of favor, and evidently that school of fiction is still in full accordance with popular taste. An interesting contrast to this condition is the fact that sexual fiction, as realistically treated by some of the modern novelists, is represented to a very small extent in the libraries, and the demand for it is not of a kind likely to insure a place for it.

Kipling is said to maintain his former popularity, so far as his poems are concerned, and his "Barrack Room Ballads" are frequently asked for. Tennyson is the most popular of the English poets, and the present laureate is said to appeal to British taste so slightly that his poems are seldom called for. Among the authors who are quoted as "still popular" are names which, to American readers, are wholly unknown. The transient popularity of a book is as much felt in London as it is in New York, and many works which were once in great demand are neglected on the shelves. The great instance of the collapse in the demand for a work in this country is "Robert Elsmere," which, after its mad vogue here, fell into undisturbed oblivion. Curiously enough, the same is true of London, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel is always mentioned as one which, after creating a furor, utterly dropped out. To-day it is practically unread.

MAGAZINES.

An interesting collaboration of artist and author is that of Mr. William Nicholson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. For the "Almanac of Twelve Sports for 1898," Mr. Nicholson has made the illustrations in his original style, while Mr. Kipling has written the verses to accompany the pictures. Mr. R. H. Russell is the happy publisher of this unique volume.

* * *

Rudyard Kipling's first "Jungle Stories" were written for St. Nicholas, and this year Mr. Kipling will contribute to St. Nicholas a series of stories for boys and girls in what is for him an entirely new vein. They are fantastic stories about animals, and he calls them the "Just-So" stories, because they have been told "just so" to children. The first number appears in the November St. Nicholas.

* * *

—The Christmas Scribner's will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling which was written for his friend W. Hallett Phillips of Washington, a few days before the drowning accident which terminated his life. The poem is called "The Feet of the Young Men," and is a stirring song of the hunting fever, with the refrain

"Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

—St. Nicholas, conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, enters upon the twenty-fifth years of its successful career as the leading magazine for boys and girls with its November issue. A remarkably varied and attractive list of features has been secured for the coming year, including contributions by several of the foremost writers of the day. Rudyard Kipling's first "Jungle Stories" were written for St. Nicholas, and this year he will contribute a new series of stories to the magazine, called "The Just-So Stories," written in a new vein—fantastic stories. Some stories, Mr. Kipling says, are meant to be read quietly, and some are meant to be told aloud. Some are for rainy mornings and some for long, hot afternoons and some are for bedtime. These stories of Mr. Kipling's are meant to be told "just so," and one must not alter one single little word. They are stories about animals, queer, very queer animals. Mr. Frank R.

PRICES PAID MODERN AUTHORS.

Rudyard Kipling commands the highest price of any living author. He was paid $750 for each of his Barrack Room Ballads, and The Seven Seas brought him $11,000. He has received 50 cents a word for a 10,000-word story. Anthony Hope charges $450 for a magazine story, reserving the copyright; Mr. Gladstone's price for a review is $1000. Conan Doyle received $35,000 for Rodney Stone; Mrs. Humphrey Ward $40,000 for Robert Elsmere, $80,000 each for David Grieve and Marcella, $75,000 for Sir George Tressady, and $15,000 for Bessie Costrell. Ian Maclaren has made $35,000 out of The Bonnie Briar Bush and Auld Lang Syne. Rider Haggard still asks from $75 to $100 a column of 1500 words and will not write for less than $10,000.

The highest price ever paid for a novel is $200,000, which was handed over to Alphonse Daudet for his Sappho. Zola's first fourteen books netted him $220,000, and in twenty years he has made at least $375,000. Ruskin's sixty-four books bring him in $20,000 a year. Swinburne, who writes very little, makes $5000 a year by his poems. Browning, in his later years, drew $10,000 a year from the sale of his works, and Tennyson is said to have received $60,000 a year from the Macmillans during the last years of his life. Mr. Moody is believed to have beaten all others, as more than $1,250,000 has been paid in royalties for his hymns.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Evidently it pays better to write hymns than novels, and it's a wonder that enterprising literary genius has not more generally followed in the footsteps of Mr. Moody.

THE MAGAZINES.

many years ago.

The Bookman is responsible for the statement that Rudyard Kipling declined payment from the Times for his poems "Our Lady of the Snows" and "The Recessional," his explanation being that he would not take payment for patriotic poems. According to the same authority Mr. Kipling subsequently sent to the Times a poem entitled "The Destroyers," which described the action of torpedoes. For this he would have accepted the usual honorarium, but the editor considered that it would clash with the fine and stately verse which had gone before it and it was not accepted.

Captains Courageous. A story of the Grand Banks. By Rudyard Kipling. The Century Company, New York.

The heave of the sea and the smell of the salt wave lives in every word of Kipling's story. It seem, indeed, to have created itself out of the mist and fog, out of the lives of the Gloucester codfishers, so little is Mr. Kipling seen in it, either as machinist or expositor. It is this feature of personal detachment which gives Kipling his enthralling power over the minds and attention of his readers. The story of this book is the simplest. A spoiled American boy, the son of a California multi-millionaire, on his way across the ocean, is washed overboard by a "mother wave" and rescued by a sailor from the fishing smack "We're Here," of Gloucester.

The boy makes a vain effort to convince the skipper that it will be worth his while to cut short the fishing season and put into New York in order to restore the lad to his parents. "A whole season's catch is eight men's bread," said Disko Troop, "an' you'll be better in your health when you see him in the fall. Go forward and help Dan. It's ten an' a ha'af a month, ez I said, an', o' course, all f'und, same ez the rest o' us." The rude discipline which stiffens the muscles and brings out the true pluck of the boy, his restoration to his parents, all form lessons as plain and direct as a Sunday school tract could supply, and lessons also far more wholesome, since without affectation or cant we are taught the beauty of humble endeavor, the value of honest manhood and the impotence of riches to set up barriers to the recognition of a common bed-rock humanity. A dozen pages might be quoted to give an idea of the immensely virile power of Kipling's style. The story of the sweep of the "Constance" across the "continent of America called up" by Miss Kinzey's white fingers has thrilled thousands of readers and will hold its place in literature as a masterpiece of vivid writing.

Kipling has a profound knowledge of the truth of things, of men and of the world and of their relative values. Many authors have the same. But Mr. Kipling's way of narration is his own and unsurpassed by any other living writer. Only he could have written "Captains Courageous."

High-Priced Rudyard.

Pall Mall Gazette:—Rudyard Kipling commands the highest price of any living author. He was paid $750 for each of his "Barrack Room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas" brought him $11,000. He has received 50 cents a word for a 10,000-word story. Anthony Hope charges $450 for a magazine story, reserving the copyright; Mr. Gladstone's price for a review is $1,000. Conan Doyle received $35,000 for "Rodney Stone," Mrs. Humphrey Ward $40,000 for "Robert Elsmere," $80,000 each for "David Grieve" and "Marcella," $75,000 for "Sir George Tressady" and $15,000 for "Bessie Costrell." Ian Maclaren has made $35,000 out of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne." Rider Haggard still asks from $75 to $100 a column of 1,500 words and will not write for less than $10,000.

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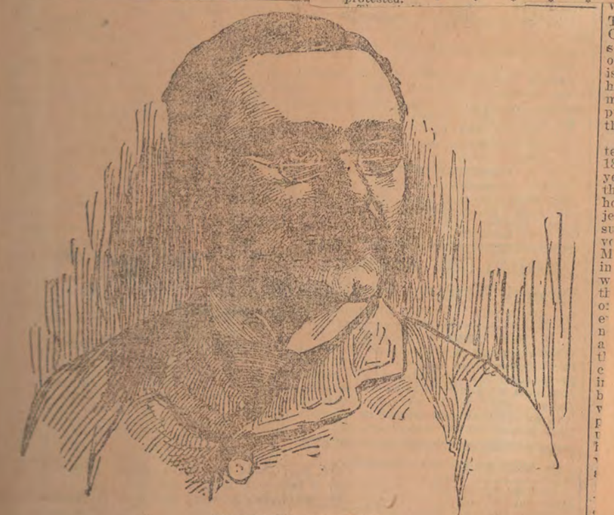
One wonders and wonders again at the all-around genius, so to speak, of Rudyard Kipling, who seems equally at home wherever he places himself. In his recent book, "Captains Courageous," he talks of the sea as if he were a sailor born and bred. He makes us hear the wash of the waves upon the ship's sides, hear the whistle of the wind through the sails, and breathe the air which comes over miles upon miles of the rolling waters.

Briefly, the story is this: An ocean steamer is ploughing her way across to Europe, having among her passengers a multi-millionaire, his wife and their only son, Harvey, a youth of 15, who is as nearly spoiled as a boy with any amount of money to spend and a weakly indulgent mother and a careless father, can well be.

Passing the Grand Banks, the boy, who has grown very seasick, rolls off into the green waters, and is picked up by a fishing smack, We're Here. The captain,



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Disko Troop, does not believe the story the boy tells, and absolutely refuses to take him back to New York, whereupon Harvey gets angry, and calls names and is promptly knocked down. There is in him the making of a fine character, for he perceives the justice, rough as it may be, of the captain's resentment of being named a thief. After thinking it over, he concludes to accept the situation, and become a helper at "ten and a half a month." From this moment he begins to develop from a foolish, purse-proud youth into a strong, self-reliant, manly fellow.

The change does not come all at once, but little by little, as he finds that here upon the fishing smack he is treated strictly on his merits, and no account taken of any of his fancied notions of superiority. And finally the men come to listen to him as "a crack story teller" when he talks of his past grandeur, and to himself the latter becomes only fading memories. So the summer passes, and he grows self-reliant, brave in the face of danger and of death; careless of storms and fogs, and of the white icebergs that float across the pathway of the little boat threatening terrible disaster.

When the season is over, back the little boat, packed with salt fish, goes to Gloucester, and Harvey safely lands, no longer the pale, pimping boy, but the strong, hardy sailor, changed utterly even in this short period. The news of his safety flies across the continent, and the father and mother in a private car make a wonderful run over the miles of mountain and valley to find their mourned-for son. The chapter describing the journey is a thrilling one. Here is a little of it:

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado river. The car cracked in the utter drouth and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck, and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed indicator flicked and wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt-sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son, and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly, the great fire-horse was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent protested.

* * * * * *

Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great lift from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the state line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansas, and tore down the long slopes to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by the plate-glass observation-window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth, till the plying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy, and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water-tank, and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear-platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises

THE FISHING SMACK WE'RE HERE.

as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scaur and barred out half the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

As I said before, one can not help wondering how Kipling could so thoroughly possess himself, as he has done, with the spirit of the sea, but through the whole his descriptions are lightning flashes from one who seems to be revealing the passion of his life. He gives them the real coloring, and they are pictures indeed. "The morn was beginning to walk on the still sea before the elder of men came off." "The rigging dripped in clammy drops." "The fog drove steadily and in wreaths, curling and smoking along the colorless water." "The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight, and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a lump of fluid silver." And so on.

Here, too, is a fine passage about the landing of the boat at Gloucester:

Over and above the darkness and the mystery of the procession, Harvey could feel the land close around him once more, with all its thousands of people asleep, and the smell of earth after rain, and the familiar noise of a switching-engine coughing to herself in a freight-yard; and all those things made his heart beat and his throat dry up as he stood by the foresheet. They heard the anchor-watch snoring on a lighthouse-tug, nosed into a pocket of darkness where a lantern glimmered on either side; somebody waked with a grunt, threw them a rope, and they made fast to a silent wharf flanked with great iron-roofed sheds full of warm emptiness, and lay there without a sound.

Then Harvey sat down by the wheel, and sobbed and sobbed as though his heart would break, and a tall woman who had been sitting on a weigh-scale dropped down into the schooner and kissed Dan once on the cheek; for she was his mother, and she had seen the We're Here by the lightning flashes. She took no notice of Harvey till he had recovered himself a little and Disko had told her his story. Then they went to Disko's house together as the dawn was breaking; and until the telegraph office was open and he could write to his folk, Harvey Cheyne was perhaps the loneliest boy in all America.

Captains Courageous is a great story with a simple plot—a story that has a meaning which is that character tells when money fails. It shows what work will do to develop manhood, and it teaches lessons of humanity. It is one of Kipling's best and least pretentious works. The Century Company gives it its pretty setting.

A strong, refined and extremely inter-

In selecting Brighton as his temporar home, Mr. Kipling has done what is a pleas ant and no doubt a wise thing. It is withi an agreeably easy distance of London, i is a very comfortable and not too expensiv place to live in, and no matter how muc the "cheap tripper" may invade those sands the sea that stretches out before the old town is gloriously beautiful. It is a place, too, in which a man who has a mind to study human nature can find plenty of opportunities.—New York Tribune.

According to the Pall Mall Gazette, Rudyard Kipling commands the highest price of any living author. The Gazette declares that it paid $750 for each of his "Barrack Room Ballads," and that "The Seven Seas" brought him $11,000. He has received 50 cents a word for a 10,000 word story. Anthony Hope charges $450 for a magazine story, reserving the copyright. Mr. Gladstone's price for a review is $1000. Conan Doyle received $35,000 for "Rodney Stone," Mrs. Humphrey Ward $40,000 for "Robert Elsmere," $30,000 each for "David Grieve," and "Marcella," $75,000 for "Sir George Tressady, and $15'000 for "Bessie Costrel." Ian Maclaren has made $35,000 out of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne." Rider Haggard still asks from $75 to $100 a column of 1500 words and will not write for less than $10,000. The highest price ever paid for a novel is $200,000 which the Pall Mall Gazette says was handed over to Alphonse Daudet for his "Sappho." Zola's first 14 books netted him $220,000, and in 20 years he has made at least $375,000. Ruskin's 64 books bring him in $20,000 a year. Swinburne who writes very little makes $5000 a year by his poems. Browning in his later years drew $10,000 a year from the sale of his works, and Tennyson is said to have received $80,000 a year from the Macmillans during the last years of his life. Evangelist Moody is believed to have beaten all others, as more than $1,250,000 has been paid in royalties for his hymns.

The Christmas Scribner's will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling which was written for his friend, W. Hallett-Phillips of Washington, a few days before the drowning accident which terminated his life. The poem is called "The feet of the young men." James Whitcomb Riley recently came across a new Stevenson portrait in the possession of one of the latter's kin in Indiana. He has written a sonnet, which, with the picture, showing Stevenson as he was in 1879, will also appear in the Christmas Scribner's. In the same number Walter A. Wyckoff, the college man who be-

There is one word which excites the wrath of Rudyard Kipling. It is "colonies." "I dislike the word 'colonies,'" he writes, "and if you look through my verses you will find I very seldom use it. It is out of date and misleading, besides being provincial."

The London World reports that Rudyard Kipling, who has been creating in Dorsetshire with Thomas Hardy, is negotiating for the purchase of a house and grounds at Rodwell, near Dorchester.

Sir Edwin Arnold has further cemented his marriage with his Japanese wife by having the marriage ceremony performed in English, according to the English law. The Japanese rite consists of the two par-

KIPLING AS A PSALMIST.

Rev. L. L. Taylor Preaches a Sermon on This Subject.

Last evening at Plymouth Congregational church the Rev. Livingston L. Taylor delivered a pulpit lecture, the subject of which was "Rudyard Kipling as a Psalmist." He spoke especially of the great English author's jubilee poem, the "Recessional."

Mr. Taylor thought he could see in the poem an evidence of strong early religious training. To him, Mr. Taylor said, there were such evidences in his earlier poems. "But in the 'Recessional,'" said he, "I think I can find in every one of the thirty lines a corresponding sentiment in the Psalms."

Mr. Taylor called attention to the couplet, "Oh, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget," particularly to its spiritual reference.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Taylor, "that in those lines the poet invokes spiritual aid for the British empire; not because he is afraid the empire will be swept from the earth, but because of the need of Divine teaching which some of us are prone to forget.

"It seems to me," continued the pastor, "that in each of the five stanzas there stands forth some thought of God. In the first, I should say it referred to the Almighty as King of Kings, under whose sacred leadership all nations are guided. In the second there is the thought of God as looking to the future. In the third there is the thought of the awful judgment upon nations which have forgotten Him. In the fourth we can see Paul before us as in the scriptures. In the fifth there is the thought of pride and power as over against God's sovereignty in which the poet almost quotes the psalms."

MUNICIPAL REFORM

THE CITY OF SLEEP.

Over the edge of the purple down,
Where the single lamplight gleams,
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
That is laid by the Sea of Dreams—
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
And the sick may forget to weep?
But we—pity us! ah! pity us!
We wakeful; oh! pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the city of sleep!

Weary they turn from their scroll and crown,
Fetter and prayer and plow—
They that go up to the Merciful Town,
For her gates are closing now.
It is their right in the baths of Night
Body and soul to steep;
We—pity us! ah! pity us!
We wakeful; oh! pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

Over the edge of the purple down
Ere the tender dreams begin;
Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in.
Outcasts all, from her guarded wall,
Back to one watch we creep;
We—pity us! ah! pity us!
We wakeful; oh! pity us!
We that go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

—Rudyard Kipling.

A STORY OF KIPLING.

How He Symphathized With a Sick Elephant.

Rudyard Kipling, whose jungle stories you have read, is a great lover of animals. A gentleman who spent some time with Mr. Kipling in London, recently, tells this story:

"One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and while strolling about our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard, a complaining, fretting, tormenting sound proceeding from the elephant house.

"'What's the matter in there?' asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"'A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him,' was the answer.

"Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put our his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone, and in words unintelligible to me at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lowered tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. The whine went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"'Doesn't that beat everything you ever saw,' ejaculated a compatriot of and cheerful good-by to the back of his mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?' I asked when I overtook my friend.

"'Language? What do you mean?' he answered, with a laugh.

"'Are you a Mowgli?' I persisted, 'and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?' but he only smiled in reply."

The Little Boy's Stockings.

"Rudyard Kipling is without doubt the most highly paid author of the day," says the Pall Mall Gazette. "For his 'Barrack-Room Ballads' he received £150 each from the Pall Mall Gazette. His 'Seven Seas' he sold for £2,200. An English magazine purchased a story for its last Christmas number from Mr. Kipling and paid for it at the rate of a shilling a word, whereupon two American editors, not to be beaten, combined and offered $5,000 for a story of 10,000 words, or at the rate of 2 shillings a word."

HE WAS NOT INTERVIEWED.

A Daily Telegraph interviewer received a dispatch the other day, so the Tribune says, ordering him to go to Rottingdean and interview Mr. Kipling. He went. As he entered the village in a wagonette he saw his prey mounting a bicycle. He jumped down and chased him, and overtook the bicyclist at the foot of a slope.

"What do you want?" asked Kipling.

"I want to catch my breath," replied his pursuer.

Kipling waited grimly.

Then the pursuer stated his errand. The good-natured twinkle faded instantly from his eyes; the square jaws suddenly became set. It was not necessary for him to speak for me to perceive that nothing short of, "wild horse" would be required to drag anything worth recording from the author of "Soldiers Three."

"Interview me!" exclaimed Kipling. "No! I have never been interviewed in my life! I'm off!" And grasping the handles in his bicycle "off" he certainly was.

The interviewer was discouraged but persevering. He hurried after his disappearing quarry.

"Did I understand you to say that you refused to ——" he observed, but he was cut short.

"Absolutely," said Kipling.

And then, gentle reader, what did this brilliant interviewer do? He filled one of the long columns of the Daily Telegraph and a little over with an account of his adventure!

"I am glad you are finding out Kipling," writes a man by the name of James [illegible] to the editor of the Chicago "Inter-Ocean." "He is, in his own cockney slang, 'a cad,' and in my judgment will soon be relegated to his proper place in literature, viz., the forgotten. I believe I have read every word of his that has been published in this country, and have yet to read the first line of his that I think should live one short hour. He has been lauded by the callow, vealy, so-called critics and novices of our public press as have many other equally worthless writers until the fellow has got to believe he is a great writer, and like other brainless fools it has caused his head to swell, and consequently he is putting on airs' and is ridiculing and laughing at our people, who by buying his trashy books have made him rich, and this richness has brought arrogance. I am rejoiced to think the man has shown himself in his true light. I hope it will teach our simple, silly critics and novices a lesson, and that hereafter we shall have less puffing of trash as Kipling always wrote and more approval of really meritorious work." We take it that Mr. Allen himself has literary ambitions.

Mr. Kipling is being taken to task for his grammatical lapse in this line of the "Recessional:"

"The tumult and the shouting dies."

As he wanted to make his verb rhyme with sacrifice, he had to use its singular form. Great poets like Shakespeare and Milton and even Keats are allowed to defy grammar, and they present many instances of such defiance. We do not ask that a really great poem shall parse any more than we ask that a great picture shall be a moral treatise," says the New York Times. "But the little poets have to be pretty careful."

It is evident that Mr. Kipling thinks himself a poet big enough to make two nouns in the singular number the subject of a singular verb, but the great public does not believe that he has yet risen to a height where he can look down with contempt on the restraints of grammar.

A RHYME BY RUDYARD.

Rudyard Kipling, who has named Canada "Our Lady of the Snows," recently sent Lady Majorie Gordon, daughter of Lord Aberdeen, the following skit for Wee Willie Winkle, a juvenile magazine, of which she is the editor:

There was once a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck.
When asked: "Are you friz?"
He replied: "Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

KIPLING AND TWAIN.

Ruggar.. the Legitimate Successor of the American.

Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling are the two names which the average reader would hardly link together, but it has been said that the one is the progenitor of the other.

Before Mr. Kipling rose glowing in the east, Mark Twain held the field. He was the ideal of masculine writers. There were no half-ways with his readings—either they swore by him through thick and thin or unconditionally they cast him aside. Probably no author has been so little read by women, although, on the other hand, there was hardly a boy in the English-speaking world who would not have bartered his soul for Mark Twain's corncob pipe as a relic. He did just what boys and elemental men like—he wrote straight to the point. He feared no one, and he esteemed laughter above all the gifts of God. Thus it was from twenty-five to a dozen years ago.

But, then, in the early eighties, Mark Twain's old manner became changed. He abandoned his zest in lawless life and the records of his personal impressions in the serious places of the earth, and he turned to satire and romance. His sorrowing readers had only just perceived the melancholy truth when "Soldiers Three" appeared, in its quiet, blue-gray covers, to mark the beginning of a new sledge-hammer pen and divert their grief. British India won, and today Rudyard Kipling is the ideal masculine writer, and his is the pipe that is coveted by the boys and elemental men. He is a finer artist than Mark Twain, his sympathies are wider, his genius is more comprehensive, and yet, when all is said, the fact remains that Mark Twain is his literary progenitor.—London Academy.

—:o:—

The Watchman gives the opinion that the best short story ever written is the Book of Jonah. Nothing that Guy de Maupassant or Kipling has done can compare with it. It contains about 2000 words, and there is not a superfluous word in it. It is full of incident, and action progresses steadily to a climax. The account of the prophet's experience with the great fish is only one incident in the narrative. Excluding the prayer of Jonah, only forty-two words are devoted to it. The climax of the story is found in its very last words. When the writer has done he stops. From a literary and artistic point of view, the Book of Jonah occupies a supreme place in the world's literature.

—:o:—

Saved Against His Will.

Another V. C. of my acquaintance—he is anything but a doctor—once saved a trooper whose horse had been killed. His argument was rather original. The man was on foot, and the enemy—Zulus this time, and they are beautiful fighters—were coming down at a run, and he said very decently that he did not see his way to periling his officer's life by double weighting the only horse there was.

To this his officer answered, "If you don't get up behind me, I'll get off and I'll give you such a licking as you've never had in your life." The man was more afraid of fists than assegais, and the good horse pulled them both out of the scrape. Now, by the regulations an officer who insults or threatens with violence a subordinate of his service is liable to lose his commission and to be declared "incapable of serving the queen in any capacity," but for some reason or other the trooper never reported his superior.—Rudyard Kipling in Youth's Companion.

The Sea Was Fresh Water.

The author of the "Jungle Books" and of "Soldiers Three" has written in "Captains Courageous" his first American novel. Mr. Kipling never ventures into a field that he does not know, and there have been many proofs of his intimate knowledge of the strong types of American character and of the picturesque scenes that he depicts in this novel. The story deals with the experiences of the son of a Western multi-millionaire. The Century Company, New York; cloth, $1.50.

"Reflections by a Bachelor," by P. W." published by the J. S. Ogilvie Company of New York, contains 200 single page chapters, each made of short proverbs.

Mr. Kipling seems to be of the impression that we are the most astounding barbarians over here because we are willing to pay the most for his poetry.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Latest Photograph From a Reproduction Which He Permitted the Bookman to Make.

Mr. Kipling is one of the most industrious of workers as well as a genius. Besides his story of A Clouded Tiger, promised for the Christmas number of McClure's, he has contributed some stories to Scribner's and has written the lately announced Just So tales for St. Nicholas. And all this prose is punctuated by poems. Quantity proves nothing—but consider the splendid quality of this man's work! White Horses is the title of the poem he has given to Literature (receiving $1 a line therefor, it is reported); and his Christmas poem for Scribner, described as the song of the human longing for the wilderness, is called The Feet of the Young Men. —New York Tribune.

THE RELIGION OF KIPLING.

Kipling's "Recessional," jubilee hymn, has led some critics into a vast discussion of the religious element in the poetry of the laureate of the Greater Britain. A religious journal has found that religion is not a later assumption with Mr. Kipling. In evidence it has dug out of the past a poem which he published twelve years ago when he was still an unknown writer in India. We republish the poem on another page. The religious element is very marked in it. It is written in the same tone as the now famous "Recessional" stanzas. Much of the time Mr. Kipling has seemed somewhat profane, his poetry dealing with the life of the English in the colonies, the army and the navy. But the swagger of his Tommy Atkins' muse does not mean any irreligion. Mr. Kipling has what characterizes all serious minds, a deep religious sense. His mind can not escape the conviction that Somewhere there is a God and his heart can not escape the belief that that God of Somewhere guides our destinies Somehow. That in itself is religion—simply a consciousness of some relation between ourselves and the infinite in time and power. The man who feels that consciousness is truly religious.

The religion of Mr. Kipling is the true religion of the world. It is the sweet and serious sense of dependence and independence, of faith and doubt, of God and ourselves intermingled. It is the religion that is greater than human contrivances; the religion that makes great souls; time-abiding, world-brooding souls. So Shakespeare saw a divinity shaping all the ends of human life, though men hewed them roughly. This God of destiny is higher than the Jehovah of the Jews who "frothed at the mouth" in his moments of anger, or than the God who keeps book of our sins. The God of Kipling lives in the great underlying, serious, sweet and solemn sense of life which has characterized all of the great poets and all of the great philosophers, that is all of those who have seen deeply into the things of this world and into the things of the unseen world which lies all about us.

IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR

The Academy has made up a list of Forty Immortals in which the name of Mr. Francis Thompson occurs, but from which the name of Mr. William Watson is omitted. Does *The Academy* really think that Mr. Thompson is better worth immortality than Mr. Watson? I can hardly think such a thing possible. The name of Mr. Henry James is also included in this list, which otherwise is composed entirely of Englishmen. If England is going to claim Mr. James for its own, we shall claim Mr. Kipling. To be sure, Mr. James has lived longer in England than Mr. Kipling has lived in America, but then Mr. Kipling has a home in this country, he has an American wife and an American baby. On the whole it would seem that our claim upon Mr. Kipling is much stronger than England's claim upon Mr. James.

An American traveler, who spent some time in the company of Rudyard Kipling in London lately, tells the following story:

"One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and while strolling about our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard, a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound proceeding from the elephant house.

"'What's the matter in there?' asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"'A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him,' was the answer.

"Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone, and in words unintelligible to me at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lowered tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when 'enjoying' poor health,' like to confide their symptoms to sympathizing listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation, with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"'Doesn't that beat everything you ever saw,' ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-by to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.

"'What language were you talking to that elephant?' I asked when I overtook my friend.

"'Language? What do you mean?' he answered, with a laugh.

"'Are you a Mowgli,' I persisted, 'and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?' but he only smiled in reply."

IT HAS BEEN GIVEN OUT that Mr. Rudyard Kipling offered his "Recessional" as a free gift to the London *Times*, refusing on such an occasion to consider the question of reward. That is a small thing, but a proof of the sincerity which the *Daily Chronicle* so foolishly doubted. That perfervid organ should have remembered its Horace. It has not, we imagine, been yet pointed out how exactly Mr. Kipling was anticipated by some of the patriotic odes in the third book. Nobody now dreams of objecting to Horace playing the rôle of moralist and rebuker; though, no doubt, a good many Romans, round about B.C. 25, looking to Horace's eulogies of wine and women and his careful affectation of levity, sneered at such a fellow posing as a preacher of temperance and virtue. Yet Horace was persistently chastising his countrymen in the very spirit of the "Recessional."

"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua;
Vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
In majus; idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes."

What is that in its essence but a rebuke to those who put their trust "in reeking tube and iron shard?" Or take those two lines that give the pith of the stern address to the Roman people in Ode VI, Book III:

"Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas;
Hinc omne principium; huc refer exitum."

Mr. Kipling could not have found a more fitting text for his own sermon. Poets and critics seem to have changed very little in the last two thousand years.

The Lounger

I WONDER just where the New England pie-belt, of which Mr. Kipling has written so eloqently, ends. I had fancied that it did not extend further south than Massachusetts, but yet I had ocular proof, not many nights ago, that it extends into Connecticut. I was waiting at the railway-station in Hartford for a New York train, and having had a midday dinner and no supper, I went into the restaurant to get a bite to eat. While I sat at the long counter admiring the dexterity with which the attendants made clam-broth out of the wipings of the saucepan and a judicious admixture of water, two young men—evidently bicyclers, as they wore sweaters, knickerbockers and plaid stockings—came into the room and seated themselves on the unoccupied stools nearest mine. They glanced thoughtfully down the counter where there were sandwiches, cold meats and poultry, and across the counter where ornamental signs announced the near proximity of hot dishes, such as oyster-stews, clam-broth, hash and the like, and then they conferred together. The conference was not long, for they almost immediately ordered—pie! One had apple-pie and a cup of coffee, while the other took custard-pie and coffee. They ate and drank with evident enjoyment, for they were hungry; then they paid their bill, and dismounting from their stools left the room with as satisfied an air as though they had eaten a real meal.

labyrinths; great steaming white icebergs float across its path; it becomes part of the shifting city of the deep. Then, when the season is over and the hold is close-packed with the salted fish, Harvey is landed safely at Gloucester, sunburnt, horny-handed, strong, capable—a young Berserker. The news flies across the continent to Harvey Cheyne, senior, that his son which was dead is alive again. The private car "Constance" makes the quickest trip on record across the continent—a journey described in a breathless, sky-rocketing chapter—and the youth is restored to his parents. He is no longer fresh; he has been thoroughly salted, and is now his father's son—not his mother's—a boy to train for a great career, not a weakling to coddle and ruin.

Such in all its simplicity is the plot of *Captains Courageous*, a story that thrills, that stirs, that rouses. It is said that if the second generation of a family "newly rich" escapes shipwreck, the third generation is likely to know the value not merely of money but of character. In this story we see the salvation of the second generation; it is the apotheosis of healthful, homely work. It is worth a thousand flowery sermons. It is a splendid panegyric of democracy—not perhaps the highest mode of democracy, but the healthy Englishman's aristocratic democracy, where men capable of ruling, rule classes, not their equals. "Master and man—man and master," is a text—but the master stands on his real value, not merely on his millions! We see too much snobbishness in this nineteenth century's end; here snobbishness gets a knock-down blow. There is an unwholesome realism which only too often serves as the handmaiden for the "great goddess Lubricity"; here is a realism which is the handmaid of Nobility. Every impression is given of rough, fierce men; but not a word is written to offend: you may put the book in the hands of the daintiest girl or the most susceptible boy. Men swear on board fishing-smacks. Mr. Kipling grimly says they speak what is in their hearts.

He has already again and again proved that he has the gift of the illuminating word. In this story, how many instances there are of a noun or a verb or an objective that lights up a whole scene as by a flash.

A few lines etch a picture or fill it in with color.

"The long blue seas were full of sails and dories. Far away on the horizon, the smoke of some liner, her hull invisible, smudged the blue, and to eastward a big ship's top-gallant sails, just lifting, made a square nick in it."

Can not you see and hear this scene, the smack in a fog—

"There was an incessant slapping and chatter at the bows now, varied by a solid thud and a little spout of spray that clattered down on the foc'sle. The rigging dripped clammy drops and the men lounged along the lee of the house."

Again, the *We're Here* in a heavy sea—

"Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buckshot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass, a yaw, a punt, and a kick, and the *We're Here* gathered herself together to repeat the motions."

And again—

"The little schooner was gambolling all around her anchor among the silver-tipped waves. Backing with a start of affected surprise at the sight of the strained cable, she pounced on it like a kitten, while the spray of her descent burst through the hawse-holes with the report of a gun. Shaking her head, she would say: 'Well, I'm sorry I can't stay any longer with you. I'm going North,' and would sidle off, halting suddenly with a dramatic rattle of her rigging. 'As I was just

elects a noble theme, one worthy the powers of a Swinburne. There is something in Carman's broad, simple handling of meters and the virile strength of his Saxon speech which seem germane to verse that would describe a noble, elemental thing. There is a subtle fascination alike in matter and manner; the half-veiled meanings tally with the mystery of the ocean and the myths which she begets. Carman's indirection and lack of definiteness come from his being primarily and prevailingly concerned with spiritual issues, with the human soul and its grave, strange destiny. A sense of this, and a passionate love, an adoration indeed, for the mighty moods and moments of Nature, are the main characteristics of this Canadian poet.

Fifteen pieces make up the book. Such poems as "The Yule Guest," "The Marring of Malyn," "Arnold, Master of the Scud," "The King of Ys," and "The Kelpie Riders" belong to the ballad genre and make use of legends of his native land. But the subjective and the weird set them apart from the ordinary ballad, with its objective method and purpose. The spiritual flavor is over all. Shorter lyrics, like the introductory "A Son of the Sea," appealingly beautiful in its pathetic simplicity, "The Grave Digger," "Legends of Lost Haven," "The Master of the Isles," "The Last Watch," and the final "Outbound," are so musical, so noble in suggestion and fine in diction as to rank high in the sum-total, so far, of Carman's work. We find little or nothing of the bizarre and strained quality which has at times marred his earlier poems. The technique is firm, the impulse very true. Sincerity stamps this utterance, and one feels the autobiographic note when the poet says, of the salt water:

> "All my heart is in its verges
> And the sea wind is my home."

The sweep and savor of the sea interpenetrate this book of Mr. Carman's, which must strengthen his reputation and widen the circle of his admirers. One may like Carman, or leave him: it is impossible not to feel that here is a striking personality whose voice is his own. To some of us at least, it is a voice of a pathetic sweetness, with a message both pure and high.

R. B.

A BOY "WHO FOUND HIMSELF"

A RECKLESS liner ploughing her way across the Banks lurches and spills a sea-sick boy into the cold green water. The boy, who is the only son of a multi-millionaire railway owner, is picked up by a Portuguese sailor from the Gloucester fishing-smack *We're Here*. The captain, Disko Troop, has no faith in the story which the boy tells, refuses to forego the fishing season for the sake of the dubious fortune which the boy promises as a reward for landing him in New York, and subjects him to rough though wholesome discipline; but, being a just man, he gives him "ten and a half a month," and teaches him all the lore of the sea. The boy, Harvey Cheyne, has the making of a fine character, being the son of his father—a self-made man; but up to the time of the episode on the Banks, he has been indulged by a foolish, injudicious mother, neglected by his father, and spoiled by almost unlimited pocket-money. On the fishing-smack he is treated strictly on his merits; his foolish notions are speedily evaporated under the strenuous fire of ridicule and work. He becomes reliant; he faces danger and death; storms sweep down on the little craft; fogs wrap it round in delusive

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS. By Rudyard Kipling. With 20 Illustrations. The Century Co., 12mo, $1.50.

going to observe,' she would begin, as gravely as a drunken man addressing a lamp-post. The rest of the sentence (she acted her words in dumb-show, of course) was lost in a fit of the fidgets, when she behaved like a puppy chewing a string, a clumsy woman in a side-saddle, a hen with her head cut off, or a cow stung by a hornet, exactly as the whims of the sea took her."

In his similes and metaphors Mr. Kipling is ever the poet, though not the poet of the boudoir. The "unmelodious tooting of a foot-power fog-horn" has a note "as that of a consumptive elephant." One of the first sounds that Harvey hears when he reaches Gloucester is "a switching engine coughing to herself in a freight yard." The power of personification is the power of a creator. Then, again, there are vivid passages of pure description:

> "Harvey being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave-tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists; wall after wall withdrawn across the white floods; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a dough-nut from the cook."

No less remarkable is Mr. Kipling's differentiation of his characters. The Gloucester fisherman is a mixed specimen of humanity: now he is Portuguese, now an Irishman, now a down East Yankee, and now a Swede. On the *We're Here* are eight men—the cook is a Cape Breton negro who speaks Gaelic! On the Banks they run across Frenchmen who sing French "shanties." All these men speak their own lingo and stand out alive before you. Rarely is there any slip in the presentation of different tongues; even the sea-slang and the petty details which a man born and brought up on the New England shore might be pardoned for not knowing, Mr. Kipling fills in with the assured mastery of one who knows. Even if he here and there makes an error pardonable in a man who has spent only a month in Gloucester and whose knowledge of the Banks must have been largely gathered from hearsay and tradition, they are lost and forgotten amid the multitude of passages the accuracy of which cannot be gainsaid.

Captains Courageous, then, is a great story, great in its massive simplicity, great in its vital interest, its wealth of humor.

From "Captains Courageous."—Copyright, 1897, by The Century Co.

"HE NEEDS MUST STAND UP TO IT, SWAYING WITH THE SWAY OF THE FLAT-BOTTOMED DORY, AND SENDING A GRINDING, THUTTERING SHRIEK THROUGH THE FOG"

its lessons of humanity and democracy, its pathos and its nobility. There is not a page that drags. It sweeps the reader along like a vast unmeasured tide. And this story of New England and the Banks is written by one whose American home has been set in the one New England State that touches not the sea! Yet it is only a story of to-day; it has no broader lesson than that of a one-man rescue: one would not accept Captain Troop's manual discipline for all boys; and one would hope greater things for our multi-millionaires than a merely democratic individualism. Mr. Kipling writes as an Englishman with his eyes on the past rather than as an idealist looking forward to the highest forms in the evolution of character. It is as a poet Homeric in his spirit, and wholesome in his hearty realism and photographically modern in his powers of description, that he is great.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

STEVENSON'S "ST. IVES"

ALTHOUGH it is the last of his stories to be given to the public in book form, *St. Ives* is not the last written by Robert Louis Stevenson. That novel is "Weir of Hermiston," a piece of work which, fragmentary as it is, represents this brilliant talent at its richest and happiest maturity. As we learn from the "Vailima Letters"—most winsome of autobiographies—when Stevenson had struck off thirty-five chapters of *St. Ives* he laid the work aside (never to be finished, as the sequel proved) in order to plunge with great gusto into "Hermiston," which he felt, and rightly too, would have been his masterpiece. This shift of work might of itself hint of a sens failure in *St. Ives*, were it not tha know, from Stevenson's own statemen his literary methods, how he liked to several things on the stocks at once.

Yet, comparing the two books, " of Hermiston" is easily the superior, higher kind and of a more authenti spiration. But this is not to say tha *Ives* does not do what it sets out to d shows a flagging spirit. Quite to the trary, it is most readable, a capital very Stevensonian. In *genre* it rever an earlier tale like "The Wrecker," i in the main one of his purely objec adventure stories, well conceived, fi constructed, and carried through great dash and that air of distinction breeding which never forsook this ma magician with words. But one impor additional element it contains, interes as furnishing another document to r the charge that Stevenson could not ha the love motive with success. The lov terest is strong and steady throughou narrative. The love passion and the sion for high-hearted action and "bright eyes of danger" are interw like warp and woof in *St. Ives*. In hi books, in spite of the fact that, by his confession, he felt he was best ab portray the grim and terrible rather the lyric aspects of human life, Steve was coming to introduce the et feminine more and more, to the bros ing and enrichment of his material. "David Balfour," "Hermiston," the present story in mind, the s ure mentioned can hardly now be justly regarding his total legacy of fi to our age.

St. Ives is a French prisoner of w 1813, confined in Edinburgh Castle. is a nobleman, courageous to foolh ness, of facile fancy, full of resource unfailing courtesy, and with a fine of the tragi-comedy of sublunary af

ST. IVES. Being the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

A STORY OF KIPLING'S YOUTH.

In current Kiplingana many amusing items may be read, says the New York Times. An unsympathetic English critic, in his notice of "Captains Courageous," heads the article, "The Art of Catching Cod." Anybody who, not in the fishing business, has taken a trip in a Gloucester smack off the Banks, is amazed at Mr. Kipling's absolute mastery of the subject. How to take in the cod, and even the occasional halibut, is so accurately shown that it might form a separate chapter in a forthcoming bulletin of the United States Fish Commission.

The Academy tells a story of Mr. Kipling when he was a lad. He went on a sea voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, the artist. Soon after the vessel was under way Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter; "but he won't let go."

"He won't let go" holds good as a characteristic of his literary work. The hold he has is marvelous. It is the most retentive of grips, and it is for precisely this tenacity that Kipling is such a universal favorite.

EMERSON IN CONCORD.

On February 20th, 1846, *Punch* had some lines on the "New Timon" signed "Alcibiades":

"Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote?
A lion, you, that made a noise
And shook a mane *en papillotes!*
And once you tried the muses, too,
You failed, sir; therefore now you turn
To fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern."

One of the few eulogies passed by Tennyson on his contemporaries is upon Rudyard Kipling's admirable poem, "The Flag of England," whereupon Kipling uses the very metaphor expressed in the last couplet. When a private, he says, is praised by his general, he should be modestly silent and encouraged to do better things. Bulwer seems to have replied to "Alcibiades" privately, from the latter's lines "On a Spiteful Letter" during the ensuing Christmas:

"Oh, faded leaf, is not fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been stronger;
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
I last not a moment longer.

"Greater than I—isn't that your cry?—
And I shall live to see it.
Well, if it be so, so be it, you know;
And if it be so, so be it.

"Oh, summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of holles,
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen;
I hate the spite and follies."

The last line seems to anticipate the forgiveness that followed on both sides. The objectionable lines were expunged from the late editions of the "New Timon," and its author expressed in public his admiration for the Laureate's "exquisitely expressed" verses.

Independent 11/25/97

Oct 30/97

THE ATHENÆUM

manuscript and a restored text, printed in the ordinary way, together with notes, introduction, and index. A photographic facsimile of the papyrus will be issued simultaneously in a separate volume.

THE inclusion of a sonnet by "R. Wilton" in the just published Second Series of 'The Golden Treasury' has inspired some curiosity as to the author. The Rev. Richard Wilton, Rector of Londesborough, East Yorkshire, has issued four volumes of verse—'Wood-Notes and Church Bells' (1873), 'Lyrics Sylvan and Sacred' (1878), 'Sungleams: Rondeaux and Sonnets' (1881), and 'Benedicite, and other Poems' (1889). We have reason to believe that Mr. F. T. Palgrave's attention was drawn to Mr. Wilton's rhythmic work by the specimens of it which figured in an anthology called 'Latter-Day Lyrics' (1878). In that volume appeared a sonnet by Mr. Wilton—"I learnt a lessson from the flowers to-day"—the last few lines of which struck Mr. Palgrave at the time as being quite Wordsworthian in thought and in expression.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"The new edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works which Messrs. Macmillan have announced has already gone to a premium, copies having changed hands (for future delivery) at fifty per cent. advance. But the edition is not 'complete,' as advertised. To begin with, neither publishers nor author have been able to arrange with Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co. in respect of the work with which the series should commence, namely, 'Departmental Ditties'; then there is an omission which had possibly to be made because the author could not obtain a copy of his own work published at Lahore at the press of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Only one copy was known to exist of 'Echoes by Two Writers,' a small booklet of seventy-two pages, in buff paper cover, and here, again, Mr. Kipling could not find a way of conciliating the owner, who has since parted with his treasure at a price not far short of a pound per leaf. The copy in question contains a few original stanzas by Mr. Kipling, written upon a sheet of foreign notepaper and pasted inside the cover, headed as follows:—

ECHOES BY TWO WRITERS.
A. M. d d R. K. Oct. 1884.

The first stanza runs:—

Between the gumpot and the shears,
The awful emblems of my trade,
First fruits of two hot Indian years,
These rhymes were made."

LIST OF BOOKS WANTED

BY

FRANCIS EDWARDS, Bookseller,

83, HIGH STREET, MARYLEBONE, LONDON, W.

NOVEMBER 1897.

Please state binding, date, condition, etc.

Angas (G. F.) Kaffirs Illustrated, folio
Army Lists 1802-5-6-8-14-5-67; 1828-31-4-7-40-5-6; 1849 to 1856
Art de Verifier les Dates, 10 vols 1820-38
Astronomical Society of London; Memoirs, 27 vols 1822-59
Authentic Account of the late Expedition to Botany Bay 1789
Barrus (G. S.) Boiler Tests
Baumeister (E.) Sanitary Engineering
Bent (A.) Michael Howe the Bushranger 1818
Bentham and Muller—Flora Australiensis, 7 vols
Betts (Capt.) Account of Van Dieman's Land (*Calcutta*) 1830
Bowler's Scenes in the Kaffir War, 4to
Burchell's Travels in South Africa, 2 vols, 4to
Burford's Panorama—Bay of Islands
Burke's Extinct Baronetcies
Busby (J.) First Settlers in New Zealand 1856
—— On the Land Question 1859
Butler's South African Sketches, folio 1841
Carmichael's Views of Sydney, 4to 1829
Chase's Natal Papers 1843
Clausius (R.) Theory of Heat
Coates (D.) The New Zealand Association 1837
Creighton's History of the Papacy, 5 vols, Best Edition, 8vo
Davis (J. F.) Vizier Ali Khan
Donovan (E.) Natural History of New Holland, 4to 1805
Domett (A.) Petition to Parliament 1846
Edinburgh University Magazine, Nos. 1 to 4 1871
Fantastic Tales, translated by Alfred Machen
Fenton (F. D.) Aboriginal Inhabitants of New Zealand 1859
Ferguson's Tree and Serpent Worship in India
Fitzgerald (J. E.) Native Policy of New Zealand 1865
Forsyth's Cases of Constitutional Law, 2 vols
Fraser (Baillie) Military Memoirs of Col. Skinner, 2 vols
Freer's Marie de Medici, 2 vols or Vol 1
Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols, 8vo 1603-16
Gill's Sketches in Australia, 4 series
Gould's Birds of New Guinea, 3 vols, folio 1863
Hakluyt's Divers Voyages—Hakluyt Society
Hakluyt Society's Publications, vols 1 to 20

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Hardy (Thos.) Desperate Remedies, first ed., 3 vols
Hardy (Thos.) Two on a Tower, 2 vols, first edition
Hawthorne's Works, Riverside edition, 10 vols
Hayward's (Abraham) Essays, 2 vols 1853
Hobart Town Magazine, Vols 1 to 3 1833-4
Hodgkin's Italy and her Invaders, 6 vols
Hovell and Hume's Journey, 12mo
Hume's Brief Statement of Facts 1876
Ibis (The) before 1869, any vols
Illustrations to Wakefield's New Zealand, coloured plates
Jesse's Richard III. 1862
Journal of the Agricultural Society of West Australia 1842
Journal of Hellenic Studies, complete set
Kaye and Watson—People of India, Vols 1 to 4
Keats' Poems, Kelmscott edition
Keats' Poems, Moxon 1854
Kinglake's Crimean War, vols 7 and 8, best (8vo) edition
Kipling (Rudyard) Schoolboy Lyrics
——— Departmental Ditties, first edition
——— Soldiers Three, first Indian edition
Kipling (R.) Plain Tales from the Hills *Calcutta*, 1888
Lamb's Poems, Moxon 1838
Ledyard's Journal—Hartford, Coun. 1873
Lewin (J. W.) Birds of New South Wales, 4to 1813
Linnean Society's Transactions, vol 13 to date
——— Proceedings and Journal 1838-96
Map to Sturt's Expedition, cloth case 1849
Memoirs of Isaac Solomons 1829
Mommsen's History of Rome, 4 vols, 8vo (Best Edition)
Moritz (E. R.) Scientific Brewing
Naylor (L.) History of Botany Bay, *Bristol* 1787
New Zealand Journal, any vols
Oliver (Capt.) Sketches in New Zealand, coloured plates, folio
Philalethes—History of Ceylon
Prout (J. S.) Sydney, illustrated, 4to 1844
Pury (J. P.) Memoire sur le Pays des Cafres 1718
Quir (P. F. de) Terra Australis Incognita, sm. 4to *London*, 1617
Rale gh's Guiana—Hakluyt Society
Records of the Past, vol 9
Rodwell's Old London Bridge, plates
Royal Historical Society's Transactions, 20 vols 1875-95
Ruskin's Modern Painters, first edition, vol 3
Samwell's Narrative of the Death of Capt. Cook 1786
Saturday Review, 82 vols 1855-96
Stack's Views in Auckland, folio 1863
Stevenson's (R. L.) New Arabian Nights, 2 vols 1882
———Picturesque Edinburgh, sm. folio 1879
Thomson—First Fruits of Australian Poetry, 4to
Threlkeld (L. E.) Dialect of New South Wales 1826
True Relation of the Cruel and Barbarous Proceedings against the English at Amboyna
Ullathorne (Bp.) Pamphlets before 1860 relating to Australia
Van Diemen's Land Almanacks for 1825-6-7-9
Wordsworth's Prelude, 1851 edition

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N.B. The price of this has been revised. *The Popular Edition* will sell at 2s. 6d.; *The Library Edition* at 10s. 6d.; and *The Edition de Luxe* at £8 8s. net.

THOMAS ORVER
SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER
8, HIGH TOWN, HERTFORD

ODD VOLS. WANTED.

Adams' History of Japan, vol 2 1874
Annual Register, 1872-1896, any vols
Bansen (Baron) Memoir, vol 1 1868
Brassey—The British Navy, vol 4
Barth—Travels in Central Africa, vols 4 and 5
Beechey—Voyage to the Pacific, vol 1 1831
British Essayists, ed. Ferguson, vol 5 1823
Burton (Captain) Abeokuta, vol 1 1863
Boulger—History of China, vol 3
Brayley's History of Surrey, vol 4, cloth
Behn (Aphra) Works, vol 4 *Pearson*, 1871
Creasy—History of the Ottoman Turks, vol 2 1854
Carleton (W.) Jane Sinclair, vol 3 1843
Croker—Fairy Legends of Ireland, 2nd Series
Coleridge—The Friend, vol 1 *Pickering*, 1844
Compitum, vols 5 and 6
D'Abrantes (Duchess) Memoirs, vol 1 *Bentley*, 1832
Desperate Remedies, vol 1
Burton—History of Scotland, vols 1-5-6-7, 8vo
Jesse (J. H.) George Selwyn, vols 3 and 4
Grote—History of Greece, vols 9-12 1850
Erskine—History of India under Baber, vol 1 1854
Flanagan—History of New South Wales, vol 2
Freeman—Norman Conquest, vol 5 1873
France and the French Revolution—The Reign of Terror, vol 2, 1826, or imperfect.
Fox (C. J.) Speeches, vol 4 1815
Forbes—Ras-Mala, vol 1 1856
Freeman (E. A.) Historical Geography of Europe, vol of maps
Froude—Short Studies, 4 vols, 8vo; or vol 3
Fielding—Tom Jones, vol 1 1749
Hazlitt—Venetian Republic, vols 3 and 4
Grattan—Connaught Rangers, 2nd series, vol 1
Grey (Sir George) Travels in N.W. Australia, vol 2 1841
Gronow (Capt.) Reminiscences, vol 2 *Nimmo*, 1892
Gilbert and Churchill—Dolomite Mountains, *map and plate*, p. 113
Helps—Conquerors of the New World, vol 2 1848
Jackson (Lady) Old Paris, 2 vols, or vol 1
——— The French Court, 2 vols, or vol 1
Royal Geographical Society—Proceedings, vols 1-4 1855, *etc.*
——— Journal, vols 10-20, or any parts
James—Naval History, vol 6, crown 8vo, blue cloth 1859
Jesse's Celebrities of London, vol 1
Kemble—Memoir, by Boaden, vol 2 1825
Kotzebue—New Voyage Round the World, vol 2 1830
Kinglake—Invasion of the Crimea, vols 6, 7 and 8, 8vo
Kalm—Travels in N. America, Second Edition, vol 2 1772
Keightley—Fairy Mythology, vol 1 1833
Leake—Travels in the Morea, vol 1 1830
Lloyd—History of Powys Fadog, vol 1
Landor (W. S.) Works, vols 1, 2 and 3 1876

Cockney Rhymes which is both accurate and interesting—but all that is interesting in it is not accurate, and all that is accurate uninteresting. He complains of "the egregious cockney rhymes—the only false ones—that mar some of Mr. Kipling's verses." He also finds something to commend in the "millions of English-speaking people whose ears and tongues are not vitiated by the mincing affectation of contemporary London speech"—one of whom he conceives himself to be.

Had Mr. Keppel been as anxious to proclaim the facts as he was to put Mr. Kipling in the wrong, he would have written something like this: On page 74 we have "walk" and "pork" (pawk), placed

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t later, on page 75:

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Indep

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Library of Fiction (The) vol 1 1841
Stewart (Dugald) Works, vols 10 and 11
Meredith's Harry Richmond, First Edition, vol 1 1871
Muir—Life of Mahomet, vols 1 and 3
Molloy—Court Life Below Stairs, vols 1 and 2
May—Constitutional History of England, vol 2 1861
——— Democracy in Europe, vol 1 1877
Mure—Literature of Ancient Greece, vol 5
Motley (J. L.) Dutch Republic, vol 3 1856
Napoleon—Memoirs, by Montholon and Gourgaud, vol 4
Lanfrey—History of Napoleon, vol 1 1872
Montholon—Captivity of Napoleon, vol 3 1847
Pelham—Chronicles of Crime, vol 1 1841
Prejevalsky—Travels in Mongolia, vol 1 1876
Ranke—History of the Reformation, trans. by Austin, vol 3 1845
——— Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, vol 2 1852
Shakespeare, by Knight (Knight's Library Edition), vol 8 1843
Stephen (Leslie) English Thought in the 18th Century, vol 2 187
Stevenson—New Arabian Nights, 2 vols, or vol 1, First Edition
Strickland—Lives of the Queens of England, vols 10, 11 and 12
Wallace—Malay Archipelago, vol 1 1869
Trollope—Commonwealth of Florence, vol 4
Thomson—Central African Lakes, vol 1 1882
Wraxall—Historical Memoirs of His Own Time, vol 3 1836
Woods—Exploration of Australia, vol 1 1865
Walpole (Spencer) History of England, vols 4, 5
——— Memoirs of Reign of George III., vol 3
Wright—Narrative of Sorcery and Magic, vol 2 1851
Wolesley—Life of Marlborough, vol 1 1894

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FRANCIS EDWARDS is always prepared to make an of
for any Library, however large, that may be for sa
Executors and others having collections for disposal a
invited to communicate. Experienced valuers can
sent any distance.

Any Collection of Books or Papers relating to any of th
British Colonies are specially desired.

Illuminated Manuscripts and fine Early Printed Book
purchased.

Printed for Francis Edwards, Bookseller, 83, High Street, Marylebone, London, W.
by G. R. Flower, 58, West Smithfield, E.C.

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proverbially superior, immaculate in chivalrous conduct as a Southern host, with witty lance always in rest; in short, a cultured American. To meet this man and mate him with a woman of not less delicately robust nature could be a hopeless task only to a misogynist. And Mr. Howells is not that, for he is one of the most healthfully rounded men of our day. The plea of lack of understanding of the feminine nature does not avail, for his opportunities have been exceptional, and a constant misestimation is evident.

Let Mr. Howells dwell upon his awareness of the limitations of the sex, if his disposition so impels him; let him transfix her with indictments, but make her lovable in her weakness; let her warm with the first of the feminine qualities—seductiveness—then shall we understand the yielding of the heroic fellow for whose lasting good we have come to supplicate, whose spiritual needs seek requital. To ask the reader's consent to the banns between the hero and heroine of *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy* is an outrage upon his devotion to the future of the groom, clean-limbed and ingenious, the most promising of the author's gallery of knights-errant. Yet he is delivered over, in the hardness of Mr. Howells's heart, to the captious Julia, her subservient parent, and De Witt Point. Was ever man thus expunged? From the opening chapter the victor has been a consistent irritant, unlovely in conduct and mental habits, a person unbearable to the natural intolerance of youth, a discomfort, burrlike, to every one thrown into her path by the relentless author. And the admirable adopted youth of our imagination is sacrificed upon this shrine! In this era of protest, let a voice be raised against the wanton cruelty of Mr. Howells.

HOWARD W. BELL.

MR. KIPLING'S COCKNEY RHYMES AGAIN

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK.

MR. FREDERICK KEPPEL has a communication in the current number of THE CHAP-BOOK on *Mr. Kipling's Cockney Rhymes* which is both accurate and interesting—but all that is interesting in it is not accurate, and all that is accurate uninteresting. He complains of "the egregious cockney rhymes—the only false ones—that mar some of Mr. Kipling's verses." He also finds something to commend in the "millions of English-speaking people whose ears and tongues are not vitiated by the mincing affectation of contemporary London speech"—one of whom he conceives himself to be.

Had Mr. Keppel been as anxious to proclaim the facts as he was to put Mr. Kipling in the wrong, he would have written something like this: On page 74 we have "walk" and "pork" (pawk), placed in the mouth of the Banjo, a self-confessed cockney who says a moment later, on page 75:

"I am Town!
I am all that ever went with evening dress!"—

London personified, and using a cockney dialect for the same reason that Mr. Keppel does not. On page 157, "straw" and "corps" (caw), in the mouth of "Her Majesty's Royal Engineer," another cockney who says "'ill" and "an' help 'em," and introduces native words like *bat* and *khud*, since he, and not Mr. Kipling, is speaking; pages 160–161, "Gawd" and "sword" (sawd) in a tale told by an Ortheris, a cockney of the cockneys! This disposes of one-third of Mr. Keppel's case, unless he is to be understood as contending that Mr. Kipling is debarred from using the cockney dialect in cockney dialect poems!

"On page 38 and again on page 45, in that masterpiece, *McAndrew's Hymn*," observes Mr. Keppel, "we find 'port' as a rhyme for 'thought'; '*pawt*' makes the rhyming perfect—but fancy the grim and rugged old Scotch engineer making use of such a prettified word! What he really did say . . . was not 'pawt' but *porrt*." Of course he did, using the guttural *r*—quite unknown in English—which earned that letter the name of canine. And, similarly, he did not pronounce "thought" *thawt*, as Mr. Keppel must know, but *thocht*, with the guttural *ch*—equally unknown in English. And if Mr. Keppel will get some Scot to say the two words over to him, he will learn what Mr. Kipling tries vainly to teach him—that the guttural *r* and the guttural *ch* in "porrt" and "thocht," respectively, make an allowable set of rhymes in English ears. That McAndrew does pronounce the *r* is to be seen in his rhyming "aboard" and "lord," which do not make perfect accord unless the *r* is growled. As for "horses" and "courses," they are, as Mr. Keppel admits, "not such a bad rhyme as it stands;" just such a rhyme, in fact, as "lost" and "host" on the following page—and on almost every page of almost every poet, for that matter, as almost every one knows.

This leaves the case of Mr. Keppel reduced to four examples, "abroad" and "lord," "calm" and "harm," "ma" and "are," and "salaam" and "harm." These, it is evident, depend upon a single principle, the pronunciation of final *r* in English. Now, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, no mean authority, says (*A Student's Pastime*, p. 144): "It is a universal and well-known law of change in English pronunciation always to suppress the trilling of *r* as much as possible." Again, on page 288,—and Mr. Keppel is begged to remember that "Southern English" is not only the standard of English pronunciation, but has been for centuries the literary dialect—Dr. Skeat observes: "In Southern English we pronounce China, America, etc., in such a way that the final sound is 'the obscure vowel.'

. . . The same sound, prolonged and accented, is heard in a large number of words in the neighborhood of London, in the mouths of people who do not trill the *r*." And again, p. 364: "When a Southerner says 'iern' [iron] he does not really sound the *r* at all. Neither is the *r* 'mute.' What really happens is that the supposed non-mute *r* is really pronounced, as Mr. Sweet says, as 'a vocal murmur.'"

Lest Mr. Keppel urge that, Professor Skeat being a cockney, this proves his contention; he is referred to the treatise on the *r* in Sweet's *History of English Sounds*, to Alexander Ellis's great work, to the section on orthëopy in *The International Dictionary*, and to the following, from the note under the letter *r* in *The Century Dictionary:* "In many localities, even among the most cultivated speakers, no *r* is really ever pronounced at all unless followed (in the same word, or, if final, in the word following) by a vowel (for example, in *are*, *farther*, pronounced ah, father,): it either simply disappears, or, as after most long vowels, is replaced by a bit of neutral vowel sound." And this, *pace* Mr. Keppel, is the tendency, not only in London and the vicinity, but in Toronto, Boston, and his own city of New York —does he call it *Yorrk*?—and elsewhere, among speakers of English uncontaminated by continental asperities. In other words, Mr. Keppel has attempted to censure Mr. Kipling for the elegance of his English, and by so doing, as Tennyson says, he imputes himself.

Furthermore, it is to be observed that Mr. Keppel pins his faith to the English of the northern Mr. Gladstone (who says "strenth" for *strength*, and has always been somewhat conspicuous for provincialisms in speech), and to "the faultless rhyming of an artist like Tennyson;" though a brief search among the poems of the latter reveals such (cockney?) rhymes as "are" and "there" in "The Palace of Art," "air" and "mere" in "Eleänore," "here" and "where" in "The Miller's Daughter," "early" and "barley," and "river" and "mirror" in "The Lady of Shalott," and such "Dundrearyisms" as "wars" and "stars" in both "Literary Squabbles" and "The Palace of Art," "endure" and "fewer" in "The Defense of Lucknow," and even "borne" and "horn" in "The Palace of Art!" Upon the whole, Mr. Kipling may say with Professor Skeat: "If we can pronounce words as they seem to us to be usually pronounced in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, we shall be understood. But we shall not always satisfy all hearers." But what is Mr. Keppel going to say?

CHRISTOPHER BANNISTER.

THE PROPHET'S MESSAGE

THEY called him Prophet, Seer, and Sage
The Light, the Teacher of the Age.

Obscure too long, he shone at length:
Ten millions leaned upon his strength.

One summer morn self-slain he died,
They found a message at his side.

"I die because my soul is bare
Of faith and all except despair."

I. ZANGWILL.

FROM A FRENCH RIVER

FOR four winters and for four summers we have lived beside the Loire, and it is time for me to drop my little curtsey, and say "Thank you" as prettily as I may to the kindly stream, over and on and in whose blue waters we have had so many pleasures. We have watched it in all its moods, and have felt the charm of each.

Our second winter was one of unusual cold; since the terrible year of the war in 1870 the Loire had not been frozen solid until then. It was curious to see the rough, uneven blocks of ice choking the river's course, and making it possible to cross to the opposite bank. One adventurous baker made the journey in his cart, the tinkling bells caricaturing the sleigh-bells of our own New England; an old peasant woman of our village was enabled to visit her married daughter, living just across the river, whom she had not seen for many years. It is a good seven miles by the road to go round by the Amboise bridge, and the country folks in these parts waste neither time nor money on sentiment. But they are affectionate, nevertheless, and the old lady made the transit on foot; her children and grandchildren returned the visit; precious old brandy and wine of a good vintage were produced; there were feasting and merry-making; and while the ice lasted the proud and happy old peasant enjoyed a festival like a prolonged Thanksgiving Day.

We took our pleasure by skating on the smooth places, over the deep, still pools where the best fishing is found in summer. The effect of those clear, brilliant sunsets across the ice is not quickly forgotten; each angle reflected the glowing tints of crimson, mauve, and pearly blue; the wind fled with the sun; and the whole world seemed like a marvellous soap-bubble surrounding us.

For many days, even weeks, this frozen condition endured; then, one morning in February, the wind veered, and blew from the South; the snow that had lain so thick and firm grew soft, and faded

Dec 11/897
Times

RUDYARD KIPLING.*

An Appreciation.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES by
Barrett Wendell,
Assistant Professor of English at Harvard.

Ten years ago the name of Rudyard Kipling was supposed, by anybody that knew it at all, to be the improbable pseudonym of some clever person who had begun to write dashing, ephemeral stories and stray verses about the English in India. To-day his name is recognized as the true one of the man who, if any, has attained by common consent the chief position in contemporary English literature. Already, too, people, perhaps, grow tired of hearing that he is not yet thirty-two years old. When one remembers, however, that he has already been at least a popular writer for fully ten years, one begins to see what his age signifies. When he wrote the tales and the poems which we used to think a bit impudent in their crudity, he was well under twenty—no older than the average junior in a New England college.

These early works of his, besides, we have known long enough to be assured that we were wrong in thinking them ephemeral. Certainly the verses, and to no small degree the stories, bear the test of repeated reading. What he has written since, to be sure, has been, on the whole, increasingly stronger and better; but if there be one trait which more than another forces itself on whoever ponders over Kipling's collected works it is that the better one knows them the better they prove worth knowing. His stories, everybody can feel, have tended, without losing a bit of their spirit, to grow firmer and more pregnant. His poems, meanwhile, at least to some of us, have not quite preserved the lucidity which at first marked them. Ten years ago, for example, nobody would have dreamed that the author of "Barrack-Room Ballads" would ever give us some stirring stanzas about White Horses, which should leave more than one reasonably intelligent reader in doubt as to what he meant the animals to signify. One thing, however, remains true of Kipling's poetry from the beginning. Whatever it be meant to mean, it is always hauntingly, indefinably suggestive.

When a man of letters has achieved such a result as this he has done more than merely entertain us. At least for the generation he addresses he has added to the literature of which his work forms part. He has somehow managed to express, in a way peculiarly his own, some phase of the protean meaning of life which without him would still have lacked expression. As Kipling's work has slowly grown familiar, one begins dimly to see what it is thus doing for us.

To appreciate this we must understand something which, however trite in mere phrase, few of us have begun to realize in earnest. So far as the wisest can see nowadays, the world is approaching a new phase of the timeless struggle for existence. Within the century just passing an immeasurable growth at once of population and of intercommunication has brought face to face more than a few incompatible human facts which have hitherto seemed happily independent: Europe and Asia, for one thing; the races dominated by the traditions of the English common law, for another, and all the rest. The fierceness of the struggle seems still to come. Already, though, one discerns that the struggle must be to the death. Europe must succumb, or Asia; the common law and the language of England, or everything else. When history, past or present, takes on such aspects as this, human affairs suddenly assume a new, startling, bewildering guise. At comfortable moments we are accustomed to assume that men of various ability control, first, themselves, then one another, and finally the course of things on earth. At critical moments we are beginning to know with tragic certainty that men, like other earthly things, are to an incalculable degree the sentient victims of forces, or, if you prefer, of powers utterly beyond human control.

Hitherto, in our blissful American isolation from any problems but our own, we have been accustomed to regard this kind of thought as remotely theoretical. Even to-day, indeed, no American whose experience has been mostly at home is apt to realize its seriousness much more deeply than that of ancient or otherwise unreal history. Generally, one may almost assert, the Eastern questions and the growing European hostility to England seem little less remote from actuality than the squabbles of the Grecian States or than the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Whatever else, on the other hand, may have come to a thoughtful man whose youth and early manhood have been passed, like Kipling's, in British India, there must surely have come to him an instinctive conception of human life completely different from that of men who know only from hearsay the appalling fact of racial frontier. Here individual strength, physical or moral, becomes a saliently potent fact whereon hang questions of life and death; here the impotence of individual weakness grows yearly less and less of a joke; here social or political disease takes on an aspect like that of the physical plagues which scourge the country, fatal to countless organisms on which they fix themselves, yet somehow hardly obstructive to the unconquered vitality of humanity. Man shall survive, one grows to feel; but what manner of man who shall say? In such circumstances two general truths should be apt, wittingly or not, to pass into one's creed: The grim reality of even trivial and humorous fact, for one; for another, the unspeakable mystery of the future.

How far any poet, or any man of letters whose work is not severely literal, can tell what his writings suggest to others no one but himself can say. A stranger to Kipling may not even guess whether he has consciously set before us the tremendously significant aspects of life which have revealed themselves to him; or whether he has only told what he found to say, in a manner so sincerely his own that whoever reads him thoughtfully must find throughout his work constant suggestions of what those aspects must teach men who will stop to consider them.

Though one may not intrude, however, into the secrets of his purposes, one may confidently assert what his finished works seem chiefly to set forth; and one may at least indicate some of the means by which they attain this result. The great truth of racial struggle which underlies both his tales and his poems we have considered enough. We may glance now at a trait of each which, among many more, seems essential to his expression of this truth.

At first, perhaps, no trait of Kipling's characters seems more indubitable than their vigorous individuality. Whether he be writing of private soldiers or of Indian natives, of people who behave as they shouldn't at Simla or of Gloucester fishermen on the Newfoundland Banks, of the wildly lawful beasts of the jungle, of merchant seamen, or of subalterns who have killed their men blushing before a successful novelist in London chambers, he has the constant gift of making you accept the creatures of his wit unresisting. Mulvaney, for all his impossibilities, is as convincing as Mr. Pickwick; and the man would be bold who should maintain that either is much less real than any other personage you like in the whole range of English fiction. In making his characters thus vital, however, Kipling has done no more than has been done again and again by older novelists; nor does the fact that, like each of these, he has accomplished his result by means perceptibly his own profoundly distinguish his personages from those whom we have known longer. As you grow by repeated reading, however, to feel thoroughly acquainted with the characters of Kipling you grow more and more certain that somehow these differ from any others. And slowly you begin to realize how. One and all, high and low, brute and human, these individuals, for all their sentient individuality, are living in the presence and in the power of a force utterly beyond human control. Unlike the fate of classic tragedy as it is unlike the mysterious and unseen something which hovers unphrased behind the tragedy of Shakespeare, this strangely modern, inexorable immensity grows sometimes more startlingly significant than either. For, unlike them, it is a growing certainty of our modern life. We men of this closing century have had a way of deeming ourselves conquerors of nature; can it be that we are only her sport?

And if so, how does that pitiless force reveal itself to our opening eyes? Not, we begin to see, as a steady, unyielding weight of pressure, but rather as a stormy, fluctuating ebb and flow. This struggle of ours is with the rising tide of an oceanic eternity. Far enough from Kipling such metaphor may have seemed to lead us; and yet if we have understood ourselves it has brought us back to him again. For if there be one fact in nature which more than another symbolizes such emotion as we have just tried to realize it is the rhythmical surge of a tempestuous sea. And if in all modern literature there be poetry whose deeper power lies not in its phrase, not in its melody, but in the resistless surge of its almost colossal rhythm, it is this growingly inarticulate, endlessly haunting poetry of Kipling.

In his tales and in his poems alike, then, this youngest and most surely notable of contemporary English writers has wittingly or not phrased the deepest facts of the life which reveals itself to our time—the struggle, on the one hand, of humanity with the forces which would crush it; and the struggle, within the bounds of humanity, for racial survival. These he has phrased in the language which, like the laws that govern us, is the common possession of his nation and of our own. Herein lies a truth which we of America shall do well to ponder. We have learned, in all the bitterness of civil conflict, the great lesson of National union. We may learn, in time to come, that if we would preserve those ideals which to us seem noblest, we must realize National union to be only a step toward that racial union by which alone those ideals can finally prevail.

BARRETT WENDELL.

*THE WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING. Outward Bound Edition. Edited and arranged by the author. With numerous illustrations from designs modeled in clay by Mr. Kipling's father. 12 Vols. 8vo. Per vol., $2. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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LITERATURE

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE novel is tending to replace the treatise and the essay. Is it also going to take the place of the volume of travel and the guide-book? Mr. Kipling's latest venture is a description of life on the cod banks of Newfoundland, as seen through the eyes of a youngster who has fallen overboard from an Atlantic liner. Incidentally, by the training he receives during his three months' stay among the fishermen, he is made a man of and saved from becoming a plutocratic cad. Mr. Kipling presses this slight and somewhat obvious moral rather unduly, but the main purpose of the book, as indicated by the subtitle, is to describe the life of the "full-blooded Banker." With admirable fulness Mr. Kipling has achieved this end, and added another portion of the globe to his ever-widening empire by rights both of conquest and discovery.

The book is a series of studies in the psychology of them that go down to the sea in ships — a succession of portraits of the very varied crew that go to make up the contingent of a fishing schooner. From Manuel, the Portugee, who takes up Harvey Cheyne, to Disko Troop, skipper of the schooner, the reader learns to know them all. No, not all, for there is a somewhat theatrical cook on board, a full negro answering to the name of MacDonald, who speaks Gaelic and has the gift of second sight. He is so improbable that he must have been drawn from life. The relations of the skipper's brother, who is a farmer at heart, and, as Mr. Kipling would say, a bad one at that, with a Moravian preacher who had been driven mad by seeing his whole family swept away in a flood, form a pathetic idyl worked out with considerable subtlety. Mr. Kipling has used a larger canvas than he has hitherto been accustomed to, except in 'The Light that Failed.' If his method is still episodical he shows increased mastery in posing his groups, and he may yet write his novel. But this is not it.

It is something other and more difficult in its way. It might perhaps be described as a sociological study put dramatically, or perhaps one might say novelistically, if there were such a word. Now and again we have novels of this type, whose aim is to describe a state of society rather than the imagined fortunes of particular individuals. George Eliot's 'Middlemarch' was in the main such an attempt, and more recently Mr. Zangwill has bestowed the shape of a tale on his account of the London Ghetto. Similarly, much of the work of Mr. Barrie and his imitators is rather devoted to a dramatic presentation of a certain social state than to the novel pure and simple. Mr. Kipling himself gained his reputation by making known to us in a series of vivid sketches the warp and woof that go to make up the parti-coloured web of Indian life. It was impossible for him to do justice to the complexities of Indian *Cultur* in a single sketch, but the simpler relations of life on the Bank have proved capable of being treated on one canvas, and that of no great dimensions. But in the compass of two hundred pages (for the rather poor illustrations take up forty pages) Mr. Kipling has managed to sketch for us both the life and the environment of a cod fisherman off the Newfoundland banks.

One of the points of interest about a book such as this is the study of the art by which the writer makes his readers realise the atmosphere and tone of a strange mode of life. In the first place there is the difficulty of the technical terms. If the writer does not use them he loses all semblance of reality, if he does use them the reader will not understand them. It is not Mr. Kipling's way to avoid using technical terms; experts, indeed, are inclined to hint that his use of them is often more according to zeal than to knowledge. His pages are simply peppered with them on the present occasion, and the readers for the Oxford dictionary will find plenty of new material in 'Captains Courageous.' At first sight they look repellent and incomprehensible enough; torn from their context, they would be absolutely unintelligible. What, for instance, is the exact process meant by "dressing-down," or "under-running a trawl," or being "scrowged upon"? What are the shape and use of a "topping lift," "pawl-post," "hog-yoke," "gob-stick," "muckle"? What particular infirmities are referred to if a man is described as a "logy," "baulky," or "deader limpsey-idler"? How does a thing "wiggle," "swedge off," "snarl up," "slatt"? "Nubbles," "kenches," "schloop," "sunscalds," "barnyard tramps," "cockly swells," "a judgmatic tweak," "yo-hoes," "Burgess-modelled haddocker," are a few other verbal felicities which aid in giving a local colour to Mr. Kipling's pages. Yet replaced in their contexts, there is scarcely a single one of these which does not become comprehensible. A word or two of explanation is occasionally thrown in without any loss of dramatic force, since the derelict youngster is supposed to be learning to know the ropes—another expression the literal meaning of which is brought home to the mind of the reader in a very vivid way. We have nothing but admiration for the manner in which Mr. Kipling has solved this part of his problem. It says much for his skill in this regard that a careful reader can go through page after page filled with technicalities of this sort without the need of a glossary. Having by this means got his reader, as it were, actually on board and familiarized him with his human and physical surroundings, Mr. Kipling proceeds to give the atmosphere of his picture by a series of literary sea-pieces, which constitute the value of the book from an artistic point of view. Never in English prose has the sea in all its myriad aspects, with its sounds and sights and odours, been reproduced with such subtle skill as in these pages. One could compile from them a series of thumbnail sketches, as effective in their way as the river scenes of Mr. Whistler. The following catena, though it by no means exhausts the number of passages that might be quoted to illustrate this quality of the book, is sufficient to indicate it:—

"The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish, with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shades in the hollows."

"The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver."

"There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside rolled the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to the other."

"Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear, sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buckshot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass; a yaw, a punt, and a kick, and the We're Here gathered herself together to repeat the motions."

"A gentle, breathing swell, three furlongs from trough to barrel, would quietly shoulder up a string of variously painted dories. They hung for an instant, a wonderful frieze against the sky-line, and their men pointed and hailed. Next moment the open mouths, waving arms, and bare chests disappeared, while on another swell came up an entirely new line of characters like paper figures in a toy theatre."

"Harvey, being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave-tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a doughnut from the cook."

This last passage in particular shows with what a few lines Mr. Kipling produces his effects. In many other ways as well as this he may be described as a Phil May in black on white.

This book then may be pronounced a decided success as regards the aim which the author appears to have had before him. Mr. Kipling, it would appear, aspires to be the Hogarth as well as the Tyrtæus of the British Empire; and that he has in him the qualities to enable him to play the former *rôle*, his Anglo-Indian sketches and

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An Appreciation.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES by
Barrett Wendell,
Assistant Professor of English at Harvard.

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These early works of his, besides, we have known long enough to be assured that we were wrong in thinking them ephemeral. Certainly the verses, and to no small degree the stories, bear the test of repeated reading. What he has written since, to be sure, has been, on the whole, increasingly stronger and better; but if there be one trait which more than another forces itself on whoever ponders over Kipling's collected works it is that the better one knows them the better they prove worth knowing. His stories, everybody can feel, have tended, without losing a bit of their spirit, to grow firmer and more pregnant. His poems, meanwhile, at least to some of us, have not quite preserved the lucidity which at first marked them. Ten years ago, for example, nobody would have dreamed that the author of "Barrack-Room Ballads" would ever give us some stirring stanzas about White Horses, which should leave more than one reasonably intelligent reader in doubt as to what he meant the animals to signify. One thing, however, remains true of Kipling's poetry from the beginning. Whatever it be meant to mean, it is always hauntingly, indefinably suggestive.

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ter fishermen on th
Banks, of the wildly law
jungle, of merchant seam
terns who have killed the
before a successful nove
chambers, he has the c
making you accept the creatures of his wit unresisting. Mulvaney, for all his impossibilities, is as convincing as Mr. Pickwick; and the man would be bold who should maintain that either is much less real than any other personage you like in the whole range of English fiction. In making his characters thus vital, however, Kipling has done no more than has been done again and again by older novelists; nor does the fact that, like each of these, he has accomplished his result by means perceptibly his own profoundly distinguish his personages from those whom we have known longer. As you grow by repeated reading, however, to feel thoroughly acquainted with the characters of Kipling you grow more and more certain that somehow these differ from any others. And slowly you begin to realize how. One and all, high and low, brute and human, these individuals, for all their sentient individuality, are living in the presence and in the power of a force utterly beyond human control. Unlike the fate of classic tragedy as it is unlike the mysterious and unseen something which hovers unphrased behind the tragedy of Shakespeare, this strangely modern, inexorable immensity grows sometimes more startlingly significant than either. For, unlike them, it is a growing certainty of our modern life. We men of this closing century have had a way of deeming ourselves conquerors of nature; can it be that we are only her sport?

And if so, how does that pitiless force reveal itself to our opening eyes? Not, we begin to see, as a steady, unyielding weight of pressure, but rather as a stormy, fluctuating ebb and flow. This struggle of ours is with the rising tide of an oceanic eternity. Far enough from Kipling such metaphor may have seemed to lead us; and yet if we have understood ourselves it has brought us back to him again. For if there be one fact in nature which more than another symbolizes such emotion as we have just tried to realize it is the rhythmical surge of a tempestuous sea. And if in all modern literature there be poetry whose deeper power lies not in its phrase, not in its melody, but in the resistless surge of its almost colossal rhythm, it is this growingly inarticulate, endlessly haunting poetry of Kipling.

In his tales and in his poems alike, then, this youngest and most surely notable of contemporary English writers has wittingly or not phrased the deepest facts of the life which reveals itself to our time—the struggle, on the one hand, of

York. For this period there
prepared for THE REVIEW OF B
ART by Mr. Samuel P. Avery, J
ord of the important sales, o
where the totals have not exce
000:

George I. Seney, March 31, 1885..
E. D. Morgan, Jan. 13, 1886........
Mrs. Mary Morgan, March 3, 1886
Richard H. Halsted, Jan. 10, 1887..
A. T. Stewart, March 23, 1887......
Albert Spencer, Feb. 28, 1888......
J. L. Mott and Ed Kearney, March 27, 1888..........................
G. Mannheimer, April 13, 1888....
Isaac Walker, Jan. 9, 1889.........
J. H. Stebbins, Feb. 12, 1889.......
Thomas A. Howell, Feb. 27, 1889..
S. L. M. Barlow, Feb. 11, 1890......
David Johnson, Feb. 13, 1890.......
F. Mora, Feb. 18, 1890...............
Bowne-Shaw and Evans, March 5, 1890..........................
G. H. Wynkoop, March 13, 1890...
Richard Butler, March 19, 1890...

ROBERTS BROS., Publis
BOSTON.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

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LITERATURE

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE novel is tending to replace the treatise and the essay. Is it also going to take the place of the volume of travel and the guide-book? Mr. Kipling's latest venture is a description of life on the cod banks of Newfoundland, as seen through the eyes of a youngster who has fallen overboard from an Atlantic liner. Incidentally, by the training he receives during his three months' stay among the fishermen, he is made a man of and saved from becoming a plutocratic cad. Mr. Kipling presses this slight and somewhat obvious moral rather unduly, but the main purpose of the book, as indicated by the sub-title, is to describe the life of the "full-blooded Banker." With admirable fulness Mr. Kipling has achieved this end, and added another portion of the globe to his ever-widening empire by rights both of conquest and discovery.

The book is a series of studies in the psychology of them that go down to the sea in ships — a succession of portraits of the very varied crew that go to make up the contingent of a fishing schooner. From Manuel, the Portugee, who takes up Harvey Cheyne, to Disko Troop, skipper of the schooner, the reader learns to know them all. No, not all, for there is a somewhat theatrical cook on board, a full negro answering to the name of MacDonald, who speaks Gaelic and has the gift of second sight. He is so improbable that he must have been drawn from life. The relations of the skipper's brother, who is a farmer at heart, and, as Mr. Kipling would say, a bad one at that, with a Moravian preacher who had been driven mad by seeing his whole family swept away in a flood, form a pathetic idyl worked out with considerable subtlety. Mr. Kipling has used a larger canvas than he has hitherto been accustomed to, except in 'The Light that Failed.' If his method is still episodical he shows increased mastery in posing his groups, and he may yet write his novel. But this is not it.

It is something other and more difficult in its way. It might perhaps be described as a sociological study put dramatically, or perhaps one might say novelistically, if there were such a word. Now and again we have novels of this type, whose aim is to describe a state of society rather than the imagined fortunes of particular individuals. George Eliot's 'Middlemarch' was in the main such an attempt, and more recently Mr. Zangwill has bestowed the shape of a tale on his account of the London Ghetto. Similarly, much of the work of Mr. Barrie and his imitators is rather devoted to a dramatic presentation of a certain social state than to the novel pure and simple. Mr. Kipling himself gained his reputation by making known to us in a series of vivid sketches the warp and woof that go to make up the parti-coloured web of Indian life. It was impossible for him to do justice to the complexities of Indian *Cultur* in a single sketch, but the simpler relations of life on the Bank have proved capable of being treated on one canvas, and that of no great dimensions. But in the compass of two hundred pages (for the rather poor illustrations take up forty pages) Mr. Kipling has managed to sketch for us both the life and the environment of a cod fisherman off the Newfoundland banks.

One of the points of interest about a book such as this is the study of the art by which the writer makes his readers realise the atmosphere and tone of a strange mode of life. In the first place there is the difficulty of the technical terms. If the writer does not use them he loses all semblance of reality, if he does use them the reader will not understand them. It is not Mr. Kipling's way to avoid using technical terms; experts, indeed, are inclined to hint that his use of them is often more according to zeal than to knowledge. His pages are simply peppered with them on the present occasion, and the readers for the Oxford dictionary will find plenty of new material in 'Captains Courageous.' At first sight they look repellent and incomprehensible enough; torn from their context, they would be absolutely unintelligible. What, for instance, is the exact process meant by "dressing-down," or "under-running a trawl," or being "scrowged upon"? What are the shape and use of a "topping lift," "pawl-post," "hog-yoke," "gob-stick," "muckle"? What particular infirmities are referred to if a man is described as a "logy," "baulky," or "deader limpsey-idler"? How does a thing "wiggle," "swedge off," "snarl up," "slatt"? "Nubbles," "kenches," "schloop," "sunscalds," "barnyard tramps," "cockly swells," "a judgmatic tweak," "yo-hoes," "Burgess-modelled haddocker," are a few other verbal felicities which aid in giving a local colour to Mr. Kipling's pages. Yet replaced in their contexts, there is scarcely a single one of these which does not become comprehensible. A word or two of explanation is occasionally thrown in without any loss of dramatic force, since the derelict youngster is supposed to be learning to know the ropes—another expression the literal meaning of which is brought home to the mind of the reader in a very vivid way. We have nothing but admiration for the manner in which Mr. Kipling has solved this part of his problem. It says much for his skill in this regard that a careful reader can go through page after page filled with technicalities of this sort without the need of a glossary. Having by this means got his reader, as it were, actually on board and familiarized him with his human and physical surroundings, Mr. Kipling proceeds to give the atmosphere of his picture by a series of literary sea-pieces, which constitute the value of the book from an artistic point of view. Never in English prose has the sea in all its myriad aspects, with its sounds and sights and odours, been reproduced with such subtle skill as in these pages. One could compile from them a series of thumbnail sketches, as effective in their way as the river scenes of Mr. Whistler. The following catena, though it by no means exhausts the number of passages that might be quoted to illustrate this quality of the book, is sufficient to indicate it:—

"The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish, with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shades in the hollows."

"The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver."

"There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside rolled the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to the other."

"Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear, sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buckshot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass; a yaw, a punt, and a kick, and the We're Here gathered herself together to repeat the motions."

"A gentle, breathing swell, three furlongs from trough to barrel, would quietly shoulder up a string of variously painted dories. They hung for an instant, a wonderful frieze against the sky-line, and their men pointed and hailed. Next moment the open mouths, waving arms, and bare chests disappeared, while on another swell came up an entirely new line of characters like paper figures in a toy theatre."

"Harvey, being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave-tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a doughnut from the cook."

This last passage in particular shows with what a few lines Mr. Kipling produces his effects. In many other ways as well as this he may be described as a Phil May in black on white.

This book then may be pronounced a decided success as regards the aim which the author appears to have had before him. Mr. Kipling, it would appear, aspires to be the Hogarth as well as the Tyrtæus of the British Empire; and that he has in him the qualities to enable him to play the former *rôle*, his Anglo-Indian sketches and

the present book amply testify. But Literature is a jealous mistress and hardly allows of a divided allegiance. Whatever patriotism may gain from books like the present it is to be feared letters must lose.

Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D. By H. P. Liddon, D.D. Edited by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., and the Rev. R. J. Wilson, D.D., and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. Vol. IV. (Longmans & Co.)

In subject-matter this concluding volume of Pusey's biography is inevitably less interesting than its predecessors; 'Essays and Reviews' and the Ritualist turmoil must hold the attention with a feebler grip than 'Tract XC.' We have been deprived, too, by death of Dr. Liddon's hand, except in an admirable description of Pusey's last days, and of Dr. Wilson's careful revision. Mr. Johnston and Canon Newbolt, however, have evidently spared no trouble over a difficult and somewhat thankless task; and if they have produced a rather colourless narrative, they cannot justly be accounted responsible.

Passing over the almost forgotten squabble about Jowett's salary as Regius Professor of Greek, we come at once upon the publication of 'Essays and Reviews.' Pusey, on the pronouncement of the judgment, poured out his inmost soul to Keble:

"But in regard to that awful doctrine of the Eternity of Punishment their Judgment is most demoralizing in itself and in its grounds. As to its grounds, it puts an end to all confidence between man and man, between the teachers and the taught, and it teaches people dishonesty on the largest scale. For if our English word 'everlasting' is not to mean 'everlasting,' because some have explained away the meaning of αἰώνιος, then one is not bound to the received meaning of any word whatsoever. Then the second Article might be consistent with Arianism, for 'Begotten *from everlasting* of the Father' might only mean 'a long time ago,' but 'in time'; and we have no word to declare that Almighty God is eternal. This is an extension of the old argument, 'If there is no everlasting death, there is no statement of any everlasting life.' One class of heathen did not believe their supreme god (such as he was) to be eternal, but to be the active principle, developed in time, out of ὕλη."

He was, of course, the inspiring spirit of the Oxford Declaration against the Essayists, and for a brief period it seemed as if he would unite High Church and Low Church in opposition to the Broad. But when practical steps were under discussion the cracks in the coalition—if so it can be called—could not be disguised. He wrote for Keble's advice:—

"What do you think of having a society for agitating the change of the Final Court of Appeal, or joining any existing society on condition that they would do so?.....I am afraid that the Low Church would leave us on any definite plan which would put more power into the hands of the Bishops; and the High Church, as you say, are so strangely apathetic.....We have to take care not to show misgiving about the Church of England, else people will go off like a landslip."

The 'Essays' evidently cut Pusey to the quick, and even produced later on, when Dr. Temple was nominated to the see of Exeter, a temporary breach with Mr. Gladstone. Pusey's biographers may be forgiven for discovering principle in a letter which appears to be largely animated by petulance:—

"I have written to Gladstone to say that I had clung to him during all those years when my friends at Oxford left him. Now I too must bid him a sorrowful farewell, until such times, if we should live to see them, when, Church and State being severed, he should be free to act according to his better conscience.....I should have nothing to say to any one, unsettled as to the Church of England, except to bid them hope for the time when we shall be free from the tyranny of the State at any cost. I must henceforth long, pray, and work, as I can, for the severance of Church and State. If we are to have such an infliction from Gladstone, what shall we not have from irreligious Liberal Premiers? Gladstone has ventured on what Lord Melbourne with all his wilfulness did not do."

Meanwhile a new turn had been given to Pusey's activity by Dr. Manning's attack on the Church he had abandoned. "Why should you answer him?" asked Newman; and many, looking at the upshot, will be disposed to echo "Why?" The first 'Eirenicon' was published, nevertheless, and Newman, curiously enough, was taken into consultation as to the line of argument. He clearly foresaw the hopelessness of reconciliation between Anglicanism and Rome, but all things seemed possible to Pusey's sanguine temperament. The prospect became rainbow-hued after a visit to Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris:—

"He said that the formulizing of a new article of faith was a very grave matter, but he saw no reason why it should not be. He thought, on the one hand, that there must be a reaction after the death of the present Pope; on the other, he thought that the English nation would be more ready to come to terms when it had had some reverses. I asked him definitely at the end of the first interview, 'Do you, then, think that it would be a practical matter to work for—the reunion of the Churches on the basis of the Council of Trent explained?' He said, 'Yes.' I told him that I had been advised to have my book translated into French. He said, 'Do; the subject ought to be considered.' He anticipated that there might be some stir, but said that if there was he would defend it. If I understood him right, he thought it might perhaps be put into the Index, but he did not think that a great evil."

"The first stone," wrote Pusey to Keble, "is, I trust, laid on which the two Churches may be again united—when God wills and human minds obey." But Newman's comment was crushing:—

"An Irenicon smoothes difficulties: I am sure people will think that you increase them. And, forgive me if I do not recollect what you have exactly said, but I do not think you have said definitely *what you* ask as a condition of union, in respect to the cultus of the Blessed Virgin. This would be something *practical*. Do you wish us to deny her Intercession? or her Invocation? or the *forms* of devotion? or what? Had this been clearly done, people would have thought you practical—but forgive me if I say that your pages read like a declamation."

In the published reply this was developed into the memorable phrase:—

"There was one of old time who wreathed his sword in myrtle; excuse me—you discharge your olive branch as if from a catapult."

The approach of the Vatican Council produced many goings and comings of diplomatists, of whom Dr. Forbes, the Bishop of Brechin, was sagacious enough; but one Victor de Buck, a Jesuit priest, proved a futile marplot. Throu
Newman's warning voice prophesied
end, though Pusey followed up the s
'Eirenicon' with a third:—

".....I don't think that at Rome the
attend to anything which comes from one p
or several persons, however distinguishe
the Archbishop of Canterbury were to sa
will become a Catholic if you will just te
whether what I have drawn up on paper is
consistent with your definitions of faith,'
only question in answer would be, 'Do
speak simply as an individual or in the n
of the Anglican Church?' If he said 'a
individual,' they would not even look a
paper."

When all was over Pusey admitted
Newman that "the last 'Eirenicon' s
unnoticed to its grave; the first, as
know, was popular; both against my
pectations."

The remainder of Pusey's public life
be grouped round the two controver
concerning the Athanasian Creed
Ritualism. As to the former the biogra
adds little of material importance to
declarations in print and in the pulpit.
a passage from a letter to Bishop Will
force is worth quoting, because it bri
out the burning earnestness of the man

"I have stood, and said that I would st
so long as the Church of England remains
same. I said to Bishop Jenner, in vie
people's restlessness and the talks of chang
have wondered whether the Church of Eng
will last my time, or whether it will spli
two.' Your Lordship will think that it w
be no slight wrench to have to give up the
of all those years. But I dare not hold
there should be any organic change. I sh
gladly see any right explanation of those w
ing clauses in the Athanasian Creed. To aban
them would [be] to me to be ashamed of
Lord's words, 'He that believeth not shal
condemned,' 'He that rejecteth Me and rece
not My words hath one that judgeth him
word that I have spoken, the same shall j
him at the last day.' It is plainly (as
Lordship must feel) the same contemp
Almighty God to refuse to believe what
reveals to us, as to refuse to do what He
us. But of disobedience men repent: of
belief or misbelief, voluntarily contracted, sca
any."

The chapters dealing with Pusey's attit
to the Ritualists will, however, kill
and for ever the vulgar error that identi
him with the extremists in ceremo
Forms were always to him quite second
considerations:—

"I cannot myself think that this, or any o
ritual, is of moment enough (if not essenti
the Sacrament) that priests who would wor
the service of the Church should give up, bec
the Bishop insists on his interpretation of
rubric. Beauty, ritual, music, are all he
but if we [be] bared of all, three hundred
and the sword of the Lord and of Gideon
rout the mixed rabble. If we cannot have [t
very ritual some of us wish, we have the F
and the Truth of God, and Holy Scripture,
the Fathers and the Prayer-book and the H
Eucharist. 'They be more that be for us t
they that be against us.'"

And in a letter to Liddon he made
significant parallel:—

".....The High Church have entrusted th
selves to the extreme Ritualists, who are
their representatives, as the extreme p
always is. Ward, &c., were in their time
the High Church, the extreme Ultramonta
[are] of the Church of Rome, the extr

Dec. 1895 & Jany 1896

"Rolling cigarettes for her brother"

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

By Rudyard Kipling

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," "Soldiers Three," "The Light that Failed," etc.

DRAWINGS BY W. L. TAYLOR

I have done one braver thing
Than all the worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.—
The Undertaking.

PART I

"IS it officially declared yet?"

"They've gone as far as to admit extreme local scarcity, and they've started relief-works in one or two districts, the paper says."

"That means it will be declared as soon as they can make sure of the men and the rolling-stock. 'Shouldn't wonder if it were as bad as the Big Famine."

"'Can't be," said Scott, turning a little in the long cane chair. "We've had fifteen-anna crops in the north, and Bombay and Bengal report more than they know what to do with. They'll be able to check it before it gets out of hand. It will only be local."

Martyn picked up the "Pioneer" from the table, read through the telegrams once more and put up his feet on the chair-rests. It was a hot, dark, breathless evening, heavy with the smell of the newly-watered Mall. The flowers in the Club gardens were dead and black on their stalks; the little lotos-pond was a circle of caked mud, and the tamarisk trees were white with the dust of days. Most of the men were at the band-stand in the public gardens—from the Club veranda you could hear the native Police band hammering stale waltzes—or on the polo-ground or in the high-walled fives court, hotter than a Dutch oven. Half a dozen grooms, squatted at the heads of their ponies, waited their masters' return. From time to time a man would ride at a foot-pace into the Club compound and listlessly loaf across to the whitewashed barracks beside the main building. These were supposed to be chambers. Men lived in them, meeting the same faces night after night at dinner, and drawing out their office work till the latest possible hour, that they might escape that doleful company.

"What are you going to do?" said Martyn with a yawn. "Let's have a swim before dinner."

"'Water's hot," said Scott. "I was at the bath to-day."

"'Play you game o' billiards—fifty up."

"It's a hundred and five in the hall now. Sit still and don't be so abominably energetic."

A grunting camel swung up to the porch; his badged and belted rider fumbling a leather pouch.

"*Kubber-kargaz—ki—yektraaa*" (newspaper extra), the man whined, handing down to the gray-bearded butler a slip of paper printed on one side only, and damp from the press. It was pinned up on the green baize board, between notices of ponies for sale and fox-terriers missing.

Martyn rose lazily, read it and whistled. "It's declared!" he cried. "One, two, three—eight districts go under the operations of the Famine Code *ek dum* (at once). They've put Jimmy Hawkins in charge."

"Good business!" said Scott, with the first sign of interest he had shown. "When in doubt hire a Punjabi. I worked under Jimmy when I first came out and he belonged to the Punjab. He has more *bundobust* (faculty of administration) than most men.

"Jimmy's a Jubilee Knight now," said Martyn. "He was a good chap even though he was a thrice-born civilian and went to the Benighted Presidency. 'Unholy names these Madras districts rejoice in—all *ungas* or *rungas* or *pillays* or *polliums*."

A dogcart drove up in the dusk, and a man entered, mopping his head. He was editor of the one daily paper at the capital of a Province of twenty-five million natives and a few hundred white men, and as his staff was limited to himself and one assistant, his office hours ran variously from ten to twenty a day.

"Hi, Raines; you're supposed to know everything," said Martyn, stopping him. "How's this Madras 'scarcity' going to turn out?"

"No one knows as yet. There's a message as long as your arm coming in on the telephone. I've left my cub to fill it out. Madras has owned she can't manage it alone, and Jimmy seems to have a free hand in getting all the men he needs. Arbuthnot's warned to hold himself in readiness."

"'Badger' Arbuthnot?"

"The Peshawur chap. Yes, and the *Pi* wires that Ellis and Clay have been moved from the Northwest already, and they've taken half a dozen Bombay men too. It's *pukka* (out and out) famine by the looks of it."

"They're nearer the scene of action than we are; but if it comes to indenting on the Punjab this early there's more in this than meets the eye," said Martyn.

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow. 'Didn't come to stay forever," said Scott, dropping one of Marryat's novels, and rising to his feet. "Martyn, your sister's waiting for you."

A rough, gray horse was backing and shifting at the edge of the veranda, where the light of a reeking kerosene lamp fell on a brown calico habit and a white face under a gray felt hat.

"Right, O!" said Martyn. "I'm ready. Better come and dine with us if you've nothing to do, Scott. William, is there any dinner in the house?"

"I'll go home first and see," was the answer. "You can drive him over—at eight, remember."

Scott moved leisurely to his room and changed into the evening dress of the season and the country: spotless white linen from head to foot, with a broad silk *cummerbund*. Dinner at the Martyns was a decided improvement on the goat-mutton, twiney-tough fowl and tinned *entrées* of the Club. But it was a great pity Martyn could not afford to send his sister to the hills for the hot weather. As an Acting District Superintendent of Police, Martyn drew the magnificent pay of six hundred depreciated silver rupees a month, and his little four-roomed bungalow said just as much. There were the usual blue and white striped jail-made rugs on the uneven floor; the usual glass-studded Amritsar *phulkaris* draped to nails driven into the flaking whitewash of the walls; the usual half dozen chairs that did not match, picked up at sales of dead men's effects, and the usual streaks of black grease where the leather punkah-thong ran through a hole in the wall. It was as though everything had been unpacked the night before to be repacked next morning. Not a door in the house was true on its hinges; the little windows, fifteen feet up in the wall, were darkened with wasp-nests, and lizards hunted flies between the beams of the wood-ceiled roof. But all this was part of Scott's life. Thus did people live who had such an income; and in a land where each man's pay, age and position are printed in a book that all may read it is hardly worth while to play at pretenses in word or deed. Scott counted eight years' service in the Irrigation Department and drew eight hundred rupees a month, on the understanding that if he served the State faithfully for another twenty-two years he could retire on a pension of some four hundred rupees a month. His working life, which had been spent chiefly under canvas or in temporary shelters where a man could sleep, eat and write letters, was bound up with the opening and guarding of irrigation canals, the handling of two or three thousand workmen of all castes and creeds, and the payment of vast sums of coined silver. He had finished that spring, not without credit, the last section of the great Mosuhl Canal, and, much against his will, for he hated office work, had been sent in to serve during the hot weather on the accounts and supply side of the department, with sole charge of the sweltering sub-office at the capital of the Province. Martyn knew this; William, his sister, knew it; and everybody knew it. Scott knew too, as well as the rest of the world, that Miss Martyn had come out to India four years before to keep house for her brother, who, as every one knew, had borrowed the money to pay for her passage, and that she ought, as all the world said, to have married long ago. Instead of this she had refused some half a dozen subalterns, a Civilian twenty years her senior, one Major and a man in the Indian Medical Department. This, too, was common property. She had "stayed down three hot weathers," as the saying is, because her brother was in debt and could not afford the expense of her stay at even a cheap Hill station.

Therefore her face was white as bone, and in the centre of her forehead was a big silvery scar about the size of a shilling—the mark of a Delhi sore which is the same as a "Bagdad date." This comes from drinking bad water, and slowly eats into the flesh till it is ripe enough to be burned out.

None the less William had enjoyed herself hugely in her four years. Twice she had been nearly drowned in fording a river on horseback; once she had been run away with on a camel; had witnessed a midnight attack of thieves on her brother's camp; had seen justice administered, with long sticks, in the open under trees; could speak Urdu and even rough Punjabi with a fluency that was envied by her seniors; had altogether fallen out of the habit of writing to her aunts in England or cutting the pages of the English magazines; had been through a very bad cholera year seeing sights unfit to be told, and had wound up her experiences by six weeks of typhoid fever, during which her head had been shaved; and hoped to keep her twenty-third birthday that September. It is conceivable that her aunts would not have approved of a girl who never set foot on the ground if a horse were within hail; who rode to dances with a shawl thrown over her skirt; who wore her hair cropped and curling all over her head; who answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes; yea, after they had proposed to her and been rejected.

"I like men who do things," she had confided to a

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come"

man in the Educational Department, who was teaching the sons of cloth-merchants and dyers the beauty of Wordsworth's "Excursion" in annotated cram-books, and when he grew poetical William explained that she "didn't understand poetry very much. It made her head ache," and another broken heart took refuge at the Club. But it was all William's fault. She delighted in hearing men talk of their own work; and that is the most fatal way of bringing a man to your feet.

Scott had known her more or less for some three years, meeting her as a rule under canvas, when his camp and her brother's joined for a day on the edge of the Indian desert. He had danced with her several times at the big Christmas gatherings when as many as five hundred white people came in to the station; and he had always a great respect for her housekeeping and her dinners.

She looked more like a boy than ever when, after the meal was ended, she sat, one foot tucked under her, on the leather camp-sofa, rolling cigarettes for her brother, her low forehead puckered beneath the dark curls as she twiddled the papers and stuck out her rounded chin when the tobacco stayed in place, or, with a gesture as true as a schoolboy's throwing a stone, tossed the finished article across the room to Martyn, who caught it with one hand and continued his talk with Scott. It was all "shop"—canals and the policing of canals; the sins of villagers who stole more water than they had paid for, and the grosser sin of native constables who connived at the thefts; of the transplanting bodily of villages to newly-irrigated ground, and of the coming fight with the desert in the south when the Provincial funds should warrant the opening of the long-surveyed Luni Protective Canal System. And Scott spoke openly of his great desire to be put on one particular section of the work where he knew the land and the people, and Martyn sighed for a billet in the Himalayan foot-hills, and said his mind of his superiors, and William rolled cigarettes and said nothing, but smiled gravely on her brother because he was happy.

At ten Scott's horse came to the door, and the evening was ended.

The lights of the two low bungalows in which the daily paper was printed showed bright across the road. It was too early to try to find sleep, and Scott drifted over to the editor. Raines, stripped to the waist, like a man at a gun, lay half asleep in a long chair, waiting for night telegrams. He had a theory that if a man did not stay by his work all day and most of the night he laid himself open to fever: so he ate and slept among his files.

"Can you do it?" he said drowsily. "I didn't mean to bring you over."

"About what? I've been dining at the Martyns."

"Madras, of course. Martyn's warned too. They're taking men where they can find 'em. I sent a note to you at the Club just now asking if you could do us a letter once a week from the South—between two and three columns, say. Nothing sensational, of course, but just plain facts about who is doing what, and so forth. The regular rates—ten rupees a column."

"'Sorry, but it's out of my line," Scott answered, staring absently at the map of India on the wall. "It's rough on Martyn—very. 'Wonder what he'll do with his sister? 'Wonder what the deuce they'll do with me? I've no famine experience. This is the first I've heard of it."

"Oh, they'll put you on relief-works," Raines said, "with a horde of Madrassis dying like flies; one native apothecary and half a pint of cholera-mixture among the ten thousand of you. It comes of your being idle for the moment. Every man who isn't doing two men's work seems to have been called upon. Hawkins evidently believes in Punjabis. It's going to be quite as bad as anything they have had in the last ten years."

"It's all in the day's work, worse luck. I suppose I shall get my orders officially some time to-morrow. I'm awfully glad I happened to drop in. 'Better go and pack my kit now. Who relieves me here, do you know?"

Raines turned over a sheaf of telegrams. "McEuan," said he, "from Murree."

Scott chuckled. "He thought he was going to be cool all summer. He'll be very sick about this. Well—no good talking. 'Night."

Two hours later, Scott, with a clear conscience, laid himself down to rest on a string cot in a bare room. Two worn bullock trunks, a leather water-bottle, a tin ice-box and his pet saddle sewed up in sacking were piled at the door, and the Club Secretary's receipt for last month's bill was under his pillow. His orders came next morning, and with them an unofficial telegram from Sir James Hawkins, who was not in the habit of forgetting good men when he had once met them, bidding him report himself with all speed at some unpronounceable place fifteen hundred miles to the south, for the famine was sore in the land and white men were needed.

A pink and fattish youth arrived in the red hot noonday, whimpering a little at fate and famines, which never allowed any one three months' peace. He was Scott's successor—another cog in the machinery moved forward to take the place of his fellow, whose services, as the official announcement ran, "were placed at the disposal of the Madras Government for famine duty until further orders." Scott handed over the funds in his charge, showed him what he esteemed to be the coolest corner in the office, warned him against excess of zeal, gave him a clean blotting-pad, and as twilight fell, departed from the Club in a hired carriage with his faithful body-servant, Faiz Ullah, and a mound of disordered baggage atop, to catch the Southern mail at the loopholed and bastioned railway station. The heat from the thick brick walls struck him across the face, as if it had been a hot towel, and he reflected that there were at least five nights and four days of travel before him.

Faiz Ullah, used to the chances of service, plunged into the crowd on the stone platform, while Scott, a black and succulent cheroot between his teeth, waited till his compartment should be arranged for him. A dozen native policemen with their rifles and bundles shouldered into the press of Punjabi farmers, Sikh craftsmen, and greasy-locked Afreedee peddlers, escorting with all pomp Martyn's uniform-case, water-bottles, ice-box and bedding-roll. They saw Faiz Ullah's lifted hand and steered for it.

"My Sahib and your Sahib," said Faiz Ullah to Martyn's man, "will travel together. Thou and I, O brother, will thus secure the servants' places close by, and because of our masters' authority none will dare to disturb us."

When Faiz Ullah reported all things ready, Scott mopped his face and settled down at full length on the broad leather-covered bunk, coatless and bootless. The heat under the iron-arched roof of the station might have been anything over a hundred degrees. At the last moment Martyn entered hot and dripping.

"Don't swear," said Scott lazily; "it's too late to change your carriage, and we'll divide the ice."

"What are you doing here?" said the policeman.

"'Lent to the Madras Government, same as you. By Jove, it's a bender of a night! Are you taking any of your men down?"

"A dozen. 'Suppose I'll have to superintend relief distributions. 'Didn't know you were under orders too."

"I didn't till after I left you last night. Raines had the news first. My orders came this morning. McEuan relieved me at four, and I got off at once. 'Shouldn't wonder if it wouldn't be a good thing—this famine—if we come through it alive."

"Jimmy ought to put you and me to work together," said Martyn, and then, after a pause, "My sister's here."

"Good business," said Scott heartily. "Going to get off at Umballa, I suppose, and go up to Simla. Who'll she stay with there?"

"No-o; that's just the trouble of it. She's going down with me."

Scott sat bolt upright under the oil lamp as the train jolted past Tarn-Taran station. "What! You don't mean you couldn't afford——"

"Oh, I'd have scraped up the money somehow."

"You might have come to me to begin with," said Scott stiffly, "we aren't altogether strangers."

"Well, you needn't be stuffy about it. I might, but—you don't know my sister. I've been explaining and exhorting and entreating and commanding and all the rest of it all day—lost my temper since seven this morning, and haven't got it back yet—but she wouldn't hear of any compromise. A woman's entitled to travel with her husband if she wants to, and William says she's on the same footing. You see, we've been together all our lives more or less since my people died. It isn't as if she were an ordinary sister."

"All the sisters I've ever heard of would have stayed where they were well off."

"She's as clever as a man, confound her," Martyn went on. "She broke up the bungalow over my head while I was talking at her. 'Settled the whole *sub-chiz* (outfit) in three hours; servants, horses and all. I didn't get my orders till nine."

"Jimmy Hawkins won't be pleased," said Scott. "A famine's no place for a woman."

"Mrs. Jim—I mean Lady Jim's in camp with him. At any rate, she says she will look after my sister. William wired down to her on her own responsibility asking if she could come, and knocked the ground from under me by showing me her answer."

Scott laughed aloud. "If she can do that she can take care of herself, and Mrs. Jim won't let her run into any mischief. There aren't many women, sisters or wives, who would walk into a famine with their eyes open. It isn't as if she didn't know what these things mean. She was through the Jaloo cholera last year."

The train stopped at Amritsar and Scott went back to the ladies' compartment immediately behind their carriage. William, with a cloth riding-cap on her curls, nodded affably.

"Come in and have some tea," she said. "'Best thing in the world for heat-apoplexy."

"Do I look as if I were going to have heat-apoplexy?"

"'Never can tell," said William wisely. "It's always best to be ready."

Her compartment was arranged with the knowledge of an old campaigner. A felt-covered water-bottle was slung in the draught of one of the shuttered windows. A tea-set of Russian china packed in a wadded basket was ready on the seat, and a traveling spirit-lamp was clamped against the woodwork above it.

William served them generously, in large cups, hot tea which saves the veins of the neck from swelling inopportunely on a hot night. It was characteristic of the girl that her plan of action once settled, she asked for no comments on it. Living among men who had a great deal of work to do, and very little time to do it in, had taught her the wisdom of effacing as well as of fending for herself.

She did not by word or deed suggest that she would be useful, comforting or beautiful in their travels, but continued about her business serenely; put the cups back without clatter when tea was ended, and made cigarettes for her guests.

"This time last night," said Scott, "we didn't expect—er—this kind of thing, did we?"

"I've learned to expect anything," said William. "You know in our service, we live at the end of the telegraph, but, of course, this ought to be a good thing for us all, departmentally—if we live."

"It knocks us out of the running in our own Province," Scott replied, with equal gravity. "I hoped to be put on the Luni Protective Works this cold weather, but there's no saying how long the famine may keep us."

"Hardly beyond October, I should think," said Martyn. "It will be ended one way or the other then."

"And we've nearly a week of this," said William. "Sha'n't we be dusty when it's over?"

For a night and a day they knew their surroundings, and for a night and a day, skirting the edge of the great Indian desert on a narrow-gauge railway, they remembered how in the days of their apprenticeship they had come by that road from Bombay. Then the languages in which the names of the stations were written changed, and they launched south into a foreign land where the very smells were new. Many long and heavily-laden grain-trains were in front of them; and they could feel the hand of Jimmy Hawkins from far off. They waited in extemporized sidings for processions of empty trucks returning to the North, and were coupled on to slow, crawling trains, and dropped at midnight, Heaven knew where, but it was furiously hot and they walked to and fro among sacks, and dogs howled. Then they came to an India more strange to them than to the untraveled Englishman—the flat, red India of palm tree, palmyra palm and rice, the India of the picture-books—of "Little Harry and His Bearer," all dead and wire-dry in the baking heat. They had left the incessant heavy passenger-traffic of the North and West far and far behind them. Here the people crawled, clamoring to the side of the train, holding their little ones in their arms, and a loaded truck would be left behind, and they would see the men and women clustering round and above it like ants by spilled honey. Once in the twilight they saw on a dusty plain a regiment of little brown men, each bearing a body over his shoulder, and when the train stopped to leave yet another truck they perceived that the burdens were not corpses, but only foodless men and women picked up beside their dead oxen by a corps of Irregular troops. Now they met more white men, here one and there two, whose tents stood close to the line, and who came armed with written authorities and angry words to cut off a truck. These men were too busy to do more than nod at Scott and Martyn, and stare curiously at William, who could do nothing except make tea and watch how her men staved off the rush of wailing walking skeletons, putting them down three at a time in heaps; with their own hands uncoupling the marked trucks, or taking receipts from the hollow-eyed, weary white men who spoke another *argot* than theirs. They ran out of ice; out of soda-water and out of tea, for they were six days and seven nights on the road; and it seemed to them like seven times seven years.

At last, in a dry, hot dawn, in a land of death, lit by long red fires of railway sleepers, where they were burning the dead, they came to their destination, and were met by Jim Hawkins, the Head of the Famine, unshaven, unwashed, but cheery, and entirely in command of affairs.

Martyn, he said then and there, was to live on trains till further orders; was to go back with empty trucks, filling them with starving people as he found them and dropping them at a famine camp on the edge of the Eight Districts. He would return, and his constables would guard the loaded grain-cars, again picking up people, and would drop them at a camp a hundred miles south. Scott—Hawkins was very glad to see Scott again—would at once take charge of a convoy of bullock-carts, would load from the trucks, and would go South, feeding as he went, to yet another famine-camp, where he would leave his starving—there would be no lack of starving on the route—and wait for orders by telegraph. Generally, he was in all things to do what he thought best.

William bit her under lip as she listened. There was no one in the wide world like her one brother, but *his* orders gave him no discretion. She came out on the platform, masked with dust from head to foot, a horse-shoe-wrinkle on her forehead, put here by much thinking during the past week, but as self-possessed as ever. Mrs. Jim, who should have been Lady Jim, but that no one remembered to call her aright, took possession of her with a little gasp.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she almost sobbed. "You oughtn't to, of course, but there—there isn't another woman in the place, and we must help each other, and we've all the wretched people and the little babies they are selling."

"I've seen some," said William.

"Isn't it ghastly? I've bought twenty, they're in our camp; but won't you have something to eat first? We've more than ten people can do here; and I've got a horse for you. Oh, I'm so glad you've come, dear."

"Steady, Lizzie," said Hawkins over his shoulder. "We'll look after you, Miss Martyn. 'Sorry I can't ask you to breakfast, Martyn. You'll have to eat as you go. Leave two of your men to help Scott. These poor devils can't stand up to load carts. Saunders" (this to the engine-driver, who was half asleep in the cab), "back down and get those empties away. You've 'line clear' to Anundrapillay; they'll give you orders north of that. Scott, load up your carts from that B. P. P. truck, and get off as soon as you can. The Eurasian in the pink shirt is your interpreter and guide. You'll find an apothecary of sorts tied to the yoke of the second wagon. He's been trying to bolt, you'll have to look after him. Lizzie, drive Miss Martyn to camp, and tell them to send the red horse down here for me."

Scott with Faiz Ullah and two policemen were busy with the carts, backing them up to the truck and unbolting the sideboards quietly, while the others pitched in the bags of millet and wheat. Hawkins watched him for as long as it took to fill one cart.

"That's a good man," he said. "If all goes well I shall work him hard." This was Jim Hawkins' notion of the highest compliment one human being could pay another.

An hour later Scott was under way; the apothecary threatening him with the penalties of the law, for that he, a member of the Subordinate Medical Department, had been coerced and bound against his will and all laws governing the liberty of the subject; the pink-shirted Eurasian begging leave to see his mother, who happened to be dying some three miles away: "Only verree, verree short leave of absence, and will presently return, Sar—"; the two constables, armed with staves, bringing up the rear; and Faiz Ullah, a Mohammedan's contempt for all Hindoos and foreigners in every line of his face, explaining to the drivers that though Scott Sahib was a man to be feared on all fours, he, Faiz Ullah, was Authority itself.

The procession creaked past Hawkins' camp—three stained tents under a clump of dead trees; behind them the famine-shed, where a crowd of hopeless ones tossed their arms around the cooking kettles. One must not describe these things.

"'Wish to Heaven William had kept out of it," said Scott to himself, after a glance. "We'll have cholera, sure as a gun, when the Rains come."

But William seemed to have taken kindly to the operations of the Famine Code, which, when famine is declared, supersede the workings of the ordinary law. Scott saw her, the centre of a mob of weeping women, in a calico riding-habit, and a blue-gray felt hat, with a gold *pagri*.

"I want fifty rupees, please. I forgot to ask Jack before he went away. Can you lend it me? It's for condensed milk for the babies," said she.

Scott took the money from his belt, and handed it over without a word. "For goodness sake, take care of yourself," he said.

"Oh, I shall be all right. We ought to get the milk in two days. By-the-way, the orders are, I was to tell you, that you're to take one of Sir Jim's horses. There's a gray Cabuli here that I thought would be just your style; so I've said you'd take him. Was that right?"

"That's awfully good of you. We can't either of us talk much about style, I am afraid."

Scott was in a weather-stained drill shooting-kit, very white at the seams and a little frayed at the wrists. William regarded him thoughtfully from his pith helmet to his greased ankle-boots. "You look very nice, I think. Are you sure you've everything you'll need—quinine, chlorodyne and so on?"

"'Think so," said Scott, patting three or four of his shooting-pockets as the horse was led up, and he mounted and rode alongside his convoy.

"Good-by," he cried.

"Good-by, and good luck," said William. "I'm awfully obliged for the money." She turned on a spurred heel and disappeared into the tent, while the carts pushed on past the famine-shed, past the roaring lines of the thick, fat fires down to the baked Gehenna of the South.

(*Conclusion in January* JOURNAL.)

"Walking slowly at the head of his flocks"

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

By Rudyard Kipling

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," "Soldiers Three," "The Light that Failed," etc.

DRAWING BY W. L. TAYLOR

PART II

So let us melt and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the Laity our love.—
A Valediction.

IT was punishing work, even though he traveled by night and camped by day, but within the limits of his vision there was no man whom Scott could call master. He was as free as Jimmy Hawkins—freer in fact, for the Government held the Head of the Famine tied neatly to a telegraph wire, and if Jimmy had ever regarded telegrams seriously, the death-rate of the famine would have been much higher than it was.

At the end of a few days' crawling Scott learned something of the size of the India which he served, and it astonished him. His carts, as you know, were loaded with wheat, millet and barley, good food grains all, needing only a little grinding. But the people to whom he brought the life-giving stuffs were rice-eaters. They knew how to hull rice in their mortars, but they knew nothing of the heavy stone querns of the North and less of the material that the white man conveyed so laboriously. They clamored for rice—unhusked paddy—such as they were accustomed to, and when they found that there was none, broke away weeping from the sides of the cart. What was the use of these strange hard grains that choked their throats? They would die; and then and there very many of them kept their word. Others took their allowance and bartered enough millet to feed a man through a week for a few handfuls of rotten rice saved by some more fortunate. A few put their shares into the rice-mortars, pounded it and made a paste with foul water; but they were very few. Scott understood dimly that many people in the India of the South ate rice as a rule, but he had spent his service in a grain Province, had seldom seen rice in the blade or the ear, and least of all would have believed that in time of deadly need men would die at arm's length of plenty, sooner than touch food they did not know. In vain the interpreters interpreted; in vain his two policemen showed by vigorous pantomime what should be done. The starving crept away to their bark and weeds, grubs, leaves and clay, and left the open sacks untouched. But sometimes the women laid their phantoms of children at Scott's feet, looking back as they staggered away.

Faiz Ullah opined it was the will of God that these foreigners should die, and it remained only to give orders to burn the dead. None the less there was no reason why the Sahib should lack his comforts, and Faiz Ullah, a campaigner of experience, had picked up a few lean goats and had added them to the procession, and that they might give milk for the morning meal, was feeding them on the good grain that these imbeciles rejected.

"Yes," said Faiz Ullah, "if the Sahib thought fit, a little milk might be given to some of the babies," but, as the Sahib well knew, babies were cheap, and for his own part, Faiz Ullah was of opinion that there was no Government order as to babies. Scott spoke forcefully to Faiz Ullah and the two policemen, and bade them capture goats where they could find them. This they most joyfully did, for it was a recreation, and many ownerless goats were driven in. Once fed, the poor brutes were willing enough to follow the carts, and a few days' good food—food such as human beings died for lack of—set them in milk again.

"But I am no goat-herd," said Faiz Ullah. "It is against my *izzat* (my honor)."

"When we cross the Bias River again we will talk of *izzat*," Scott replied. "Till that day thou and the policemen shall be sweepers to the camp if I give the order."

"Thus then it is done," grunted Faiz Ullah, "if the Sahib will have it so"; and he showed how a goat should be milked while Scott stood over him.

"Now, we will feed them," said Scott, "twice a day we will feed them," and he bowed his back to the milking and got a horrible cramp.

When you have to keep connection unbroken between a restless mother of kids and a baby who is at the point of death, you suffer in all your system. But the babies were fed. Each morning and evening Scott would solemnly lift them out one by one from their nest of gunny-bags under the cart-tilt. There were always many who could do no more than breathe, and the milk was dropped into their toothless mouths drop by drop, with due pauses when they choked. Each morning, too, the goats were fed, and since they would straggle without a leader, and since the natives were hirelings, Scott was forced to give up riding and pace slowly at the head of his flocks; accommodating his step to their weaknesses. All this was sufficiently absurd, and he felt the absurdity keenly, but at least he was saving life, and when the women saw that their children did not die they made shift to eat a little of the strange foods and crawled after the carts, blessing the master of the goats.

"Give the women something to live for," said Scott to himself, as he sneezed in the dust of a hundred little feet, "and they'll hang on somehow. But this beats William's condensed milk *benao* (arrangement) all to pieces. I shall never live it down."

He reached his destination very slowly, found that a rice-ship had come in from Burmah, and that stores of paddy were available. Found also an overworked Englishman in charge of the shed, and, loading the carts, set back to cover the ground he had already passed. He left some of the children and half his goats at the famine-shed. For this he was not thanked by the Englishman, who had already more stray babies than he knew what to do with. Scott's back was suppled to stooping now, and he went on with his wayside ministrations in addition to distributing the paddy. More babies and more goats were added unto him; but now some of the babies wore rags and beads round their wrists or necks. "*That*," said the interpreter, as though Scott did not know, "signifies that their mothers hope in eventual contingency to resume them offeecially."

"The sooner, the better," said Scott, but at the same time he marked with the pride of ownership, how this or that little Ramasawmy was putting on flesh like a bantam. As the paddy-carts were emptied he headed for Hawkins' camp by the railway, timing his arrival to fit in with the dinner hour, for it was long since he had eaten at a cloth. He had no desire to make any dramatic entry, but the accident of the sunset ordered it that when he had taken off his helmet to get the evening breeze, the low light should fall across his forehead, and he could not see what was before him; while one waiting at the tent door beheld with new eyes a young man, beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust walking slowly at the head of his flocks, while at his knee ran small naked Cupids. But she laughed—William in a slate-colored blouse, laughed consumedly till Scott, putting the best face he could upon the matter, halted his armies and bade her admire the kindergarten. It was an unseemly sight, but the proprieties had been left ages ago with the tea-party at Amritsar Station, fifteen hundred miles to the north.

"They are coming on nicely," said William. "We've only five-and-twenty here now. The women are beginning to take them away again."

"Are you in charge of the babies then?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jim and I. We didn't think of goats though. We've been trying condensed milk and water."

"Any losses?"

"More than I care to think of," said William, with a shudder. "And you?"

Scott said nothing. There had been many little burials along his route—many mothers who had wept when they did not find again the children they had trusted to the care of the Government.

Then Hawkins came out carrying a razor, at which Scott looked hungrily, for he had a beard that he did not love. And when they sat down to dinner in the tent he told his tale in few words, as it might have been an official report. Mrs. Jim snuffled from time to time, and Jim bowed his head judicially, but William's gray eyes were on the clean-shaven face, and it was to her that Scott seemed to speak.

"Good for the Pauper Province!" said William, her chin in her hand as she leaned forward among the wine-glasses. Her cheeks had fallen in and the scar on her forehead was more prominent than ever, but the well-turned boy's neck rose roundly as a column from the ruffle of the blouse which was accepted evening-dress in camp.

"It was awfully absurd at times," said Scott. "You see I didn't know much about milking or babies. They'll chaff my head off if the tale goes up North."

"Let 'em," said William haughtily. "We've all done coolie-work since we came. I know Jack has." This was to Hawkins' address, and the big man smiled blandly.

"Your brother's a highly efficient officer, William," said he, "and I've done him the honor of treating him as he deserves. Remember, I write the confidential reports."

"Then you must say that William's worth her weight in gold," said Mrs. Jim. "I don't know what we should have done without her. She has been everything to us." She dropped her hand upon William's, which was rough with much handling of reins, and William patted it softly. Jim beamed on the company. Things were going well with his world. Three of his more grossly incompetent men had died and their places had been filled by their betters. Each day brought the Rains nearer. They had put out the famine in five of the Eight Districts, and after all the death rate had not been too heavy—things considered. He looked over Scott carefully, as an ogre looks over a man, and rejoiced in his thews and iron-hard condition.

"He's just the least bit in the world tucked up," said Jim to himself, "but he can do two men's work yet." Then he was aware that Mrs. Jim was telegraphing to him, and according to the domestic code the message ran: "A clear case. Look at them!"

He looked and listened. All that William was saying was: "What can you expect of a country where they call a *bhistee* (a water-carrier), a *tunni-cutch?*" and all that Scott answered was: "I shall be glad to get back to the Club. Save me a dance at the Christmas ball, won't you?"

"It's a far cry from here to the Lawrence Hall," said Jim. "Better turn in early, Scott. It's paddy-carts to-morrow; you'll begin loading at five."

"Aren't you going to give Mr. Scott a day's rest?"

"'Wish I could, Lizzie. 'Fraid I can't. As long as he can stand up we must use him."

"Well, I've had one Europe evening at least. By Jove, I'd nearly forgotten! What do I do about those babies of mine?"

"Leave them here," said William—"we are in charge of that—and as many goats as you can spare. I must learn how to milk now."

"If you care to get up early enough to-morrow I'll show you. I have to milk, you see; and by-the-way, half of 'em have beads and things round their necks. You must be careful not to take 'em off, in case the mothers turn up."

"You forget, I've had some experience here."

"I hope to goodness you won't overdo." Scott's voice was unguarded.

"I'll take care of her," said Mrs. Jim, telegraphing hundred-word messages as she carried William off, while Jim gave Scott his orders for the coming campaign. It was very late—nearly nine o'clock.

"Jim, you're a brute," said his wife that night, and the Head of the Famine chuckled.

"Not a bit of it, dear. I remember doing the first Jandiala Settlement for the sake of a girl in a crinoline, and she was slender, Lizzie. I've never done as good a piece of work since. *He'll* work like a demon."

"But you might have given him one day."

"And let things come to a head now? No, dear, it's their happiest time."

"I don't believe either of the darlings knows what's the matter with them. Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it lovely?"

"Getting up at three to learn to milk; bless her heart! Oh, ye Gods, why must we grow old and fat?"

"She's a darling. She has done more work under me——"

"Under *you!* The day after she came she was in charge and you were her subordinate, and you've stayed so ever since; she manages you almost as well as you manage me."

"She doesn't, and that's why I love her. She's as direct as a man—as her brother."

"'Brother's weaker than she is. 'Always coming to me for orders, but he's honest and a glutton for work. I confess I'm rather fond of William, and if I had a daughter——"

The talk ended there. Far away in the Derajat was a child's grave more than twenty years old, and neither Jim nor his wife spoke of it any more.

"All the same you're responsible," Jim added after a moment's silence.

"Bless 'em!" said Mrs. Jim sleepily.

Before the stars paled, Scott, who slept in an empty cart, waked and went about his work in silence: it seemed at that hour unkind to rouse Faiz Ullah and the interpreter. His head being close to the ground, he did not hear William till she stood over him in the dingy old riding-habit, her eyes still heavy with sleep, a cup of tea and a piece of toast in her hands. There was a baby on the ground squirming on a piece of blanket, and a six-year-old child peered over Scott's shoulder.

"Hai, you little rip," said Scott, "how the deuce do you expect to get your rations if you aren't quiet?"

A cool white hand steadied the brat, who forthwith choked as the milk gurgled into his mouth.

"'Mornin'," said the milker. "You've no notion how these little fellows can wriggle."

"Oh, yes, I have." She whispered, because the world was asleep. "Only I feed them with a spoon or a rag. Yours are fatter than mine. And you've been doing this day after day, twice a day?" The voice was almost lost.

"Yes, it was absurd. Now you try," he said, giving place to the girl. "Look out! A goat's not a cow."

The goat protested against the amateur, and there was a scuffle in which Scott snatched up the baby. Then it was all to do over again and William laughed softly and merrily. She managed, however, to feed two babies and a third.

"Don't the little beggars take it well?" said Scott. "I trained 'em."

They were very busy and interested, when lo, it was broad daylight, and before they knew, the camp was awake, and they kneeled among the goats, surprised by the day, both flushed to the temples. Yet all the round world rolling up out of the darkness might have heard and seen all that had passed between them.

"Oh," said William unsteadily, snatching up the tea and toast, "I had this made for you. It's stone-cold now. I thought you mightn't have anything ready so early. 'Better not drink it. It's—it's stone-cold."

"That's awfully kind of you. It's just right. It's awfully good of you, really. I'll leave my kids and goats with you and Mrs. Jim, and, of course, any one in camp can show you about the milking."

"Of course," said William, and she grew pinker and pinker and statelier and more stately as she strode back to her tent, fanning herself with the saucer.

There were shrill lamentations through the camp when the elder children saw their nurse move off without them. Faiz Ullah unbent so far as to jest with the policemen, and Scott was purple with shame because Hawkins, already in the saddle, roared.

A child escaped from the care of Mrs. Jim, and running like a rabbit clung to Scott's boot; William pursuing with long, easy strides that gave the lie to the saying that "women and cows should never run."

"I will not go—I will not go!" shrieked the child, twining his feet round Scott's ankle. "They will kill me here. I do not know these people."

"I say," said Scott in broken Tamil, "I say she will do you no harm. Go with her and be well fed."

"Come!" said William panting, with a wrathful glance at Scott, who stood helpless and as it were, hamstrung.

"Go back," said Scott quickly to William. "I'll send the little chap over in a minute."

The tone of authority had its effect, but in a way Scott did not exactly intend. The boy loosened his grasp and said with gravity, "I did not know the woman was thine. I will go." Then he cried to his companions, a mob of three, four and five year olds waiting on the success of his venture ere they stampeded, "Go back and eat. It is our man's woman. She will obey his orders."

Jim collapsed where he sat. Faiz Ullah and the two policemen grinned, and Scott's orders to the cart-men began to fly like hail.

"That is the custom of the Sahib-log when truth is told in their presence," said Faiz Ullah. "The time comes that I must seek new service. Young wives, especially such as speak our language and have knowledge of the ways of the Police, make great trouble for honest butlers in the matter of weekly accounts."

What William thought of it all she did not say, but when her brother, ten days later, came to camp for orders and heard of Scott's performances, he said laughing; "Well, that settles it. "He'll be *Bakri* Scott to the end of his days." (*Bakri* in the Northern vernacular means a goat.) "What a lark! I'd have given a month's pay to have seen him nursing famine babies. I fed some with *conjee* (rice-water) but that was all right."

"It's perfectly disgusting," said his sister with blazing eyes. "A man does something like—like that—and all you other men think of is to give him an absurd nickname, and then you laugh and think it's funny."

"Ah," said Mrs. Jim sympathetically.

"Well, *you* can't talk, William. You christened little Miss Demby the Button-quail last cold weather, you know you did. India's the land of nicknames."

"That's different," William replied. "She was only a girl, and she hadn't done anything except walk like a quail, and she *does*. But it isn't fair to make fun of a man."

"Scott won't care," said Martyn. "You can't get a rise out of old Scotty. I've been trying for eight years and you've only known him for three. How does he look?"

"He looks very well," said William, and went away with a flushed cheek. "*Bakri* Scott, indeed!" Then she laughed to herself for she knew her country. "But it will be *Bakri* all the same," and she repeated it under her breath several times slowly and seemed to whisper it into favor.

When he returned to his duties on the railway Martyn spread the name far and wide among his associates, so that Scott met it as he led his paddy-carts to war. The natives believed it to be some English title of honor, and the cart-drivers used it in all simplicity, till Faiz Ullah, who did not approve of foreign japes, broke their heads.

There was very little time for milking now except at the big camps where Jim had extended Scott's idea and was feeding large flocks on the useless Northern grains. There was paddy enough now in the Eight Districts to hold the people safe if it were only distributed quickly, and for that purpose no one was better than the big Canal officer who never lost his temper, never gave an unnecessary order, and never questioned an order given. Scott pressed on, saving his cattle, washing their galled necks daily, so that no time should be lost on the road; reported himself with his rice at the minor famine-sheds, unloaded and went back light by forced night-march to the next distributing centre to find Hawkins' unvarying telegram: "Do it again." And he did it again and again, and yet again, while Jim Hawkins, fifty miles away, marked off on a big map the tracks of his wheels grid-ironing the stricken lands. Others did well—Hawkins reported at the end they all did well—but Scott was the most excellent, for he kept good coined rupees by him and paid for his own cart-repairs on the spot, and met all sorts of unconsidered extras, trusting to be recouped later on. Theoretically, the Government should have paid for every shoe and linchpin, for every hand employed in the loading; but Government vouchers cash themselves slowly, and intelligent and efficient clerks write at great length contesting unauthorized expenditures of eight annas. The man who wants to make his work a success must draw on his own bank-account of money or other things as he goes.

"I told you he'd work," said Jimmy to his wife at the end of six weeks. "He's been in sole charge of a couple of thousand men up North, on the Mosuhl Canal, and he gives one less trouble than young Martyn with his ten constables, and I'm morally certain—only our Government doesn't recognize moral obligations—he's spent about half his pay to grease his wheels. Look at this, Lizzie, for one week's work! Forty miles in two days with twelve carts; two days' halt building a famine-shed for young Rogers. (Rogers ought to have built it himself, the idiot!) Then forty miles back again, loading six carts on the way and distributing all Sunday; then in the evening he pitches in a twenty-page Demi-Official to me, saying the people where he is might be 'advantageously employed on relief work,' and suggesting that he put 'em to work on some broken-down old reservoir he's discovered, so as to have a good water supply when the Rains come. 'Thinks he can caulk the dam in a fortnight. Look at his marginal sketches—aren't they clear and good? I knew he was *pukka* (thorough) but I didn't know he was as *pukka* as this."

"I must show these to William," said Mrs. Jim. "The child's wearing herself out among the babies."

"Not more than you are, dear. Well, another two months ought to see us out of the wood. 'Sorry it's not in my power to recommend you for a V. C."

William sat late in her tent that night reading through page after page of the square handwriting, patting the sketches of proposed repairs to the reservoir and wrinkling her eyebrows over the columns of figures of estimated water supply.

"And he finds time to do all this," she cried to herself, "and—well, I also was present. I've saved one or two babies."

She dreamed for the twentieth time of the god in the golden dust and woke refreshed to feed loathsome black children, scores of them, wastrels picked up by the wayside, their bones almost breaking their skin, terrible and covered with sores.

Scott was not allowed to leave his cart work, but his letter was duly forwarded to the Government, and he had the consolation, not rare in India, of knowing that another man was reaping where he had sown. That also was discipline profitable to the soul.

"He's much too good to waste on canals," said Jimmy. "Any one can oversee coolies. You needn't be angry, William; he can—but I need my pearl among bullock-drivers and I've transferred him to the Khanda district, where he'll have it all to do over again. He should be marching now."

"He's *not* a coolie," said William furiously. "He ought to be doing his regulation work."

"He's the best man in his service, and that's saying a good deal; but if you must use razors to cut grindstones, I prefer the best cutlery."

"Isn't it almost time we saw him again?" said Mrs. Jim. "I'm sure the poor boy hasn't had a respectable meal for a month. He probably sits on a cart and eats sardines with his fingers."

"All in good time, dear. Duty before decency—wasn't it Mr. Chucks said that?"

"No, it was Midshipman Easy," William laughed. "I sometimes wonder how it will feel to dance or listen to a band again, or sit under a roof. I can't believe I ever wore a ball-frock in my life."

"One minute," said Mrs. Jim who was thinking. "If he goes to Khanda he passes within five miles of us. Of course, he'll ride in."

"Oh, no, he won't," said William.

"How do you know, dear?"

"He won't have time."

"He'll make it," said Mrs. Jim with a twinkle.

"It depends on his own judgment. There's absolutely no reason why he shouldn't if he thinks fit," said Jim.

"He won't see fit," William replied without sorrow or emotion. "It wouldn't be him if he did."

"One certainly gets to know people rather well in times like these," said Jim dryly, but William's face was serene as ever, and even as she prophesied, Scott did not appear.

The Rains fell at last, late but heavily, and the dry gashed earth was red mud, and servants killed snakes in the camp where every one was weather-bound for a fortnight—all except Hawkins, who took horse and plashed about in the wet rejoicing. Now the Government decreed that seed grain should be distributed to the people as well as advances of money for the purchase of new oxen, and the white men were doubly worked for this new duty, while William skipped from brick to brick laid down on the trampled mud, and dosed her charges with warming medicines that made them rub their little round stomachs; and the milch goats throve on the rank grass. There was never a word from Scott in the Khanda district, away to the southeast, except the regular telegraphic report to Hawkins. The rude country roads had disappeared; his drivers were half mutinous; one of Martyn's loaned policemen had died of cholera, and Scott was taking thirty grains of quinine a day to fight the fever that comes if you work hard in heavy rain; but those were things Scott did not consider necessary to report. He was, as usual, working from a base of supplies on a railway line, to cover a circle of fifteen miles radius, and since full loads were impossible he took quarter loads and toiled four times as hard by consequence, for he did not choose to risk an epidemic which might have grown uncontrollable by assembling villagers in thousands at the relief-sheds. It was cheaper to take Government bullocks, work them to death and leave them to the crows in the wayside sloughs.

That was the time when eight years of clean living and hard condition told, though a man's head were ringing like a bell from the cinchona, and the earth swayed under his feet when he stood and under his bed when he slept. If Hawkins had seen fit to make him a bullock-driver that, he thought, was entirely Hawkins' affair. There were men in the North who would know what he had done; men of thirty years' service in his own department, who would say that it was "not half bad," and above, immeasurably above, all men of all grades, there was William in the thick of the fight who would approve because she understood. He had so trained his mind that it would hold fast to the mechanical routine of the day, though his own voice sounded strange in his own ears; and his hands when he wrote grew large as pillows, or small as peas at the end of his wrists. That steadfastness bore his body to the telegraph-office at the railway station and dictated a telegram to Hawkins saying that the Khanda district was, in his judgment, now safe, and he "waited further orders."

The Madrassee telegraph-clerk did not approve of a large gaunt man falling over him in a dead faint, not so much because of the weight, as because of the names and blows that Faiz Ullah dealt him when he found the body rolled under a bench. Then Faiz Ullah took blankets and quilts and coverlets where he found them, and lay down under them at his master's side, and bound Scott's arms with a tent-rope and filled him with a horrible stew of herbs and set the policeman to fight him when he wished to escape from the intolerable heat of his coverings; and shut the door of the telegraph-office to keep out the curious, for two nights and one day; and when a light engine came down the line and Hawkins kicked in the door, Scott hailed him weakly but in a natural voice, and Faiz Ullah stood back and took all the credit.

"For two nights, Heaven-born, he was *pagal* (delirious)," said Faiz Ullah. "Look at my nose and consider the eye of the policeman. He beat us with his bound hands, but we sat upon him, Heaven-born, and though his words were *tez* (hot) we sweated him. Heaven-born never has been such a sweat! He is weaker now than a child, but the fever has gone out of him by the grace of God. There remains only my nose and the eye of the constabeel. Sahib, shall I ask for my dismissal because my Sahib has beaten me?" and Faiz Ullah laid his long thin hand carefully on Scott's chest to be sure that the fever was all gone, ere he went out to open tinned soups, and discourage such as laughed at his swelled nose.

"The district's all right," Scott whispered. "It doesn't make any difference. You got my wire? I shall be fit in a week. 'Can't understand how it happened. I shall be fit in a few days."

"You're coming into camp with us," said Hawkins.

"But, look here—but——"

"It's all over except the shouting. We sha'n't need you Punjabis any more. On my honor we sha'n't. Martyn goes back in a few weeks; Arbuthnot's returned already; Ellis and Clay are putting the last touches to a new feeder-line the Government's built as relief-work. Morten's dead—he was a Bengal man though. You wouldn't know him. 'Pon my word, you and Will—Miss Martyn—seem to have come through it as well as anybody."

"Oh, how is she, by-the-way?" The voice went up and down as he spoke.

"Going strong when I left her. The Roman Catholic Missions are adopting the unclaimed babies to turn them into little priests; the Basil Mission is taking some and the mothers are taking the rest. You should hear the little beggars howl when they're sent away from William. She's pulled down a bit, but so are we all. Now when do you suppose you'll be able to move?"

"I can't come into camp in this state. I won't," he replied pettishly.

"Well, you *are* rather a sight, but from what I gathered there it seemed to me they'd be glad to see you under any conditions. I'll look over your work here, if you like, for a couple of days, and you can pull yourself together and Faiz Ullah can feed you up."

Scott could walk in a doubtful sort of a way by the time Hawkins' inspection was ended, and he flushed all over when Jim said of his work in the district that it was "not half bad," and volunteered further that he had con-

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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 4)

sidered Scott his right-hand man through the famine and would feel it his duty to say as much officially.

So they came back by rail to the old camp but there were no crowds near it, and the long fires in the trenches were dead and black and the famine-sheds were almost empty.

"You see!" said Jim. "There isn't much more to do. I'll call you my Personal Assistant till you are fit to go North if that will ease your mind at all. 'Better ride up and see the wife. They've pitched a tent for you. Dinner's at seven: I've something to do here."

Riding at a footpace, Faiz Ullah by his stirrup, Scott came to William in the brown calico riding-habit, sitting at the dining-tent door, her hands in her lap, white as ashes, thin and worn, with no lustre in her hair. There did not seem to be a Mrs. Jim on the horizon, and all that William could say was, "My word, how pulled down you look!"

"I've had a touch of fever. You don't look very well yourself."

"Oh, I'm fit enough. We've stamped it out, I suppose you know?"

Scott nodded. "We shall all be returned in a few weeks. Hawkins told me."

"In time for Christmas, Mrs. Jim says. Sha'n't you be glad to go back? I can smell the wood smoke already"; William sniffed. "We shall be in time for all the Christmas doings. I don't suppose even the Punjab Government would be base enough to transfer Jack till the new year."

"'Seems hundreds of years ago—the Punjab and all that, doesn't it? Are you glad you came?"

"Now it's all over, yes. It has been ghastly here. You know we had to sit still and do nothing, and Sir Jim had to be away so much."

"Do nothing! How did you get on with the milking?"

"I managed it somehow—after you taught me."

Then the talk brought up with an almost audible jar. Still no Mrs. Jim.

"That reminds me, I owe you fifty rupees for the condensed milk. I thought perhaps you'd be coming here when you were transferred to the Khanda district, and I could pay you then; but you didn't."

"I passed within five miles of the camp, but it was in the middle of a march, you see, and the carts were breaking down every few minutes, and I couldn't get 'em over the ground till ten o'clock that night. I wanted to come awfully. You knew I did, didn't you?"

"I—believe—I—did," said William, facing him with level eyes. She was no longer white.

"Did you understand?"

"Why you didn't ride in? Of course, I did."

"Why?"

"Because you couldn't, of course. I knew that."

"Did you care?"

"If you had come in—but I knew you wouldn't—but if you *had*, I should have cared a great deal. You know I should."

"Thank God I didn't! Oh, but I wanted to! I couldn't trust myself to ride in front of the carts, because I kept edging 'em over here, don't you know?"

"I knew you wouldn't," said William contentedly. "Here's your fifty."

Scott bent forward and kissed the hand that held the greasy notes. Its fellow patted him awkwardly but very tenderly on the head.

"And *you* knew, too, didn't you?" said William in a new voice.

"No, on my honor, I didn't. I hadn't the—the cheek to expect anything of the kind, except . . . . I say, were you out riding anywhere the day I passed by to Khanda?"

William nodded, and smiled after the manner of an angel surprised in a good deed.

"Then it was just a speck I saw of your habit in the——"

"Palm grove on the Southern cart-road. I saw your helmet when you came up from the nullah by the temple—just enough to be sure that you were all right. D'you care?"

This time Scott did not kiss her hand for they were in the dusk of the dining-tent, and, because William's knees were trembling under her, she had to sit down in the nearest chair, where she wept long and happily, her head on her arms; and when Scott imagined that it would be well to comfort her, she needing nothing of the kind, she ran to her own tent, and Scott went out into the world and smiled upon it largely and idiotically. But when Faiz Ullah brought him a drink he found it necessary to support one hand with the other, or the good whiskey and soda would have been spilled abroad. There are fevers and fevers.

But it was worse—much worse—the strained, eye-shirking talk at dinner till the servants had withdrawn, and worst of all when Mrs. Jim, who had been on the edge of weeping from the soup down, kissed Scott and William, and they drank one whole bottle of champagne, hot, because there was no ice, and Scott and William sat outside the tent in the starlight till Mrs. Jim drove them in for fear of more fever.

Apropos of these things and some others William said: "Being engaged is abominable, because, you see, one has no official position. We must be thankful we've lots of things to do."

"Things to do!" said Jim when that was reported to him. "They're neither of them any good any more. I can't get five hours' work a day out of Scott. He's in the clouds half the time."

"Oh, but they're so beautiful to watch, Jimmy. It will break my heart when they go. Can't you do anything for him?"

"I've given the Government the impression—at least I hope I have—that he personally conducted the entire famine. But all he wants is to get on to the Luni Canal Works, and William's just as bad. Have you ever heard 'em talking of barrage and aprons and waste-water? It's their style of spooning, I suppose."

Mrs. Jim smiled tenderly. "Ah, that's in the intervals—bless 'em."

And so Love ran about the camp unrebuked in broad daylight, while men picked up the pieces and put them neatly away of the famine in the Eight Districts.

* * * * * *

Morning brought the penetrating chill of the Northern December, the layers of wood smoke, the dusty gray-blue of the tamarisks, the domes of ruined tombs and all the smell of the white Northern plains as the mail train ran on to the mile-long Sutlej Bridge. William, wrapped in a silk-embroidered sheepskin jacket trimmed with rough astrakhan, looked out with moist eyes and nostrils that dilated joyously. The South of pagodas and palm trees, the over-populated Hindu South, was done with. Here was the land she knew and loved, and before her lay the good life she understood, among folk of her own caste and mind.

They were picking them up at almost every station now—men and women coming in for the Christmas Week, with racquets, with bundles of polo-sticks, with dear and bruised cricket-bats, with fox-terriers and saddles. The greater part of them wore jackets like William's, for the Northern cold is as little to be trifled with as the Northern heat. And William was among them and of them, her hands deep in her pockets, her collar turned up over her ears, stamping her feet on the platforms as she walked up and down to get warm; visiting from carriage to carriage and everywhere being congratulated. Scott was with the bachelors at the far end of the train where they chaffed him mercilessly about feeding babies and milking goats, but from time to time he would stroll up to William's window and murmur: "Good enough, isn't it?" and William would answer with a sigh of pure delight: "Good enough, indeed." The large open names of the home towns were good to listen to. Umballa, Ludianah, Phillour, Jullundur, they rang like the coming marriage-bells in her ears, and William felt deeply and truly sorry for all strangers and outsiders—visitors, tourists and those fresh-caught for the service of the country.

It was a glorious return, and when the bachelors gave the Christmas Ball William was, unofficially, you might say, the chief and honored guest among the Stewards who could make things very pleasant for their friends. She and Scott danced nearly all the dances together and sat out the rest in the big dark gallery overlooking the superb teak floor, where the uniforms blazed and the spurs clinked and the new frocks and four hundred dancers went round and round till the draped flags on the pillars flapped and bellied to the whirl of it.

About midnight half a dozen men who did not care for dancing came over from the Club to play "Waits," and—that was a surprise the Stewards had arranged—before any one knew what had happened the band stopped and hidden voices broke into "Good King Wenceslaus," and William in the gallery hummed and beat time with her foot:

"Mark my footsteps well, my page,
Tread thou in them boldly.
Thou shalt feel the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly!"

"Oh, I hope they are going to give us another! Isn't it pretty coming out of the dark in that way? Look—look down. There's Mrs. Gregory wiping her eyes!"

"It's like Home, rather" said Scott. "I remember——"

"Hsh! Listen!—dear." And it began again:

"When shepherds watched their flocks by night—"

"A-h-h!" said William, drawing closer to Scott.

"All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'"

This time it was William that wiped her eyes.

(CONCLUSION)

THE BOLD 'PRENTICE.

By Rudyard Kipling.

On an Indian Railway.—How young Ottley earned his Locomotive.

Young Ottley's father came to Calcutta in 1857 as fireman on the first locomotive ever run by the D. I. R., our largest Indian railway. He spoke broad Yorkshire, but young Ottley, being born in India, talked the clipped singsong of half-castes and English-speaking natives. When he was fifteen years old the D. I. R. took him into their service as an apprentice in the locomotive repair department of the Ajaibpore workshops, and he became one of a gang of three or four white men and nine or ten natives.

There were scores of such gangs, each with its hoisting and overhead cranes, jack-screws, vices and lathes, and their work was to mend locomotives and make the apprentices behave. But the apprentices threw screw-nuts at one another, chalked caricatures of unpopular foremen on buffer-bars and discarded boilers, and did as little as they could.

They were nearly all sons of old employés, living with their parents in the white bungalows of Steam Road or Church Road or Albert Road—the broad avenues of pounded brick bordered by palms and crotons and bamboos and bougainvilleas that made up the railway town of Ajaibpore. They had never seen the sea or a steamer; half their talk was made up of native slang; they were all volunteers in the D. I. R.'s railway corps,—gray with red facings,—and their talk was exclusively about the company.

They all hoped to become engine-drivers earning eighteen hundred dollars a year, and therefore they despised the clerks in the stores and audit and traffic departments, and ducked them when they met at the company's swimming-baths.

There were no strikes or tie-ups on the D. I. R., for the reason that the ten or twelve thousand natives and two or three thousand whites were doing their best to turn the company's employ into a caste in which their sons and relatives would be sure of positions and pensions. Everything in India crystallizes into a caste sooner or later—the big jute and cotton mills, the leather harness and opium factories, the coal-mines and the dockyards, till by the third or fourth generation the heads of these concerns control not only cheap labor but inherited instincts which no money can buy. Later on, when India begins to be heard from as the manufacturing country of the world, the labor unions of other lands will learn something about the beauty of caste which will greatly interest them.

Those were the days when the D. I. R. decided that it would be cheaper to employ native drivers as much as possible, and the "sheds," as they called the repair department, felt the change acutely; for a native driver could misuse his engine more curiously than any six monkeys. The company had not then unified its rolling-stock, and this was very good for apprentices anxious to learn, because there were perhaps twenty types of locomotives in use. They were Hawthornes, E types, O types, outside cylinders, Spaulding and Cushman double-enders and short-run continental-built tank engines for the most part, but the native drivers burned them all out impartially, and the apprentices took to writing remarks in Bengali in the cab where the next driver would be sure to see them.

Young Ottley worked with the others, but his father, as an old pensioned driver, taught him a great deal about the insides of locomotives; and Olaf Swanson, the red-headed Swede who ran the government mail, the big Thursday express, from Serai Rajgara to Guldee Haut, was a friend of the Ottley family, and dined with them every Friday night.

He was an important person, for besides being the best of the mail drivers, he was past master of the big railway lodge, "St. Duncan's in the East," secretary of the Drivers' Provident Association, captain in the D. I. R. Volunteer Corps, and an author.

He had written a book in what he called English, and printed it at his own expense in the ticket-printing work.

Some of the copies were buff and green, and some were pink and blue, and some were yellow and brown; for Olaf liked cheapness, and wrapping-paper was very cheap. It was called "The Art of Road Locos Repair, or the Young Drivers' Wademecome," and was dedicated to a man of the name of Swedenborg.

It covered every conceivable accident that could happen to an engine on the road, and gave a rough and ready remedy; but you had to understand Olaf's English, as well as all the technical talk about engines, to make head or tail of it, and you had also to know personally every engine on the D. I. R., for the "Wademecome" was full of what might be called "locomotive allusions."

Olaf was immensely proud of it, and would pin young Ottley in a corner and make him learn whole pages—it was written question and answer fashion—by heart.

"Never mind what she means," Olaf would shout. "You learn word perfect, and she shall help you in the sheds. I drive the mail,—*the* mail of all India,—and what I say it is true."

"But I do not wish to learn the book," said young Ottley, who thought he saw quite enough of engines in business hours.

"You shall learn! I haf great friendship for your father, and so I shall teach you if you like or not."

Young Ottley submitted, for he was really fond of Olaf, and at the end of six months' teaching in Olaf's peculiar way began to see that the "Wademecome" was a very valuable help in the repair sheds, when broken-down locomotives of a new type came in. Olaf gave him a copy bound in cartridge paper and hedged round the margins with square-headed manuscript notes, each line the result of years of experience and accidents.

"There is nothing in this book," said Olaf, "that I have not tried in my time, and I say the engine is like the body of a man. So long as there is steam,—the life, you see,—so long, if you know, you can make her move a little—so!" He waggled his hand slowly. "Till a man is dead, or the engine she is at the bottom of a river, you can do something with her. Remember that. I say it and I know."

He repaid young Ottley's time and attention by using his influence to get him made a sergeant in his corps, and young Ottley, being a keen volunteer and a good shot, stood well with the company in the matter of casual leave. When repairs were light in the sheds and the honor of the company was to be upheld at some far-away station against the men of Agra and Bandikui, the narrow-gage railway towns of the west, young Ottley would contrive to get away.

A 'prentice never dreams of paying his fare on any line, least of all when he is in uniform, and young Ottley was practically as free of the Indian railway system as any member of the supreme legislative council who wears a golden general pass on his watch-chain and can ride where he wishes.

Late in the September of his nineteenth year he went north on one of these cup-hunting excursions, elegantly and accurately dressed, with one-eighth of one inch of white collar showing above his gray uniform stock, and his Martini-Henry rifle polished to match his sergeant's sword in the rack above him.

The rains were out, and in India that means a good deal to the railways; for the rain falls for three months till the whole country is one sea, and the snakes take refuge on the embankment, and the racing floods puff out the brick ballast from under the iron ties, and leave the rails hanging in graceful loops. Then the trains run as they can, and the permanent-way inspectors spend their nights flourishing about in trolleys,—what you call hand-cars,—and everybody is covered with the fire-red rash of prickly heat.

Young Ottley was used to these things from his birth, and all he regretted was that his friends along the line were so draggled and dripping and sulky that they could not appreciate his gorgeousness; for he considered himself very consoling to behold when he cocked his helmet over one eye and puffed native-made cigar smoke through his nostrils. Until night fell he read the works of G. W. R. Reynolds, which are sold on all the railway bookstalls.

Then he found they were changing engines at Guldee Haut, and old Rustomjee, a Parsee, was the new driver, with Number Forty in hand. Young Ottley took the opportunity to go forward and tell Rustomjee exactly what they thought of him in the sheds, where the 'prentices had been repairing some of his carelessness in the way of a dropped crown sheet, I think they called it.

Rustomjee said he had bad luck with engines, and young Ottley went back to his carriage and slept. He was waked by a bang, a bump and a stop, and saw on the opposite bunk a subaltern who was travelling north with a detachment of some twenty English soldiers.

"What's that?" said the subaltern.

"Rustomjee has blown her up, perhaps," said young Ottley, and dropped out into the wet, the subaltern at his heels. There he found Rustomjee sitting by the side of the line, nursing a scalded foot and crying aloud that he was a dead man, while the gunner-guard—he is a kind of conductor—looked respectfully at the roaring, hissing engine.

"What has happened?" said young Ottley, by the light of the gunner-guard's lantern.

"*Phut gya* (She has gone smash)," said Rustomjee.

"Without doubt; but where?"

"*Khuda jahta*. God knows. I am a poor man. Number Forty is broke."

Young Ottley jumped into the cab and turned off all the steam he could find, for there was a good deal escaping. Then he took the lantern and dived under the drive-wheels, where he lay face up, investigating among spurts of hot water.

"Doocid plucky," said the subaltern. "I shouldn't like to do that myself. What's gone wrong?"

"Cylinder head blown off, coupler-rod twisted, and several more things. She is very badly wrecked. Oah yes, she is a tottal wreck," said young Ottley, between the spokes of the right-hand driver.

"Doocid awkward," said the subaltern, turning up his coat collar in the wet. "What's to be done?"

Young Ottley came out, a rich black all over his red and gray uniform, and drummed on his teeth with his finger-nails, while the rain fell and the native passengers shouted questions, and old Rustomjee told the gunner-guard to walk back seven or eight miles and wire for help.

"I cannot swim," said the gunner-guard. "Go and lie down."

All Indian railways are worked on the absolute block system, which means safety; and the notion of sending a man, who might die, with a lantern, which might blow out, to stop a train which might not care to be stopped, is not well seen.

"Olaf Swanson will be at Serai Rajgara with the mail. He will be angry," said young Ottley. Then he dived under the engine again with a flare-lamp and sat cross-legged, like a Hindoo idol, considering things and wishing he had the "Wademecome" in his valise.

Number Forty was an old reconstructed Mutiny engine, with Frenchified cock-nosed cylinders and a profligate allowance of underpinning. She had been through the sheds several times, and young Ottley had heard much about her, but nothing to her credit.

"You can lend me some men?" he said at last to the subaltern. "Then I think we shall disconnect her this side and perhaps, notwithstanding, she will move. We will try."

"Of course we will. Hi! Sergeant!" said the subaltern. "Turn out your men here and do what this—this officer tells you."

"Officer!" said one of the privates, under his breath. "Didn't think I ever 'listed to serve under a sergeant o' volunteers. Come on, men. 'Ere's an 'orrible street accident. Looks like mother's teakettle broke. What d'yer expect us to do, Mister Sergeant?"

Young Ottley explained his plan of campaign while he was ravaging Rustomjee's tool-chest, and then the men crawled and knelt and pushed and levered and hauled and turned spanners under the engine, as young Ottley told them. What he wanted was to disconnect the right cylinder altogether, and get off a badly-twisted coupler-rod. Practically Number Forty's right side was paralyzed, and they pulled out enough iron-mongery to build a culvert with.

Young Ottley knew his instructions were all in the "Wademecome," but even he began to feel a little alarmed as he saw what came away from the engine and was stacked by the side of the line. After forty minutes of the hardest kind of work it seemed to him that everything was clear, and he might venture to give her steam. She leaked at every pore, but she moved,—moved as though every foot would be her last,—and the soldiers cheered.

Rustomjee flatly refused to help in anything so revolutionary as driving a locomotive on one cylinder, because, he said, heaven had decreed that he should always be unlucky, even with sound machines. Moreover, as he pointed out, the pressure-gage was jumping up and down like a bottle imp. The stoker had long since gone away into the night, for he was a prudent man.

"Doocid queer thing altogether," said the subaltern; "but look here, if you like I'll chuck on the coals and you can drive the old jigamaroo, if she'll move."

"Perhaps she will blow up," said the gunner-guard.

"Shouldn't at all wonder. Where's the shovel?" said the subaltern.

"Oah no. She's all raight according to the book, I think," said young Ottley. "Now we will go to Serai Rajgara—if she moves."

She moved with a long *sssghee! sssghee!* of exhaustion. She moved at least seven miles an hour, and—for the floods were all over the line—the voyage began.

The subaltern stoked four shovels to the minute, spreading them thin, and Number Forty made noises like a dying cow, and young Ottley discovered that it was one thing to run a healthy switching-locomotive up and down the yards for fun, and quite another to drive a very sick one over an unknown road

"She has gone smash!"

in absolute darkness and pouring rain. But they felt their way along with their hearts in their mouths till they came to a distant signal, and whistled frugally, having no steam to spare.

"That might be Serai Rajgara," said young Ottley, hopefully.

"Looks like the Suez Canal with a steamer in it," said the subaltern. "I say, when an engine kicks up that sort of noise she's a little impatient, isn't she?"

"That sort of noise" was a full-powered, furious yelling whistle half a mile up the line.

"That is the down mail," said young Ottley. "We have delayed Olaf two hours and forty-five minutes. She must surely be in Serai Rajgara."

"Don't wonder she wants to get out of it," said the subaltern. "Golly, what a country!"

The line was under water, and young Ottley sent the gunner-guard on to find the points—what you call the switch—and let Number Forty into the siding. Then he followed and drew up with a doleful *wop! wop! wop!* by the side of the great forty-five-ton, six-wheel coupled, eighteen-inch inside cylinder Number Twenty-five, all chocolate and lemon and lacquer, standing at the head of the down mail.

Olaf's red beard flared from the cab like a danger-signal, and as soon as they were within range some knobby pieces of Giridih coal whizzed past young Ottley's head.

"Your friend mad?" said the subaltern, ducking.

"Aah! You fat Parsee pig," roared Olaf. "This is the fifth time you make delay. Three hours' delay you make me—Swanson—the mail! Now I will lose more time to break your head." He swung on to the footplate of Number Forty.

"Olaf!" cried young Ottley, and Olaf nearly tumbled backward. "Rustomjee is behind."

"Of course. He is always. But you? How you come here?"

"Oah, we smashed up. I have disconnected her and arrived on one cylinder, by the book. We are only a—a diagram of an engine, I think."

"My book! My very good book. The 'Wademecome!' Ottley, you are a fine driver. I forgive my delays. It was worth. Oh, my book! My book!" and Olaf leaped back to Number Twenty-five, shouting things about Mr. Swedenborg and steam.

"That is all right," said young Ottley; "but where is Serai Rajgara? We want assistance."

"There is no Serai Rajgara. The water is five feet down the embankment, and the telegraph office has fell in. I will report at Purnool Road. Good night, good boy!"

The mail train splashed out into the dark, and Ottley made great haste to let off all steam and draw the fire. Number Forty had done enough for that night.

"Odd chap, that friend of yours," said the subaltern, when Number Forty stood empty and disarmed in the gathering waters. "What do we do now? Swim?"

"Oah no. At ten forty-five this morning that is coming, an engine will perhaps arrive from Purnool Road and take us north. Now we will go and lie down and sleep. You see there is no Serai Rajgara. You could get a cup of tea here once on a time."

"O my aunt, what a country!" said the subaltern, as he followed Ottley to the carriage and lay down on the leather bunk.

For the next three weeks Olaf Swanson talked of nothing but his "Wademecome" and young Ottley. What he said about his book does not matter, but the compliments of a mail-driver are things to be repeated, as they were, to people high in authority, the masters of many engines. So young Ottley was sent for, and he came from the sheds wondering which of his sins had been found out this time.

It was a loop line near the Ajaibpore, where he could by no possibility come to harm. It was light but steady traffic and a first-class superintendent was in charge, but it was a driver's billet, to be made permanent after six months. As a new engine was ordered for the loop the foreman of the sheds told young Ottley he might look through the stalls and suit himself.

He waited till Olaf came in, one week's end, and the two went off together, old Olaf clucking, "Look! Look! Look!" like a hen, and they chose a nearly new Hawthorne, No. 239, that Olaf recommended. Then Olaf went away, to give young Ottley his chance to order her to the cleaning-pit, and jerk his thumb driver-fashion at the cleaner and say, as he turned magnificently on his heel, "Thursday, eight o'clock. Understand?"

That was almost the proudest moment of his life. The proudest was when he pulled out of Atami Junction through the brickfields on the way to his loop, and passed the down mail, with Olaf in the cab.

They say in the sheds that you could have heard Number Two hundred and thirty-nine's whistle from Raneegunge clear to Calcutta.

Household Words is responsible for the following about Mr. Kipling: "Recently he sold a book to his publisher at a rate that worked out to a shilling a word. The publication of this fact came under the notice of a Fleet Street humorist, who, 'for the fun of the thing,' wrote to the author saying that, as wisdom seems to be quoted at retail prices, he himself would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling postal order. The reply came in due course; Mr. Kipling had kept the shilling postal order, and politely returned (written on a large sheet of paper) the word 'Thanks!'"

A Book P...

Dec 1895

of Mr. Will Bradley, of the Wayside Press, Springfield, Mass. It is worth having, as a curiosity.

❀

We understand that Mr. Kipling declined payment from the *Times* for his poems "Our Lady of the Snows" and "The Recessional." His reason was that he would not take payment for patriotic poems. He sent to the *Times* after the appearance of "The Recessional" a poem entitled "The Destroyers," which described the action of torpedoes. For this he would have accepted the usual honorarium, but the editor of the *Times* considered that it would clash with the fine and stately piece of verse which had gone before it, and it was not accepted.

❀

At the close of an unsigned article on "Lord Tennyson" in the November *Blackwood*, the present position in the realm of poetry is described as not dissimilar from that in which Christopher North found himself five-and-sixty years ago. With a silence of indifference regarding the present Laureate, which casts a withering contempt on Lord Salisbury's sad blunder, the writer passes from the pre-eminent poets who have left us—Mr. Swinburne alone survives—to Mr. Kipling as the repository of our secret hopes. "We venture to predict that English poetry will be permanently enriched by Mr. Kipling's pen more signally than by that of any other living writer." True, he has made us wince under "a thousand needless flippancies, a thousand gratuitous deviations from good taste." His almost diabolical cleverness and dangerous versatility, and the fine qualities conspicuous in the "Flag of England" thrill us with shocks of delight and admiration, but it is not upon these we build our hopes. "We turn to that memorable 'Recessional,' which alone of all the poems that have appeared since the late Laureate's death made an instantaneous and a deep impression on the public intellect and conscience; and, unless we mistake the matter, there we find precisely that nobility of sentiment, that weight, that sense of responsibility with which the finest of Lord Tennyson's patriotic effusions were indelibly stamped, and which that poet must needs possess in full measure who aspires to be called great."

❀

We are tempted here to quote a passage from an article by Mr. James Lane Allen in the October *Atlantic*, apropos of Mr. Kipling's poem "Recessional," "probably his noblest and most enduring poetic achievement," says Mr. Allen. The analysis which follows shows upon what a strong basis the critic in *Blackwood's* builds his claim for Kipling's succession to Tennyson:

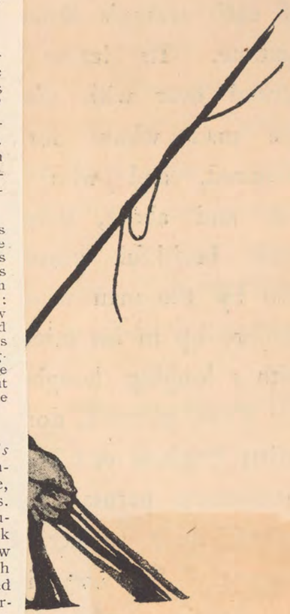
> "It is virile—nothing that he ever wrote is more so; yet is refined—as little else that he has ever written is. It is strong, but it is equally delicate. It is massive as a whole; it is in every line just as graceful. It is large enough to compass the scope of the British Empire: it creates this immensity by the use of a few small details. It may be instantly understood and felt by all men in its obviousness; yet it is so rare that he alone of all the millions of Englishmen could even think of writing it. The new, vast prayer of it rises to the Infinite; but it rises from the ancient sacrifice of a contrite heart."

❀

Mr. Merriman's novel *In Kedar's Tents*, which is concluded in this number, and is reviewed on another page, has met with instantaneous success. No previous novel published by this author has been received with such quick appreciation. Published only a few weeks ago, it is now in its fourteenth thousand. In his new novel, entitled *Roden's Corner*, Mr. Merriman has further extended his widely travelled itinerary by placing the scenes for the most part in the Hague. The Messrs. Harper, who published *The Sowers*, have secured this story as a leading serial for their magazine, beginning in January. *Roden's Corner* will afterward be issued in book form by the same firm next autumn.

❀

The Federal Judge, by Charles K. Lush, a first novel by a new writer, has gone into a second edition within a few weeks of its publication, and the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, report a steadily increasing demand for the book. *The Federal Judge* is a good story, but it seems to us it would make a better play with W. H. Crane as the honest, rugged old judge. Again, when we think of the dramatic value of the railway magnate's part, Richard Mansfield in *Doctor Jekyll*



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Words by
Rudyard Kipling

"She has gone smas

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RUDYARD KIPLING.

Of the portrait of the Queen, when it first appeared in the *New Review*, Mr. Joseph Pennell wrote in the London *Daily Mail:* "The portrait truly is a masterpiece of its kind, for it reveals: the sitter with character; . . . the artist with a point of view of his own, Mr. Nicholson having had eyes to see for himself, without the aid of dull camera or the spectacles of other men." And Mr. Whistler has characterised Mr. Nicholson as one of the greatest artists that England has produced since Hogarth. Mr. Russell also publishes an alphabet with a colour plate for each letter, and an *Almanac of Twelve Sports for 1898*, with colour prints reproduced in Mr. Nicholson's original method. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we understand, has written a set of verses to accompany the pictures of the latter.

❀

The most attractive holiday catalogue of the season is issued by Mr. R. H. Russell, of New York, and is the work

Then he followed and drew up with a doleful *wop! wop! wop!* by the side of the great forty-five-ton, six-wheel coupled, eighteen-inch inside cylinder Number Twenty-five, all chocolate and lemon and lacquer, standing at the head of the down mail.

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Dec 1898

A Book P

An Almanac of twelve Sports

By William Nicholson

Words by

Rudyard Kipling

An Almanac of Twelve Sports for 1898

Will be published in November 1897

IN THREE EDITIONS

1. *The Popular Edition.* Lithographed in Colours, on stout Cartridge Paper, 12½ × 10 inches. Price 2s. 6d.
2. *The Library Edition* (Limited). Lithographed in Colours, on Japanese Vellum ; Cloth. Price 10s. 6d. net.
3. *The Edition de Luxe* (Limited). Printed from the Original Wood-blocks. Hand-coloured, and signed by the Artist. Price to Subscribers £8 8s. net, to be raised on publication to £12 12s. net.

THE unpublished verses by Rudyard Kipling on the Immortality of the Soul will, according to *The Critic*, shortly appear in print. They were quoted a few weeks ago by a Passionist Father in a church in Rome much frequented by English visitors.

MR. KIPLING'S SPORTIVE MUSE.

When Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Kipling set out to make a book, they evidently had posterity in mind. They seem to have sought to make a book which future generations of book collectors would bring out with the remark : "Now, here is a curious thing. It is a piece of foolery by two clever men, made in the end of the nineteenth century, when eccentricities were rife. Kipling you know, of course. He wrote excellent poetry, some short stories with the marks of genius, and some very vulgar ones. Nicholson might have been a famous portrait painter if the craze for making rough advertisements had not swept over the young men in his day. Now listen to this, and imagine its having been seriously published over the name of the man who wrote the 'Recessional' of Queen Victoria's last jubilee ;" and then he will read some of Mr. Kipling's verse.

If you expect your grandchildren to be collectors, by all means buy Messrs. Kipling and Nicholson's "Almanac of Sports."

Mr. Nicholson is the young man who has been making the series of portraits of famous people for the *Review of Reviews*. He was one of the "Biggerstaff Brothers," who made themselves well known as poster artists.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(From the Northern Capital.)

In the dim dawnlight of the waking world, when life in blindness wrought,
And savage tribes in the uncleared land for food and freedom fought;
There rose a singer among the clans, in the glare of the desert sun,
And he found his home wherever he strayed—for he knew that life is One.

He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor—he sat at the board of kings;
He tasted the toil of the burdened slave, and the joy that triumph brings;
But whether to jungle or palace hall or white-walled tent he came,
He was brother to king and soldier and slave—his welcome was the same.

* * * * * *

There has risen a singer out of the east, in the clatter and chatter and strife;
The babble of markets and blur of print the turmoil men call Life.
He came to the task that was set for him; and scarce was that work begun
When he knew that the world is a-building yet—and the power that builds is One.

He knew by the spirit's countersign that Teuton and Celt and Greek,
Kafir and Pathan and Rajput king, the self-same language sepeak.
Face to face he has talked with each—they have given him of their best,
He has made his home on the sea and the land, and brought the East to the West.

O singer of men and the hearts of men, you have called the soul by name,
You have followed its path through the changing world. Is it not forever the same?
And whether you travel to Northern snows, or the Southern sea and sun,
You will find, as you found in the ages past, that the heart of the world is One.

1870

THE ILLUSTRATOR who is attracting the most attention in London to-day is Mr. William Nicholson. I have the honor to present his portrait herewith, done by his own hand. It is taken by the kind permission of Mr. R. H. Russell from the Nicholson "Alphabet," of which he is the publisher. There have been no more artistic books published this year than the two volumes of Mr. Nicholson's work, the "Alphabet" and "An Almanac of Twelve Sports," the latter with Mr. Kipling's verses. The lines are not remarkable in any way, but they show Mr. Kipling in a new rôle, and Mr. Kipling in any rôle is sure to be interesting. Mr. Nicholson's illustrations, which are printed in color, are very effective. I sincerely hope that this unique illustrator will not have a host of imitators, now that his success is established. Imitation Nicholsons would be intolerable.

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ON the authority of C. K. S. in the *Illustrated London News*, we may state that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has completed a new novel, entitled *The Burning of the "Sarah Sands,"* which is described as "a stirring historical tale of maritime adventure." The title itself is stirring enough, as Mr. Kipling's titles are apt to be.

Academy Jan 29/98

We understand that Mr. Kipling proposes to stay in South Africa for four months, and that he means to take a holiday, and do no literary work of any kind. He will be accompanied by his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling.

It has now been arranged that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories shall not be published, as at first contemplated, in the spring of next year. The book will be held over until September or October. The volume will contain, amongst other stories, "Bread Upon the Waters," and that delightful "beast" story, "The Maltese Cat." We have always felt that had "The Maltese Cat" been a jungle beast, this story would have taken a very prominent place in one or other of the "Jungle Books."

281 **KIPLING (Rudyard)** ECHOES, by Two Writers.—*Lahore*: "*The Civil and Military Gazette*" *Press*, 1884, 12mo, *in the* ORIGINAL WRAPPERS. THE SCARCEST OF ALL KIPLING'S WRITINGS. £35

282 **KIPLING (Rudyard)** DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES AND OTHER VERSES, *Lahore*, 1886, FIRST EDITION; *next after the "Echoes"* THE RAREST OF ALL KIPLING'S WORKS, narrow 8vo, ORIGINAL WRAPPERS WITH OVER-FLAP, GOOD COPY £20

Punch's "Animal Land" continues to be very funny. Abandoning politicians, for the time being, at any rate, the witty zoologist who is responsible for the series comes this week to literature and art. We have the Zolafite, the Trimmadome or Willirich (Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A.), and the Ruddikipple, with appropriate cuts by the ingenious Mr. Reed. The Zolafite is thus described:

"This Animal is very bold and currageous. He is very clever at his work but he gets very broad in places. The lower down things are the harder he tries to get them out. The Troof is buried very deep just now and that is what he is looking for. So they are all dancing with rage and say he is a Itallian."

And this is the account of the Ruddikipple, whose name we need hardly translate:

"This little Animal is very strong and viggrous and knows everything. If anybody tries to beat it it brings out a fresh tail and then nobody can't touch that either. It stirs everbody up so it would make a pew-opener want to die for his country. If a Lorryit shews his nose it just squashes him flat."

Punch has rarely had a better idea, and it is being worked out admirably. Rumour has it that the new Buffon is Mr. Seaman.

Probably no one will experience greater surprise than Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the extraordinary price paid for a copy of the "Echoes." With the usual fate which dogs the first attempts of unknown writers, this booklet was let go unheeded, and now it is very scarce, but even then £33 10s. is a long price to pay for a work so comparatively juvenile in the world of letters. To dismiss the matter as a mere question of scarcity hardly disposes of the whole question, for it has the wider significance of pointing to a tendency which is every day becoming more widespread. Few now think of following Heber in his omnivorous gatherings. The ideal of the modern book-collector is to have at least one section in his library complete, with such other additions as may be necessary to add a graceful or an intellectual fringe. It would be impossible to say how many are "collecting" Kipling, but the above price, taken in conjunction with an advertisement put out by a well-known London editor for a copy of a journal, some years old, containing a first print of a Kipling ballad, seems to indicate that their number, if small, is very eager.

benefits which that civilization brings in its wake.

Hymn Before Action.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath;
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path!
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles aid!

From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein—
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and deserving
To taste Thy lesser death!

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

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

230 **KIPLING** (Rudyard) Departmental Ditties, and other Verses, being a supplementary volume to, and uniform with, the *Edition de Luxe*, 8vo, *cloth*, 1898, issue strictly limited to 1050 copies 10s 6d

The above volume will be absolutely necessary to make sets of the beautiful Edition de Luxe complete. It is expected to be ready for delivery in August, and early application is requested in order to secure copies.

From MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd. 29 and 30, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C. London, Aug 26 1897.

In reply to your postcard we write to say that letters addressed to Mr Rudyard Kipling c/o Messrs A. P. Watt & Son Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, will reach their destination.

W. THACKER & Co.,

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PUBLISHERS NOTE TO THE NINTH EDITION.

It is now some years since the first edition of "Departmental Ditties"—a small volume of about 70 pages—was published in Calcutta, and it at once met with a favourable reception. Other Verses have been added from time to time, until the present Volume contains nearly twice the number of Poems in the original edition.

Sir WILLIAM HUNTER writing in the "Academy" (1887), said "His Book gives hope of a new Literary Star of no mean magnitude rising in the East." That Sir WM. HUNTER was correct in his forecast is proved by the wonderful popularity achieved by the "Poet of the things that are," not only in the East, but throughout all English speaking countries.

The spirited illustrations specially drawn by MR. DUDLEY CLEAVER *should add to the value of the book.*

PRESS OPINIONS.

"They will suffer little by comparison with the best work of Praed or Locker. 'Departmental Ditties' proper are followed by an anthology of 'other verses,' possessing a variety and a charm which it would be difficult to praise too highly."—*Englishman.*

"Mr. Kipling knows and appreciates the English in India, and is a man of humour into the bargain. He is also singularly versatile and equally at home in humour and pathos; while neither quality is ever quite absent from his poems . . . it would be hard to find better reading."—*Saturday Review.*

"As for that terrible, scathing piece, 'The Story of Uriah,' we know of nothing with which to compare it, and one cannot help the wretched feeling that it is true . . . . 'In Spring Time' is the most pathetic lament of an exile we know in modern poetry."—*Graphic.*

2 CREED LANE, LONDON, E.C.

238 **KIPLING** (Rudyard). *Rare First Edition.* PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS, the Original issue, 8vo, *original cloth*, CALCUTTA, 1888, a spotless copy, being as fresh as on the day of issue, but as usual a few slight weevil holes are present, EXCEEDINGLY RARE £4 10s

KIPLING'S POETRY, SO FAR.

One volume of the "Outward Bound" edition of Mr. Kipling's collected 'Works' contains all the verse, written before 1897, which he cares to preserve. The product of this poet up to his thirty-second year invites and, of course, has had many comments; but perhaps it has not been remarked in detail how unique has been the poetical activity of Mr. Kipling in his young manhood; how few of the marks of the poetry of youth are to be found in his verse, so far.

One of the surest of those marks (it has been a mark of the youthful writing of great poetical geniuses) is a ready sensitiveness to "the beautiful dallying of earth and heaven." An alert receptivity to impressions from the natural world, and an impulse to interpret the phases of that world with more or less penetrating power of insight and natural magic of language—these are of the very essence of the temperament and of the work of young poets. It is true of the typical young poet, as it was of Wordsworth on his own confession:

> "To her fair works did Nature link
> The human soul that through me ran."

You have only to turn to the earliest poems of Tennyson, of Browning, of Lowell, to find the verification of this truth leaping to catch the eye from almost every page. The "Lover's Tale" of Tennyson was written in his nineteenth year, and survives in print against his judgment; but one soon discovers from it that the poet's "March of life" was filled with

> "——earliest violets
> And lavish carol of clear-throated larks."

His soul was drawn to

> "——the rising of the sun,
> The lucid chambers of the morning star,"

and he delighted in glorious mornings when Mercury

> "——would have flung himself
> From cloud to cloud, and swum with balanced wings
> To some tall mountain."

Browning's "Pauline," written when he was twenty, already hinted that the mind of man and not the external world was to be his permanent inspiration, but there are in it such touches as

> "——one warm morn when winter
> Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first breath
> Blew soft from the moist hills."

Even Lowell, who was not early prolific in felicities of natural description, gives us in his "Summer Storm" (dating from his twentieth year) this bit of sure observation clothed in vivid phrase:

> "On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
> Soak up the sunshine."

Now it is certainly curious that the 360 pages of Mr. Kipling's poetry will not yield three lines of just the suggestive quality of those that have been quoted. It is not that he is unconscious of Nature, but the human soul that through him runs is not linked to her fair works; he is not brooding in her presence or plastic before her touch; for him, Nature is the necessary scene and setting of rude and striving human passion, and little more. The fallacy that man finds his mood given back to him by Nature is not pathetic in Kipling, because it does not exist in him. The very images under which he renders his infrequent observations of natural phenomena indicate the subordinate part Nature plays in his verse. Take this, for example, from "The Last Suttee":

> "All night the red flame stabbed the sky
> With wavering, wind-tossed spears."

It is accurate, it bites in the fact; but the murderous metaphor bespeaks a writer absorbed in the play of brute force and crime. The instance is characteristic of Kipling. There is nothing in him of the contemplative spirit. He rides reeking over the plains, and sails the seas chafed and angry, here and there affixing an epithet as he goes, but too impatient to wait for Nature's oracles. They are not given to those who travel express.

This deficiency, this peculiarity, whatever it be called, gives Mr. Kipling a distinct place among poets of his years. The usual order is, natural grace of manner first, delicate fancies to begin with, afterwards the deeper breath, the firmer tread. Grace may live to put on strength, but can strength without grace acquire it? Mr. Aldrich (to put a case) in a juvenile poem wrote:

> "The lily swung its noiseless bell;
> And on the porch the slender vine
> Held out its cups of fairy wine."

Nothing so good of the kind is to be found in all Kipling; yet his verse undoubtedly gives an impression of native power greater than anything yielded by Mr. Aldrich's later poetry. Whether, having the power, Kipling will win the grace, he would be a rash prophet who should predict.

To pursue this matter one step further, test Mr. Kipling in his attitude towards the sea. Here is an aspect of nature on which he has written more freely, or less sparingly, than upon any other. But what is the sea as pictured in his poems? It is the "pathway to the ends of all the Earth," which the Lord our God Most High "hath smote for us." It is the sea, "still unfed," that calls English adventurers. It is the great brute thing that

> "——broke his teeth along my rail,
> And, roaring, swung behind again."

It is needless to multiply citations. And it is needless, too, as it would be cruel, to set over against this Kipling version of the sea such pictures of its sublimity, its mystery, its mirroring of the soul of man, as Tennyson in his maturity drew. But in Kipling's own style of sea-ballad, one has only to think of Coleridge in lines like these:

> "The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
> At one stride comes the dark";

and the difference between the magic touch and sheer strength comes at once to light.

The search in Kipling for the other themes and notes characteristic of poets not yet in the middle pathway of life may be made briefer, as there is less to find. He has almost nothing about love. What was said of Ben Jonson may be said of Kipling—he "never writes of love, or if he does, does it not naturally." He has, to be sure, his soldier light-o'-love who, like his own "'ousemaids outer Chelsea,"

> ——"talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?"

He gives us a glimpse or two of fierce Oriental passion. He has one picture ("The Miracles") of an Englishman using "all the resources of civilization," as the Anarchists say—ocean cable, fast steamer, express train—to send or carry a message to the "She" who was

> "Among ten million one."

But it cannot be said that even those "love-poems for beginners" which the sighing youth asked the bookseller for in *Fliegende Blätter*, are to be found in Kipling. Put him beside Keats, and he appears a tongueless nightingale.

Comparison yields similar results if we ask whether Kipling is ever aflame with a sense of social injustice, like Shelley, or pierced with the pain and mystery of life, like Clough. These, too, are among his blank chapters. His religious philosophy, so far as he reveals any, is mostly as harum-scarum as that of a Miracle Play. The latter's conception of God is marked by no more frank familiarity than his, if we except (and it is a weighty exception) his "Recessional." In "The Last Chantey" the Deity appears a being fully as jovial as the sailors to whom he gave back their sea. And Kipling's picture of those who

> ——"fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world,"

rising to their feet "gentlemen unafraid," as the Lord God comes into their Eden, irresistibly reminds one of the French nobleman whom God was to think twice before damning.

To dwell thus upon the things which Mr. Kipling so strangely lacks is not to overlook or disparage the things in which he is rich. Upon these there is happily no need to insist, for they have won instant and universal recognition. His songs of soldier life are inimitable in vivid accuracy, savage humor, and unexpected pathos. Adventure by land or sea, the heroic suddenly thrust through the commonplace of life, stirs his blood and sets his ballads leaping. He is preeminently the poet of British Imperialism—Laureate of the English people of to-day by divine right. When in his own vein, his vigor and intensity are unrivalled, and make one pardon, temporarily, rough workmanship, the frequent perverse choice of a hampering metre, and untrimmed exuberance. Mr. Kipling has more than once shown that he is a discriminating critic of himself, and is doubtless perfectly aware that if he is to prove worthy ultimately of a place among the great English poets, he must put both heart and pen to school. Let his strength put on beauty, let his range extend, let him learn how to scrutinize the soul with as fatal an eye as he has for alien forms of life, and to create anew for men what he sees there with as vivifying an imagination—and the future is his.

---

after my literary income had got well into the four figures.'"

A SONG OF STEAM.

Mr. Kipling has got to that bigness of fame where he looks almost threatening, says Current Literature. So strong is his individuality and so distinct is his note that we are beginning to think of all his qualities as strictly his own, whether they are as old as the hills or not. This has been the case with many another great writer; he absorbs into his own personality many qualities that may be borrowed from, or merely similar to, the qualities of some predecessor, but which are forthwith credited to the later and greater man, while the humble original sinks into oblivion. Two minor American poets seem likely to suffer by the overweening greatness of this man who "doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus." Mr. Kipling, through the mouth of his McAndrews, cried aloud for someone to sing "a song of steam."

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns
to sing the song o' steam!"

Forthwith, the world said to itself, "Why, we haven't had any steam Calliope yet, have we;" and straightway the world echoed Mr. Kipling's cry. But now there was a song of steam written by an American years before Mr. Kiping was born. It was a very good song, too; not great, but very good; bombastic in some spots and weak-kneed in others, but, on the whole, a high-spirited lyric. It was written by G. W. Cutter, who was born in Cincinnati in 1818, served as a captain in the army during the Mexican war, and died in 1865. We quote two of its stanzas, as follows:

In the darksome depths of fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

N.Y. POST JAN. 22/98

Number 826

...ritic

The versatile Mr. Kipling contributes the rhymes that accompany Mr. W. Nicholson's "Almanac of Twelve Sports" (R. H. Russell). We quote the one that introduces the book. It shows Mr. Kipling's opinion of certain forms of sport:—

> "Here is a horse to tame—
> Here is a gun to handle—
> God knows you can enter the game
> If you'll only pay for the same,
> And the price of the game is a candle—
> One single flickering candle!"

...8 December 1897 The Cr...

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, who recently delivered a lecture on "The Rise of Rudyard Kipling" at Smith College, has been invited to repeat it at Amherst and at Wellesley and to deliver a course of literary lectures in Boston. Mr. Lee's review of "The Second Jungle Book" in *The Critic* was in its way as good a thing as the "Jungle Book" itself—than which no higher compliment could be paid it.

CORRESPONDENCE

COCKNEY RHYMES AND OTHERS

New York, Dec. 5, 1897.

To the Editor of The Chap-Book:

THE recent correspondence in The Chap-Book on Mr. Kipling's Cockney rhymes serves to show that to the poet as well as the philologist one dialect is about as good as another; and that the peculiarities of Cockney speech ought no more to be discriminated against than the Hoosier or Yorkshire tongue. A man for instances, rhymes "walk" with "pork," and although millions of English-speaking people pronounce the two words with the same inflection, the critics denounce him as a Cockney. Yet the same writers can rhyme "good" with "blood"—as Tennyson does—an atrocious and quite indefensible proceeding, except in Lancashire, where good is often pronounced *gud*—without offending anyone. In the latter case, presumably, we yield without a struggle to what is a frank exercise of the poet's license; while in the former we seem to detect a certain lack of breeding. The one is so wantonly impossible that we do not take the trouble to object to it; but the other is too near the ideally correct to be passed by uncriticised. There is not much logic in it, but a considerable amount of human nature. So, too, we shiver at a false quantity in Latin, and barely notice a similar mishap in our own tongue. Mr. Keppel spoke of "the faultless rhyming of an artist like Tennyson"; yet in the first few pages of his collected poems we come upon such monstrosities of assonance as "noon" rhyming with "alone;" "universe" with "fierce;" "woos" with "dews;" "prove" with "love;" "desire" with "higher;" "worm" with "form;" "swallow" with "yellow"—a good rhyme in the East End of London; "hours" with "bowers;" "undo" with "new;" and so on. And the odd part about it is that though "noon" and "alone" have no affinity whatever in the speech of cultivated men, they pass muster everywhere as a permissible rhyme; whereas the mating of "walk" with "pork"—a combination which Tennyson would have avoided like a New York *Journal* reporter—is sniffed at as a piece of vulgar Cockneyism, though the two words are hardly distinguishable except in the mouth of a Scotchman. Philology, indeed, like politics, is an object lesson in the worthlessness of logic as a weapon of criticism; it is chiefly because the English language is full of an amiable spirit of give and take, and takes its laws from human nature and not from etymology, that it is superseding all other tongues the world over. Yours truly,

Donald Warren.

Several years ago Mr. S. S. McClure walked into my office and told me to remember the name of Rudyard Kipling. I had then never heard it before. "You will hear from that young man," said he; "look out for him." So when Mr. McClure said to me the other day: "Remember the name of Alfred Ollivant; he will be *the* writer of 1900," I listened with respect. Mr. Ollivant's first book is "Bob, Son of Battle," and the Doubleday & McClure Co. are its publishers. I haven't had time to give it a careful reading yet, but in dipping into it I have found some very vivid descriptions, in terse, graphic English.

Critic

PROF. H. MORSE STEPHENS

OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Has kindly consented to deliver a lecture upon

Rudyard Kipling and Imperial Federation

AT ASSOCIATION HALL

Saturday Evening, January 29th, at 8 o'clock.

Tickets at the uniform price of One Dollar can be obtained at Burrows Brothers upon Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 27th, 28th and 29th.

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RUDYARD KIPLING.

Readings, with Lecture by PROF. H. MORSE STEPHENS, of Cornell University, ASSOCIATION HALL, Saturday Evening, January 29,

AT 8 O'CLOCK. ADMISSION $1.00. Tickets now on sale at Burrows Bros.'

ing.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A Lecture on the World Renowned Author to be Given in Cleveland Saturday Evening at Association Hall.

Rudyard Kipling, not only as a man of letters and England's greatest living poet, but also as an authority on "Imperial Federation," will be the subject of Professor Morse Stephens' lecture on Saturday evening at Association Hall. In addition to his English birth and personal acquaintance with Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Stephens' familiarity with India and Canada makes what he has to say both on Kipling and England's endeavor to federate her colonies of particular value.

Personally Mr. Stephens is already well known in Cleveland as a writer, through his history of the French revolution and his book on India, and as an unusually attractive speaker, through the prominent part which he took during the recent meeting of the American Historical Association here. Bishop Leonard will introduce him.

Kipling Club at Cornell.

Prof. Stevens, who lectures here on Saturday, is the founder of the Kipling club at Cornell. When he came there a few years ago he found many members of the faculty and many undergraduates who read Kipling with admiration, but without understanding his allusions. Being familiar with life in India and Anglo-Indian slang he was able to furnish explanations, and in this way the association was formed. All applicants for membership are refused admission who fail to pass an examination in Mr. Kipling's works. Every member is dubbed with a Kipling name and one of the most amusing stories told relates to a certain stout professor, who was baptized by a name from the "Jungle Book." The members not only read and discuss their author; they also illustrate him. One water color drawing has been described which shows that the Cornell enthusiasts spare no pains but undertake complicated tasks in honor of their hero. They meet not to "study," but to enjoy him.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Prof. H. Morse Stephens of Cornell Lectures on the Great Author.

Prof. H. Morse Stephens of Cornell university lectured last evening at Association hall on "Rudyard Kipling and the Imperial Federation."

Prof. Morse is an eminent historian, his history of the French revolution, in three volumes, occupying the same relative position in academic history that Carlyle's masterpiece has been accorded in historical literature. Prof. Stephens possesses exact knowledge of social and political conditions in India and has a keen insight into native character. He has had much journalistic experience in India and was for many years the lecturer on Indian history at Cambridge university.

The lecturer was introduced by Rev. George H. McGrew, D. D., rector of St. Paul's, who was for a considerable period engaged in missionary work in India and who enjoyed the distinction of having his reports inspected and criticised by Kipling.

Prof. Stephens began by saying that it is absurd to talk about an author all the time instead of reading from him. The objection to criticism, he said, is that people read the criticism and then do not read the book.

"Kipling is notable," said he, "from the fact that he is master of more than one sort of prose, as well as more than one kind of verse. He has gained distinction as a short story writer, as a novelist and as a poet. Few great poets are great writers of prose. Kipling did not spring from the head of the Muse a full blown poet (thank God!). His work shows development. Steady as this development has been, it has followed plainly defined lines. Kipling is the most easily explained of all writers.

"Our author began his career on an unknown paper, the Civil and Military Gazette, at Lahore. In his first literary efforts he revealed the character of the work that is being done by England in India. He told of that marvel of government whereby 300,000,000 natives are held in subjection by a departmental force of 900. Anon he became the exponent of the meekness and might of the English private soldier and what he stands for in India. He forever pleads for the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race and is, as Howells has said, the poet laureate of Greater England.

"Kipling always has something to say and his words are born from the stress of a compelling desire. He is not quite like Carlyle, who grasped the golden law of silence—and gave it to the world in thirty volumes. He stands as the exponent of Tommy Atkins, the imperial federation, the greater England.

"There are many greater literary artists than Kipling. Stevenson was infinitely greater in this respect. Kipling's dominating characteristic is his yearning to say something. With him matter is of much more importance than manner. He is a man with a message and a mission, and what he has to say he says without regard to form. He has attained to the position of an exponent and a prophet. As such his name will live. The work of the man without a message cannot endure.

"The first work of Kipling was produced before he began to preach a recognized gospel. This work is to be found in 'Departmental Ditties' and 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' He was born in Bombay, and his father was an uncovenanted civilian. Therefore the embryo founder of a new school of literature was without the sacred circle of social life in India. Consequently he was brought into closer touch with native life and thought and feeling, while his knowledge of the true conditions of Anglo-Indian society did not expand. He was sent to England to attend school, but was very unhappy in that country, and returned to India as early as was possible. At seventeen he entered the profession of journalism. Part of his duties was to write poems to fit space not filled with advertisements. As a newspaper man he was brought into close touch with Tommy Atkins, and was also enabled to get an accurate insight into native life. As an exponent of this life and character he is without a peer. His depictures of civil social life in India is not nearly so correct."

The English private soldier was characterized as a not very excellent person, with many vices and few virtues, whose chief traits are a love for fighting and an inability to know when he is beaten.

In explaining Kipling's attitude toward the imperial federation, Prof. Stephens substituted the author's writing for his own analysis. He read largely from "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads," and, in fact, the lecture consisted more of readings than of original text. He showed Kipling's great work in bringing nearer together all men of English blood. Obedience and discipline, he said, is the one constant echo through all of this writer's work; it is the keynote of his gospel. Furthermore, this gospel is largely a gospel of work. Kipling praises men in spite of their moral and other faults because they do their work. Work and the necessity for work is the essence of Kipling's gospel. The lecture was closed by the reading of the praem to "Barrack Room Ballads."

After the lecture Prof. Stephens was questioned regarding the present warlike situation on the Indian frontiers. He was disposed to treat the matter lightly.

"The extent of these hostilities has been greatly exaggerated in the American mind," said he. "This insurrection cannot for a moment be regarded as a revolt against English governmental domination. It is only a tribal uprising, such as occurs almost every year, although this time it is rather more formidable than usual. There is no concerted action, and there is no occasion for any serious alarm. At first I was somewhat apprehensive, for I feared the Ameer of Afghanistan might be behind the trouble. In such case there would be no prediction of the outcome. Happily, the ameer is not concerned in the disturbance. There would have been little said about this uprising except for the glaring mistakes made by the authorities. As it is, conditions will soon resume their normal state."

In his lecture Prof. Stephens enthusiastically referred to the Kipling collection owned by Paul Semperly of this city as the finest and most complete in the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. KIPLING'S COCKNEY RHYMES AGAIN

MONTREAL, CANADA, December 8, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

IN his attempted refutation of the impropriety of Mr. Kipling's occasional Cockneyisms of rhyme, Mr. Christopher Bannister has recently stated in THE CHAP-BOOK that the slurring of the letter *r* was the prevalent tendency not only among the speakers of uncontaminated English in England itself, but also in Toronto, Boston, and New York. May I, as a Torontonian in exile, mildly protest against the injustice of this accusation. It was not many weeks ago that an English visitor to Toronto pointed out in the columns of the *St. James Gazette* our beastly and barbarous habit of never failing to sound the letter *r* in each and all of our words.

Yet a couple of years ago in Oxford I remember hearing such an authority as Professor Earle say that the fashionable suppression of the trilling of the *r* was absolutely unsupported by orthoëpic principles. It might also be interesting to remember the fact that when Mr. Kipling first published his "Native Born" in *The Times*, the sixth line of the first and last stanzas read,

"And the Cross swings low to the Dawn."

Immediately after, a correspondent of either the *Pall Mall* or the *Chronicle*, I really forget which, pointed out the Cockneyism of such a rhyme as "dawn" with "born." The result of this was that Mr. Kipling tacitly acknowledged the justness of the accusation by altering the rhyme when the poem was republished in his *Seven Seas*, the objectionable line now reading,

"And the Cross swings low for the *morn*."

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

IT is reported that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is about to make another change of base. Since leaving his place in Brattleboro' (which is now said to be for sale at $20,000) he has lived in England, and has lately made his home at Rottingdean; but word is now brought that he will sail for South Africa early this month with his family, and live for an indefinite period near Cape Town, where he has taken a house. The great Rhodesian epic may yet be written by a worthy hand. We give the story merely at its face value, for it is not confirmed by Mr. Kipling, and it will be remembered that only a few months ago it was announced positively that he was going to the Greek war, when, as he said afterward, "I never thought of such a thing."

KIPLING'S LATEST.

Here is Kipling's latest poem, "The Truce of the Bear," which is published in Literature. It is supposed to have been inspired by the Czar's recent peace proposal:

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paw-like hands in prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-Zad, the bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then—
I have looked no more on women, I have walked no more with men;
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw, the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!"

The precent application of the story becomes plain enough toward the end:

"* * * this is the time to fear—
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
When he rears up as pleading, in monstrous man-brute guise;
When he veils the hate and cunning of the little swinish eyes;

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer—
THAT is the time of peril—the time of the truce of the Bear!"

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's financial success is conspicuous even in these days of great earnings for the favored few of literature. It is said that her publishers have paid her more than three hundred thousand dollars, though her literary record is not a long one.

Probably Kipling has received higher rates of payment for special contributions to the newspapers than Mrs. Ward has averaged for her work; but his price for a particular poem is not a fair criterion, for it does not represent his ordinary receipts any more than it measures the ordinary newspaper rates of payment. The publication of a Kipling fragment at a famine price—which is also published—is a palpable bit of advertising on the part of the publisher, and possibly on the part of the bard as well. Thus, when *The Pall Mall Gazette* boasts that it paid Kipling $750 apiece for his "Barrack Room Ballads," we are not oppressed by any new sense of Mr. Kipling's overwhelming importance.

There are a few other writers who have received such large sums for their books that we may refer to them as illustrating the business aspect of literary work. Among these are Daudet, who is said to have earned $200,000 with "Sapho," and Zola, who has pocketed nearly twice that sum in all. But if the modern spirit of advertising continues, we may expect to see Mr. Kipling's work, good, bad, or indifferent, discounting in point of profits the combined efforts of Daudet and Zola.

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SUNDAY MAGAZINE

EVERY SUNDAY
The WORLD
CONTAINS
MORE
READING
MATTER
THAN
ANY FOUR
MAGAZINES

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KIPLING'S POEM ON AMERICAN POLITICS.

(COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE [illegible] RUDYARD KIPLING.)

How Breitmann Became Resident on the Bicycle Ticket.

(WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD.)

(With all apologies to C. G. Leland.)

Der Americanische bolitig,
Mit all dot bolitig means,
Defelops on lines of cleafage
More mixed ash a pag of peans;
Und a man must follow his barty.
His knife und his life in his hand.
But dis is how Hans vas Bresident
Of der whole of Yangee land.

He go to der same old circus,
He hear der favorite son,
He see der panners flyin',
For der same old *sine Quay non.*
Dey safe und betray der gountry
Not more dan a hoondert dimes,
'Till Breitmann capture Ameriga.
Mit dese earth-schoopin' rhymes:

"Verdamt be der minor McKinley,
Likewise der Major Reed,
I speak in der name of Schnitzerl,
Dot make der philosopede.*
De philosopede she killdt him,
Boot he say pefore he die:
'Dere is more in der vheelin' pizness
Dan meet der casual eye.

"'Vheel auf; my soul to her Maker!
Vatch out! for she come again.
Bestrident a batent safety,
Mit a plue self-oilin chain;
Und dot vision of fear und vonder,
In der after-coming night,
Shall guide you to better mansions—
Und I guess dey are bainted white.

"'I see der feet of a nation
Dot nefer touch der groundt—
Der legs of die noble madchen
All wafin' roundt und roundt!
Ten million bells are ringin'—
Ten million lamps are lit—
Der holy anchels gall me,
Und Breitmann you are it!'

"Der Schnitzerl he is buried,
Der vision it is gone;
But I see der legs of der madchen,
Der madchen mit ploomers on—
Dey wafe from der sands of Bortlandt,
To der Oregonian pines.
Und so I defelop my bolicy
On strictly picycle lines.

"'Oh, plind und jolted people,
Dot faint beneat' your loads,
Der foorst-lasd need of our nation
Is roads—und roads—und roads!
Dey safe more money on haulin'
Dan efen Grofer can spend:
Und dey are der farmer's banker,
Und dey are der lofer's friend.

"'Dink of our Youth und Peauty,
In Indian-file dey crawl,
Most full of human longin's,
But hangin' on for a fall!
Make smooth deir path und broader—
Der girl's peside der man's—
Dis is der only certain way
Of makin' Amerigans!'"

Den Reed, who is shoost beginnin'
On a bicycle built for—ten,
He feel he haf slipped his pedal,
Und so he instruct his men;
He can cow der House in her anger,
He can curb der House in her pride,
Boot vhen he meet mit an avalanche,
Tom Reed can let her slide.

"Der goot road pring der farmer-man,
Dot pring der pedder crop,
Dot pring his wife, dot pring die nurse,
Und die nurse-girl bring der cop;
Und der cop he pring der bier-saloon,
Dot buys der Legislate—
Und so we gits to der workin'-blant
Of a Sofereign Gristian State.

"I stand for honest highways,
By honest labor made,
On State abbrobriations
Mit Federal gran'ts-in-aid;

Rudyard Kipling. Best Photograph.

Und dot means plenty of gontracts
Ash a child may oonderstand,
Or, priefly, stealin' und veelin'
Troo der length und der breadth of der land!"

Dis pankrupt der little McKinley—
He vas like Napoleon,
He hear der Deutscher's gannon
Und know dot his shance vas gone—
For in boltigs ash in poker,
Der greater surprizes der less,
Und "St. Helena und Blazes!"
Vas McKinley's last address.

"Now dis is my single bromise,
For I don't abbrove of deals.
Boot—put me into der White House
Und I lowers der price on wheels;
We moost crush der bloated monopolies,
Mit all deir accursed gain,
Und, py shings, if dey will not tumble
We moost vheel in blood to der chain!"

Dot dickle der Western benches,
Where der winds und der words haf Waite,
Where foorst dey borrow on mortgage
Und den dey Peffericate;
But der Eastern delegates snicker—
Dey know how he git der dust—
(Nota Pene—Hans vas nominee
Of der Central Bicycle Trust.)

"Nun—ash to der Silver Question
Dot so is searchin' our hearts,
I peliefe in der workshop magsim
Of inderchangeable barts;
Der wheel you haf puy in Boston
In Denver you can repair—
We moost make it so mit our dollar,
For der best goes aferywhere.

"On alien immication
My blatform is simple und soundt—
Shoost help dem into deir saddles
Und let dem wapple aroundt;
So der Bole un der Finn un der Dago—
Dey are all of dem crazy to ride—
Bicks oop some points of each o'ier
Und der rule of der road peside.

"In der matter of foreign gollisions
Und indernational jars,
Ardillery cuts der chaussees,
So I don't pelieve in wars;
Und it vould not help our gountry
At der close of a century run,
To gear der vheels of brogress
A la guerre of sixty-one.

"On afery oder issue
Dot man or der Teufel haf frame,
From dariffs to Cuban cake-walks,
My answer is shoost der same:
We moost not scorch in der cities,
Nor drafel mitout our light;
We moost go to der left in passin'
Und in meetin' keep to der right.

"Finale, und in gonclusion
(I am anxious to reach my end),
I stand for der L. A. W.
Und all she comprehend,
Vhich is Law if you go by der spellin',
Majestic, unbought und clean,
Boot yet, for der weaker brethren
Mit liddle let-oops petween."

* * *

Like a wafe dot exalt der nations
On der vild Atlantic shweep,
Ven der Dutch are sick in der steerage
Und deep is callin' to deep.
Mit der roar of a young volcano
Und a yell dot shplit der heafen,
Dey nominated der Breitmann
Ash der model for '97!

So Hans he dank dem (et cetera),
Und pefore der broceedin's close
Der foorst crate national issue
Was opened under his nose—
For der foorst crate national issue
Is: "Shendlemans, vhat you dakes?"
Und der meetin' sung "Hail Columbia,"
Ingludin' all oder makes!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
Von of de pullyest kind:
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
("Schnitzerl's Philosopede," Breitmann Ballads, C. G. Leland.)

Reading 12/98

THE approaching arrival of Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the Cape—the poet must now be passing the Line—is exciting great interest in South Africa. It is pointed out that there are already many allusions in his works to this part of the world. At St. Simon's Town the "flat iron" described in "Judson and the Empire" in *Many Inventions*, founded on a famous incident on the Zambesi, is proudly shown. Mr. Kipling's most striking South African verse is perhaps:

"To the home of the floods and thunder,
To her pale dry heaty blue—
To lift of the great Cape combers,
And the smell of the baked Karoo.
To the growl of the sluicy stamp-head—
To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
To the map that is half unrolled!"

In another place he speaks of the Cape's vineyards, of its heath and lilies, and of Table Mountain; and in "The Native Born" there is the mention of the "Empire to the northward" and the allusion to the fashion in which the Cape Colony has changed owners—"Snatched and bartered of the free hand to hand." We understand that the present is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's second visit to South Africa.

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KIPLING'S NAME.

The Courtship of His Parents —Stories of His Father.

One evening, says a correspondent, I sat talking to a salesman for the wares of the Doulton pottery, Staffordshire, England, when he divulged this interesting fact:

"Do you know where Kipling got his first name? Most people do not. I have never seen the story in print. To begin at the beginning, my father was Thomas Pinder, of the pottery firm of Pinder, Bourne & Co., now Doulton's, in Burslem, Staffordshire. In the pottery was a young man named John Kipling, a designer of decorations. He was a very clever young man, although somewhat eccentric. He used, I remember, as a boy, to carry pet mice attached to him by fine chains. He was a very vigorous man and full of amusing stories and could do innumerable clever tricks. When I was a boy he made casts of my face. He made paper squills and put them in my nostrils, greased my face and then covered it with wet plaster. It was no fun, I can tell you, but he was a good sort of chap and used to tell me stories and sing songs and make things with a jack-knife for me, so I let him do it. He was a constant visitor at our house, and both my mother and father were very fond of him.

"One day my mother gave a picnic to the young people of the neighborhood at a pretty little English lake between the villages of Rudyard and Rushton, not far from Burslem. John Kipling went, of course, and there he met a pretty English girl, Mary McDonald, the daughter of a Methodist minister at Endon. Kipling fell in love with her at once. They met very often at my mother's house, and it grew into a love affair on both sides. Then John Kipling went to the art schools in Kensington, and was afterward sent out to direct the art schools of the Madras Presidency, in India. When he went to India he took pretty Mary McDonald along as his wife.

"In the fullness of time a son was born to the Kiplings in Bombay. Their first meeting at Rudyard Lake must have been the pretty bit of sentiment of their lives, for when they named the son they took for him that of the little lake on the banks of which they first saw each other.

"John Kipling came back afterward to the old potting country, and when they built an institute for the people where Wedgwood first started potting, Kipling modeled the frieze for the building. The frieze describes the potter's art with figures of the thrower, the platemaker, the cupmaker, and all the others. It was a work of love. Rudyard Kipling is himself very fond of the Staffordshire countryside and has written the dialect, which he knows well, of his mother's people."

This is the story of the origin of Rudyard Kipling's Christian name, told by the son of the man under whom Kipling's father started on his art career. —Kansas City Star.

Leader Nov/1898

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Speakers—Rev. MARCUS RAINSFORD, M.A., and Rev. R. FOTHERINGHAM, M.A.
Miss Athmar will sing.
Organ Recital at 3, by Mr. Fountain Meen.
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The Irish Presbyterian Church Conference

utors.

HLEHEM.

RFIELD.

ps the earth
Saviour's birth,
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Who find on earth no perfect cure
For broken heart and sin-sick soul,
And pant and yearn for the heavenly goal.

To-day, to-day, as once to them,
The angel song of Bethlehem
Bids us arise and welcome bring
To Christ our Saviour and our King.
Shall we not go? Shall we delay
When all the world keeps holy-day,
To hail him Lord, and joyous raise
The seraphs' song of sweetest praise—
"Glory to God and peace to men
"Thro' Jesus, child of Bethlehem?"
—Easton, Pa.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

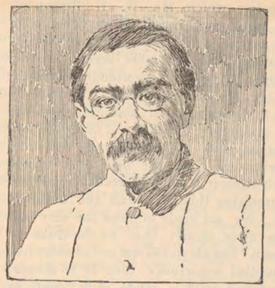
PROF. W. C. M'CLELLAND.

In a conversation with Mr. Marion Crawford a few days ago, I said to him, "Your experience in a newspaper office in India seems to have been very like that of Kipling; I suppose you didn't meet Rudyard when you were in India?" "O, bless you, no!" was the quick answer, "Kipling was wearing a bib then. That was twenty years ago; and if I had known then that he was going to grow up and write about India, I never should have written "Mr. Isaacs." Nobody now alive and writing English knows India as Kipling does."

His answer emphasizes two things respecting Kipling: his youth—he was born in 1865—and his mastery of facts.

At an age when most professional men have only acquired a fair working knowledge of their chosen field, this young man of letters appears to know India, the United States, and the high seas, as a gardener knows his garden.

His familiarity with India is most easily accounted for. He was born in Bombay where his father, a cultured writer and skilful draughtsman, was a teacher of art. The boy's first vivid impressions were of much that is most striking and peculiar in Anglo-Indian life. Then having spent a few years in England in order to enjoy superior educational advantages, at the age of seventeen again in his native land, he entered the office of the "Lahore Civil and Military Gazette," as sub-editor. It was rough journalistic work in which he was engaged and his success did not depend so much upon graces of style as upon what he



RUDYARD KIPLING.

actually knew of the life about him. Besides, it was a case of immitigable hunger for facts; and so the keen-eyed youth with his marvelous memory set himself to become thoroughly familiar with all the types and sub-types of the teeming and motley population around him from, Brahmin to Pariah, and from the governor of the province to Private Mulvaney. Exactly how far he pursued his investigations I do not know, but his old associate on the "Gazette," at Lahore, tells us that Kipling's "City of the Dreadful Night" was no fancy sketch, but a picture burned into his brain during the suffocating night-hours that he spent exploring the reeking dens of opium and vice in the worst quarters of the native city, while his "City of the Two Creeds" was another picture of Lahore from the life—and the death—when he watched Mussulman and Hindu spending the midnight in hours of mutual butchery. "No half-note" continues Mr. Robinson, "in the wide gamut of native ideas and customs was unfamiliar to him, just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. Judging from these sources his knowledge of India is profound."

Yet he seems equally at home on the sea, while his poem "An American" and his apparently perfect command of American dialects are so much evidence toward proving that he knows us much better than we know ourselves.

Mr. Kipling places a high value on local color. He distributes lavishly a large variety of dialects among his characters, just as he revels in the use of special terms: he has introduced no fewer than five kinds of English into one short story, while in McAndrew's Hymn he applies the technical names to the various parts of the ship's engines as only a machinist in an inventory, or an engineer in a soliloquy, might be expected to do.

But aside from local color the style of this versatile youth has most of the elements of popularity, as pathos, humor, and the

Reading 1/4/98

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KIPLING'S

The Courtship of H
—Stories of His

One evening, says a
I sat talking to a sal
wares of the Doulton po
shire, England, when h
interesting fact:

"Do you know where
first name? Most peo
have never seen the sto
begin at the beginning,
Thomas Pinder, of the
Pinder, Bourne & Co., k
in Burslem, Staffordshir
tery was a young man
Kipling, a designer of d
was a very clever young
somewhat eccentric. H
member, as a boy, to c
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it with wet plaster. It
can tell you, but he was
chap and used to tell
sing songs and make
jack-knife for me, so I
He was a constant
house, and both my mot
were very fond of him.

"One day my mother
to the young people of
hood at a pretty little E
tween the villages of
Rushton, not far from
Kipling went, of course
met a pretty English g
Donald, the daughter
minister at Endon. Kip
with her at once. They
at my mother's house, a
a love affair on both sid
Kipling went to the art
sington, and was after
direct the art schools
Presidency, in India.
to India he took pretty
along as his wife.

"In the fullness of t
born to the Kiplings in
first meeting at Rudya
have been the pretty b
of their lives, for wh
the son they took for
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Rudyard Kipling is hi
of the Staffordshire d
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well, of his mother's

This is the story of t
yard Kipling's Christi
the son of the man
ling's father started
—Kansas City Star.

Leader Nov 6/1898

get.

I read that a rosy, tweed-clothed Englishman, with a rich and marvellous accent, came recently into Chattanooga. His name was J. Bourne Pinder, and he was a salesman for the wares of the Doulton Pottery in Staffordshire. Mr. Pinder soon got into speaking terms with the little group of newspaper men in the hotel, and talked about Kipling. He said, "My father was Thomas Pinder, of the pottery firm of Pinder, Bourne, and Co., now Doulton's, in Burslem. In the pottery was a young man named John Kipling, a designer of decorations. He was a very clever young man, though somewhat eccentric. He used, I remember as a boy, to carry pet mice attached to him by fine chains. He was a very vigorous man, and full of amusing stories, and could do innumerable clever tricks." One day Mr. Pinder's mother gave a picnic to the young people of the neighbourhood at a pretty little English lake between the villages of Rudyard and Rushton, not far from Burslem. John Kipling went, and there met a pretty English girl, Mary Macdonald, the daughter of a Methodist minister at Endon. Kipling fell in love with her at once, and, in due time, marriage followed, and a son was born in Bombay. The first meeting at Rudyard Lake gave his name to Rudyard Kipling.

John Kipling came back afterwards to the old country, and when they built an institute for the people where Wedgewood first started potting, Kipling modelled the frieze for the building. The frieze describes the potter's art, with figures of the thrower, the platemaker, the cup-maker, and all the others. It was a work of love. Rudyard Kipling is himself very fond of the Staffordshire countryside, and has written the dialect, which he knows well, of his mother's people. Of course, this story, in its outline, is pretty well known, but I have never seen it so fully filled up, and I give it for what it is worth.

Although the critics have been hard, and justly so, upon Rudyard Kipling's last book, the sale of it has been quicker than that of any of his previous works. Rudyard Kipling's sales have never reached enormous numbers; he has never competed with writers like Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Marie Corelli, and Hall Caine in the matter of circulation. In this case, however, he seems likely to go up to 40,000. There is no doubt he has won a place in the hearts of the British public by his "Recessional."

The demand for the *Royal Magazine*

Our Contributors.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

Deep is the sleep which wraps the earth
That travails in pain till its Saviour's birth,
And slumberous shepherds keep their sheep
On Bethlehem's hillsides barren and steep,
While cruel wolves rend many a fold
Scattered o'er plain and mountain cold;
When suddenly bursts from the starlit sky
A song of joy which seems to fly
On pinions of power, on wings of flame,
The shepherds to waken, the wolves to tame.
"Glory to God, to God most high,"
Swells the heavenly harmony,
And bathed in strange, celestial light
The scene emerges from the night;
The fields where David walked with God,
Where Boaz turned the fertile sod,
Where winnowed Ruth the stranger's corn,
And Rachel rested travail-torn,
Each field and fence and olive tree
Stands forth illumined tenderly.
"Glory to God and peace to men,"
Peace in palace and prison pen,
Peace to the world of Roman rule
Where man is but the wretched tool
Of him who sits upon the throne
And stops his ears to the woeful moan
Of millions who sink in dark despair,
Nor see, nor seek, hope any-where.
"Glory to God and tidings sweet
"To all the earth"—the hills repeat;—
The very heavens flung open wide
Palpitate with the surging tide,
And angel messengers descend
That sinful men may comprehend
How heaven and earth this night are blent,
How heaven's fulness on earth is spent.
"Glory to God," the shepherds hear,
"This night is born in the village near
"The Christ; in a manger ye shall find
"The promised Saviour of mankind."
And they who heard forgot their pain,
Forgot the clank of the Roman chain,
Forgot the babble of hated Greek,
Forgot e'en Herod and all the reek
Of his vile court; and only heard
The sound of the sweet prophetic word
Which long ago to Jesse's stem
Had promised a child of Bethlehem
Who should restore to David's race
The kingdom in its ancient place.

With joyous feet they sought the town—
They found the babe—and kneeling down
They reverenced their new-born King,
And owned him Lord with worshipping.
Oh, happy they to hear the song
Sung by the herald-angel throng;
Twice happy they to know their King
In that sweet, newly-swaddled thing;
But happiest far, beyond all ken,
The faith that led these simple men
To know the Christ and hail him Lord—
They were the first who him adored!
Not to the rich, the great, the wise,
Was given this pure and high emprize,
But to these humble shepherd folk,
A broken race, beneath a yoke.
So ever 'tis, the Lord appears
First unto them who watch with tears,
First to the humble, lowly, pure,
Who find on earth no perfect cure
For broken heart and sin-sick soul,
And pant and yearn for the heavenly goal.

To-day, to-day, as once to them,
The angel song of Bethlehem
Bids us arise and welcome bring
To Christ our Saviour and our King.
Shall we not go? Shall we delay
When all the world keeps holy-day,
To hail him Lord, and joyous raise
The seraphs' song of sweetest praise—
"Glory to God and peace to men
"Thro' Jesus, child of Bethlehem?"

—Easton, Pa.

Dec. 1897

RUDYARD KIPLING.

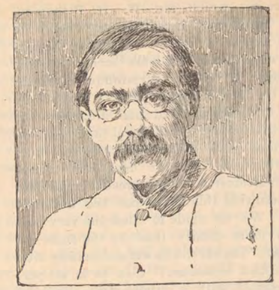
PROF. W. C. M'CLELLAND.

In a conversation with Mr. Marion Crawford a few days ago, I said to him, "Your experience in a newspaper office in India seems to have been very like that of Kipling; I suppose you didn't meet Rudyard when you were in India?" "O, bless you, no!" was the quick answer, "Kipling was wearing a bib then. That was twenty years ago; and if I had known then that he was going to grow up and write about India, I never should have written "Mr. Isaacs." Nobody now alive and writing English knows India as Kipling does."

His answer emphasizes two things respecting Kipling: his youth—he was born in 1865—and his mastery of facts.

At an age when most professional men have only acquired a fair working knowledge of their chosen field, this young man of letters appears to know India, the United States, and the high seas, as a gardener knows his garden.

His familiarity with India is most easily accounted for. He was born in Bombay where his father, a cultured writer and skilful draughtsman, was a teacher of art. The boy's first vivid impressions were of much that is most striking and peculiar in Anglo-Indian life. Then having spent a few years in England in order to enjoy superior educational advantages, at the age of seventeen again in his native land, he entered the office of the "Lahore Civil and Military Gazette," as sub-editor. It was rough journalistic work in which he was engaged and his success did not depend so much upon graces of style as upon what he



RUDYARD KIPLING.

actually knew of the life about him. Besides, it was a case of immitigable hunger for facts; and so the keen-eyed youth with his marvelous memory set himself to become thoroughly familiar with all the types and sub-types of the teeming and motley population around him from, Brahmin to Pariah, and from the governor of the province to Private Mulvaney. Exactly how far he pursued his investigations I do not know, but his old associate on the "Gazette," at Lahore, tells us that Kipling's "City of the Dreadful Night" was no fancy sketch, but a picture burned into his brain during the suffocating night-hours that he spent exploring the reeking dens of opium and vice in the worst quarters of the native city, while his "City of the Two Creeds" was another picture of Lahore from the life—and the death—when he watched Mussulman and Hindu spending the midnight in hours of mutual butchery. "No half-note" continues Mr. Robinson, "in the wide gamut of native ideas and customs was unfamiliar to him, just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. Judging from these sources his knowledge of India is profound."

Yet he seems equally at home on the sea, while his poem "An American" and his apparently perfect command of American dialects are so much evidence toward proving that he knows us much better than we know ourselves.

Mr. Kipling places a high value on local color. He distributes lavishly a large variety of dialects among his characters, just as he revels in the use of special terms: he has introduced no fewer than five kinds of English into one short story, while in McAndrew's Hymn he applies the technical names to the various parts of the ship's engines as only a machinist in an inventory, or an engineer in a soliloquy, might be expected to do.

But aside from local color the style of this versatile youth has most of the elements of popularity, as pathos, humor, and the

power of awakening a sense of the awful and the mysterious. In "The Man Who Would be King" he is an eminent rival of Mark Twain; the account of "Dana Da" is a most humorous satire of theosophy, and Private Mulvaney is all Ireland for humor, eloquence and a free play of the emotions. Though wholly without sentiment "Only a Subaltern" is a very touching story and as much may be said of "Without Benefit of Clergy," "My Own True Ghost Story" is quite reasonably mysterious, and if any one is in search of the gruesome he need go no further than the hanging of Danny Deever in the morning.

Indeed Mr. Kipling seems equal to almost any emotion from piqued curiosity to swallowing suspense, from gentle pity to wild fighting fury, from cool patience to the bewilderment of insanity.

Many things contribute toward making the style of our writer peculiarly strong. The rapidity of movement, the occasional apt Scriptural allusion, the bold figures of speech, the pictorial circumstances constantly employed, to say nothing of his themes, are as remote as anything well can be from what is dry or tedious. Nevertheless the lively rattle of a snare drum, or the continuous blare of a brass band, after awhile may become wearisome, and upon some minds a similar effect is produced by the jungle stories, or the yarns of the Soldiers Three.

It would be a bold man who would deny Mr. Kipling's imagination of a high order. It appears in single admirable lines as "Earth that waited for the wreckage, watched the galley struggle through," and "He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance at rest."

The following which Mr. W. H. Bishop regards as an astounding invention may serve to illustrate the power of our young author's imagination in the description of sombre scenes. I quote from Mr. Bishop: "A volcanic eruption in the depths of the ocean (in Mr. Kipling's story) throws up a sea-serpent, to struggle, bleed and die upon the surface, while his consort thrashes and bellows about him in portentous grief and dismay over his fate. The sight is witnessed from the deck of a tramp-steamer, which steamer is herself greatly imperilled both by the resulting tidal wave and the antics of the monsters. We are made to know the very bottom of the sea more clearly than by the Duke of Clarence's dream. The air smells wet and muddy, like that of an 'emptied aquarium;' then it is all-pervadingly penetrated with a crude, rank smell as of musk. There follows, though they are in the tropics, the chilling cold that breathes out of the heart of nature in her cataclysms. We are amid the very elemental material and odors of creation, the ozoic layer, as it were, of the ocean. 'The dead and the most untouched deep water of the sea,' it is explained, had been heaved to the top. . . . . 'The chill, still water that kills all life and smells of desolation and emptiness.' These features whether they are invented outright or only selected from the details given by scientific observers of such disturbances are nobly imagined in any case. The effect is that of exalted poetry."

But the highest achievement of the imagination is the creation of characters that shall appear real, as real as the people we daily meet. It seems to me that Mulvaney is such a character, and McAndrew, Disco Troop, the Mowgli, and so many others as with other evidence to justify the assertion that Kilping is the greatest creative mind we now have.

In the selection of his Indian themes Mr. Kipling has preferred to portray the life of the lower strata of society, the most disreputable soldiers in the British army, the erring brothers and sisters of the Indian Civil Service and the "most picturesquely immoral of the Heathen." He has done this, as I believe, with unflagging brilliancy, with more than due attention to local color, with piquancy, pathos and humor; with strong, compact narrative; with finely imagined scenes, situations and characters, but often with what seems shockingly bad taste; his sense of beauty as an organizing power in his mind would appear to be relatively weak. Acquainted with the best in India, he has made us familiar with much of the worst, though not in a way to gild vice; and able, as the critics agree, to produce poetry equal to the best; the most of his verses are only a sort o semi-inspired doggerel having the same general relation to the best English poetry that the Moody and Sanky hymns have to the Psalms of David.

The fact that the seamy edge of contact between two civilizations is exceedingly picturesque partly accounts for Mr. Kipling's choice of themes; and the other fact that our young writer is a very impersonal author—almost as impersonal as Shakespeare—resolved to show virtue her own feature and vice her own image, explains not only the audacious language in which his characters speak for themselves, but also the equally audacious meters that are in harmony with the opinions and the language delivered.

The characteristic Kiplingian movement may be illustrated by the following stanza:

"Coast-wise—cross-seas—round the world and back again,
Whither the flow shall fail us or the Trades drive down
Plain-sail—storm-sail—lay your board and tack again—
And all to bring a cargo up to London town!"

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"'Not green corn, protector of the poor,—melons,' said little Toomai."
From Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling.

It is the music of the concert hall, or the minstrel show, which Mr. Kipling has particularly cultivated. But what does Mr. Kipling think worth while? What does he admire? What is his philosophy? What are his ideals? Of course in the case of a writer so dramatic as Mr. Kipling it is quite unfair to make him responsible for the utterances of all his characters. Still by the choice of his themes, from the sentiments he celebrates with most unction, and from the passages in which he speaks as the author and not as one of the author's puppets, somewhat, perhaps, can be learned of the story teller and poet's views and preferences.

In the opinion of Mr. Bishop, Mr. Kipling's chief literary ideal is simply to mingle some strong unhackneyed melo-dramatic episode in an environment of horses, dogs, guns, drinks, tobacco, profanity, chauvinistic devotion to the British empire, satire of the Indian government and other such like 'mans man's diversions.'" This, however, becomes less and less descriptive of Mr. Kipling's work the longer he writes.

A couplet from one of his own ballads asserts that "Four things greater than all things are: Women and horses and power and war." Though he can describe women in a charming way he has relatively little to say of her in comparison with horses and power and war. He is a man's man, and towards certain vices of his companions he is somewhat indulgent. He is disposed to minimize the faults of such genial blackguards as he introduces us to; their lying, swearing, and drunkenness seem rather less opprobrious at times to their historian than to the poor sinners themselves. This through sympathy, however, as in the case of Burns, for it is obviously no part of Mr. Kipling's purpose to make vice attractive; nor plain-spoken man that he is, do I believe that his writings have such an effect.

If, on the one hand, he puts into the breast of one of his soldiers a longing for more than the leeks of Egypt—

"Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst,"

on the other hand, as a citizen of the Empire, he lifts up a prayer almost worthy of a place in the Psalter—

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

Respecting courage and loyalty the trumpet makes no uncertain sound, especially of loyalty to the British Empire. Our author's idea of God appears to be that of the ancient Hebrews, tho' here again it will not do to dogmatize, for in his "Hymn before Action" he addresses "Mary pierced with sorrow" and presents to the Almighty this petition:

"For those that kneel beside us
At altars not thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us;
Lord, let their faith atone."

Indeed, the righteous man and the sinner are both fairly well represented in Mr. Kipling's latest poetry, which is a hopeful sign as the sinner once seemed to have almost exclusive use of the grounds. But the subject of all subjects upon which Mr. Kipling delights to dwell is the value of discipline. This is the burden of McAndrew's hymn. Listening to the harmonious working of the ship's great engines, the old man is made to say,

"Now a'together hear them lift their lesson—theirs and mine:
Law, order, duty an' restraint, obedience, discipline."

This is the purpose in celebrating the death of Her Majesty's Jollies who, by virtue of discipline, heroically sank with the Victoria; this points the ballad beginning—

"The 'eathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone,
'E don't obey no orders unless they is his own;"

and this also is the genuine ethical value of Kipling's latest and truly admirable novel called "Captains Courageous."

For Mr. Kipling is improving. His writings have an increasingly wide range upward from doggerel to splendid poerty in the grand manner; from a hurried short story to an elaborate romance; from bold, virile sketches of vice and crime, of "battle, murder and sudden death," to serio-comic tales for boys and girls. With all his faults as was said of Goldsmith he has touched nothing which he has not adorned, and in his latest productions, "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," and "The Jungle Books" he is thoroughly wholesome and as taking as ever.

Mr. Kipling represents the modern hunger for facts; he caters to the inappeasable, perennial longing of most readers for what is strange and extraordinary in human experience; so far from advocating art for art's sake, his best poems and stories hold in solution important lessons for the conduct of life. Particularly is he the foe of affectation and sickly sentiment. The sunshine falls upon the pictures that he draws and the sea breeze blows through his pages.

If he does not stand for the most delicate refinement, if now and then he allows Tommy Atkins to swear and even permits Mulvaney to employ language that would not taste sweet in the mouth of the most perfect person, morally the offence is slight compared with the use of honeyed words of evil suggestion, a crime of which Mr. Kipling is never guilty.

Our author appears to take himself and his calling seriously. At the close of his "Soldiers Three," he says:

"Lo I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race,
For pearls strew not the market-place,
In this my town of banishment
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of discontent.
* * * * *
The long bazar will praise, but thou,
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

It is thus, too, that he characterizes the "True Romance:"

"A sum to trick th' arithmetic
Too base of leaguing odds,
The spur of trust, the curb of lust,
Thou handmaid of the gods!"
"Who holds by thee hath heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die."

His avowed object, therefore, is to entertain us with the shows of this many-colored world in order to preserve to us our youth and charm our weary feet over the burning marle.

FAITH IN THE INSPIRATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

EDWARD P. SPRAGUE, D.D. PH.D.

St. Paul's confession, before the Roman governor, of his faith in the Holy Scriptures of his day, the Old Testament of our Bibles, might well have been selected as the Golden text for the Sunday school lesson in which it was included.

That single verse must have been a center around which many thoughts and questions grouped themselves in the minds of at least the older and more considerate of our Bible class members. The Bible is indeed our supreme rule of faith and practice. We accept it, and believe it. We honor both the Old Testament and the New; the church is built on the foundation of the prophets as well as the apostles; and from earlier and later Scriptures alike we take without hesitation the texts for our Sunday sermons. And yet not a few in all our churches are troubled in heart because they find that some way the Old Testament does not mean as much to them as the New, because it does not seem to speak to them with the same message, directness, and authority. They are troubled by a half confessed question: Whether they do believe, as they ought, in the inspiration of the Old Testament. I have met many such half troubled souls in my pastoral experience, and it is with a hope of possibly helping others, such as they, these articles are written.

There is no purpose to attempt any carefully elaborated arguments to prove the inspiration of the Old Testament. We confess ourselves believers at the outset, and do not stop to reconsider the grounds of our faith, or to inquire how best we can defend it. The Old Testament has proven its inspiration to the hearts of men for centuries. You believe in it, and will not thank any one for arguing that you have a right so to believe. Ours are the Patriarchs and Psalmists, as well as the disciples of our Lord; ours are not only Matthew, and John, and Paul, but ours also are Moses, David, Isaiah and Malachi.

There are, however, some who acknowledge to themselves, even when they hesitate to admit them before others, certain difficulties about faith in the Old Testament, and certain differences between it and the New, which do trouble, and sometimes almost impair faith. Here then is a matter for profitable consideration, and here a point where, if one believer can help another, he is bound so to do. It we can acknowledge frankly the objections that are raised, and admit the difficulties that exist, and yet strenuously insist that there is nothing in them which really interferes with our faith, we certainly are the gainers.

I. First then, it is to be recognized that honest faith in the inspiration of the Old Testament is not impaired by prizing the New Testament more highly. That many Christians do value the New Testament more, study it more, love it more, cannot be denied. Some there are, who are troubled by finding this true of themselves; some who feel that this must be because of something wrong in themselves, and who grieve because to them Ezekiel is not as precious as Romans. Some there may be also, who argue that those who feel thus do not truly believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament. Neither thought is right. Neither

the solicitude of the one class, nor the inference by the other, is warranted.

Rather, this state of mind is just what is to be expected; it is just what it ought naturally to be. The New Testament is better than the Old, as in fact the Christian dispensation is better than the Jewish. We have the warrant of the Bible for saying that it excels in glory.

Much of the Old Testament was national and temporary, while the New Testament is universal and enduring. The Old Testament was largely preparatory for the New, opening the way and leading to it—the schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. There are differences even in the Old Testament itself. The Psalms are worth more to us than Leviticus, and Isaiah than Ecclesiastes. Naturally then the Gospels are richer in value to us than the lives of the patriarchs, and the Epistles than the directions as to details of the sacrifices. In profound religious doctrine also the Old Testament is not comparable with the New. The truths of the immortality of the soul, and of the divine sacrifices for sin, are at most only dimly shadowed forth in the Old Testament; the clear revelation belongs to the New. Why should there then not be a difference?

Naturally and rightfully, the New Testament teaches us more, comes closer to us, is dearer to our hearts. We may admit all this, and yet not be troubled. We believe not one whit less in the inspiration of the Old Testament, because we find the New Testament richer for our souls.

—Salem, N. Y.

JOYS THAT WERE BORN INTO THE WORLD WITH CHRIST

REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

Christ is the Christmas giver. Many of the richest and sweetest joys human hearts can experience were born into the world when Christ was born. Let us name a few from among the many.

One is the joy of knowing the nature of God. Christ was Immanuel—God with us; so near that we could see and understand and know him. Before the coming of Christ men's ideas of God were hazy and indistinct, sometimes even crude. In a true sense.

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love divine,
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign."

The incarnation is simply a great object-lesson of God's love. He loved before, but the incarnation taught men that he loved and how much he loved.

Another is the joy of possessing a divine-human mediator. Before Christ was born God seemed distant and difficult of approach; so separating was man's sense of sin. But Christ came "that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." This office he executeth in once offering up himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice and reconcile us to God, and in making continual intercession for us. The result is that we know the way of pardon, and, having accepted it, carry about with us a sweet and abiding sense of calm and peace. The way of assurance and the privilege of indulging it came largely with the advent of Christ.

Still another is the joy of conscious adoption into God's family. Christ revealed himself to us as our brother. Thus we are seen to be children of his Father. Through Christ we have adoption whereby we are received into the number of God's children, have his name put upon us, the Spirit of Christ given unto us, have his fatherly care and dispensations, are admitted to all the liberties and privileges of the sons of God, are made heirs of all the promises and fellow-heirs with Christ in glory. These privileges were not realized by men until after the coming of Christ.

Yet another is the joy of fraternity among men in the realization of human brotherhood. The Jews recognized that they were brothers, before the coming of Christ; but the idea of world-wide brotherhood was born into the world with Christ. Many of the richest blessings of Christian civilization have come through the increase of brotherly relations among men. The gospel is a grand emancipator. It thunders against all wrong and seeks to break down every stronghold of oppression. It has been the great messenger of liberty, equality and fraternity. The sense of brotherhood was born with Christ.

A final joy we will mention is that which has come through the exaltation of the kindlier graces which the birth of Christ brought about. Meekness, gentleness, forbearance, forgiveness, lowliness, purity, unambitious love, these and such as these are the graces Christ held up for men to desire. Before Christ was born these qualities had low place in the world's estimation. Might was deemed to consist in mere naked force, not in gentleness. Power was placed before purity; intellect before heart; strength of will before strength of affection. But Christ came saying, "Blessed are the meek, blessed are the merciful, blessed are the pure in heart," etc. It is impossible to overestimate the total amount of joy that has come into the world through this one fact of Christ's having exalted the passive and kindlier virtues.

Of course the greatest joy is the joy of personal and full salvation. Our joy begins with this. He came into the world to save sinners. At this Advent season let us not fail to accept him as our personal Redeemer and hope of eternal life.

—Rochester, N. Y.

"NO MAN SAVE JESUS ONLY."

JAMES C. COLEMAN.

This sentence, "They saw no man save Jesus only" (Matt. 17:8), is usually understood in the sense of its being a consecration verse for us. It is rather Christ's consecration. This appears in Luke's words: "Jesus was found alone" (9:36). The great fact is not the seeing of "Jesus only" by the disciples but the fact that Jesus was now alone. A few moments before the vail that concealed his divinity had been drawn aside and his glory shown radiantly in human view. With him were Moses and Elias, the central figures of the old dispensation. Their conversation was of Christ's coming victorious conquest in Jerusalem—his "Exodus" (Luke 9:31) when he would redeem his people, delivering them from their great task-master, Satan. During this conversation there came the great coronation scene when Jesus was crowned with the divine proclamation of His Divine Sonship: "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." But now the scene is changed. Moses and Elias vanish. The glory of the coronation scene fades. The divinity of Christ again is vailed and Jesus is left alone upon the bare mountain-top; alone, to fight out the great work of man's redemption; alone, to suffer; alone, to die, forsaken by his God. Alone he descends the mountain to meet the trials and duties of his mission, with none but his wavering disciples; for his heavenly comforters have departed.

If this is a verse of consecration it is Christ's consecration to his work. Separate the verse from its context and it can be our motto; with its context, it gives for us the method of our great warfare, in Christ's name, not that of any other man, however great, Moses nor Paul, but in his name.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

JAMES H. SNOWDEN.

The bells have music for the Christmas morn;
From out their swinging throats,
There loudly, widely floats
The olden story that the Child is born.

This Flowret came to an unkindly earth:
Its hard crust shut the blossom in,
And pressed it down with weight of sin,
And would not let it come unto full birth.

This hindrance still is intoned by the bells:
From out their iron throats,
There harshly, hoarsely floats
A note that of this opposition tells.

The world has reached a softer, brighter hour:
This seed now buds in many lands,
And sheds some fragrance o'er wide sands,
And gives fair promise of a full-blown flower.

The bells have caught the spirit of this day:
From out their silver throats,
There softly, smoothly floats
The liquid tone of this more mellow lay.

The golden age is yet to come, when through
All climes and lands this Flower will grow,
And through all lives its perfume blow,
And make the old world bloom full sweet and new.

The bells have music for this coming noon:
From out their golden throats,
There richly, sweetly floats
A voice that may fulfill this promise soon.

Bookman 7/98

BOOK PRICES CURRENT.*

The eleventh volume of this admirable compilation, invaluable to all bookmen, is larger and in every way more complete than any that have preceded it. It contains full particulars of all the important book auctions in London and the provinces during the year, special notice being given to the sale of the first portion of the Ashburnham Library, at which 1,683 lots realised over £30,150. These extraordinarily high prices account for the fact that the average price of books during 1897 has never been equalled during the eleven years that "Book Prices Current" has been in existence. Mr. Slater states that at present book-buyers are suffering from "no great mania." The rage for early editions of modern authors is altogether a thing of the past, though first editions of R. L. Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling are rapidly rising in value.

THE *EDINBURGH* ON MR. KIPLING.

The most serious and comprehensive criticism of Mr. Kipling that has yet appeared is to be found in the new *Edinburgh*. The writer has looked with a friendly but discriminating eye upon the twelve books that now stand to Mr. Kipling's name, and has come to certain interesting conclusions. He does not attempt to place their author—that would be too bold—but he says words which he hopes may help Mr. Kipling's fluid state towards crystallisation. Let us look at the article.

The critic begins with a definition of literature, which for ordinary working purposes will suffice. The sum of it is this:

1. Books containing mere records of material facts, valuable only for their accuracy, without regard to form or expression.	Not literature.
2. Books containing records of facts of general human interest, history, observation of life, &c. either drawn up with some regard to form, or pervaded by interest of expression.	Outer circle of literature.
3. (*a*) Books dealing with facts or ideas of general and permanent human interest, in which form and expression are essential qualities; and (*b*) books dealing with subjects of little inherent interest, but which are remarkable for perfection of form and expression.	Inner circle of literature.

The bulk of Mr. Kipling's work, it is then decided, comes within the outer circle, the clause "observation of life" having been inserted for his benefit.

"For of the many remarkable qualities in Mr. Kipling's publications, the most remarkable of all is the extraordinary faculty of observation which they display. . . . Nothing he comes in contact with seems to escape his notice; and, while still a young man, he gives one the impression in his books of having lived two or three lives, and lived them pretty thoroughly. 'Choses Vues' might be the general title for a great deal of his work; with the important addition that he not only sees things himself, but he makes the reader see them."

The critic turns then to the examination of some of the stories which best illustrate this gift of observation; finding much praise to give them, although never allowing them to win to a higher place than the outer circle.

The Light that Failed and *Captains Courageous* are next disposed of, and the *Jungle Books* reached. We agree with the critic in considering these Mr. Kipling's most wonderful accomplishment, and his two works most likely to retain a permanent place in literature. Says the reviewer:

"He has attempted nothing less than to project himself, in imagination, into the beast mind, to put things as beasts might put them had they the faculty of intelligible expression. The imaginative power which he has brought to this task is really extraordinary; how extraordinary we do not become fully aware till we come to those passages, here and there, in which human speakers intervene in the story, as the father and mother and child do in the narrative of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose. . . . The individuality of the animals is admirably kept up; the author has stamped their characters and names on them; we shall always think of the tiger as 'Shere Khan,' and of the black panther as 'Bagheera.' The rules and laws among the animals as to hunting and killing impress one as what might really exist in some crude but understood form among them; and, indeed, the 'water truce,' when the drought became such as to nearly dry the river and make water scarce, may almost be said to be founded on fact. The animal idea of fire as 'the red flower,' of the rifle-bullet as 'the stinging-fly that comes out of the white smoke,' of spring as 'the time of new talk,' are all remarkable instances of the author's power of putting himself, in imagination, in the place of the brute mind."

Against much of the poetry is brought the charge of hasty, slap-dash writing—though we cannot agree that "McAndrew's Hymn" and "Tomlinson" suffer in this way—and its slang is also deprecated. This is the sum of the matter:

"That Mr. Kipling can rise to the higher level of poetry he has shown us every now and then in such poems as 'L'Envoi,' and 'Kabul Town,' and 'The Legend of Evil' (first section), and 'Mandalay,' and that grand little poem, 'Lest we forget,' which a short time since sent a thrill through the length and breadth of England. And perhaps the glorious racket of 'The Bolivar' and chivalrous climax of 'East and West' may avail to keep alive such comparatively short poems, in spite of roughness of style and execution. But, taking his verse compositions altogether, one may say that the author has just let us see that he might be a poet if he would, but has done but little yet towards a serious achievement of the position."

And so we reach the conclusion of this inquiry. The critic is of opinion that almost anything is within Mr. Kipling's power if he will cease to "play to the gallery." In short:

"If he wishes for future fame, for a permanent place in the world's library, we believe he has it within his choice, if he would go to work seriously and aim at giving us his best, instead of being content to please and interest us for the moment. If he prefers the latter way of expending his genius, his own generation may have no reason to complain—it is a most brilliant Variety entertainment, and never seems to flag for a moment; but in that case future generations will not hear much of him, unless it may be in this way—that with his varied interest in life and his ubiquitous habits he has, perhaps, the best chance of all men living of ultimately becoming a Solar Myth."

Academy — Jany 8/98

Mr. Kipling, who, accompanied by his family and Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, sails to-day in the *Dunvegan Castle*, intends to make his trip to South Africa a complete holiday from work. His forthcoming volume of short stories is to be postponed from the spring to the autumn of this year.

$2 a year, sing...

Reginald de Koven and Sir Arthur Sullivan have both been commissioned by *The Ladies' Home Journal* to give a musical setting to Rudyard Kipling's great "Recessional" poem written for the Queen's Jubilee. De Koven has finished his setting for the poem as a hymn, with chorus and solo, and the composition will be published in its entirety in a forthcoming issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE *Saturday Review* takes quite another line. This critic sees Mrs. Steel through Kipling spectacles, and sees her stature diminished thereby:

"With a surprising pertinacity, Mrs. Steele still endeavours to compete with Mr. Kipling on his own peculiar ground. . . . With no uncertain gesture, Mrs. Steel herself indicates the standard by which she must be tried. For it is one thing to follow a pioneer upon the road he opens—none may be blamed for doing so; but it is another business when one artist deliberately selects another's motive for his own treatment. Everyone has a perfect right to do so, of course; only, if the performance falls short, the conveyance comes to be judged as theft. Mrs. Steel, having duly absorbed 'The Mark of the Beast' and the 'Mowgli' stories, elects to write 'The Blue-throated God,' and the result is a series of variations, producing an effect of confusion, woven about another's theme. Mr. Kipling invented a good thing, and called it 'Without Benefit of Clergy.' Mrs. Steel reads it, and presently she writes 'On the Second Story,' which is a good enough story, but not a masterpiece. Mr. Kipling presents hard-handed England in India as none other has done, and Mrs. Steel, perceiving a curious mirage of the same objective, gives us such conventional anomalies as the soldier in 'At the Great Durbar,' and Craddock the engineer in 'In the Permanent Way' and 'The King's Well.'"

The *Times* associates Mrs. Steel with Mr. Kipling in a kindlier manner:

"Comparison, though so favourite a form of criticism, is always odious, but in one particular at least we venture to think the gentleman has the advantage of the lady. In his pictures in black and white he does not give us too much of the tar-brush; whereas Mrs. Steel is not so careful in this matter. This is most noticeable in her last book, *In the Permanent Way*, where the stories are so taken up with the native that the settler is almost neglected. This seems hard since he alone will read them. The fact is, that the stories of the East without something Western in them are, like water without the whisky, a little insipid."

The *Spectator* makes much the same distinction, but in a still more complimentary way:

"While her only rival in this field of fiction is Mr. Kipling, her work, if it lacks his vivid virility of style, is marked by an even subtler appreciation of the Oriental standpoint—both ethical and religious—a more exhaustive acquaintance with native life in its domestic and indoor aspects, and a deeper sense of the moral responsibilities attaching to our rule in the East. Indeed, if Mrs. Steel shows any partiality, it is not towards Western modes of thought."

Academy 7/5/98

THOSE readers of *Punch* who in their minds credit Mr. Seaman with the text of "Animal Land" are mistaken. Both pictures and descriptions are the work of Mr. E. T. Reed. We congratulate Mr. Reed on his double gift.

AP-BOOK

ONTHLY

February 15, 1898

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ever given to a man of rising tranquilly above his sordid theme, of lighting it up by broad principles, of enshrining it in some enduring truth of human life or society has been recklessly or ignorantly thrown away. The book-man in politics has spoiled it all, luckily, perhaps, for France and M. Méline. Had France to-day a Voltaire, or a Milton, or a Swift, or even such a second-rater as the notorious "Junius" among her citizens, the Premier and the Republic would disappear at the same moment. As it is, M. Zola is ineffectual enough to be prosecuted.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST published recently a rather clever editorial on Mr. Kipling's poetry, in which it especially noted the absence of youthfulness from his verse. It found that though Mr. Kipling is still under thirty-five his attitude toward nature and love, the two subjects which supply three-quarters of the world's stock of juvenile poetry, differs completely from that of Wordsworth or Tennyson or Keats or Lowell in their early years. This difference, the Post explained, was partly owing to Mr. Kipling's apparent dislike of contemplation and quiet reflection. Nature to him is but the stormy background for the actions of men, not lovable or instructive for her own sake, not beautiful with any suggestion of philosophy or kinship with humanity, but simply the inevitable setting of brute force and passion. The criticism is not absolutely just, and certainly not so disparaging as the Post seems to think. Mr. Kipling, in all his essays in prose or verse, shows himself the full-blooded admirer of men who do things, of men who work with their hands for their bread and

ERT S. STONE & COMPANY.

say why I like it. In fact, I don't believe I've ever asked myself the question."

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"Why not?"

He was obviously delving down into his mind after the reasons of things visible; and I let him alone for a few moments. "I don't know," he said, "whether I can make it clear to you. I don't even know if I can see it clearly myself. But I think the books I like are those that call up a series of pictures before my mind's eye. Now, I've just been reading *The Story of Ab*, and that's a case in point. Yes, I'm sure that's it."

He rose, and walked up and down the studio, talking quickly, jerkily, but with every indication that a chance thrust of the spade had struck at the root of things.

"I never thought of it before," he continued; "but every day when I am reading stories for illustration I feel it. You can read, and read, and never *see* anything. I don't profess to be a great reader. But I've read a bit of most things. Meredith—James—they describe what people are thinking. Now I want to see the—the outcome of thought; what it leads to." And he made that circular motion of the thumb which is the masonic sign of the artist. "You can't *see* people thinking, can you?"

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"What about English writers—Stevenson, for instance?"

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C. R.

Academy 2/5/98

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Academy 7/5/98

butter, the strong, unboasting laborers of to make the Empire a living, palpable fact to the world. Such men may not have a sound "philo ordinary Englishman. We believe the popular phy of nature," but they are rarely without a p enthusiasm of the Jubilee year, when England distical acquaintance with her charms. To them, covered the British Empire, would have been all they are not therefore commonplace or un but impossible but for Mr. Kipling's stirring verse. thetic, the presence of what Homer calls "the Is the unity of America so complete and satisfaworks of men" is essential to the perfection tory that no poet could do a like service here? Are landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens, orcha Kansas and New York so obviously sympathetic farmhouses dotted here and there, indications that a further tie would be superfluous? We one form or another of human life and labor, b imagine not. Indeed, we believe that the poet who in the personal subjective note, the communicat does for America what Mr. Kipling has done for sense of individual experience which the cont the British Empire, will not only meet with an plation of nature, taken by itself, fails to aro instant response, but will have effected a political It is not possibly the most intellectual view work of great consequence. Where shall such a nature, but it is one that, though very general, poet be found? Who will be the Kipling of Amerfound no voice in poetry till Mr. Kipling cam ca? give it fitting expression. It harmonizes well w Mr. Kipling's avoidance of generalities in eve thing, which is, perhaps, his most unyouthful qu ity. If he does not find in nature "the still, s music of humanity," he finds at least the echoes human beings.

This same attention to the feelings and actions individuals has marked Mr. Kipling out among t writers of patriotic verse. Where Wordsworth an Tennyson dealt with England, Mr. Kipling dea with Englishmen, with the actual builders of t Empire in the very work of building it. There a cue for us in this. America has been greatly but never adequately, sung by Lowell, Whitman and Holmes. The patriotic poet of the future, if he is wise, will draw his inspiration not from th country as a whole, but from the separate states that compose it. It is probable that America, like the British Empire, is really too big a subject for a single poem, and the writer who wishes to stir his countrymen effectively with his verse will do well to confine himself to the ordinary geographical divisions, taking them one at a time and trusting to the composite results. It is chiefly a recognition of this that has given force and reality to Mr. Kipling's patriotic ballads. He brings out the character and the unity and variety of the British Empire by emphasising its component parts, by treating each colony as a character in a great drama. So, too, when the Song of the Americans comes to be written, it will be the states that will hold the leading parts, though America will lead the orchestra. And the writer of such a song, if it be worthy, will have a reward as great, if not greater, than Mr. Kipling's. England has a good deal to thank her literary men for in the cultivation of Imperialism. Froude and Seeley did much to start the movement, but it was left to Mr. Kipling

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WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

IX.—AN ARTIST.

I FOUND him walking restlessly up and down in his studio with two long slips of printed paper in his hand—proofs.

"New story of Kipling's," he said excitedly. "About a ship that caught fire. I've got to illustrate it for a Christmas number. Splendid! There's a picture in every paragraph. Listen!"

And he read me out a sentence.

"Can't you see it?" he said. And he stepped up to his easel and began sketching in rough outlines with a bit of charcoal. "Like this, you know—no—so!"

The lines began to take the semblance of human figures.

"But, of course, you don't see it as I do," he continued.

The outlines suggested but little to me. Perhaps because I was thinking of something else.

"Do you find Kipling easy to illustrate?" I asked.

"Well, he's easy enough—in a sense," he replied—"when you have the knowledge of his costumes, technicalities, and so on. And you have to know an uncommon lot to throw any light on Kipling. Look at the Jungle Stories, for instance. But the difficulty is in the selection. Because, to my mind, Kipling writes in pictures—if you understand me."

"And you consider that a merit?"

"Certainly I do."

"Tell me, do you regard that as a criterion of excellence? The writing in pictures, I mean. Because, you know, I'm trying to find out what sort of books various people like. And I should think you are a fairly typical black-and-white artist. You read a good deal, I suppose?"

"I'm always reading stories that I have to illustrate."

"Yes; but what do you read when you read for your own pleasure? What qualities do you look for in a book?"

"That's rather hard to say," he replied. "You see, I'm not literary. I know when I like a book, but I don't know that I can say why I like it. In fact, I don't believe I've ever asked myself the question."

He sat down on the pedestal upon which he posed his models, and wrinkled his brows in thought.

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C. R.

Academy 2/5/98

AMONG other manifestations of welcome which greeted Mr. Kipling on his arrival at the Cape was a set of verses somewhat in his own manner, contributed by Mr. Edgar Wallace, a private soldier, to the *Cape Times*. Three of the stanzas ran thus:

"You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows;
But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'Ills.
You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone blows,
You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,
An' we grills!
An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills?
. . . . . .
But you're *our* particular author, you're our patron an' our friend,
You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,
You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands extend,
You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,
An' compare,
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere!
. . . . . .
There are poets what can please you with their primrose vi'let lays,
There are poets wot can drive a man to drink;
But it takes a 'pukka' poet, in a Patriotic Craze,
To make a chortlin' nation squirm an' shrink,
Gasp an' blink:
An' 'eedless, thoughtless people stop and think!"

The body of literature that has Mr. Kipling's influence as its direct inspiration must be growing very bulky.

Academy 3/26/98

HOW AWFULLY AWFUL!

3/11/98

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A terrible example of the critic's indiscretion is afforded by a report, which we hope is incorrect, of a lecture by Professor Phelps, of Yale, in a course of contemporary authors. Concerning Rudyard Kipling the university professor is reported as saying that he "is awfully uneven and full of errors. When he is dull he is perfectly horrible." An author who can be awfully uneven and perfectly horrible, especially the latter, must necessarily be an object of reprehension to a university man whose literary style must, of course, be awfully smooth and perfectly lovely.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Academy Feby 23/98

THE whole of the *édition de luxe* of Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*, to be published by Messrs. W. Thacker & Co., and to range with Macmillan's edition, is now taken up before publication, and it is fully expected that this edition, of which only 1,050 copies are printed, will shortly go to a premium.

Bookman Apr. 1898

KIPLING'S VIEW OF AMERICANS.

Some four centuries ago a venturesome voyager named Columbus crossed the Atlantic and discovered the Americans. This first and original discoverer of the Americans was an Italian. On his return to the other side, he embodied his impressions in a book. The Americans, in his opinion, were a curious and barbarous people. A few years later a traveller named Cabot discovered the Americans again. He was an Englishman. He, too, wrote a book. He, too, found the Americans a curious and barbarous people.

During the four centuries that have elapsed since Columbus and Cabot, Americans have not remained undiscovered. On the contrary, year by year since those early times, traveller after traveller of every nationality in Europe, but especially of French and English, has come to these shores, discovered the Americans, and pronounced them a curious and barbarous people. Almost the latest in the long line of discoverers of America is the Anglo-Indian prodigy, the great Rudyard Kipling. We had thought that the supply of discoverers had run out; but no, in India a new genius arose, and we were discovered again. We had thought that there was nothing left to discover; but lo! Kipling came to us, entered "into our midst," so to speak, and succeeded in discovering a number of strangely familiar facts.

We Americans, with conscientious industry, have read all these accounts, and have not yet lost interest in the process of being discovered. Instead of being gratified by the occasional bits of praise, and resenting the persistent faultfinding and occasional abuse, we have been delighted and amused. Our market has stood wide open to books of this kind. We have not yet invented the plan of *protecting* our "infant literary industries."

The reason for this peculiar attitude is, perhaps, to be found in our national self-complacency. We have prosperity and most of the other gifts of the gods, and in addition, if we may believe Mr. Kipling, "almost human intelligence." All we want is some one before whom we may display our finery. Consequently we like to hear ourselves talked about, and greedily seize any morsel of comment, bitter or sweet. The compliments we take as a matter of course; the criticism, if clever, amuses us, but does not annoy us, because we do not for a moment suspect that it can be true. We are like a precocious schoolboy, not Macaulay's, who aches for an opportunity to "show off."

Consequently, we have greedily bolted books of comment, good, bad, and indifferent, from the time of Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Charles Dickens to the time of Max O'Rell, Paul Bourget, James Bryce, and Rudyard Kipling. Our power of belief, in the words of Andrew Lang, "has verged on credulity." We have enjoyed the praise and, strange to relate, have not seriously resented the criticism. Encroachments in Venezuela and Bering Sea seals we take very seriously, but criticism of our language and manners we receive with a very becoming sense of humour. To be sure, there are exceptions. The ardent patriotism of our Brander Matthews cannot be entirely smothered, but finds a vent in the collection of Britticisms to offset the Americanisms to which English writers are so fond of alluding. The American editor, too, cannot always contain himself, and we have an occasional vicious "sending of Dana's *Sun*." But, as a rule, the twist-the-lion's-tail, lick-creation, jingo spirit is not prominent in our literature.

Naturally we are eager to hear the opinion of Kipling on this subject so near to our heart. This opinion seems to be an unstable quantity, dependent upon the time of writing and upon the public to whom he is addressing himself. In the esteem of Kipling, the clever young Indian journalist, the American had a place on a plane with that of the much reviled globe-trotter. Kipling at this time had very little real knowledge of us, but said a few things about us from hearsay. For instance, in the amusing story of missionary life, "The Judgment of Dungara," he says, "Speak to the Racine Gospel Agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go

where no Englishman dare follow." Again, in the "Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" is represented an American character, Salem Hardicker, "A lean Bostonian he ——." Again, in "His Private Honour" occurs the savage innuendo, "Ortheris, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping." Again, in "A Matter of Fact," Kipling makes some wicked thrusts at the methods of American journalism. Keller, the over-enthusiastic young journalist from Dayton, O., is utterly foiled in attempting to put his American methods into practice in England. Keller's account of the sea-serpent is thus described: "Keller triple-headed his account, talked about our 'gallant captain,' and wound up with an allusion to American enterprise in that it was a citizen of Dayton, O., that had seen the sea-serpent. This sort of thing would have discredited the Creation, much more a mere sea tale, but as a specimen of the picture-writing of a half-civilised people it was very interesting." The wise Britisher follows this not too delicate remark with the withering advice: "Don't be an ass, Keller. Remember, I'm seven hundred years your senior, and what your grandchildren may learn five hundred years hence I learned from my grandfathers about five hundred years ago. You won't do it, because you can't."

Such not too eulogistic passages reflect Kipling's general view of Americans. This disdainful feeling, however first aroused, was certainly fostered by practical considerations. American appreciation of Kipling's clever tales did not assume a substantial form. In our eagerness to read, we forgot the rights of the author. Large editions fail to gladden when they are pirated, and Kipling in his *American Notes* thus expresses his resentful feelings: "This may sound bloodthirsty; but remember, I had a grievance upon me—the grievance of the pirated English books." And again: "Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school-marm, the cider, and the salt codfish of the Eastern States are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue to-day." To general disdain of Americans was added personal grievance, so that Kipling arrived in San Francisco, on his first visit to America, equipped with keen powers of observation, numerous clever and original tricks of expression, and a genuine prejudice against everything American.

In his *American Notes* Kipling has made many of the conventional comments which have been common literary property since the time of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope. To these he has added a few comments of his own, usually in the same eulogistic strain, and he has expressed all these in the peculiar and inimitable Kipling manner. The moderation and restraint shown in his work are well described in the note of the American editor prefixed to Mrs. Trollope's work of more than a half century ago. "In presenting to the American public the following work, the publishers cannot refrain from congratulating their countrymen on the appearance of so just and happy a delineation of American character and manners. Moderate, conciliating, and good-humoured, it cannot but astonish us with the display of our own virtues, and fill us with a proud gratification at finding ourselves so much better than we had expected. Coming from the source it does, we had reason to expect the usual quantity of prejudice, ignorance, and misrepresentation which has heretofore distinguished most English travellers in the United States; but the reader will be surprised and delighted to find that the good-natured author has actually, on several occasions, omitted some capital opportunities of introducing picturesque incidents, such as dirkings, gougings, and the like, on which Mr. Fawkes, Mr. Fearon, and others have dwelt with such singular satisfaction. Had the author cherished the least feeling of ill-will toward the people of this country, instead of contenting herself with merely making every man in the United States a chewer of tobacco and spitter of tobacco-juice, she might with almost equal truth have extended the practice to women and children, the latter of whom, from a feeling of friendly commiseration, she has neglected to tell her readers begin to use tobacco by the time they are a week old, and some of them still earlier. The good-natured author has also neglected to apprise the English public that it is the universal practice in the United States for gentlemen, as soon as they have finished their dinner, to call for a pitchfork or a chestnut rail, wherewith to pick their teeth. Some prefer one, some the other; but on the whole, the pitchfork is the favourite. We might instance various other particulars in which the spirit of Christian moderation appears with such lustre in the work; but the omission to notice practices so unseemly as those just specified, and so notorious to all, will, I think, be quite sufficient evidence of the character of the writer." Evidently, then, the suave, genial tone is not peculiar to Kipling's *Notes*, but is shared by the earlier books on America.

The general spirit of Kipling's work is well shown by a contrast with the work of Dickens. The latter author, at the end of his *American Notes*, feeling that some effort should be made to soften the asperity of his remarks, soothingly says: "I have little reason to believe, from certain warnings I have had since I returned to England, that it will be tenderly or favourably received by the American people; and as I have written the Truth in relation to the mass of those who form their judgments and express their opinions, it will be seen that I have no desire to court, by any adventitious means, the popular applause. It is enough for me to know that what I have set down in these pages cannot cost me a single friend on the other side of the Atlantic who is, in anything, deserving of the name. For the rest, I put my trust implicitly in the spirit in which they have been conceived and penned, and I can bide my time." All this seems a little cringing from the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Kipling, more candidly, though evidently with a feeling of guilt, frankly says at the beginning of his book: "Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if these letters be ever read by American eyes." There is a certain sweetness of revenge in reading Kipling's *American Notes* in a pirated edition.

Kipling, in a judicial spirit, finds some things in America to commend. The glories of the Yellowstone Park he wonders at and describes in a marvellously effective manner. He decidedly appreciates the pleasures of American salmon-fishing. He finds solace in our "superior cigars," as he deigns to call them. But, above all, he is enamoured of the American girl. On the most out-of-the-way occasions he bursts forth into such rhapsodies as, "Whose women are of a remarkable beauty." "Also the women are very fair." "That one falls in love with them goes without saying." "Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating, for all their demureness, the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers, with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian 'spin' in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk—yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive."

Here, unfortunately, his praise terminates. To borrow the words of the American pirate editor, he makes "incisive jabs at the hotel-clerk, catarrh, and other defects in American character." The American art of expectoration excites his wonder and contempt. The American up-to-date gospel, the dazzling ornamentation of the saloons, the political system, the army, the navy, the language, and the general materialism of the American spirit are described in withering terms of scorn. The judicial attitude of the writer and the delicacy of his language may be inferred from remarks like the following: "San Francisco is a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty." "But the American has no language. He is dialect, slang, provincialism, accent, and so forth." "I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it Chicago. . . . Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages."

The *American Notes* as a whole is a brilliant and entertaining account of America, the first impressions of a very young man, and intended to amuse the readers of an Indian journal. The writer has not been hampered by any respect for the facts in the case, and gives free scope to his fancy in producing a work valuable to Indians as an authentic source of information regarding things American.

In Kipling's more recent writings there is manifest a decided change of attitude toward Americans. Whatever his real opinion may be, his expressed opinion is different. To be sure, he is now writing, in part at least, for an American audience. In the *American Notes* he is attempting to amuse an Indian public at the expense of Americans. In the *Naulakha*, in the *Walking Delegate*, and in *Captains Courageous* he is writing about America for Americans. Policy dictates a change of manner. Then, too, he has been subjected to new influences. American friends, an American wife, and perhaps not least of all, an American international copyright law have done something to conciliate his hostile humour.

To be sure, his old contempt for democracy still breathes forth in some of his works. It is a mooted question whether or not the anarchy of the bandar-log community, described in the first *Jungle Book*, is intended as a satire on Americans. Perhaps it is a case of the shoe fitting, though not so intended by the writer. In such case Kipling builded better than he knew.

But aside from occasional satirical touches, the spirit of his later writings is decidedly friendly and appreciative. Even his occasional jabs are much less vicious than formerly. His satire has lost much of its bitterness. His sarcasm has become something closely akin to humour. In the *Naulakha*, for instance, Kipling cannot refrain from making a few side thrusts at the American character and language. But such allusions are no longer abusive ; on the contrary, are legitimate humour. Referring to the American hero, Tarvin, the Maharajah remarks, "Thy friend here speaks such English as I never knew." Again Tarvin remarks, "You don't lose anything by keeping your weather-eye open, you know." To which the king innocently replies, "I do not understand, but go to the missionary's house to-day, my son." Later on Kipling alludes to the "irresponsible race who stride booted into the council-halls of kings, and demand concessions for oilboring from Araccan to Peshun." Again the agent's wife remarks, "But, then, all Americans are extraordinary, you know, though they're so clever." Such mild, humorous allusions stand in marked contrast with the biting sarcasm and direct abuse of the *American Notes*. Then, too, Nick Tarvin, the American hero, partly Kipling's creation, is a rough, genial, git-up-an'-git, never-say-die American of whom we may justly be proud.

But the American nation is not a homogeneous body. The git-up-an'-git Nebraskan is very different from the conservative Bostonian. In the *Walking Delegate* Kipling makes a slight departure, and attempts to distinguish between these different types. He does not go far, to be sure, but under the guise of horses he pictures to us the conventional Northern, Western, and Southern types. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and most of the horses on the Vermont farm represent the quiet, domestic New England character. Muldoon, the ex-car-horse, represents the city element. Tweezy, "with the affliction in his left hip," represents the conventional proud, but warm-hearted, hospitable Southerner. "His affliction makes him bashful, but he is ever the most courteous of horses. 'Excuse me, suh,' he said slowly, 'but unless I have been misinfohmed, most of you' prominent siahs, suh, are impo'ted from Kentucky ; an' *I'm* from Paduky.' There was a little touch of pride in the last words." But the central figure in this interesting story is the visionary yellow-horse, Boney, who with his fluency and advanced ideas stands for the anarchistic popocracy of Kansas. "Hesh, sis," says Nip, "they feed words for beddin' where he comes from." In the words of Boney, "What the horses of Kansas think to-day the horses of America will think to-morrow." The types represented in this story are the purely conventional ones, and in their conception show little originality on Kipling's part. Still the story is interesting, as showing that Kipling is gradually becoming acquainted with the different phases of American life.

Another interesting feature of this story is the step that Kipling has taken toward mastering the intricacies of the "dialect, provincialism, and slang" which he calls the American language. In his latest work, *Captains Courageous*, Kipling has taken another step in this direction, and has attempted to reproduce the language of the Gloucester fishermen. About his success there seems to be some reason to doubt.

This story, *Captains Courageous*, contains less to injure American vanity than any of Kipling's other works. To be sure, the story is written down to our level ; evidently the author had in his ear the jingle of the American dollar. But certain it is that the extremest jingo among us may read it with the greatest of complacence. Disko Troop and his son Dan are distinctively American heroes, but are fit to move in the society of Kipling's Anglo-Indian heroes, Strickland and Mulvaney. Harvey Cheyne proves to be an admirable specimen of a boy, and even Harvey's father, the multimillionaire railroad king, is marvellously near a human being.

In that fearful tale, again, *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers*, the American buccaneers, Tom Hall and Reuben Paine, display a hardy courage coupled with rude gallantry worthy of heroes in a Norse saga.

"English they be and Japanee that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst, God wot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank."

In most of the writings that we have considered thus far, Kipling's expressed opinions have either been coloured by prejudice or influenced by policy. Kipling himself would be the first to point out the absurdity of taking these views seriously. All this is extremely unfortunate, because a candid expression of opinion from Kipling, a man of keen observation, critical judgment, and cosmopolitan spirit, would be interesting and important. Fortunately we have what seems to be such an expression. In his last collection of poems, *The Seven Seas*, is included a poem which seems to express Kipling's calm, settled opinion of Americans. The tone of the poem is severe, even bitter, but if we will be frank, we must acknowledge, for the most part, just. Independence combined with servility, together with an awful *irreverence*, are the qualities upon which he lays most stress.

"Through many roads, by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise ;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
And he the Text himself applies.

* * * * * *

"Calm eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays :
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crumb of praise ;

* * * * * *

"Enslave, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for beers.

"Lo ! imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And in the teeth of all the schools
I—I shall save him at the last."

The American reader who wishes to be soothed with soft words of praise must not turn to Kipling. The progressive, enterprising, but materialistic American does not meet Kipling's ideal, and from him we get but half-hearted supercilious commendation. If we are not satisfied with this we must console ourselves after the manner of the famous "Man from Boston," who in lamenting in a patriotic manner the recent defeat at Carson of his erstwhile conqueror, and the American champion of the ring, found consolation in the fact that the new champion had taken out naturalisation papers in the United States. If we cannot have a native-born champion, the next best thing, in the opinion of the immortal Sullivan, is to have one who has become a citizen by adoption. In the same way, if crestfallen after reading Kipling's *American Notes*, we may derive consolation from the fact that our supercilious critic, when he came to select a place for a home, found that place in the much-reviled United States, the home of the Yank.

George Harley McKnight.

resources of Columbia University Library in German history from gifts of money recently made.

Among recent deaths in the library world should be specially mentioned that of Giuseppe Ottino, librarian of the Biblioteca Nazionale in Turin, who died January 4th. Signor Ottino was eminent as a librarian in the service of the government libraries and as an author in library economy, but more especially in bibliography.

Another recent loss to library service is that made in the death of Mr. Samuel C. Donaldson, assistant librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, who has been associated with that institution and with other libraries for many years.

The city library of Ghent, Belgium, has recently celebrated its centenary. This library was one of the useful institutions founded on foreign soil by the French Revolution, and is now perhaps the second Belgium library in importance, which, it is said, contains about three hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK HUNTER.

Those who study old books bibliographically know that, when two or more copies of what is presumed to be the same edition of the same book are brought together and minutely compared, variations are often discovered. When printing was done on the old-fashioned hand-presses, it was a comparatively easy matter to make changes as the sheets were going through the press. And when a variation has been discovered, the question often arises as to which is the earliest. For among collectors of first editions, the earliest issue is the one most esteemed, and oftentimes the second issue, after some slight error has been corrected or other slight change has been made, is worth in the market much less than the first one.

By comparing several copies of the first edition of the first series of Lamb's *Elia* it has been discovered that there are two variations, the title-page having been reprinted. The difference of the title occurs only in the imprint. That of the first variety reads: "London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, Fleet-Street. 1823," in four lines; and that of the second, "London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93, Fleet Street, and 13, Waterloo Place. 1823." in five lines. Apparently, after the publication of the book the publishers opened an office in Waterloo Place, and wished to have this appear upon the title of books sold by them. But this is not the only difference between the two issues. Copies of the first series of *Elia* without a half-title have been commonly supposed among collectors to be imperfect. But the earliest issue should have no half-title, the title and the Table of Contents having been printed on the same sheet, forming Signature A, two leaves. When the title-page was reprinted a half-title was added, bearing the simple word "Elia" on the recto and the imprint "London, Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars," on the verso. This was printed on the same sheet as the new title-page, and the old Table of Contents was pasted down along the inner margin of the new title. This reprinting must have been done almost immediately, as the title of the second issue is on the identical paper used in the body of the book, and bearing the same water-mark, "John Hayes, 1821."

The only known copy of an interesting little first edition of a play by Charles Lamb was sold at Bangs's on February 16th. This little book has the following title: | Mr. H. | or | Beware a Bad Name. | A Farce in Two Acts. | As performed at the | Philadelphia Theatre. | Philadelphia, | Published by M. Carey, 122 Market Street. | A. Fagan, Printer, | 1813. | On the back of the title are the dramatis personæ of the play, as it was played in Philadelphia, Mrs. Jefferson, grandmother of the present Joseph Jefferson, taking the part of Melesinda.

The play was first presented on December 10th, 1806, at the Drury Lane Theatre. Lamb had looked forward to its production with great enthusiasm. In the summer of 1806 he wrote to his friend Manning, in China, about the farce. "The title is 'Mr. H.,' no more; how simple, how taking! A great H sprawling over the play-bill, and attracting eyes at every corner. The story is a coxcomb appearing at Bath, vastly rich—all the ladies dying for him—all bursting to know who he is—but he goes by no other name than Mr. H., a curiosity like that of the dames of Strasburg about the man with the great nose. But I won't tell you any more about it. Yes, I will; but I can't give you any idea how I've done it. I'll just tell you that after much vehement admiration, when his true name comes out, 'Hogsflesh,' all the women shun him, avoid him, and not one can be found to change her name for him—that's the idea—how flat it is here—but how whimsical in the farce; and only think how hard upon one it is that the ship is despatched to-morrow, and my triumph cannot be ascertained till the Wednesday after—but all China will ring of it by and by."

But it was not a success, as the author and his friends so fondly hoped and expected. Instead, it fell perfectly flat, and was never publicly acted on the boards again in England, although it was played as an amateur performance by C. J. Matthews, in 1822. Talfourd says that "Lamb, with his sister, sat, as he anticipated, in the front of the pit, and having joined in encoring the prologue, the brilliancy of which injured the farce, he gave way with equal pliancy to the common feeling, and hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbours." And Henry Crabb Robinson says that Lamb "was probably the loudest hisser in the house." It was received, however, with better success in America, having been performed in New York in 1807; and in 1812 it had a considerable run at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia.

It was never printed separately in England, and not at all until 1818, when it was included in his *Works*. The little copy sold at Bangs's was bound by Zaehnsdorf, and brought $98.

Poetry for Girls.

In a recent number of the Ladies' Home Journal Ruth Ashmore, who is generally supposed to be Editor Bok himself, under-

He would be likely to "come a-runnin'" after a shot of that kind. One more quotation and we shall dismiss the enchanting subject:

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MEN

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

15

To All the Men and Boys who come to me with their troubles because they know I have both sympathy and understanding to offer them, I say, "Are you and your mother intimate friends?" Too often they look aston-

Ashmore

all the majesty of one of Mozart's masses. If you want to enjoy yourself, if you want to make life seem better and happier, lose your own personality in a good book.

Editor's Note—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 32 and 33 of this issue of the Journal.

of that most genial man, Robert Louis Stevenson, and when the large book of his letters is published by his special friend, Sydney Colvin, do not allow yourself to forget about it. Learn all that is possible about books and people from that most cheery of writers and poets, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

right in our own home, you will meet and greet Aldrich, the gentle; Sydney Lanier, the musician; Poe, the mystic; and, best of all for every girl, Longfellow. There are many other great poets, but I do not want to make this talk about books merely a catalogue.

The first editions of the writings of Rudyard Kipling are peculiarly attractive just now to collectors. His earliest books were printed in India, in Lahore, Allahabad, and Calcutta, in presumably small editions, and are now very scarce, and bring high prices. Collectors are anxiously awaiting an authoritative bibliography of his writings. His first publication in book form is, in printed bibliographies, we believe, stated to have been an article in *The Quartette*, published in 1885. But there are at least two earlier books than this, the existence of which are known to very few.

What now appears to have been his first book is a little pamphlet which was privately printed in Lahore in 1881. The title-page in full is as follows : | (Printed for private circulation only.) | Schoolboy Lyrics, | By | Rudyard Kipling. | Lahore. | Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press. | 1881. | It is a little pamphlet measuring 6 1-8 by 4 1-8 inches, and comprises title and 46 pages. The poems must have been written when he was fifteen or sixteen years of age, and have not been included in any subsequent volume. The only copy known is in the possession of a New York collector, and it is in a blank white paper cover, apparently the original one.

In 1884 he published a small volume of parodies. This was also a little pamphlet, measuring 5⅞ x 4½ inches. Its title bore only "Echoes. By Two Writers," followed by a quotation from an old play. On the cover, however, appears the imprint, "Lahore : The 'Civil and Military Gazette' Press." It comprises title ; index, 2 pages ; and text, 72 pages, exclusive of cover. Of this only a few copies are known. The first copy to be offered publicly, we believe, is one announced to be sold by Sotheby on the 21st of March.

Besides these two undescribed and little known books there is much confusion regarding the proper placing of some other of his India printed books. Six volumes, mostly reprinted from the *Week's News*, were issued as octavo pamphlets in paper covers, forming Nos. 1 to 6 of A. H. Wheeler and Company's Indian Railway Library. These were all published in Allahabad, apparently in 1888, though they are all undated. They appeared in the following order : No. 1, "Soldiers Three ;" No. 2, "Story of the Gadsbys ;" No. 3, "In Black and White ;" No. 4, "Under the Deodars ;" No. 5, "The Phantom Rickshaw ;" No. 6, "Wee Willie Winkie." "The City of Dreadful Night" appeared as No. 14 of the Library, and was printed in 1891.

Collectors at first were satisfied with these paper-covered volumes bearing the imprint "Allahabad and London." Then they came to know that editions were printed in India bearing the Allahabad imprint alone. But of Nos. 4, 5 and 6 (if not also of the others) there are two varieties, one having the second line of title printed in large, black-faced capitals and lower case, and with the words, "Reprinted in chief from the Week's News" on the verso. The other form has the second line of title in smaller Roman capitals, and there is no printed notice on the verso. There are more leaves of advertisements in the issue with the second line of title in large black-faced type. Perhaps, by communicating with some one who was in the printing-office at the time, or by examining the books of the Civil and Military Gazette Press, it might be possible to learn which was the real first edition. But if this question has been solved by any bibliographer, the result of his investigations have not been published.

We learn that an important Boston library, the collection of a Mr. Hayes, deceased, containing, among other rare items, the first, second, third, and fourth folios of Shakespeare, and the first four editions of Walton's *Complete Angler*, is to be sold at auction in New York this spring.

The veteran book-collector, Mr. William Loring Andrews, who has been printing books privately at great or less intervals for more than thirty years, has exceeded all previous efforts in his latest publication. This is an octavo volume, bound in orange-coloured cloth, with the attractive title, *New Amsterdam, New Orange, New York*, and comprises a chronologically arranged account of all known engraved views of the city from the first picture, published in 1651, to 1800. The illustrations, which consist of 5 exquisite coloured plates and 31 photogravures, are beautifully done. There are also seven sets of ornamental initial letters, head bands and tail pieces, designed and engraved by Mr. E. D. French, and printed from the original coppers. The book was printed with infinite care at the Gillis Press, and is one of the handsomest pieces of book-making ever done in this country.

One of the younger generation of book collectors, Mr. W. H. Arnold, has just rendered his "First Report." This takes the form of a privately printed volume, containing an answer to the question, "why first editions ?" and some chapters of anecdote and advice addressed to the beginner in book collecting. It is enriched with numerous fac-similes, and each copy has inserted a leaf which has been torn and mended by Rivière of London, a stained leaf, one-half of which has been cleaned, and three worm-drilled leaves, one from an American book, and two, inserted in a pocket, from the first English edition of Froissart, printed by Pynson in 1525. Appended is a chapter on "book-worms," the crawling, boring sort, being the best account so far accessible of these interesting little creatures.

The volume was printed by Mr. F. E. Hopkins at Jamaica, Long Island, on a hand-press. The paper used was in small sheets, each making but two leaves, thus leaving the upper, lower, and outer margins of the hand-made paper with its original raw edge. It is so printed that three sheets are laid one within the other after folding, thus making the signature of six leaves. This is called printing in "ternions," and was the method adopted by Caxton and other early printers in their old folios.

Only eighty-five copies of this first edition were printed, though the author promises a popular edition in 12mo, some of the illustrations and all of the supplementary matter being omitted.

L. S. Livingston.

Poetry for Girls.

In a recent number of the Ladies' Home Journal Ruth Ashmore, who is generally supposed to be Editor Bok himself, undertook to explain why girls should read poetry and, also, to point out what poetry is best for them to read.

"I believe, my dear girl," says Ruth—or Mr. Bok—"every good poem you read is going to make better what would be called the ideal side of your nature, and is going to make you appreciate what is really melody in words. You know the old books of poetry, and it seems to me that there is not much thoroughly good among the new except those written by the poet of our time, Rudyard Kipling. You can arrange a long list of the older poets in whom you will find pleasure. Naturally begin with Shakespeare, and then come down, not very far, to the two Brownings, then to some parts of Byron," and so on.

If Kipling ever sees that the neighbors for miles around will wonder what he is laughing at. As a girl's poet Kipl...

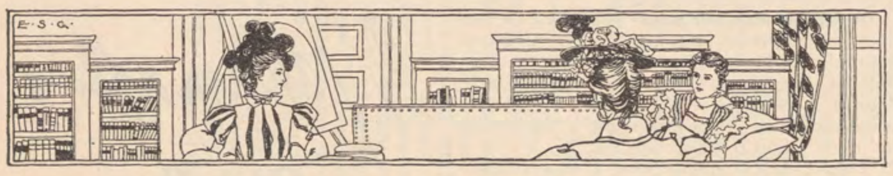
He would be likely to "come a-runnin'" after a shot of that kind. One more quotation and we shall dismiss the enchanting subject:

"What would I do for the man I love
Oh, I'd move earth and heaven above,
That's what I'd do for the man I love.

"What would I do for the man of my heart
I'd enchant him by the fireside or in the busy mart,
That's what I'd do for the man of my heart.

"Then what would I do for the man I'd won
Make him glad of what I done
Oh, that's what I'd do with the man I'd won."

Any girl whose heart is troubling her will find sweet solace in this beautiful little volume, and we are almost sure that, if



A GIRL'S BEST READING

By Ruth Ashmore

IT GOES without saying that every girl, at some time in her life, reads some books. It is equally true that there are many, many girls who find their greatest pleasure in books, but who, alas! lack the fine art of choosing them, or the equally fine art of reading them. One of the greatest men in the world, as well as one of the greatest readers in the world, whose words of wisdom are just now specially appreciated—I mean, of course, Mr. Gladstone—once said, "He who reads that in which he is not interested merely wastes his time," and this I believe to be true. The same great student, at the age of seventy-eight, studied Hindustani, and invariably kept three books going—one a book to which he was giving absolute study, another a book of fine essays or some special specimen of good English, and another a novel—a veritable romance—and he flew from one to the other just as fancy led him, never losing the key to either one of the three, and being the gainer rather than the loser by his own method of enjoying books.

ONE OF THE ARTS OF READING

IF A GIRL care nothing for long accounts of scenery and only for the story itself, and happen to take up one of William Black's novels, she need not force herself to read that which does not interest her, but with the skill of a good reader she may skip the long descriptions of mountains and brooks, of hillside and meadow, and grasp only the story. [illegible] special subject and work over it, storing her mind with this certain branch of knowledge, is assisted not only by the encyclopædias and various books of reference, but she must learn, herself, to choose the books most useful to her, though in any of the great public libraries there are invariably intelligent men who can greatly help the student unless she has some foolish feeling about asking. But she is not the girl to whom I am talking.

A woman who has the reputation of talking well, and yet who laughingly says that very learned books never interest her, credits her rapid flow of language entirely to the fact that as a girl she committed to memory a great deal of poetry.

There is some poetry which I would not care to have my girls read, but there is much poetry that is delightful, that makes one feel better for having read it, and which really does bring about a certain state of happiness and ideality that it is good for one to feel. Do you remember how your heart kept time with the ringing words of the pathetic story of "Baby Bell"? Shall you ever forget the heartbeats that came to you, the proper indignation that was yours, and the sense of the reality of love that reached you, when body and mind seemed enveloped in "Aurora Leigh"? These times come to every girl who loves to read; who often does enjoy a thousand times more the cheap little edition that she possesses, and which she can mark with a pencil, than the finely bound uncut edition of the rich collector. I feel myself a girl again when I look at a little copy of "Aurora Leigh," marked and remarked by two pencils, though the hand of one—the hand that made the heaviest stroke—will never be raised in this world again.

I BELIEVE IN POETRY FOR GIRLS

I BELIEVE, my dear girl, every good poem you read is going to make better what would be called the ideal side of your nature, and is going to make you appreciate what is really melody in words. You know the old books of poetry, and it seems to me that there is not much that is thoroughly good among the new except those written by the poet of our time, Rudyard Kipling. Perhaps you may not care for his enthusiastic description of the British soldier, but I believe it will arouse all the patriotism and respect in you when your lips say over and over the words of the great "Recessional," since the warning sounds as if it were from God Himself, "Lest we forget."

You can arrange a long list of the older poets in whom you will find pleasure. Naturally begin with Shakespeare, and then come down, not very far, to the two Brownings, then to some parts of Byron, then to that unhappy boy, John Keats, then to Pope, then to some parts of Shelley, then to Tennyson, and, looking for the great souls right in our own home, you will meet and greet Aldrich, the gentle; Sydney Lanier, the musician; Poe, the mystic; and, best of all for every girl, Longfellow. There are many other great poets, but I do not want to make this talk about books merely a catalogue.

BOOKS WHICH ARE RICH WITH PEARLS

IT WAS Rider Haggard who said that from even the trashiest novel some bit of knowledge could be gained. But whether it is worth while going through the trashiest novel to find this pearl is something you must decide. I think that while now there are so many good books sold at cheap prices, or to be obtained at free libraries, you can read good books rich with pearls for which no searching is required. You want to know a little of the history of this world, you are too busy to read everything about it, and so you wonder what you had better take up. You must limit yourself to a few books, because a busy girl should not read every night of her life. Therefore, begin with Sir John Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization," and after that take Macaulay's "History of England" and Guizot's "History of France." You wonder that I do not advise Carlyle! Why should you swallow so much bitterness even with the sweet truth? Then, having obtained a good idea of the old countries, you come over and conquer the new one as you read Irving's "Conquest of Granada," Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and after that I think you will be helped more if, instead of reading a great history of the United States, you take up a series of books entitled "American Commonwealths," that give direct information regarding each State.

THE BOOKS WHICH TELL OF GREAT PEOPLE

THE story of England will induce you to hunt all you can of the days of Henry [illegible] almost with a mental whip, though you are a willing slave, to the romantic novels that tell of the time of Louis XIV, of the gay and sorrowful days of Marie Antoinette, of the story of that young man who worked for the Republic which grew so great that he made it an Empire, and yet, standing so high, he fell, greater in his fall than he had been in the days of his splendor. By-the-by, just here, thinking of one Napoleon you will want to know about another, so take up the series of talks on the Napoleons and their various relations, that have been written by Imbert de Saint Amand. In these books you will be told not only of the men, but of the women of the Bonaparte family, and you will learn the real story of the beautiful girl who won the heart and name of the Emperor of the French.

Perhaps, like me, you love best those books that are about people who have lived, loved, and, in most cases, have died. In this connection there are all the standard biographies to choose from, but in addition I want you to take some others. I want you to read "The Life of Charlotte Brontë"—the most recent one. It will teach you how a family of girls, living amid the poorest surroundings, and in a country where the very ground and the trees spoke of poverty, yet made for themselves an ideal world, and cultivated their imaginations so that books that live forever were the children of their brains.

THE STORY OF A GIRL LIKE YOURSELF

THEN take up the story of another girl who, up to the time of her death, joyed in giving pleasure to girls, and found great happiness in mothering boys who had been left motherless. Read "The Life of Louisa Alcott," by her friend, Ednah P. Cheney. Then, to know what women were like seventy years ago, learn of the life of Frances Power Cobb as told by herself. Take the letters of that unhappy woman, Mrs. Carlyle; or read, learn and inwardly digest the folly of morbidness as shown in the life of Marie Bashkirtseff.

If it interests you to know how a son can love his mother, read "Margaret Ogilvy," by her son, J. M. Barrie, or if you wish to know something of one of a trio of witty women, the three lovely Sheridans, ask in the library for "The Songs, Poems and Verses, with a Memoir, of Lady Helen Dufferin," by her son, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

You want to know about Thackeray, you long to know about Dickens, or whoever may be your favorite poet or novelist; there comes a desire to you to understand how each lived and wrote; whether, like Shelley, he walked through the streets of London poring over a book, jostling the passing crowd and being jostled by it, or whether, like many another, his poems came from his heart and he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for human daws to peck at. You must read the life of that most genial man, Robert Louis Stevenson, and when the large book of his letters is published by his special friend, Sydney Colvin, do not allow yourself to forget about it. Learn all that is possible about books and people from that most cheery of writers and poets, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BOOKS THAT PORTRAY TYPES

YOU will never make a mistake in reading any or all of the books written by Mrs. Whitney, and if you love to have with your story something that tells of the different types of people through the country, then take up the stories in which Mary E. Wilkins delineates New England life.

The books of Maria Louise Pool, who died last May, show New England life in its thrift and Southern life in its thriftlessness, while for stories among those mountains where people know nothing of the outside world, many of them never having seen a steam engine, select the novels of Charles Egbert Craddock. For an absolute contrast pick up "Cranford," the best picture of quiet life in old England that was ever drawn, and surely it was by a pencil that understood the art of shading, for it was held in the hand of Mrs. Gaskell.

It may be you do not care for the dialect novel, but whether you do or whether you do not you will read "The Little Minister," by Barrie, with greater enthusiasm than any Scotch girl would display.

Written on your ticket, as you hand it up to the smiling librarian, is the name of Marion Crawford, and you take the latest of his books—those that tell of family life in Italy; those that picture in the very best English the real truth about Italy.

Close by your hand is a book with an odd title, "The Dreamers of the Ghetto," by Israel Zangwill. Then you remember "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Ghetto Tragedies," and you pay a few pennies extra to take out this new book, feeling that the opportunity to possess it may not happen soon again. In it, my friend, is a sketch of that greatest of dreamers—and yet that most practical of men, since he made a Queen an Empress—a sketch of Benjamin Disraeli, that will make you wonder where the writer gained his descriptive powers and how he could so easily read the heart of the man.

There are many other good books—the novels of Anthony Hope, for instance, and I should like you to read "A Chance Acquaintance" and "Their Wedding Journey," by William Dean Howells. [illegible] clean and sweet in her words and works, so that they can well be marked "good."

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOL

DICKENS and Thackeray, Balzac and Bulwer-Lytton belong to the old school, but if you remember the good old saying, "old wood best to burn, old friends to trust, and old authors to read," you will return to them again and again.

Then, to please me, read "Social Life in Old Virginia," by Thomas Nelson Page; you will find yourself way back in the time when we just ceased being colonies and were an ambitious, though not a great, Republic. Every girl who has read the story of "John Halifax" will be better for it.

During these autumn days, when you are too busy to enjoy a long story, read one of the many books of short stories that have lately been published and which are taken from every nation, the best story of each writer being chosen and carefully translated. There are many of these books, and whether you want to read what the great men of Germany, France, Italy or of Russia have written, you can get the book and find in it many charming tales, while the price demanded for it is little.

Some day, when you have made up your mind that some other day you will travel, go to the library and ask for a book called "The Great Streets of the World." It will tell you of the jostling of Broadway and Piccadilly, the beauty of the boulevards of Paris and Unter den Linden in Berlin, and the wonder of the streets in the older and stranger cities.

THE BOOKS IT IS WELL TO LEAVE UNREAD

THE books that idealize vice, the books that make the wicked triumphant and show crime as a power, are the books that leave a nasty taste in your mouth and make you feel as if you would like a dose of mental calomel; it is well to leave such books alone.

But a good novel! Is there anything equal to it? Think of the story of "Henry Esmond"; think of the pleasures and joys that came to him, and then, sympathizing with him in his disappointments, being proud of him in his successes, following his fortunes into this new land, you will go among the Virginians and there read how he was loved and respected. Or choose the "Tale of Two Cities" and learn how one man can give his life for another because he loved much. Do you good? Such books can do nothing else. No really good novel ever induced a girl or a woman to imitate vice or to despise virtue. The novel is the printed panorama of life, and the tears, the smiles and the heartbeats that we, the readers, give to it. It makes the music that now is almost still, again is wild and weird like that of Hungary, and again has all the majesty of one of Mozart's masses. If you want to enjoy yourself, if you want to make life seem better and happier, lose your own personality in a good book.

Editor's Note—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 32 and 33 of this issue of the Journal.

The first editions of the writings of Rudyard Kipling are peculiarly attractive just now to collectors. His earliest books were printed in India, in Lahore, Allahabad, and Calcutta, in presumably small editions, and are now very scarce, and bring high prices. Collectors are anxiously awaiting an authoritative bibliography of his writings. His first publication in book form is, in printed bibliographies, we believe, stated to have been an article in *The Quartette*, published in 1885. But there are at least two earlier books than this, the existence of which are known to very few.

[illegible]

advertisements in the issue with the second line of title in large black-faced type. Perhaps, by communicating with some one who was in the printing-office at the time, or by examining the books of the Civil and Military Gazette Press, it might be possible to learn which was the real first edition. But if this question has been solved by any bibliographer, the result of his investigations have not been published.

We learn that an important Boston library, the collection of a Mr. Hayes, deceased, containing, among other rare items, the first, second, third, and fourth folios of Shakespeare, and

Poetry for Girls.

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"I believe, my dear girl," says Ruth—or Mr. Bok—"every good poem you read is going to make better what would be called the ideal side of your nature, and is going to make you appreciate what is really melody in words. You know the old books of poetry, and it seems to me that there is not much thoroughly good among the new except those written by the poet of our time, Rudyard Kipling. You can arrange a long list of the older poets in whom you will find pleasure. Naturally begin with Shakespeare, and then come down, not very far, to the two Brownings, then to some parts of Byron," and so on.

If Kipling ever sees that the neighbors for miles around will wonder what he is laughing at. As a girl's poet Kipling may be all right, but if so, Ruth Ashmore is the

He would be likely to "come a-runnin'" after a shot of that kind. One more quotation and we shall dismiss the enchanting subject:

"What would I do for the man I love
Oh, I'd move earth and heaven above,
That's what I'd do for the man I love.

"What would I do for the man of my heart
I'd enchant him by the fireside or in the busy mart,
That's what I'd do for the man of my heart.

"Then what would I do for the man I'd won
Make him glad of what I done
Oh, that's what I'd do with the man I'd won."

Any girl whose heart is troubling her will find sweet solace in this beautiful little volume, and we are almost sure that, if Mr. Bok had ever seen it before he wrote his article on poetry for girls, Byron and

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We learn that an important Boston library, the collection of a Mr. Hayes, deceased, containing, among other rare items, the first, second, third, and fourth folios of Shakespeare and ...

" Hearts, like doors,
Open with ease
To very little keys
Called 'Thank you'
And 'If you please.'"

I never could see why a man should know his wife too well to say "thank you" to her when she performed some kind office toward him, and *vice versa*. Life is not commonplace as it was given to us: men and women make it so by being commonplace. If both men and women would make an effort to keep themselves fresher and more interesting, life itself would be fresher and more interesting to them. It is all very well to say that a wife must keep herself young and charming. She should, as a duty to herself and to her husband. But the husband has a duty too, and that is to be true to the best that is within him, and not consider marriage as a state which permits any more indolence or lack of consideration than courtship. It is a two-sided affair this, and the husband's duty is to see to it that he does not make his wife commonplace. There is nothing that will keep a woman so fresh to herself and to her husband as the freshness of a man's heart for her. That makes life worth the living to any woman.

✣

If Married Men Would Never Permit their wives to grow commonplace by making them common in any way, how much romance and charm would cling to married life! The heavy burdens would grow light if two people would practice self-sacrifice for each other. One man all alone on this beautiful earth would have some excuse for constant thought of self, because he would not have anybody else to think about. Men and women were made for each other to think about, and they ought not to abuse the gift.

Now, if I, as one woman, grant in the least the superiority of man, I demand that he show it by an exhibition of his strength: first in controlling and guiding himself, and then in using his influence upon the women with whom he is in touch. That man I told you of who did not like to read the newspaper aloud to his wife rarely permits a day to pass without growling about the frivolity of women because they do not read the newspapers and keep up with municipal politics. Please try not to growl at us; try to help us. I have never yet seen a man fail when he puts forth all his strength and all his brains to interest a woman in whatever he may happen to be interested in for the time being.

✣

One Rose Would Say More to a wife, presented by her husband, than a volume of love poems sent by some one else. Let every man be his own poet, and he will have done his part toward making his wife happy.

... remember that your mother has an almost divine intuition where you are concerned if you will encourage her to show it. Why? Because you are part of herself—often the best part; and although she may make mistakes occasionally she has the first right to help you; then if she fails come to me, because every man is my son, owing, as you say, to my deep and broad maternal instinct, but even then mine is a general love; hers is individual.

✣

A Man of Mature Years came to me once on the point of desperation at the condition of his domestic affairs for which he was not to blame. I told him to act in the way which would be the best for all concerned, sacrificing his individual desire to the good of the majority—a rule which helps one to act unselfishly in any bewildering muddle even if it does not tend to promote personal pleasure, which we sometimes mistake for happiness. He seemed relieved at even this straw held out to him, but leaning his head down on both hands he cried to himself, forgetting me, "If only my mother were living! If she were here I know she could tell me what is best to do!" He was stretching out his arms for a life-saving plank. His own mother would have been the plank; I was only a piece of driftwood—and still he clung to me. We all think we are entirely self-sufficient until the great sorrows of life nearly swamp us; then we are as weak as drowning kittens stretching out our hands in every direction for aid. To a man there is no better support nor comfort than his mother, whose love is more nearly divine than any other human love which he can ever experience, because it is the most unselfish of all loves, and the love which is sure to remain his from the cradle to the grave.

✣

It is an Interesting Historical Fact that nearly every man of great deeds who also possessed a great character had a mother of a strong, fine nature, with whom in boyhood and early manhood he dwelt in close sympathy even when at a distance from her. Probably the most disagreeable man socially of all celebrated men was poor Thomas Carlyle, whose disposition was nervous, melancholy and grumpy, but in the midst of his laborious life and severe mental industry he could always find time to write affectionate letters to his mother, full of the respect, tenderness and consideration he never seemed to feel for much greater personages. If a mother's hand holds the leading-strings of a man's life he will hold himself as securely as did Anthony Hope's Prisoner of Zenda, with his motto, "The King can do no wrong."

✣

Every man is a King to his own mother.

... the ever-changing features, you can spend hours here with interest and profit, just looking about you.

At the time this is printed our representatives are raking the uttermost parts of the mercantile world for the best, the rarest, the newest, for the Fall and Winter. There are nineteen of them in Europe now. We do not need to speak of our position in the American markets.

We know perfectly well that all this interests you only as it affects your purchasing power and price economies. These are exactly the matters we wish you to test this Fall. If you are in New York, you will come here. If you cannot come you can write. Write us especially of your needs in these lines:

Silks and Dress Goods, first and most important. There will be no such showing in the country as we shall make this Fall.
Handkerchiefs, Laces, Embroideries.
Silk Waists and Costumes.
Trimmings and Notions.
Furniture and Carpets.

All are mail-order specialties of ours, and we will serve you well, quickly, and to your profit. We can't give prices now; it's too early. All this column is for is to let you know we are getting ready for you, and getting *well* ready. If you'd like our Fall and Winter Style and Price Book, send your address. Write us anyway, if there's anything in Dry Goods you'd like to know about.

Address this way:

JOHN WANAMAKER
SECTION 89
Broadway, New York

Poetry for Girls.

In a recent number of the Ladies' Home Journal Ruth Ashmore, who is generally supposed to be Editor Bok himself, undertook to explain why girls should read poetry and, also, to point out what poetry is best for them to read.

"I believe, my dear girl," says Ruth—or Mr. Bok—"every good poem you read is going to make better what would be called the ideal side of your nature, and is going to make you appreciate what is really melody in words. You know the old books of poetry, and it seems to me that there is not much thoroughly good among the new except those written by the poet of our time, Rudyard Kipling. You can arrange a long list of the older poets in whom you will find pleasure. Naturally begin with Shakespeare, and then come down, not very far, to the two Brownings, then to some parts of Byron," and so on.

If Kipling ever sees that the neighbors for miles around will wonder what he is laughing at. As a girl's poet Kipling may be all right, but if so, Ruth Ashmore is the only one who has ever discovered it. Take his Barrack Room Ballads or Departmental Ditties, for instance.

Aren't they just what a good, kind, careful mother would place on the stand in her daughter's boudoir! And then there is the Vampire. That's a girl's poem, too—all about a woman who didn't care. As for Byron, yes, he is another girl's poet. Ruth Ashmore must have just finished readin[g] Don Juan when she put Byron in the lis[t].

But the greatest of all girls' poets ha[s] not been mentioned. We refer to Ethel L[e] Fearson, of Bangor, Me., a volume o[f] whose poems—privately printed—has jus[t] reached us. These verses would be haile[d] by almost any girl as a benison, if she happened to be out of benison at the time, and owed a letter to her sweetheart. They are full of lines that would fit into love letters most beautifully. We cannot refrain from quoting a few of them. These are from a long poem entitled, "The Love Letter":

"I'm all alone to-night, dear,
Each moment I miss you more,
You've been away so long, dear,
So different from as of yore.
I'm thinking of you to-night, dear,
You wouldn't wonder at this,
For I think of you always, dear,
Oh, sadly you I miss!

I've so many things to tell you,
And so many things to ask,
And I'd like an old-time kiss, too,
And in your smiles to bask.
Oh, the folks are away to-night, dear,
And I'd like to hear you laugh,
For without these little things, dear,
Life hasn't no sunny half.
* * * * * * * *
I find I must add one word, dear,
As you always us-ed to do,
To tell you, Mister Impatience, dear,
Must wait for a year or two.
And to say that though you are gone, dear,
Oh, the thought is bitterest pain!
Love lives for you in one heart, dear,
Your life was not liv-ed in vain."

He might think she was pained to know that his life was not "liv-ed in vain," but she could explain that in a foot note.

And then here is a beautiful little thing entitled "Thoughts." It would come in so nicely for the use of some girl whose fellow was paying more attention to business than to her:

"Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,
The coals in my fire are burning bright,
And each to my soul a thought imparts—
Thinking—alone—by my fire to-night.

"Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts—
And what is wealth or happiness or fame?
Wealth is not a cure for our broken hearts—
Fame to sterile souls is a sterile game.

"Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts—
The coals in my fire are glowing with heat—
Ah it's happiness only that imparts
The contentment implying life is sweet."

He would be likely to "come a-runnin'" after a shot of that kind. One more quotation and we shall dismiss the enchanting subject:

"What would I do for the man I love
Oh, I'd move earth and heaven above,
That's what I'd do for the man I love.

"What would I do for the man of my heart
I'd enchant him by the fireside or in the busy mart,
That's what I'd do for the man of my heart.

"Then what would I do for the man I'd won
Make him glad of what I done
Oh, that's what I'd do with the man I'd won."

Any girl whose heart is troubling her will find sweet solace in this beautiful little volume, and we are almost sure that, if Mr. Bok had ever seen it before he wrote his article on poetry for girls, Byron and Kipling would have been passed over, as they deserved to be. After perusing Miss Le Fearson's verses we are convinced that the girls ought to be left to write their own poems. In that way they can make this a much merrier old world than it is.

Mr. Kipling being, not long ago, modestly invited by "The Cantab" to contribute something to its pages, returned this genial reply:

September 17, 1898.

To the Edieor of "The Cantab."
"There once was a writer who wrote:
"Dear Sir: In reply to your note
Of yesterday's date,
I am sorry to state
It's no good—at the prices you quote."
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Thereupon the editor consulted with his colleagues, and the result was a letter desiring to know what were Mr. Kipling's terms, and concluding thus: "So long as we have any garments left in our wardrobes and an obliging avuncular relative, we are prepared to make any sacrifices to obtain some of your spirited lines." The author hastened to deprecate such a sacrifice, and introduced the following reply, with a humorous sketch of his unknown correspondents:

September 29, 1898.

Dear Sir: Heaven forbid that the staff of "The Cantab" should go about pawning their raiment in a public-spirited attempt to secure a contribution from my pen! The fact is that I can't do things to order with any satisfaction to myself or the buyer; otherwise I would have sent you something. Sincerely,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Not yet satisfied, the young collegians begged for a photograph, and had for an answer this:

As to photos of myself, I have not one by me at present, but when I find one I will send it; but not for publication, because my beauty is such that it fades like a flower if you expose it. Very sincerely, RUDYARD KIPLING.

Nov 1898

The Cantab, the Cambridge University weekly, recently asked Mr. Rudyard Kipling to contribute to its columns. In response came the following reply:
"There once was a writer who wrote:
'Dear Sir, in reply to your note
Of yesterday's date,
I am sorry to state
It's no good at the prices you quote.'"

Curious creeds are to be found in the ranks of Britain' ...

From the Sign of the Lark in San Francisco William Doxey sends out a booklet, a companion volume to his admirable edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, containing Rudyard Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" and other verses. The book is well printed and well made, as are all of Mr. Doxey's publications. Most of the poems in the volume, or rather most of the verses, for there is little poetry in it, are familiar to the readers of magazines, in which they have appeared. The "ditties" treat of army life in India in a humorous way, and some of them, as rough humorous verse, are very good. The author has tried to do for the Anglo-Indians what Bret Harte did for the early Californians. He has succeeded measurably, but his verse does not compare with that of Bret Harte, most of whose humorous poems are works of art, while in Kipling's verse art is conspicuous by its absence. But some of these "ditties" are amusing and make entertaining reading. They are dedicated to the author's Anglo-Indian friends in the following lines:

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.

Was there ought that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?

I have written the tale of your life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

These and the following lines, not among the "ditties," are about the best verse in the volume:

Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.

Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.

When the bout was o'er, they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.

Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.

Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;

Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred;

Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-hearted darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

There are two attempts at writing a sonnet, but both are failures. The volume includes "The Vampire" and "Our Lady of the Snows," the latter minus the stanza in which Mr. Kipling had his fling at America and Americans. That stanza, by the way, was omitted in the reprint of the poem in an American magazine. Is Mr. Kipling afraid to stand by his opinions or have his publishers been garbling his verses?

Leader

IS KIPLING A PLAGIARIST?

Rochester Post-Express.

I beg to call your attention to an article in the Saturday Union and Advertiser, in which they review "Departmental Ditties" by Rudyard Kipling. They say the following lines, not among the "ditties," are about the best verse in the volume:

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Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

I now direct your attention to the poem entitled "Death and Cupid," by John G. Saxe:

Ah! who but oft hath marveled why
The gods who rule above,
Should e'er permit the young to die,
The old to fall in love?

Ah! why should hapless human kind
Be punished out of season?—
Pray listen, and perhaps you'll find
My rhyme may give the reason.

Death, strolling out one summer day,
Met Cupid, with his sparrows;
And, bantering in a merry way,
Proposed a change of arrows.

"Agreed," quoth Cupid, "I foresee
The queerest game of errors;
For you the King of Hearts will be,
And I'll be King of Terrors!"

And so 'twas done—alas, the day
That multiplied their arts!—
Each from the other tore away
A portion of his darts.

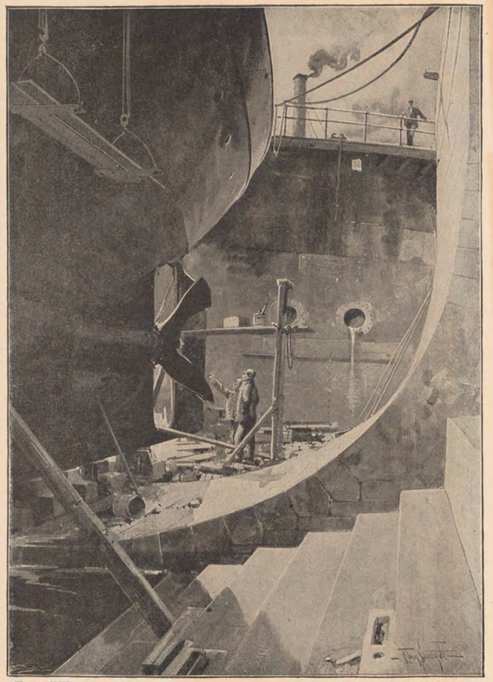
And that explains the reason why,
Despite the gods above,
The young are often doomed to die,
The old to fall in love!

It is my opinion that Rudyard Kipling is guilty of gross plagiarism. F. M. S.
Dansville, October 17.

FOR MEN MUST WORK

HOWEVER excellent each of a dozen short stories may be, when collected into a single volume they present to the reviewer so many and such peculiar difficulties that he undertakes the formulation and explanation of his approval with well-founded anxiety, and he should be pardoned, even by authors themselves, if realization of what refractory material he must handle mitigates his enthusiasm and prevents him from putting on paper as much enthusiasm as more fortunate units in the reading public can condense into exclamations like "Charming!" or "Delightful!" or "Lovely!" or "Just great!" The really good short story is a simple thing, of course, considered as a whole, but alarmingly complex in construction and detail, and the very thought of passing—and expressing—a conscientious and discriminating judgment on twelve of them is not one to be entertained either lightly or joyfully.

THE DAY'S WORK. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.50.



From "The Day's Work." Doubleday & McClure Co.
"'WHEN D' YE SHIP A NEW TAIL-SHAFT?' I SAID TO BANNISTER."

It is when confronted with a book like *The Day's Work* that at least one reviewer's modesty ceases to console and begins to torture. Here is assembled all—barring a few poems and a few tales of boyhood life—that the industrious genius of Mr. Kipling has produced in the last two or three years. Masterpiece follows masterpiece in inexorable sequence for more than four hundred pages, and the commentator is practically forced to abandon in despair the task set for him, which is nothing less than the differentiating of twelve perfections, and to seek a refuge at once humiliating and unsafe behind a barricade of generalities, dubiously burnished.

What else is there to do? Common decency forbids any attempt to tell in a few words the subject and action of stories which, as they stand, do not contain a superfluous syllable, while reluctance to self-conviction of obvious absurdity justifies a refusal to say that "The Brushwood Boy" or "William the Conqueror" is better than "A Walking Delegate" or "'Bread upon the Waters.'" Who says "better" implies reference to a standard other than his personal liking, and personal liking is a thing which even the humblest of critics must pretend to scorn and try to ignore. Were that not so, these presents would at least be amusing, for in them would appear the assertion that "The Brushwood Boy" is the very best tale that Mr. Kipling has yet written, and close to it the assertion that "William the

Conqueror," in its different way, is—well, why not admit it?—is just as good!

And a search for faults leads one into contradictions equally grotesque. Take "'Bread upon the Waters,'" for instance. Without question the events recorded there are wildly improbable; but that fact is, in itself, proof that those events, or some in all essentials the same, are a part of marine history, and that in case of need Mr. Kipling can confute and confuse the doubter by giving him the exact date of the Grotkau's mishap. *Else would he not have written it.* Again, to what purpose would one protest against the putting of "bogies" under an American engine? "007" is none the less a resplendent triumph in the vitalization of ponderous machines. As for "The Ship That Found Herself," the non-mechanical reader may timidly whisper to his soul that the tale is just a trifle long, but can he deny that he, too, found the ship and went through her experience? That is what Mr. Kipling purposed the non-mechanical one should do, and—success is success.

Inveterate and determined fault-finders, if such exist, should turn all their attention to "My Sunday at Home." The devoutest practitioners of the Kipling cult will not absolutely insist on defending that story from adverse criticism. Emetics are admirable things in their place, but—well, they do not make for edification outside of the medical journals. Yet the episode is as adroitly narrated as any of the others, and it must have at least as many admirers as there are believers in the phrase—absurdest and most illogical of fallacies—"art for art's sake."

Several of the stories in *The Day's Work* are quite mystical enough, but "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" contains, besides as convincing a demonstration as was ever made of the fact that English and American minds touch only at definitely memorable points, an enigma which the author is implicitly bound to explain at once. The hero is described as having attained to perfect anglicization of manner and walk and tone, "but," we are told, "he could not rid himself of The Shibboleth. He would ask for the Worcestershire sauce; even Howard, his immaculate butler, could not break him of this." Here is news indeed! The inerrable Mr. Kipling to the contrary notwithstanding, it is the firm conviction of one of his devoutest worshippers that not three Americans in every ten thousand habitually use the condiment mentioned, and that not more than three in every hundred have ever tasted it. How, then, can that sauce be our Shibboleth?

The title of the book is admirable, partly because it fits most of the stories at the first trying on, and all of them after a little earnest manipulation, and partly because it is not the name of one among many distant though related miniatures, and therefore out of place on the cover that brings them together. It is the triumphs and failures of toilers that Mr. Kipling has sung, or at any rate intoned, in this volume. Hence is he justified of his choice.

F. C. Mortimer.

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to the reviewer so many and such peculiar difficulties that he undertakes the formulation and explanation of his approval with well-founded anxiety, and he should be pardoned, even by authors themselves, as much enthusiasm as more ordinary units in the reading public can condense into exclamations like "Charming!" or "Delightful!" or "Lovely!" or "Just great!" The really good short story is a simple thing, of course, considered as a whole, but alarmingly complex in con-

THE DAY'S WORK. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.50.

"SOME NOTES ON A BILL."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S remarkable stories have justly made him one of the most popular of living writers, and whatever he may write secures attention, irrespective of its merit. The verses which appear in another part of this paper were offered to us by MR. KIPLING'S London agent, and we publish them, not for their literary value, but to gratify the general curiosity to see what he writes, and as a side-light upon the character of a young and popular author. Whether designed as an invective or satire, or whatever may have been their purpose as against this country, their author, we hope, will soon come to see that, beyond the gratification of the momentary curiosity of American readers, such writing is important not for this country, but for himself.

"Paperknife," writing in the *Cape Times*, adds another to the portraits of Mr. Kipling. Thus: "A small man, dressed to match his old pipe—and rather fond of cutting jokes at his own expense on both scores—with prominent spectacles and prominent chin, dark moustache, keen dark eyes, keen expression, quick movements, and astonishingly quick rejoinders in talking: the distinctive note of him was keenness altogether, but sympathetic keenness. Somehow one began with an idea that he would be a rather cocksure and self-confident person. He is, of course, quite young; far younger than he looks—it was those long early years of hard unrecognised newspaper work in India that 'knocked the youth out of him'; he is ridiculously young to be so famous and to have earned his fame by so much entirely solid work, political, or rather national, as well as literary. Nevertheless, as one enthusiast expressed it, 'he puts the least side on of any celebrity *I* ever met.'"

In the same article we find that Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wallace — the private soldier who wrote the invitation to Mr. Kipling in Barrack-room style—grew to be upon excellent terms together. Mr. Wallace asked advice concerning his future. Mr. Kipling advised him to continue writing "soldier things" and to continue being a soldier, and Mr. Wallace intends to do so. Mr. Kipling also copied for his pupil a stanza of the "Song of the Banjo"; and, says "Paperknife," "it is safe to guess that Mr. Wallace's last shirt will be pawned before that scrap of paper."

In the introduction to an article on Kipling's works, an Edinburgh Review writer classifies books from a literary point of view as follows:

1. Books containing mere records of material facts, valuable only for their accuracy, without regard to form or expression.	Not literature.
2. Books containing records of facts of general and permanent human interest—history, observation of life, etc., either drawn up with some regard to form, or pervaded by interest of expression.	Outer circle of literature.
3. (a) Books dealing with fact or ideas of general and permanent human interest, in which form and expression are essential qualities; and (b) books dealing with subjects of little inherent interest but which are remarkable for perfection of form and expression.	Inner circle of literature.

This is a good classification, penetrative, acute, scholarly. There is such a mass of books produced nowadays, and not a great deal of literature. Although Kipling himself is in the "royal succession of English poets," much of his own work belongs in the first-named place, and plenty of it in the second. And among our contemporaries how few are giving the world books showing that regard for "perfection of form and expression" which gives a work its "chance to live in the kingdom of the inner circle of literature." It is a day when popular attention is much occupied with thousands of volumes written and printed in haste to be forgotten at leisure.—*Boston Transcript.*

MR. KIPLING'S CRI.IC.

A Gloucester Sea Ca tain's O inion of "Captains Courageous."

When I was introduced to the captain he was seated in his little shop and surrounded on all sides by toy vessels of various sizes—the work of his own hands. A funny little man was the captain, with a fringe of gray whiskers around his face, and with stubby fingers which amazed one by their dexterity with the needle. But he was very hospitable, and I was immediately provided with a chair.

The juvenile yachtsmen, by whom I had been introduced, wanted the captain to talk, as he had not only a fund of interesting stories and an inimitable way of telling them, but he had a knowledge and command of the English language that was remarkable.

Finally, after a pause, caused by the exertion of threading his needle, the captain waved his pipe in the direction of a square of paper fastened to the wall, and said, "Perhaps you'd be interested to read that, miss."

I took it down and read the directions for a model of a fishing schooner—very particular directions being given that everything on deck should be perfect to the smallest detail. The one article that stands out in my memory is "gurry butts"—there were a thousand other articles mentioned, but that alone remains to rise up and haunt. "Gurry butts!"

But when I arrived at the signature I exclaimed: "Why, it's Rudyard Kipling!" which was a very absurd remark for me to make, but I was excited.

"Of course it is," answered the captain, as if I should have known it all along. "Of course it is. Those are the directions for a ship I was to have made for him so he could have it by him, and he could refer to it when he was writing his story 'Captains Courageous.' I had the rheumatism so bad I couldn't finish it," he added.

"How did you come to know him? What did he look like? What did he say? How did he talk?" I asked.

My questions didn't phase the captain in the slightest—I found out afterward that he was married.

"Why, I was here in the shop, tending to some young gentlemen about his size," he said, waving his pipe in the direction of the juvenile yachtsman, "when three gentlemen came down the walk a-laughing. Well, they came and knocked at the door—they didn't come right in, mind you; they knocked—and when I says, 'Come in, gentlemen,' one of them—he wasn't Mr. Kipling—says 'Why, we can't come in till we know how you stand on the money question,' he says.

"'Well, gentlemen,' I says, 'I can't tell how I stand on the money question until I know what you want.'

"Well, at that they all laughed, and the jolly one that had done all the talking said, "Well, I guess you're the man we want.'

"So in they came, and he introduced me to Mr. Kipling and the other gentlemen; I never saw three jollier gentlemen—all the time letting off jokes on each other, and now and then one on me.

"Well, finally they told me what they came for, which was about [illegible] the boat—'just like one I'd [illegible] myself,' they said.

"I said I would if I could, [illegible] good and hard, but I had the [illegible]tism so bad I couldn't finish [illegible]

"What do you—what do all [illegible] ple of Gloucester—think of [illegible] Courageous?'" I asked.

"Why, miss, said the captain [illegible] ing back in his chair and [illegible] pipe eloquently, "the very fir[illegible] of that story was taken and [illegible] sected right here in Gloucester [illegible] will say this much, that it's [illegible] prising how much he does know [illegible] the 'banks' and the life up the[illegible]

"But how did all the people [illegible] I persisted.

"O, miss, it's a fine story" [illegible] tain had his own way of [illegible] questions); "a fine story, and [illegible] of it's true, and, as I said, the [illegible] knows about the life and the [illegible] the fisherman is wonderful. It's [illegible] lar picture of the way they do [illegible] on the 'banks.' I know because [illegible] been there myself. But there's [illegible] fault, miss, and when I see Mr. K[illegible] again I'm going to jaw him [illegible] he can stand jawing just as [illegible] anybody—he makes us talk like [illegible] of farmers, miss. We don't [illegible] way he makes us. Why, the [illegible] of those schooners have to be [illegible] cated men and pass examination [illegible] fore they can take command [illegible] there are just as cultivated and [illegible] as refined men" (here the [illegible] stopped with pride, to notice what [illegible] his words had upon me—I must [illegible] looked encouraging, for he [illegible] them), "just as cultivated and [illegible] refined men on those schooners [illegible] ones that speak just as grammatical [illegible]—not that I know what grammatical means, but I guess you do, [illegible] any teacher or lawyer. But it's a [illegible] story, miss—for a landsman."

And then after a little while [illegible] up, the juvenile yachtsman and [illegible] the captain waved his pipe as a [illegible] salute, and we thanked him and [illegible]

Nailed His Whiskers to the [illegible]

The patriarchal beard of one [illegible] "oldest inhabitants" of Consh[illegible] is still in its accustomed place [illegible] his chin, but it looks very [illegible] and ragged. This is due to the [illegible] that the old man is extremely [illegible] sighted. To see an object plainly [illegible] compelled to get his optics [illegible] few inches of it. The other day [illegible] pottering around his house the [illegible] undertook to repair the picket [illegible] around the yard. Many of the [illegible] had been knocked off, and these [illegible] his purpose to replace. He armed [illegible] self with hammer and nails and [illegible] in. He got his first paling in place [illegible] with much labor succeeded in [illegible] ing it there. But this was [illegible] When he started to move on to the [illegible] break he was brought up standing [illegible] a yell of pain. He had nailed his [illegible] kers between the paling and the [illegible] bar. His yells attracted the [illegible] of his good wife, who, when she [illegible] ized the situation, brought her [illegible] into play and released the old [illegible] minus a considerable portion of [illegible] beard.—Philadelphia Record.

Transient Fame.

The cold fact is, says a writer in Lip[illegible] pincott's, that the great mass of [illegible] tations, in literature as elsewhere, [illegible] small affairs, and transient [illegible] comets rather than stars, and [illegible] cially brilliant while they remain [illegible] the horizon. Like "our little [illegible]

Leader 5/18/98

Just at this moment the most illustrious periodical in the world is the *School Budget*, a tiny and infrequent sheet circulating among the scholars of Horsemonden School, in Kent. A week ago it was not heard of; to-day a copy is worth its weight in platinum, and all because Master Medhurst and Master Chinnery, its owners and editors, had the happy thought to write to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for a contribution.

The story, as told by the *Daily Mail*, is that the editors sent a copy of their magazine to Mr. Kipling, drawing his attention to an article on "Schoolboy Etiquette" in its pages, and asking for a contribution. Their rate of remuneration, they explained, was threepence per page; and, says our contemporary, this quotation seeming to have touched their consciences for the moment, they went on to observe that they knew they ran the risk of being considered cheeky, but he ought to make good his statement:

> "The song I sing for the good red gold
> The same I sing for the white money;
> But best I sing for the clout o' meal,
> That simple people given me."

In case Mr. Kipling should not be amenable to argument and reasoned appeal, the editors undertook to stifle his next book in its birth by an adverse critique in the *School Budget.*

Either the threat was too much for Mr. Kipling, or he had hints on schoolboy etiquette which had only been awaiting such an opportunity of publicity, for he replied at once. This was his letter:

"Capetown,
Easter Monday, 1898.

To the Editors, *School Budget.*

Gentlemen,—I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with copy of the *School Budget*, February 14; and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed and in what county of England Horsemonden is situated.

But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your 'Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more, as following:

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

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

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

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

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

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

You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a cheque or postal order for 6d., at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page.—Faithfully yours,

Rudyard Kipling."

And now there is not a post but brings Mr. Kipling a request for a contribution from some school-boy editor; and cheek is enormously on the increase.

Academy [May 21, 1898.

SALE OF RARE BOOKS.

An extraordinary number of very rare and valuable books have been sold at Messrs. Sotheby's during the past week; they have come from a variety of private sources, and consequently included books which appeal to nearly every class of book-collector. A few of the more interesting are:—A singular volume of the sayings of Charles I.'s time, "Wit's Labyrinth, Wise and Ingenious Sayings and Phrases for the English Nobility and Gentry," by "J. S.," 1648, only two or three copies known—£17 5s.; some delightful 15th century Books of Hours of French execution; one of the rarest volumes of old English poetry, W. Hunnis, "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soule for Sinne," &c., "reduced into meeter," 1597—£6 5s.; an early herbal, almost certainly printed at Lyons by M. Husz about 1485; a translation of the German herbal, printed at Basle, the only other copy known being in the Bibliothèque Nationale—£86; C. Linnæus, "Flora et Fauna Suevica," 1755-61, the poet Gray's copy, with his signature—£9 5s.; a beautiful copy of Mollet's "Le Jardin de Plaisir," 1651—£29; copy of the Kelmscott Press Chaucer, 1896—£27 5s.; a copy of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Echoes by Two Writers," in the original wrapper, printed at the *Civil and Military Gazette* Press, Lahore, 1884, the earliest and scarcest of this author's writings—£33 10s.; a fine but slightly defective copy of Gray's "Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard," first edition, 1751—£60; an important codex of St. Paul's Epistles, of the 10th and 11th century, the text differing widely from the received Vulgate—£58; an exceptionally perfect copy of the rare Caxton, "The Boke named Cordyall, or the Fower last Thinges," 1479—£505; the Ashburnham copy, which cost £100, and wanted eight leaves, sold last year for £760, and a large fragment of another Caxton, consisting of 56 leaves out of 93 of Chaucer's translation of Boethius, "Consolacions of Philosophie," *ante* 1479—£181, the Ashburnham copy of this book, with two leaves in facsimile, brought £510; an imperfect copy of an example from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, J. de Voragine, "Legenda Aurea," 1512—£30; Grolier's copy of Potanus, "Opera Poetica," printed by Aldus, 1513—£20 10s.; an interesting MS. on vellum, written in the 15th century and relating to lands, taillages, charters, processes, pleas, rents, &c., connected with Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of Lord Byron—£110 (this volume doubtless passed into the possession of the Byron family when they acquired Newstead early in the 16th century); the original proof sheets of Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland," with corrections, alterations, and additions in the handwriting of the author—£21; the original autograph MS. of Southey's "Curse of Kehama," 211 leaves (a small portion missing)—£21; the original holograph MS. of Shelley's poem, "The Night," $2\frac{1}{2}$ pages quarto—£25; a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essayes," 1603—£20; and a volume containing an important series of nine letters from Napoleon Bonaparte to Barras and others, 1796-9, and four holograph letters of the Empress Josephine to Barras, 1796—£98.

The exceedingly fine series of rare books illustrative of Shakespeare, of which a *résumé* appeared in *Literature* of March 5, was sold to a private purchaser before the day of sale; it is said on good authority that the price paid runs well into four figures, and that the collection will be taken out of the country.

An American gentleman who is dissatisfied with Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" has re-written it: which is, we suppose, a logical enough proceeding. The poem is printed in a Boston paper with an introduction recommending it, but stating that it is not yet quite perfect: "For example, the ear is still shocked by the rhyming of 'dies' and 'sacrifice,' of 'loose' and 'use.' Then, too, the absurd contradiction is permitted to stand in the lines:

'Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.'

On the other hand, the poem gains strength by the avoidance of the double 'lest we forget' at the end of each verse and by the splendid terseness of the last line, as well as by the slight verbal corrections and by the omission of the pretentious 'Amen' at the close."

Academy 7/5/98

Here are the two first stanzas of the revised "Recessional":

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

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

Impudence could no further go.

The readers of the *Morning Post* have been fortunate during the past few days in having Mr. Kipling's articles on the Fleet laid before them at breakfast-time. Mr. Kipling therein has returned to his first love—Journalism—and he seems to have enjoyed her company wonderfully. The description of the Channel Squadron's manœuvres is a rollicking piece of work, cross-headed and hot from the pen, and just the thing for the moment. By the way, it was a graceful act on Mr. Kipling's part to head the series with a quotation from Mr. Bowles's *Gun-Room Ditty-Box*—that spirited derivative from his own genius. Mr. Seppings Wright's admirable picture of naval types in the *Illustrated London News* this week is a happy accidental illustration of Mr. Kipling's articles.

Academy 11/12/98

In "The Ship that Found Herself," one of the stories in Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work*, there is an odd error which, curiously enough, has escaped comment. On page 73 the *Dimbula* is described as a steamer of 2,500 tons, about 240 ft. long and 32 ft. wide. On page 76 we learn that "In the next few days they stowed some 4,000 tons dead-weight into the *Dimbula*, and took her out of Liverpool." Nautical query: How far out of Liverpool could one take a ship of 240 ft. × 32 ft. with 4,000 tons dead-weight on board? Where would such a ship be likely to find herself? Mr. Kipling has committed an error in the First and Second Dimensions. A ship of 2,500 net register could, of course, carry 4,000 dead-weight. But such a ship would measure 420 ft. × 48 ft. Perhaps then, after all, Mr. Kipling is not omniscient.

...Rajahs are in constant communication with me. . . . abusing me in the press, and telling the public that I only appeal in my books to readers in Camberwell and Brixton!

for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head was the purest magic that honest man ever met.

A drunken sailor of to-day wandering about Bermuda would probably sympathise with him; and to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach, near Hamilton, the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in swamp. The one point that our mariner did not dwell upon was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic. That a wizard should control such an island was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date.

We congratulate Mr. Kipling—and the *Spectator*.

Who but Mr. David Nutt would have the courage to issue the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* in two volumes at two guineas each? The first volume lies before us, and is a magnificently produced book, printed at Edinburgh by Constable. Mr. Nutt has frankly stated to a representative of the Academy that his enterprise has been dictated by pure literary enthusiasm shared between its editor and himself. Mr. James Fitz-Maurice Kelly has long maintained that a pure text of Cervantes' work does not exist in Spain or out of it. Even the texts issued under the approval of the Spanish Academy are declared by Mr. Kelly to be corrupt. Hence his attempt to give to Spain and to the world a text of *Don Quixote* on which as much critical care has been expended as upon a Greek or Roman classic. It is not a little odd that Spain should receive such a gift from Anglo-Saxon scholarship at the present time. But the coincidence of the Cuban war and the publication of this work is unfortunate from a publisher's point of view. The Spanish market is necessarily spoiled, and in America, where Spain and Spanish letters are better known and studied than in England, the book may probably be looked on askance for a time. Mr. Nutt is not, however, discouraged by these circumstances, and he is confident of the ultimate disposal of his four hundred copies.

Mr. Fitz-Maurice Kelly, who comes of an Irish Catholic family, was one of Mr. Henley's "young men" on the *National Observer*, and he edited Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* in the "Tudor Translations Series." This partly explains the dedication to Mr. Henley, which runs as follows:

AL SEÑOR
DON GUILLERMO ERNESTO HENLEY
ILUSTRE POETA Y CRÍTICO
SE DEDICA ESTA EDICIÓN DEL
INGENIOSO HIDALGO
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA
EN PRENDA DE
CARIÑOSO RECONOCIMIENTO.

In connexion with the *Times* issue of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on which we gave some information in our issue of June 11, a curious story is told. The edition appeared in 1876, and its issue

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THE PI

"Kipling as well as to read him and thin paper-covered volumes sent forth from the press of India ten years ago in unobtrusive style are to-day literally worth their weight in gold. At the present time there is in course of publication an edition du luxe of his collected works in 12 octavo volumes and, though as many as 1,500 sets are printing, the whole edition is said to have been "sold before publication."

What are the qualities that have placed this young man of 33 in the fore-front of living writers and that promise to give him enduring fame? They may be summed up in two words—originality and versatility. Freshness and vigor are in every line and the range and minuteness of his observation are astonishing. He pictures for us not only the life of his native India—civil, social and military—but life on the sea as well and on the islands of the sea; the life of civilized America and half-civilized America, and English, Scotch and Irish character under varying conditions. He seems to have been everywhere and to know all that is to be known of "life and death and men and women and love and fate." This keenness of observation and this insight into character are the admiration of every reader. The soldier says that these pictures of camp life and of the rank and file are true; the sailor says the same of the stories of the sea; the Scotchman certifies that McAndrews is a true type of his countrymen; and Private Mulvaney is everywhere recognized as an epitome of a large class of Irishmen.

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Isaac N. Demmon

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An American gentleman who is dissatisfied with Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" has re-written it; which is, we suppose, a logical enough proceeding. The poem is printed in a Boston paper with an introduction recommending it, but stating that it is not yet quite perfect: "For example, the ear is still shocked by the rhyming of 'dies' and 'sacrifice,' of 'loose' and 'use.' Then, too, the absurd contradiction is permitted to stand in the lines:

'Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.'

On the other hand, the poem gains strength by the avoidance of the double 'lest we forget' at the end of each verse and by the splendid terseness of the last line, as well as by the slight verbal corrections and by the omission of the pretentious 'Amen' at the close."

Academy 5/5/98

Here are the two first stanzas of the revised "Recessional":

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

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

Impudence could no further go.

The readers of the *Morning Post* have been fortunate during the past few days in having Mr. Kipling's articles on the Fleet laid before them at breakfast-time. Mr. Kipling therein has returned to his first love—Journalism—and he seems to have enjoyed her company wonderfully. The description of the Channel Squadron's manœuvres is a rollicking piece of work, cross-headed and hot from the pen, and just the thing for the moment. By the way, it was a graceful act on Mr. Kipling's part to head the series with a quotation from Mr. Bowles's *Gun-Room Ditty-Box*—that spirited derivative from his own genius. Mr. Seppings Wright's admirable picture of naval types in the *Illustrated London News* this week is a happy accidental illustration of Mr. Kipling's articles.

Academy 11/6/98

In "The Ship that Found Herself," one of the stories in Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work*, there is an odd error which, curiously enough, has escaped comment. On page 73 the *Dimbula* is described as a steamer of 2,500 tons, about 240 ft. long and 32 ft. wide. On page 76 we learn that "In the next few days they stowed some 4,000 tons dead-weight into the *Dimbula*, and took her out of Liverpool." Nautical query: How far out of Liverpool could one take a ship of 240 ft. × 32 ft. with 4,000 tons dead-weight on board? Where would such a ship be likely to find herself? Mr. Kipling has committed an error in the First and Second Dimensions. A ship of 2,500 net register could, of course, carry 4,000 dead-weight. But such a ship would measure 420 ft. × 48 ft. Perhaps then, after all, Mr. Kipling is not omniscient.

The *Spectator* has been fortunate to draw from Mr. Rudyard Kipling a lengthy and most interesting letter on the subject of the drunken scene in *The Tempest*. "But whence," a writer in a recent *Spectator* asked, in an article on Landscape and Literature, "came the vision of the enchanted island in *The Tempest*? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made of." Mr. Kipling, however, thinks otherwise. For Mr. Kipling has seen, about two miles from Hamilton, in Bermuda, a spot that fits Sc. ii. Act 2 of *The Tempest* to perfection: "A bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ('My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid.') There is no other cave for some two miles. 'Here's neither bush nor shrub'; one is exposed to the wrath of ''yond' same black cloud,' and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognised in a flash that old first set of all."

Having this pleasaunce before his eyes Mr. Kipling worked backwards to the playwright, and has come out of his cogitations the latest and most entertaining of Shakespearian commentators. How if, says he in effect, Shakespeare heard of Bermuda from a shipwrecked mariner among the audience at one of the plays? Shakespeare, as manager, might have been passing here and there between the people, and have caught odds and ends of the man's story. Afterwards he might have offered him drink, and in return have acquired the basis of *The Tempest*. The idea, as Mr. Kipling sketches it, is not fantastic, it is plausible, almost convincing.

At first the sailor offered only topographical detail. Mr. Kipling shows him doing this, and continues:

"So far good. Up to this point the manager has gained little except some suggestions for an opening scene, and some notion of an uncanny island. The mariner (one cannot believe that Shakespeare was mean in these little things) is dipping to a deeper drunkenness. Suddenly he launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his fellows, flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of broached liquor. One castaway was found hiding under the ribs of a dead whale which smelt abominably. They hauled him out by the legs—he mistook them for imps—and gave him drink. And now, discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy their officers, and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates in this enterprise were probably described as fools. He was the only sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they staggered up and down this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmet-toes, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes, which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an

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X.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY.

BY ANTOINETTE M. BEAZIN, A. M.

Rudyard Kipling, the "Revealer of the East," as he has been called; the discoverer of Tommy Atkins, the discoverer and revealer of the secret life of the jungle and among men the most popular English writer now living, was born in Bombay, India, December 20, 1865. He is the son of Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E., an Anglo-Indian of considerable reputation both as an artist and an author, who for a number of years was the principal of the School of Industrial Art at Lahore. Both on his father's and on his mother's side Mr. Kipling, as the phrase is, comes by his genius honestly, for his family is associated either directly or indirectly with both art and literature in many ways. Two of his uncles are among the most distinguished artists of modern times—Sir Edward John Poynter, the present President of the Royal Academy of England, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the famous pre-Raphaelite, recently deceased. It is said, too, that another of his uncles enjoyed in his day a reputation for racy and humorous poems that were not unlike the "Ditties" of the nephew that are now so famous, although they had nothing more than a local publicity. And both his mother and his sister, as well as his father, have literary and artistic ability. Indeed, father, mother, son and daughter had won a distinguished reputation in India, not only individually but collectively as "the quartet," before the son won his world-wide fame. It is said that when Kipling published his first book the dedication that he inscribed in it, "To the wittiest woman in India," was intended to apply to his mother. As a further illustration of the cleverness of the family it may be said that his sister (who, it may be remarked in passing, is a woman of exceptional beauty) has so excellent a memory for literary productions that there is not a single line in any one of Shakespeare's plays which she cannot quote at will.

Kipling, like most sons of Anglo-Indians, was sent home to England to be educated. The school which he was placed in was "The United Service College," situated at Northam, in Devon county, near the Bristol channel. It was a military school. Most of the boys were intended to be soldiers (or sailors) and the discipline of the place was severe. But young Kipling seems to have liked the school and to have thriven well in it. Every sort of manly and athletic sport was encouraged by its teachers. The environment, too, of the school was a perpetual incitement to manly endeavor, for it was the country of John Ridd, of "Lorna Doone," and Amyas Leigh, of "Westward Ho!" the country, too, of Drake and Hawkins and Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville. Young Kipling participated in all the outdoor life of the place and in cricket, football, golf, swimming, fencing and single-stick could hold his own with anyone. Not a boy in the school but could do his quarter-mile in swimming and their golf links were the best in England. Their special game, however, was football and their football team was the best in the country. And when the team came home at night after a victory the whole school would break out with:

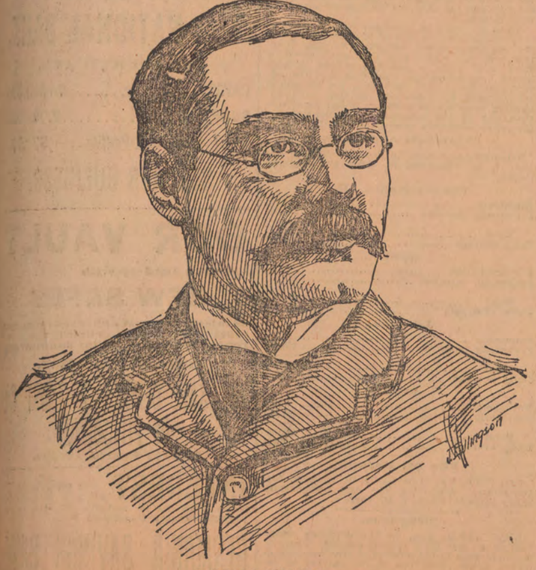
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the navy,
It's a way we have in the public schools,
Which nobody can deny.

No wonder that Mr. Kipling has always had a fondness for rollicking choruses. Young Kipling was also a leader on the other side of the school life. He stood well in his classes and was, indeed, one of the first three boys of the school. Besides he was the editor of the school paper. But, after all, when he left school he did not enter the army. When he got back to Lahore he was in his 19th year and, apparently, it seemed best that he should at once take upon himself the earning of his own livelihood. So, opportunity offering, he entered the office of a newspaper published at Lahore, The Civil and Military Gazette, the leading paper in that part of India. His duties were multifarious and arduous. He was sub-editor, proofreader, reporter and general editorial assistant.

Mr. Kipling has always been reticent as to the details of his personal history. Like many authors—Austin Dobson, for example—he declines to be interviewed. "When I have anything to say," he once told a would-be interviewer, "I write it out and sell it. My brains are my own." He can hardly be blamed for this, for when he does "write out anything" dealing with his own life he infuses into it so much vividness of imaginative impression and observation that it becomes good literature. In his tales and sketches and especially in his newspaper correspondence he has given to the world a good deal of personal experience, and yet it is only when this experience is otherwise known that one is able to state positively what is personal experience and what is not. In other words, in whatever Mr. Kipling writes the power of his genius transmutes all personal matter to impersonal matter. One of the most graphic and dramatic things he ever wrote was his account of the failure of the New Oriental Bank, Yokohama, Japan, in the summer of 1892. No one who read that report would ever have supposed that the author was one of the losers by the failure. And yet it was the loss which Mr. Kipling then incurred which stopped the journey round the world which he was at that time making with his wife and which occasioned him to return at once to the United States, which he was then intending to make his home. Similarly in the accounts which Mr. Kipling has given us of his life in India, we cannot determine what is to be considered as autobiographical unless we have other information at hand to help us in the identification.

It was while Mr. Kipling was laboring at his multifarious newspaper-office duties as a young man in India that he did the work for which he is now best known in the world. These duties were hard and distasteful to the degree of slavish drudgery and yet, it is said, he performed them not merely uncomplainingly but with enthusiasm. His energy was irrepressible. He was literally bubbling over with humor and imagination. His powers of observation seemed to embrace everything. In the life of the English soldier in India, in the life of the English civil servant in India and in the many-hued, many-tongued life of the native population of India he saw a field for literary enterprise which no one yet had ever seen or even thought of looking at. And it is to his credit that he divined the immense possibilities of this field and at once set at work to realize some of them. He wrote tales and sketches and poems descriptive of this life and one by one these tales and sketches and poems found their way into the papers, some into his own, but most into others. His work had the quality of genius in it from the very first. From the very first it was a matter of wonder how one so young could have sufficient knowledge to write as he did, for he wrote of camp life and official life and social life, as well as of the life of the natives, with a particularity of technical detail that seemed impossible except to actual experience. "Where does the youngster pick it all up?" was the question put by every one. Even Lord Dufferin, the Governor General of India at the time, thought it was impossible for one to write of the working of the inner Councils of State with such photographic accuracy as Kipling seemed to show unless he was an eyewitness to it all. And yet all the time that Kipling was winning this reputation for ubiquitous experience he was engaged the longest sort of hours in downright hard work on his paper.

Mr. Kipling has told us how he published his first book. The ease with which



RUDYARD KIPLING.

the book was disposed of shows how firmly established his reputation soon came to be:

Men in the army and in civil service and in the railway wrote me saying that my rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to banjos around the campfires and some had run as far down the coast as Rangoon and up to Mandalay. A real book was out of the question, but I knew that the office plant was at my disposal if I did not use office time. So there was built a sort of book, a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape. Among a pile of papers it would have deceived a clerk of 20 years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds. Then I took reply postcards, printed the news of the birth of my book on one side, the blank order-form on the other and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning 12 as 13, no commissions and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees direct. And every copy sold in a few weeks.

This first book of Mr. Kipling's was entitled "Departmental Ditties," and was, as we have just seen, wholly an Indian home production. This was in 1886, when he was a youth of 21. Then came "Plain Tales from the Hills," another Indian production, but issued, however, in orthodox form. It was in this book that Mulvaney and Ortheris first came into the acquaintanceship of an admiring world. In the meantime other stories, sketches and poems were appearing in the Allahabad Pioneer, to which he was now transferred, and in other Indian papers. But by now Kipling's reputation was beginning to make an impression in England—slowly, however, at first, for English people were very loath to believe that any good thing could come out of India. But no man ever read a Mulvaney story who did not hanker after another. The little paper-bound Indian books—soon there were several of them—were constantly being asked for. Then suddenly—all over the kingdom at once, as it seemed—a demand for them arose that could be satisfied only in one way. In 1888 six volumes of Mr. Kipling's were published in England almost simultaneously and when, in 1889, "Soldiers Three" appeared, with Learoyd to form the third of the immortal trio, the young author, who came to England that year, found himself not merely famous but one of the most popular writers then standing before the English public.

The reputation that Mr. Kipling won in 1889, at the age of 23, has been steadily maintained. He has written many short stories since that date and, though none singly have won the reputation of the Mulvaney stories, yet there are many of the greatest popularity and some that many men (for it is by men that Mr. Kipling's stories are principally read) would place higher in esteem than even the Mulvaney stories. It is a remarkable characteristic of Mr. Kipling's work that there is a very great diversity of opinion as to which of his tales should be placed highest—some preferring some, others others. But Mr. Kipling has enhanced his reputation since 1889 in other ways. As the author of the "Jungle Books" he has discovered and opened out a wholly new vein in imaginative literature—one so popular, the booksellers tell us, that the "Jungle Books" are to-day the most steadily selling "juveniles" in the market, even eclipsing in this respect the famous "Alice in Wonderland" series. Moreover, as a poet Mr. Kipling's reputation has been more than enhanced. It has almost been recreated, for his "Recessional Hymn," written on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee of '97, has been the most widely read poem that has appeared in England since Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." And in "Captains Courageous" (1897) he has shown that in a long story and with characters quite different from those of his earlier successes his genius is just as masterful as in the short stories that deal with life in India.

Early in 1892 Mr. Kipling married an American lady and for some time made his home in Brattleboro, Vt., where for many years his wife's people had had a summer home. He there built a house for himself, a most comfortable house, long, narrow and high, so that every room in it might have an abundance of light and fresh air. But in 1896 he returned to England and now resides there.

Antoinette M. Beazin

CRITICAL STUDY.

BY ISAAC N. DEMMON, A. M.
(Professor of Literature, University of Michigan.)

About ten years ago there began to issue in rapid succession from the press at Allahabad a series of short stories and sketches of Anglo-Indian life. These were almost immediately reissued in London and shortly after in America. They were at once recognized as possessing striking merits, and from that day to this the name of Rudyard Kipling may be said to have been in the mouths of all men. It has already become the fashion to "collect" Kipling as well as to read him and the thin paper-covered volumes sent forth from the press of India ten years ago in very unobtrusive style are to-day literally worth their weight in gold. At the present time there is in course of publication an edition du luxe of his collected works in 12 octavo volumes and, though as many as 1,500 sets are printing, the whole edition is said to have been "sold before publication."

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Miscellaneous.

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Butter and Eggs.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—Butter market was firm and active. Demand was brisk for all makes and grades. Shipping inquiry has fallen off to some extent, as brokers were filling orders with storage goods. Speculators and proccss men continue to take the under grades. Current values follow: Creameries, extras, 18½c; firsts, 17@17½c; seconds, 13½@15c; imitations, fancy, 14@16c; dairies, extras, 16c; firsts, 13c; seconds, 12c; ladles, extras, 12½@13c; firsts, 12c; packing stock, 11@11½c. Egg market firm and fairly active. Demand was good, but the receipts were small. The weather of late has been cool, and this undoubtedly helped the market, as it increased consumption. Loss off, cases returned, 11½c per dozen.

PHILADELPHIA—Butter firm; good demand; fancy Western creamery, 20c. Eggs firm; good demand; fresh Western, 13½@14c. Cheese quiet, but steady.

NEW YORK—Butter—Receipts, 2,957 packages; steady; Western creamery, 14½@19c; Elgins, 19c; factory, 11@14c. Eggs—Receipts, 4,353 packages; steady; Western, 14½c.

GENERAL MARKETS.

NEW YORK—Flour—Receipts, 15,251 barrels; exports, 11,874 barrels; sales, 5,000 packages; stronger, but not quotably higher, as demand is light. Cornmeal firm; yellow Western, 75c. Barley malt dull.

Wheat—Receipts, 42,550 bushels; exports, 210,-602 bushels. Spot strong; No. 2 red, 77¾c f. o. b. afloat export grade to arrive. Options showed positive strength all day. Reflecting the continued shrinkage in Western receipts and good cash wheat inquiry at all points, foreign buying and higher cable prices held strong throughout the session and closed at ¾@1¼c net advance. No. 2 red, September, 71⅝@72⅜c, closed at 72¼c.

Corn—Receipts, 75,125 bushels; exports, 19,427 bushels; 54,000 bushels spot. Spot strong; No. 2, 35½c f. o. b. afloat. Options opened firm and were influenced by wheat, another good export demand and higher cables closed ¼@⅝c net higher. September, 37 11-16@37⅝c; closed at 37⅝c.

Oats—Receipts, 40,800 bushels; exports, 50,085 bushels; spot strong; No. 2, 28¼@28½c; No. 2 white, 32½c. Options firmer but quiet, closing ⅛c net higher. September closed at 26½c.

Hops quiet. Wool dull. Cheese dull; large white, 6¾@7c; small white, 7⅛@7¾c; large colored, 7c; small colored, 7¾c. Tallow firm. Cottonseed oil steady; prime crude, 18½c; do. yellow, 23½@24c. Rice steady. Molasses steady.

Metals—Operations on the Metal Exchange are still conducted on rather narrow lines, although the general feeling is steady. At the close to-day pig iron warrants were called dull and unchanged, with $6 55 bid and $6 70 asked; lake copper unchanged at $11 50; tin unchanged, with $15 85 bid and $15 90 asked; lead steady, with $3 95 bid and $3 97½ asked; spelter unchanged, with $4 50 bid and $4 60 asked. The firm naming the settling price for leading Western miners and smelters continues to quote lead at $3 80.

Coffee—Options opened steady, with August unchanged and other months 5 points higher; further advanced on local covering, some investment buying, scarcity of sellers, light Brazilian receipts and bullish average to European cables; ruled moderately active. Closed steady, 5@10 points net higher; sales, 1,000 bags, including September, 5.50c. Spot Rio quiet but steady; No. 7 invoice, 6c; No. 7 jobbing, 6¼c; mild fairly active and steady. Sugar—Raw stronger, tending upward; fair refining, 3½c; centrifugal, 96 test, 4¼c; sales rumored at shade higher prices, but no confirmation received; refined firm and fairly active.

PHILADELPHIA—Wheat firm; 2c higher; contract grade, August, 74@74½c; September, 73¼@73¾c. Corn firm, ½@¾c higher; No. 2 mixed, August, 37¼@37½c; September, 37¾@-57⅛c. Oats weaker; new No. 2 white, 31@32c; old do, 34@34½c; old No. 2 mixed, 29c. Refined sugars unchanged. Cotton steady. Tallow quiet; city prime, in hogsheads, 3¼@3¾c; country prime, in barrels, 3¼@3¼c; dark do, 3c; cakes, 3½c; grease, 2¾c. Live poultry steady; fowls, 10@10½c; old roosters, 7c; spring chickens, 10@12c; spring ducks, 8@9c. Dressed poultry steady; fowls, choice, 11@11½c; do fair to good, 10@10½c; roosters, 6c; spring chickens, nearby, 15@15c; Western do, large, 13@14c; small and scalded do, 9@11c. Receipts—Flour, 2,000 barrels and 18,000 sacks; wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 71,000 bushels; oats, 9,500 bushels. Shipments—Wheat, 3,000 bushels; corn, 285,000 bushels; oats, 9,000 bushels.

ST. LOUIS—Flour firm; patents, $3 70@3 85; straights, $3 40@3 50; clears, $3 00@3 30. Wheat —Spot dull but firm;

steady. Hogs—Receipts fairly liberal; active. Yorkers, good to choice, $4 07; roughs, common to good, $3 40@3 60; pigs, good to choice, $3 95@4 00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts light, at about steady. Lambs, choice to extra, $5 50@6 25; culls, fair to good, $4 00@5 00; sheep, choice to selected wethers, $4 80@5 00; culls and common, $2 25@4 25.

CINCINNATI—Hogs active, $3 20@3 55. Cattle easy, $2 75@4 75. Sheep steady, $2 25@4 00. Lambs higher, $4 00@6 35.

OIL DEVELOPMENTS.

Parry No. 2 at Bristoria Good for Only 25 Barrels a Day—"Gooseneck" Wildcat in Ritchie County a Producer.

Field developments are not of a sensational character, despite the fact that there is a noticeable revival of field work in some localities. The Bristoria development has been claiming considerable attention for a few days, but the new wells have been rather disappointing. The South Penn Company has completed its No. 2 on the W. M. Parry farm, and its production will not exceed 25 barrels a day. The second pay expected at this well failed to materialize and its size condemns an extension to the southwest. The location is 800 feet west of the No. 2 Emma Woods. The William Parry No. 3 and James McVey are the next two wells due in the Bristoria pool. In Wetzel county the South Penn has completed No. 46 H. L. Smith and has a 20-barrel producer.

In Ritchie county, W. Va., Ira DeWitt has drilled in his well on the T. E. Davis farm, located at the "gooseneck" on the North Fork of Hughes river, near Harrisvills, Union district, and will have a 25-barrel producer from the Big Injun sand. This well is practically a wildcat, and its size, if as good as reported, gives it some prestige. It has been some time since anything new has been discovered in Ritchie county. The Whisky run pool was the first and last discovery of this year, despite the fact that the wildcatter has been most persistent in his search for new pools. Southwest of the last-named pool there is still a little work under way, part of which is now nearing completion. The South Penn company's No. 3 Namon Barnes is past due in the sand, having been delayed on account of a set of broken jars. The same company's No. 3 on the Hayburst farm is due in the sand. The Associated Producers will drill in their No. 2 on the Sanford Bumgardner farm early next week. The No. 1 well on this farm is the best producer in the pool and the only one making 100 barrels or more a day.

North of Cairo, in the same county, there is some indication of a revival of operations along the Big Injun streak extending in that direction. In the Cornwallis salt sand territory some new work is starting within definite limits. An occasional good well and the advance in the market have been the incentives for starting up operations in that territory. Drilling in salt sand territory is less expensive than any of the oil-producing formations in the lower southwest except the Cow Run sand.

Shipments and Runs.

Shipments and runs, up to and including August 4, of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana fields:

PENNSYLVANIA OIL.

Shipments	59,105
Previously reported	227,694
Total	286,799
Daily average	71,699

RUNS.

For same time	71,347
Previously reported	257,527
Total	328,874
Daily average	82,218

LIMA OIL.

Shipments	42,681
Previously reported	223,259
Total	265,940
Daily average	73,985

RUNS.

For same time	48,119
Previously reported	137,481
Total	185,600
Daily average	46,400

The Oil Market.

OIL CITY, Pa., Aug. 5.—Credit balances, 96c. Certificates, 95¾c bid for cash. Shipments, 59,105 barrels. Runs, 11,347 barrels.

Drygoods.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—The drygoods situation shows but little radical change. There is a steady gain in the amount of spot business in cotton goods. The tone of the market is, on the whole, a good one. Prices are well maintained and the demand is fairly well sustained in most lines. The situation in print cloths shows no change of moment. Staple cottons locally are sold more freely than heretofore. In both brown goods and bleached for home consumption the orders have been numerous. The size of the orders is still unsatisfactory. Export goods show continued good results. Denims have registered a large sale in nine-

Ferry street. They claim that the hau have so jarred their houses that large c have appeared in them.

Liquor licenses have been transferred Katherine Gallisath, 312 Diamond stree W. J. Adams; Mrs. Frederick Kalms Fifth avenue, to Daniel W. Hornett; Com Hogan, 523 Wylie avenue, to Charles Dun

The County Commissioners awarded the tract for a steel plate for printing certif for the issuance of $250,000 worth of bon H. E. Bateman, representing the Fra Lee Bank Note Company, of New York. plate will cost $1,000.

The plaintiffs in the suit of Jutte & C the Speer Box and Lumber Company file answer yesterday to the affidavit of de in the case. The suit grows out of a con for carrying lumber up the Ohio river. plaintiffs say the defendants were negligen loading the barges and any damage done due to their own acts.

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THE readers of the *Mo* during the past few days i on the Fleet laid before Kipling therein has returni —and he seems to have en The description of the Cha rollicking piece of work, pen, and just the thing f was a graceful act on Mr. with a quotation from M —that spirited derivative Seppings Wright's admi the *Illustrated London Neu* illustration of Mr. Kiplin

IN "The Ship that Fo in Mr. Kipling's *The Da* which, curiously enough, 73 the *Dimbula* is descr about 240 ft. long and learn that "In the nex tons dead-weight into t Liverpool." Nautical q could one take a ship o dead-weight on board ? likely to find herself ? error in the First and 2,500 net register cou weight. But such a sh Perhaps then, after all,

expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "PUBLISH" LONDON. TELEPHONE NUMBER, 2686.

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ST. MARTIN'S STREET,
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1898

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Rudyard Kipling recently received a polite note asking if his story "The Man Who Would Be King" is founded on fact. Mr. Kipling conceived the inquiry to be an attempt to secure his autograph, so he cut out from the note the three words "It is not," and pasting them neatly on a blank sheet of paper mailed it to the inquirer without his signature.

Mr. Kipling has done most things now; but he has yet to make the reputation of an after-dinner speaker. It is well within his own capabilities to make it, as anybody may know who has heard him on his rarely venturing occasions. Even his nervousness gives him a force often denied to facility; and of late he has cultivated voice-production so well as to have astonished the Navy—where they know how to shout anyway—when he recited his "Ballads" in Bantry Bay. Ac. 11/12/98

The Young Man, an English publication, gives the following account of how Mr. Kipling became converted to the idea of prohibition:—

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells us how in a concert hall in America he saw two young men get two girls drunk and then lead them reeling down a dark street. Mr. Kipling has not been a total abstainer, nor have his writings commended temperance, but of that scene he writes:—'Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, "There is no harm in it, taken moderately;" and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.'"

I should entirely agree with Mr. Kipling if prohibition did prohibit; but it does not—notably in the state where this distinguished author made his American home.

Critic Oct 98

A Scotch Engineer on Kipling

THEY were talking about Kipling at the club in Boston. "Ah," said the poet, "what a masterpiece is his McAndrew's Hymn. How Kipling ennobles labor! He puts the engineer on a heroic pedestal. How proud and grateful such machinists must be!" "I don't know about that," answered the naval officer. "I showed the poem to a Scotch engineer who had crossed the Atlantic seventy or eighty times, and I asked him what he thought of it. He read it slowly, and then he said, 'Well, Captain, it seems to me like a blatherskite of words.'"

cat. no 579. Oct 10-98

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[P.T.O.

The Wellspring Vol. LV. No. 35

"That Was Liquor."

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

IN Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," the story is told of a multi-millionaire's spoiled only son, who was washed overboard from a Cunarder. He was picked up by the dory of a schooner and carried off on a fishing trip to the Grand Banks. The hardy crew among whom he found himself looked upon his autobiographical sketches as so many fairy tales, and under their rough tutoring "Harvey Cheyne" was made over into another boy.

The captain of the boat, Disko Troop, was a stern, just, long-headed New Englander, of whom Harvey complained, after their first interview, that he was "either crazy or drunk."

"Don't say that to Dad," whispered Dan (Troop's son). "He's set ag'in all liquor."

This prejudice of "Dad's" was justified later in the book. One morning all hands were on deck eagerly watching for a sail which had been sighted. Many were the surmises as she came slowly within recognizable distance, and great was the disgust when it was discovered whose boat she was.

"'It's Uncle Abishai!'

"'The head king of all Jonahs,' groaned Tom Platt.

"She might have been the very 'Flying Dutchman,' so foul, draggled, and unkempt was every rope and stick aboard. Her old-style quarter-deck was some four or five feet high, and her rigging flew, knotted and tangled, like weed at a wharf end. She was running before the wind, yawing frightfully, her staysail let down to act as a sort of extra foresail—'scandalized,' they call it—and her fore-boom guyed out over the side. Her jib-boom had been fished and spliced and nailed and clamped beyond further repair; and as she hove herself forward, and sat down on her broad tail, she looked for all the world like a blouzy, frouzy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl.

"'That's Abishai,' said Salters. 'Full o' gin an' Judique men, an' the jidgments o' Providence layin' fer him an' never takin' good holt.'

"'That's no rig fer this weather,' said Long Jack.

"'Ain't she daown by the head more'n natural, Tom Platt?' asked Disko.

"'Ef it's his style o' loadin' her she ain't safe,' said the sailor, slowly. 'Ef she's spewed her oakum he'd better git to his pumps mighty quick.'

"The creature threshed up, wore round with a clatter and rattle, and lay head to wind within ear-shot.

"A graybeard wagged over the bulwark, and a thick voice yelled something Harvey could not understand. But Disko's face darkened. 'He'd resk every stick he hez to carry bad news. Says we're in fer a shift o' wind. He's in fer worse. Abishai! Abi-*shai!*' He waved his arm up and down with the gesture of a man at the pumps, and pointed forward. The crew mocked him and laughed.

"'Jounce ye, an' strip ye, an' trip ye!' yelled Uncle Abishai. 'A livin' gale—a livin' gale. Yah! Cast up fer your last trip, all you Gloucester haddocks. You'll not see Gloucester no more, no more!'

"'Crazy full—as usual,' said Tom Platt. 'Wish he hadn't spied us though.'

"She drifted out of hearing while the grayhead yelled something about a dance at the Bay of Bulls and a dead man in the foc'sle. Harvey shuddered. He had seen the sloven, tilted decks and the savage-eyed crew.

"The disheveled 'heel-tapper' danced drunkenly down the wind, and all eyes followed her. Suddenly the cook cried in his phonograph voice: 'It wass his own death made him speak so! He iss fey—fey, I tell you! Look!' She sailed into a patch of watery sunshine three or four miles distant. The patch dulled and faded out, and even as the light passed so did the schooner. She dropped into a hollow and—was not."

Then followed a prompt and vigorous but vain attempt at rescue. "Abishai's craft had vanished." And Disko's commentary was, "'There's one more boat gone along o' leavin' port all hands drunk.'

"'If,' said Manuel, the Portuguese sailor, 'if you runna that way before the wind, and she work open her seams—' He threw out his hands with an indescribable gesture, while Penn sat down on the house and sobbed at the sheer horror and pity of it all. Harvey could not realize that he had seen death on the open waters, but he felt very sick.

"Then Dan went up the crosstrees, and Disko steered them back to within sight of their own trawl-buoys just before the fog blanketed the sea once again.

"'We go mighty quick hereabouts when we do go,' was all he said to Harvey. 'Yóu think on that for a spell, young feller. That was liquor.'"

A solemn temperance sermon, this. Alas! that one need not go to the high seas and to the pages of a story-book to find others as solemn. Look about you, young people, up and down the streets of the village where you live, through the list of families which make up your kinsfolk and acquaintance, and take inventory of those things of which you may say, "That is liquor." The squalid homes, the wasted lives, the many needless graves, wrong-doing and its retribution, its terrible, eating contagion, its pitiless blight, confounding the innocent with the guilty—how ghastly and how full the reckoning is! Think upon it a little, and, however heedless and light-hearted you may be, you can scarcely fail to understand why Disko Troop was "set against all liquor."

MR. KIPLING's new volume will be cal
The Day's Work. Six times, says
American contemporary, "has he read
worked over the proofs, and I suppose t
he would go over them six times more
the formes were not already on the pres
The bill for corrections would make
interesting frontispiece.

FROM a paper in the *Idler* on Thomas Atkins's opinions of Mr. Kipling, by Captain Philip Trevor, we make an extract. Tommy, whose real name was Rudd, was discovered to be the possessor of *Soldier Tales*. He admired the book to a point of blasphemy, but he had doubts here and there. Thus:

"'But there's just one or two bits that I don't get at no'ow.' He turned over the pages slowly till he came to a place where the margin of the letterpress was heavily scored with the blacklead pencil. I looked over his shoulder, and saw that he had pulled up about half-way through that infinitely pathetic story, 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft.' He read from the page in front of him with the emotionless stolidity of a drill sergeant: '"And gave orders that the bandmaster should keep the drums in better discipline." Wot's the bandmaster got to do with the drums, sir?' he asked querulously. I had come to ask questions, not to answer them—to hear, not to speak—so I replied, a bit testily perhaps, 'Oh, I suppose that——' But he didn't wait.

'And 'ere again, sir, "If either of you comes to practice again with so much as a scratch on your two ugly little faces, I'll tell the drum-major to take the skin off your backs." Now I wants to know, was that Jakin and that there Lew in the "band" or the "drums"?'

'Why, really I've never——'

He travelled on again, without waiting for an answer, till he was pulled up by another danger signal.

"Jakin and Lew were attached to the band as supernumeraries, though they would much have preferred being company buglers."

'Looks as if they 'ad bin in the drums afore, don't it?'

'Well, perhaps if——'

'Arf a mo'. Why was the Gurkhas pouring over the 'ights at the *double* to the invitation of the regimental *quickstep*?'"

The end of the matter is this: "Then I'll just tell you what it is, sir. This 'ere Kiplin' 'as just been coddin' you—it's a fair kid. You've been codded by a civilian, sir, and, wus still, the feller's codded me too."

Academy Aug. 1/98

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE following is the list of contents of Mr. Kipling's forthcoming volume of short stories, *The Day's Work*:

	PAGE
The Bridge-Builders	1
A Walking Delegate	45
The Ship that found Herself	73
The Tomb of His Ancestors	96
The Devil and the Deep Sea	139
William the Conqueror—Part I.	170
William the Conqueror—Part II.	189
'007	215
The Maltese Cat	238
"Bread upon the Waters"	264
An Error in the Fourth Dimension	298
My Sunday at Home	320
The Brushwood Boy	338

MR. KIPLING, by the way, has been studying men-of-war's men at first hand on H.M.S. *Pelorus*. At a smoking concert given on the *Majestic*, in Bantry Bay, Mr. Kipling recited selections from *The Seven Seas*.

Sept 24/98

SIR WALTER BESANT ON READING.

SIR WALTER BESANT, recently presiding at the introductory lecture of a course on "Literature," to be delivered under the auspices of the School Board for London's Evening Continuation Schools' Committee, remarked that it was difficult to say anything new on the subject of "Literature," but it was well to have commonplace things said over again sometimes. The daily newspaper had now taken the place of the pulpit and the teacher, and from it the people took their notions of daily life. Literature inspired thought, and enabled them to clothe their ideas with words; and it gave them their ideals of life. The other day they read that Gordon had been avenged. That was not what Gordon wanted. He wanted the work of civilisation to go on, and what the nation needed was to be reminded of his high, pure, and lofty ideals. His life had been brought before them again during the last few days by the daily press. Literature, too, taught them to see things in Nature which they would not otherwise see. Literature might be taken in different ways. There were those who took it as a pastime; others made a study of it; and there were those who wished to read intelligently.

In referring to works of imagination, Sir Walter said that the greatest quality possessed by writers of such works was "grip." As an instance of the power of a writer over a reader, he gave his own experience when he first read *The Light that Failed*. He placed Rudyard Kipling at the top of living writers, not only because he had always something to say, but because he had this marvellous power of "grip." As an example of this quality, he referred them to the marvellous recessional hymn which appeared in the *Times* last year, at a time when they were all intoxicated with the idea of their own country's position. That hymn was a solemn warning to the nation, as solemn as the bell of St. Paul's, and it sank into their hearts, bringing them back to their senses. Whatever else he might or might not do, that hymn placed Rudyard Kipling's works amongst those which would never die.

Going back to those who read for pastime, he wished to point out that such a pastime was better for young men than walking about the streets with their sweethearts, or in drinking beer at a bar. In conclusion, he urged his hearers to further by all means in their power the Free Library movement in Islington. He regarded the establishment of free libraries as one of the best means to be adopted in saving the rates.

Academy 9/24/98

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is writing a series of stories detailing the further adventures of Stalky and Co., the three heroes of the story entitled "Slaves of the Lamp," which appeared in *Cosmopolis* some little time ago. These stories, which all deal with schoolboy life at a public school, whose name is somewhat thinly disguised, will show Mr. Kipling's genius in a new light. They will, of course, be published serially both here and in America prior to being issued in book form.

Oct. 1898

SEVERAL YEARS AGO Mr. S. S. McClure walked into my office and told me to remember the name of Rudyard Kipling. I had then never heard it before. "You will hear from that young man," said he; "look out for him." So when Mr. McClure said to me the other day: "Remember the name of Alfred Ollivant; he will be *the* writer of 1900," I listened with respect. Mr. Ollivant's first book is "Bob, Son of Battle," and the Doubleday & McClure Co. are its publishers. I haven't had time to give it a careful reading yet, but in dipping into it I have found some very vivid descriptions, in terse, graphic English.

Critic Nov 98

THE FIRST FRUITS OF Mr. Kipling's adventures as a guest of the Channel Squadron, says the London *Daily Chronicle*, will be a set of verses on "The Cruisers," begun on board the Pelorus, and now nearly finished. Its destination will probably be *The Windsor Magazine*, where his companion verses on "The Destroyers" have already appeared.

Critic Nov 98

MR. KIPLING's praise of Fuzzy-Wuzzy is, it seems, no warmer than Fuzzy-Wuzzy's praise of Tommy Atkins. Fuzzy, we read in Mr. Bennet Burleigh's *Sirdar and Khalifa*, published this week,

"revels and rejoices in Tommy, just as Kipling has done, as a foeman worthy of his steel. With a fine contempt for other natives. . . . 'Inglees Tommy' is his ideal man, a fellow fearless and mighty."

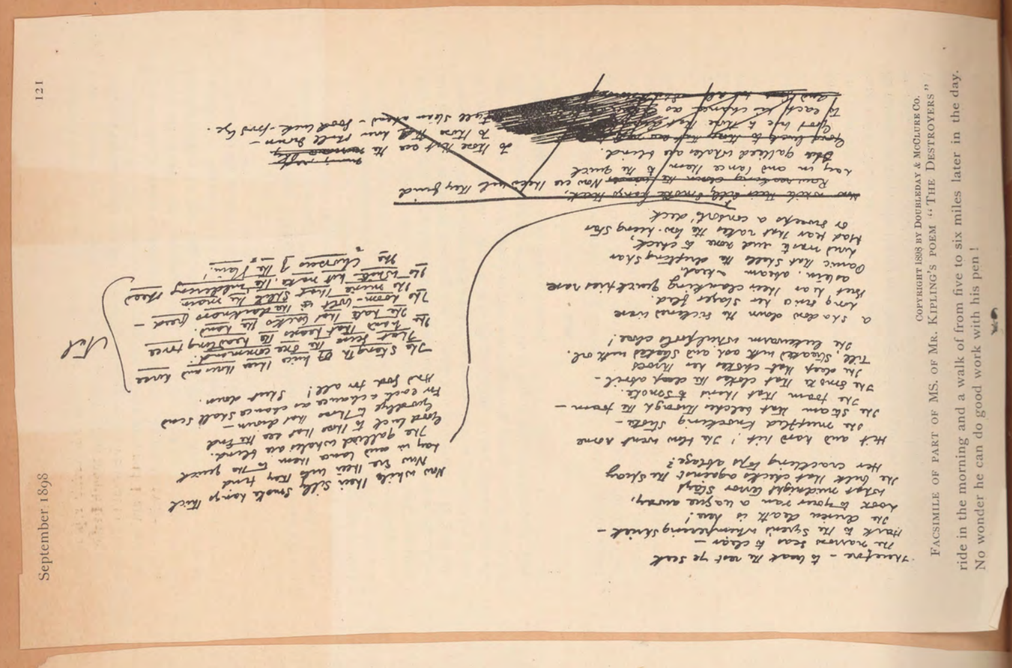
And this is part of a rendering, by Mr. Burleigh, of one of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's generous pæans:

"Worthy only of our swift steel
Is the bold red man, the Ingleesy,
From the West, from over the sea,
They came to do battle with us.
How like unto them
The Hadendowa;
They invincible on water,
We on land,
The Red Ingleesy,
The Hadendowa.

Suckled by lions, strong as steel,
They and we fought face to face.
Red Ingleesy—Hadendowa.
Glory, we withstood them.
The unconquerable, the Ingleesy.
What nation is like to them?
Hadendowa and Ingleesy unconquerable,
Lightning to lightning,
All-consuming.

Ya, ya, Tommy,
Blood, wounds, and battles,
Rage and rejoice in.
Ya! great heart red men,
The mighty Ingleesy."

Ac. 8/20/98



Facsimile of part of MS. of Mr. Kipling's poem "The Destroyers."

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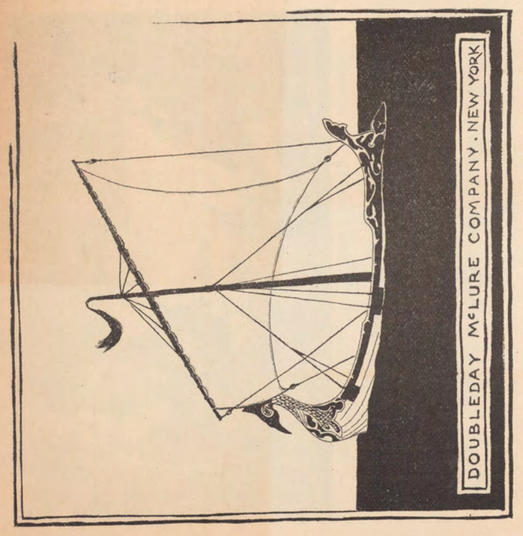
ride in the morning and a walk of from five to six miles later in the day. No wonder he can do good work with his pen!



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Mr. Kipling's Design for Cover of "The Day's Work."

From the recent exhibit of Kipling autographs, I reproduce some stanzas from "The Destroyers." They show the way the first draft of a poem by Mr. Kipling looks. It doesn't go to the printer this way, but is copied out on a typewriter, so that there will be no possibility of a mistake; though Mr. Kipling's hand, small as it is, is almost as clear as type. I don't think that Mr. Kipling made this design of a ship for the cover of his new volume of stories. It has, however, been so used. I think he meant it as a sort of trademark for his friends Messrs. Doubleday & McClure, to whom he sent it when they first went into business together. It is rather amusing, considering the long friendship between Mr. McClure and Mr. Kipling, that the latter doesn't know how to spell the name of the former, but, as the lettering under the ship shows, makes it "McLure."

There is a rumor that Mr. Kipling is coming back to America. The time of his stay is not fixed, but I think it is doubtful that he will come at all, as he is so comfortably settled at Rottingdean. If Mrs. Kipling is wise she will stay there; for housekeeping in the country in England is much simpler than housekeeping in the country in America. I can imagine that in their far-off Vermont home, the subject must at times have assumed perplexing aspects. "The Elms" is the name of the Rottingdean place, and naturally the name is suggested by the trees that surround the house. Mr. Kipling is said to keep himself in writing condition by a three hours'

Kipling's great poem, The Recessional, which is one of the most remarkable productions of recent years, fell so far below what he thought it should be that he threw it into the waste-basket, whence it was rescued by his wife. How often do men fail to value aright their greatest possessions! It is sad to think how many men and women never come to know the real good of the spiritual life, but cast it aside.

Sept. 1898

Rudyard Kipling has settled down in his new English home at Rottingdean, a quiet little Sussex village near the sea. It is called the Elms from its surrounding elm and ilex trees. In this quiet retreat the author is leading the life of the English gentleman of time immemorial, varying his routine of work and reading by a ride of three hours every morning in the quiet English lanes and by-ways, and walking four or five hours later in the day, an aggregate of physical activity sure to find outward expression in the virility of his coming books.

NEW POEM BY KIPLING.

Boston Transcript. Sept 98

London, December 8.—The Times publishes a poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "Kitchener's School," purporting to be a translation of the song of an Indian Mohammedan addressed to the Hubschees of Soudanese. The following three stanzas are typical of the whole:

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and
have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning
and all the English give.
It is their treasure, it is their pleasure,
thus are their hearts inclined,
For Allah created the English mad, the
maddest of all mankind.

They do not consider the meaning of
things, they consult not creed or clan,
Behold, they clap the slave on the back
and behold, he becometh a man.
They terribly carpet the earth with dead,
and before their cannon cool
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to
call the living to school.

Certainly they were mad from of old, but
I think one new thing,
That the magic whereby they work their
magic, wherefrom their fortunes
spring,
May be that they show all people their
magic and ask no price, in return
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that
magic, O hubshee, make haste and
learn.

First editions of Rudyard Kipling's earlier books have a rising value, and Mr. Kipling himself seems to be a bull in the market. An English bookseller, whose shop is in Brighton, says that some months ago the Anglo Indian author walked in and inquired:

"Got any first editions of my books?"

The tradesman replied that he had not.

"Well, if you come across any, send them to my address, will you?"

This happened last summer, when Mr. Kipling was staying at Rottingdean, a tiny village that runs down to the sea at a gap in the white chalk cliffs of the Sussex coast, His near neighbor was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who has built a studio there. The chief attraction of the place, probably, is the fact that it is five miles from a railroad.

* * * *

SOME KIPLING STORIES.

Although a sort of postgraduate of the daily paper, there is no man more averse to an interview than Rudyard Kipling. One of his characteristic compliments to the press was delivered at the time when he was fostering his ardent passion for cultivating roses at Naulahka, his home in Vermont, where he grew them in great abundance and beauty. "I find it amusing, this rose growing," he remarked to an acquaintance. "Of course, there are always rose bugs, but then rose bugs are so much more easily detachable than reporters."

The personality of Mr. Kipling suggests his own *Mowgli*—him who was "blood brother to all the beasts of the Rukh." There is in his atmosphere a something vaguely uncanny, as of one who possesses a sixth sense, not possessed, or only partly possessed, by others; an intuition that is instant and absolute, that goes quick to the heart of a fact or an event, and plucks out the core of its mystery. His is a personality that sets one guessing at the impossible.

Last year there was published in the English papers an account of a characteristic episode between Mr. Kipling and an elephant. The story goes that a newly arrived elephant at the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park was making all manner of trouble for the keepers, who feared the animal was going mad. As Mr. Kipling and a friend entered the place one day, the first sound to strike their ear was the unholy bellowing of the unhappy exile. "The beggar's homesick," announced the author, and straightway approached the cage and explained to the elephant how it all was—that there wasn't any use in his rebellion; he was there to stay, and might just as well make the best of it. Mr. Kipling continued to talk confidentially on, using the kind, quaint pet names peculiar to the sort of Hindoo language the elephants best understand, till after a time the beast, with many queer sounds, interrogative and affirmative, quieted down, and Mr. Kipling went his way. It sounds like an unpublished story from the "Jungle Book"; but after meeting Mr. Kipling, one would not find it difficult to believe that he could explain matters to a runaway engine.

Mr. Kipling has spoken the languages of the east so long that his own has become colored with their terse and picturesque phrasing. Poetic in the extreme, it by no means follows that sentiment always predominates with him. His sense of humor is of the keenest, and his expressions are not always of the orient. Once, when invited to visit some friends who had moved into the swagger street of the city in which they lived, he wrote in reply: "I'll come as soon as I can afford a hat to match the scenery."

It is interesting to note that before the appearance of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman, Mr. Kipling used to argue that there must arise again the school of Dumas and Scott. "The art of writing amusing tales seems lost," he was wont to lament. "But," said some one, "as to your Mulvaney tales?" "Madam," replied he, "my tales are not amusing, they are moral!"

All of which goes to show that Mr. Kipling is still an Englishman, however oriental by adoption.

Mr. Kipling tells a story that gives an amusing comparison of eastern and western ideas. His father, John Kipling, went to pay a visit to an Indian rajah who was about to bring home a queen. The elder Kipling had been engaged in the decoration of the palace, and its owner showed him the gifts of stuffs and perfumes he had prepared for his coming spouse. The rajah also sent for his jewel caskets, and invited Mr. Kipling to assist him in selecting the gems to be included in the marriage gifts. They were of extraordinary size and value, such gems as are seldom seen except in the east, and to the artist the selection was a task of pleasure. Finally he lifted a wonderful diamond, one of the choicest gems in the collection, and said: "You should send this; no woman could resist it."

The rajah looked up, caught it, and held it jealously to his breast; then slowly replacing it in the casket, answered, "Nay, such gems be not for women!"

A GENTLEMAN, lately returned from the Punjab, has an interesting reminiscence concerning *The Christmas Quartette*. In this little book, written by members of the Kipling family, Mr. Rudyard Kipling made his first appearance between covers. "It was published at Lahore, December, 1885, at the humble price of 2s. (to be quite exact, one rupee eight annas), and had no sale to speak of. Mr. D. P. Masson, then the managing proprietor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, of which Kipling was sub-editor, told me that until the London boom came he could have 'papered Lahore with unsold copies of the book.' Then the rush began and they went off like wildfire. The demand for copies was tremendous, and the market value of the Kipling *Quartette* in India to-day is just about £6." Not long ago, however, a single copy put up by auction at Sotheby's fetched £12 10s., and a few days since the same author's *Echoes* brought £19 5s., and his *Departmental Ditties* £14.

HAVING given so much space to Mr. Kipling's fascinating letter concerning *The Tempest*, we cannot do better than quote some of Mr. Henry Strachey's reply to it in the current *Spectator*. Mr. Strachey puts his faith to William Strachey's pamphlet, published in 1612, on the "Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight; upon, and from the Islands of the Bermudas." From Strachey, it is argued both by Mr. Henry Strachey and by the American Shakespearean, Mr. H. H. Furness, the dramatist may have drawn his scenery. Says Mr. Furness:

"Prefixed to one of Strachey's pamphlets on *The Colony in Virginia Britannia*, dated London 1612, there is a Sonnet addressed to the 'Councell of Virginea,' followed by a Preface which is signed 'From my lodging in the black Friers. William Strachey.' To these facts we can apply the universal solvent which subdues everything connected with Shakespeare's biography, and say, *it is not improbable* that Shakespeare and Strachey were intimate friends, and *it is not improbable* that of all men it was Strachey whom, full of adventures, of shipwrecks, of tempests, of travellers' stories, Shakespeare 'got quietly in the corner and milked.'"

Mr. Henry Strachey adds: "William Strachey also wrote a copy of verses to Lord Bacon. I leave this fact, and also that William Strachey's initials are the same as those of William Shakespeare, to the Baconians. Surely their ingenuity will be able to get something out of them."

The Kipling Note Book.

This is a little note book of various matters concerning Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In it the compiler will make notes of the birth, the travels, the philosophy, and the doings of Mr. K., partly to save him the trouble of keeping a diary, and partly for the edification of his admirers, and those who are yellow-eyed.

Nov 1893

To be obtained on and after November 12th, from

THE HOLLAND CO.,
GRENVILLE BUILDINGS,
CHERRY STREET,
BIRMINGHAM.

PRICE SIXPENCE, POST FREE.

A WRITER in *Blackwood* attempts the task of appraising Mr. Kipling, and comes out with more success than some others who have ventured before him. This is an interesting criticism:

But his verse, whether in plain English or in dialect, is superior to his prose in plain English, because poetry is more exacting than prose. It is the paradox of poetry that it permits no synonyms. The poet is in perpetual quest of the one inevitable word, and only the true poet can find it. Now in Mr. Kipling's poetry the right word emerges at the right moment, and no one can doubt that it *is* the right word.

"So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the fifes *a-crawlin'*!
Follow me—follow me 'ome!"

Does not the word we have italicised almost make one catch one's breath by its startling appropriateness?

This writer agrees with Mr. Barrie, who once inquired into Mr. Kipling's merits in a similar way, that "The Man who would be King" is the best of the short stories. He ends with a prophecy that Mr. Kipling is "going strong," as the saying is, for many a year.

PEOPLE may read in two ways Mr. Kipling's new poem, "The Truce of the Bear," which appeared in last week's *Literature*; but it is impossible, once the thought of the political bear has crossed one's mind, to disassociate it from the Czar's recent utterance concerning disarmament. In the mouth of an old hunter—who once tackled Adam-zad the bear, brought him to bay, aimed, but relenting as Adam-zad reared up like a man, pitiful in prayer, had for his kindness his face torn open by the beast—Mr. Kipling puts this warning:

Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard—
Not for his raging and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

But (pay and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
When he stands up as pleading, in monstrous, man-brute guise,
When he veils the hate and cunning of the little swinish eyes.

When he shows as seeking quarter, with paw-like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of "The Truce of the Bear!"

The political fabulist must go warily, and Mr. Kipling has made it possible for a reader to consider the poem merely as a hunting yarn. But we should like to receive a copy of last week's *Literature* after the Russian "caviarist" had done with it.

Academy 10/8/98

THE work upon which Mr. Kipling is just now engaged is a series of stories of school life, in the manner of the first half of his "Slaves of the Lamp," which appeared in *Cosmopolis* some months ago. Therein, we may safely presume, he calls on the memories of his old Westward Ho! days. In Mr. Kipling's time that school was a paradise for high-spirited youth, and it is even said that the passion for sport ran so far that for a little boy to permit himself (for a consideration) to be pursued by big boys armed with shot guns was a common experience of the half-holiday. Whether the "Beetle," as Mr. Kipling calls himself in "Slaves of the Lamp," ever acted as hunter or quarry we shall perhaps know when his stories appear.

The Newest Fiction.

A Guide for Novel Readers.

THE DAY'S WORK. BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

A new collection of short stories, all of which have appeared before. Mr. Kipling, we are sorry to notice, has abandoned, for the time at any rate, his old practice of composing a verse heading for his tales; nor has the book either dedication or *envoi*. (Macmillan. 381 pp. 6s.)

The Day's Work is selling well in the bookshops. *With Kitchener to Khartum* is also selling; indeed, the demand has exceeded the immediate supply. Nothing, however, interferes with the sale of the cheap edition of *Forty-One Years in India*. A more genuinely "selling" book than Lord Roberts's work has not been published for many years.

PEOPLE like to gossip about the earnings of authors; and there was quite an excited discussion at a certain gathering the other day as to the sum paid to Mr. Kipling for his latest poem on the Russian Bear. Somebody said he got nothing. The statement was received with indignant incredulity. But the gossip stuck to his allegation. When Mr. Kipling, he said, sent to the *Times* the "Recessional" verses, which made so great a hit with people who fell short in their appreciation of the real Kipling, the *Times* wrote and asked what sort of a cheque they should send him. "I take nothing for my patriotism," replied Mr. Kipling in effect—the narrator had read the letter—"but on the next occasion I will bleed you." Was the publication of this last poem which the *Times* handed over to *Literature* such an occasion? Or was that poem also patriotism?

ac. 10/11/98

A Literary Competition.

Summer is over and the fireside reign begins. By way of providing a little amusement in that realm we propose to set regularly a short paper of search questions in English literature, old and modern, and to give, to all competitors who reply successfully, a copy of some new book. This week the book chosen is Mr. Kipling's latest collection of stories, "The Day's Work."

Competition No. 1.

1. "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day."

2. "Remains of our good yeomanry blood will be found in Kent, developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women."

3. "The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry."

4. "'Yes, indeed,' remarked one of the guests at the English table. 'Yes, indeed, we start life thinking that we shall build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, and we end by contriving a mud hut.'"

5. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife."

6. "'Now, what I want is, Facts.'"

With each of the above sentences a standard or well-known English novel begins. To all of our readers who name these six novels correctly will be sent a copy of Mr. Kipling's book, "The Day's Work." Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The Academy, *43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," should reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 11.*

ac. 1/8/98

A Literary Competition.

ac. 10/15/97

Result of No. 1.

Thirteen correct answers were given to last week's paper of questions, and copies of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*, are now on their way to the successful competitors. The paper consisted of the following opening sentences of English words:

1. "*There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.*" ("Jane Eyre.")

2. "*Remains of our good yeomanry blood will be found in Kent, developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women.*" ("Rhoda Fleming.")

3. "*The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry.*" ("Jude the Obscure.")

4. "'*Yes, indeed,*' *remarked one of the guests at the English table.* '*Yes, indeed, we start life thinking that we shall build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, and we end by contriving a mud hut.*'" ("Ships that Pass in the Night.")

5. "*It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife.*' ("Pride and Prejudice.")

6. "'*Now, what I want is, Facts.*'" ("Hard Times.")

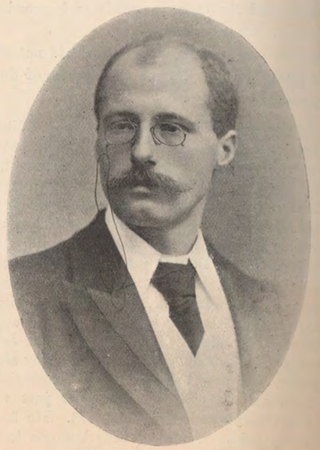
In addition to the thirteen accurate replies, we received seven inaccurate ones. Of these, three named all but *Jude the Obscure*; two gave rightly only three of the novels; while one attributed quotation 6 to *Captains Courageous*, and one to *In Kedar's Tents*.

The "Biograph" in Literature.

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood. 6s.)

Mr. Steevens has seen everything interesting, and to everything interesting, moreover, has brought the same degree of vision. That is his secret. When to this gift you add a power of living words, a deliberate judgment, a quaint turn of humour, a preference for accuracy above Rule Britanniaism, and an invincible trick of avoiding bullets and other calamities, you see that in Mr. Steevens something very like the ideal war correspondent is to be found.

The old war correspondence is changed, giving place to the new, and Mr. Kipling is the author of the change. First came Mr. Kipling, the artist—creative, imaginative, finding, as he passed among men, none too poor to contribute one thread to his fabric, himself seeing no fighting, but miraculously using the eyes of others until in the completed story the battle is as vivid as if the Biograph exhibited it. Everything is present save noise. Then came Mr. Steevens, the journalist, steadfastly shutting out his creative ability, seeing everything for himself, and passing on his impressions red-hot to his readers. The Biograph again. The main difference between Mr. Kipling's Biograph and Mr. Steevens's is the old difference of coloured and plain. Mr. Kipling is before all things a maker of stories, and when he gives us a battle-piece it is charged with human emotion, it plays its part in some human tragedy, it is coloured. Mr. Steevens eliminates the fable: that which is before him,



Mr. G. W. Steevens.

(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

and that only, is matter for his brain and pen. More truly than either Dickens or Mr. Kipling, to both of whom the phrase has been applied, is he a "reporter of genius." The English army is fortunate in possessing such officers and men as carved their way to Khartum; equally fortunate is the newspaper reader at home in having Mr. Steevens to see things straight for him and set them down so bitingly.

academy 10/8/98

The Minor Poet.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Kipling.)

I went into a publisher's as woeful as a hearse,
The publisher he ups and says, "Why *will* you chaps write verse?"
The girl behind the Remington she tittered fit to die,
I outs into the street again and to myself says I:

O it's verses this, and verses that, and writing 'em is wrong;
But it's "special type and vellum" when you hit on something strong,
You hit on something strong, my boys, you hit on something strong,
O it's "signed large paper copies," when you hit on something strong.

I calls upon an editor—a very nice young man—
Says he, "Send in your stanzas and we'll use 'em if we can":
Of course I sends 'em to him in the usual bloomin' way,
Of course he keeps and keeps 'em, and he's got 'em to this day!

And it's verses this, and verses that, and verses for to burn;
But they set 'em up in pica when the tide begins to turn,
The tide begins to turn, my boys, the tide begins to turn,
O it's "Two-twelve-six a sonnet" when the tide begins to turn.

I prints a little book and puts it round like, for review,
Which—when you come to think of it—'s the proper thing to do:
"We have upon our table Mr. Blanky's *Leaves that Fall*,"
And "Another little ship of song! Wants ballast,"—that was all.

And it's verses this, and verses that, and a par to say you've sinned;
But it's fine fat full-page notice when you hit 'em in the wind,
You hit 'em in the wind, my boys, you hit 'em in the wind,
You're a 'owlin', 'eavenly Milton, when you hit 'em in the wind.

We aint no 'eavenly Miltons, nor we aint no idiots too,
But plodding men with "famblies," and a pile to make, like you;
And all the time you see us down-at-heel and looking weak
We're a-casting of our bread upon the waters, so to speak:

For it's verses this, and verses that, and things run pretty rough,
But there's bullion in verses if you only write the *stuff*,
If you only write the stuff, my boys, if you only write the stuff,
O it's yachts and rows of houses if you only write the stuff.

T. W. H. Crosland.

Reviews.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan. 381 pp. 6s.)

In this collection of thirteen stories Mr. Kipling does not flash another facet of his genius upon us as he did in *Captains Courageous*. With sure instinct he labels the volume *The Day's Work*. That is just what these tales are—the day's work of a great imaginative and observant writer, of a master craftsman who, when he has no *magnum opus* on hand, rummages in drawers, peers into cupboards, for notions noted and not forgotten, for beginnings laid aside to be finished in their proper season. Everything Mr. Kipling does has its particular interest, even when he writes of talking ponies, chattering ships, and garru'ous locomotives. We may prefer such stories as "Puran Bhagat," "Love o' Women," "The Man who would be King," and "William the Conqueror"; but these other things also are part of him, his day's work, and we are glad of them.

There are many Mr. Kiplings. In this book the various sides of his mind are well represented—the Kipling of later days, who takes an expert's delight in technicalities, as in "The Ship that Found Herself" and "007," romantic text-books on ship sailing and engine driving; the Kipling who endows animals with the feelings and speech of man, as in "The Bridge Builders" and "The Maltese Cat," that delightful polo story (every polo player should know it by heart), where the animals give us their version of the game; the Kipling of mordant, yet genial, humour who loves to tilt the "insular" American against British prejudices, as in "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," and "My Sunday at Home."

Finally, there is the real bed-rock Kipling, whose text is the word "grit"; the Kipling who tells of clean-limbed, healthy-minded, straightforward pioneer men—exiled men—men who do things, not for the sake of reward, but because it happens to be their duty to do them. He is doing a fine work for our race with these portraits of strenuous Englishmen. They stalk through all his books. The gallery is well filled. In this volume more are added to it—Georgie, in "The Brushwood Boy"; Findlayson and Hitchcock, in "The Bridge Builders"; and Scott, in "William the Conqueror." A woman, too, is added to the gallery in the latter story, who

> answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes—yea, after they had proposed to her and been rejected.

If ever there was a story to tell to boys, this "William the Conqueror" is that story. It is the real Kipling, with a new note—the note of pity and kindliness—a sign of his growth—the promise of fine things to come. The episode of Scott, the babies, and the goats is profoundly moving. The story tells how a handful of Englishmen, being so ordered, went six days into the famine districts of India to organise relief and to save life. Martyn's sister accompanied them. Her name was William: the rest was added, because, like the other William, she conquered. When they had done their work —when the famine was overcome—she and Scott found they loved each other. It is a fine piece of work, and if it contains certain vivid passages that do not seem necessary—well! the story is by Mr. Kipling. As thus William had "stayed down three hot weathers":

> Therefore her face was white as bone, and in the centre of her forehead was a big silvery scar about the size of a shilling—the mark of a Delhi sore, which is the same as a "Bagdad date." This comes from drinking bad water, and slowly eats into the flesh till it is ripe enough to be burned out with acids.

This is a picture of what the relief party saw when they reached the famine districts:

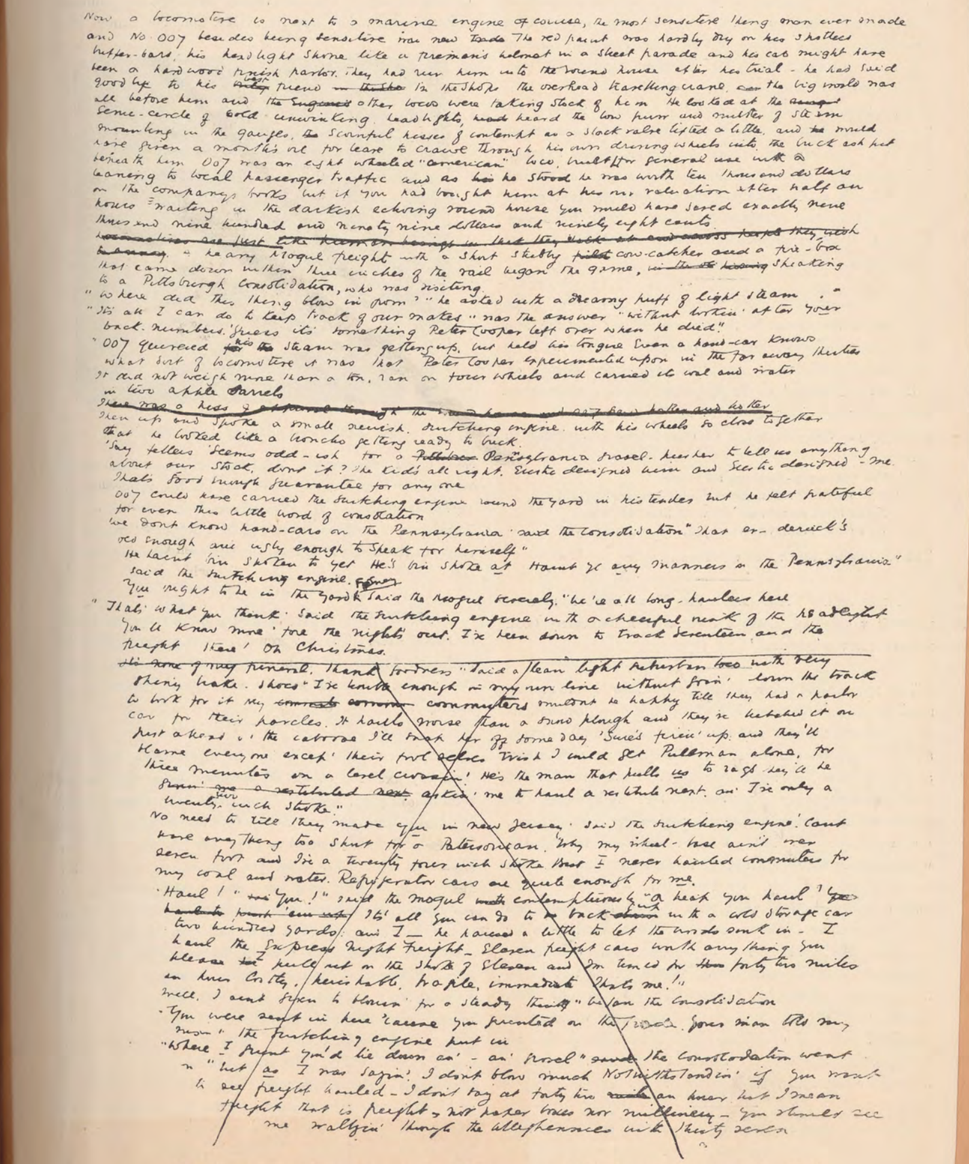
> At last, in a dry, hot dawn, in a land of death, lit by long red fires of railway sleepers, where they were burning the dead, they came to their destination, and were met by Jim Hawkins, the Head of the Famine, unshaven, unwashed, but cheery, and entirely in command of affairs.

Here, finally, is a pastoral extract from "My Sunday at Home":

> It was the very point of perfection in the heart of an English May day. The unseen tides of the air had turned, and all nature was setting its face with the shadows of the horse-chestnuts towards the peace of the coming night. But there were hours yet, I knew—long, long hours of the eternal English twilight—to the ending of the day. I was well content to be alive—to abandon myself to the drift of Time and Fate; to absorb great peace through my skin, and to love my country with the devotion that three thousand miles of intervening sea bring to fullest flower. And what a garden of Eden it was, this fatted, clipped, and washen land.

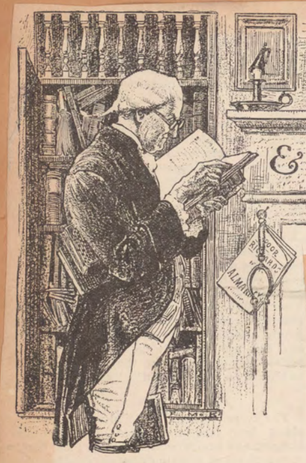
The Day's Work is a tonic for all who, by reason of the flesh's frailty, sometimes need a tonic to get through their day's work.

Elsewhere will be found a review of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*. Meanwhile, we give on the opposite page a facsimile of the first-sheet of the MS. of one of the stories, "No. 007," printed in that book. After making the first draft, Mr. Kipling revised it as we see here, and sent the copy to be type-written. He then revised it again and again in proof. A comparison of the facsimile with the beginning of "No. 007," as printed in *The Day's Work*, is interesting.



Facsimile of the First Page of the Manuscript of Mr Kipling's Story, "No. 007."

THE SATURDAY EVENING
Post Phila 11/26/98



BOOKS & BOOKMEN.

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In running through the book, let the last be first. In The Brushwood Boy we meet Kipling's ideal young man—a manly boy, a modern Sir Galahad—clean in mind and body, pure and chivalrous in thought and action, whose love is once and for all time.

The Tomb of His Ancestors and William the Conqueror are both powerful tales in Mr. Kipling's best manner. Both are Indian stories. Bread Upon the Waters and The Devil and the Deep Sea are stories of sailormen, their adventures and misadventures. The Scotch engineer in the former is one of the best creations of Kipling's fancy. In fact, since his first appearance, a magazine one, all the marine engineers of fiction have become Scotch.

In .007—the author needs shriving for that title—and The Ship that Found Herself, machinery talks, and very interestingly, too. They are clever stories, but it is a cleverness that does not wholly satisfy.

About no story in the book will there be so wide a difference of opinion as the first one, The Bridge Builders. England has spanned the material chasm between her Indian subjects and herself, but there is still a great mental gulf fixed between them. Of this Mr. Kipling has made an allegory. Finlayson is building a bridge over a treacherous Indian river—"but that's another story," and every one will read it, anyway, and interpret it to his taste, or, perhaps, not at all. (Published by The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

Dr. Rolfe has also published annotated editions of selections from the poems of Gray, Goldsmith, Milton, Wordsworth, and Browning (two volumes); Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," with a complete edition of Scott's Poems; Byron's "Childe Harold;" Tennyson's "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Idylls of the King," and two volumes of selections from the Laureate's other poems, besides a 12-volume *édition de luxe* of Tennyson (published by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat of Boston), in the preparation of which, as in the other Tennyson books, he had valuable suggestions and assistance from the poet and his son. He has also edited six volumes of a series of "English Classics" of a more elementary character; and, in connection with his son, Prof. John C. Rolfe, Ph. D., of the Michigan State University, an edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Among his other books are an edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," an "English History" for schools, "The Elementary Study of English," and "Shakespeare the Boy." It is generally understood that he is the author of the admirable "Satchel Guide to Europe," though his name does not appear on the title-page. He has made eighteen voyages to Europe since 1868.

He received the honorary degree of A. M. at Harvard in 1859, and the same degree subsequently at Amherst, where he was enrolled as a regular graduate of the class of 1849, at the suggestion of President Seelye, his old classmate and "chum." In 1887 he received from Amherst the further honor of the degree of Doctor of Letters.

He was married in Dorchester, July 30, 1856, to Eliza Jane Carew (a graduate of his school), daughter of Joseph and Eleanor (Griffiths) Carew. Of this union are three children: John Carew, George William (instructor in the Institute of Technology, Boston), and Charles Joseph (a lawyer in Boston), all of whom are graduates of Harvard.

Cypresses

How STATELY and how statuesque they stand,
These somber-foliaged trees that one may see
By shrines of death in many a foreign land,
Mute mourners over frail mortality!

And when I muse upon them, tapering, tall,
One scene before my eyes will ever start,—
The solemn group by Rome's embattled wall
Forever grieving over Shelley's heart!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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Mr. Kipling as a Moralist

MR. KIPLING'S work is the art form of Calvinism. When Calvinism was new and fresh in the world each man was so troubled about the salvation or damnation of his own individual soul, it would seem, that he had no heart or time to work the awful theology over into art. But now that the Devil has loosed his hold a bit, and we sit up and look about us in a blinking world, something of the old Greek spirit comes creeping back; and there arises among us a poet to sing "What is to be will be, and it's all in the day's work: let no man, therefore, shirk; neither let him be afraid."

In his latest book (Doubleday & McClure) the poet's message is unmistakable. Not only is it written across the title-page in bold-faced type, "The Day's Work," but every tale bears the same burden. "It's all in the day's work, worse luck," growls Scott of the Irrigation Department, cheerfully, when he is ordered down to the famine district for months of dust, heat, hard work, starvation and small thanks. "Well, it's all in the day's run, I guess," clanks "007" consolingly to great Mogul of the Flying Freight, when he and his one hundred thousand pounds have been ditched in a cornfield by a "slim blue pig" worth "about four dollars and a half." That the state of mind of the Mogul is not so Greek as might be wished, is indicated:—"If it had been a sixty-foot bridge, an' I could ha' slid off into deep water an' blown up an' killed both men, same as others have done, I wouldn't ha' cared; but to be ditched by a shote—an' you to help me out—in a cornfield—an' an old hayseed in his nightgown cussin' me like as if I was a sick truck-horse!—oh, it's awful! Don't call me Mogul! I'm a sewing-machine." But the sentiment of the yard is plainly against him. They admit that "it was not a bad night's work for one stray pig." But when things like this happen, as they're liable to happen any day, no self-respecting engine is going to snort about it; since, beyond doubt, it was so planned from the beginning of the world and will all balance up in the day's reckoning. The same note sounds in "The Bridge Builders," when Mother Gunga rises in her might against the nearly finished Kashi Bridge, and the warning tom-tom sounds, and every man knows that "the order is in all cases to stand by the day's work and wait further instructions." It is Mr. Kipling's theology in a nutshell. Every engine, horse, man, brute, beast, ship, camel, soldier and elephant is to stand by the day's work and wait further instructions. There is to be no kicking, snorting, swearing, hr'rumphing, blowing—for it isn't good manners, and besides it won't do any good. It is largely this dogged moral force that gives Mr. Kipling's work its hold. The "swear words" sprinkled through his pages might seem to disqualify him as a moralist. But it is borne in upon us that what we need to-day is not a man who can keep from swearing—most Sunday-school superintendents can do that—but a man whose morality runs too deep to be disturbed by a surface damn or two.

It would not be easy to say how much of the effect of moral earnestness in Kipling's work is due to an Hebraic strain that runs through everything he writes. No Hebrew warrior ever led his men to battle with surer trust in Jehovah's strong right arm. No law-giver laid down his commands with more unfaltering belief in the Lord's vengeance. The work has a military background. Every man must do his duty like a peg, like the rivets in "The Ship that found Herself." But the Hebraism goes deeper. It penetrates the very marrow of the style; as in "bidding him report himself with all speed at some unpronounceable place fifteen hundred miles to the south, for the famine was sore in the land and white men were needed." How many times in unpronounceable Biblical places was "famine sore in the land"? Or again: "So Dumoise gave the man his wages and went down to Nuddea alone." Sometimes the effect is impious as well as Biblical. "Upon a day, early in the morning, Madu came to the pyre and shrieked very grievously, and ran away to catch the policeman, who was on a tour in the district." Sometimes it is only grotesque: "Upon this talk they departed together to an open space, and there the fat man in the red coat fought with Dearslay Sahib. . . . And after that Dearslay Sahib fell and did not rise, these men jumped upon his stomach and despoiled him of all his money, and attempted to fire the pay-shed and departed." In "The Tomb of His Ancestors" it forms a running phrase accompaniment: "But what have I to do with these things?" "Rather let him loose the Clouded Tiger upon us." "Bring the man that was bound." "Now all these things the man that was bound told you." "I did—a hundred times; but they answered with blows." Certain chapters in Deuteronomy leave little doubt as to the source of inspiration of the Jubilee Hymn. In "Recessional," the old Mosaic "thou" that thundered denunciation and punishment from Sinai, is changed to the modern editorial "we"—"Lest we forget—lest we forget!" But the spirit is unchanged. The message of the poet is that of the law.

"Mr. Kipling's doctrine is essentially a modern doctrine. Through every man, machine, brute and beast, he says "You've got to work and you've got to work together."

"'Remember,' he said for the hundredth time, as the riders came up, 'you *must* play together, and you *must* play with your heads.'" "They honestly meant to play together, but it is very hard for four men, each the best of the team he is picked from, to remember that in polo no brilliancy in hitting or riding makes up for playing alone."——"No consideration of family or kin allowed Peroo to keep weak hands or a giddy head on the pay-roll. 'My honor is the honor of this bridge,' he would say to the about-to-be-dismissed. 'What do I care for your honor? Go and work on a steamer. That is all you are fit for.'"——"'America's paved with the kind of horse you are—just plain yaller-dog horse—waiting ter be whipped inter shape. We call 'em yearlings and colts when they're young. When they're old we pound 'em—in this pastur'. Horse,

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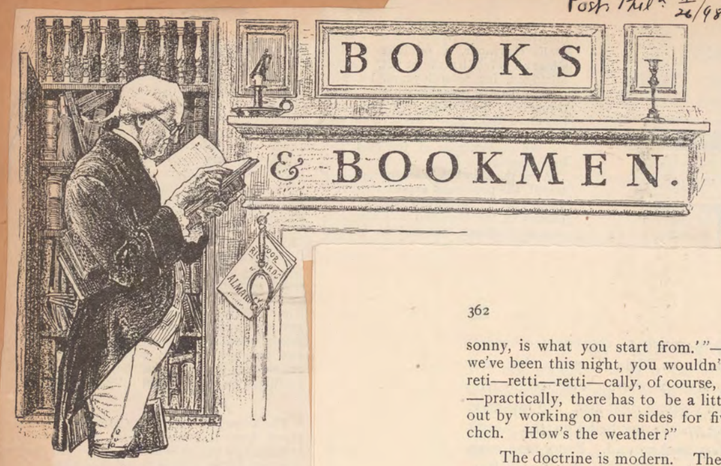

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sonny, is what you start from.'"——"If you'd been hammered as we've been this night, you wouldn't be stiff—iff—iff, either. Theoreti—retti—retti—cally, of course, rigidity is the thing. Purr—purr—practically, there has to be a little give and take. *We* found that out by working on our sides for five minutes at a stretch—chch—chch. How's the weather?"

The doctrine is modern. The man who preaches it is a modern of the moderns. But he is also a prophet of the prophets. He is Hebraic, not Christian—moral, not spiritual. The law is his master-word—the law of the jungle, the law of the army, the law of Her Majesty's realm and the law of gravity. Of "the spirit that giveth life" he has no word to speak.

The "fire-carriage" that Hanuman the Ape made man to worship, may be only "the old god under a new name"; or it may be the coming of a new god. Who can tell? They work many changes—these fire-carriages—and Mr. Kipling drives them well. But now and then, low be it spoken, we fancy that we hear underneath their very human conversation, the clankity-clank of the old iron wheels. It was not so in jungle days, when Mowgli, skillfully threading the maze of allegory and fairy-tale, stepped forth a wonder-god, white convolvuli twined in his hair, starlight in his eyes and Gray Brother crouching at hand.

But if one speaks of Mr. Kipling's art,—that is another tale, and a longer one, not to be told at this telling. J. B. P.

Literary Fallacies

I

That to be Original is to be New

THE WORLD of thought is at least as large as the world we have the thoughts in. The world we have the thoughts in is old enough—heaven knows—and has been used up and down and across again and again. We are all of us—little nations and great, of course—building cities, playing at blocks on the shore of the infinite, making dams in the centuries and ships of shingle, and boys' canals, in the water and the sand. We are playing all of us in the same old playground, or vale of tears, or cemetery, or what you will, where men have played the same old play these million years, but what of that? Is it a plagiarism to cross the Atlantic?

It would not be going too far, perhaps, judging from what one hears in the talk of the day and from much that one sees in current criticism, to say that the not uncommon idea that Literature is a Northwest Passage—either a Nansen affair, or nothing—is responsible for a very large proportion of the sensationalism which is fast making literature impossible amongst us. It were indeed a little world enough, this world of thought, if all it existed for were to be original, to feel of the ends of its poles, discover some barren isle of

"GOLD CANNOT BUY ME"
(MR. KIPLING'S SKETCH FOR THE CANTAB)

THE IDEA OF some people that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is ungracious is a false one. It seems to me that he is the soul of graciousness. Seldom does an amateur journalist write to him for "copy" that it is refused. The latest of these fortunate ones is the *Cantab*, published by the undergraduates of Cambridge University. In reply to a request for a contribution, Mr. Kipling wrote:—

THE ELMS, ROTTINGDEAN, NEAR BRIGHTON,
Sept. 17, 1898.

To the Editor of the Cantab:

There once was a writer who wrote:
"Dear Sir: In reply to your note
Of yesterday's date,
I am sorry to state
It's no good at the prices you quote."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Not to be discouraged, the editor wrote again, asking for Mr. Kipling's rock-bottom rates; and again came a reply:—

"DEAR SIR:—Heaven forbid that the staff of the *Cantab* should go about pawning their raiment in a public-spirited attempt to secure a contribution from my pen! The fact is that I can't do things to order with any satisfaction to myself or the buyer. Otherwise I would have sent you something. Sincerely,

"RUDYARD KIPLING."

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novel.

Messrs. Macmillan's experiment in issuing the illustrated edition of Green's *History of England*, on the new instalment system is proving a success. But booksellers find that their customers will not sign the form of application provided. They "cannot be bothered," and, contrary to intention, the orders are usually verbal.

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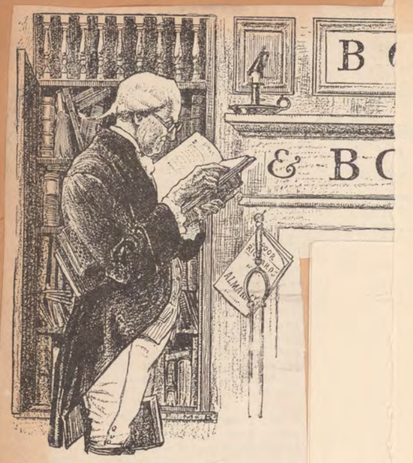

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One may decide that it is absurd to write a story in which a locomotive snorts and puffs out its sorrows; or a story in which the parts of a ship discuss their new relations; or tales where horses and various other beasts talk over their experiences; but that simply shows that one hasn't read Kipling. One admits, though reluctantly, that it is hardly probable that locomotives, and capstans, and deck plates, and jungle beasts can talk, but one is equally certain that, if they could, they would talk as Kipling makes them.

The Day's Work is more than a collection of its author's latest stories—it is an almost perfect picture of Kipling's powers. Each side of his many-sided genius finds expression there. Each reader will find in it examples of the special work which makes him like Kipling better than any other living writer. But, as a whole, the tales are not of so popular a character as some of his earlier work, and "love interest" is lacking in most of them.

In running through the book, let the last be first. In The Brushwood Boy we meet Kipling's ideal young man—a manly boy, a modern Sir Galahad—clean in mind and body, pure and chivalrous in thought and action, whose love is once and for all time.

◆

NOT BEING ABLE to draw a contribution from the distinguished author, the editor wrote for a photograph, and thus Mr. Kipling replied:—

"As to photos of myself, I have not one by me at present, but when I find one I will send it, but *not* for publication, because my beauty is such that it fades like a flower if you expose it. Very sincerely,

"RUDYARD KIPLING."

The value of these letters was increased by a pen-and-ink sketch of himself by Mr. Kipling, so that the pertinacious editor got even more than he asked for. If the foregoing does not prove Mr. Kipling's amiability nothing will.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL has some interesting remarks in *The British Weekly* on the subject of the price paid Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his work.

"He has," says Dr. Nicoll, "contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition, Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India, and the Colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4,000. In addition to this, Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publication in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4,000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1,000."

Dr. Nicoll doubts that these prices will be kept up. He thinks that the cheap magazines will put an end to high prices for authors. "I remember, some years ago," he says, "Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work, better work by a good deal than he has done lately, to a monthly review. The editor informed me that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold." This statement, it seems to me, reflects upon the periodical rather than upon Mr. Kipling. Its reputation for dullness was apparently so great that not even Mr. Kipling's brilliant work could induce people to buy it.

MR. KIPLING is evidently a man of moods. The vaingloriousness of the Queen's Jubilee celebration impelled him, in a moment of reaction, to pen that noble poem, "Recessional." In like manner, the welcome the Tsar's peace proposal has had in England, has prompted him to come out with a powerful protest against any "Truce of the Bear." An Indian beggar wearing under a bandage the place where his face ought to be, tells how he went out, fifty years ago, to kill a marauding bear, but lowered his gun when the beast walked toward him on its hind legs, with its forepaws upraised pleadingly. The result of his overconfidence was a downward stroke of the two paws that left him minus a face. And the moral is, of course, that if John Bull has any use for his eyes and nose and mouth he had better give the Tsar the widest possible berth.

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

This is an odd production for the author of that great hymn of peace, "Recessional," but it is a mighty fine ballad, all the same; and if it had appeared three months ago would have been welcomed as a remarkable bit of verse-making. It is as timely as was its famous predecessor; and its timeliness is the only objection to it.

It would not be going too far, perhaps, judging from what one hears in the talk of the day and from much that one sees in current criticism, to say that the not uncommon idea that Literature is a Northwest Passage—either a Nansen affair, or nothing—is responsible for a very large proportion of the sensationalism which is fast making literature impossible amongst us. It were indeed a little world enough, this world of thought, if all it existed for were to be original, to feel of the ends of its poles, discover some barren isle of

Publishing Notes.

the memoir of James Hain Friswell issued last week Mr. Redway there is a chapter of peculiar interest to the publishing world. In 1870 Mr. Friswell issued ough Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a volume of essays: *dern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised*. In that k Mr. George Augustus Sala was somewhat severely alled, and in 1871 a libel action was brought by him gainst Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The action was of frivolous character, as anyone can see for himself reading Chapter LI. of *Sala's Life and Adventures*, the jury awarded the plaintiff £500 damages. The ount of the trial given in Mrs. Myall's memoir is an eresting piece of publishing history.

Truth has been drawing attention to the way in which eviews of books are sometimes garbled in publishers' dvertisements. The example given is certainly a bad ne, as the drift of the notice had been quite altered by he omission of a few words, but *Truth* was hardly justified n the hard expressions it made use of. The advertisement vas evidently drawn up by some clerk, and if the attention of the publisher had been called to the matter it would have been quite sufficient.

An Association of Magazine Proprietors is much needed. There are a number of questions relating to the publishing and distribution of magazines and periodicals which could easily be settled by some such society, whereas at present the newsagent can only refer disputes and make complaints to the Publishers' Association, many of whose members have little knowledge of the magazine trade. We would suggest that at the next meeting of the Publishers' Association Mr. Murray propose the formation of an Association of Magazine Proprietors as an offshoot from the parent society. If he doubt the advisability of such a step, the present writer will be pleased to forward him a list of questions in urgent need of settlement by such an Association.

Though the number of high-priced books to be published this season is altogether phenomenal, it will be noticed that one class of expensive books is hardly represented. A few years ago *éditions de luxe* of popular novels by writers of the day were much in evidence. But the demand for such publications declined very rapidly, and has now, to all intents and purposes, ceased altogether. Expensive illustrated editions of standard works are always sure of a good reception, but only a very few enthusiasts care to pay more than 4s. 6d. for a copy of the modern novel.

Messrs. Macmillan's experiment in issuing the illustrated edition of Green's *History of England*, on the new instalment system is proving a success. But booksellers find that their customers will not sign the form of application provided. They "cannot be bothered," and, contrary to intention, the orders are usually verbal.

P.

Correspondence.

John Ruskin.

SIR,—Your eloquent tribute to the writings of John Ruskin in No. 1 of your new issue ought to appeal to the thoughtful writers and readers of the present generation. In a decade abounding in inartistic and careless composition, the resonant periods, the exquisite word-painting, the subtly chosen epithets, and, above all, the rythmical, melodious flow of his happy sentences, ought to teach the novitiate and the student how to write. The outpour of cheap, commonplace compositions, which bear the same relation to literature as a modern musical burlesque does to a symphony by Gounod, wants a corrective. And, in my opinion, a study of John Ruskin's works would be one of the best antidotes to the poison of the wearisome crudities and glaring commonplaces of the period.

To all those readers who may not have time, or lack the effort to study all the works of John Ruskin, I would recommend a selection from his writings published by Smith & Elder in the year 1861. I daresay the book now is out of print; if so, perhaps the time is ripe for a new and popular edition of it.—I am, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

7, Bullingham Mansions, Kensington, W:
Oct. 12, 1898.

"Of," not "For."

SIR,—Permit me, with all deference, and with regard to your notice in the current ACADEMY, to point out that the *title* of my book is not "An Alphabet for," but "An Alphabet of Animals."

I esteem your notice, but hope that you hold too cheap the possibilities of infantile artistic appreciation.—I am, &c., CARTON MOORE PARK.

Studio, 101, Saint Vincent-street, Glasgow:
Oct. 12, 1898.

*** *Several letters are held over owing to lack of space.*

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

THE *Standard* critic thinks "Mr. Kipling is undeniable when he confines himself to gods, beasts, and men"; but when he throws himself into smaller things he runs too much to slang and technicalities. For the rest,

> *The Day's Work* proves that Mr. Kipling is still master of the word and phrase. Take, he says, the fly-fishing bit in *The Brushwood Boy*: "The aged and astute between sunk roots, with the large and fat that lay in the frothy scum below some strong rush of water, sucking lazily as carp, came to trouble in their turn, at the hand that imitated so delicately the flicker and wimple of an egg-dropping fly." "Flicker and wimple" is onomatopoetic, and,

in its degree, like Keats's "silver, snarling trumpets"; indeed, this word-choosing of Mr. Kipling's is a gift to genius only, and an infallible token of it to the discerning eye. By taking thought Pater got near it, and Louis Stevenson sometimes approached.

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic, not being an engine-fitter, writes:

> If the fault of the book is to be put into a sentence (and it seems a strange fault to find with Mr. Kipling), we should say that these tales are not human enough. There are too many talking beasts, talking locomotives, talking bits of mechanism by land and sea. One story, "The Ship that Found Herself," is a perfect manual of technique in the construction of a steamer. The captain talks to the deck-beams, and the port and starboard upper deck stringers have a word to say, and the screw is eloquent, and so are the thrust-block, and the garboard strake, the cylinder, the steam, and the forward collision-bulkhead. Another story, called "007," shows that Mr. Kipling has mastered all there is to be learned about the locomotive, especially the American locomotive; but unless the reader is an engine-fitter he will not find much pleasure in this bewildering maze of technical terms.

And again:

> It is all amazingly clever, and bears in every line the stamp of prodigious application, but why should a romancer who has made his fame by writing about men and women lavish this disproportionate energy upon adaptations of Æsop, and the fantastic loquacity of machinery?

The *Sun* distinguishes 'twixt Mr. Kipling and Mr. Kipling:

> We know the particular Kipling of this book. We have met him before. He has come out from the colossal pantechnicon of detail in which he lost his artistic sense (such as it was) in *Captains Courageous*, but he still can dump down sufficient detail for quite three story-builders. It is material detail: forceful, stunning, jawy detail—in fact, a big deal of this book is simply materialism made articulate.

The *Daily Telegraph* is cautious. It says:

> If *A Day's Work* will not add to the author's reputation in this kind of work, which, indeed, might be difficult, it at all events will not detract from it. There is no lack of spirit and power; the same easy mastery of technical details; the same broad sympathy with the English-speaking race, wherever their life tasks may lie. The style is throughout Kipling's own—tense, nervous, often rugged, always direct and workmanlike, the true reflection of Mr. Kipling's own genius.

The *Daily News* criticises the stories individually:

> "My Sunday at Home" is a hash of fantastic effects, partially redeemed from extravagance by the excellence of the character drawing. The crude strength of it all is still as exhilarating as ever, but it seems to want other qualities to make it literature. There is little sense of proportion, no *finesse*, and a disposition to repeat well-approved effects, which is a temptation that the artist should carefully shun in his own interest. The manner otherwise may degenerate into sheer mannerism, a Kiplingism of Kipling, which it is hardly worth while to add to the patent decoctions of the day. There is no suggestion of progress, either sought or attained, in this latest work.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says Mr. Kipling has sobered down:

> The essential Kipling charm is always the same—that undescribable impression of forcefulness and muscle, alike of meaning and of word, left even by his weakest story. But the mould in which he casts himself counts for something, after all; and old Kiplingites will, as we say, miss something here. There is little of that tender, searching sympathy which made his Three Musketeers and his Punch and Winkie so real and dear to us; nothing that makes any attempt to bring tears to the eyes, as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" did. . . . Mr. Kipling has sobered down; his tales no longer "smell of blood and tobacco," and are quite possible for the youngest and most persony young person. But all this is as far as can be from implying that he is written out. There are the same masterful grip and . . . the same buoyant joy in men who "do" things.

The *St. James's Gazette* critic reviews the reviews of his brothers, and says reprovingly:

> What are the hasty critics about, who, in their anxiety to publish reviews of Mr. Kipling's new volume, after having had only some twenty-four hours to consider it, have dismissed it as comparatively poor stuff? One of them says that Mr. Kipling is "played out." Another selects one of the second-best tales for praise and sniffs at the rest. A third preaches on the text of the writer's alleged materialism. And nearly all have carped in some form or other. Is this merely the result of skipping a volume, whose author uses words with a real sense of their individual value? Or is it sheer brain-fag on the part of reviewers already overwrought by the pressure of the new season's publishing? Why, this new batch of Mr. Kipling's short stories is splendid work. . . . Speaking for ourselves, we have read *The Day's Work* with more pleasure than we have derived from anything of Mr. Kipling's since the *Jungle Book*.

L'Envoi.

FLY forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all-too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!
The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

(*From Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads."*)

The Burning of the Sarah Sands

By Rudyard Kipling.

MEN have sailed the seas for so many years, and have there done such amazing things in the face of danger, difficulty and death that no one tale of heroism exists which cannot be capped by at least a score of others. But since the behavior of bodies of untried men under trying circumstances is always interesting, and since I have been put in possession of some facts not very generally known, I have chosen for my contribution the story of the *Sarah Sands*.

She was a small four-masted—you must specially remember the masts—iron-built screw-steamer of eleven hundred tons, chartered to take out troops to India. That was in 1857, the year of the Indian mutiny, when anything that could sail or steer was in great demand; for troops were being thrown into the country against time.

Among the regiments was the 54th of the Line, now the Second Battalion of the Dorset Regiment—a good corps, about a hundred years old, with a very fair record of service but in no special way differing, so far as one can see, from a hundred other regiments.

It was hurried out in three ships. The headquarters,—that is to say the lieutenant-colonel, the regimental books, pay-chest, band and colors,—you must specially remember the colors—with some fourteen officers, three hundred and fifty-four rank and file, and perhaps a dozen women, left Portsmouth on August 15th, all packed tight in the *Sarah Sands*.

Her crew, with the exception of the engineers and firemen, seemed to have been foreigners and pier-head jumpers picked up at the last minute. They were bad, lazy and insubordinate.

The accommodation for the troops was generously described as "inferior," and what men called inferior in '57 would now be called vile. Nor, in spite of the need, was there any great hurry about the *Sarah Sands*. She was two long months reaching Cape Town, and she stayed there five days to coal, leaving on October 20th. By this time the crew were all but openly mutinous, and the troops, who must have learned a little seamanship, worked her out of harbor.

On November 7th, nearly three weeks later, a squall struck her and carried away her foremast, and it is to be presumed that the troops turned to and cleared away the wreckage. On November 11th the real trouble began, for in the afternoon of November 11th—three months out from Portsmouth—a party of soldiers working in the hold saw smoke coming up from the after-hatch.

They were then, maybe, within a thousand miles of Mauritius, in half a gale and a sea full of sharks. Captain Castle, the skipper, promptly lowered and provisioned the boats; with some difficulty got them overside and put the women into them. Some of the sailors, the bad kind,—the engineers and firemen and a few others behaved well,—jumped into the long-boat and kept away from the ship. They knew she carried two magazines full of cartridges.

The troops, on the other hand, did not make any fuss, but under their officers' orders cleared out the starboard or right-hand magazine, while volunteers tried to save the regimental colors. These stood at the end of the saloon, probably clamped against a partition behind the captain's chair, and the saloon was full of smoke. Two lieutenants made a dash for them and were nearly suffocated; a ship's quartermaster, Richard Richmond was his name, put a wet cloth over his face, managed to tear down the colors, and then fainted. A private, and his name was W. Wiles, dragged out both Richmond and the colors, and the two men dropped senseless on deck while the troops cheered. That, at least, was a good omen.

The saloon must have been one of the narrow, cabin-lined, old-fashioned "cuddies" placed above the screw, and all the fire was in the stern of the ship, behind the engine-room. It was blazing very close to the port or left-hand magazine, and as an explosion there would have blown the *Sarah Sands* in two, they called for more volunteers, and one of the lieutenants who had been choked in the saloon went down first and passed up a barrel of ammunition, which was joyfully hove overboard. After this example work went on with regularity.

They pulled up the fainting men with ropes, while those who did not faint grabbed what they could get at in the smother, and an official and serene quartermaster-sergeant stood on the hatch as he jotted down the number of barrels in his note-book. They pulled out all except two which slid from the arms of a fainting man,—there was a great deal of fainting that evening,—and rolled out of reach. Besides these were a couple of barrels of signalling powder for the ship's use; but this the troops did not know, and were the more comfortable for their ignorance.

Then the flames broke through the after-deck, the light attracting shoals of sharks, and the mizzenmast flared up and went overside with a crash. This would have veered the stern of the ship head to wind, in which case the flames must have swept forward, but a man with a hatchet ran along the bulwarks and cut the wreck clear, while the boats surged and rocked at a safe distance, and the sharks tried to upset them with their tails.

A captain of the 54th—he was a jovial soul and made jokes throughout the war—headed a party of men to cut away the bridge, the deck-cabins and everything else that was inflammable, —this in case of the flames sweeping forward again,—while a provident lieutenant with some more troops lashed spars and things together for a raft, and other gangs pumped desperately on to what was left of the saloons and the magazines.

One record says quaintly, "It was necessary to make some deviation from the usual military evolutions while the flames were in progress." The men, formed in sections, counter-marched round the forward part of the ship, which may perhaps be better understood when it is stated that those with their faces to the after part where the fire raged were on their way to relieve their comrades who had been working below. These proceeding "forward" were going to recruit their exhausted strength, and prepare for another attack when it came to their turn.

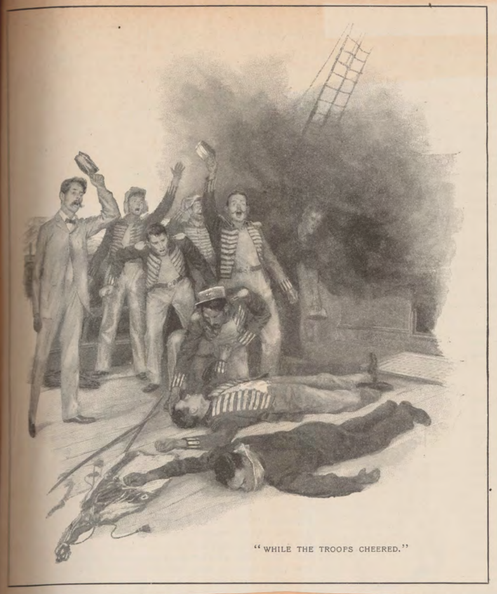
No one seemed to have much hope of saving the ship, so long as the last powder was unexploded. Indeed, Captain Castle told an officer of the 54th that the game was up, and the officer replied, "We'll fight till we're driven overboard." It seemed he would be taken at his word, for just then the signalling powder and the ammunition casks went up, and the ship from midships aft looked like one volcano.

The cartridges sputtered like crackers, and cabin doors and timbers were shot up all over the deck, and two or three men were hurt. But—this isn't in any official record—just after the roar of it, when the stern was dipping and all believed the *Sarah Sands* was settling for her last lurch, some merry jester of the 54th cried: "Lights out!" and the jovial captain shouted back, "All right, we'll keep the old woman afloat yet."

Not one man of the troops made any attempt to get on to the rafts; and when they found the ship was still floating, they went to work double tides. At this point in the story we come across Mr. Fraser, the Scotch engineer, who, like all his countrymen, had been holding his trump card in reserve. He knew the *Sarah* was built with a water-tight bulkhead behind the engine-room and the coal bunkers, and he proposed to cut through the deck above that bulkhead and drown the fire.

Also he pointed out that it would be as well to remove the coal in the bunkers, as the bulkhead was almost red-hot and the coal was catching.

So volunteers dropped into the bunkers, each man for the minute or two that he could endure, and shovelled away the singeing, fuming fuel, and other volunteers were lowered with ropes into the bonfire aft, and when they could throw no more water they were hauled up half-roasted.



"WHILE THE TROOPS CHEERED."

Mr. Fraser's plan saved the ship; although every particle of wood in the after part of her was destroyed, and a bluish vapor hung over the red-hot iron beams and ties, and the sea for miles around looked like blood under the glare, as they plunged and passed water in buckets, flooding the end beyond the bulkhead all through the long night. The very sides of the ship were red-hot, so that they wondered when the plates would buckle and wrench out the rivets and let the whole fabric down to the sharks.

The mizzenmast, as you know, had gone; the foremast, although wrapped round with wet blankets, was alight, and everything abaft the foremast was one red furnace. There was the constant danger of the ship, now broadside on to the heavy seas, falling off before the wind and feeding the flames forward again. So they hailed the boats to tow and hold her head to wind, but only the pig obeyed. The others had all they could do to keep afloat; one of them had been swamped, though all the people were saved, and as for the long-boat full of mutinous seamen, she behaved infamously. One record says that "She set sail and held aloof but consigned the ship and all she carried to perdition." So the *Sarah* Sands fought for her own life alone.

About three on the morning of November 12th, steaming, bucketing, sluicing and damping, they began to hope that they had bested the fire. By the light of the wreck they saw steam coming up instead of smoke, and at midday they called in the boats and took stock of the damage. From the mizzen-mast aft there was nothing that you could call such, except the shell of her. It was a steaming heap of scrap-iron, with twenty feet of black, sooty water flooding across the bent and twisted beams and rods, and in the middle of it all, four huge water-tanks rolled to and fro, thundering against the naked sides.

Moreover—they could not see this till things had cooled down—the powder had blown a hole right through the port quarter, and every time she rolled the sea came in green. Of the four masts only one was left, and the rudder-head stuck up all bald and black and naked among the jam of collapsed deck-beams. The photograph of the wreck looks exactly like that of a gutted theatre after the flames and the firemen have done their worst.

They spent the whole of the 12th pumping water out as zealously as they had pumped it in; they lashed the loose tanks as soon as they were cool enough to touch; and they plugged the hole at the stern, with hammocks, sails and planks, and a sail over all. Then they rigged up a horizontal bar gripping the rudder-head. Six men sat on planks on one side and six at the other, hauling on it with ropes and letting go as they were told. That made as good a steering-gear as they could expect.

On November 13th, still pumping, they spread one sail on their solitary mast,—it was very lucky that the *Sarah Sands* had started with four of them,—and took advantage of the trade-winds to make for Mauritius. Captain Castle, with one chart and one compass, lived in a tent where some cabins had once been, and at the end of twelve days he sighted land.

Their average run was about four knots an hour; and it is no wonder that as soon as they were off Port Louis, Mauritius, Mr. Fraser, the Scotch engineer, wished to start his engines. The troops looked down into the black hollow of the ship as the shaft made its first revolution, shaking the hull horribly, and if you can realize what it means to be able to see a naked screw shaft at work from the upper deck of a liner you can realize what had happened to the *Sarah Sands*.

They waited outside Port Louis for the daylight, and were nearly dashed to pieces on a coral reef. Then they came in without loss of a single life, very dirty, their clothes so charred that they hardly dared take them off, and very hungry. Port Louis gave them public banquets in the market-place, and the French inhabitants were fascinatingly polite, as only the French can be.

But the records say nothing of what befell the sailors who "consigned the ship to perdition." One account merely hints that "this was no time for retribution," but the troops probably administered their own justice during the twelve days' sail to port. The men who were berthed aft, the officers and the women lost everything they had, and the companies berthed forward lent them clothes, and canvas to make clothing.

On December 20th they were all re-embarked on the *Clarendon*. It was poor accommodation for heroes. She had been condemned as a coolie-ship, was full of centipedes and other animals picked up in the Brazil trade; her engines broke down frequently and her captain died of exposure and anxiety during a hurricane. It was January 25th before she reached the mouth of the Hoogly.

By this time—many men probably considered this quite as serious as the fire—the troops were out of tobacco, and when they came across the American ship *Hamlet*, Captain Lecran, lying at Kedgeree on the way to Calcutta, the officers rowed over to ask if there was any tobacco for sale. They told the skipper the history of their adventures, and he said:

"Well, I'm glad you're come to me, because I have some tobacco. How many men are you?"

"Three hundred," said the officers.

Thereupon Captain Lecran got out four hundred pounds of best Cavendish, and a thousand Manila cigars for the officers, and refused to take payment on the ground that Americans did not accept anything from shipwrecked people.

They were not shipwrecked at the time, but evidently they had been shipwrecked quite enough for Captain Lecran, because when they rowed back a second time and insisted on paying he only gave them some more grog, "which," says the record, "caused it to be dark when we returned to our ship." After pipes were lit "our band played 'Yankee Doodle,' blue lights were burned, the signal-gun fired,"—that must have been a lively evening at Kedgeree,—"and everything in our power was had recourse to so as to convey to our American cousins our appreciation of their kindness."

Last of all the commander-in-chief issued a general order to be read at the head of every regiment in the army. He was pleased to observe that "the behavior of the 54th Regiment was most praiseworthy, and by its result must render manifest to all the advantage of subordination and strict obedience to orders under the most alarming and dangerous circumstances in which soldiers can be placed."

That is the moral of the tale.

M. F. MANSFIELD
& A. WESSELS : :
Publishers : : and
Importers of Books

22 E. Sixteenth Street
New York

Date

Gentlemen,

For the sum of $1.50 enclosed herewith please send me the twelve forthcoming parts of

A KIPLING NOTE BOOK.

Signed

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

"I shall hate it," said the young man, and as he went on his eye followed Findlayson's, and he muttered, "Is it not damned good?"

"I think we'll go up the service together," Findlayson said to himself. "You're too good a youngster to waste on another man. Cub thou wast; assistant thou art. Personal assistant, and as Simla, thou shalt be, if any credit comes to me out of the business!"

Indeed, the burden of the work had fallen altogether on Findlayson and his assistant, the young man whom he had chosen because of his rawness to break to his own needs. There were labour contractors by the half-hundred—fitters and riveters, European, borrowed from the railway workshops, with, perhaps, twenty white and half-caste subordinates to direct, under direction, the heroes of workmen—but none knew better than these two, who trusted each other, how the underlings were not to be trusted. They had been tried many times in sudden crises—by slipping of booms, by breaking of tackle, failure of cranes, and the wrath of the river—but no stress had brought to light any man among men whom Findlayson and Hitchcock would have honoured by working as remorselessly as they worked themselves. Findlayson thought it over from the beginning: the months of office work destroyed as a blow when the Government of India, at the last moment, added two feet to the width of the bridge, under the impression that bridges were cut out of paper, and so brought to ruin at least half an acre of calculations—and Hitchcock, new to disappointment, buried his head in his arms and wept; the heart-breaking delays over the filing of the contracts

[6]

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS

in England, the rifle correspondences lasting at great wealth of commissions if one, only one, rather doubtful consignment were passed; the war that followed the refusal; the careful, polite obstruction at the other end that followed the war, till young Hitchcock, putting one month's leave to another month, and borrowing ten days from Findlayson, spent his poor little savings of a year in a wild dash to London, and there, as his own tongue asserted and the later consignments proved, put the fear of God into a man so great that he feared only Parliament and said so till Hitchcock wrought with him across his own dinner-table, and he feared the Kashi Bridge and all who spoke in its name. Then there was the cholera that came in the night to the village by the bridge works; and after the cholera smote the smallpox. The fever they had always with them. Hitchcock had been appointed a magistrate of the third class with whipping powers, for the better government of the community, and Findlayson watched him wield his powers temperately, learning what to overlook and what to look after. It was a long, long reverie, and it covered storm, sudden freshets, death in every manner and shape violent and awful rage against red tape half frenzying a mind that knows it should be busy on other things, drought, sanitation, finance, birth, wedding, burial, and riot in the village of twenty warring castes, argument, expostulation, persuasion, and the blank despair that a man goes to bed upon, thankful that his rifle is all in pieces in the gun-case. Behind everything rose the black frame of the Kashi Bridge—plate by plate, girder by girder, span by span—and each pier of it recalled Hitchcock,

[7]

How Kipling Corrects His Proofs.

When Kipling's latest book, "The Day's Work," appeared a few weeks ago in New York and London, Wilbur Whitehead and Paul Lemperle engaged in a friendly dispute as to which edition should be called the first. Mr. Lemperle is the leading collector of Kipling in the city, and Mr. Whitehead comes so closely behind him that he often treads on Mr. Lemperle's heels. Mr. Whitehead held that the American edition was the original, and that the English one should be considered as a reprint, a position which Mr. Lemperle stoutly combated. To show up his opinion, Mr. Whitehead wrote to Mr. Doubleday, president of the Doubleday-McClure Co., which published the book in this country and received a quick and courteous response from him. It did not authoritatively decide the question, but, as will be seen, it inclined very largely to Mr. Whitehead's side.

Mr. Doubleday's letter ran as follows: "All Mr. Kiplings books and serials are published simultaneously in Europe and America. To protect the copyright would be reason enough for this, so you can hardly say they are published primarily in English publications. On the other hand, 'The Day's Work' was set originally in America from Mr. Kipling's own copy. Although these stories have been publish before, the corrections were very great, and the original copy come to us to be set. We furnished the Macmillans the corrected proof sheets from which their edition was printed. Not being a bibliomaniac, it is impossible for me to say which is the original edition. However, from the fact that the copy was furnished for the American book, and the English was a reprint of the American, I should think the American would be the original edition."

Not content with this friendly reply, Mr. Doubleday followed it up a day or so ago with the gift of the proof sheets, passed and signed by Kipling himself, which is reproduced herewith. Mr. Whitehead values it highly, not only as a curio, but from the generous spirit behind it.

An article on the suppressed books of writers of fiction now living would be, we think, of considerable interest. Mr. Kipling has stopped the sale of "The City of Dreadful Night," "Letters of Marque," and "Echoes," and all now fetch a high price when copies are put up for sale at Sotheby's or elsewhere. Probably the most valuable of Mr. Kipling's suppressed books is, however, one entitled "A First Administration," a collection of stories printed in India, but, we believe, never offered for sale in the ordinary way. It is said that there are only some three copies of this book in existence, the remainder of a large edition having been destroyed. The first four novels which Mr. Merriman ever published, and which at one time it was thought might be reissued, have now been definitely put on the shelf, and "Young Mistley," which until lately was to be seen in the booksellers' shops, will be seen there no more. We think we are correct in saying that Mr. S. R. Crockett's first book, a volume of poems, is no longer to be had, and Mr. Jerome's "Told after Supper" has been rare for some time.

Talked Bicycles and Babies.

One of Kipling's charms is his simplicity and his intense humanity. He is never an attitude. I was once invited to a house where Mr. and Mrs. Kipling had been guests the day before. "Oh, I wish I could have seen him, he is such a genius," I confided to my neighbor at dinner.

"A genius," exclaimed a witty woman present. "My dear, he's a demi-god, yet I sat next to him for an hour and a half yesterday at luncheon, and he didn't talk about a thing but bicycles and babies.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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New York, Nov. 16, 98. 189

Mr. Paul Lemperly,

Benton, Myers & Co.,

Cleveland, O.

Dear Sir:-

In reply to your favor of the 14th inst. we would say that in the case of books which are published simultaneously in two countries like this new volume of Kipling's our plan has been to consider the English edition the first one, where the author is an English author. Where the author is an American we call the American book the first issue. As a matter of fact they areissued simultaneously and it is a question of choice which one is taken, but we think our position is the usual one taken by collectors.

Yours truly,

Dictated. Dodd, Mead & Co.

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RLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
ERS, IMPORTERS AND BOOKSELLERS,
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE,
BETWEEN 21ST AND 22ND STREETS.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 16th, 189 8.

Mr. Paul Lemperly,

Cleveland, O.

Dear Sir;

In response to your inquiry as to the first edition of "Day's Work", we would say that it would be extremely difficult to tell which, in point of time, was the first edition, whether English or American. We think they were published simultaneously, that is the same day. One who is very particular in such matters would reckon the five hours difference in time between New York and London, and in that case the English would probably be chronologically the first edition, though not legally, but in all these matters it is the universal decision of collectors here to regard the English edition of an English author as the true first edition, and the American edition of an American author as the ~~second~~ first edition.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Henry L. Smith

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Very truly yours,

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Third Edition Printed — Before Publication

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

Rudyard Kipling's New Book "THE DAY'S WORK"

UNQUESTIONABLY the most noteworthy event of 1898 in the world of books is this new volume, containing twelve stories by Mr. Kipling. Not only is it the product of his most mature genius thus far, but its range is extraordinary—from the delicate dream quality of "The Brushwood Boy," for instance, to those stirring tales in which he voices the monstrous throbbings of the marine engine and the American locomotive. Mr. Kipling is himself the only writer who has ventured to supply the deficiency in "The Song of Steam" which he has pointed out so forcefully, and his contributions upon this theme—so vital a part of modern civilization—possess altogether unusual interest. The volume has been making for three or four years, and presents the best and most varied work of an author who stands easily at the head of contemporary writers. Its extraordinary interest is shown from one standpoint by the fact that three large editions had to be printed before the first orders could be filled, and the publishers were, for a whole week after publication, unable to supply the booksellers' orders, since the two thousand copies a day which can be produced of such a perfect specimen of the bookmaker's art were entirely inadequate to keep up with the demand.

SPECIFICATIONS:—*Size*, 5¼ x 8¼: *Binding, green cloth*; *Pages*, 431; *Type*, 10-*point*; *Illustrations*, 8 *full pages by W. L. Taylor, W. D. Stevens, Sonntag, Blumenschein and others*; *Price*, $1.50.

DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO., Publishers
141–155 East 25th Street, N. Y.

Bowman Nov 98

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It is also a tale of the gods, the revelation of an opium dream. The gods are not so remote after all, for they look on at the bridge-builders, at the makers of fire-carriages, and wonder if these, with their strange new deities and marvellous, restless strength, are working for their glory or their ruin. Meanwhile they stay their hand, neither do they listen to the plaint of Mother Gunga that the Holy Ones have permitted the bridge-builders to defy her. But it is an uneasy assembly. Krishna foretells the *Götterdammerung*. He only, Krishna, that makes love in the hearts of men, will abide. To Indra they make appeal. He hushes Krishna and the anxious rest with, "When Brahm ceases to dream the Heaven and the Hells and Earth disappear. Be content. Brahm dreams still."

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* "The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan)

Of course, they won't. In their persistent march through, they will meet one other story, inferior to "The Bridge-Builders," but wonderfully vivid. The picturesque and the grotesque meet frequently in the administration of India, and "The Tomb of his Ancestors" is one more amusing example of it. Of the rest, what can one say? There is cleverness enough, though even that fails in "My Sunday at Home" and "The Brushwood Boy." Readers without a palate used to class Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel together, on the intelligent ground that they both wrote of the East! But now at last they are justified. "William the Conqueror" is exactly in Mrs. Steel's second-best vein: William is a girl after her own heart. "A Walking Delegate," "The Ship that Found Herself" (this in its own way perfect), "'007,'" and "The Maltese Cat" are of the kind of Moral Tales that are good if you can read them, that are otherwise intolerable. To allegory-loving youth, if such exist, we recommend them. Their intentions are instructive, and the moral in all save "A Walking Delegate," which is ungenerous, is either good or, at least, harmless.

But yet the volume must be honourably remembered. For it contains "The Bridge-Builders."

ONE OF THE newspaper men who interviewed Rudyard Kipling during his recent visit to South Africa, writes of him as follows:

"He takes his work hard. He is tremendously in earnest about it, anxious to give of his best; often dissatisfied with his best. He is quite comically dissatisfied with success; quite tragically haunted by the fear that this or that piece of work, felt intensely by himself in writing, and applauded even by high and mighty critics, is in reality cheap and shoddy in execution, and will be cast in damages before the higher court of posterity.

"When Rudyard Kipling had written The Recessional, which two hemispheres felt to be one of the very truest and soundest pieces of work done by any writing man in our day and generation, he was so depressed by its shortcomings of his private conception, that he threw the rough copy in the waste-paper basket. Thence Mrs. Kipling rescued it. But for Mrs. Kipling we should have had no Recessional! For his best patriotic poems he has declined to accept any pay."

Daily Sve Post 11/9 98

man—his Galahad up to date, who keeps himself clean in mind and body, and loves only when his appointed time comes, once and for all. It is an odd way to write sermons, but it is a sermon which the average public schoolboy is likely to take to his heart. "The Tomb of His Ancestors" is a very good story, so is "William the Conqueror"; but they are more than that. It is an odd way to write history, but it is history that is being written. The first of eighty or ninety years ago. Consider how much these things imply of large reading and sound discrimination. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly is no less judicious than erudite; if he ever slips it is in good company; and on a theme admitting of the unwisest enthusiasm, he keeps himself well in hand. But it must be added that he carries the reader along with him at a rapid and exhilarating pace.

The matter is so good that anyone who will take up Spanish literature—a fertile, but at present a fallow field—has only to begin where these pages instruct him, and then to move right onward. They abound in names, dates, periods, characteristics, all without pedantry, yet precise and in their natural connection. The bright style never flags. It has epigram in easy command, a sly wit, seldom unkind, a heat and vehemence which correct the infinite dilettanteism—the critic's disease—and touch into life persons so various as Herrera, Alarcon, St. Teresa, Mariana, and Lope de Vega. Compare this with the old-fashioned Petrus Comester—the *helluo librorum*, who used to inflict his tediousness upon students eager to know the Immortals—with Hallam or with Tiraboschi. Yet our vivacious story-teller gives the knowledge while he flings a gleam over it; to him it is living, actual, and as good as a play. We sit in the stalls and listen while he talks of the plot, characters, versification, scene-painting; he has studied it all. And the study has not killed him, not even blunted his Celtic brilliancy. The assurance that a literature was once a life, and that it was national, enters into us when we are shown its trophies by a Pausanias to whom they are yet deities and not dead marble. We almost resolve to begin fairly again with the Latinized Spaniards of the Silver Age, and come down through chronicles, fabliaux, romances, plays, histories, and tracts of mysticism to the "Exemplary Novels" of Cervantes and the "Autos" of Calderon.

A writer so well armed at all points will have his opinions, which are judgments founded upon evidence not accessible to the many. He will put aside as prejudices what are often simply legends or vague impressions. Thus, for example, if he feels in Lucan, menon of modern history—than just the bare prose. What he sees he has set down in the concrete of symbols under the title of "The Bridge Builders." For that is what the English are in India, just as the Romans were the road makers of Europe. Only there is a wider gulf to bridge over than engineer ever spanned—all the way between East and West. The English have changed the face of the land. Can they change the hearts of the people? Mr. Kipling answers the question with a story, which is only in very small degree a myth.

Finlayson, C.E., has been for three years building the great Kashi bridge over the Ganges, and it is all but finished. Finlayson sits and looks at his work, and thinks over all it has meant; all the obstacles, all the delays fought out in the middle of a feverish climate. He sees the face of the country about him changed; villages full of workmen that have sprung up at his bidding and been controlled by his will. He sees the bridge itself that has risen slowly through it all, and now stands there, new, naked, and hideous, but built to stand for centuries after the name of its builder is forgotten. Then with perhaps a needless parade of technical terms, Mr. Kipling makes you see the work, with troops of men swarming over it among the great scaffoldings, where huge travelling cranes swing, while engines snort and groan along the construction ways by the banks. You may not know what all the words mean, but you get the atmosphere of it; the toil of a multitude directed by one mind. The mind has helpers, and you meet Hutchinson, the right-hand man; and you meet also Peroo, chief of the overhead men, a Lascar, who has left the sea and makes his honor stand or fall with the bridge. Peroo is scarcely less anxious than Finlayson, and perhaps more anxious, for he fears the wrath of Mother Gunga, and knows she must be counted with. It is the dry season, and the bridge is all but done, yet Peroo is restless. Half an hour later the two Europeans sitting in their bungalow got a telegram; the Ramgunga is up in flood two months before its time. That gives them fifteen hours. The great gong summons out the whole hive of workers to prepare for a flood, and men labor breathlessly through the night to clear away tackle from the river-bed, and prevent the stone boats from banging against the piers. Six hours before it was expected, towards the chill dawn, the flood comes with a roar. Finlayson sits in the driving rain and deep mud to watch the struggle in which he has no part now to play. Will his bridge stand, or will it go, and his name with it? Peroo comes

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The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Kipling is one of the great magicians. He calls the tune for himself, and we have got to dance to his piping, whatever he chooses to pipe about. One may repine at having to hear the early sorrows of a locomotive set out with an exuberance of technical jargon; one may wish to heaven that Mr. Kipling would not insist upon stating his antipathy to demagogic clamor in terms of a dialogue between horses who discuss their experiences of life; one may not care twopence to hear how the different parts of a new ship have to shake down into a harmonious adjustment at the first stress of weather; but all the same, if Mr. Kipling chooses to write these things, we have got to listen as meekly as if he were the Pied Piper in person. Even when he yields to his occasional taste for a broad joke, and it concerns the adventures of a navvy and an emetic, we laugh in spite of our teeth. Whatever else this author may be he is never insignificant, for he is always bubbling over with energy. If it is a joke that he has to tell, like the story that he calls, "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," nobody enjoys it so keenly as he does; if he has got a moral to preach, he is in deadly earnest about it, and it is very odd to watch the working of an extremely robust intelligence which habitually expresses itself in symbols. But of course he is most interesting when he writes about things that are interesting in themselves. His literary quality rises with the importance of his theme. For instance, "The Maltese Cat" is a thrilling account of a polo match, something rather better than excellent descriptive journalism; whereas "The Bridge Builders" will, if we are not greatly mistaken, rank among the masterpieces of this generation. Of the twelve stories in the volume it is the only one likely to add to its author's reputation; but then Mr. Kipling's reputation already stands high; and at least three of the others have not only remarkable interest, but are valuable possessions for the race. "The Brushwood Boy" is not a particularly good story, but it is the clearest sketch we have seen of Mr. Kipling's ideal young

man—his Galahad up to date, who keeps himself clean in mind and body, and loves only when his appointed time comes, once and for all. It is an odd way to write sermons, but it is a sermon which the average public schoolboy is likely to take to his heart. "The Tomb of His Ancestors" is a very good story, so is "William the Conqueror"; but they are more than that. It is an odd way to write history, but it is history that is being written. The first of the two tells about a subaltern, John Chinn, who joined a regiment of Bhils, "small wild hillmen" in Central India, which his father and his grandfather had commanded before him till the Chinns had become a tradition, and in no metaphorical sense, divinities. John Chinn did not realize this till he joined his regiment, but when the senior native officer of his regiment flung himself at the boy's feet and appealed for recognition to the memory of a child whom he had nursed in his arms, snatches of the Bhil talk came back instinctively to the subaltern's lips. So he entered upon his heritage, became a tiger-slayer, as his forbears were before him, was believed by the Bhils to be a reincarnation of his grandfather, and, when trouble broke out among the Bhils over a vaccinating order, and troops were ordered up to protect the Hindoo vaccinator, got a fortnight's leave, went down among the Bhils, recovered the captive Hindoo, and superintended the vaccinating in person. Then he reported to his Colonel, and so the expedition went home, having killed no one. Indian history abounds in such stories of personal influence where the ascendency of the white man breeds a myth among myth-making people. The other story, "William the Conqueror," tells how white men fight famine in India; how the engineer in charge of canal works is ordered from the Punjab down into the South, drives bullock carts, laden with corn, and, because the rice-eating folk will die sooner than learn how to grind hard grains, gives the corn to goats, and feeds starving babies with the milk, learning to milk the beasts with his own hands thrice a day. So he acquires for himself a nickname among his fellows, which distresses him, and the praise of his superior, which pleases him; and finally, is rewarded with the love of "William," a slangy young woman with nerve and benevolence, who comes down to help in the fight against cholera and famine. These, if we take Mr. Kipling's meanings, are typical examples of the way in which the English rule India.

That is the prose of it. But Mr. Kipling is essentially a poet, and he sees a great deal more in the English *raj*—the strangest phenomenon of modern history—than just the bare prose. What he sees he has set down in the concrete of symbols under the title of "The Bridge Builders." For that is what the English are in India, just as the Romans were the road makers of Europe. Only there is a wider gulf to bridge over than engineer ever spanned—all the way between East and West. The English have changed the face of the land. Can they change the hearts of the people? Mr. Kipling answers the question with a story, which is only in very small degree a myth.

Finlayson, C.E., has been for three years building the great Kashi bridge over the Ganges, and it is all but finished. Finlayson sits and looks at his work, and thinks over all it has meant; all the obstacles, all the delays fought out in the middle of a feverish climate. He sees the face of the country about him changed; villages full of workmen that have sprung up at his bidding and been controlled by his will. He sees the bridge itself that has risen slowly through it all, and now stands there, new, naked, and hideous, but built to stand for centuries after the name of its builder is forgotten. Then with perhaps a needless parade of technical terms, Mr. Kipling makes you see the work, with troops of men swarming over it among the great scaffoldings, where huge travelling cranes swing, while engines snort and groan along the construction ways by the banks. You may not know what all the words mean, but you get the atmosphere of it; the toil of a multitude directed by one mind. The mind has helpers, and you meet Hutchinson, the right-hand man; and you meet also Peroo, chief of the overhead men, a Lascar, who has left the sea and makes his honor stand or fall with the bridge. Peroo is scarcely less anxious than Finlayson, and perhaps more anxious, for he fears the wrath of Mother Gunga, and knows she must be counted with. It is the dry season, and the bridge is all but done, yet Peroo is restless. Half an hour later the two Europeans sitting in their bungalow got a telegram; the Ramgunga is up in flood two months before its time. That gives them fifteen hours. The great gong summons out the whole hive of workers to prepare for a flood, and men labor breathlessly through the night to clear away tackle from the river-bed, and prevent the stone boats from banging against the piers. Six hours before it was expected, towards the chill dawn, the flood comes with a roar. Finlayson sits in the driving rain and deep mud to watch the struggle in which he has no part now to play. Will his bridge stand, or will it go, and his name with it? Peroo comes

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and finds him there, shivering and hungry. Then Peroo rises after long watching and goes for his priest. "Pray," he says; "we have fed your gods with offerings. Now they are angry. Speak to them." But the priest cowers and flees, for Peroo turns on him with the end of frayed wire that is used to coerce his men. Then he bids Finlayson be wise and eat: —"'The river will do what the river will do.' 'The bridge is mine. I cannot leave it.' 'Wilt thou hold it up with thy hands, then?' said Peroo laughing; 'I was troubled for my boat and sheers before the flood came. Now we are in the hands of the gods.'"

Then he offers Finlayson his own comfort, which is meat and drink both—pills of opium—and the engineer, knowing that they are at least a preventive against fever, takes them. But Peroo has forgotten that opium, "to those fasting and unused, is worse than wine," and, so, when the string of boats part, Finlayson plunges headlong to pull them together by the force of his hands, and Peroo goes after him. They drift downstream together on top of the wild flood in a leaky punt; Finlayson is mad with the drug; and Peroo, who thinks "it is not good to look at death with a clear eye," drugs himself, too. But the splash rouses them when the boat strikes, and they struggle onto a small island in the flooded plain; dried stumps, and among them a broken shrine. In this shelter they lie down, and heavy feet come up from the water: a huge Brahminee bull with the mark of Shiva on his flanks, and others, too; "no small ones," for they are assisting at a puncha-yet of the gods. Before the council a huge crocodile, the Mother Gunga, draggles herself, roaring and lashing, and calls to the gods for help against this insult. She has been curbed and fettered, and in all that night of flood has only torn away a few handfuls of wreckage. Let the gods rise up and avenge her. And so the old gods of India—who were at least as living to Mr. Kipling as were the divinities of Greece to the Puritan poet who, sooner than deny them life, made them into fallen angels—debate of the new people in the ancient land who have bound Gunga between towers. Some of them favor the new, since the "fire carriages" bring pilgrims to their shrines; and the Ape laughs, for under other shapes men worship him, following a deceit of the mind. But into the council suddenly comes Krishna, the well-beloved, and gives his voice against Kali, the Goddess of Death, who would gladly have avenged Gunga. "What of the people you can slay?" he says; "a day sooner or a day later and they pass. To-morrow they are dead." "What of to-morrow?" asks Shiva:—

"This only. A new word creeping from mouth to mouth among the Common Folk—a word that neither man nor God can lay hold of—an evil word—a little lazy word among the Common Folk, saying (and none know who set that word afoot) that they weary of ye, Heavenly Ones . . . My people know not what they know" [we take up the debate a little further on], "but I who live with them, I read their hearts. Great Kings, the beginning of the end is born already. The fire carriages shout the names of new gods that are not the old under new names. Drink now and eat greatly. Bathe your faces in the smoke of the altars before they grow cold! Take dues and listen to the cymbals and the drums, Heavenly Ones, while yet there are flowers and songs. As men count time the end is far off; but as we who know reckon, it is to-day."—"This I have not heard before," Peroo whispered in his companion's ear. "And yet sometimes when I oiled the brasses in the engine room of the *Goorkha*, I have wondered if our priests were so wise—so wise. The day is coming, Sahib, they will be gone by the morning."

But before the day comes, Indra, oldest of the gods, speaks. "While Brahm dreams the gods die not. And Brahm still dreams." With the morning comes awakening, and Hutchinson steams down the river in a neighboring Rajah's launch. The Rajah is on board, wearing a tweed suit and a seven-hued turban; he is in a hurry; at 12.45 he is "due to attend in the State temple, when we sanctify some new idol. They are dambore, these religious ceremonies, Finlinson, eh?" So we return to the prose of it. The whole thing is strange enough, with its violent alternations from the realism of the bridge-building to the visions, or the opium dream—call it which you will—of the island, and back to the realism of the Rajah's launch and Peroo preparing to beat upon the back of his *guru*. But the whole is consistent also, the concrete form of such meditations as might naturally come to an imaginative mind contemplating Finlayson and his bridge and the Sacred River. Will Brahm dream always? Or has the West really set its stamp upon the East, and changed, not the gods, as Krishna says, but the people? And if so, out of that strange ferment what new thing will be born?

—*The Spectator, London.*

MR. E. J. SULLIVAN, the well-known black-and-white artist, has just finished an interesting experiment in book illustration. This consists of a series of eighty drawings, which are to accompany a new edition of Sartor "Resartus." Strange to say, this is the first time that any attempt has been made to illustrate the celebrated work, which most people are disposed to regard as Carlyle's masterpiece. George Bell & Sons, of London, are the publishers.

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Rudyard Kipling's Truce of the Bear

THE day when a poet's rhymes can set the world to talking has not passed—if only the poet be brilliant. With such world-wide audience as no other master ever had, contemporaneous to himself, Mr. Kipling strikes his lyre, and at his suggestion the world dances, or folds its hands in prayer, or smiles or shudders at the picture which he paints of its own prayerful attitude.

The opportunity is immense, and it is little wonder that a man who found that, with his verse, he could sway a world, and turn a mighty nation from jubilation to sudden prayer and introspection, should make the trial again in lines that are of scarcely concealed political intent. So The Truce of the Bear, Mr. Kipling's latest poem, is widely recognized as an answer to the peace proposal of the Czar.

As the Recessional was a hymn written for a Christian people, so The Truce of the Bear is a song written for the same people; but this time it is a battle song. The ambition was enormous; the task daring; the success splendid.

A single man, without authority or official position, undertook to write the answer of the Kingdom and Empire of Great Britain to a State proposal of the Czar of all the Russias, and he dared to express the answer in rhyme. The step from a sublime trial to a ridiculous performance was a dangerously short one; but genius saved him, and in verse strong, fearless, mighty in simplicity, and manly in every syllable, the answer rings out with a martial blast that calls the voices of millions to its refrain, making the reply, after all, sublime. There has been rarely in history a more spectacular triumph of democratic individualism. A nation called to the nations, and a singer, daring to answer, has set half the world atune, with a parable of the chase.

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The art which concealed art in the Recessional appears again in The Truce of the Bear, and the reader recognizes in the rugged, masterful swing of the lines notable workmanship. The poem is stamped with greatness from the first line to the last. There is the sustained strength and the seeming ease which are interpreted to mean reserved power, so that there is no difficulty in classifying the verse. We have, then, in the Recessional and The Truce of the Bear two poems which demand comparison by their very greatness.

It has been an old saying that a religious thought is an essential to a great poem. Greek gods stalk through Homer, the visions of Dante and of Milton have religious bias, and Goethe tells in Faust of the sale of a soul. The Recessional was itself a prayer. The defiant answer to the Czar's proposal is a sneer at a supplication. The challenge is clearly marked. Kipling has challenged his own success, and the difference between the poems is plainly ethical. One is all humility; one is daring. One is communion of man with God, the other of man with man; one expresses a divine attitude, the other extols the white man's rifle. Each is successful, but the success of the latter is distinctly human.

The poet was called of old a seer. The quality accredited to him by such a name would be Mr. Kipling's defense for assuming to indite a State paper or voice the prayer hidden in a nation's heart. There are political reasons which may make this Truce of the Bear good advice to follow; but the right by which a poet speaks has been ever held to come from that divine breath in harmony with the higher man.

In the Recessional the heights of poesy were thus reached; in The Truce of the Bear there is as perfect human workmanship, but there is evidence that with these lines there is only a man speaking to men, in the circumstance that the poem must bear a date, that judged in the long perspective of history it will fail to transcend the occasion.

—CHARLES M. ROBINSON.

IN NAMING the four most famous of living authors, in October, I omitted Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who should have come in even if Ruskin had had to stay out. And the list of "American Author-Diplomats" in the same number failed to include the name of Mr. Theodore Sedgwick Fay, who died at Berlin, on Nov. 24, in his ninety-second year. Mr. Fay was associated with Morris and Willis on the New York *Mirror* in 1828, and wrote a number of books. From 1837 to '53 he was Secretary of the American Legation at Berlin, and from 1853 to '61 Minister to Switzerland.

Ithaca, Sept 15/97.

Dear Sir - The Scrap-Book came to hand yesterday. I am glad it was of service. The poems you speak of are I suppose Times Dances and the one on the towns in Michigan. I am sorry they are not dated in the Scrap-book, but some of our contributions were given to us that way. There is one other poem floating around, of which we have no copy. Some students at Yale got up a "Kipling Club" and invited R.K. to a dinner. He sent them a declination in rhyme, which got into print. This was in '96 — all I know about it.

A recent number of the Academy mentioned that Captains Courageous was appearing as a feuilleton in a Russian newspaper. Le Miracle de Puruin Bhagat came out in a Parisian magazine.

Of uncollected stories you probably know Mrs. H. Ste Out, and An Error in the Fourth Dimension, and The Bridgebuilders. Do you also know The Legs of Sister Ursula, His Father's Son, and the one which tells in prose the story of the ballad The Jacket, and the one published in the Ludgate about the plague

refusing to leave the town until it found a man who was afraid? The last two I have not read, but have heard of through Mose Stephens, who was in England when they came out.

I send with this a copy of our 1896 souvenir - a photograph of the collected dinner cards from Sheldrake. Drawn by H.D. Williams. The figures in the corners represent

Dan Rice,		(Bancroft),
(Sambourn),		(Williams).

The others you can identify from the list in the circular. The association of cards with Evarts and of a peacock with Golightly are extra-Kiplingian and personal. A pity that Williams's coloring cannot be reproduced. The dog which figures in pictures 3 and 12 is not a Kipling character, but Williams's late possession, Jude the

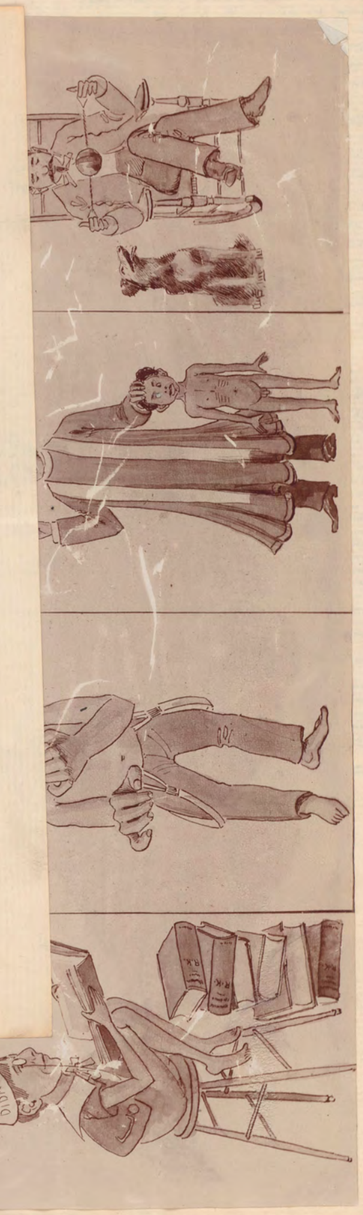
Obscure.

I wish you all success with the bibliography.

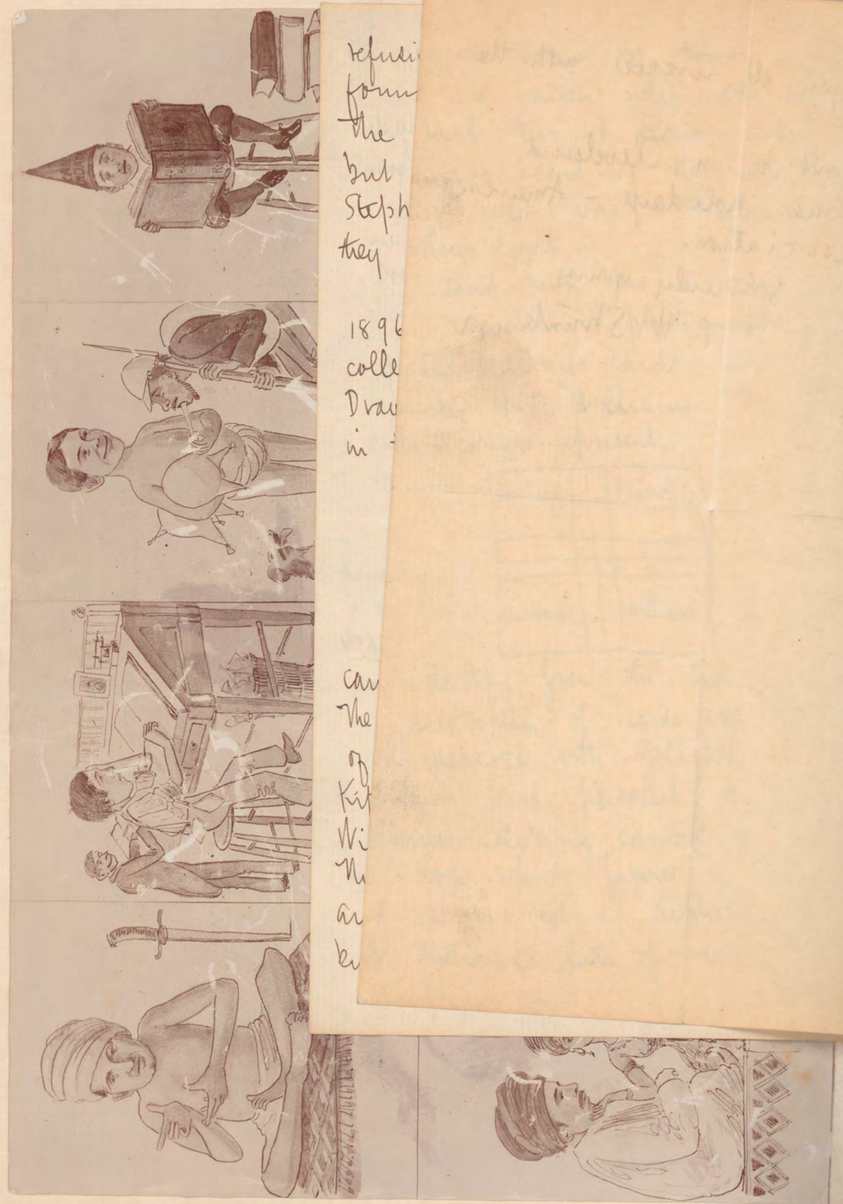
Stephens will be in Cleveland during the Xmas holidays - American Historical Association.

Sincerely yours,

W. Shrunk, Jr.



Since Mr. Kipling's arrival on the other side the London dailies have been full of gossip concerning



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Since Mr. Kipling's arrival on the other side the London dailies have been full of gossip concerning him until certain readers, who find joy in writing communications, have arisen to remonstrate. Their movement, strange as it may seem, receives unmistakable encouragement from the editors of literary journals. The London Times in recording his departure for England stated that he wore a "close-buttoned overcoat." Indeed, remarks one literary editor, "What should a convalescent wear when starting on a voyage? The Union Jack? And Mr. Doubleday, we notice, now identifies himself with the Kipling family and speaks of them as 'we.'—'We go immediately to Rottingdean.'" One apparently very un-British correspondent writes: "Give me Mr. (W. B.) Yeats's new treatment of the old forms of poesy—the sun, the moon, and the stars, the day and the night, and his impossible mystical women. Give me these, and you may send the whole fleet of Mr. Kipling's iron-clads to the bottom; spike all his guns and dip his colors—his eternal Union Jack." How shockingly unpatriotic! The writer must, indeed, be in desperate mood.

N Y Times July 1/99

An Important Coming Sale—Three Copies of Kipling's First Book.

Beginning next Monday Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will hold, in London, one of the most interesting sales of the season. No less than three copies of Kipling's first book, "Schoolboy Lyrics," privately printed in Lahore, India, in 1881, will be offered at this sale. For a long time a copy now owned in this city was thought to be unique. But few nineteenth century books exist in uniq e copies, however, and the inevitable second copy recently occurred for sale at Sotheby's and fetched £135. Now three others have turned up, each in the original brown wrapper, and it will be interesting to see what effect their sale will have on the rare book market. Two of the three are presentation copies, one having been given to a friend by Kipling's mother, and bearing this inscription: "Jeanie, from Alice." The other was presented to Major Harcourt by Kipling's father.

The same sale includes one of Kipling's manuscripts, the first to be sold at auction. This is "The Legs of Sister Ursula," and is a signed autograph manuscript of four folio pages very closely written. Another

N Y Times July 1/99

XCVIII

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
  And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
  Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

* * * * * *

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
  How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
  And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM

The Truce of the Bear

(From *Literature*, published by Harper & Bros. Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling.)

YEARLY, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go
By the Pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale below.
Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, of broken speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each—
Over and over the story, ending as he began :
"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the bear that walks like a man!

"There was a flint in my musket—pricked and primed was the pan
When I went hunting Adam-zad—the bear that stands like a man.
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

"I knew his times and seasons as he knew mine that fed
By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my house of bread—
I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine that crept
At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stony playground—down from his well-digged lair—
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the bear,
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,
Two long marches to northward and I was at his heels!

"Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all weary from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.
Nearer he tottered, and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!

"Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—
Faceless I fell before his feet fifty summers ago.
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den,
He left me blind to the darkling years and the little mercy of men.

"Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the newer style,
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard) a mile :
Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,
But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and gray—
Matun the old blind beggar, he gives good worth for his pay.)
"Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard—
Not for his raging and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

"But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
When he stands up as pleading, in monstrous, man-brute guise,
When he veils the hate and cunning of the little swinish eyes.

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of to-morrow's game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began :—
"*There is no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man!*"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Some Mirth-Provoking Blunders

A CRITIC's province is not all knowledge, but to take cognizance of, and to count by gentle means, all misdemeanors committed by pretenders in that fair field. Let me bring into court, to be laughed over and animadverted upon, some few blunders. If they do not add to the gayety of nations, they may at least contribute to the innocent mirth of individuals. It will not require the criteria of an *Artium Baccalaureus* to pass judgment upon these lapses; to appreciate their richness and humorous quality will need only a fair knowledge of good English, some acquaintance with the dictionary and with a few French and Latin stock phrases, and a moderate acquaintance with English and American literature.

In a goodly city separated not by the breadth of the continent from those centres of culture, Boston and New York, there are served up to the readers of the daily papers, in the advertising columns thereof, some of the choicest results of literary culture. For instance, in noticing the "opening" of some fine dress-goods, there appeared the announcement:—"George Eliot says that 'there is a satisfaction in the consciousness of being well-dressed which religion cannot give'"—a statement which will surprise the admirers of the writer named, as well as those of Emerson. A few days later, in the advertisement of the same dry-goods firm, the writer starts off with, "You know the ancient saying, '*ex pede, Herculem*,'—that is, that we recognize a Hercules by his footprint." Two days later, the present writer, who turns with unfailing zest to these same columns, was rewarded by finding this new application or rendering of the familiar Q. E. D.:—"When you have seen one by one that each section [in the store] is the best, why then, there you are,—*ergo*, Q. E. D., as we used to say at school, when we had proved a mathematical proposition."

In the prize stories which have appeared during the past two years in some of the daily papers of Chicago, New York, Boston and other towns of less note or size, were some amazing specimens of English; but in the guesses sent in by competitors for the prizes were some still more amazing. Plain, homely English, however, did not satisfy the aspirations of the more ambitious; they put forth their strength in French. In one of the stories there was a Miss Evans who, after she became a singer, took the stage name of Cambia. She was referred to by the aforesaid ambitious ones as "Miss Evans, *née* Cambia," or "Miss Evans, *nom de plume* of Cambia." In another story, some of the characters were New Englanders who went to Cuba and, joining there in the war for independence, assumed Spanish names. One Derrick Ames, known among the insurgents as Capt. Navarro and *El Terredo* (the Terror) was referred to as D. A., "*nee* Capt. Navarro" or "*née El Terredo.*" But small wonder if the writers of the prize stories aforesaid, illiterate and ill-trained girls and women mostly, should err in the use of the unfamiliar word, when in

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1898.

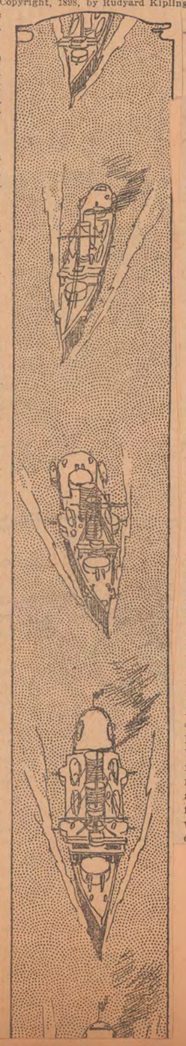
KIPLING DESCRIBES A FLOATING CITY OF TWELVE THOUSAND SOULS

Written for the Sunday World.

His Wonderful Account of Two Weeks on the English Channel Squadron, Copyrighted Under the Title of "A Fleet in Being"—The Work and Play of Officers and Men—Mulvaney in the Fo'castle.

This is the first of a series of articles, each complete in itself, describing Mr. Kipling's experiences with the British fleet in evolution. The second article will be printed in next Sunday's World.

(Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling.)



SOME thirty of Her Majesty's men-of-war were involved in this matter, say a dozen battleships of the most recent type and seventeen or eighteen cruisers; but my concern was limited to one of a new type commanded by an old friend. I had some dim knowledge of the interior of a warship, but none of the new world into which I stepped from a Portsmouth wherry one wonderful evening many months ago.

With the exception of the captain, the chief engineer and maybe a few petty officers, nobody was more than twenty-eight years old. They ranged in the wardroom from this resourceful age to twenty-six or seven clear-cut, clean-shaved young faces, with all manner of varied experience behind them. When one comes to think, it is only just that a light twenty-knot cruiser should be handled, under guidance of an older head, by affable young gentlemen prepared, even sinfully delighted, to take chances not set down in books. She was new, they were new, the Admiral was new, and we were all off to the manoeuvres together, thirty keels next day threading their way in and out between a hundred and twenty moored vessels not so fortunate. We opened the ball for the benefit of two foreign visitors with a piece of rather pretty steering. A consort was coming up a water lane between two lines of shipping just behind us, and we nipped in immediately ahead of her, precisely as a hansom turning out of Bond street nips in in front of a city 'bus. Distance on water is deceptive, and when I vowed that at one crisis I could have spat on the wicked ram of our next astern, pointed straight at our naked turning side, the wardroom laughed.

"Oh, that's nothing," said a gentleman of twenty-two. "Wait till we have to keep station to-night. It's my middle watch."

"Close water-tight doors, then," said a sub-lieutenant. "I say" (this to the passenger), "if you find a second-class cruiser's ram in the small of your back at midnight don't be alarmed, will you?"

FASCINATING GAME OF GENERAL POST.

We were then strung out in a six-mile line, thirty ships all heading westward. As soon as we found room the flagships began to signal, and there followed a most fascinating game of general post. When I came to know our signalmen on the human side I appreciated it even more. The Admiral wreathed himself with flags, strings of them; the signalman on our high, narrow little bridge, telescope jammed to his eye, read out the letters of that order; the quartermaster spun the .infantine wheel; the officer of the bridge rumbled requests down the speaking-tube to the engine-room, and away we fled to take up station at such and such a distance from our neighbors, ahead and astern, at such and such an angle on the Admiral his bow or beam. The end of it was a miracle to lay eyes. The long line became four parallel lines of strength and beauty a mile and a quarter from flank to flank, and thus we abode till evening. A hundred-odd yards behind us the ram of our next astern planed through the still water: an equal distance in front of us lay the oily water from the screw of our next ahead. So it was ordered, and so we lay as though glued into position. But our captain took up the parable and bade me observe how slack we were, by reason of recent festivities, compared to what we should be in a few days. "Now we're all over the shop. The ships haven't worked together, and station-keeping isn't as easy as it looks." Later on I found this was perfectly true.

A VARYING STRAIN.

One thing more than all the rest impresses the passenger on a Queen's ship. She is seldom for a whole hour at the same speed. The liner, clear of her dock, strikes her pace and holds it to her journey's end; but the man-of-war must always have two or three knots up her sleeve in case the Admiral demands a spurt. She must also be ready to drop three or four knots at the wave of a flag, and on occasion she must lie still and meditate. This means a varying strain on all the mechanism and constant strain on the people who control it.

I counted seven speeds in one watch, ranging from eight knots to seventeen, which, with eleven, was the point of maximum vibration. At eight knots you heard the vicious little twin-screws jigitting like two active horses; at seventeen they pegged away over the sea like a pair of short-gaited trotting ponies on a hard road. But one felt, even in dreams, that she was being held back. Those who talk of a ship's freedom from breakdown should take a 7,000 horse-power boat and hit her and hold her for a fortnight all across the salt seas.

IN CLUBS AND COTERIES.

After a while I went to the galley to get talk of these and other matters. Once forward of the torpedo-tubes you enter another and a fascinating world of seamen-gunners, artificers, cooks, stokers (we had twenty and a sergeant), ship's boys, signalmen, and the general democracy. Here the men smoke at the permitted times, and in clubs and coteries gossip and say what they think of each other and their superiors. Their speech is soft (if even one spoke aloud you could not hear yourself think on a cruiser); their gestures are few (if a man swung his arms about he would interfere with his neighbor); their steps are noiseless as they pop in and out of the forward flats, they are at all times immensely interesting, and as a rule delightfully amusing. Their slang borrows from the engine-room, the working parts of guns, the drill-book and the last music-hall song. It is delivered in a tight-lipped undertone to more excruciatingly funny parts without a shade of expression. The first thing that strikes a curious observer is their superb health; next their quiet acquateness, and, thirdly, a grave courtesy. Bu the shell of the new navy beats the heart of the old. All Marryat's immortals are there—better fed, better tended, better educated, but at heart unchanged. I heard Swinburne laying down the law to his messmates by the ash-shoot; Chucks was there, too, insulting in the politest manner in the world what a shipmate meant by spreading his limbs about the landscape, and a lineal descendant of Dispart fussed over a four-inch gun that some one had been rude to. They were men of the world, at once curiously simple and curiously rusee (this makes the charm of the

men of all ranks), coming and going about their business like shadows.

NOT FROM THE ADMIRALTY STANDPOINT.

They were all keenly interested in the manoeuvres—but from the Admiralty standpoint, but the personal. Many of them had served under one or other of the Admirals, and they enlightened their fellows—as you shall hear hear.

Then night fell, and our fleet blazed "like a lot of shermans' shops adrift," as one truthfully put it. Six lights to each ship; astonishing the tramps. There was a cove of refuge by one of the forward four-inch guns, within touch of the traffic to the bridge, the break of the fo'castle, the crowded populations below and the light banter near the galley. My vigil was relieved by the society of a marine—who delivered a lecture on the thickness of the skulls of the inhabitants of South America, as tested by his own hands. * * * "An' so I got ten days in one o' their stinkin' prisons. Fed me on grapes, they did, along with one of their own murderers. Funny people, them South Americans. Oh, we 'adn't killed any one. We only skirmished through their blooming suburbs lookin' for 'im like."

"Fun! We've got all the fun we want!" growled a voice in the shadow. A stoker had risen silently as a ghost for a breath of air, and stood, chest to the breeze, scanning the fleet lights.

"That Wot's the matter with your condenser?" said the marine. "You'd better take your mucky hands off them hammick-cloths or you'll be spoke to."

"Them bunkers," said the figure, addressing his utterance to the sea line, "are stuck all about like a lot of women's pockets. They're stuck about like a lot o' mustard plasters. That's what these bunkers are." He slipped back into the darkness. Presently a signalman pattered by to relieve his mate on the bridge.

"You'll be 'ung," said the marine, who was a wit—and by the same token something of a prophet.

"Not if you're anywhere in the crowd I won't," was the retort, always in a cautious, "don't-wake-him" undertone. "Wot are you doin' 'ere?"

"Never you mind. You go on up to the 'igh an' mighty bridge an' persecute your vocation. My Gawd! I wouldn't be a signalman, not for ever so!"

When I met my friend next morning "persecuting the weather" as sentry over the life-buoy aft neither he nor I recognized each other, but I owe him some very nice tales.

WHEELING, CIRCLING AND RETURNING.

Next day both fleets were exercised at steam tactics, which is a noble game; but I was too interested in the life of my own cruiser, unfolding hour by hour, to be intelligently interested in evolutions. All I remember is that we were eternally taking up positions at fifteen knots an hour, amid a crowd of other cruisers, all precisely alike, all still as death, each with a wedge of white foam under her nose, wheeling, circling and returning. The battle-ships danced stately quadrilles by themselves in another part of the deep. We of the light horse did barn dances about the windy floors, and precisely as partners in the ballroom fling a word over their shoulders so we and our friends, whirling past to take up fresh stations, snapped out an unofficial sentence or two by means of our bridge semaphores. Cruisers are wonderfully human. In the afternoon the battle-ships overtook us, their white upper works showing like icebergs as they topped the sea line. Then we sobered our faces and the engineers had rest, and at a wave of the Admiral's flag off Land's End our fleet was split in twain. One-half would go outside Ireland, meeting with the weight of the Atlantic en route, to Black Sod Bay, while we turned up the Irish Channel to Lough Swilly. There we would coal, and wait for war. After that it would be blind-man's buff within a 20-mile ring of the Atlantic. We of Lough Swilly would try to catch the Black Sod fleet, which was supposed to have a rendezvous of its own somewhere out at sea, before it could return to the shelter of the fort.

THE EXPERTS OF THE FO'CASTLE.

There was, however, one small flaw in the rules, and as soon as they were in possession of the plan of

campaign the experts of the fo'castle put their horny heads on it, thus:

"Look here! Their admiral 'as to go out from Black Sod to some rendezvous known only to 'isself. Ain't that so?"

"We've 'eard all that." This from an impertinent new to war.

"Should a cruiser be'ind 'im—Blake, most likely, or Rodney—to bring 'im word of the outbreak of 'ostilities. Ain't that so?"

"Well, what are you drivin' at?"

"You'll see. When that cruiser overtakes 'im 'e 'as to navigate back to Black Sod from 'is precious ren-

dezvous to get 'ome again before we intercepts the beggar."

"Well?"

"Now I put it to you. Wot's to prevent 'im rendezvousin' out slow, in order to be overtook by that cruiser, an' rendezvousin' back quick to Black Sod before we intercepts 'im. I don't see that 'is steamin rate is anywhere laid down. You mark my word, 'e'll take precious good care to be overtook by that cruiser of 'is. We won't catch 'im. There's an 'ole in the rules an' 'e'll slip through. I know 'im if you don't."

The voice went on to describe 'im—the admiral of our enemy—as a wily person who would make the Admiralty sit up.

As a matter of fact it came out in the end that the other Admiral had done almost exactly what his fo'castle friends expected. He went out to his rendezvous slowly, was overtaken by his cruiser about a hundred miles from the rendezvous, turned back again to Black Sod, did, and, having won the game of "Pussy wants a corner," played about in front of the bay till we descended on him. Then he was affable, as he could afford to be, explained the situation, and I presume smiled. There was a hole in the rules, and he sailed his fleet through it.

II.

We of the Northern Squadron found Lough Swilly in full possession of a sou'west gale and an assortment of dingy colliers lying where they could most annoy the anchoring fleet.

A collier came alongside with donkey-engines that would not lift more than half their proper load. She had no bags, no shovels, and her crazy derrick boom could not be topped up enough to let the load clear over the bulwarks. So we supplied our own bags and shovels, rearranged the boom, put two of our men on the rickety donkey-engines and fell to work in that howling wind and wet.

COALING: A PREPARATION FOR WAR.

As a preparation for war next day it seemed a little hard on the crew, who worked like sailors—there is no stronger term. From time to time a red-eyed, black demon with flashing teeth shot into the wardroom for a bite and a drink, cried out the number of tons aboard, added a few pious words on the collier's appliances and our bunkers ("Like a lot of women's pockets," the stoker had said), and tore back to where the donkey-engines wheezed, the bags crashed, the shovels rasped and scraped, the boom whined and creaked, and the first lieutenant, carved in pure jet, said precisely what occurred to him. Before the collier cast off a full-blooded battle-ship sent over a boat to take some measurements of her hatch. The boat was in charge of a midshipman, aged perhaps seventeen, though he looked younger. He came dripping into the wardroom—bloodless, with livid lips, for he had been invalided from the Mediterranean with a touch of Malta fever.

"And what are you in?" said the Captain, who chanced to pass by.

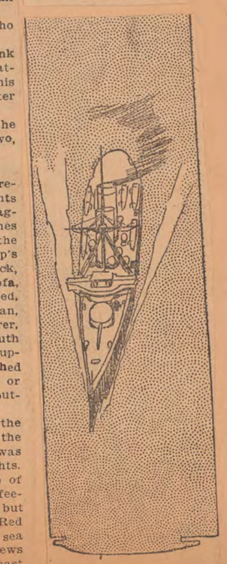
"The Victorious, sir, and a smart ship!" He drank his little glass of Marsala, swirled his dank boat-cloak about him, and went out serenely to take his boat home through the dark and the dismal welter outside.

Now, the Victorious, she is some 14,900 tons, and he who gave her her certificate was maybe ten stone two, with a touch of Malta fever on him.

THE WARDROOM DISPORTED ITSELF.

We cleaned up at last; the first lieutenant's face relaxed a little, and some one called for the instruments of music. Out came two violins, a mandolin and bagpipes, and the wardroom disported itself among tunes of three nations till war should be declared. In the middle of a scientific experiment as to how the ship's kitten might be affected by bagpipes that hour struck, and, even more swiftly than pussy fled under the sofa, the trim mess-jackets melted away, the chaff ceased, the hull shivered to the power of the steam capstan, the slapping of the water on our sides grew clearer, and we glided through the moored fleet to the mouth of Lough Swilly. Our orders were to follow and support another cruiser who had been already despatched toward Black Sod Bay to observe the enemy, or rather that cruiser who was bringing news of the outbreak of war to the enemy's fleet.

It was then midnight of July 7. By the rules of the game the main body could not move until noon of the 8th, and the North Atlantic, cold and lumpy, was waiting for us as soon as we had put out our lights. Then I began to understand why a certain type of cruiser is irreverently styled "a commodious coffee-grinder." We had the length of a smallish liner, but by no means her dead weight, so where the "Red Duster" would have driven heavily through the sea the "White Ensign" danced, and the twin-screws gave us more kick than was pleasant. At half-past five of a peculiarly cheerless dawn we picked up the big cruiser (who had seen nothing), stayed in her com-



pany till nearly seven, and ran back to rejoin the fleet, which we met coming out of Lough Swilly about 1 P. M. of Thursday the 8th. And the weather was vile. Once again we headed W.N.W. in company at an average speed of between thirteen and fourteen knots on a straightaway run of 350 miles toward the Rockall Bank and the lonely rock that rises out of the sea there. The idea was that our enemy might have made this his rendezvous, in which case we had hope of catching him en masse. Our idea, I think, was more concerned with the theory of operations than the character of our enemy.

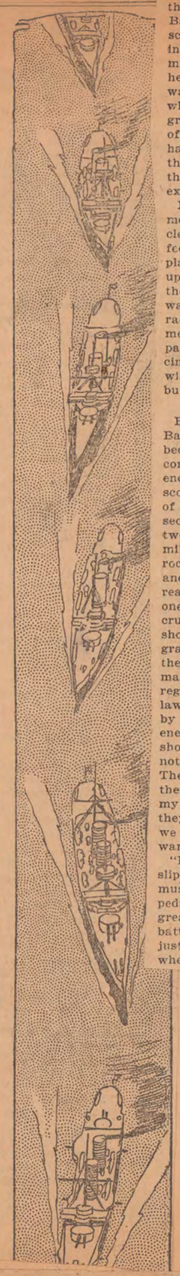
All that penitential day the little cruiser was disgustingly lively, but all we took aboard was spray, whereas the low-bowed battle-ships slugged their bluff noses into the surge and rose dripping like half-tide rocks. The Admiral might have manoeuvred like half a dozen Nelsons all that penitential day, but I lay immediately above the twin-screws and thought of the quartermaster on the reeling bridge, who was not allowed to lie down. Through the cabin door I could see the decks dim with spray, hear the bugles calling to quarters, and catch glimpses of the uninterrupted life of the ships—a dripping face under a sou'wester; a pair of sea-legs cloaked with oilskins; a hurrying signalman with a rolling and an anxious eye—a warrant officer concerned for the proper housing of his quick-firers as they disappeared in squirts of spray, or a lieutenant serenely reporting men and things "present" or "correct." Behind all, as the cruiser flung herself carelessly abroad, great gray and slate-colored scoops of tormented sea. About midnight the scouting cruiser—same as we had left that morning on the lookout for the Blake or the Blenheim—rejoined the fleet, but the fleet might have gone down as one keep so far as one unhappy traveller was concerned. There was a dark scandal forward that a quartermaster had been forced to send for a bucket, and that forty of the starboard watch were—bilious. Remember, we had been at anchor for three weeks.

At noon of July 9 we had covered 325½ miles in twenty-four hours, with never a sight of the enemy to cheer us, and had reached the limit of our ground. Here we turned, and on a front of twenty-four miles from wing to wing swept down 250 miles southeastward to the offing of Black Sod Bay.

"MISSED!"

Mercifully the weather began to improve, and we had the sea more or less behind us. It was when we entered on this second slant, about three minutes after the fleet swung round, that, as though all men had thought it together, a word went round our forecastle: "Missed!" After dinner, as they were smoking above the spit-kids, the doctrine was amplified with suitable language by the fo'castle experts, and it was explained to me with a great certainty how the other side had out-manoeuvred us—"by means of the 'ole in the rules." In other words, he had been "overtook by 'is cruiser," precisely as the wiser heads had prophesied, and even at that early stage of the game we had been sold.

There was no way of finding out for sure. A big scouting cruiser slipped off again a little before dawn of the 10th, and six or seven hours later was reported to be in sight with news of the enemy. At this point there came, as we learned later, what you might call a hitch. Some unhappy signalman, they assert, misplaced a flag of a signal, whereby it was caused to be believed that a cruiser had sighted the enemy where there was no enemy. In that direction, then, the fleet gave chase, and though the thing was abortive the run was a beautiful example of what the new nevy can do at a pinch. Only, if it be etiquette to let battle-ships string out six miles one from another in the heat of pursuit, let us hope that our friends the enemy will not see fit to annoy them with destroyers. There was one-half hour at least on Friday morning when one of our best was a gift to the other side. Even the lay eye could see this, but the professional eye—red and dust-blackened, newly risen from the stoke-hold—was aggresively sure. It must have worked in a "destroyer," for it looked hungrily over the nettings at the strayed warship powdering along alone, and prayed for the immediate judgments of heaven if she could be hove out of the water by certain craft it could name, before her consorts could help her.



WE DISCOVERED OUR MISTAKE.

Then, I suppose, we discovered our mistake about the enemy, and hurried all together for Black Sod Bay, in the hope of cutting him off. Arrived at the scattered islands near the mouth, a cruiser was sent inside to see if any one was at home, while the Admiral bade the rest of us "walk forenenst him while he considered on it." Meteorologically the weather was now glorious—a blazing sun and a light swell, to which the cruisers rolled lazily, as hounds roll on the grass at a check. Nautically there was a good deal of thunder in the air. Everybody knew something had gone wrong; and when the Admiral announced that he was not at all pleased with the signalling throughout the fleet, it was no more than every one expected.

Now, the Admiral had some fifty or sixty signalmen, and a bridge as broad as a houseboat and as clear as a ballroom. Our bridge was perhaps four feet broad; the rear of a stoke-hold ventilating fan, placed apparently for that purpose, carefully sucked up two-thirds of every shouted order; and between the bridge and the poop the luckless signalman, for want of an overhead passage, had to run an obstacle race along the crowded decks. We had six signalmen. After watching them for a week I was prepared to swear that each had six arms and eight cinder-proof eyes; but the Admiral, he thought otherwise. I heard what the signalmen thought later on, but that was by no means for publication.

HIGH-SPEED SCOUTING.

Back came the cruiser with news that Black Sod Bay was empty. Meantime three other boats had been sent off to reinforce the racing cruiser, whose constant business it was to keep touch with the enemy. That monster did most of our high-speed scouting, and several times at least saw something of the other side. We were not so lucky. With three second-class friends, we were ordered to patrol at twelve knots an hour on a six-mile beat thirteen miles to the northeast of Eagle Island, to fire a rocket if we saw anything of the enemy that night, and to stay put till we were recalled. When we reached our ground the sea was all empty save for one speck on the horizon that marked the next cruiser, also patrolling. A desolate and a naked shore, broken into barren islands, turned purplish gray in the sunset, and two lone lighthouses took up their duty. We tramped up and down through that marvellous transparent dusk with more than the regularity of the metropolitan police. There was no lawful night, but a wine-colored twilight cut in half by the moon track on the still water. Unless the enemy poled along in punts under the shadow of the shore and the faint mist that lay along it, he could not hope to creep round from the north unobserved. The signalmen blessed their gods—marine ones—that they were away from the Admiral; the fo'castle and my friend, the marine, assured the signalmen that they would be infallibly hanged at the yard-arm when we reached port, and we all talked things over forward as the steady tramp continued.

"I told you so. 'E's found an 'ole in the rules an' slipped through it," was the burden of our song. We must have burned more coal than would ever be expedient in real war, and we saw imaginary hulls with great zeal till the glorious sunrise, cut off from the battle, peering over the nettings, wet with dew, and just as ignorant of events around us as we shall be when the Real Thing begins.

"The end of it was a miracle to lay eyes. The long line became four parallel lines of strength and beauty a mile and a quarter from flank to flank, and thus we abode till evening. A hundred-odd yards behind us the ram of our next astern planed through the still water; an equal distance in front of us lay the oily water from the screw of our next ahead."

WITH ENGLAND'S CHANNEL FLEET.

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

NOTE.—The first instalment of this series of articles by Mr. Kipling was published in the Sunday World last week. Next week will appear one of the most interesting of the series.

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III.

ENTERED suddenly about noon on Sunday, after the disconcerting fashion of cruisers, one of our side, flying the general recall, and telling us to go down to the Admiral. But when we reached that place we found neither Admiral nor battle-ships, but the Powerful and the Terrible, who took us under their wing—all six of us, second and third-class cruisers. Till that point we had been sizable ships, but those two huge things dwarfed us to mean little things. One never gets used to the bulk and height of these berserk "Campanas." Then we all began talking. Who knew anything about anything; and who had dragged who round the back of what? Our next astern gave us the stateful of information which was rather dizzying. That a cruiser at 7 in the morning had reported to the fleet, who had spent the night cruising outside of Black Sod Bay, "Enemy to the westward." That the fleet had given chase; that the flagship had fired one gun when she came within three miles of the said enemy fifteen miles west of Black Sod Bay. That the enemy had gone into Black Sod Bay, and, he believed, our own battle-ships had gone south to Bantry. (I have already explained rudely what the enemy had done.)

That was all we could then arrive at. We went forward to hear the text commented on.

Sea Lawyers.

And the voice of unshaken experience. "We've been 'ad. Don't tell me."

"We 'aven't. We've intercepted the beggar," a young sea-lawyer began. "E was rendezvousin' back to Black Sod."

"What were the rules, any'ow?" a voice cut in.

"We wasn't fightin' rules—we was dealin' a man. I tell you we've been had. Didn't I say so when we come round on that long slant from Rockall way? E's got round us somehow."

"But look 'ere. The signals make it out we've won."

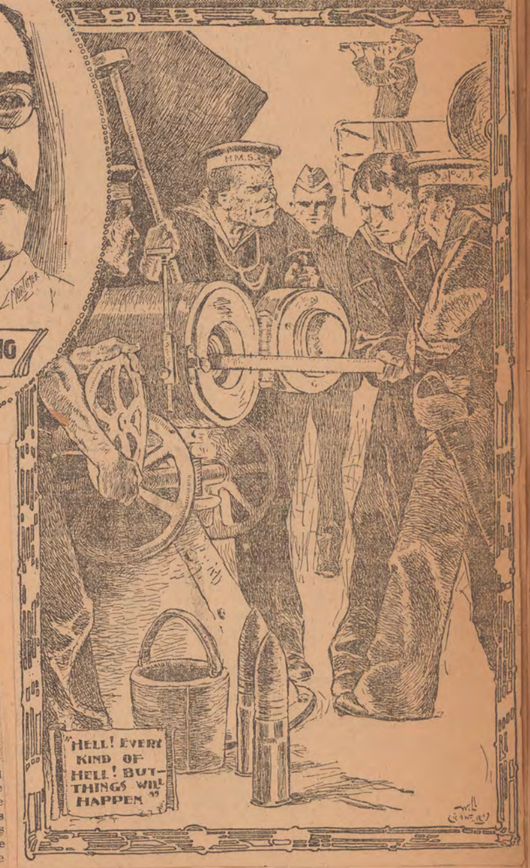
"It won't make it out we've won, though. Both sides'll claim it."

"That's what they always do. When I was in"—

And one went on to tell of other manoeuvres in which he had apparently taken a leading part, while we surged southward behind the Powerful as far as the eastern entrance to Bantry. But there were no battle-ships in Bantry Bay. They had gone on to target practice, and presently we should be dispersed among the headlands for the same business, with orders to rendezvous fifteen miles south of the Fastnet, that well-worn milestone of the transatlantic liner.

Almost Infernal Mobility.

No description will make you realize the almost infernal mobility of a fleet at sea. I have seen ours called to all appearance out of the deep; split in twain at a word, and, at a word, sent skimming beyond the horizon; strung out as vultures string out patiently in the hot sky above a dying beast; flung like a lasso; gathered anew as a riata is coiled at the saddle-bow; dealt out card-fashion over fifty miles of green table; picked up, shuffled, and re-dealt as the game changed. I had seen cruisers flown like hawks, ridden like horses at a close finish, and manoeuvred like bicycles, but the wonder of their appearance and disappearance never failed. The Powerful spoke, and in ten minutes the cruiser squadron had vanished, each ship taking her own matches and sulphur to make a hell of her own. And what that hell might be if it worked at full power I could presently guess as we swung round a headland and the bugles began. At this point the gunner became a person of importance (in the navy each hour of the day has its king), and the captains of the guns separated themselves a little from the common herd. Remember, we were merely a third-class cruiser, capable, perhaps, of slaying destroyers in a heavy sea, but meant for the most part to scout and run away. Our armament consisted of eight 4-inch quick-fire wire guns, the newest type—two on the fo'c'sle, four in the waist and two on the poop—alternating with as many 3-pounder Hotchkiss quick-firers. Three Maxims adorned the low nettings. Their water-jackets were filled up from an innocent tin pot before the game began. It looked like slaking the thirst of devils.



Man-Slaying Devilt'ries.

We found an eligible rock, the tip of a grayish headland peopled by a few gulls—the surge creaming along its base—and a specified portion of this we made our target that we might see the effect of the shots and practice the men at firing on a water-line. Up came the beautiful solid brass cordite cartridges, and the four-inch shells that weigh twenty-five pounds

THE FO'CASTLE TAKES LIBERTIES WITH MR. KIPLING.

A remarkable incident of the cruise followed the reading of a poem by Mr. Kipling. The jackies seized the distinguished author and bore him on their shoulders up and down the deck, singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

men will not love you, and you will never get on." To do him justice, the junior officer steers a very fair line between the two councils. Thanks to our destroyers, which give him an independent command early in his career, he earns a little ingenuity and artifice. They are young on the destroyers—the chattering black decks are no place for middle-aged men—they have learned how to handle two hundred feet of shod death that cover a mile in two minutes, turn in their own length, and leap to racing speed almost before a man knows he has signalled the engine-room. In these craft they study the extreme peril of the sea and make experiments of a kind that would not read well in print. It would take much to astonish them when, on the completion of their command, they are shifted, say, to a racing cruiser. They have been within spitting distance of collision and bumping distance of the bottom; they have tested their craft in long-drawn Channel gales, not grudgingly, or of necessity because they could not find harbor, but because they "wanted to know, don't you know," and in that embroilment were very literally thrown together with their men.

Enough to Sober Ulysses.

This makes for hardiness, coolness of head, and, above all, resource. You realize it when you hear the dear boys talk among themselves. The naval man's experience begins early, and by the time he has reached his majority a sub-lieutenant should have seen enough to sober Ulysses. But he utterly refuses to be sobered. There is no case on record of a depressed sub. It takes three of him to keep one midshipman in order; but the combined strength of the assist-

apiece. (The little three-pounders, as you know, have their venomous shell and charge together, like small-arm ammunition). The filled belts of the Maxims were adjusted, and all these man-slaying deviltries waked to life and peered over the side at the unsuspecting gulls. It was "still" throughout the ship—still as it will be when the Real Thing arrives. From the upper bridge I could hear above the beat of the engines the click of the lieutenants' scabbards (why should men who need every freedom in action be hampered by an utterly useless sword); the faint click of a four-inch breech swung open; the crisper snick of the little Hotchkiss's falling-block, and an impatient sewing-machine noise from a Maxim making sure of its lock-action. On this platform, over my head, the

navigating officer was giving the ranges to the rock.

"Two thousand seven hundred yards, sir."

"Two thousand, seven hundred yards"—the order passed from gun to gun—"ten knots, right deflection—starboard battery." The gun-captains muzzled the rubber-faced shoulder pieces, and the long, lean muzzles behind the shields shifted fractionally.

"Try a sighting shot with that three-pounder!"

The smack of cordite is keener and catches one more about the heart than the slow-burning old powder. There was a shrillish, gasping wail—almost exactly like the preliminary whoop of an hysterical woman—as the little shell hurried to the target, and a puff of dirty smoke on the rock-face sent the gulls flying. So far as I could observe, there was not even a haze round the lips of the gun. Till I saw the spent case jerked out I did not know which of the clean, precise and devilish four had spoken.

When the Real Thing Comes.

"Two thousand four hundred," the voice droned overhead, and the starboard bow four-inch quick-firer opened the ball. Again no smoke; again the song of the shell—not a shriek this time, but a most utterly mournful wail. Again the few seconds' suspense (what will they be when the Real Thing comes?) and a white star on the target. The cruiser shivered a little as though some one had pinched her.

Before the next gun had fired the empty cartridge cylinder of the first was extracted, and, by some sleight-of-hand I could not see, the breech had closed behind a full charge. A Martini-Henry could hardly have been reloaded more swiftly.

"Two thousand, three hundred," cried the reader of that day's lessons, and we fell seriously to work; high shriek and low wail following in an infernal tune through which, with no regard for decency, the Maxims quacked and jabbered insanely. The rock was splintered and ripped and gashed in every direction, and great pieces of it bounded into the sea.

"Good shot. Oh, good shot! That was a water liner. * * * That was the marines' three-pounder. Good! * * * Aa-ah! Bad. Damn bad! Short! Miles short! Who fired that shot?"

A shell had burst short of the mark, and the captain of that gun was asked if he supposed Government supplied him with three-pound shell for the purpose of shooting mackerel.

And so we went on till the big guns had fired their quota and the Maxims ran out in one last fiends' flurry, and target practice for the month was over. Almost every shot would have found its mark in a 150-foot gunboat. The rock that had been gray was white and a few shining cartridge cases lay beside each gun.

Squirting Death Through a Hose.

Then the horror of the thing began to soak into me. What I had seen was a slow peddling-out of Admiralty allowance for the month; and it seemed to me more like squirting death through a hose than any ordinary gun practice. What will it be when all the ammunition hoists are working, when the Maxim's water-jacket puffs off in steam; when the three-pounder charges come up a dozen at a time to be spent twenty to the minute—when the sole limit of four-inch fire is the speed with which the shells and cases can be handled? What will it be when the Real Thing is upon us, and we flee for the dear life with news that may mean life or death?

And the smiling, careless faces answered with one merry accord: "Hell! Every kind of hell! But—things will happen."

In ancient days there was an etiquette in sea battle. No line-of-battle ship fired at a frigate unless the latter deliberately annoyed her. Then she blew the frigate out of the water. What will be the etiquette next time? Suppose a cruiser met a battle-ship with one set of engines unusable—crawling along at eight knots. Would she jackal the lame thing and tempt her into wasting ammunition? Would she—and a fast cruiser can do this—try to rush her by night, destroyer fashion? At the beginning of the war she might do all sorts of things; at the end of it she would take exactly that kind of liberty which experience of the other side's personnel had shown to be moderately safe. There is no saying what she could or could not do in heavy weather; and navies that do not like heavy weather, tumble-home boats, unused to working in a sea, a beaky and a plated navy with big tops that roll and strain, might suffer.

Therefore we must pray for foul weather, head seas and steep swells, gale that bewilders, cold that numbs, and small, fine rain that blinds, chills and dispirits. Our men like them.

Men Who Took Their Chances.

Under these conditions the possibilities of a good seaboat are almost illimitable, given always the men who know how to handle her—the men who will take their chances. And as in the army so in the navy runs the unwritten law: "You must not imperil the property of the taxpayer committed to your charge, or you will be publicly broke; but if you do not take every risk you can, and more also, you will be broke in the estimation of your fellows. Your

[illegible] the doctor and the paymaster will not subdue one sub-lieutenant. He goes his joyous way, impar[illegible] and picturesquely criticising his [illegible] and his betters, diverse, undu[illegible] and irrepressible. But when he [illegible] the bridge at midnight and [illegible] to keep the proper distance in [illegible] the next steel ram, dreamily [illegible] through the water, ten knots [illegible] two hundred yards behind him [illegible] the sub sweats big drops [illegible] used to it. Let us suppose [illegible] in a line of four, that the [illegible] near midnight, and he has been [illegible] since 8 o'clock. So far we have [illegible] intervals beautifully; we have [illegible] at the next line a mile [illegible] the right, where they have once [illegible] been "all over the shop." In [illegible] minutes there will come relief; [illegible] of hot cocoa, three pulls at a [illegible] blessed bed. The sub watches [illegible] of the next ahead, for [illegible] lanterns change so must he [illegible] his pace. But the next ahead [illegible] up all the basest coal she can [illegible] and the headwind blows not less [illegible] million samples of it into his [illegible] eyes. He has—he had—the [illegible] absolutely correct; he would [illegible] The quartermaster by [illegible] wheel half heaves up one big [illegible] Till that moment he has given [illegible] of life. The sub's heel taps [illegible] on the planking; his mouth [illegible] the engine-room voice tube; [illegible] to speak to the quartermaster in case—in case it should be [illegible] to sheer out of line; for something has gone wrong with the next [illegible] She has badly overrun her [illegible] and sheers to the left of our [illegible] The sub wipes the cin[illegible] of his left eye and says some[illegible]

[illegible] Begins the Fun.

[illegible] the fun. The leading ship [illegible] a certain number of revolu[illegible] from ten knots to nine and [illegible] she has not changed her [illegible] in time. We slide out to [illegible] of our next ahead, swiftly and [illegible] And now we must all mark [illegible] till our leader straight[illegible] That which was a line has [illegible] become a town upon the [illegible] Our next ahead lies on our [illegible] and—oh, horror!—our next [illegible] alongside of us. Heaven send [illegible] captain may not choose this [illegible] The sub has slowed her [illegible] eighty-five, but engines are [illegible] after all and they cannot [illegible] the instant. Meantime we can [illegible] the chart room of her that [illegible] have lain behind us. A navigat[illegible] sprawled half over the [illegible] over forehead to keep [illegible] of the lamp, is poring on [illegible] we can hear the officer of the [illegible] her bridge speaking to his [illegible] and there comes over to [illegible] of navy tobacco. She is [illegible] has slowed, with a ven[illegible] and when ships slow too much [illegible] steerage way, and, what is [illegible] they wake the captain. This [illegible] the sub with lurid clearness; [illegible] impetus of the recent ten knots [illegible] and we are all going much [illegible] than we think. Again his foot [illegible] the deck.

[illegible] Never Going to Slow?

[illegible] never going to slow in the [illegible] The pointer on the dial [illegible] quartermaster moves through [illegible] arc, and our head falls off [illegible] It is excessively lonely on [illegible] and lofty bridge, and the spin[illegible] hall below looks very unman[illegible] Our next ahead draws away [illegible] our port bow, and we con[illegible] a safe distance to starboard of [illegible] less of a lump and more [illegible] than it was. Our next [illegible] back to where she belongs. Now, two revolutions at a time, the sub lets us out till he sees our erring sister ahead return to her place, and joyfully slinks in behind her. The sub mops his heated brow, thanking heaven that the captain didn't wake up, and that the tangle was straightened before the end of the watch. But speed-lights, unless properly handled—as ours are handled—are, he doubts not, an invention of the devil. So, also, is the fleet; so are all cruisers, and the sea and everything connected therewith.

Now comes the judgment. Our leader, of course, cannot signal back down her line, but the signal must be repeated from the leading ship of the line to starboard. Thus, you see, we read it diagonally. A dull glow breaks out at the masthead of that transmitter of wiggings—and a wigging it is for somebody—a wigging in drunken winks—long and short ones—irresistibly comic if you don't happen to be in the service. Once again we are saved. The avenging electric spells out the name of our next ahead, a second-class cruiser—and then — "Why — don't — you—keep—station?" Let us thank God for second-class cruisers and all other lightning-conductors.

The middle watch comes up, the sub demands of the stars and the deep profound about him: "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?" descends the bridge in one light-hearted streak, and three minutes later is beautifully asleep, the ship's kitten purring under his left ear.

How the Sub Gets Learning.

And that is one of the ways in which youth gets learning. On a big battle-ship the sub is little better than the midshipmen he despises. He lives in the gunroom; he goes to school; he is sent on errands, and if he is good he is allowed to preserve discipline while a fraction of the decks are being washed. But on a third-class cruiser he is a watch-officer, an ornament of the ward-room, pitched into responsibility, and he enjoys himself as I have tried to show.

IV.

Apropos of signals—to go on where I left off—we were to have more than enough of them after target practice. Zeal is a bad thing. We finished and went on to the rendezvous off the Fastnet, but if we had listened to the passenger—he wanted to lower a boat and investigate the sorely shattered rock—we should have been spared many sorrows. But we were zealous, Mr. Simple, and we went to Fastnet, and it was hazy, and through the haze we heard a horrible elemental moaning that should have warned us. The battle-ships which we had not found at Bantry were scattered about those waters at their practice. Then I remembered that a twelve-inch gun discharges a projectile weighing some eight hundred pounds, and ranging about fifteen miles. And we went to the rendezvous encircled by these deep mutterings of invisible monsters, and behold! we came slap upon the flagship, who was running torpedoes. Any other of the big ones would not have mattered, but our luck sent us sheer to the flag. There was a feeling of calamity in the thick air, and I know one man who was not in the least relieved when she signaled: "Where are you bound to?" We replied we were waiting, as ordered, on that spot for the rest of the cruisers, and remained in a deferential attitude while the flagship maintained her horrible composure.

OUR FATAL MISTAKE.

Thinking no harm we drifted some two miles to leeward, which was our fatal mistake, though we kept a skinned eye upon her. Presently we saw a signal, but end on, as flags are apt to be when the signaler is dead up-wind and the signalee down. We hung our answering pennant at the dip to show that we saw, but could not understand, and scuttled up to the flagship as fast as might be. The first part of the signal was an order to close and the second expressed a desire to speak to us by semaphore. (Our signalmen's faces were studies in gloom about this crisis, and the sad moaning of the guns went on afar.) We learned that the flag had been trying to attract our attention for half an hour; had been reduced to firing guns (a peculiarly sensible thing to do with smokeless powder in a haze when five battle-ships are engaged at target practice within ten miles). Now, we must signal the name of the officers of the watch. (Frantic searchings of heart among the officers) and the signalmen (the signalmen had got beyond even despair) on duty on Friday morning last. What the nature of their crime was we knew not, and it was not ours to ask, but later we heard it had something to do with somebody else's error. We gave the information (the flag could have learned much more if she had asked for it), and I effaced myself with a great effacement forward where the wits of the foc'sle were telling the signalman of Friday morning what sorts of death and disrating awaited him.

"WE'VE LOST THE GAME."

"We've lost the game," said one man. "First come, first served. That shows it," and with his dark saying I was forced to be content.

Then the flag removed herself, her sixty signalmen, her four-deep strings of signals and her grim semaphor. Truly was it written:

> Every day brings a ship,
> Every ship brings a word;
> Well for him who has no fear
> Looking seaward, well assured
> That the word the vessel brings
> Is the word that he would hear.

Anon the cruisers popped over the horizon, lead by the Powerful—all save one—and the Powerful wished to know where that one had gone. Now, the rendezvous given us by the Powerful could have been read in two ways. We all knew how the mistake had arisen, and, with one exception had all repaired to the place which our leader had in her massive mind. But there was no ship, of course, that could stand up to and gently rebuke the Powerful save her sister ship, the Terrible, who signalled politely, "I suppose the —— is waiting at rendezvous signalled by you." To this the Powerful, stiffly, with many flags, "When ships have any doubt about signals officers should reply, 'Not understood!'" The Terrible, more politely than ever, "Your signal perfectly understood," meaning thereby, "My friend, you made a mistake, and you jolly well know it." We small craft stood back and sniggered while this chaff flew between the two mammoths. The thing must have weighed on the Powerful's mind, for, late that evening as we were going home, she woke up and began talking about it in flashes from the masthead—to the effect that when signals were obviously wrong ships should do something or other laid down in the regulations.

ASTONISHING THE CROWDED CHANNEL TRAFFIC.

But really it made no difference. The missing cruiser cast up presently with one funnel blistered and a wind sail rigged aft, which gave her a false air of being hurried and hot; and home we cruisers all went to Portland, past the Wolf and the toothed edges of the Scillies, astonishing the crowded Channel traffic—sometimes a Jersey potato-ketch

full of curiosity; or a full-rigged trader of the deep sea bound for one or other of the Capes; a Norwegian, Dane, German, or Frenchman, and now and and again a white-sided brass-bejewelled yacht.

For a few minutes every funnel was in line. Then one saw the Powerful pulling out for a sailing-ship and barring out half the horizon with her hull. Then a second-class cruiser would flicker from the line to starboard, all spangled with her masthead, her speed, helm, and sailing lights as the pale glimmer of a fishing-smack's lantern crawled out astern of her. And now it was our turn to give way.

That was a royal progress. No blindman's buff of the Lizard or dreary game of hunt-the-Needles such as the liners play, but through the heavenly clear night the leisurely, rolling, slow march of the overlords of all the seas.

OURS BY RIGHT OF BIRTH.

And the whole thing was my very own (that is to say yours); mine to me by right of birth. Mine were the speed and power of the hulls, not here only, but the world over; the hearts and brains and lives of the trained men; such strength and such power as we and the world dare hardly guess at. And holding this power in the hollow of my hand; able at the word to exploit the earth to my own advantage; to gather me treasure and honor as men reckon honor, I (and a few million friends of mine) forbore because we were white men. Any other breed with this engine at their disposal would have used it savagely long ago. In my hands it lay as harmless as the levin-rods of the Vril-Ya. Thus I stood astounded at my own moderation, and counted up my possessions with most sinful pride.

The wind and the smell of it off the coasts was mine, and it was telling me things it would never dream of confiding to a foreigner. The short, hollow channel sea was mine, bought for me drop by drop, every salt drop of it, in the last eight hundred years—about as long a time as it takes to make a perfect lawn in a cathedral close. The speech on the deck below was mine, for the men were free white men, same as me; only considerably better. Their notions of things were my notions of things, and the bulk of those notions we could convey one to the other without opening our heads.

KIPLING'S NEW POEM.

"Take Up the White Man's Burden" is the Subject.

IT IS ADDRESSED TO AMERICA.

HE DOESN'T THINK THAT THE PHILIPPINES ARE DANGEROUS.

HOPE FINISHES A NOVEL.

HOW HE DOES HIS DAILY WORK IN HIS LONDON CHAMBERS.

Lodge and Roosevelt Are Now the Most Popular Magazine Historians—W. H. Lowe is to Bring Out a Book on Painters and Paintings.

1899

Special Correspondence of the Leader.

New York, January 12.—The most important literary event in near prospect, I should say, is the publication of a poem by Mr. Kipling, indicating to the United States what they shall do with their new territorial conquests. I have been permitted to read it in advance of publication, written in Mr. Kipling's own hair-line hand, and I can say for it that it fully merits to be named with "Recessional." There has appeared in some of Mr. Kipling's later poems a certain vagueness that has made them a little hard to follow. You understood what he was aiming at in the general way, but when it came to particulars you had to confess yourself rather beaten. The new poem escapes this defect entirely. Without sacrificing any of that allusiveness, that indirection, which is so distinct of Mr. Kipling's verse, it is perfectly easy to follow down to the last word.

But the point of view! This, naturally is the first subject of curiosity in a poem that tells us what we are to do with the Philippines; but I am not quite sure just how much of the idea of the poem I am at liberty to disclose. I may say at least, what most of my readers, no doubt, will have guessed—that Mr. Kipling is not filled with alarm at the prospect of "imperialism," and that he does not urge, even by the subtlest symbol or metaphor, that we should give the Philippines up. The title of the poem is "The White Man's Burden," and "Take Up the White Man's Burden" is its one refrain. The "White Man" is bidden to "have done with childish days," and to send forth the best of his sons to serve the "captives' needs"; to wait on the "new-caught sullen peoples, half devil and half child"; and to calmly accept in return the white man's "old reward"—

> The blame of those ye better,
> The hate of those ye guard.

There will, of course, be dissent with many people from the idea of the poem, but no one will deny its greatness, and its publication, I foresee, will make no small stir.

MARIE LARISCH'S SUI

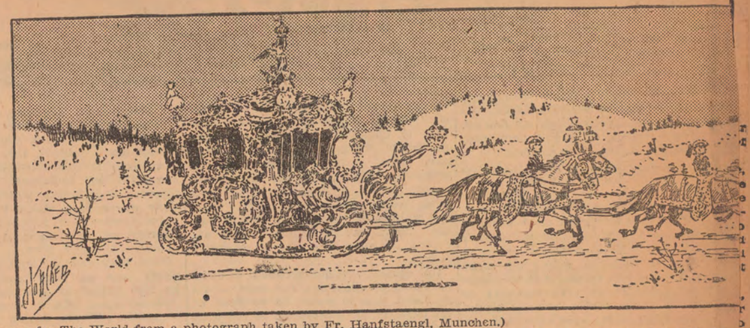
Family Which the to Have Spent ge of Hiding.

(Drawn for The World from a photograph taken by A. F. Czihak, Vienna.)

VETSERA.

ter the Countess had taken the young Baroness out to drive with her alone; that they had stopped at a fashionable shop on the Kohlmarkt, where Countess Larisch paid a bill on one side of the central table on which pretty objects were disposed for show; that she thought the young Baroness was on the other side, until she called her and found she had vanished.

It was from here that the young Baroness Vetsera escaped to find, as



(Drawn for The World from a photograph taken by Fr. Hanfstaengl, Munchen.)

THE KING DRIVING OUT IN HIS GOLDEN SL

florins for suppressing that book, but it was circulated privately, and all fingers pointed to Countess Larisch, whose black ingratitude toward the Empress, her benefactress, was considered a thing beyond belief. Then Countess Larisch also wrote a book, in which she gave all the details, and the Emperor resorted to the same means with her. The court palmer was entrusted with the delicate mission of buying the copyright from an editor who had it already in his possession, paying a round sum down to Countess Larisch, who also obtained an annuity to continue as long as her silence lasts. Nothing more was heard of her until a year ago, when she left her husband and five children to go and live with a Munich opera tenor, Otto Brucks.

It must be supposed that the singer's income, added to the annuity from the book she never published, are insufficient for her wants, and that she is trying for an addition to her income, either by a large sale of the book or by a second suppression of it, for which she would no doubt ask a high price of the Regent of Bavaria, especially as the mad King, about whom she writes, still has a live brother—mad King Otto, who sits on the throne of Bavaria. She cannot expect any pecuniary help from her father, who only waited for his first wife's death to marry another actress, Antoine Barth, who is his present morganatic wife. She costs him rather more than he can afford. He was sixty-seven years old last birthday.

"A KING'S FAIRY TALE."

Countess Larisch's book, "A King's Fairy Tale," has already been prohibited for sale in Bavaria, where the poignant feelings excited by the tragic life and death of their beloved King Ludwig have scarcely yet been wholly appeased. "A King's Fairy Tale"

earth, or, as the author expresses it, "The will to live on earth is awakened in him."

An angel warns him in vain that kings on earth have to suffer more than

Queen Isabella of Spain and her ter Isabella, afterward Count genti. Suddenly an illegitimate d of the banker appears—a pa beauty of the southern type—W

FORE KIPLING AN' AFT

Note.—The first of this extraordinary series of articles by Rudyard Kipling appeared in the Sunday World of Nov. 13. The fourth part will be printed next week. Each section is complete in itself.

(Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling, under the Title, "A Fleet in Being.")

WE have a common tradition one thousand years old of the Things One Takes for Granted. A warrant officer said something, and the groups melted quietly about some job or other. That same caste of man—that same type of voice was speaking in the commissariat in Burmah; in barracks in Rangoon; under double awnings in the Persian Gulf; on the rock at Gibraltar—wherever else you please—and the same instant obedience, I knew, would follow on that voice. And a foreigner would never have understood—will never understand! But I understand, as you would have understood had you been there. I went round to make sure of my right as a taxpayer under schedule D, saw the men in their hammocks sleeping, without shading their eyes, four inches from the white glare of an electric; heard the stokers chaffing each other at the ash-shoot, and fetched up by a petty officer who was murmuring fragments of the riot act into a subordinate's attentive ear. When he had entirely finished the task in hand he was at liberty to attend to me. "Hope you've enjoyed your trip, sir. You see (I knew what was coming) we haven't quite shaken down yet. In another three months we shall be something like."

No ship is ever at her best till you leave her. Then you hold her up as a shining example to your present craft. For that is England.

My marine—the skirmisher in South American suburbs—stood under the shadow of the poop looking like a stuffed man with an automatic arm for saluting purposes; but I knew him on the human side. "Goin' off to-morrow, ain't you, sir? Well, there are only twenty of us 'ere, but if you ever want to see the marines, a lot of 'em, it might per'aps be worth your while to"—and he gave me the address of a place where I would find plenty of marines. He spoke as though his nineteen friends were no-class animals; and a foreigner would have taken him at his word.

A COMMODIOUS COFFEE-GRINDER.

The entire wardroom explained carefully that their commodious coffee-grinder must not be taken as a sample of the navy at its best. Wasn't she a good sea-boat? Oh, yes—remarkably so. Couldn't she go upon occasion? Oh, yes. She could go, but after all she wasn't a patch on certain other craft, being only a third-class cruiser—practically an enlarged destroyer—a tin pot of the tinniest. "Now, in my last ship," the captain began. That was an unlucky remark, for I remember that last ship and a certain first night aboard her in the long swell of Simon's Bay, when the captain took heaven and earth and the Admiralty to witness that of all cluttered-up boxes of machinery and bags of tricks his new command was the worst. To hear him now she must have been a trifle larger than the Majestic, with twice the Powerful's speed. "Come and see us next year when we've shaken down a bit," said the wardroom, "and you'll like it better." That was impossible, but I accepted at once. We are a deceptive people.

Our cruiser was going to refit at some dockyard or other in a few days, and I gathered that it would be no fault of the captain, the wardroom, or the warrant officers if she did not arrive with a list of alterations and improvements as long as her mainmast. So it is with every ship. The dear boys take her out to see what she can do, and in that process discover what she cannot do. If by any arrangement or rearrangement of stay, stanchion, davit, steam pipe, bridge, boat chocks, or hatchways, she can, in their judgment, be improved, rest assured that the dockyard will know it by letter and voice. She never gets more than half what she wants, and so is careful to apply for twice her needs.

Discontented with Impenitent Thieves.

To her just and picturesque demand the yard opposes the suspicion of centuries, saying unofficially, "You are all a set of discontented and impenitent thieves. Go away." The ship, considering her own comfort and well-being for the rest of the commission, replies, also unofficially: "Ah, you're thinking of the So and So. She was a nest of pirates, if you like, but we're good. We're the most upright ship you ever clapped eyes on, and you're the finest yard in the kingdom. You're up to all the ropes. There's no getting round you, and you'll pass our indents. We won't give you any trouble. Just a few minor repairs, and our own people will carry them out. Don't disturb yourself in the least. Send the stuff alongside and we'll attend to it."

And when the stuff comes alongside in charge of a slow-minded understrapper they do attend to it. They talk the man blind and dumb, sack his cargoes, and turn him adrift to study vouchers at his leisure. Then the first lieutenant smiles like a Cheshire cat; the carpenter, so-called, because he very rarely deals with wood, the armorer and the first-class artificers sweat with joy, and the workshop lathes buzz and hum. But the understrapper gets particular beans because a great part of his stuff was meant for another ship, and she is very angry about it.

Stolen Paint.

Late in the afternoon that defrauded vessel sends over a boat to the Early Bird and wants to know if she has seen or heard anything of some oak-baulks, a new gangway grating, some brass work, and a few drums of white paint.

"Why, was that yours," says the first lieutenant. "We thought it was ours."

"Well, it isn't. It's ours, where is it?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but—I say, won't you come and have a drink?"

They come just in time to see the brass rods in position; the oak baulks converted into some sort of boat furniture; the gangway platform receives their weary feet, and a fine flavor of paint from a flat forward tells them all they will ever know of the missing drums.

Then they call the first lieutenant a pirate, and he, poor lamb, says that he was misled by the chuckle-headed understrapper who brought the stuff alongside. Words cannot express the first lieutenant's contrition. It is too bad—too bad, but "you know what asses these dockyard chaps can be."

With soft words and occasional gin and bitters he coaxes the visitors into their boat again, for he has studied diplomacy under West African kings. They return to their ship, being young and guileless, and their reception is not cordial. Their captain says openly that he has not one adequate thief in the ship, and that they had better go into the church. They should have captured the understrapper early in the day. He will speak to the other captain. And he does, like a brother, next time he meets him, galley passing galley, going to call on the admiral.

"You infernal old pirate. What have you done with my paint?" cries the robbed one.

"Me, sar? Not me, sar? My brother Manuel, sar. That paint mafeesh. Done gone finish. Kerrikh hogya." This from the other potentate.

The coxswains duck their heads to hide a grin. And that is one of the ways they have in the navy.

The Early Bird departs with a reputation that would sink a slave-dhow to try the same trick on Hongkong or Bombay yard.

A Blissful Fortnight.

This and more—oh, much more!—did my friends fore and aft convey to me in that blissful fortnight when I was privileged to watch their labors. I heard undiluted what a boy thinks of punishment and the man who reported him for it; how a carpenter regards a dockyard "matey;" what are the sentiments of a signaller toward an Admiral and of a stoker toward the authorities who have designed his washing accommodation. I overheard, in the darkness of beautiful nights, fragments of drama from the forward flats which it is my life's regret that I can not make public; lectures on all manner of curious things delivered by the ship's jester, and totally unveracious reports of conversation with superiors retailed by a delinquent marine.

Fire and collision drill, general quarters and the like take on new meanings when they are translated for you once by the head who orders them, and again by the tail who carries them out. When you have been shown lovingly over a torpedo by an artificer skilled in the

working of its tricky bowels, turns have a meaning and a reality down to the end of your days.

"Men Live There."

Next time you meet the ... ashore you do not stare unbecomingly. You have watched him on the ... heath. You know what he eats, what he says, and where he sleeps, how. He is no longer a unit, ... gether such a one as yourself ... better. The naval officer, shamefully rather meek and self-effacing, is not at a tennis party, is a priest of mysteries. You have seen him at his altars. With the navigating lieutenant "on the 'igh an' lofty bridge" ... ing his vocation," you have ... stars, masthead angles, ... and such all; the first lieutenant ... lightened you on his duties as ... per housemaid, and the ... guided you through the ... gunnery, small-arm drill, ... anchor, and taking kinks ... ble. So it comes that next time ... even far off, one of Her Majesty's ... ers all your heart goes out to ... live there.

PART II.

It was the captain's coxswain, concise, immaculate and adequate as ever, who met the returning guest at Devonport a year later. This time the ship was not with her fleet, but ... small. A misguided collier had seen fit to run her ram, for a minute or so, into Haven, a few days before, and bowed it thirteen inches to starboard. The collier was beached as soon as possible, and the Admiral he was in when I got from the coxswain ... ing down to North Corner by night ... ing-jacketed Devonport) "Can ... you round to Plymouth with your ... that state?" "Lord love you, ... or words to that effect. ... said the Admiral, "then ... Which we did at an average ... of sixteen knots through a head ... a collision mat over our nose ... but we used when we tied up ... sir.") and we ran her up ... point too, to see how the ... would stand it. The carpenter ... carpenter's mate ("yes, they're ... as last year, sir,") set up to ... nothing happened. ... we're under orders to go ... the fleet at Bantry, sir. ... been cruising all around Eng... the last two months."

Twelve Months Later.

... aboard the larger, the past ... rolled up like a chart ... no longer. The "com... grinder" welcomed me ... for by good luck no one ... changed; the same faces greet... the little wardroom, and we ... like children. Had I seen the new fore-and-aft bridge that they had managed to screw out of the dockyard? A great contraption—a superior contraption. They had worked in a little extra deck under the fore bridge, so that now the signalman had a place to stand in, which I would remember was not the case last year. Had I heard of their new coaling record? Nearly fifty tons per hour, which for a third-class cruiser represented four times that amount for a battle-ship? Had I heard of the zephyr that blew at Funchal; of unrecorded evolutions in Minorca Bay; of the first lieutenant's great haul of paint; of a recent target practice when there was nothing left of the target; of the influenza that overtook the steam whistle, and of a hundred other vital matters?

The record of a year with the Channel fleet is not to be told in two hours, but I gathered a good deal ere I dropped into my well-remembered berth that joyous night. We departed at noon the next day, unhampered by signals. A liner leaves Plymouth in one style; a cruiser snakes out from Devonport in quite another—which was explained to me on the "'igh an' lofty bridge," as we skated round buoy after buoy, courteously pulled out a little not to interfere with a yacht race, and ran through the heart of the brown-sailed Plymouth fishing fleet. It was divine weather—still, cloudless, and blue—and the bridge was of the opinion that he who had a farm should sell it and forthwith go to sea.

Our Noble Selves.

The Cornwall coast slid past us in great gray-blue shadows, laid out beyond the little strip of sail-dotted blue, but my eyes were all inboard considering our noble selves. We had accumulated all sorts of small improvements since last year. She had shaken into shape like a new house when one has decided what to do with the furniture. The first lieutenant, as usual, explained that we were in no sense clean, that twenty ton at least of the four hundred we had just taken in lay about the deck in dust, and that it would cost a fortnight to put any appearance on her.

"We're supposed to be burning 'number two Welsh,' It's road sweeping and soot really. That's on account of the Welsh coal strike. Isn't it filthy? We smoked out the whole of the fleet and the Rock of Gibraltar the other day. But wait till you see some of the others. They're worse. Isn't she a pukka pig-sty!"

From the landsman's point of view she seemed offensively clean, but it is hard to please a first lieutenant; ours ought to have been content, for a kindly boy had precipitated a large quantity of paints in the storeroom; he utilized the delay at Devonport to touch her up outside and the perfect weather at Bantry to paint her thoroughly inside. The only time he left her was to pull round her in a boat and see how she looked from various points of view. Then I think he was satisfied for nearly half a day.

Rash Interest in Gun Practice.

Over against Falmouth we found the sea sufficiently empty for some gun practice, and went to work at 2,600 yards on the little triangular canvas target, all splintered and bepatched from past trials. This year the three-pounders were using up some black-powder ammunition, and with the wind behind us we were villainously wrapped in smoke. But for all that the shots were very efficiently placed on and about the tiny mark. One four-inch shrapnel burst immediately above the thing, and the deck was peppered with iron from above. It looked like the cloud-veiled hand of a god (as they draw it in the Dutch picture-books) dropping pebbles into a pond. The more one sees of big gun practice the less one likes it, but a big steam yacht of the Royal Yacht Squadron thought otherwise, steaming down upon us of a sudden with all the rash interest of a boy in next door's fireworks.

"She thinks the target is a derelict," said the bridge. "She's coming for salvage. She'll be right in the middle of it in a minute."

"No, she won't. Starboard bow Maxim there—thirteen hundred yards!"

The little demon set up the "irritating stammer" that the barbette gun found so objectionable, and spattered up the blue all about the canvas, as a swizzle-stick works up a cocktail.

Our friend turned on her heel with immense promptitude and scuttled to windward.

Later on I heard some interesting talks of craft—excursion steamers for choice—anchoring between a man-of-war and her target because the captain had heard that there would be gun practice, and his passengers, at a shilling a head, wished to see the fun.

"But they didn't think," said my informant, "that I was the man who'd have been hung, drawn and quartered if a life was lost. They anchored slap behind the island I was firing at—experimental firing at a dummy, if you please—six-inchers, twelve-pounders and Maxims all turned loose together. Slap behind the island they anchored * * * and they were angry when we told 'em to go away."

* * * * * * * *

Out of the strong-shouldered Atlantic swell—bluer than sapphires—rose the double-fanged rock of the Fastnet. We were close enough to see its steps and derricks and each wave as it shot thirty feet up the rocks—the Fastnet in fair weather. It was like meeting policemen in evening dress. One never thinks of the Fastnet save as a blessed welcoming wink of light through storm and thick weather.

Big Atlantic Rollers.

The Irish coast is a never-failing surprise to the big Atlantic rollers. They trip and ground—you can see them check—on the shallows; fling up a scornful eyebrow, and then lose their temper and shape in great lashings of creamy foam.

"That's Bere Haven," said the bridge, indicating an obscure aperture in the jagged coast line. "We shall find the fleet round the corner. The tide's setting us up a little. Port five!" (This to the quartermaster.) "Did you ever read the 'Two Chiefs of Dunboy?' We shall open Dunboy House in a minute just round the corner."

"And a half-nine," sang the leadsman, cursing the long-stocked port anchor under his breath, for he had to cast to one side of it, and it stuck out like a cat's whiskers.

We were between two rocky beaches, split and weathered by all the gales of the Atlantic, black boulders, embroidered with gold weed, and beryl bays where the rollers had lost their way and were running all whither. Behind them the green, tiny-fielded land, dotted with white cottages, climbed up to the barren purple hills.

"Ah! The Arrogant's here, anyhow."

The Strongest Fleet in the World.

A monstrous plume of black, heavy smoke went up to the sky. We spun round a buoy and came on the fleet—the strongest fleet in the world, very busy about its business. There were eight battle-ships, alike as peas to the outsider, with four big cruisers.

The marines fell in on the poop, and with bugles and all proper observances we paid our compliments as we ran past the sterns of the cruisers, waiting the Admiral's word to moor.

"He's given us a billet of our own. Under his wing, too." An officer shot down on the fo'castle, while the yeoman of signals, whose nose is that of a hawk, kept an unshut eye on the flag.

"Isn't there a four-foot patch somewhere about here?" said a calm and disinterested voice. The navigator, having brought her in, did not need to wrestle with cables; and our anchors, with their low, cramped catdavits, are no treat.

"We told 'em so in the dockyard," said the bridge. "We told 'em so distinctly; and the ruffians said: 'We're very much obliged to you for the information, and we'll make the changes you recommend in the next boat of your class.' That's what I call generosity."

"Does that ship always behave like that?" I asked.

From all three funnels of a high, stubby cruiser the smoke of a London factory insulted the clean air.

"Oh, no, she's only burning muckings like the rest of us. She's a new type—she and the Furious. Fleet rams they call 'em. See how short and high they are. Rather like porcupines, aren't they?"

The two had an air of bristling hog-backed ferocity, strangely out of keeping with the normal reserve of a man-of-war.

The Blake, long and low, looked meek and polite beside them, but I was assured that she could blow them out of water. Their own captains thought otherwise.

(Drawn for The World from a photograph taken by Fr. Hanfstaengl, Munchen.)

Duke Ludwig of Bavaria, father of Countess Larisch, who renounced his right to the throne on marrying her mother, Henriette Mendl, an actress.

COUNTES

Disclosures of the Austria Emperor's Chamberlai 1,000,000 Florins i

(Special Correspondence of The World.)

VIENNA, Nov. 13.

A GREAT "oof!" has gone up from Vienna court society. Countess Marie Larisch's novel, in which she threatened to unearth all the family skeletons of the Hapsburgs for the present generation, has been published. It proves to be only the introduction to the authentic record that was promised. She calls it "A King's Fairy Tale," and

They went together after the hounds, the young girl with her golden hair streaming down her back, her pert face, with its knowing expression at an age when most girls look silly, heated by exercise and the joy of living in such an atmosphere.

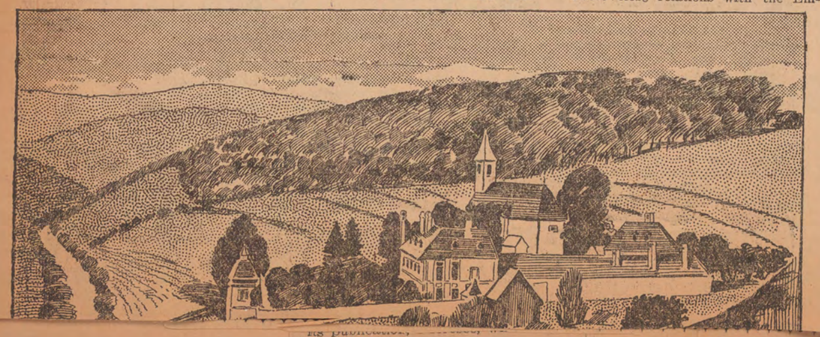
By the time she was nineteen the Empress had found her a very nice husband, Count George Larisch-Moenich of Castle Schoenstein, and the Empress gave her a splendid trousseau and had the marriage performed at Castle Godollo, in Hungary. But the Empress did more for her; she got her named a Lady of the Palace, which meant admittance to all court functions and court festivities. To obtain this title of honor under ordinary circumstances the test of sixteen ancestors on both sides is necessary, and poor Mizzi Larisch's pedigree stumbled on the very threshold when it came to her own birth.

But there she was—pretty and elegant, with her tiara and court train, enjoying particular consideration on account of her close relationship with the Empress. She was always on most intimate cousinly terms with Crown Prince Rudolf, who was her senior by three months only, and with whom she had carried on a boy and girl courtship until shortly before her marriage. What a favorite she was in the imperial family even after her marriage is shown by the fact that the Emperor became godfather to her first boy, born in 1878, and Archduchess Marie Valerie godmother to her oldest girl, born in 1879.

LOVED BY THE EMPRESS.

Mizzi Wallersee shared all the Empress's tastes that were not spiritual. She loved violent exercise, doted on horses, hated etiquette, and if she did not care for poetry or for flowers she never showed it. The Empress's eldest daughter, Gisela, had been married in to live at court until a suitable husband was found for her.

These close relations with the Em-



(Drawn for The Worl

The truth, indeed, w willing aid to the fa perial cousin, the Cro Baroness Vetsera. She gained the friendship sera, the mother, wa been the mistress of A the Grand Master of t man Knights. She te oness Mary often to h for drives and visits, w her, and managed

small stir.

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RUDYARD KIPLING WITH THE JOLLY, JOLLY

(Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling, under the title "A Fleet in Being.")

ALL Ireland was new to me, and I went ashore to visit Castletown's street of white houses, to smell peat-smoke and find Dan Murphy, owner of a jaunting-car and ancient friend of the wardroom. In this quest the Navigator and I mustered not less than half the male population of Cork County, the remainder being O'Sullivans; but we found Dan at last—old, grizzled, with an untamable eye, voluble and beautifully Celtic.

"Will I meet ye to-morrow at Mill Cove at nine-thirty? I will. Here's my hand an' word on it. Will I dhrive ye to Glenbeg for the fishing? I will. There's my hand an' word on it. Do I mean it? Don't I know the whole livin' Fleet, man an' boy, for years?"

He appeared at the appointed hour with a rawboned horse and wonderful yarns of trout taken by "the other gentleman" in Glenbeg, the lough of our desire, fourteen miles across the hills. It was a cloudless day with a high wind—bad for trout but good for the mere joy of life; and the united ages of my companions reached forty-five. Therefore we were quite respectable till we cleared Castletown, and such libertymen as might have been corrupted by our example. Then we sang and hung on to the car at impossible angles, and swore eternal fidelity to the barefooted damosels on the road, they being nowise backward to return our vows; and behaved ourselves much as all junior officers do when they escape on holiday. It was a land of blue and gray mountains, of raw green fields, stone-fenced, ribbed with black lines of peat, and studded with clumps of gorse and heather and the porter-colored pools of bog water. Great island-dotted bays ran very far inland, and bounding all to westward hung the unswerving line of the Atlantic. Such country it was as, without much imagination, one could perceive its children in exile would sicken for—a land of small holdings and pleasant green ways where nobody did more work than was urgent.

Roaring Day of Sun and Wind.

At last we came on an inky-black tarn, shut in by mountains, locked and lonely and lashed into angry waves by a downward, smiting blast.

There was no special point in the fishing; not even when the sub-lieutenant tried to drown himself; but the animal delight of that roaring day of sun and wind will live long in one memory. We had it all to ourselves—the rifted purple flank of Lackawee, the long vista of the lough, darkening as the shadows fell; the smell of a new country, and the tearing wind that brought down mysterious voices of men from somewhere high above us.

None but the Irish can properly explain away failure. We left with our dozen fingerlings, under the impression—Mr. Cornelius Crowley gave it—that we had caught ten-pounders.

So home, blown through and through with fresh air, sore with hanging on to the car and laughing at nothing, to dine with two cruiser captains aboard one of the big fleet-rams. My hosts had been friends since their Britannia days (it is this uniformity of early training that gives to the navy its enduring solidarity), and, one reminiscence leading to another, I listened enchanted to weird yarns in which Chinese mandarins, West Coast nigger chiefs, Archimandrites, Turkish pashas, Calabrian counts, dignity balls, Chilian beachcombers and all the queer people of the earth were mingled.

"But it's a lonely life—a lonely life," said one. "I've commanded a ship since eighty something—and you see."

How could one help seeing! Between the after cabin and the rest of the world (with very few exceptions) lies the deep broad gulf that is only overpassed by sentries, signalmen and subordinates entering with reports. A light tap, a light foot, a doffed cap and "Rounds all correct, sir." Then the silence and the loneliness settle down again beyond the hanging red curtain in the white steel bulkhead. Herman Melville has it all in "White Jacket," but it is awesome to see with bodily eyes.

Sometimes the talk gets serious, and the weather-bitten faces discuss how they would "work her in a row." Each delivers his opinion with side digs at his neighbor, less heavily armored or more lightly gunned, but the general conclusion (which I shall not give) is nearly always the same. It is a terrible power that they wield, these captains, for, saving the Admiral, there is no one that can dictate to them in the exercise of their business. They make their ships as they make or unmake the careers of their men. Yet, mark how Providence arranges an automatic check! It is in the navy that you hear the wildest and freest adjectives of any service, the most blistering characterization of superiors, the most genuinely comic versions of deeds that elsewhere might be judged heroic.

A Service of Humorists.

Things are all too deadly serious and important for any one to [illegible] seriously. Every branch of the service is forced to be a humorist in spite of itself; and by the time men [illegible] rank of captain the least adaptable has some saving sense of fun hammered into them. A captain remembers [illegible] what song the midshipmen were [illegible] sing about the lieutenant; what [illegible] he held in his own lieutenancy [illegible] commander, and what as a [illegible] he thought of his captain. If he [illegible] these matters as in heat, or [illegible] tions or broken with fewer [illegible] do, then God help his ship [illegible] comes home with a crop of [illegible] tials and all hands half crazy.

But to go back to methods of [illegible] You can hear interesting talk [illegible] the juniors when you sit on a [illegible] bunk of an afternoon, surrounded by [illegible] home photographs, with the [illegible] and the shore-going waistcoats [illegible] slung up overhead. They are [illegible] rectly concerned in war, for the [illegible] charge of the guns, and they [illegible] at large and carelessly. We [illegible] our cruiser) are not addicted [illegible] in the words of the torpedo [illegible] because we do not carry them [illegible] but we do all devoutly believe [illegible] is the business of a cruiser to [illegible] much and often. What follows [illegible] course, nonsense—the merest [illegible] of equals over cigarettes, but [illegible] read it has its significance.

"The first thing to do," says [illegible] aged Twenty-One, "is to be [illegible] ly by concussion in the [illegible]

SAILORMEN---SKETCHES OF THE WARDROOM.

[illegible] receive when all the other [illegible] are dead, and win a victory off [illegible] own boat—a la illustrated papers. [illegible] is Haslar a month later with [illegible] grabbing your forehead and [illegible] you've wiped out the whole [illegible]

[illegible] me in the conning-tower! Not [illegible] says Twenty-three. "Those [illegible] of yours will stop every shot [illegible] it; an' the upper bridge will [illegible] down on you in three minutes."

[illegible] see that you're any better off [illegible] the water. You'd get the funnels and [illegible] and all the upper fanoodle- [illegible] on top of you, anyhow," is the re- [illegible] "We've a lot too full of wood, [illegible] will our boats out of the way."

"[illegible]'s good enough for me," says [illegible]-four (that is his station). [illegible] light airy place,' and we can get [illegible] ammunition handier than you can [illegible]

"[illegible]'s the use of that," says the [illegible] of the bow-guns. "You've got [illegible] deadly deck torpedo-tubes just [illegible]. Fancy a Whitehead smitten [illegible] nose by one little shell! You'd [illegible] you. She'd blow the middle out [illegible]. If they took those tubes [illegible] we could have a couple more four- [illegible] there. There'd be heaps of [illegible] their ammunition in the tor- [illegible] magazine."

Guns and Torpedoes.

[illegible] are blessed with a pair of deck [illegible]-tubes, which weigh about ten [illegible] and are the bane of our lives. [illegible] is a compromise, and the con- [illegible] have generously put in a little [illegible] of everything. But public opinion [illegible] the Gunner) is unanimous in condemning those dangerous and hampering tubes.

"Torpedoes are all rot on this class unless they're submerged. Two more 4-inchers 'ud be a lot better. They're as handy as duck guns. I say, did you see that last shrapnel of mine burst over the target? I laid it myself." Twenty-three looks round for applause, but the other guns deride.

"That's all luck," says Twenty-one irreverently. "Mine burst just beyond. It would have been dead right for an end-on shot. It would have shifted her just on the engine-room hatch. Sound place, that. It mixes up the engines."

"Mahan says, somewhere, that broadside fighting is going to pay with our low freeboards, because most shot go wrong in elevation. Of course, broadside on, a shell that misses you misses you clean. It don't go hopping along your upper works as it would if you were end on."

"Oh, I meant my shot for an end-on shot, of course," says Twenty-one; and some one promptly sits on him.

"Beaking" in a Gale.

"No-o," says Twenty-four meditatively. "What we really want if we ever go into a row is weather—lots of it. Good old gales—regular smellers. Then we could run in and beak 'em while it's thick. I believe in beaking." (That belief, by the way, is curiously general in the navy.)

"D'you mean to say you'd ram with a tea tray like ours? I'm glad you aren't the skipper," I interrupt.

"Oh, he'd beak like a shot, if he saw his chance. Of course, he wouldn't beak anything our size—it'ud be cheaper to hammer her—but take the—(he named a ship that does not fly Our flag). If you got in on her almost anywhere she'd turn turtle. And she cost about a million and a quarter. It's just a question of L. S. D."

"And what 'ud we do afterward, please?"

"Ah, that's our strong point. What happened when the collier drifted down on us at Milford? It only improved our steaming power, didn't it? We're a regular honeycomb of compartments forward. I believe you could swipe off twenty foot of her forward and she'd get home somehow," says Twenty-four enthusiastically.

"'Bit risky," says Twenty-one. "That ship you talked of is awfully plated up topside, but all her underpinnings are pretty weak. If you could lob in a few shell under some of those forward sponsons of hers, I believe she'd crumple up with the weight of her own guns. But (sorrowfully) you'd need a nine point or two to do that properly."

"Beak her! Beak her! Catch her in a gale, coming out of harbor" (the speaker named the very port). "It takes their people a week to get their tummies straight."

"Yes, but they never come out of harbor. At least they didn't in the old days. And if they do, we shan't be allowed a look-in. We shall be used for scouting—coaling all day and steaming all night. But we want those decktubes taken out all the same."

"I'd like target practice every week," says another. "Say four times our present allowance of practice ammunition. It 'ud wear the guns out, but it 'ud pay."

And so the talk goes on; varying with each ship. Some of them are all for torpedoes, and have submarine vaults the size of a small church devoted to this game; but we, being what we are, are mainly for guns, and the gunner who is in charge of the torpedoes has a hard time of it when he runs his quarterly trials.

"A beautiful thing," says he, as the silver-colored devil flops from the tube and tears away toward the mark. . .

"Well, I'm blowed." The torpedo has sheered away to the left, and now is poisoning the air with its garlic-scented Holmes light, fifty yards from the target.

"What did I tell you?" says some one sotto voce. "We could have got in a dozen shots from the 4-inch while you were touching off that boomerang."

"They'd hang you on the —— if you laughed at torpedoes."

"I wouldn't if ours were submerged, but with these deck-tubes one never knows how they'll take the water. That thing must have canted as it fell."

The Gunner looks grieved to the quick, but is presently consoled by a few score pounds of gun-cotton, and goes off with grapnels and batteries to practise "sweeping" and "creeping" at the mouth of the bay with a few score other boats. They mine and countermine expeditiously in the Channel Fleet. The process is a technical one and need not be described here, for there is no necessity to make public either the area covered with mines or the time that it took to lay them. The Gunner returned with a detailed account and some fish that had been stunned by concussion.

'It was a nice little show," he said. 'A very nice little show. Did you happen to see our smoke?"

I had seen one end of Bantry Bay tipped up from its foundations, but did ot inquire further.

How Kipling Wrote Recessional.

Rudyard Kipling has again been trapped by the wiles of the interviewer, this time somewhere in mid-Atlantic. Kipling's fellow-voyager had heard of the last attempt on the author's (private) life, when in reply to an innocent question concerning his poems the writer of "Barrick-room Ballads" curtly remarked he thought Kipling a much overrated man, and turned on his heel and walked away.

So the wise interviewer conversed with Kipling on every subject under the sun but his own works, until in a weak moment the famous author began unconsciously to talk of himself and his poems. The interviewer then ventured a cautious appreciation of the "Recessional"—and sends the result to the Daily Mail.

"Ah," said Kipling, "that poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised the Times a poem on the Jubilee, and when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The Times began to want that poem badly, and sent letter after letter asking for it.

"I made many more attempts, but no further progress. Finally, the Times began sending telegrams. So I shut myself in my room, with a determination to stay there until I had written a jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me I searched through those dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked. That was, 'Lest we forget.' Round these words the 'Recessional' was written."—London Mail.

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im[illegible]

Mr. Kipling's story of his cruise on a vessel of the Channel fleet has created a demand for The Morning Post, in which the story appeared, that is quite unprecedented. People read The Morning Post during the time that Kipling's story was in course of publication who had never opened the paper before. Radical readers of The Daily Chronicle and Conservative readers of The Standard discarded their favorite papers and read the aristocratic Morning Post in public without a blush of shame. Of course, what Mr. Kipling had to say about the fleet appeals to Englishmen much more forcibly than it can to Americans, but for all that the story will interest every one who takes interest in any navy, for the story of one navy is the story of all.

How many devoted admirers of Mr. Kipling's genius can honestly say that they think his latest story in "McClure's Magazine" a thing worthy of his abilities? It is clever, of course, and amusing, and it is a graphic portrayal of boy-nature; but, after all, is it worth while for Kipling, a man of unique talents, to wreak himself upon such work? There is no stress of poverty driving him—why should he not "lie fallow," preparing for even finer achievements than those which have won him fame? This is what his truest friends and most sincere critics must feel.

MACON, Ga., Dec. 10.

Rudyard Kipling's Hubshee.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your issue of Dec. 10 your correspondent "F. T." questions Kipling's accuracy in making a Mohammedan of India address one of the Khalifa's warriors as "Hubshee," the warrior in question being most probably a Baggara or Haddendowah Arab. "F. T." is probably not aware that the term "Hubshee" is used almost universally through Hindostan to denote a negro or indeed any colored man not an Asiatic. "F. T." is correct as to his derivation of the word, *Hubish*, an Abyssinian. But whether the warrior in question was an Arab, a Soudanese negro, or an Abyssinian, he would certainly be addressed as "Hubshee" by a Bengal native lancer or Punjabi infantry man who did not intend to be overpolite.

Kipling knows his little book. E. G. K. D.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 10.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.

Concerning Hubshees.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Kipling in his latest poem makes a Mohammedan of India address a co-religionist in tropical Egypt, and this co-religionist Mr. Kipling styles a Hubshee.

It may be that in the mongrel tongue of the Egypt of to-day all the races to the far South are styled Hubshees. I do not know.

But in Omar Khayyam's country, the only Mohammedan country with a literature—and this writer knows that country well—a Hubshee is one from Hubish (Latinized in our Abyssinia). And the people of Hubish are Christians.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8. F. T.

THE following interesting, and we presume accurate, information concerning Mr. Kipling's prices is taken from the *British Weekly*:

"Perhaps no one receives such large prices for his work as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He has contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India, and the Colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4,000 for the year. In addition to this, Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publication in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4,000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1,000. Whether these high prices will be kept up is very doubtful. If the cheap magazinism succeeds in injuring the older periodicals they cannot be maintained. It remains to be seen whether the public cares much for names, and it must be remembered that the papers with the largest circulation in this country do not depend upon names at all. I remember some years ago Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work, better work by a great deal than he has been doing lately, to a monthly review. The editor informed me that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold."

KIPLING . . NORTON . . DE VINNE . .

AT LAST we have an authorised sketch of the life of Mr. Kipling. It is written by Charles Eliot Norton. One hundred copies have been printed by the DeVinne Press. To the sketch of Mr. Kipling's life has been added a bibliography. The book is a thin twelve mo. bound in boards. This work will rank as a first edition of Kipling, also as a first edition of Charles Eliot Norton. The price is $2.50 per copy. From this price no discount will be allowed.

I have purchased the entire edition. As soon as the first fifty copies are sold the price will be advanced.

CHARLES P. EVERITT,
18 East 23d Street, NEW YORK.

Cupid's Arrows.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

* * *

ONCE upon a time there lived at Simla a very pretty girl, the daughter of a poor but honest district and sessions judge. Her mamma was very anxious about her daughter's future, as all good mammas should be.

There was a commissioner in Simla in those days who was a plain man—an ugly man—the ugliest man in Asia, with two exceptions. His name was—Anthony Barr Saggott. Departmentally, he was one of the best the government of India owned. Socially he was like a blandishing gorilla.

When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton, I believe that Mrs. Beighton wept with delight at the reward Providence had sent her in her old age.

Mr. Beighton held his tongue. He was an easy-going man.

Now, a commissioner is very rich. Most commissioners are mean, but Barr-Saggott was an exception. He entertained royally. He horsed himself well, he gave dances, he was a power in the land, and he behaved as such.

Miss Beighton shot divinely over ladies' distance—60 yards, that is—and was acknowledged the best lady archer in Simla. Men called her "Diana of Tara-Devi."

Barr-Saggott paid her great attention. Kitty Beighton took matters calmly. It was pleasant to be singled out by a commissioner with letters after his name and to fill the hearts of other girls with bad feelings. It was pleasant, Kitty thought, to have him at her feet, but it was better to escape from him and ride with the graceless Cubbon—the man in a dragoon regiment at Umballa—the boy with a handsome face and no prospects.

Kitty liked Cubbon more than a little. He never pretended for a moment that he was anything less than head over heels in love with her, for he was an honest boy. So Kitty fled, now and and again, from the stately wooings of Barr Saggott to the company of young Cubbon and was scolded by her mamma in consequence. "But, mother," she said, "Mr. Saggott" is such—such a—is so fearfully ugly, you know!

"My dear," said Mrs. Beighton piously, "we cannot be other than an all ruling Providence has made us. Besides, you will take precedence of your own mother, you know. Think of that and be reasonable."

Late in the season, when he judged that the time was ripe, Barr-Saggott arranged an archery tournament for ladies, with a most sumptuous diamond studded bracelet as prize. He drew up his terms skillfully and every one saw that the bracelet was a gift to Miss Beighton, the acceptance carrying with it the hand and heart of Commissioner Barr-Saggott.

On the appointed afternoon all Simla rode down to Annandale to witness the judgment of Paris turned upside down Kitty rode with young Cubbon, and it was easy to see that the boy was troubled in his mind. He must be held innocent of everything that followed. Kitty was pale and nervous and looked long at the bracelet. Barr-Saggott was gorgeously dressed, even more nervous than Kitty, and more hideous than ever.

Mrs. Beighton smiled condescendingly, as befitted the mother of a potential commissioneress, and the shooting began.

Nothing is so tedious as an archery competition. They shot, and the people waited for Miss Beighton to shoot and win. Cubbon was at one horn of the semicircle round the shooters and Barr-Saggott at the other. Miss Beighton was last on the list. The scoring had been weak, and the bracelet, plus Commissioner Barr-Saggott, was hers to a certainty.

The commissioner strung her bow with his own sacred hands. She stepped forward, looked at the bracelet, and her first arrow went true to a hair—full into the heart of the "gold"—counting nine points.

(Continued on page 8.)

Young Cubbon on the left turned white, and his devil prompted Barr-Saggott to smile. Kitty saw that smile. She looked to her left front, gave an almost imperceptible nod to Cubbon and went on shooting.

I wish I could describe the scene that followed. Miss Kitty fitted her arrows with immense deliberation, so that every one might see what she was doing. She was a perfect shot, and her 46 pound bow suited her to a nicety.

She pinned the wooden legs of the target with great care four successive times. She pinned the wooden top of the target once, and all the ladies looked at each other.

Then she began some fancy shooting at the white, which, if you hit it, counts exactly one point. She put five arrows into the white. It was wonderful archery; but, seeing that her business was to make "golds" and win the bracelet, Barr-Saggott turned a delicate green like young water grass.

Next, she shot over the target twice, then wide to the left twice—always with the same deliberation—while a chilly hush fell over the company, and Mrs. Beighton took out her handkerchief. Then Kitty shot at the ground in front of the target and split several arrows.

Then she made a red—or seven points—just to show what she could do if she liked, and she finished up her amazing performance with some more fancy shooting at the target supports. Here is her score as it was pricked off: Miss Beighton—Gold, 1; red, 1; blue, 0; black, 0; white, 5; total hits, 7; total score, 21.

Barr-Saggott looked as if the last few arrowheads had been driven into his legs instead of the target's, and the deep stillness was broken by a little snubby, mottled half grown girl saying in a shrill voice of triumph, "Then I've won!"

Mrs. Beighton did her best to bear up, but she wept in presence of the people. No training could help her through such a disappointment. Kitty unstrung her bow with a vicious jerk and went back to her place, while Barr-Saggott was trying to pretend that he enjoyed snapping the bracelet on the snubby girl's raw, red wrist. It was an awkward scene—most awkward. Every one tried to depart in a body and leave Kitty to the mercy of her mamma.

But Cubbon took her away instead, and—the rest isn't worth printing.

THE END.

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...but his patriotism involves neither the narrowness nor the want of comprehension which are with us its purest forms. Let no one mistake, there is according to temperaments a fatherland above all the others. For a Renan, that will be Truth; for a Kipling, it is Action. This love of energy is the very axis of his mind. I find the proof of it in a piece of his first volume, "Departmental Ditties," that I am sorry not to be able to cite, in which he lays down this dogma of the brotherhood of brave men. Thus he would be led to that almost fated ...

...ing (I was reading in an English review the praise of it apropos of M. de la Sizeranne's book on Ruskin) that our neighbors might compare among themselves to that lucidity of vision which legend lends to the dying. Every originality claims us. Compare this equation of happiness with that of an Anatole France, for example. I take this name as summing up the tendencies, the acquisitions, and the graces of the French mind at this time. It is more than a name. The whole movement of which Renan was the initiator is signified in it. And no soil but ours could produce that ... For him ideas are of ... they destroy; he is ... Kipling is, on his ... tive. We will console ... asure of being able to ... nd of art so different, ... t the sign "plus" and ... in algebra, lose all ... sign of the infinite. ... t spoken of, in the im... ng its power, is the ac... e impassioned sobriety of ... l Kipling. He has some... nilarity which remains ... masculine vigor. That ... rsonality, that absence ... ibitionism, the profound ... athy and of an imagina... eans of which the sim... ng—all that forms an art ... h something more than ... and that, beyond the ... emotion, reaches one ... ound bases of sensibility, ... of the Unconscious which ... een able to profane, and ... after so many vain en... k humbly and faltering... ed for solutions.

...ALLADS AND DEPART... ES. By Rudyard Kipling. ... M. F. Mansfield & Co. 2

... Mr. Kipling's have been ... e trade, and among them ... tties," a book in which ... he least about India dis... number of real persons ... s. Its author's plain as... f them was an "unmiti... ent" affected these per..., for such be the ways of ... plain matters unknown to ... the verses were withdrawn. ... of some use to those who ... that Mr. Kipling has writ... s have twelve illustrations ... McManus. That showing ... ecruit" is very good.

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Cupid's Arrows

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BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

TREASURE TROVE.
BY S. BARING GOULD.

Dec 1898

AS A POET OF ENERGY.

[Translated by Montgomery Schuyler for The Times's Saturday Review from the French of M. Le Vicomte Robert D'Humieres in "Literature."]

If it be admitted that a poet can be defined as the consciousness of his race, it will be recognized that this formula is strictly adapted to Rudyard Kipling. Doubtless there are plenty of others at once more rigorous and more comprehensive; let us not reject any. But there are men who deserve that definitions be invented for them.

Has England ever had a "national poet," an inspired man who discovered the rhythm of the whole English life, disengaged the harmony of its ensemble and elevated it to beauty? I do not believe it. Excepting a phenomenon of a general order, like Shakespeare, singers of the soil, like Burns or Wordsworth, it can be said that the poet in England has rather played the role of "outlaw." Without citing Marlowe, look at Byron, cursing his country, which exiled him; Shelley, expelled from Oxford for atheism, wandering across Italy from sea to sea; Coleridge, who grew old, suspected after the fantasies of his youth, taking refuge in the fumes of opium. Once dead, their country has recognized them and taken them back—there are Westminster Abbey, the "Birthday Books," the marble, all the expiations; but, in short, one would be tempted to believe that she prefers her artists posthumous, and sometimes kills them in order to stuff them.

But this one, how can he be misunderstood? She tries, however, by custom. They will tell you that Kipling is vulgar, that this is not art; he himself responds with his tranquil irony to the objection in a piece of his last volume of verse: "Is it art?" It is natural also that "cant" should be alarmed, nothing less hypocritical than this free genius. And, however, how respectful he is of this cant, from the point of view of morals, more important there than that of principles. What might we not have had the right to expect from this prodigious gift of life, if he had been able to exercise it in a less bounded sphere of passions, with the boldness and the freedom of a Maupassant, for example?

No matter; his popularity, already very great, cannot but increase. It has greater reasons for that, reasons which are not foreign, either to this people, or to this epoch of its development. It can be most positively said that the artist is clearly situated in his race and in his time. Singular fortune! Thus no loss in the emotion communicated, immediate contact with the public, no exhausting novitiate among "the select." I do not doubt that this conception of glory will appear inelegant, tainted with Yankeeism, in the eyes of the purists, of those for whom the Calvary of the pioneers or the ivory tower of the solitaries are the only pedestals possible before posterity. I believe, however, that it must be accepted. On examination, it may seem fine and logical.

The untirable, the admirable effort of the modern Anglo-Saxon race, it is that of which Rudyard Kipling has felt and rendered the poetry. One hears sound in his work the "Seven Seas" of the planet under the intrepid keel of the ships of England, the gold on the counters of the merchants, the shrill fifes and the Afghan bullets, the banjo of the settler, who by the dying fire tells to the "naked stars" the songs of exile.

But his patriotism involves neither the narrowness nor the want of comprehension which are with us its purest forms. Let no one mistake, there is according to temperaments a fatherland above all the others. For a Renan, that will be Truth; for a Kipling, it is Action. This love of energy is the very axis of his mind. I find the proof of it in a piece of his first volume, "Departmental Ditties," that I am sorry not to be able to cite, in which he lays down this dogma of the brotherhood of brave men. Thus he would be led to that almost fated dead wall of all high contemporaneous thought—hero worship.

But this is not a dreamer.

Nothing simpler than his conception of life, than his "excuse for staying." The universe is a conflict of activities, with the will of man at the top. All the poetry and all the joy of living are in the struggle of man to keep that domination, whether by bold risk or patient labor. All nature bows to render homage to him who is its consciousness and its master. The very wreck, half sunk, says

"Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still,"

and before breaking up in the currents thinks only of not molesting, in its course across the routes of the sea, a sister ship. ("The Seven Seas—the Derelict.") Who would not have expected, with such a subject, variations on the futility of human effort?

Man, then, marches the eternal youth of his strength across the eternal youth of the world, marveling at its spectacles, tamer of its elements. Paradise, Kipling says expressly, is the star where we shall work without fatigue for the sole pleasure and the sole reward of working.

It is natural that such a philosophy should hold cheap many scruples. Bravery, perseverance, become the cardinal virtues; that may lead far. In short, pushing this reasoning to its extreme consequences, we arrive at finding that strenuous action absolves every motive, and if we dared question Mr. Kipling on the bottom of his thought, I believe that he would answer: "Yes, I hold that the aesthetic enjoyment resulting from the accomplishment or from the spectacle of a heroic act is fit to render entirely negligible its ethical signification." I doubt whether his style would be recognized in this answer, but his thought is there. Laclos has written: "There are many men, all equally rascally in their undertakings, and what of weakness they put into the execution they call uprightness." But that is French cynicism. Here is a German kinsman: "Man is a being who wishes to surpass himself." This saying belongs to a man who by dint of going to the end of his thought has finished by going out of it, Friedrich Nietzsche. There exists truly a rhythm of minds, and I leave to the reader the task of verifying these agreements. Kipling, without warping the idea as far as Nietzsche, has stopped at art, but he has followed the same road.

He has not passed that tragic stage of it where Zarathustra, in his ascent toward the light, lightened himself of the torch of Pity. So little Christian in his tendencies, he is yet entangled with Christianity, and the evangelical shroud wraps him even to the heart. But his pity is virile as his pessimism is brave. In the battle he slackens his pace at the victims. His tenderness goes to the obscure if not to the humble, to the outlaws, to the unresigned. And by one of those contradictions which are in fact the salt of a mind, he professes respect for the law in more than one passage of his books. One would say a kind of social morality, (so stubborn is the moralizing and preaching element in an Englishman,) tempered with tolerance, and even with inclination for individuals.

I know not what fortune awaits in France the works of Rudyard Kipling, but, so different, how could we not love him? There is still recognized in us a certain sharpness of the critical sense, a gift of understanding (I was reading in an English review the praise of it apropos of M. de la Sizeranne's book on Ruskin) that our neighbors might compare among themselves to that lucidity of vision which legend lends to the dying. Every originality claims us. Compare this equation of happiness with that of an Anatole France, for example. I take this name as summing up the tendencies, the acquisitions, and the graces of the French mind at this time. It is more than a name. The whole movement of which Renan was the initiator is signified in it. And no soil but ours could produce that quality of genius. For him ideas are of value only by what they destroy; he is essentially negative. Kipling is, on his side, absolutely positive. We will console ourselves by the pleasure of being able to feel forms of mind and of art so different, and in thinking that the sign "plus" and the sign "minus," in algebra, lose all meaning before the sign of the infinite.

What we have not spoken of, in the impossibility of defining its power, is the accent, the "bite," the impassioned sobriety of the style of Rudyard Kipling. He has something direct, a familiarity which remains dignified, the most masculine vigor. That modesty of the personality, that absence of sentimental exhibitionism, the profound vibration of a sympathy and of an imagination served by means of which the simplicity is confounding—all that forms an art that one loves with something more than his critical sense, and that, beyond the regions of literary emotion, reaches, one would say, the profound bases of sensibility, the sacred domain of the Unconscious which analysis has not been able to profane, and where philosophy, after so many vain endeavors, turns back humbly and faltering-ly to find the hoped for solutions.

BARRACK ROOM BALLADS AND DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Messrs. M. F. Mansfield & Co. 2 vols. 16mo. $2.

Certain poems of Mr. Kipling's have been withdrawn from the trade, and among them "Departmental Ditties," a book in which those who knew the least about India discovered the largest number of real persons and actual scandals. Its author's plain assertion that one of them was an "unmitigated misstatement" affected these persons not at all, for such be the ways of those who explain matters unknown to them, and so the verses were withdrawn. This edition is of some use to those who would read all that Mr. Kipling has written. The volumes have twelve illustrations by Miss Blanche McManus. That showing the "half-made recruit" is very good.

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changed since then.

Kipling's Two Faces.

Some time ago Dr. Leon Kellner, who is now in England collecting material for his "History of English Literature in the Victorian Era," interviewed Rudyard Kipling for the Neues Wiener Tageblatt. One of Dr. Kellner's impressions shows that he is more observing than many English critics. He says: "Whenever Mr. Kipling speaks and turns his face full upon you, you would think you had before you a very wide-awake, lively, and harmless child, but the profile shows a strong man who has grown up in the atmosphere of study. I have seldom received two such different impressions from one and the same face."

Mr. Kipling has had a piece of hard luck. He wrote the story of the burning of the "Sarah Sands" for a London newspaper and must have thought that he was safe, as it happened forty-one years ago. The commander of the vessel at the time is, however, still alive and has written a letter finding fault with many details in Mr. Kipling's story.

KIPLING AS A BOY.

Incidents of the Early Days of the Great Author.

HIS FIRST STORY TELLING.

IT WAS IN THE NIGHT AND WAS COMPULSORY.

"GIGS" AND HIS TWO CHUMS.

HIS LIFE AT SCHOOL DESCRIBED BY A CLASSMATE.

How He Disgusted One of His Teachers—His Engagement on a Newspaper at $2.50 a Week — Was Not a Prodigy.

(Copyright, 1898, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

I first met Kipling in 1879, when he was fourteen years old. In that year I joined the United Service College "Westward Ho," in the parish of Northam, North Devon, which had been in existence for several years. I was at once assigned to the same house with Kipling under a master named Pugh, and after a few terms Kipling was changed to my dormitory, over which his particular friend, Dunsterville, was eventually made sub-prefect. I sat at different times in the same classes with Kipling, and during the last year that I spent at the college, 1883, my study was immediately below the one occupied by Kipling.

The United Service College, which was intended chiefly for the education of sons of Anglo-Indian, civil and military officers, was within sight of the open Atlantic. The immediate neighborhood was of a character to delight the heart of any boy—high frowning cliffs, at whose base terrible jagged rocks ran far out into the sea, as a warning to vessels of their sure fate if by any unlucky chance they missed the bar. These cliffs, however, were the abode of several species of rare sea birds, thus offering a splendid field for hazardous adventure.

NOT A YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.

During these four or five years, as seen by his school fellows, it could hardly be said that Kipling appeared to them as a prodigy. In the first place, he was always extremely nearsighted, which was perhaps the reason for his not taking any very keen interest in either field sport or athletics—a proficiency that, alone, almost makes an English boy a hero in the sight of his school fellows. On the other hand Kipling was not by any means a "sweat." He was not always to be seen poring over his books. He was seldom at the top of his class, though to be sure he was never at the bottom. He did not take all the prizes that came in his way, and he was not even in due course promoted to the office of sub-prefect, although when he left the college in 1882 he carried with him the well-earned first prize in English literature. Only, he did seem to be able to solve a problem in ten minutes over which another boy might have labored for an hour. He was chiefly noticeable in his schoolfellows' eyes for a keen wit, and a flow of language that could only be suppressed by depriving him of his spectacles.

About the middle of his school life Kipling entered into a strong tie of friendship with two other boys, in many respects of his own temperament. The trio seemed to have aims of their own apart from the rest of the college, leading a kind of Bohemian existence, and amusing themselves by tilts at the powers that were, in which encounters they frequently came off victorious. At the time when Kipling and his two chums were first assigned to a room or "study" for their own use, the aesthetic wave of some seventeen years ago was sweeping over English society, and the three boys at once determined to "live up" to the prevailing fashion. They first of all painted a wonderful stork dado round their room; then they purchased a number of old plates, spoutless teapots, and Japanese fans and hung them upon the walls. They called it very "high art," and, for a day, the whole school came to see and wondered.

At the United Service College, the custom prevailed as in most English "public schools" of placing a great part of the out-of-class discipline in the hands of the head boys, who are called prefects or monitors. In particular these head boys are responsible for the maintenance of order in the large dormitories, or sleeping rooms—one prefect having charge of perhaps a dozen or fifteen boys.

TELLING STORIES AT NIGHT.

Now, it happens that the prefect of the dormitory in which Rudyard Kipling slept was a great admirer of the thousand and one stories of the Arabian Nights, and conceived the idea that it would condone to his early repose if he compelled each of the boys in his room to tell stories in turn. The idea was at once put into practice, and the boys told such stories of sport, love, and adventure as the fertility of their brains brought forth; but it became quickly apparent that Kipling so far surpassed the others in that talent that the prefect insisted upon his telling stories out of his turn, the result of which practice would be generally somewhat as follows:

The light having been extinguished, the voice of the prefect would be heard:

"Now, then, Gigs, a yarn."

"Gigs" was an abbreviation for gig lamps—a nickname conferred upon Kipling by his school fellows on account of the extraordinarily large spectacles he wore.

There would come no response from the bed in the corner.

"Gigs! You hear? A yarn."

Still no answer.

"Look here, Giggs, if you don't wake up I'll—"

"An expostulating voice from underneath the clothing: "Oh, what is it?"

"A yarn, a yarn."

Protestingly, "But I say, it's not my turn."

Dictatorially, "I don't care if it isn't—a yarn." After which there would perhaps follow a pause of five minutes, when the voice of the prefect would be heard again, "All right, Gigs, you brute," immediately succeeded by the crash of a boot in the neighborhood of Kipling's bed, to be followed by the muffled sound of a piece of soap striking the clothes.

"I say," from Kipling, by this time wide awake. "What is it?"

"A yarn, a yarn."

"I don't know any."

From the prefect: "Oh, yes, you do, but anyway I'll give you a skeleton. Once upon a time there was a man who went to sea, killed the captain, turned pirate, got wrecked on an island, where he fought a battle against a lot of savages, married the chief's daughter, died, and lived happily ever afterwards. Now go on."

With a grunt of dissatisfaction Kipling would thereupon begin, shortly, however, making the prefect the villain of the story and placing him in such absurd situations that the whole dormitory would be shouting with laughter, and the noise of creaking shoes upon the stairs would come as a warning that the house master was on his way to see into the nocturnal disturbance.

AS A COLLEGE EDITOR.

For two years Rudyard Kipling occupied the editorial chair of the United Service College Chronicle during which period many bright verses and clever articles from his pen appeared within the pages of that little journal. This was entirely an honorary position, which, however, led to an engagement on the local paper under novel and amusing circumstances. The head master of the college, apart from his scholastic duties, held the office of chairman of the local board—partaking of the nature of an unpaid rural supervisorship, with perhaps a little patronage attached that somebody or other was anxious to possess.

This ambitious person succeeded in gaining the assistance of the editor of the local paper. The consequence was that, for a time, a number of crudely virulent personal attacks were made upon the policy of the board, to all of which the head master paid no attention whatever. Then the editor, probably having seen some of Kipling's work in the college paper, entered into an arrangement with him, that for the sum of $2.50 a week the latter should do his best to goad the head master into the indiscretion of a retort.

It was not long, therefore, before denunciatory articles appeared in the paper, treating of the board's local drainage scheme in such poignant, sarcastic terms that everybody began to talk about the matter, and the head master was compelled to take up his pen in self-defense—a literary duel thus commencing between the all unconscious master and his pupil, that afforded those who were in the secret a weekly fund of amusement.

Eventually the head master resigned his chair, but whether he discovered the personality of his brilliant antagonist is not known. Had he done so, there is a probability that young Kipling would have been painfully made aware of the fact, as the cane and the birch are still important factors in English "public" school discipline.

When a looking glass first engages the serious attention of a youth, a somewhat ludicrous devotion to the wardrobe is often the result. In that respect, Kipling and his two particular chums inclined toward the Bohemian, until they perceived in the opposite extreme a chance to enact a good part which, for the time being, afforded their companions no little amusement.

At the United Service College it happened that there was a certain classical master who had developed a profound aversion to anything approaching foppishness, and to whom fancy waistcoats, sporting scarfpins, and silk handkerchiefs were an abomination second only to what was termed the "modern" side of the school.

SPORT WITH THE MASTERS.

To such an extent did this master carry his discrimination in the matter of clothes that those attending his classes or coming more particularly under his jurisdiction, who evinced the least tendency to "style" were promptly made the butts of his most withering sarcasm, and were even occasionally peremptorily ordered not to appear again in his presence wearing conspicuously offensive garments. Now Kipling and his two chums in the course of promotion at length found themselves brought into daily contact with this master, and having duly made note of his supreme aversion, they proceeded to stimulate it after their own fashion. So it shortly came to be noticed that the Kipling trio were putting on "style"—a fact that the master in question noticed also, but concerning which he contented himself with scornful remarks, until a shilling bottle of overpowering perfume was the direct cause of an explosion of wrath, of the class room windows being thrown wide open one cold winter morning, and of something besides invectives being hurled at the offenders' heads.

In spite of this emphatic rebuff, Kipling and his chums continued their efforts to approach the extreme height of fashion, borrowing such likely garments as they did not themselves possess, and choosing Sunday as the day on which to make a brave display of their personal adornments, for the three

RUDYARD KIPLING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER HE LEFT COLLEGE.

sat close to the classical master in church. Again, for a time, the master confined himself to sneering remarks; but three pairs of light, cloth-topped patent leather shoes brought the matter to a climax.

On the particular Sunday when the shoes were first worn, the classical master quickly spied them out, and having beckoned the three youths before him, pointed to the objectionable articles and desired to be informed as to their precise nature.

"Which things, sir?" asked Kipling, following with his gaze the direction indicated by the classical master's forefinger, and wonderingly surveying the floor as if he expected to behold some strange insects crawling there. "Which things, sir?"

"Those things," emphatically replied the master, pointing to Kipling's feet.

"My feet, sir?" asked Kipling, as if he were still in doubt as to the master's exact meaning.

HE TOOK THEM OFF.

"No, the vile things you've got on them," angrily explained the former. "Go and take them off at once. At once! D'you understand me?"

Whereupon the Kipling trio divested themselves of their beautiful shoes, and the classical master posted a house notice to the effect that patent leather shoes among other enumerated "foppish" articles of dress were henceforth strictly prohibited. As if in despair at the sweeping nature of this edict the Kipling trio immediately reverted to the other extreme, and the next Sunday appeared at the church callover as if they had slept in their best clothes over night, with only their shoes so wonderfully polished that the classical master first mistook them for the contraband patent leathers.

On closer inspection, however, being satisfied that his surmise was incorrect, and perhaps regarding the trio's disheveled appearance as, for once, a backward step in the right direction, he merely recommended a vigorous application of the brush, and unsuspectingly permitted them to go on their way to church.

It was not long after the service had commenced before every one in the vicinity of the Kipling trio became conscious of a most pungent and sickening odor of blacking, the classical master, who sat next to Kipling, being the first, of course, to sniff the air with suspicion. But as the church warmed up the smell became so altogether unbearable that the classical master, casting a look of supreme disgust upon the remarkably devout and apparently quite innocent youths at his side, hurriedly rose from his seat and sought refuge in another part of the church. There, as the other boys near by crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to suppress explosions of laughter, a merry twinkle beamed out through Gig's enormous spectacles. It was generally thought that the three would meet with a swift and terrible punishment; but the classical master, for some reason, decided to hold his peace, and thereafter permitted the edict regarding foppishness to fall into abeyance.

MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "A Fleet in Being" will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. as a small shilling volume. It will contain, in addition to the matter printed in the *Morning Post*, some notes which Mr. Kipling has written specially for the book form publication.

It is not generally known that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was himself the designer of the cover of the American edition of "The Day's Work."

To Thursday's *Times* Mr. Kipling contributed a ballad of "Kitchener's School"—"being a translation of the song that was made by a Mohammedan schoolmaster of the —— Bengal Infantry (some time on service at Suakin) when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money from the English to build a Madrissa for Hubshees—a college for the Sudanese." The song is not Mr. Kipling at his best, but it is very excellent rhymed journalism.

THIS is one of the central stanzas, and the poem's core:

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.
It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined.
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!

And this couplet is memorable:

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.

In the same issue of the *Times* the Sirdar expressed his gratitude for the ready response which his appeal for funds for the college had received.

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And us a campaign hat;
His natty scarlet tunic
Fits like paper on a wall,
Whilst our own service blouses
Ain't got no fit at all.

In every kind of climate,
Like us, he chills or roasts,
Though he does his work in "garrisons"
And us in "frontier posts."
And while each year at Aldershot
His various corps will join,
You'll find us doing scouting
Round Fort Assiniboine.

These are but trifles after all,
The difference of the land;
And when it comes to fighting
We can take him by the hand.
And if they has us out agin,
I hope that I may say
We'll be touching elbows with you,
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No further evidence is needed of the great impression made by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" on the American public than the numerous editions which the publishers on the other side of the water continue to bring out. One of the most attractive of these in small size is that in the series of "Masterpieces of Verse and Prose," published by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes, of New York. This particular edition is illustrated by Mr. George T. Tobin and Mr. W. St. John Harper. Mr. Kipling's poem is probably unique in having been printed twice within a few months in the pages of the same magazine (McClure's).

We hear that the American publishers of "The Day's Work" are already advertising the thirty-eighth thousand. If this is so, the sale of the book in America would appear to have been better in the States than here, large though the demand in this country has been.

We hear that the edition de luxe of Mr. Kipling's "The Day's Work" will contain a number of stories, such as "The Record of Badalin Herodsfoot," which have been published in the ordinary six-shilling volumes, but not in the previously issued "de luxe" volumes.

An article on the suppressed books of writers of fiction now living would be, we think, of considerable interest. Mr. Kipling has stopped the sale of "The City of Dreadful Night," "Letters of Marque," and "Echoes," and all now fetch a high price when copies are put up for sale at Sotheby's or elsewhere. Probably the most valuable of Mr. Kipling's suppressed books is, however, one entitled "A First Administration," a collection of stories printed in India, but, we believe, never offered for sale in the ordinary way. It is said that there are only some three copies of this book in existence, the remainder of a large edition having been destroyed. The first four novels which Mr. Merriman ever published, and which at one time it was thought might be reissued, have now been definitely put on the shelf, and "Young Mistley," which until lately was to be seen in the booksellers' shops, will be seen there no more. We think we are correct in saying that Mr. S. R. Crockett's first book, a volume of poems, is no longer to be had, and Mr. Jerome's "Told after Supper" has been rare for some time.

KIPLING, HARTFORD AUTHORS, ETC.: A CONNECTICUT RIVER PILGRIMAGE

tween and the hazy outlines of the farther Hampshire hills among which the poet of "Thanatopsis" was born and reared. Of the tastefully finished and furnished apartments which Cable's home, "Tarryawhile," affords, his study is for us the most interesting: it lies at the right of the old-fashioned entrance, and abounds with books, papers, and pictures, among which the master, when at home, sits in his rocking-chair busied with his literary tasks. Here "John March, Southerner," was written and much worthy work has since been done.

Farther afield are Hadley, which has been so delightfully embalmed in Holland's verse, and Greenfield, the birthplace and early home of the critic and literator, George Ripley, who was the leader in what Carlyle called the "Potato-Gospel" experiment at Brook-Farm, and farther still we find picturesque Brattleboro and the American home of the great "Avatar of Vishnuland," Rudyard Kipling.

The village is redolent of literary memories. Upon its tree-shaded terraces that rise steeply from the river-bank are old houses which have been associated with Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Parton and other writers of their time; here, too, are the plain, two-storied dwelling in which the wife of William Dean Howells grew to woman-

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Holland—Bancroft—Cable

reputation was won; the charming, vine-covered dwelling where George W. Cable wrote "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" and most of that prose pastoral "Bonaventure;" the Smith College, which Barrie, the inventor of "Thrums," thought the "most splendid thing in America." The eminence of Round Hill, with its enchanting prospect of mead and mountain, embowered town, and foliage-fringed river, still holds the house in which Bancroft lived, where we may see the little library in which he began the great history and translated his friend Heeren's "Politics of Ancient Greece," and here, too, remains the edifice in which "the Swedish Nightingale" spent her honeymoon and the sweet poet, Alice Cary, passed a portion of her last year of life.

In the delightful suburb which Mr. Cable has named "Dryad's Green" the writer of the "Grandissimes," which some have considered the best American novel, has erected the spacious, broad-verandaed, colonial frame house which for five years has been his home. It stands upon a terrace at the margin of its own acres of beautiful woodland, and its upper windows have a supurb outlook upon the heights of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, with glimpses of the shining river which flows be-

KIPLING, HARTFORD AUTHORS, ETC.: A CONNECTICUT RIVER PILGRIMAGE

Miss Wilkins—Kipling

hood and the hill-side tenement in which the now famous author of "Pembroke" and "Jerome," Mary E. Wilkins, began her vivid delineations of New England life and character with stories of "A Humble Romance," which Dr. Nicoll considers among the very best of their kind.

Kipling erected his household gods upon a sightly mountain-side, which is approached from the village by a pleasant old highway which curves through the gold and green marquetry of cornfield and mead. The last mile of the way lies along upland slopes, where it follows for a while the course of a babbling rivulet through densely wooded dells, and then winds, like a white stream with margins of verdure, beneath long reaches of road-side trees. Upon the upper slopes, and commanding magnificent views of the valley with its noble river and enfolding mountains, lies the old Beechwood estate of the Balestiers, where, in the home of her grandparents, was passed much of the girlhood of the lady who became the wife of Kipling. She was sister to Wolcott Balestier,—author of "The Victorious Defeat," etc., and collaborator with Kipling on the dramatic "Naulahka,"—and a visit with her famous husband to these scenes of her childhood resulted in the selection of the site for their home among the broad Balestier acres.

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Miss Wilkins—Kipling

hood and the hill-side tenement in which the now famous author of "Pembroke" and "Jerome," Mary E. Wilkins, began her vivid delineations of New England life and character with stories of "A Humble Romance," which Dr. Nicoll considers among the very best of their kind.

Kipling erected his household gods upon a sightly mountain-side, which is approached from the village by a pleasant old highway which curves through the gold and green marquetry of cornfield and mead. The last mile of the way lies along upland slopes, where it follows for a while the course of a babbling rivulet through densely wooded dells, and then winds, like a white stream with margins of verdure, beneath long reaches of road-side trees. Upon the upper slopes, and commanding magnificent views of the valley with its noble river and enfolding mountains, lies the old Beechwood estate of the Balestiers, where, in the home of her grandparents, was passed much of the girlhood of the lady who became the wife of Kipling. She was sister to Wolcott Balestier,—author of "The Victorious Defeat," etc., and collaborator with Kipling on the dramatic "Naulahka,"—and a visit with her famous husband to these scenes of her childhood resulted in the selection of the site for their home among the broad Balestier acres.

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Kipling's House—Naulahka

had written "Rose Michel" years before, Kipling completed "Many Inventions," wrote some of the poems of "The Seven Seas," and began the "Jungle Book" stories which, in the opinion of many, promise most for the permanency of his high place in the literature of the world.

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Mr. Kipling's story is the first of a series dealing with schoolboy life. It is unnecessary to do more than mention it here, since it will of course be published in America.

The other day an indignant reader wrote to The Academy imploring the editor to issue just one number without a quotation from Kipling. The editor undertook to perform this feat, but failed, because he could not avoid publishing a contribution which was entitled "The Men Who Would Be Kings." The incident illustrates the amazing popularity of Kipling's writings as a source of quotation. It is impossible to take up a newspaper without finding at least one quotation from Kipling. Shakespeare, who used to be the source from which most men with a fondness for quoting drew their material, is nowhere in comparison with Kipling. Of course this is due to the fact that Kipling has voiced in so terse and striking a manner the real convictions of the British nation. He will be quoted so long as the empire exists, because more is said of it in a single sentence of Kipling's than ordinary men could say in half a dozen.

BACK FROM THE WAR IN CUBA.

James B. Latimer, of Chicago, in The Spectator.

When I come back from Cuba
They laid me up a spell,
A-convalescing from a piece
Of a busted Spanish shell;
And while I laid in hospital,
Requiring all my grit,
Some ladies come around one day
To cheer us up a bit.

And one (she was the daughter
Of a New-York millionaire)
She come and took a look at me,
And sat down in a chair;
And talked and gossiped with me—
Lor'! how I wished she'd stay—
Till finally the surgeon came
And ordered her away.

Then when she come to taking leave,
From out her bag she took
And made to me a present of
A little gilt-edged book;
A-saying as she give it me,
She knew that I'd enjoy
The stories that was in it
'Bout another soldier-boy.

I found in it some verses,
By a Mr. Rudyard K.,
Relating many anecdotes
Of a certain Thomas A.
This kind of took my fancy,
And I read it through and through,
And found he was first-cousin
To us Yankee "Boys in Blue."

With some external difference—
But what's the odds o' that?
He wears a pipe-clayed helmet,
And us a campaign hat;
His natty scarlet tunic
Fits like paper on a wall,
Whilst our own service blouses
Ain't got no fit at all.

In every kind of climate,
Like us, he chills or roasts,
Though he does his work in "garrisons"
And us in "frontier posts."
And while each year at Aldershot
His various corps will join,
You'll find us doing scouting
Round Fort Assiniboine.

These are but trifles after all,
The difference of the land;
And when it comes to fighting
We can take him by the hand.
And if they has us out agin,
I hope that I may say
We'll be touching elbows with you,
First-cousin Thomas A.

Here's looking at you, Tommy!
We hope some day to get
A chance to get acquainted
A little better yet.
At last all ancient jealousies
'Twixt you and us are gone.
You've had your Balaclava,
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KIPLING, HARTFORD AUTHORS, ETC.: A CONNECTICUT RIVER PILGRIMAGE

Kipling, Hartford Authors, etc.

a garden which is fenced by a wall of rough stones quarried from the soil and is still abloom with the bright flowers Kipling tended.

Within, the ample rooms are handsomely finished and retain their light and tasteful furniture, awaiting the return of the master; their windows command an enchanting prospect, extending along lovely pastoral slopes and across the deep valley, where the Connecticut flows beneath concealing foliage, to the heights which rise beyond,—at the right, the wooded sides and summit of Wantastiquet; in front, the green hills of Chesterfield (where Howells's wife was born) and the peak of far Monadnoc looming above them.

Kipling found this "an excellent place to work." His study—whence some of his books have been removed to England—is a pleasant apartment at the south end of the mansion, with that animating landscape in view from its windows, and here, denying himself to all comers, he worked carefully and methodically for some hours of each morning recording his inventions and fancies in a characteristically clear and diminutive chirography,—revising extensively and destroying so much that a friend says "his waste-basket sometimes contains more manuscript than his desk after a morning's labor."

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KIPLING, HARTFORD AUTHORS, ETC.: A CONNECTICUT RIVER PILGRIMAGE

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The January number of McClure's magazine has another of Rudyard Kipling's amusing stories of English school life, which boys—school boys and "old boys"—are reading with much enjoyment. The St. James Gazette of London, in the number last received, contains a glimpse of Kipling's school days, given by an old school fellow. The future novelist was not remarkable as a scholar, but was chiefly noticeable for a keen wit and ready flow of language. And the boys used to badger and torment him in the dormitory at night till he told them a yarn. He was known as "Gigs"—short for gig lamps—to which his schoolfellows likened the huge spectacles he wore. Gigs was often roused from his sleep to provide an "Arabian Night's" entertainment for his appreciative audience, and even then he could set them in a roar with his quaint conceits and amusing adventures. This was in 1879, when Kipling was thirteen years old. The school was at "Westward Ho," in North Devon, and the amusing trio, Stalky, McTurk and Bettle, of his recent stories of school boy life, describe two of his old schoolfellows and himself as they were in those days.

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THE DAY'S WORK.

In the Twilight of Poetry

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Mr. William Black, if he had not many personal friends, had many admiring readers among the "younger men," and these had the best of all representatives at his funeral in Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was accompanied by his wife. Mr. Kipling, as is well known, has lived a good deal at Rottingdean of late, having been drawn thither by his aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, who is now to reside there permanently, giving up, as many will grieve to learn, the old house in London, which is full of associations for her and, indeed, for all her friends. Mr. William Black, who, as we mentioned last week, was at one time an art student, and at another an art critic, most admired a school of painting far removed from the pre-Raphaelite or the mediæval. Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., whose praise had often been on Mr. Black's pen and tongue, was among the mourners; but the novelist takes his long repose now, in the graveyard at Rottingdean, at the feet of Burne-Jones.

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I beg you, my child, don't weep and wail,
And don't, don't take to tippling;
But cheer your soul with a little tale
By Neighbor Rudyard Kipling.

On dit, says the Boston Herald, that Thomas Bailey Aldrich was dining with Rudyard Kipling when the news of the signing of the peace treaty between Spain and the United States was announced. Aldrich read the dispatch aloud and added: "Ah, Kipling, what's that you used to say about the sun never setting on the British flag?"

f Authors.

says that Mr. Kipling generally credited with being the best paid author now working. For his navy articles in the Morning Post he was paid at the rate of £20 per 1,000 words. But Mr. H. J. W. Dam appears to have recently overtopped even Mr. Kipling's prices. For a short story article entitled "The Tax on Mustaches," and containing 4,500 words, Mr. Dam has just received from the Short Story Publishing Co. of Boston, the handsome payment of £312 10s., or 33 cents per word—probably the highest price ever paid for a short story judged solely on its merits. Mr. Dam is better known in London as a dramatist than as a writer of fiction. "The Tax on Mustaches," indeed, is only the fourth story he has ever written.

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a garden which is fenced by a wall of rough stones quarried from the soil and is still abloom with the bright flowers Kipling tended.

Within, the ample rooms are handsomely finished and retain their light and tasteful furniture, awaiting the return of the master; their windows command an enchanting prospect, extending along lovely pastoral slopes and across the deep valley, where the Connecticut flows beneath concealing foliage, to the heights which rise beyond,—at the right, the wooded sides and summit of Wantastiquet; in front, the green hills of Chesterfield (where Howells's wife was born) and the peak of far Monadnoc looming above them.

Kipling found this "an excellent place to work." His study—whence some of his books have been removed to England—is a pleasant apartment at the south end of the mansion, with that animating landscape in view from its windows, and here, denying himself to all comers, he worked carefully and methodically for some hours of each morning recording his inventions and fancies in a characteristically clear and diminutive chirography,—revising extensively and destroying so much that a friend says "his waste-basket sometimes contains more manuscript than his desk after a morning's labor."

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The later hours of the day were devoted to exercise—including a daily excursion to the post-office—and to recreations which show him to be thoroughly in love with life notwithstanding the inexorable fatalism of some of his tales. His aversion to horses disinclining him for driving, he at first walked much over the surrounding hills and through all the near countryside; later he preferred bicycling, and was often met in the rural roads and lanes mounted upon his wheel and not infrequently accompanied by his wife. In these afternoon excursions his short, sturdy, broad-shouldered figure was usually clad in a plain suit of gray, his round, swarth face was shaded by a broad-brimmed soft hat, his gray-blue eyes always looked through glasses worn to correct astigmatism: he rode rapidly and well, and had a ready salu-

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of its admonition the evidence and expression of a deep religious sense which they had before believed was inherent in his nature.

Kipling's affectionate regard for his home upon this sunny mountain-side is expressed in the name he bestowed upon it, "The Naulahka," meaning the very dear or precious,—literally, "costing nine *lákhs*." It is the first and only habitation which he ever erected for himself; here he dwelt for some years and wrought much of his marvellous work, here one of his children was born, and, whether he is to return to abide beneath this roof-tree, as has been hoped, or whether his presence here is to remain but a memory, the spot must ever be regarded with tender interest by reason of its associations with a transcendent genius and a wondrous literary artist.

Among steep hills a little farther north we come to the delightful and well-preserved homestead in which Eugene Field—the exquisite poet of childhood—once lived as a lad by the village green, the tree his young hands planted, the old church where for ninepence a week he reported the sermons for his grandmother, the hill-top cemetery where she—"the woman who most influenced him"—now sleeps in death;

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He seldom or never worshipped within a pew, yet he gave to religious teaching its proper respect and support, and those who here know him best were not surprised by the publication of the stately yet poetically passionate hymn of the "Recessional,"—the best and strongest utterance of all that the Victorian Jubilee evoked: these friends see in the devout spirit

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> It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery; nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale-fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea-pictures. You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you've opened the door to.

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MACMILLAN & CO.'S BOOKS
FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Rudyard Kipling's New Books.

MR. KIPLING AND THE NAVY.

A FLEET IN BEING.

Notes of Two Trips with the Channel Squadron.

Crown 8vo, sewed, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

THIRTY-NINTH THOUSAND.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE DAY'S WORK.

When things go wrong, as they sometimes do
In life's little kindergarten,
I beg you, my child, don't weep and wail,
And don't, don't take to tippling;
But cheer your soul with a little tale
By Neighbor Rudyard Kipling.

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KIPLING, HARTFORD AUTHORS, ETC.: A CONNECTICUT RIVER PILGRIMAGE

The January number of
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Kipling, Hartford Authors, etc.

of its admonition the evidence and expression of a deep religious sense which they had before believed was inherent in his nature.

Kipling's affectionate regard for his home upon this sunny mountain-side is expressed in the name he bestowed upon it, "The Naulahka," meaning the very dear or precious,—literally, "costing nine *lákhs*." It is the first and only habitation which he ever erected for himself; here he dwelt for some years and wrought much of his marvellous work, here one of his children was born, and, whether he is to return to abide beneath this roof-tree, as has been hoped, or whether his presence here is to remain but a memory, the spot must ever be regarded with tender interest by reason of its associations with a transcendent genius and a wondrous literary artist.

Among steep hills a little farther north we come to the delightful and well-preserved homestead in which Eugene Field—the exquisite poet of childhood—once lived as a lad by the village green, the tree his young hands planted, the old church where for ninepence a week he reported the sermons for his grandmother, the hill-top cemetery where she—"the woman who most influenced him"—now sleeps in death;

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In the Twilight of Poetry

THE taste for poetry is becoming a lost accomplishment. A generation or two ago a familiarity with the poets was so general as to have an appreciable effect on the thought and diction of the age, and even on what Mr. Turveydrop would call the deportment. I do not mean to say that no one reads poetry nowadays, and with still less propriety could I imply that no one writes it; but the general tendency is away from poetry, rather than toward it.

It is the age of fiction. The revival of interest in the romance, especially in the historical romance, has called out a school of writers who have returned to the traditions of Dumas and Sir Walter Scott, and, although the romantic novel seems to be produced almost spontaneously, the demand is never quite filled. The young authors who are devoting their talents to writing of this kind are conspicuously successful. Almost without exception, they have evolved a delightful style, and they tell their stories with an ease and dash that are captivating. Some of these romances, dealing as they do with the most picturesque episodes of history, are veritable prose poems.

Now and then a volume of poems does appear that compels attention. It may be widely read and quoted, but it is a sporadic manifestation, and only serves to emphasize the fact that there are exceptions to the general rule. Kipling's The Seven Seas struck an entirely new note, and made its own place in literature, but it is doubtful whether any others than those who were already possessed of a fondness for poetry, for its own sake, could be counted among its readers.

Since the passing of the elder generation of American poets, whom have we to take their places? There was a time in England when Tennyson, Swinburne, Landor, the Brownings, Rosetti, were all writing at once; now, but a solitary note is heard, here and there.

Sat. Eve. Post 12/31 : 1898

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——— Dec 98

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Academy. 17 December, 1898.

A little crowd of Boswells is already on the heels of Mr. Kipling. The latest of them, Mr. Michael Gifford White, contributes to the *St. James's Gazette* some reminiscences of Mr. Kipling as a schoolboy. We do not know how Mr. Kipling feels about these writings. Personally we regret them, but we read them. It seems that Mr. Kipling's nickname at the United Service College was "Gigs." "Gigs" was nightly called upon for a yarn by his fellows in the dormitory, and in response to requests, boots, and hard pieces of soap, "Gigs" would oblige. The result was joy and laughter until the shoes of the house master were heard creaking on the stairs.

Julia Marlowe received a Christmas gift from Rudyard Kipling, in the form of a copy of his latest book. Miss Marlowe used to pass her summers at Four Winds Farm, an idyllic spot up in New Hampshire, where she was neighbor to Mr. Kipling on his Yankee estate. The book is "The Day's Work," and on the fly leaf, in the author's handwriting, are these lines:

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

It is evident that Rudyard Kipling intends to return to this country some time in the future. Since he went abroad he has received at least ten offers for his place at Brattleboro, Vt., but has refused all of them, saying that he has no intention to sell.

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Literary Gossip.

A THIN octavo, poorly printed and bound, but bearing upon its title-page the magic name of Kipling, was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's the other day for the sum of 26*l.* Its title was 'The Smith Administration,' and it is one of the trio of volumes that can never be included in the collected edition of Mr. Kipling's works unless the proprietors of the *Pioneer* should reverse the decision they came to some years ago after a dispute with the author. These books—'The Smith Administration,' 'Letters of Marque,' and 'The City of Dreadful Night'—contain the contributions of Mr. Kipling to the *Pioneer* and to the *Civil and Military Gazette* at a time when he was paid a regular salary; and it is held by high authority on copyright law that in these circumstances an author has no more interest in his copyright than a carpenter has in the ultimate disposal of a table or chair which he has made for a weekly wage. Of 'The Smith Administration' only three copies were preserved at the time when the entire edition was "wasted." Two of these are in London, in the hands of the proprietors of the *Pioneer*, but the third copy, which was supposed to be in the office at Allahabad, is reported by cable to be missing, and a question of a serious nature is being raised by a firm of solicitors in respect of the copy disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby.

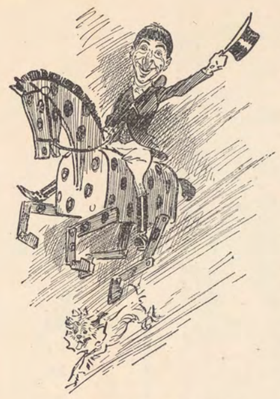
The Athenæum. Dec. 31, 1898

Kipling to Try America Again.

The news that Rudyard Kipling, with his wife and children, will sail for the United States late in the month, is surprising, in view of the extremely unfavorable and even hostile comments upon Americans and American institutions and manners which have been coming from him since he left this country. In midwinter he could hardly turn his face toward America for any possible pleasure of travel, and his purpose must be to remain here, at least for several months, if not indefinitely. No permanent resting place can be thought of in connection with a Kipling until old age shall moderate his love of adventure, change, and world-study.

It is possible that the young genius is merely yielding to the wishes of his American wife in planning his visit to this country, but he may be of the opinion that the United State affords as lively and stirring a study in government and national activity as he can find anywhere in the world, and that would be quite enough to account for his decision to make a winter voyage across the Atlantic. The events since the beginning of the war with Spain have been enough to interest any one of Kipling's make-up in American affairs, as he never could have been since reconstruction days.

Whatever the cause of the coming of the Kiplings, they will be welcome, despite the harsh criticisms of things American by the head of the family. This country admires genius and power of the Kipling kind too much to let a little sense of injustice stand in the way of the cordial appreciation which begets pride in whatever claim may be made of a proprietary interest in the most noted writer of the times.



PHIL MAY, AS SEEN BY HIMSELF

Mr. Kipling has twice allowed himself to be interviewed, once without its being published that he was the person interviewed; again, with a thorough understanding that what he said was for print. Dr. Kellner, a German writer who is at work upon "A History of English Literature in the Victorian Age," gives his impressions of Mr. Kipling in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*. He describes him as a man "of the happiest fortune"; adding, "To-day I have seen happiness." Mr. Kipling's workroom he found "simple and earnest like a Puritan chapel," as the workroom of real workers is apt to be. When they came to the subject of Dr. Kellner's book, Mr. Kipling said:

"If I had your book to write, I would attempt in a final chapter to discover the path which may lead from the present chaotic condition of our literature into that of the twentieth century. I would call the chapter 'Between Two Epochs.' I feel that we are between ebb and flood. It is now just what sailors call 'slack tide'; we are waiting for the great personality which will unite all the minor tendencies of the time, and collect all the partial and petty forces into one power that will give a new and adequate expression to the new time."

Is it possible that Mr. Kipling does not know that the man has come and that it is he!

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letters on the British navy, which have been published here in numerous newspapers, will be brought out in book form by the Macmillan Co. under the title of "A Fleet in Being." Speaking of Mr. Kipling,—and it is almost impossible not to be speaking of Mr. Kipling,—I read somewhere the other day an account of the manner in which he informs himself of a subject that he is about to write upon. For instance, this writer or speaker said: "Take his railroad story, the one called 'No. 007'; to get the information necessary to write that story, he had gone among railroad men and studied engines as a general studies the tactics of war." I have heard from one who got it direct from Mr. Kipling, that all he knew about engines and their ways was what he learned from a book on the railroad, published by Messrs. Scribner, which he purchased for a few dollars and studied diligently. It is not necessary for Mr. Kipling to serve an apprenticeship at a trade to master its technicalities.

"THEN you're going home to tell the public all about us in 'Plain Tales from the Veldt'"? said a journalist of Buluwayo to Mr. Kipling. "No, no, nothing of the kind, so don't you run away with the idea! Mine is only a flying visit. I'm not up here for work, and am fairly at sea in these parts. Besides, the town will have grown out of all knowledge in another twelve months." "So on the whole you've been favorably impressed, Mr. Kipling?" "Impressed! I have never been so impressed with any community in the whole world."

Of the Bandar-Log and their ways all readers of the *Jungle Book* are aware. There is also, it seems, a Kipling-log, and the Kipling-Log are wroth with their admired author for his persistent and increasing love of technicalities. Hence this pathetic cry:

PROTEST OF THE KIPLING-LOG AGAINST THE HARDNESS OF THEIR DAY'S WORK.

Here we sit in a thoughtful row,
Conning the wonderful things you know—
Grades and switches and loco-brakes,
Upper-deck stringers and garboard-strakes,
Roaring scuppers, full furnace-draught;
Thrustblock, cylinder, flawed tailshaft.
We have struggled, in very deed,
Master, thy tale is hard to read.

All your talk we have ever heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird,
Hide or fin, or scale or feather,
Jabbered at high speed and all together—
Give us that over and over again,
But don't make machinery talk like men.
Yea, by our aching heads we plead,
Master, these tales are hard to read.

Then hear our fervent prayer, and as you're strong forswear
These arid technicalities your stylo slings,
Drop over in your wake hotbox and garboard strake—
Be sure, as we are sure, you're fit for better things.

R. K. RISK.

THE omission of Mr. Kipling's lines entitled "Bobs" from the new collected edition of his works is deplored by many bookbuyers. The result is that the number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* which contained the poem beginning—

There's a little red-faced man, which is Bobs,
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—*Our* Bobs—

is being eagerly sought after, and copies now command double the published price.

KIPLING collectors are multiplying apace, and a City firm of booksellers are sufficiently alive to this fact to turn it to profit. Thus the thirteenth number of the Horsmonden *School Budget*, which contained Mr. Kipling's maxim for school-boys, has been bought up by this firm, who are obtaining a good price for the copies.

BY the way, we were in error last week in attributing the drawing reproduced from *The Cantab* to Mr. Kipling's pencil. It was the work of an undergraduate.

OF Mr. Kipling's *Morning Post* articles entitled "A Fleet in Being" we have already spoken. To a reprint of them in book form, which Messrs. Macmillan have issued, Mr. Kipling has added a few notes. One, called "The Beauty of Battleships," we reproduce:

> Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both. A modern man-of-war photographed in severe profile is not engaging; but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell. The ram-bow draws upward and outward in a stately sweep. There is no ruck of figure-head, bow-timbers or bowsprit-fittings to distract the eye from its outline or the beautiful curves that mark its melting into the full bosom of the ship. It hangs dripping an instant, then, quietly and cleanly as a tempered knife, slices into the hollow of the swell, down and down till the surprised sea spits off in foam about the hawse-holes. As the ship rolls in her descent you can watch curve after new curve revealed, humouring and coaxing the water. When she recovers her step, the long sucking hollow of her own wave discloses just enough of her shape to make you wish to see more. In harbour, the still waterline, hard as the collar of a tailor-made jacket, hides that vision; but when she dances the Big Sea Dance, she is as different from her Portsmouth shilling photograph as is a matron in a macintosh from the same lady at a ball. 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. Her sides are smooth as a water-worn pebble, curved and moulded as the sea loves to have them. Where the box-sponsioned, overhanging, treble-turreted ships of some other navies hammer and batter into an element they do not understand, she, clean, cool, and sweet, uses it to her own advantage. The New Navy offers to the sea precisely as much to take hold of as the trim level-headed woman with generations of inherited experience offers to society.

The little book is a most excellent one, and the new notes should make its possession necessary also to all those who may have read the articles as they appeared.

Bulky and Irregular Volumes.

SIR,—I resented a "cut" Kipling, but it is not of that I wish to write. My grievance is twofold. First, that books of the "novel" class are being issued in too large a size; and, secondly, that books by the same author are not kept uniform. Why must we have a comparatively short story like *Tatterley* made into a volume 8 by 5¼ and 1¼ thick, when *The Sowers* can be easily got into a volume a quarter of an inch less each way? The mere bulk deters one from buying to keep. Again, why should the *Prisoner of Zenda* be crown octavo and the sequel, *Rupert of Hentzau*, considerably larger? I must either, if I wish to keep them, have odd-sized volumes, or I must sacrifice the first edition of the *Prisoner* and buy the new edition. Again, the *Time Machine* is foolscap octavo, but subsequent volumes by the same author crown octavo. After all, the great bulk of buyers of books have not unlimited space at their command, and an irregular set of volumes is not very pretty.—I am, &c.,

T. J. WEAVER.

Northcott, Christchurch-road, Crouch End:
Oct. 24, 1898.

A Bookseller.

"Do your customers like their books cut?"

"No, not as a rule. I do a large business with the 'book-loving' class; and my customers resent cut pages."

"Even in novels?"

"Well—in some novels. Here is a case in point. Mr. Kipling's *Day's Work* is the first of his books to be issued with cut pages and a gilt top. What is the result? My customers complain."

"Complain?"

"Complain. Only yesterday a man brought back his copy. 'Mr. ——,' he said, in a tone of injury, 'you have sent me a horrible cut copy of Kipling's book: I prefer to cut my own books.' Another man has written to the same effect. Of course, I don't deny that the average novel-reader who wants the average novel in a hurry likes cut pages. Kipling is regarded as a classic. He should not be cut."

"And books of poetry, *belles-lettres*, &c.?"

"Oh, they should never be cut."

"It has been said that if books were issued with cut pages people would handle them and dip into them, and spend half-hours reading them without buying. Would you urge that as one of your arguments against issuing books with cut pages?"

"No. That does not weigh with me, for it is my fixed principle to confer on everyone the freedom of my shop. I like men to drop in here in their luncheon hour, browse round the shelves, warm themselves at the stove, and go out without buying."

"Well, to sum up?"

"To sum up, I should say: let publishers issue novels with cut pages, but let them leave *belles-lettres* to be cut by the book-lover."

LORD DUFFERIN has many stories to tell of his famous contemporaries, and they include at least one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom he knew, and whose father he knew, in India. Later, Lord Dufferin was in Venice, and he was there accosted by a man whose face and name he did not at first recall. "Let me think who it is," he said, half in query. The reply came: "I am Lockwood Kipling's son."

Is it by accident or design that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *The Day's Work* (twenty-fifth thousand!) and Lord Robert's *Forty-one Years in India* are advertised next to each other, with particular boldness, in Messrs. Macmillan's newspaper lists? The neighbourhood is particularly happy and suggestive; and if it reminds us that "Bobs" does not advertise, it proves also that his publishers most skilfully and excellently do.

TALKING of Mr. Kipling, I am reminded that a Folkestone innkeeper the other day refused to serve two quarter-master sergeants from the School of Musketry because they wore the Queen's uniform. Hythe and Shorncliffe are indignant, and General Sir William Butler, commanding the district, has put the inn in question "out of bounds" for all the troops. This is as it should be; but perhaps the general, who can turn a neat rhyme himself on occasion, might order a copy of the Tommy Atkins verses to be sent to every publican round about. It could hardly fail of its effect; and the modern onlooker might again be able to say that if you gave him the barrack-room ballads of a country anybody could have a present of the—now somewhat defective—laws.

How He Wrote It.

Mr. Kipling thus describes how he came to write "The Recessional:"

"That poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised the Times a poem on the jubilee, and when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The Times began to want that poem badly and sent letter after letter asking for it. I made many more attempts, but no further progress.

"Finally the Times began sending telegrams. So I shut myself in my room with the determination to stay there until I had written a jubilee poem. Sitting down, with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked. That was 'Lest we forget.' Round these words 'The Recessional' was written."—Boston Globe.

Kipling the Journalist.

KIPLING'S early days as a newspaper man in India laid the foundation of his brilliant successes since then. But that his genius is largely the power of hard work (as usual) we can judge from this description of him, given by one of the editors of The Civil and Military Gazette, with whose staff Kipling was connected:

As a journalist, he was the man whom all editors seek and few find. He was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was "above him," and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing editorial "notes" to putting side heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police-court case, he was as willing as he was gifted.

To every grade of work he brought a brilliance of happy thought which placed his topic in its brightest light, a dead-sure aim with words which made his head-lines fit his matter with that complete aptness which satisfies the editorial heart; a command of abrupt turns of expression which supplied humorous side headings to small paragraphs in such taking ways that the reader could not help but read; but, more than all, he exhibited a conscientious industry and an inexhaustible pluck in

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A JOKE ON KIPLING.

Why He Threatened a Hotelkeeper's Life.

There is one hotel in Rottingdean, the White Horse by name, and it is kept by an old fellow named Welfare. Rudyard Kipling frequently passed his evenings with Welfare, and together they smoked and hammered politics. Now, Welfare was a strong radical, and Mr. Kipling, as is well known, is an advanced imperialist. One can imagine, therefore, that these were spirited meetings. In a while Mr. Welfare fell ill. Mr. Kipling called just as usual, and he would sit by the bedside and talk. As before, they bolted politics and talked crosswise and flung their lances. Now, it was the practice of the doctor to call quite late and take his patient's temperature, and he always wondered to find him, in what should have been the quietest hour of the day, heated and perturbed. This went on for several days—the doctor wondering, Mr. Kipling arguing, and Mr. Welfare igniting—until the maids let out the secret of the nightly discussion. Then the surgeon came to the writer's house.

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"Why not?" said Kipling.

"Because," said the doctor, "you are killing the landlord. On Monday when you had gone his temperature increased seven degrees, Tuesday it increased eight, and last night when I called it had gone up nine. At this rate you'll burn the house down."—Philadelphia Call.

A KIPLING NOTE BOOK

RK

M. F. MANSFIELD & A. WESSELS

PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

Allahabad.—New York Herald.

KIPLING'S CORN.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Here is a new story of Kipling. One evening a young lady sang one of his "Barrack-Room Ballads," and in the heat of her emotion she stepped away from the piano and alighted on his foot. She blushed and stammered an apology.

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On the other side we may adduce another pair of names—those of Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr Merriman. To apply the same test, men will read their books once, women will recur to them repeatedly, and each time with unfeigned delight. Effeminate they are not, in any reproachful sense of that word, only—only they do not stir in most men that glow of enthusiasm with which women regard them. One might bring forward other examples, but perhaps the point need not be laboured farther. Men's writers there are, and women's writers there are, and so they will remain to the end of the chapter.

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"No, not as a rule. I do a large business with the 'book-loving' class; and my customers resent cut pages."

"Even in novels?"

"Well—in some novels. Here is a case in point. Mr. Kipling's *Day's Work* is the first of his books to be issued with cut pages and a gilt top. What is the result? My customers complain."

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"Finally the Times began sending telegrams. So I shut myself in my room with the determination to stay there until I had written a jubilee poem. Sitting down, with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked. That was 'Lest we forget.' Round these words 'The Recessional' was written."—Boston Globe.

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As a journalist, he was the man whom all editors seek and few find. He was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was "above him," and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing editorial "notes" to putting side heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police-court case, he was as willing as he was gifted.

To every grade of work he brought a brilliance of happy thought which placed his topic in its brightest light, a dead-sure aim with words which made his head-lines fit his matter with that complete aptness which satisfies the editorial heart; a command of abrupt turns of expression which supplied humorous side headings to small paragraphs in such taking ways that the reader could not help but read; but, more than all, he exhibited a conscientious industry and an inexhaustible pluck in

THE "Kipling Note Book" will be issued in 12 monthly parts, commencing February, 1899. The price is 15 cents per part. Subscription for the complete series in advance, $1.50.

Sample copy of No. 1, with extra Japan paper proof of portrait of Rudyard Kipling, postpaid upon receipt of 15 cents.

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Apologia

LOVERS of Mr. Kipling's work should in the present series find much of interest relative to this foremost figure now in the literary field.

Mr. Kipling is a remarkable man and thereby it is allowable that references to his work should be treated if possible in a unique manner.

This "Note Book" then is produced as an attempt to glorify the genius of this now popular author, who scarcely more than a decade ago was hailed as "a new star in the literary firmament rising up out of the east."

The collection may in a measure be said to be eclectic inasmuch as it has been collated from various sources and while the editor has sought to eliminate the purely fictitious and exaggerated newspaper paragraphs which have gone the rounds, there will still be found herein many apt and pertinent anecdotes and facts bearing upon Mr. Kipling's notably strong and unique personality as evinced by the character and popularity of his work.

These fugitive paragraphs would in many instances possibly be lost entirely were they not embodied in the present series of "Notes" and it is to be hoped that the enthusiasts and collectors of Kiplingiana will derive as much gratification from the perusal of the same, as has the editor in the compiling of it.

ED.

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Other volumes by Rudyard Kipling, illustrated by Blanche McManus, are

The Recessional, Long 8vo, Paper,	$0.25
" " 24mo, Cloth	.75
" " Japan Paper Edition	1.25 nett
The Vampire, Cloth	.75
" " Japan	1.25 nett
Mandalay, Small 4to, Grass Cloth	1.00
The Betrothed, Small 4to, Antique	1.00
Departmental Ditties, 16mo,	1.00
Ballads and Ditties, 12mo,	1.50

Order of your bookseller, or the publishers,

M. F. MANSFIELD & A. WESSELS
22 East Sixteenth Street
New York.

He, She, and the Library List.

"In a common liking for books," says a modern essayist, "may be found the sure basis of happiness in married life"—a dogma to which we can give no more than a partial assent. "A common liking for books"—that, indeed, is desirable. It were an ill-made match which yoked a book-lover with a bride who regarded books as no more than pieces of furniture. But if by his phrase our essayist postulates a liking for the *same* books, we beg leave to differ from him. The fact is one, it may seem, not widely understood, but none the less a fact it is, that the tastes of the sexes differ in this matter as in others: that there are men's books and women's books, and that the writer who most delights his women readers must be content with a lower place in the estimation of the men.

The difference comes out most plainly in the case of fiction. Certain novels, no doubt, in the language of the ... uld have ...orship of ...nce. The ...d pounds ...ant, Miss ...uriate into ...is for ever ...o bearing ...f the plot. ...bel is an ...y, her love ... grotesque ...s would do ... laughter; ...ntion they ... obviously ...ed till the ... power of ...he has a ...makes her ... of them-

A Rare Kipling.

A thin octavo, poorly printed and bound, but bearing upon its title page the magic name of Rudyard Kipling, was sold the other day in a London auction room for the sum of £26. Its title was "The Smith Administration," and it was written for the London Pioneer at a time when Mr. Kipling was a salaried attache of that paper. Hence it can never be included in the collected edition of Kipling's works unless the proprietors of the Pioneer should reverse a decision they came to some years ago after a dispute with the author. In the present state of the copyright law an author who performs literary work on salary has no more interest in his copyright than a carpenter has in the ultimate disposal of a table or chair which he has made for weekly wage. Of "The Smith Administration" only three copies were preserved at the time when the entire edition was "wasted." Two of these are in London in the hands of the proprietors of the Pioneer, but the third copy, which was supposed to be in the office at Allahabad, is reported by cable to be missing. A question is being raised by a firm of solicitors employed by the Pioneer as to whether the copy recently sold had not been stolen from Allahabad.—New York Herald.

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We reproduce elsewhere a picture illustrating Mr. Kipling's good fellowship with midshipmen. Not long ago he had some pleasant passages with the conductors of a schoolboys' magazine. And now comes evidence of the admiration felt for him at Cambridge. The editor of the *Cantab* dared to write for a literary contribution from the Great Young Man's pen. Mr. Kipling replied quickly, displaying at one swoop his power both as "lightning" poet and artist:

> There once was a writer who wrote:
> "Dear Sir, in reply to your note
> Of yesterday's date,
> I am sorry to state
> It's no good—at the prices you quote."

At the head of the letter was this picture:

"Gold Cannot Buy Me."
(Drawn by Mr. Kipling)

The editor was not to be deterred. He wrote again, thanking Mr. Kipling for his reply, and adding: "But since you refer to our payments as unsatisfactory, I have consulted with my colleagues, and they join with me in desiring to know on what terms you would write us a brief article. So long as we have any garments left in our wardrobes, and an obliging avuncular relative, we are prepared to make any sacrifices to obtain some of your spirited lines." To this Mr. Kipling answered as follows, illustrating the letter with a picture from his own hand of an undergraduate dressed (like Mark Twain after his ginger-beer bout) only in an umbrella: "Dear Sir,—Heaven forbid that the staff of the *Cantab* should go about pawning their raiment in a public-spirited attempt to secure a contribution from my pen! The fact is, that I can't do things to order with any satisfaction to myself or the buyer. Otherwise I would have sent you something."

Mr. Kipling may have thought that then all was well, and he was entitled to a little peace. But no. The editor of the *Cantab* wrote again, asking for a photograph. The reply came quickly. Mr. Kipling said: "As to photos of myself, I have not one by me at present, but when I find one I will send it; but *not* for publication, because my beauty is such that it fades like a flower if you expose it." A day or two later the photograph came. And now, in mistaken gratitude, the editor of the *Cantab* reproduces Mr. Max Beerbohm's cruel caricature of his benefactor!

The following story, which is making a tour of the American papers, should amuse Mr. Kipling. It first sprang fully armed into the columns of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and is told there as "coming from the lips of an American traveller who spent some time in the company of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in London lately." The American traveller said:

> One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and, while strolling about, our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard—a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound proceeding from the elephant house.
>
> "What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.
>
> "A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him," was the answer.
>
> Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed, and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly-drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was up to the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone, and in words unintelligible to me at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lowered tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when "enjoying poor health," like to confide their symptoms to sympathising listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation, with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.
>
> "Doesn't that beat everything you ever saw?" ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-bye to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.
>
> "What language were you talking to that elephant?' I asked when I overtook my friend.
>
> "Language? What do you mean?" he answered, with a laugh.
>
> "Are you a Mowgli?" I persisted; "and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?" But he only smiled in reply.

Mr. Kipling and the Navy.

Mr. Kipling, as everyone knows, has recently been cruising with the Channel Squadron. On the last evening of their stay in Bantry Bay an entertainment was given on board the flagship *Maj-stic*, at which he was present. Complying with a request to read one of his poems, Mr. Kipling chose "Soldier and Sailor Too." Another and yet another piece was called for, and he then gave "The Flag of England." When, at the conclusion, he was about to step from the platform, he suddenly found himself hoisted high upon the shoulders of eight or nine young subalterns

On Board H.M.S. "Majestic." (Mr. Kipling being Chaired by the Subalterns after Reciting "Soldier and Sailor Too.")

—the signal for the massed bands of the Fleet to break out with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," which was taken up by the voices of a couple of hundred or more officers. To this accompaniment Mr. Kipling was carried at a canter round the quarterdeck.

Our picture, representing this scene, is reproduced from the *Graphic*.

Mr. G. Stewart Bowles, the author of *A Gun-Room Ditty-Box*, reviewed in another column, sends us the following verses suggested by the incident on the *Majestic*:

The Navy to Mr Kipling.

He came to see us. (*Lord! but why?*
There surely wasn't much to show.)
The signals fluttered broad and high,
And mighty drinks were mixed below.

He came to see us. (*What were we?*)
We pointed out the Things we Knew,
And told fierce stories of the Sea,
Explaining how Promotion grew.

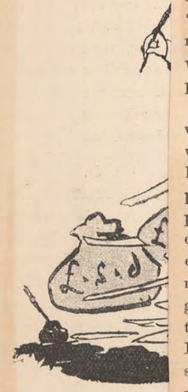
He came to see us. (*That is old!*)
Ten thousand more have done the same,
And, drunk with Power they couldn't hold,
Have gone as empty as they came.

He came to see us. (*That was new!*)
He saw the Meaning through the Task;
Instinctive took the Larger View,
And found the Brain behind the Mask!

We reproduce elsew
Kipling's good fellows
ago he had some pleasa
a schoolboys' magazine.
admiration felt for him
Cantab dared to write fo
Great Young Man's p
displaying at one swoo
poet and artist:

There once was
"Dear Sir, in
Of yesterd
I am sorry
It's no good—

At the head of the letter



"Gold
(Dra

The editor was not t
thanking Mr. Kipling
since you refer to our p
consulted with my coll
desiring to know on wha
article. So long as we h
robes, and an obliging a
to make any sacrifices to
To this Mr. Kipling ans
letter with a picture fr
graduate dressed (like M
bout) only in an umbre
that the staff of the *Cant*
raiment in a public-spiri
tion from my pen! The
order with any satisfactio
wise I would have sent y

The Contributors' Playground.

A Neighbourly Suggestion.

"They should send for the English—they should send for the English," my friend repeated, looking up from his newspaper. And when I asked him what he was talking about, he answered, "What is the whole of Christendom talking about? Believe me, there's only one way out of it, there's only one way out of the *impasse*. They should send for *us*." Then he rose, and marched backwards and forwards through the room, while he developed his somewhat surprising thesis.

"My dear fellow," he said, "they're a race of artists, they're a literary race, they have the literary temperament, they can handle the pen *comme pas un*. And when I see how just at present all their attention and all their energies are absorbed, distracted, by this unspeakable 'Affaire,' I feel exactly as I should feel if someone told me that housekeeping worries, troubles with servants, were absorbing and distracting the mind of (that disputable biped) the greatest living author.

"Have you ever heard of a readable literary man who was a good housekeeper? Housekeeping is to the individual what managing a government is to a nation. Literary men are notoriously unpractical. It is their privilege to be so. Why shouldn't it be equally the privilege of a literary nation? With what reason can you demand of a literary nation that it should make a success of the petty material business of managing its government? France, at any rate, has ever shown herself of governmental muddlers the muddlingest. She muddled things finely enough, in all conscience, under her Old Régime—though then, indeed, there was a certain splendour in her disorder. But with the Revolution the splendour vanished; and ever since, through Directory, Empire, Restoration, July Monarchy, Second Empire, Third Republic, her political arrangements have been getting more and more sordidly embroiled. It has been an unbroken triumphal progress of ineptitude and turpitude—till now . . .! Well, now they have the Dreyfus Confusion, with the menace of something like a Second Terror, and the actual presence of the Impasse.

"It is a thousand pities," my friend continued, "from every point of view; but from the point of view of people who care for literature it is downright heartrending. For France is the literary nation *par excellence*. Frenchmen don't know how to govern, but they do know how to write. And think, think, if you please, of the literature which has been lost to the world, the precious verse, the high melodious prose, by the time and talent which they have squandered in their obstinate attempts to govern—to fly without wings, to walk without feet, to govern without the smallest capacity for governing. Think, if half that time, half that talent, had been concentrated upon their manuscripts, think of the long roll of Villons and Verlaines, of Molières, of Pierre Lotis, of Flauberts and Maupassants, we should have had, instead of a niggardly one of each. But no. Born to write, my lady France has wasted herself in the vulgar drudgery of trying to keep house. It isn't *in* her. It is a task for which the very delicacy of her endowments renders her supremely unfit.

"Well . . .?" asked my friend, pausing for the fraction of a second. "What is the obvious solution? The literary man who is wise employs some trusty capable body to do his housekeeping for him. Then he writes. France should employ some trusty capable body to do her governing for her. Then she should write. And we, the trusty capable English, who have long since approved ourselves the skilfullest governors of two hemispheres, we are separated from her shores by the merest contemptible ribbon of salt water. We govern our own household to admiration; and where we have 'gone out to service' with strangers, we have never failed to do our work in masterly style. Look at India. Look at Egypt.

"How is it that it has never occurred to the French to send for us? Anyhow, the moment has now arrived for them to do so. It is the only way out of their *impasse*. Let them send for us. Let them cease this futile straining to run their governmental machinery for themselves, and consecrate their genius to the noble art for which heaven intended it. Let them write, let them look into their hearts and write. We will do the rest. Let them consider India and Egypt, and send for us. Let France employ England as her *femme-de-charge*. With an English Governor-General at the Elysée, with English heads at her ministries, with English judges on her bench, and (above all) with English soldiers at her Etat-major, her bothers will be definitely ended. Her housekeeping will move upon oiled wheels. And she, the Sappho among nations, will be free to bestow her undivided mind upon the production of copy."

Again my friend paused, this time for a longer interval, standing with his back to the empty fireplace, and gazing pensively at the opposite wall. "Ah me!" he sighed at last. "I'm afraid it's but a beautiful dream. The idea is quite perfect, but I'm afraid it would not smile upon the French."

I repeat my friend's suggestion *à titre de curiosité*. It really seems to me that there is a good deal in it. But, like him, I fear it would not smile upon the French. What is the kink, the perversity, in their intelligence, which would prevent their seeing and accepting it?

Henry Harland.

A Rigmarole.

I forget now exactly how it came about; I only remember the story they told. One of them suggested a "rigmarole," and the others agreed. As Mr. Gissing had been the most silent, they made him begin; then Mr. Anthony Hope was to spin the story on until Mrs.

Kipling a Reporter.

Mr. Kipling was mistaken when he told a reporter in England the other day that he had never given an interview to any newspaper. He overlooked the fact that once in San Francisco—he was an experimental reporter at the time—he gave a newspaper an interview with a bankrupt in which he pleasantly described the commercially unfortunate gentleman as an oleaginous rascal, fit to adorn a cell. The interview was never published, for the reason that the city editor took the ground that that was hardly the way to write up a failure in business. This, according to our best information, was the end of Mr. Kipling's experience as a reporter, although we hesitate to say that the lack of editorial appreciation had any effect on the formation of Mr. Kipling's opinion of American journalism. From a purely commercial standpoint we can hardly blame Mr. Kipling for refusing to give his best thoughts to inquisitive reporters when his least important utterances command the highest prices from eager periodicals. Because Mr. Kipling will not give an interview to a newspaper it does not follow that he would not sell one for sufficient consideration, and it has been a matter of surprise to us that the press, which is clamorous for such information as he may be able to dispense, has not treated with him on a satisfactory pecuniary basis. Perhaps this would serve to restore the entente cordiale between American journalism and Mr. Kipling, which has been sadly fractured by episodes of a more or less distressing nature.—Chicago Post.

KIPLING'S NEW POEM.

Rudyard Kipling has written a new poem under the title of "The White Man's Burden." It appears in the February number of McClure's magazine and is doubtless inspired by the colonial policy of the United States.

The poem is one of dignity and simplicity and has that wonderful swing which is so characteristic of Kipling's works. It reveals the fact that Mr. Kipling is an imperialist. Following is an extract:

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captive's need;

To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of famine,
And bid the sickness cease;

The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

BOOKS AND READING.

A Kipling rarity fetched $130 at auction in London the other day. This was 'The Smith Administration,' a thin and badly printed octavo. It is one of the survivals of Kipling's journalistic period in India, containing some of his newspaper contributions to the *Pioneer* and *Civil and Military Gazette*. But three copies of the small original edition are known to exist.

Rudyard Kipling Coming to America

Liverpool, January 23.—Among the passengers who will sail for New York on Wednesday next on board the White Star line steamer Majestic are Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling Has Arrived.

New York, February 2.—Rudyard Kipling arrived here to-day on board the steamer Majestic from Liverpool.

KIPLING ON AMERICAN SOIL.

THE AUTHOR AND POET WITH HIS FAMILY ARRIVES AT NEW YORK.

Will Seek Material in Mexico for New Stories and Sketches.

New York, February 2.—Rudyard Kipling arrived here to-day on board the steamer Majestic from Liverpool. With Mr. Kipling were his wife and three children. They were met at the pier by Mr. Ballestier, Mrs. Kipling's father.

Mr. Kipling will remain here for a while, but will go presently to his favorite American city, Washington, and afterwards to the City of Mexico, which he has never seen and where he intends to remain some little time to study the people and the existing conditions of the country. He will endeavor to collect data and material for a number of stories and sketches, using the Mexican and Aztec as the principal characters.

Kiplingesque.

The keen eyed street urchin espied the great writer as he landed from the boat.

Stepping forward briskly he touched his hat and pointing to the heavy valise in Rudyard's hand smilingly remarked:

"Let me assume the white man's burden."

The great Kipling looked down on the blue eyes of the eager urchin.

"My boy," he said in even tones, "a burden the hand is worth two in the bush!"

And the boy passed on.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who rises to all national occasions with the alacrity of a poet-laureate, has not covered himself with glory in the poem on "Kitchener's School," published in *Literature*. According to an explanatory note, it is supposed to be the "translation of a song that was made by a Mohammedan schoolmaster" when he heard that the Sirdar was raising money to educate the Soudanese. He says of the English:

"They do not consider the Meaning of Things; they consult not creed or clan;
Behold they clap the slave on the back and behold he becometh a man!
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school."

Even if one understands this stanza, he can hardly call it poetry. I am a great admirer of Mr. Kipling, but I cannot think that he is up to his own standard this time.

By the way, I believe that Mr. Kipling, who is now about half-way across the ocean on his way to this country, will spend the rest of the winter here. He will divide his time between New York, Washington, and the City of Mexico.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING and his wife sailed from Liverpool on January 25, on the *Majestic*, for this port. They are coming not to lecture, nor to talk to reporters, but apparently for fun, which, rumor says, they will look for in Washington. It is impossible that Mr. Kipling should not be an object of interest in this country wherever he goes, and impossible that the newspapers should not pay attention to him and try to learn his views on various subjects. As he is known to be the bard of British imperialism, there will be a special desire to know how American expansion strikes him. He is a bold man to come back here at a time when his political views are likely to be so much in request. Let us hope he will bear with philosophy and good-humor the inconveniences which attend distinction, and that he may have fun enough to tempt him to overstay that meagre two months to which his visit threatens to be limited.

KIPLING'S ENGLISH HOME.

Mr. Kipling's home in Rottingdean, England, is four miles to the eastward of Brighton. The place is doubtless dear to him for old associations' sake. It was here that he spent his holidays during the period of his career at Westward Ho! school.

All the old villagers remember him, when, as the nephew of Burne-Jones, he was known throughout the parish as "the little Indian." The Kipling house is an old-fashioned place, surrounded by a high brick wall and looking out on the tiny village green. It is called the Elms.

Rottingdean is a delightful survival from the last century—a watering place unmarred by railway facilities, and only connected with the outside world by a coach which runs to Brighton.

Mr. Kipling's garden wall stretches across the upper part of the green. The house is two-storied, with an attic. The front gate is rarely opened. The entrance is by the smalled wicket, further down the street, and directly facing the church.

Mr. Kipling's working room is that represented by the second floor bow window on the left. Hence he can see the downs, the long range of cliffs, and the English Channel. On clear days Beachey Head is distinctly visible, and the Dieppe steamers may be seen beating into New Haven.

Straight opposite Mr. Kipling's house, on the other side of the green, is a quaint old inn—the Plough, kept by one Bleyber, who knew the author of "Recessional" when he was a swarthy youngster just home from India. Bleyber and Mr. Kipling are fast friends; although they differ widely in politics.

Not long since Bleyber fell ill, and Mr. Kipling, by way of cheering him up, was wont to drop in of an evening to argue imperialism versus little England policy. The discussion invariably waxed hot; so that when Mr. Kipling left, the innkeeper's pulse had quickened abnormally, and he was feverish to a degree which puzzled the local physician. At length, however, the medical man heard of these visits. Going to Mr. Kipling's house, he absolutely forbade him to pay any more visits to Bleyber "unless he wanted to murder the man with argument."

The incident excited much amusement in Rottingdean; but nobody laughs more heartily over it than Mr. Kipling himself, unless perhaps it be the now recovered innkeeper.

The walk from Brighton to Rottingdean lies along the summit of the cliffs, which present an almost uniform height of 200 feet all the way. On almost any fine day one may meet the knickerbockered Kipling striding along the chalky road or lounging about the beach.

KIPLING AT SCHOOL.

PLAYING TRICKS ON THE MASTERS.

A class-mate of Rudyard Kipling's at the United Service College, Westward Ho, has supplied some interesting details of his school career. He says that the embryo author did not distinguish himself in the field of athletics, which was not to be wondered at, considering that he was extremely near-sighted, but he was not what was known amongst the boys as a "sweat." He was not bookish. He was seldom at the top of his form, but he was never at the bottom. He early gave promise of that literary capacity which he has since displayed. For two years he was the editor of the "United Service College Chronicle," a kind of school 'Granta," in which many bright verses and clever articles from his pen appeared. The editorship was an entirely honorary position, but it gave him his introduction to journalism, and led to an engagement on the local paper under novel and amusing circumstances.

The headmaster of the college, apart from his scholastic duties, held the office of chairman of the local Board—partaking of the nature of an unpaid rural supervisorship, with, perhaps, a little patronage attached that somebody or other was anxious to possess. This ambitious person succeeded in rousing the ire of the editor of the local paper.

The consequence was that, for a time, a number of crudely virulent personal attacks were made upon the policy of the Board, to all of which the headmaster paid no attention whatever. Then the editor, probably having seen some of Kipling's work in the college paper, entered into an arrangement with him that for the sum of half-a-guinea a week the latter should do his best to goad the headmaster into the indiscretion of a retort. It was not long, therefore, before denunciatory articles appeared in the paper, treating of the Board's local drainage scheme in such poignant, sarcastic terms that everybody began to talk about the matter, and the headmaster was compelled to take up his pen in self-defence—a literary duel thus commencing between the all-unconscious master and his pupil that afforded those who were in the secret a weekly fund of amusement.

Eventually the headmaster resigned his chair, but whether he discovered the personality of his brilliant antagonist is not known. Had he done so there is a probability that young Kipling would have been painfully made aware of the fact, as the cane and the birch are still important factors in English "public" school discipline.

Kipling had two especial chums in the school, and the trio frequently proved a very sharp thorn in the sides of the authorities. For a time they dressed in a manner so wildly Bohemian as to almost scandalise the school, but, finding that nothing was said to them, they altered their tactics, and went to equal lengths in the direction of foppishness.

At the United Service College it happened that there was a certain classical master who had developed a profound aversion to anything approaching foppishness, and to whom fancy waistcoats, sporting scarf-pins, and silk handkerchiefs were an abomination second only to what was termed the "modern" side of the school. To such an extent did this master carry his discrimination in the matter of clothes that those attending his classes, or coming more particularly under his jurisdiction, who evinced the least tendency to "style" were promptly made the butts of his most withering sarcasm, and were even occasionally peremptorily ordered not to appear again in his presence wearing conspicuously offensive garments.

Now, Kipling and his two chums, in the course of promotion, at length found themselves brought into daily contact with this master, and, having duly made note of his supreme aversion, they proceeded to stimulate it after their own fashion. So it shortly came to be noticed that the Kipling trio were putting on "style"—a fact that the master in question noticed also, but concerning which he contented himself with scornful remarks, until a shilling bottle of overpowering perfume was the direct cause of an explosion of wrath, of the class-room windows being thrown wide open one cold winter morning, and of something besides invectives being hurled at the offenders' heads.

In spite of this emphatic rebuff, Kipling and his chums continued their efforts to approach the extreme height of fashion, borrowing such likely garments as they did not themselves possess, and choosing Sunday as the day on which to make a brave display of their personal adornments, for the three sat close to the classical master in church.

Again, for a time, the master confined himself to sneering remarks; but three pairs of light, cloth-topped patent leather shoes brought the matter to a climax.

On the particular Sunday when the shoes were first worn, the classical master quickly spied them out, and, having beckoned the three youths before him, ordered the objectionable things to be removed, and posted a house notice, strictly prohibiting the future use of a number of enumerated articles, which were described as "foppish," and amongst which patent leather shoes were included.

The next Sunday the trio appeared at the church call-over as if they had slept in their best clothes overnight, with only their shoes so wonderfully polished that the classical master first mistook them for the contraband patent leathers. On closer inspection, however, being satisfied that his surmise was incorrect, and perhaps regarding the trio's dishevelled appearance, as, for once, a backward step in the right direction, he merely recommended a vigorous application of the brush, and unsuspectingly permitted them to go on their way to church.

It was not long after service had commenced before everyone in the vicinity of the Kipling trio became conscious of a most pungent and sickening odour of blacking, the classical master who sat next to Kipling being the first, of course, to sniff the air with suspicion. But as the church warmed up the smell became so altogether unbearable that the classical master, casting a look of supreme disgust upon the remarkably devout and apparently quite innocent youths at his side, hurriedly rose from his seat and sought refuge in another part of the church.

Then, as the other boys near by crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to suppress explosions of laughter, a merry twinkle beamed out through Gig's (Kipling's) enormous spectacles. It was generally thought that the three would meet with a swift and terrible punishment; but the classical master, for some reason, decided to hold his peace, and thereafter permitted the edict regarding foppishness to fall into abeyance.

Rudyard Kip
Liverpool, J
passengers wi
on Wednesday
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Mrs. Rudyard

Rudyard
New York
Kipling arr
the steamer

KIPLIN
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THE AUTHO
FAMILY AR

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The keen eye
great writer as
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den."
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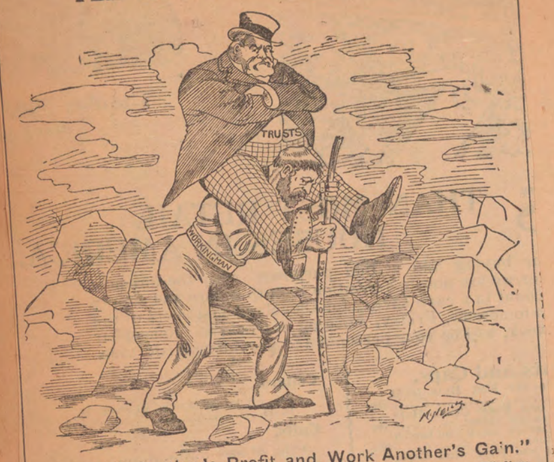
"My boy," he
burden the han
bush!"
And the boy pa

Private ...

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.



"To Seek Another's Profit and Work Another's Gain." —Kipling.
(Chicago Democrat.)

Kipling's Great Audience.

Where is there another living poet today who commands an audience like that of Rudyard Kipling? He speaks to the whole race—a race which circles the world with the English language. His poems do not await slow transmission in print across the seas. They are cabled around the globe, published, copied and read by millions simultaneously. And this is not alone by reason of the wonderful power, force and effectiveness of their language, but because of the statesmanlike insight of the poet which guides their inspiration. —Boston Post.

PLAIN DEALS.

The Poet of the Banjo.

"He's the poet of the banjo,"
Says Buchanan of Rud. Kip.;
For Buchanan, first name Robert,
Has a way of talking flip;
And perhaps he's quite forgotten
As he hurls his witty chunks,
That the poet of the banjo
Is the poet with the plunks!

Oh, the poet of the banjo
Is the poet then for me;
There is rythm, there is vigor,
When he picks his melody;
And envious Buchanan,
With his fit of jealous gripes,
Knows the poet of the banjo
Dwarfs the poet of the pipes.

Striking a Good Average.

Love's Labor Lost.

"You look haggard, my boy."
"Yes. I spent a full week writing a wonderful poem on Kipling's death."

A Fatal Ditch.

ing, Fables and Fancies, 3/6, Jarrold
-Jones (Sir Edward) 7/6 net, Bell & Sons
, Selected Poems, by Lang, 6/-, KeganPaul
y, Sketches of Old Virginia, 6/-, Macmillan
n's Pilgrim's Progress, by Wright, 9/-, Stock
nnexed. Report on B. of C. P., 2/-, Pott & Co.
, Rush Bearing, 21/-, Brook & Chrystal
Wand in W. Africa, 2 v., 1st ed., 21/-, Tinsley
es, Letters of Travel, 8/6, Macmillan
ewood, My Run Home, 6/- ,,
, Wild Life in Southern Seas, 5/-, Unwin
er, Inst Chart. Accountants, 21/- net, Batsford
haw, New Zealand as it is, 12/6, Low & Co.
s (Stopford) Eng. Literature, 7/6, Macmillan
e, The Cid, Heroes of Nations, 5/-, Putnam
ord, Wild Life of Scotland, 8/6, Macqueen
Summer Days for Winter Evenings, 8/6 ,,
South American Sketches, 6/-, Longmans
e, Montaigne & other Essays, 8/6 net, Gowans
shank's Ports. of Himself, 10/6 net, Spencer
cellor, Literary Types, 4/6 net, Sonnenschein
le, Sartor Resartus, ed. Dowden, 2/6, Ward & L.
y, Youngsters of Murray Home, 3/6, Ward & L.
ko, Slav Fairy Tales, 6/-, Allen
th Monthly, 1896 volume, 2/-, Office
h (A. H.) Poems, 7/6, Macmillan
rell, Poems Old and New, 5/-, Nutt
man, A Little Child's Wreath, 3/6 net, Mathews
e, Concise Manual of Baptism, 2/-, Baptist Soc.
ron, Across Africa, 12/6, Philip
ie, Scandinavian Folk Lore, 7/6, Gardner
ming, At Home in Fiji, 6/-, Blackwood
er, Church of H. Trinity, Melford, 42/-, Davy
e, Some Similies, Blount, 3/6, Chapman
Laurier, In Bohemia with, 10/6, Unwin
field, Books Fatal to their Authors, 5/-, Stock
ere, Essays, Lit. and Ethical, 6/-, Macmillan
on, Ballad of Beau Brocade, 1st ed., 5/-, K. Paul
es, The People's Progress, 3/6, Stock

Grant, Burke's Chum, 2/6, Nimmo
Gethen, Sidney's Chums, 2/-, Blackie
Garner, The Speech of Monkeys, 7/6, Heinemann
Gordon, Our Country's Butterflies, 6/-, Simpkin
Gale (N.) Songs for Little People, 6/-, Constable
—— A Country Muse, 2 vols., 10/-, ,,
Goethe, Faust, McLintock, 10/6 net, Nutt
Garstang, Hist. of Blackburn Grammar School, 6/- net, Press Co.
Gosse, Modern English Literature, 6/-, Heinemann
Graham, Threshold Three Closed Lands, 2/-, Clark
Gumpel, Common Salt, 5/-, Sonnenschein
Hillier, Raid and Reform, 6/-, Macmillan
Harrison, The Choice of Books, 5/- ,,
Heine the Novelist and Dramatist, 7/6, Roper
Hay, Castilian Days, 4/6 net, Lane
Hill, Writers and Readers, 5/-, Unwin
Henry, Paris Days and Evenings, 7/6, Unwin
Hobson, The Farm in the Karoo, 3/6, Sonnenschein
Horsley, Hunted through Fiji, 3/6, Chambers
Housman, A Farm in Fairyland, 6/-, Kegan Paul
—— A Shropshire Lad, 3/6 net, Richards
Hall, The Queen's Reign, 2/6, Unwin
Haweis, Music and Morals, 7/6, Allen & Co.
Hayward, Bird Notes, 6/-, Longmans
Hudson, Birds in a Village, 7/6, Chapman & Hall
—— British Birds, 7/6, Longmans
Hickson, A Naturalist in N. Celebes, 16/-, Murray
Henley, Lyra Heroica, 6/-, Nutt
Hood, Humorous Poems, ed. Ainger, 6/-, Macmillan
Hutchinson & Lang, Fam. Golf Links, 6/-, L'mans
Howe, A Study of the Sky, 6/-, Macmillan
Horsley, Thirty-one Parables Explained, 1/6, Stock
Howitt, Visits to Remarkable Places, 7/6, Longmans
Hosie, Three Years in Western China, 14/-, Philip
Hilton (Marie) Her Life and Works, 7/6, Isbister
Hamerton, Paris in Old and Pres. Times, 6/-, Seeley
Italian Lyrists of To-day, 5/- net, Matthews

Man's Burden." It was handed down to us by your father and mine and it clings to us like the shirt of Nessus."
He maintained that we did not want to incorporate into our citizenship the mongrel population of the Philippines and inaugurate another race struggle in the United States.

SARCASM.

LABOUCHERE'S PARODY ON KIPLING'S POEM.

Like the Original, it Deals with the United States' New-Fangled Ideas.

London, Feb. 9.—(S. M. T.)—Henry Labouchere, the Liberal and editor of

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THE BROWN MAN'S BURDEN.

Page 2-14-99

(An Address to the United States by a Jingo Stripling.)

The verses in Henry Labouchere's London Truth, parodying Rudyard Kipling's "The White Man's Burden," are as follows:

Pile on the brown man's burden
To gratify your greed;
Go clear away the "niggers"
Who progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden;
And if ye rouse his hate,
Meet his old-fashioned reasons
With maxims up to date.
With shells and dumdum bullets
A hundred times make plain
The brown man's loss must ever
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Compel him to be free;
Let all your manifestoes
Reek with philanthrophy.
And if with heathen folly
He dares your will dispute,
Then in the name of freedom
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And if his cry be sore
That surely need not irk you—
Ye've driven slaves before,
Seize on his ports and pastures,
The fields his people tread;
Go make from them your living,
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Nor do not deem it hard
If you should earn the rancour
Of those ye yearn to guard.
The screaming of your eagle
Will drown the victim's sob—
Go on through fire and slaughter,
There's dollars in the job.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And through the world proclaim
That ye are freedom's agents—
There's no more paying game!
And should your own past history
Straight in your teeth be thrown,
Retort that independence
Is good for whites alone.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
With equity have done;
Weak, antiquated scruples
Their squeamish course have run.
And though 'tis freedom's banner
You're waving in the van,
Reserve for home consumption
The sacred "rights of man!"

And if by chance ye falter,
Or lag along the course,
If, as the blood flows freely,
Ye feel some slight remorse,
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his jingo stop.

THE WHITE MA

"To Seek Another's Profit
(Chicago Democrat.)

in a separate room—a priceless example of the book collection of a minister in the early 18th century. Sunderland founded a great library, mainly, I think, of the editions of the classics which went from Althorp to Blenheim with the elder branch, afterwards replaced by an even nobler collection. Then we come to Walpole. The sublime solace of books, which soothed even the gnawing ambition of his fiercest enemy, was denied to him. No one deplored this after his resignation more than himself. Once, on seeing a friend reading in his own library at Houghton, he expressed this feeling: "I wish," he said, "I took as much delight in reading as you do. It would be the means of alleviating many tedious hours in my present retirement, but, to my misfortune, I derive no pleasure from such pursuit." And again, in the same room, he said to Henry Fox, "If you can read it is a great happiness; I totally neglected it when I was in business. It has been the whole of my life, and to such a degree that I cannot now read a page" A warning to all ministers; and for his neglect of one branch of literature he gave one piquant and famous reason, "Do not read history, for that, I know, must be false." But he found in his country retirement one resource, which he shared with Mr. Gladstone—who had all or nearly all the resources—for both statesmen delighted in trees. "My flatterers," wrote Walpole, in a passage of such pathetic beauty, that one can scarcely credit his deficiency of literary taste, "my flatterers are all mutes, and the oaks and beeches and chestnuts seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive; they will not lie." And the tree was as living to Gladstone as to Walpole, but with him it was only one of innumerable living interests. From Walpole onward we meet with no bookish Prime Minister till we get to Lord Grenville. He was, no doubt, a man of strong

* * *

The White Horse in Rottingdean is kept by an old fellow named Welfare. Rudyard Kipling frequently passed his evenings with this Welfare, and together they smoked and hammered politics. Mr. Kipling is an advanced Imperialist. In a while Mr. Welfare fell ill. Mr. Kipling called just as usual, and he would sit by the bedside and talk. As before, they bolted politics and talked crosswise, and flung their lances. Now, it was the practice of the doctor to call quite late and take his patient's temperature, and he always wondered to find him, in what should have been the quietest hour of the day, heated and perturbed.

This went on for several days—the doctor wondering, Mr. Kipling arguing, and Mr. Welfare igniting—until the maids let out the secret of the nightly discussion. Then the surgeon came to the writer's house.

"Mr. Kipling," said he, "you must call no more at the White Horse!"

"Why not?" said Kipling.

"Because," said the doctor, "you are killing the landlord. On Monday when you had gone his temperature increased seven degrees, Tuesday it increased eight, and last night when I called it had gone up nine. At this rate you'll burn the house down.

* * *

Conan Doyle is of opinion that novelists have concerned themselves too much with matrimonial failures. His coming novel, *A Duet*, will be concerned with the humours of successful marriage—an endeavour to bring felicity into fashion.

* * *

Mr. Ruskin desires to express through the Press his heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who have made his 80th birthday a very happy one. He has been deeply touched by the beautiful

Kipling's Great Audience.

Where is there another living poet today who commands an audience like that of Rudyard Kipling? He speaks to the whole race—a race which circles the world with the English language. His poems do not await slow transmission in print across the seas. They are cabled around the globe, published, copied and read by millions simultaneously. And this is not alone by reason of the wonderful power, force and effectiveness of their language, but because of the statesmanlike insight of the poet which guides their inspiration. —Boston Post.

PLAIN DEALS.

The Poet of the Banjo.

"He's the poet of the banjo,"
Says Buchanan of Rud. Kip.;
For Buchanan, first name Robert,
Has a way of talking flip;
And perhaps he's quite forgotten
As he hurls his witty chunks,
That the poet of the banjo
Is the poet with the plunks!

Oh, the poet of the banjo
Is the poet then for me;
There is rythm, there is vigor,
When he picks his melody;
And envious Buchanan,
With his fit of jealous gripes,
Knows the poet of the banjo
Dwarfs the poet of the pipes.

Striking a Good Average.

Love's Labor Lost.

"You look haggard, my boy."

"Yes. I spent a full week writing a wonderful poem on Kipling's death."

A Fatal Ditch.

A new Periodical devoted to Rudyard Kipling

A KIPLING NOTE BOOK

Illustrations, Anecdotes, Bibliographical and Biographical facts anent this foremost writer of modern fiction.

Monthly at 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year

Commencing with issue for February, 1899.

PUBLISHED BY M. F. MANSFIELD AND A. WESSELS AT NUMBER TWENTY-TWO EAST SIXTEENTH STREET : : NEW YORK

SPECIAL NOTICE!

The Honey Jar for March 15th will contain fac-simile reproduction of stanza from the pen of Rudyard Kipling to a Columbus gentleman, February 8, 1899 . . . .

TILLMAN QUOTES KIPLING.

This Country Has Had Enough of "The White Man's Burden."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—For two hours or more the senate today had the resolution declaratory of a policy of this government in the Philippines under discussion, but no vote was reached, and the resolution went finally to the calendar.

In accordance with notice given last evening Mr. Tillman addressed the senate upon the resolution, making a characteristic and picturesque argument. He maintained that a clear, explicit and direct resolution ought to be adopted, and not one that was meaningless and inconsequential. He predicted that dire results would follow the ratification of the treaty unless the United States treated the Filipinos with absolute firmness and gave them self-government.

Mr. Lodge followed with a strong reply to Mr. Tillman, in which he stated clearly and directly the conditions as they confronted the United States in the Philippines.

Mr. Tillman said that never in his legislative experience had he heard so many speeches against a proposition followed by so many votes in favor of the proposition.

Mr. Tillman then read some verses from Kipling's latest poem, "The White Man's Burden," which he regarded as exactly fitted to our case. "Every man in this chamber, but five," said he, "who has had to do with the colored race voted against the treaty. We of the south have bourne 'The White Man's Burden.' It was handed down to us by your father and mine and it clings to us like the shirt of Nessus."

He maintained that we did not want to incorporate into our citizenship the mongrel population of the Philippines and inaugurate another race struggle in the United States.

SARCASM.

LABOUCHERE'S PARODY ON KIPLING'S POEM.

Like the Original, it Deals with the United States' New-Fangled Ideas.

London, Feb. 9.—(S. M. T.)—Henry Labouchere, the Liberal and editor of Truth, has published a parody on Kipling's "The White Man's Burden," which is being widely quoted. It runs:

"Pile on the brown man's burden,
To gratify your greed,
Go clear away the niggers—
Who progress would impede.

"The screaming of your eagle
Will drown the victims' sob,
Go on through fire and slaughter—
There's dollars in the job."

Much to the chagrin of the London Times, which had purchased the English rights of Kipling's new poem, "The White Man's Burden," it was telegraphed from New York on Thursday night to several papers in London, and, in defiance of all copyright, nearly the whole of it appeared in Friday morning's journals, leaving the Times to come lumbering in on Saturday with the full text. "The Times is so jealous of its copyrights," the Post's London correspondent says, "that if the copyright law has been observed in the matter of simultaneous publication, the case is not unlikely to go into the law courts. As it is, the poem has created some stir here, especially in its realistic picture of the thankessness of empire work."

...reported, both at Greenville and Vicksburg.

THE BROWN MAN'S BURDEN.

(An Address to the United States by a Jingo Stripling.)

The verses in Henry Labouchere's London Truth, parodying Rudyard Kipling's "The White Man's Burden," are as follows:

Pile on the brown man's burden
To gratify your greed;
Go clear away the "niggers"
Who progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden;
And if ye rouse his hate,
Meet his old-fashioned reasons
With maxims up to date.
With shells and dumdum bullets
A hundred times make plain
The brown man's loss must ever
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Compel him to be free;
Let all your manifestoes
Reek with philanthrophy.
And if with heathen folly
He dares your will dispute,
Then in the name of freedom
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And if his cry be sore
That surely need not irk you—
Ye've driven slaves before,
Seize on his ports and pastures,
The fields his people tread;
Go make from them your living,
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Nor do not deem it hard
If you should earn the rancour
Of those ye yearn to guard.
The screaming of your eagle
Will drown the victim's sob—
Go on through fire and slaughter,
There's dollars in the job.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And through the world proclaim
That ye are freedom's agents—
There's no more paying game!
And should your own past history
Straight in your teeth be thrown,
Retort that independence
Is good for whites alone.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
With equity have done;
Weak, antiquated scruples
Their squeamish course have run.
And though 'tis freedom's banner
You're waving in the van,
Reserve for home consumption
The sacred "rights of man!"

And if by chance ye falter,
Or lag along the course,
If, as the blood flows freely,
Ye feel some slight remorse,
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his jingo stop.

His Interview With Kipling.

"I hear that Rudyard Kipling's manners have improved a great deal since he first came to this country, nearly ten years ago, and that he has cut out that 'short, sharp and decisive' pose that he then clung to so tenaciously," said a correspondent of a Chicago paper who used to be a hotel reporter in the town of wind. "I was sent down to Kipling's hotel to pick a bit of talk out of him when he first struck Chicago on his way from San Francisco to New York. He wasn't quite such a big gun then as he is now, but he was big enough. All the way from the coast to Chicago the reporters he had met had been hammering him as a case of a remarkably bright young man afflicted with elephantiasis of the skull. I concluded that all of this anvil chorus music made by the reporters Kipling had met was unjust. I had such an opinion of my own interviewing skill that I would have been willing to lay better than even money that I'd succeed in getting a corking, red-hot talk out of the young East Indian.

"He got into Chicago at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, too late for the hotel reporters for the afternoon papers to get in a talk with him. Kipling put up at the Richelieu, and I sent my card up to him about 7 o'clock in the evening. After about five minutes a young man wearing a very baggy suit of clothes and the dummest black derby hat I ever saw, got off the elevator and shambled into the hotel lobby. I knew the young man was Kipling. He looked about the same then as he does now —same bulldog, Rock-of-Gibraltar jaw, stubby mustache, searching eyes and general look of slouchiness.

"He had my card in his hand as he entered the hotel lobby. He seemed to regard the card as a great curiosity. He examined it from all points of view, walked over to the window front of the hotel and scrutinized it top and bottom; held it out at arm's length and seemed to have all kinds of difficulty in arriving at a determination what the deuce the card meant. I walked over to where he was fumbling with the card at the window front.

"'Mr. Kipling?' I said.

"He turned upon me sharply. He looked me in the eyes. Then he lowered his eyes to my feet and began a slow study of me from my shoes up. When his eyes finally reached the point of my chin, he looked at my twisted card in his hand and said in a short, choppy voice:

"'Um—what if I am? I don't know you. Did you send me this card?'

"I admitted the soft impeachment.

"'I am just after being hurtled down here by my city editor to find out what you think about the world, the flesh and the devil,' I said. 'Go ahead. Let's have it. Cough up. Any old thing you say will do.'

"Kipling's rugged countenance was momentarily crossed by a very boyish, fetching grin.

"'You're a pretty cheeky sort, aren't you?' he inquired, not quite so choppily as he had spoken before. 'What does your blasted city editor or anybody else suppose that I know about the devil, the flesh or the world? I'm only six-and-twenty—a kid; a kid in England, at any rate, where precocity, instead of being at a premium, as it seems to be over here, is a social vice. "The world, the flesh and the devil?" Haven't you got any hoary patriarchs here, to whom you can put that question?'

"'Slews of 'em,' I replied. 'But they haven't written books about the doings of Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd. That stuff of yours is pretty good—that is, it isn't half bad. You're of the improving sort, I think, and you'll probably do some very decent work later on, when you get next to yourself.'

"Kipling took off his spectacles, wiped them with his pocket handkerchief, readjusted them and looked me through for fully a minute before he spoke.

"'I say,' he said then, 'you're a confounded impertinent sort of a cove, aren't you? What the deuce do you mean? It's solacing to run across a man who's devised of pure gall—it's novel. I mean. What do you want me to say?'

"'How do you like what you've seen of this country, anyhow?' I asked him, to make a switch in the line of talk.

"'I like it in spots,' he replied. "What difference does it make whether I like it or not?'

"'Lots,' I said. 'We want to be approved. We strive to please. We desire to be patted on the back. Go on and pat us on the back some. I'll take it down in shorthand.'

"'I wish you'd go away and let me alone,' said Kipling.

"'If I was working for a salary, instead of writing on space, I'd oblige you, for this isn't any fun for me,' said I. 'Tell me some things about American soldiers, what you've seen of them.'

"'They're a blooming fine lot, your soldiers are,' said Kipling, looking interested. 'They are crack men—way-up men—the horse outfits especially. I've visited about a dozen posts, and I'd like to have spent a month at each of 'em. I imagine it must be fine work, soldiering down there in Arizona.'

"'Nice work,' said I. 'I often long to be back at old San Carlos. I put in three years as a buck private in one of the troops down there.'

"Well, that's how I got Kipling—because I had soldiered and if there's one thing that interests Kipling more than another it's soldiering. His homely phiz lit up when I mentioned that soldiering incident in my tumultuous career, and for three-quarters of an hour he sat there in the window front of the Hotel Richelieu and talked over the military end of it in a clever, luminous, sketchy way that was full of meat. He told me all about the American military posts he had visited, comparing our soldiers with the men who compose the British outfits, and—well, it made over two columns of tip-top stuff. When I rose to take my leave of Kipling I said:

"'Now, don't forget—whenever you write something that you think is really good, just send me along a batch of advance proofs and I'll give you a stick or two of a notice in my paper, if I approve of the stuff and consider it up to the mark.'

"Kipling simply glared at me amusedly out of his shrewd eyes, said something that sounded like 'Impudent whelp!' and I went away to write my interview."

A Near View of Kipling.

Imagine a short, thick set man, with full figure and round, ruddy face, dressed with absolute style and cleanliness, but without apparent taste. That is Kipling as his Brattleboro friends know him. He is scrupulously exact in his dress, appearing at noon lunch and evening dinner in equally careful costume. His habits of work seem, from the outside at least, to be rather irregular. He walks much about the country and in the woods, drives often and seems always to have leisure. One is as apt to see him in the city, three miles from his hillside home, Naulahka, in the middle of the forenoon or early in the morning as at any other time, until it is evident that his literary work takes no regularly prescribed period of the day. Evenings are usually reserved for his family and the few friends he has in Brattleboro, and it may be taken for certain that not much work comes from his pen except during the day. This is Kipling two or three years ago. What he is today, crowned with still more conspicuous laurels, no one in America perhaps knows outside the immediate family.—Springfield Republican.

BROTHER-IN-LAW ON THE WARPATH

RUDYARD KIPLING MAY BE SUED FOR $50,000 DAMAGES.

Beattie Balestier Wants Revenge for Having Been Arrested.

Brattleboro, Vt., February 11.—Beattie Balestier, a brother of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, left here for New York to-day with the avowed purpose of bringing suit against his famous brother-in-law, claiming damages of $50,000 for alleged malicious prosecution and false arrest in 1896.

About two years ago Balestier and Kipling met on a highway near Brattleboro and had an altercation. Kipling caused the arrest of Balestier, and claimed under oath in court a few days later that his brother-in-law had threatened to take his life. Young Balestier was bound over to the grand jury and put under bonds to keep the peace. The case was to have been tried at the September term of that year. Kipling, however, sailed for England in August, and the case was dropped.

Young Balestier claims that he has had no opportunity to tell his story, and he now seeks justice in bringing suit.

KIPLING WANTS DAMAGES.

Brings Suit Against Four American Publishing Houses for Infringements on Trademarks and Copyrights.

New York, April 22.—Rudyard Kipling to-day began an action in the Circuit Court against G. P. Putnam's Sons, D. Appleton, Sons & Co., Doubleday & McClure, Charles Scribner & Sons, and the Century Publishing Company for $25,000 damages for infringement on trademarks and copyrights.

The complaint sets forth that the plaintiff has no personal claim against the last four named publishers, but made them parties defendant because he had agreements with them concerning copyrights.

The action is brought primarily against G. P. Putnam's sons, George David Putnam and Irving Putnam, for $25,000 damages for infringements of certain of the plaintiff's copyrights.

G. F. Monkshood, a personal friend of Rudyard Kipling, has written an appreciation, which Messrs. Greening will publish, entitled "Rudyard Kipling the Man and His Work."

***

A copy of Kipling's rare first book, "Schoolboy Lyrics," in original wrappers, with a design by his father, will be sold at Sotheby's on April 24.

***

KIPLING PURSUED BY BROTHER-IN-LAW

Beatty Balestier Wants the Poet to Pay Him $50,000.

FOR HIS FALSE ARREST.

He Charges Also Malicious Prosecution While the Author Was His Neighbor.

WARM WORDS ABOUT MONEY.

Balestier Threatened Kipling with Assault Unless He Denied Having Assisted Him, Upon Which the Poet Had Him Arrested.

Brattleboro, Vt., Feb. 11.—Rudyard Kipling's brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier, left here to-day for New York, where he will bring suit against the poet husband of his sister for $50,000 damages.

The grounds upon which the suit will be brought are malicious persecution and false arrest.

Rudyard Kipling, accompanied by his wife, arrived from England a week ago on a two months' trip—his first visit since he gave up his country place, Naulahka, near Brattleboro, Vt., and left this country, largely owing to the annoyances he suffered from his eccentric brother-in-law.

The Balestiers are a wealthy Vermont family. Visiting Vermont eight years ago, Kipling surrendered to two charming features of the neighborhood of Brattleboro. These were, first, Miss Balestier, and, second, the rural scene in which she was set. So he married Miss Balestier and purchased Naulahka, intending to make it his permanent home.

He encouraged the literary ambitions of Charles Wolcott Balestier, now deceased, and humored the idiosyncrasies of Beatty Balestier, his wife's younger brother, so the people of Brattleboro said, longer than most brothers-in-law would have done. Beatty Balestier was then about thirty years old, married to a Brattleboro girl, and the father of one child. They lived on a small farm only a few rods from Kipling's home. Beatty's tastes ran to dogs and horses beyond what the profits of his little farm could allow. His family and friends were wont to make up the deficit.

Beatty Balestier's temper was considered by his neighbors to be out of all proportion to his income. Though it was known in Brattleboro that Kipling had been very kind to him, giving him financial assistance to the extent of more than $1,500, his attitude was more aggressively independent than ever. When some of his creditors asked that he be declared bankrupt, Beatty jumped at the conclusion that his poet brother-in-law had a hand in the matter, especially as the Probate Court acted on the suggestion of the creditors.

The relations of the brothers-in-law became decidedly strained. They avoided each other. Finally one day they came face to face in a country road. Balestier thereupon taxed Kipling with having said that he had assisted him financially and demanded a disclaimer.

Kipling is said to have drawn on the most lurid department of his vocabulary in answer to Beatty, finally inquiring:

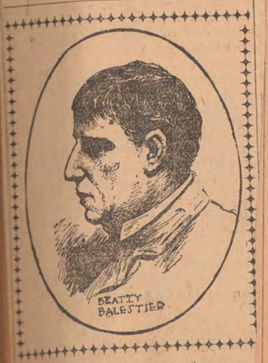
"Are you threatening me with bodily injury?"

"I'll give you a week in which to make a public denial of the report," said Balestier.

Kipling had become popular in Brattleboro, and in this trouble with his brother-in-law sympathy was generally in his favor. The next episode in the quarrel created a sensation. In May, 1896, the poet called on State's Attorney Fitts, of Brattleboro, and complained that Balestier had threatened to assault him and might attempt to kill him. Balestier was arrested. Kipling magnanimously offered bail in $300 to keep his brother-in-law out of the lockup, but the latter contemptuously refused to accept it from that source.

Not long after this incident Kipling returned to England. It is an account of this same old trouble that Beatty Balestier now purposes bringing suit for $50,000.

The Balestiers belong to one of the most prominent families in Vermont. In 1889 Charles Wolcott Balestier was already gaining a place in the English literary world, when he first heard of Kipling. They became warm friends and wrote together and published the story of the far West and India, called "Naulahka," before Kipling met the sister of his collaborator, who became his wife.



Kipling's Brother-in-Law.

He comes to New York to sue the novelist poet for $50,000 damages for false arrest. The trouble arose when Kipling charged Balestier with threatening to kill him because of an alleged remark that he was dependent upon Kipling.

Kipling's Quebec Poem.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

While so many people are talking about Rudyard Kipling, I should like to call attention to one feature of his character of which, so far as I know, no one has yet written anything. Mention has been made many times of the fact that in his Quebec poem ("Seven Seas") he had one stanza for the American edition and another very different one for that brought out in England. I should be glad if Mr. Kipling, or some one authorized to speak for him, would tell us just why he did not insert the English edition stanza in the American edition. No one seems to have asked that question.

I do not mean to guess at the reason, but perhaps it may be proper to say that if Mr. Kipling really looked upon us as buzzards gathered at a carrion feast no one would have—certainly, no one should have objected to his saying so in the volume issued on this side of the water. The fact is many of us believe that in so far as the commercial spirit predominates us, we are subject to Mr. Kipling's forceful and contemptuous characterization. Where the commercial spirit is allowed to predominate it does make buzzards of a people. But we are buzzards we are of the hawk, and not the turkey, variety; we like to see a writer have the courage of his opinions.

This is not to accuse Mr. Kipling of lacking the courage to tell us our faults; much less is it to say that the commercial spirit led him to print a portrait with two faces, so to speak. It is simply to ask why he painted a two-faced portrait?

JOHN R. SPEARS.

New York, April 5, 1899.

"The Vampire."

SIR,—It may have escaped your notice that in the New York *Bookman* a new version of Mr. Kipling's poem "The Vampire" is printed, written from a woman's point of view. The parody, or retort, is tardy but good. Perhaps your readers would like to compare the parody and the original, in which case you may see your way to print them side by side.

THE VAMPIRE.	THE VAMPIRE. (From a woman's point of view. With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)
Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste *And the work of our head and hand* *Belong to the woman who did not know* (*And now we know she never could know*) *And did not understand!*	A woman there was who heard a prayer, (Even as you and I!) From flesh and bones and a lock of hair (He called her the woman beyond compare), But he only used her to lighten his care, (Even as you and I!)
A fool there was and his goods he spent (Even as you and I!) Honour and faith and a sure intent (And it wasn't the least what the lady meant) But a fool must follow his natural bent (Even as you and I!)	Oh, the walks we had and the talks we had, And the best of our heart and hand, Were sought by the man who pretended to care, He didn't—but why he pretended to care, We cannot understand.
Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost *And the excellent things we planned* *Belong to the woman who didn't know why* (*And now we know that she never knew why*) *And did not 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!)
The fool was stripped to his foolish hide (Even as you and I!) Which she might have seen when she threw him aside— (But it isn't on record the lady tried) So some of him lived but the most of him died— (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.
And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame *That stings like a white hot brand—* *It's coming to know that she never knew why* (*Seeing at last she could never know why*) *And never could understand!*	One favour she asked—but it was denied, (Even as you and I!) In some way or other he might have replied, (But it isn't on record the gentleman tried), Her faith in him faltered and finally died, (Even as you and I!)
A fool there was and he made his prayer (Even as you and I!) To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair (We called her the woman who did not care) But the fool he called her his lady fair— (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.
Rudyard Kipling.	*Mary C. Low.*

—I am, &c.,
March 27.

J. S. K.

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MRS. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Wife of the eminent British author who is stricken with inflammation of the lungs and is battling for life in the Hotel Grenoble, New York.

331.—As I understand the title of Mr. Kipling's story, "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," its significance lies in the inability of the English mind to appreciate the American point of view, just as we find it impossible to conceive of a fourth dimension, though mathematicians have asserted that a fourth measurement of space might be added to those of height, breadth and thickness.

M. A. L. L.

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The Music Lover.

"It will discourse most eloquent music."

Hamlet, Act iii, Sc. 2.

AM so fond of music!" Bagby had told us for the eleventh time since he had discovered that his way home from the Opera House was ours. Bagby is, he main, not such a bad fellow, but should be taken in ll doses and never after a concert.

fy wife had seen him in the lobby. Had I seen him all might have been well. There were four doors offered varied chances of success in eluding his eeping eye. There were compact parties in plenty that h a little manœuvring might have been made to serve as a moving entrenchment. We could have camped in the foyer until the last man in the audience had ne, and as that man would undoubtedly have been gby, we could then have left for a cold dinner in con- tment. But no! my wife saw him—I did not—and re he came, beaming at the prospect of an audience for everlasting music-talk.

When he left us at our steps, merely for want of an in- ation to go farther, he had discussed most exhaustively following: two new piano players, one opera troupe verally and collectively), one violinist, five assorted gers and the prospects for next season, and evolved a sterly comparison between Sullivan and Wagner.

Alone at dinner, we spoke not a word. When the coffe me on my wife ventured, "Well, he does *seem* fond o sic."

"Bagby, my dear," I began, "is what I call a Musi ver. He is by no means a lover of music. He talk out it. He also listens to it, if it is advertised as classic t not so readily as he talks. His creed, as everlasting pressed, is: 'I am *so* fond of music!' It should be, 'I a fond of talking about music!'

"Life is one long obligato of opinion-expressing to th usic Lover. The rests are enforced by an escape of th dience and a new movement begins as soon as a ne ience is found. In the street-car he shouts at yo accato, as he performs a wordy offertory while you pa fare. In the lobby he runs up to you Appassionat at the restaurant he breathes his words across tab you in a peaceful Adagio.

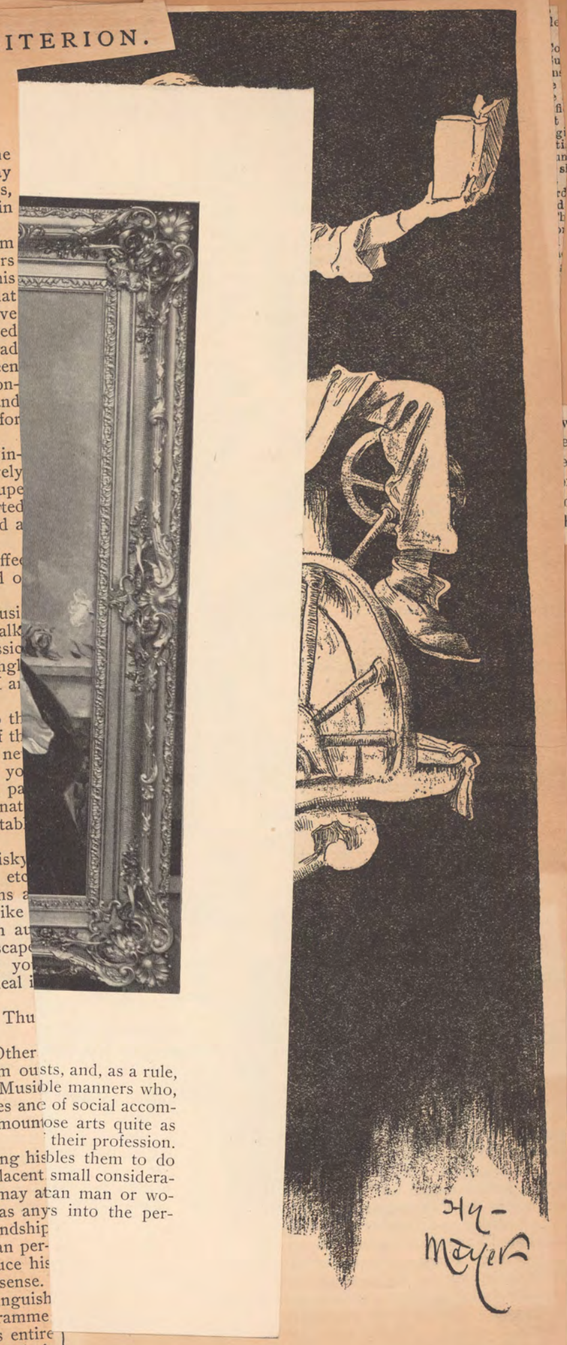
"It usually begins, 'Have you heard Spaghetisky ell, you haven't missed much! In my opinion, etc ere follows a solo ad libitum, in which such terms a readth of tone,' 'timbre' and 'technique' stand out like oud of witnesses to the Music Lover's title as an au ority. The Unfortunate thus addressed has no escape f he has heard Spaghetisky, it is: 'Well, don't yo link——?' and his only hope of shortening the ordeal i think so earnestly and in monosyllables.

I paused. My wife only said, "Yes, Robert?" Thu ncouraged I went on with my arraignment.

"Rich Music Lovers lionize famous musicians. Other ake it out in talking about them and pointing them ousts, and, as a rule, n Broadway. It is much better to know a poor Musi ble manners who, Lover, for then you don't have to go to his musicales anc of social accom- e is not able to take you to many concerts. The amou ose arts quite as f music-talk is about equal in both cases. their profession.

"It is a lucky man who has no Music Lover among his bles them to do cquaintances. Even he should not be too complacent small considera- Any one of his endurable and even lovable friends may at an man or wo- ny moment become one of the fake-cult. If he has any s into the per- musical taste then it is that he must sever the friendship firmly and forever. If he is totally unmusical he can per- haps weather the blast; but he must never introduce his stricken friend to any one with the faintest musical sense.

"A Music Lover can in some isolated cases distinguish Sullivan from Bach, but he is surer with his programme During the performance of a classic he focuses his entire attention on the necktie of the violinist or the leader's



UNCONVENTIONAL STATUES—IV.

present.

MRS. RUDYARD

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OUR "WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

(With no apologies to R. Kipling.)

"Take up the White Man's burden!"
What hollow words are these?
'Tis the croak of the ink-pot raven
That flits on the seven seas.
"Take up the White Man's burden!"
Why, who are you to prate
To those who swept the desert
From Maine to the Golden Gate?

Who gnawed the crusts of famine
Beneath Virginia skies,
Till the white man's blood ran water,
But never the white man's eyes?
"Take up the White Man's burden?"
Who set their backs to the main,
And sent the sons of the forest
To skulk on the treeless plain?

Who harried the fiends of torture,
And gave their sons to fight
With the poisoned arrow by daytime,
The brand and the knife by night?
Who shackled the scalp-locked chieftains,
And bade them abide in peace,
And housed them and clothed them and taught them,
And gave them the land's increase?

Who fondled their sons and daughters
And showed them the way of life,
While their fathers crept out of the mountains
To flood the valleys with strife?
Go look at the long, red roster
Of dead in our rank and file;
Yet we nurture and pray and are waiting
At Hampton and Carlisle.

Who struck the fetters of thralldom
From off the limbs of the slave,
And thundered the anthem of freedom
Through cloister and choir and nave!
We gave the blood of our fathers—
We children who cast out Spain—
To pay white debt to the black man,
And we split our home in twain.

"Take up the White Man's burden!"
Gods! was a Lincoln's death
The pause of a life of shadow,
The end of an empty breath?
An era of white men's burdens
Ran out with that one life's sand;
And the sweat of that day is yet heavy
On the brow of our southern land.

"Take up the White Man's burden!"
Oh, well have we borne our share,
Till our heart-strings cracked with the straining;
But we knew not how to despair.
And now if the load has grown greater,
Well, we have grown greater, too;
We'll tread our measure in South and East,
And we'll ask no help of you.

W. J. Henderson.

UNCONVENTIONAL STATUES—IV.

MRS. JENNINGS.

From the portrait by Raimondo de Madrazo.

during the month a dozen canvases of prominent people. Inasmuch as all of these men have been successful, there seems to be no lack of commissions if the painter will only please the public. What is the secret of the success of the aliens, when the native, with a few notable exceptions, is passed by?

There is, of course, a certain prestige to the foreign-born artists, and, as a rule, they are men of agreeable manners who, realising the importance of social accomplishments, cultivate those arts quite as industriously as those of their profession. Their great facility enables them to do their work quickly, not a small consideration to the busy American man or woman. Then vanity enters into the per-

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

BE BRAVE ABOUT IT.

RATIFICATION of the Peace Treaty was the only possible course consistent with a broad view of our position and obligations. Although, on the vote of the entire Senate, the necessary two-thirds was barely reached (taking pairs into consideration) it was enough. Common sense triumphed over a dissent partly factional and partly conscientious. A happy point is that the outbreak at Manila contributed little to the result. It would be something unworthy of us if it had. Whatever that would have counted for had been brought forward by the attitude of the Filipinos at Iloilo some weeks before. Had last Saturday and Sunday passed in peace around Manila we should have known that ratification would leave us face to face with a strange people who were in the mood to stake their lives on the issue of self-government. Not to have ratified under that state of affairs would simply have prolonged a delicate, strained situation. Patience on both sides would have given way under the stress before the new Congress could meet. To keep the peace between two long lines of armed men, each eying the other suspiciously and with a hand on the trigger could not be a successful experiment for even the month until March 4. The Filipinos, doubtless, classed our troops with those of Spain and our soldiers regarded the Filipinos as plucky but inferior fighting material. Each side despising the other a conflict would have been inevitable.

Whether, then, we like it or no, we must go on slaughtering the natives in the English fashion, and taking what muddy glory lies in this wholesale killing until they have learned to respect our arms. The more difficult task of getting them to respect our intentions will follow. And what are these intentions? The military operations must of necessity tend to obscure them. If in warfare with our equals in manhood and civilization the Roman rule prevails, "In war the law is silent," how much more so when we are dealing bloodily with Malays? The hope of every lover of peace must, therefore, paradoxically be that the striking of decisive blows by our forces may render the leaders of the Filipinos amenable to the appeals of reason. As long as they oppose our troops so long must they be ground under the iron heel.

We know in our hearts that the Treaty of Paris gives us no moral right over the peoples of the archipelago. We looked on the Spaniards a year ago as having no rights there that any Filipino was bound to respect, and hence to our view they had no moral title to bestow. What they engaged themselves to in the Treaty was practically to withdraw from that quarter of the globe, allowing us to take their place. The position they vacated was that of tyrant, governing without mercy as without representation. It was not, we presume, in the purview of either Judge Day, Senator Gray or Mr. Whitelaw Reid that we would re-enact the Spanish rôle in all particulars, but we see in the stand taken at Iloilo and the fighting outside Manila that the natives were not so hopeful. Ratification has now made it our duty to impress the difference between the Spaniards and ourselves as potential rulers as well as warriors. We hope and believe that we shall do this so that the result may prove a contrast instead of a likeness. The Treaty, if it conferred no moral right, has put us under a moral obligation. It has, moreover, removed a chance of malignant enterprise from our ill-wishers. The law of nations recognizes us as masters of the Philippines, and will give us a chance to work out our plan whatever it may prove. Between making a quasi-alliance with Aguinaldo's government while we were nominally at war with Spain and "recognizing" the belligerency of a band of titular rebels is a long step—as all struggling peoples have found. This, in the end, will prove merciful to the Filipinos, for any outside help they could get would be most selfishly based and finally cost them dearer than anything we will exact.

But viewing it all with the utmost optimism, it must be confessed that things are working viciously out there at present. Rarer sagacity than the Treaty-makers showed will be required to extricate us. The blunder they led themselves into when they exceeded their instructions will not be easily repaired. A cry may go through the excited country to punish the Filipinos, but will it not be followed by a louder, more insistent cry to rid ourselves of them at the first honorable opportunity? We have better use for our boys than sending them out in thousands to the Philippines to die of wounds, fever, smallpox, to the making of a mart for English, German and, later, American capitalists. Very little Spanish capital was invested there. English and German interests are large. It is not for English or German toilers, but the massed money of London and Berlin that our boys will bleed. Is that worth while? Ratification has brought all these things into the domain of discussion. We can look the whole problem over, and decide. Nothing for our trade—the one fetich of the Imperialists

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL.

[Being a translation of the song that was made by a Mahommedan schoolmaster of the — Bengal Infantry (some time on service at Suakin) when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money from the English to build a Madrissa for Hubshees—a college for the Sudanese.]

Oh Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast!
This is the message of Kitchener who did not break you in jest.
It was permitted to him to fulfil the long appointed years,
Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead Emirs.

He stamped only before your walls, and the Tomb ye knew was dust:
He gathered up under his armpits all the swords of your trust:
He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak from the strong:
He said:—"Go work the waterwheels that were abolished so long."

He said:—"I Go safely, being abased, I have accomplished my vow."
That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his madness now!
He does not desire as ye desire, nor deviso as ye devise:
He is preparing a second host—an army to make you wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye learn his name again,
But letter by letter, and many letters, at the mouth of his chosen men.
He has gone back to his own city, not seeking presents or bribes,
But openly asking the English for money to buy you Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.
It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined.
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!

They do not consider the Meaning of Things; they consult not creed or clan.
Behold they clap the slave on the back and behold he becometh a man!
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.

How is this reason (which is their reason) to judge a scholar's worth
By casting a ball at three straight sticks and defending the same with a fourth?
But this they do (which is doubtless a spell) and other matters more strange,
Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of their scholars change;

Till these make come and go great boats or engines upon the rail;
(But always the English watch near by to prop them when they fail)
Till these make laws of their own choice and Judges of their own blood;
And all the mad English obey the Judges and say that the law is good.

Certainly they were mad from of old: but I think one new thing
That the magic whereby they work their magic—wherefrom their fortunes spring—
May be that they show all people their magic and ask no price in return.
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, O Hubshee make haste and learn!

Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure thing I know—
If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to his Madrissa go!
Go, and carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast,
For he who did not slay you in sport he will not teach you in jest.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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As an instance of the frustration of human efforts, we might remark that, in response to the appeal of a reader, beseeching us to eliminate for one week at least all references to Mr. Kipling, we had resolved to do so; when, behold the arrival of Mr. Lionel Johnson's article on Parnell, with the quite unalterable title, "The Man who would be King."

When Kipling was Engineer

Kipling is not a man who goes through the world with his eyes closed. Everything he sees and every experience he has he can turn to some account in his stories. It now transpires that his story "007" is reminiscent of an experience of his at the Cape.

When Mr. Kipling was last visiting the Cape one of his pleasures was riding on engines. He got a permit to ride on the locomotives of the Cape Government railways, and made use of it.

An engineer on one of the roads reported that he was not up to schedule time because he carried "one of those literary swells," who had insisted on running the engine.

"He really does know something about it," declared one of the road superintendents. And in this knowing something about everything of which he writes lies his great success. The result of this knowledge is shown by the vividness and truthfulness which mark his stories.

THE MILLPOND.

By George Inness. From the Thomas B. Clarke collection.

formance, for the men from over the seas are not, as a rule, impeded by any foolish notions of sincerity in the bestowal of a style to their sitter, denied by a less complacent nature. To give the American woman of plebeian extraction the carriage and appearance of a duchess, is not in the least to offend her. To paint her Felix costume in all its detail of furbelows and make it an important piece of the still life of the composition, is to obtain her favour. To soften wrinkles, to tone down age and generally to round out and fill in, is to win her liking forevermore. It is true these documents are not faithful, and are worthless as transcripts for posterity; but the sitter cares more for the present than for generations unborn.

These qualities are not always apparent in the works of the painters whom the world has voted great. If Van Dyke

THE BURNING OF THE "SARAH SANDS."

SENSATIONAL CHARGES AND REPLIES.

A curious point is raised by Mr John S. Castle, nautical assessor and ex-commander of the Sarah Sands, in connection with Mr Rudyard Kipling's narrative in the Christmas *Black and White* of the burning of the Sarah Sands.

"I do not," says Mr Castle, "know the source from which Mr Kipling received his information, but I feel it my duty to draw public attention to several inaccuracies in the story.

"The description of the ship itself is fairly correct, and there can be but little doubt that at the present date she would not be considered a clipper; neither would she be passed by the authorities as fitted to carry troops to the East.

"I must, however, take exception to Mr Kipling's description of the crew, 'who,' he says, 'with the exception of the engineers and firemen, seemed to have been foreigners and pier-head jumpers picked up at the last minute. They were bad, lazy and insubordinate.'

"This is not correct. There were only two or three foreigners on board. The crew was not composed of pier-head jumpers, and were not picked up at the last minute, but were shipped at the shipping office in the East India-road, Poplar; neither were they bad, lazy, or insubordinate. I had no difficulty with them, with one exception, which was while lying in Simon's Bay.

"Mr Kipling states that on November 7th a squall struck the ship, carrying away the foremast, and that it is to be presumed that the troops turned to and cleared away the wreckage. Any person reading this description would imagine that the crew were in a state of insubordination, which I distinctly deny; and as to the foremast, it was merely a small jigger-mast (the head only being carried away), on which a small fore-and-aft sail was set, the ship being very peculiarly rigged, the only one that I have ever seen rigged in the same manner. No doubt the troops did assist the crew in securing the mast; in fact, I found them willing to do anything.

"To come to the fire on November 11th. About 5.45 p.m the working party of troops were going down into the after-hold for the purpose of getting up provisions for the following day, which was usually done at that hour (no person having been below since the previous afternoon), and on opening the hatchways smoke was observed to come up immediately. This I smelt from my cabin, and at once inquired as to the cause of it, and then proceeded to the hold myself, where I found a fierce fire burning.

"I at once returned to the deck, ordered the hatches to be put on, the engines to be stopped, and the vessel to be brought to the wind so as to confine the fire as much as possible to the after-part of the ship. Realising the dangerous nature of the fire, I at once called for volunteers to clear the powder magazines. I then ordered all the boats to be got out, and the women and children to be placed in them. This was safely done, although there was half a gale at the time, with a high sea running. I then ordered the third officer, Mr Very, to take charge of the lifeboat, in which the officers' wives and daughters were placed, and sent the fourth officer, Mr Wood, in charge of another boat.

"In describing the boats Mr Kipling accuses the crew of having behaved shamefully in abandoning the vessel. Now this I also positively deny. Any person with the slightest knowledge of ships' boats must be aware that they cannot be lowered and handled without men, and therefore I had to send men to take charge of them to prevent them being damaged or lost, and as there were seven boats it necessarily took several of the seamen from the ship. The only persons of the crew that left the ship without orders, as far as I am aware, were three firemen. These men I prosecuted on my arrival at the Mauritius, and if I remember correctly they each were sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

"I have no intention of writing a full account of the burning of the vessel, but as Mr Kipling has published what I consider to be grave charges against the sailor portion of the crew, and has entirely ignored the service of the officers of the ship, I feel it my duty to protest against it. It is now forty-one years since the casualty occurred, and most of the men, I expect, have long since passed away. My first officer, Mr Septimus Welch, and the second, Mr John Ascot Tickel (who, I have no hesitation in stating, were as good officers as ever stood on a ship's deck), are both dead; but their families are living, and it would be painful for them to think that their fathers' good names had been passed over as has been done by Mr Kipling. Mr Welch for many years after commanded vessels belonging to the Telegraph Maintenance Company, and I believe he was in command of the Great Eastern for a short time. He it was who, after the explosion of the powder, when fire was blown on the main-top-sail yard, and there being great danger of the sail taking fire, went aloft with some of his men carrying wet blankets, by which means they succeeded in putting out the fire. Had he not done so, the sail would have been burnt, the ship would have payed off from the wind, and every soul on board would have been driven out of her.

"The stopping of the leak in the port-quarter was not a mere plugging of the hole with hammocks, but chains had to be passed round the stern to secure it, and the breach in the quarter was stopped with all the spare sails, hawsers, and debris from the fire, making a perfect dam, which kept the water out. Of course, the ship's officers and sailors were engaged on that work, assisted by the troops. There is one more incident that I must touch upon, and that is the last. Mr Kipling says 'the ship was nearly dashed on a coral reef.' This is something like a man being nearly run over by an engine, only, instead of getting in front of it, he went in the opposite direction, and was thus saved—a marvellous escape! The facts of this incident are very simple. I had neither chart nor sailing directions for the Island of Mauritius, all my books, etc., having been burnt; but I had visited Port Louis on several occasions. Subsequent to my last visit, a lighthouse had been erected on Canonier Point, and a light exhibited from it. Not being aware of the existence of this light, I came to the conclusion that it marked the entrance to Port Louis instead of the old Bell Buoy, and accordingly steered in for it with the lead going, but not finding the soundings that I expected, I considered it more prudent to stand off the land and wait for daylight. Of course, if I had gone on, the ship would have gone on the reef, but I did not do so.

"I have no wish to under-estimate the services rendered by the troops, both officers and men. They worked admirably, and I have no hesitation in saying that, had it not been for their services, and the discipline that was kept up by them, the ship could not possibly have been saved, and I shall be ever grateful to them for the valuable and willing service which they rendered; but I must at the same time put on record the noble and self-sacrificing aid afforded me by my own officers and the large majority of my crew."

The following books and pamphlets also lie on our table:

Cassell's Miniature Cyclopædia. The new edition of this most serviceable little work, which first appeared in 1888, occupies exactly the same number of pages, 764, as the original edition, and a cursory glance might give the impression that it was a mere reprint. Further examination would show that it has been revised to a certain extent. The dates of deaths have been added to the biographical notices of celebrities who have died, and such events as the recent Spanish-American War are noted, while statistics of population, trade, &c., have been brought up to date. Some authors who have risen into fame since 1888 have been added, such as Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Dr. Conan Doyle, Nansen, but the reviser has ignored Sir Walter Besant's knighthood, and 'Owen Meredith' is given as the pseudonym of the present Lord Lytton. Dreyfus finds no place, but Dr. Jameson does, which is the stranger because we looked in vain for Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Wei-hai-Wei is given, but not Port Arthur. It is ungenerous, perhaps, to point out such flaws, but the revision does certainly seem to have been carried out somewhat perfunctorily. This is the more to be regretted as the work is one of established reputation and proved utility, and at the present very low price ought to have an immense sale. (Cassell and Co., Ltd. 1s.)

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by
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. KIPLING AND SCHOOLBOYS.

SIR,—Some months ago I read in your columns a criticism upon a certain tale of schoollife. Though praising this novel in many respects, your reviewer disapproved strongly of some 'calf-love' passages on the grounds that such pictures should not be presented to boys, and that they would find no sympathy either from the young or older generation. I have no doubt that your critic was right, but if he is so austere in one respect, I wonder what he will say of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's school story, 'In Ambush,' which appears in the Christmas number of *Pearson's Magazine?* The three young heroes of this remarkable romance, who are named respectively Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle, belong to that genus which in schoolboy slang is yclept 'smug.'

They play neither football nor cricket, and openly express contempt for all such games. They pass the summer afternoons huddled together in a nest among the furze bushes, and in the words of the author 'smoke like red Indians.' Mr. Kipling was probably at school ten years before I was, but I can tell him emphatically that fifteen years ago the public schoolboy was not in the habit of spending his half-holidays in smoking pipes. Boys may indulge occasionally in a furtive whiff—generally a cigarette—but they usually reserve this luxury for the holidays. I am no Puritan, but I protest strongly against the manner in which Mr. Kipling writes of this vice of incessant smoking, for he seems to believe that his boy heroes are doing something very funny and clever. It would be a bad thing for this country if all our public schools were peopled exclusively with creatures like the precious trio in Mr. Kipling's story. House masters may be equally as big duffers as those to whom Mr. Kipling introduces us, but the greatest dunderhill would soon detect a boy who was always smoking. Mr. Kipling ignores this. It shows very questionable taste on the part of the author that three such young ruffians should be glorified in a popular magazine which is read by most schoolboys. Only in one part of the tale can the reader have any sympathy with the writer, and that is when the headmaster finds exercise for his cane. But one's joy turns speedily to regret when the silly fellow contents himself with bestowing a few light flicks *across the shoulders* of the three emulators of Red Indians. Such a man should not be trusted with a cane! Had the tale the saving grace of humour one might forgive Mr. Kipling a little, but the story is not even funny. This sort of thing has been done so often that the Laureate of the barrack-room might have left it alone. He evidently does not understand the schoolboy as he does Tommy Atkins, and in this field Mr Eden Philpotts, for example, leaves him far behind. The influence of such tales as 'In Ambush' can only be for evil. Fortunately Mr. Kipling's somewhat obscure style will not be popular with the ordinary schoolboy, so he may escape contagion.—Yours truly,

HORACE BLEACKLEY.

Nice, December 24.

[We cannot agree with the writer as to the unpopularity of Mr. Kipling's style with schoolboys, as the facts are against him.—Ed. L. W.]

SIR,—I pray you give me space to protest against Mr. John J. Verdon's defence of smoking for schoolboys. German schoolboys, he says, smoke habitually, and this 'has not been considered to have led to their degeneracy.' I know a good deal about English schoolboys, and something about German schoolboys, and I can testify to the fact that the German in comparison are a degenerate type. They are neither so clean, nor so strong, nor so healthy as the English, whether bodily or morally. I do not doubt that the smoking has something to do with the difference, though I regard it more as a sign than as a cause. A healthy boy does not want to smoke; when he does it, this is done out of bravado or defiance, and smoking is in England a sure sign of lax discipline in a school. I do not condemn the habit for men; indeed, I myself am a smoker; but in boys, who have not the same worries as men have, who live more in the open air, feed simply, and sleeps much, and who want all their physical force for growth, I find it to be bad. German boys present a sickly and coarse appearance, and lack that alertness and brightness of eye which English boys show. This over-praise of everything German was a mark of twenty years ago, but I thought it had died out. I beg to protest against it. Germans are coming to the front in trade, partly because they are energetic, but partly because they are unscrupulous. As human beings, however, one might almost say that the German and the Englishman are things different in kind.—Yours faithfully,

ENGLISHMAN.

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me space to express my pleasure at the way in which attention has been called to the kind of stories referred to by Horace Bleackley and John Jefry. The all-entrancing point of a story-reader to-day is the sensational, if we may judge from the popularity of this class of writers. Not that Mr. Kipling has failed to render the needed help in some things he has written in order that the world may progress in letters, but his success in one branch does not warrant us in taking all as Gospel at his hands. And when he presents to us schoolboy life which smells of vicious habits, even though the tale is told with force, as Mr. Jefry says there is the more important point of effect to be taken into account.

In the correspondence of last issue there is an irritant spirit exhibited towards Mr. Bleackley because he dared express the opinion that the master was not severe enough in his dealing with the young smokers, and they suggest that he, perhaps, would have been better satisfied if a good flogging had followed. Now it is time enough for this treatment to be laid to the charge of Mr. Bleackley when he expresses a wish for it. The point is that for a great evil a light treatment was not likely to be a remedy. With one of your correspondents I also say that tales should have morals.—I am, yours sincerely,

EDWARD JAMES.

Clifton.

Sir,—It is interesting to note how quickly the average man forgets and loses touch with the world of boyhood. In attempting to recall it in later life he generally conjures up a distorted image of his younger days which he deludes himself is a realistic picture, and it is left to the finished master to supply a true picture of boyish ways and days, for when memory fails him art steps in and supplies—correctly, too—the missing details.

The curious world Mr. Kipling depicts is known to me from the outside because I am a schoolmaster, and it is known to me from the inside as I have not yet had time to forget it. Moreover, the continued existence amid my earlier surroundings prevents me from perpetrating the inevitable caricature of school life I should have done if in another sphere of life.

It may safely be said that no more accurate sketch of the average English lad has been drawn than that which is now appearing in two monthly magazines. Boys are neither saints nor blackguards—as the old type of school story would seem to infer—but a subtle mixture of good, bad, and in different qualities, with a marked tendency for animal enjoyment and excess common to the young of all carnivora.

Most boys smoke for the same reason that they make trial of everything else which is distinctly forbidden, and it is as foolish to deny the fact as it is to denounce it as a sin. It should be checked on grounds of discipline and as one of those things which 'no fellow can do'; absence of opportunity and nausea will confine smoking to the limit of an occasional, experimental experience. It would be well for us schoolmasters if we had nothing worse than smoking to contend with.

That the portrait of school life is correct is amply proved by the eagerness with which boys are reading the tale. A boy is too frank to read anything which doesn't interest him; neither does he read a book because a certain author has written it.

If any parent intends to withhold the story from his son I trust he will read it himself. He will then have a unique opportunity of seeing his offspring, not as he imagines him to be, but as he really is. He may then be induced to moderate his opinions, though from a knowledge of the parental mind this would be little less than a miracle, and the age of miracles is said to have passed away.—Yours truly,

P. J.

MR. KIPLING AND SCHOOL BOYS.

Sir,—'P. J.' seems to have been unfortunate in his acquaintance with the 'average boy,' if he really thinks that at a good school 'most boys smoke.' Smoking is detected infallibly, if persisted in, by the smell. But the boys may pass; there are some such as Kipling has made them. There are, however, no masters like his fantastic caricature. He seems to imagine that schoolmasters are always engaged in 'the petty intrigues of the common room,' that it is a 'belittling life,' that one publicly sneers at another before his form, that boys are permitted to sniff at each other in form, and do or say very much what they like, that a master 'will not order' boys to go to the playing field if he finds them loafing, and so forth. I can only suppose that Kipling was never at a good school, or else that he is simply romancing for the fun of the thing. Certainly nothing of this kind occurs at a good school; and I speak from an intimate knowledge of four public schools, and a moderate knowledge of others. The boys read the tale, not because it is true, as 'P. J.' says, but because it amuses them to see masters made fun of and pranks successful.—Yours very truly,

SCHOLASTICUS.

y cricketers this story of Tom Emmett and Lord Harris
During the crossing of the Bay of Biscay on the way
Tom was prostrate with *mal de-mer*; but one fine
en they had rounded Cape St. Vincent and got into
er, he crawled timidly up the companion-ladder and
his face just high enough to look over the ship's side
is lordship enjoying a cigarette on deck. "Glad to
Tom," said his lordship; "but you don't look very
," replied Tom, "I don't feel very bright." Then,
ok overboard, "I don't think they've had the heavy
y lord."

HEREDITY

were like a thread of scarlet. And he saw her and
to marry her, and said so.
do not know you, Sir!" pouted she.
Well, my name is Romeo, and I have a comfort-
ing business, and ——"
screamed and fled, for she was the daughter of a
llads.
"*Literary Parables.*" *By T. W. H. Crosland* (*Unicorn Press*).

ter a club in Moscow gave an amateur performance of
y Count Tolstoi, who had promised to be present at
earsal. A policeman was stationed at the door of
se with orders to admit no one but the Count. A
peasant dressed in sheepskin came along, passed the
nceremoniously, and proceeded up the steps. He was
but paid no attention to the command. This was too
e policeman, who ran after him, seized him by the
nded him in a heap of snow. Then the Count told
was, and the policeman, with apologies, allowed him
so happened that in the comedy that was to be per-
sant is shown to the door by his master. The part
was not played to the satisfaction of the Count, who
r did not properly enter into the spirit of his part.
t I am talking about," he added, "for I have just
downstairs myself." Whereupon he related the
he amusement of the club members.

own American lady, a New York journal tells us, was
athedral cities of England some little time back.
er tour she wore a tiny American flag pinned to the
ravelling dresses. A good many of the people whom
ot understand, or pretended not to understand, what
f the Stars and Stripes stood for. "You belong to
society, I perceive," said one lady to whom she was
ointing to the diminutive starry banner. "Yes,"
e fair American, with an amiable smile, "there are
us."

Pasha and his tragedy we speak in our review
week. Here is a typical incident:—When, as
Governor of Equatoria, his mutinous officers were
urt-martial to decide whether he should be shot,
on calmly classifying his collections. On hyenas
corpses of his followers who had died from small-
st diarist—though hardly able, through rheumatism
o direct his pencil—manages to jot down the ques-
ey catch the disease?" "Amidst all my troubles and
ary traveller wrote on an earlier page, "I had one
on." What was it? "I have discovered a largish
known to naturalists"!

t well known to collectors that several important
ies devote themselves entirely to the manufacture of
china. Staffordshire is hardly so advanced, but we
old Scotsman who earned his living by painting
les. He painted nearly nothing but Constables.
speciality. Once, indeed, he obtained an unfinished
suggested huge possibilities. It had the makings of
ilip, the artist whose copy of a portion of Velasquez's
ngs in the Diploma Gallery. Our Scottish friend set to work and speedily produced a John Philip. Years after he had the satisfaction of seeing this painting of his get knocked down for six hundred guineas at Christie's amid the applause of the spectators! Truly a comic situation this, if ever there was one.

Corot is, of course, more victimised by the dealer in artistic shams than anybody else—especially in America, where he is particularly fashionable at present. It is very easy to paint a sham Corot; in fact, a good many of the landscapes that are honestly exhibited in our art shows are little better than sham Corots. To such an extent is the practice of artistic forgery carried on in the United States that some of the big dealers will allow no one but millionaires to enter a certain portion of their galleries. Art critics or artistic amateurs are only shown over a portion of the premises, and the remaining rooms are reserved for the sole use of the successful business folk whose ambition it is to hang their brand-new houses with high-priced masters. The demand for these is larger than the supply, and consequently the dealer has to manufacture imitations. A fairly profitable business this, we should imagine.

THE AUTUMN CROCUS

It answered not to the voice of Spring
Nor peeped to welcome the cuckoo's wing.
It blanched not pale with the whitening thorn
Nor blushed with poppies in Autumn corn.
But it came with the coming of Winter chill,
And mist laid heavy upon the hill.
"No more Winter," I said, and lo!
It passed and left me before the snow.

Oh, had it come with the birds in Spring
It might have passed on the swallow's wing.
Love that with Spring's first shoots is born
Is fitly garnered among the corn.
But to come with the passing of Autumn chill,
And fly ere Winter had fled the hill!
Be born with Indian Summer's glow,
And then lie buried beneath the snow!

From "In a Village." By John A. Bridges (*Elkin Mathews*).

An excellent one-act duologue, "Jerry and a Sunbeam," from the pen of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is being played at the Strand Theatre as a curtain-raiser to "What Happened to Jones." May Bellasis, an heiress, is in love with one Jerry Corbett, a briefless and impecunious barrister. He is equally enamoured of her, but their very different financial positions are such that he is too shy to propose. May, however, is bold, not to say desperate, and she goes to Jerry's chambers to ask his advice on the abstract case of a hesitating admirer. He counsels her to write to the unnamed admirer, and forthwith he writes at her dictation—at a rate, by the way, of about 180 words per minute. Of course May wishes to address the envelope herself. She does so, and Jerry is left alone with his feelings at zero. They do not long remain so, and the rest s easy to guess. It is a tiny plot, but the play is cleverly written and admirably acted. Mr. F. W. Leonard, who impersonates Jerry Corbet, should however be told that barristers, however briefless, do not usually interview lady clients in pink and black blazer jackets.

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better than any living
But Tommy cuts no
nor any of the Match-
and it is announced
e may take courage in
t of all them that are
score of times in the
s, Thackeray, Balzac,
sse et des meilleurs!
g at all worth doing
on as ever one of the
one? The old-world
s called "the Just."
ording to his lights;
n enduring descent.
his set have found
ess. That were an
issue, and one that
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virtue, and the name

find "The Bridge-
—"a little lengthy."
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else. Give them the
erminal," or "Ponts-
néro," and spread it
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ter all, there is nothing
ne Truth, the vitalising
deed. But Mr. Kipling
ll stories; he has told
alt with life in certain
makes an essay in the
much as engineering is
ove-making, nor even
d as "a little lengthy."
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f art for itself, and are
material the artist has
Bridge-Builders" is a
invention, realisation,
nd which has never a
, and—the engineering
cter (Peroo), and vision
you seek in vain out-
ook. This is the first
." The last, "The
remarkable, still more
e engaging, and more
dreams, as the first is
viewer who bars "The
lengthy" does not so
Why? In truth, I know
chnicalities." For there
ams, as I have said; and,
, I do not hesitate to set
of the past—I mean, of
be King"—and to state

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

RUDYARD KIPLING

We have all read "The Truce of the Bear"; all of us, because, though a notable poem, it was understood to be political, yet was thrust under our noses in a newspaper. Some snorted, as horses will when they find the unaccustomed in the accustomed manger; but all came to chew. And a great many of us are reading "The Day's Work." The many of us read Kipling because we have acquired that taste or habit; just as many have acquired the taste for tobacco or the habit of taking violent exercise. But how did we come by the habit? The thoughtful will ask this question of their souls. "He disconnected the after-engine, laid piston and connecting-rod, carefully tallowed, where it would be most inconvenient to the casual visitor, took out three of the eight collars of the thrust-blocks. . . ." Why, one asks oneself, am I reading this? That is the question. It sounds easy, but the answer is not obvious. Before attempting it, you must combine memory with imagination—a complicated achievement. You must evoke the man you were before reading "Soldiers Three." And that phantasm of another decade will tell you, unless your imperfect spell shall have conjured up a lying spirit, that he for his part would sooner be a "piston carefully tallowed" than thus to read of "coal-bunkers and valve-spindles . . . carefully laid where most inconvenient to the casual" reader. In the Eighties you could not have read this; in the Nineties you must. Why? The mind thus "violently arrested"—by self-analysis—"may easily jerk off the nut of the holding-down bolt." Kipling again! And, again, why? Distraught you plunge for relief into recollection of J. K. S.:—

Why?

> These are the questions nobody can answer,
> These are the problems nobody can solve;
> Only I know that man is an advancer;
> Only I know the centuries revolve.

"But so," says the slave to Kiplingomania, "do the screws: turning inside and churning outside, revolving that the Ship may advance." Then "the dawn comes up like thunder," and the midnight sea of your turmoil is illumined to a vast expanse, with a symbolic ship on the radiant waters, visibly going her way. Mr. Kipling's eternal ship is symbolic. So is his everlasting sea. The man, whether he means it or not, is talking in parables: not writing, it seems, at a desk, but talking to us and teaching us by a sea. His ship becomes any man of us all—more especially a "white" man in the sense of that epithet special to lands where all men are not white; and perhaps, dimly, in a far-distant future which even he, the seer, dare not descry, his ship becomes all mankind, becomes our earth, spinning, but advancing, through the infinite sea of space. And he teaches that the earth, the white races, the Empire, the regiment, the one white man, even you, the casual reader, are like his symbolic ship. He tells you that you don't know whither you are going nor why you are going; but that you must go, and that the question is, not whither, nor why, but how? He takes up the parable of The Preacher and of Khayyám. But, instead of answering the first two questions with the word of emptiness, "vanity," he asks the third question, "How?" And he answers it. In the light of a later day, he teaches that the vastness and the vagueness of environment have their counterpart in the fulness and the minuteness of his symbolic ship: that the world, that white races, that the individual man, are each of them single but not isolated, and are each of them infinitely complex within their seeming oneness. The world, the race, the empire, the regiment, the man, are not merely machines, but each is a congeries of machines, each of which, and each part of which, must be "carefully tallowed," and rivetted, and exercised, and made to function in a definite way, in accordance with received tradition, as a single thing of exquisite perfection, and also as part of a whole which it cannot comprehend, and as an ally of other parts equally incomprehensible, to which, at a pinch, it must give way that they, too, may perform their appointed task. That is his parable. If his ponies talk polo, if his "spindle-valves" show proper pride, but in the end allow "connecting-rods" to connect, it is because, as matter of knowledge, the individual man must act as part of a machine, must ever recognise that he, too, is complex, with organs, muscles, brain, nerves; with health, will, imagination, memory, sentiment, emotion, each to be "carefully tallowed" and each to be exercised in immemorial functions, with much of self-respect, and a little, but not too much, of respect for other parts functioning also. And beyond this there shall be nothing save confidence, blind to the verge of indifference, in the ultimate destination of the whole.

"The Dawn"

Thus he teaches, and because he believes we listen, and ponder even if we do not believe. But who is this man? How does he make us listen? Oddly enough—in the main—by sitting at a desk, dipping his pen into an inkpot, "same as you and me." He is an artist in words, with a vast vocabulary, who picks his word to suit his intention, and uses it with effect, as a dentist picks one instrument out of the rack. Surely he must dream of words. But—perhaps to banish professional nightmare—he trains for writing as an athlete for football. He keeps himself in the pink of condition, in order to write of sailors and soldiers and polo ponies and "spindle-valves": having learned—probably from his models—that blood must have oxygen, as pistons oil, if the whole, of which each is part, is to do good work. His work is to describe these men and animals and machines as they are. So, as a painter strides up to his model and back to his canvas, does he go down to the sea, or the barrack, or the new country, and then back to his desk. But his work is symbolic—consciously or unconsciously—in "The Truce," or in "The Day's Work." More often, perhaps, his symbolism is unconscious, for the man—primarily—is an artist. It seems to spring from the practice of the very theory which he teaches. His business is to describe the ship, the regiment, the soldier, the machine, and to describe them accurately: as the ship steers, as the regiment manœuvres, as the soldier drills, as the machine functions, accurately. But, whatever the artist's intention may be, his description, if truly accurate, even of a knitting-needle, becomes a symbol, and a talisman: great is truth and it shall prevail! This makes for art even in the hackneyed sense of that word. There is beauty of truth as there is beauty of holiness: a something splendid and serene in the incontestable eternity of truth. Some have a special apprehension of beauty, others of goodness, yet others of truth; and Kipling is of those. But in his search after truth he rarely uses the microscope; he does not, for the most part, believe that things are infinitely important merely because

Who and How?

they are infinitely small, or that disease, the exception, outweighs in interest health, the rule. Even the love of woman, the chosen field of the microscopic school, shows in his art as it is in the aspirations of all but the morbid, and in the best years of the lives of the majority of men. And he rarely uses the telescope, believing that the near is more important than the far; that home, wife, child, comrade, chief, contest, mother-land, race, are nearer to most of us than Utopia. Occasionally, he does use the microscope, occasionally (as I say) the telescope; but the kaleidoscope never. Those who prefer jewelled patterns to pictures of life must seek elsewhere.

For Kipling's self-appointed task is to describe the life of the sane white man at the end of the nineteenth century. He loves that life with full love born of intimate study and confirmed by infinite pains bestowed on its reproduction in his art. He looks at his copy and sees that it is good, and this persuades him to believe the like of his model. Illogical? Yes, but convincing! His readers come to believe that life is good.

> Life is worth Living
> Through every grain of it,
> From the foundations
> To the last edge
> Of the corner-stone, Death.

Thus the Poet of the Cry. Mr. Kipling is the symbolist of the Proof. G. W.

THE NEW KIPLING *

It is written, I am told, that Mr. Kipling is "played out": that his imagination has departed him, that his invention is in a fair way of following his imagination, that he has none other god but Facts, mistakes an interest in technical terms (which he shares, among other qualities, with a certain William Shakespeare) for inspiration, has forgotten the true function of romance, and has not the stuff of another notable book left in him. All this, and much else to a like purpose, or worse, on account of "The Day's Work"; though why all this—or any of this—on account of "The Day's Work," I, after several readings of that volume, find it hard to understand. True it is that one or two of the dozen stories—"My Sunday at Home," for instance, and "An Error in the Fourth Dimension"—come tamely off after "The Brushwood Boy," say, or even "The Devil and the Deep Sea." But the worst are better than most men's best; while, so it seems to me, the best are as good, along their several lines, as any that Mr. Kipling has done. Indeed, I cannot but think that the reviewers' grievance is simply this: that these said lines are not the lines along which the public has followed its Kipling thus far. Not for nothing has he made India known to us, and got himself recognised as the sole and singular laureate of Tommy Atkins, and set the world rejoicing in the acts and deeds of Mulvaney and his chums, and left the world wondering over Mowgli and the creatures of the unstoried, unimaginable Jungle! An artist of whom the half has not, it seems, been told to us, he has passed through and done with these things, and would concern himself with others. Yet, 'tis at his peril and at his popularity's peril that he turns from them and sets himself to pluck out the heart of other mysteries than theirs.

Here, for instance, are half a dozen stories as good as man need wish to read, and vastly better than any living man save Mr. Kipling can write. But Tommy cuts no figure in them, nor Baloo the bear, nor any of the Matchless Three; so they are voted stale, and it is announced that their author is written out. He may take courage in the very charge. It falls to the lot of all them that are worth reading to be "written out" a score of times in the course of a life of writing. Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac, Dumas, Tennyson, Hugo—*J'en passe et des meilleurs!* Who, in fact, that ever did anything at all worth doing has *not* been "written out" so soon as ever one of the many things he came to do was done? The old-world Greek was sick of hearing Aristides called "the Just." He was honest, at least—honest according to his lights; and he has left a flourishing and an enduring descent. It may very well be that some of his set have found their way into the reviewing business. That were an easy explanation of the matter at issue, and one that would come as pat in the case of "The Day's Work" as in the case of "A Tale of Two Cities," or "The Newcomes," or "Amelia," or—well—anything you like to name. But I am loth to prefer—much less to accept—it. And I revert with pleasure to my first suggestion: that, in the case of "The Day's Work," writer's crime is no crime, but an unfamiliar virtue, and the name of it is New Material.

There are, I believe, who find "The Bridge-Builders"—an epic in twenty pages—"a little lengthy." They talk wisely, for they talk in what, I believe, is called "the leading literary journal"; yet one need not mark them. For what they ask of Mr. Kipling is—on their own showing—not this, but something else. Give them the same kind of stuff in Zola, call it "Germinal," or "Ponts-et-Chaussées," or "Un gros Numéro," and spread it over some 350 pages, and they will own to reading it with "entusy musy," and profess that, after all, there is nothing like Realism, and that if you want the Truth, the vitalising Essential of Things, here is a feast indeed. But Mr. Kipling doesn't theorise—he is content to tell stories; he has told stories before; those stories have dealt with life in certain circumstances of romance; here he makes an essay in the romance of engineering; and, inasmuch as engineering is not fighting, nor drinking, nor love-making, nor even polo-playing, the record is dismissed as "a little lengthy." Now, to consider it in the proper spirit—in the spirit, that is, of them that appreciate a work of art for itself, and are becomingly interested in whatever material the artist has seen fit to take in hand—"The Bridge-Builders" is a little masterpiece of observation, invention, realisation, wherein is no word too much, and which has never a detail that does not serve its turn, and—the engineering interest apart—an interest of character (Peroo), and vision (the Dream of the Gods), which you seek in vain outside the covers of a Kipling book. This is the first number in "The Day's Work." The last, "The Brushwood Boy," is still more remarkable, still more convincing, far more novel, more engaging, and more wonderful. It is a romance of dreams, as the first is a romance of facts; and the reviewer who bars "The Bridge-Builders" as "a little lengthy" does not so much as mention its name. Why? In truth, I know not. It cannot be because of "technicalities." For there are none. 'Tis a romance of dreams, as I have said; and, though comparison be impossible, I do not hesitate to set it beside the greatest Kiplingism of the past—I mean, of course, "The Man that Would be King"—and to state

* "The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan. 6s.

the belief that, allowing for the difference of material, it is as admirably and as completely invented as that masterpiece, at the same time that, allowing for the difference of effect, it is still better told. It is not the old Kipling, no doubt. But what then? The old Kipling—the Kipling of "The Man that Would be King"—was new once; and assuredly this his successor is to the full as good a man as himself. That there should be plenty to think other of the newcomer is natural, after all. It is the way of the world, and there's no escaping it. The artist lives and works but to be confronted with the ghosts of his old self. So to confront him is, in fact, another and a kindlier way of saying that he is "written out." 'Tis the most fatuous, surely, of all the processes of criticism? Its action is so devilishly uncertain; and, if it fail to come off, as it generally does, it leaves the practitioner in so deplorable a condition of discredit! This, though, is by the way. I am just now concerned with the "Brushwood Boy." I shall not so much as try to give an idea—even the faintest—of its atmosphere, its romance (of the common earth and the common day, yet rich and lovely with the stuff of dreams), its far-reaching suggestiveness, its admirable and unfailing grace and kindliness and charm. I have said that I take it to be a thing as good as its author has ever done. If I be proved wrong, I am content to take my punishment. But—!

I have left myself no space to speak of "The Ship that Found Herself"—a little miracle of imaginative presentation, a romance of material unlike anything I have ever read; of "The Tomb of his Ancestors" and "William the Conqueror"—two of Mr. Kipling's most brilliant and delightful revelations of the varied might and beauty and tenderness of that British *Raj* which he was the first to make his country realise (by the way, my picked reviewer's description of the latter is an achievement in misrepresentation); of "The Maltese Cat"—an irresistible study of civilised, athletic beasthood; of divers other things he only could have done. But I have done enough to show that in his case it is early—to say the least—though (it may be) natural enough, to begin to get tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just." Also, to place on record my opinion that, so long as Mr. Kipling "declines and falls off" as in the half-dozen stories I have talked about, those glories of our blood and state to whose increase he has contributed so potently will scarce be dwindled or dulled by him.

W. E. H.

REVIEWS

THE EMIN TRAGEDY

"Emin Pasha: his Life and Work. Compiled from the Journals, Letters, and Scientific Notes, and from Official Documents." By Georg Schweitzer. With an Introduction by Dr. R. W. Felkin. Two volumes. London: Constable. 32*s*.

We are afraid that the book of the tragedy of Eduard Carl Oscar Theodor Schnitzer, afterwards the hakim Hairoullah Effendi, afterwards Emin Pasha, has still to be written. These two volumes (translated and condensed from the German) have many merits, but they are exceedingly diffuse. A skilful author had told their story in a work half the size. If, however, Mr. Schweitzer has chosen to be the editor of his distinguished relative's letters and diaries rather than his biographer, no complaint on the score of missed opportunities can be made against Dr. Felkin, the writer of the Introduction to the English edition. A friend of Emin's, a traveller in Equatoria, and a well-known geographical authority, his twenty-seven pages are not only most interesting reading, but, in so far as they traverse some of the Anglophobe statements of Mr. Schweitzer, a valuable contribution to African literature.

Despite their faults, the present volumes enable the assiduous "general reader" to gain a remarkable view of one of the most fascinating figures in the later history of the Dark Continent. Emin, as he chose to be called in Egypt, was, as we now know, a Prussian. His first excursion abroad, as a young medico devoted from his boyhood to natural history, took him to Albania. In the Turkish dominions he practised under an Eastern name, and later on was fallen in love with by a Pasha's widow. He travelled with her until the burden of her household of eleven persons became too much for his resources. Then he suddenly disappeared. During the next fourteen years he never once communicated with his family. He had made his way slowly to the Sudan, and had been appointed Governor of Equatoria by Gordon. When Khartum fell "Dr. Emin" proved to be the only Bey equal to the task of retaining his province. For years, however, he was left to his own resources. The attempts made from different points of the compass to bring him relief successively failed. Through a considerable period he eagerly proposed (in correspondence with Dr. Felkin) a scheme, to be supported by British capital, for "Sarawaking" his territory. Under the Egyptian Government it had shown a surplus of £8,000. But when, instead of the asked-for and long-expected supplies which would have reinforced their Governor's authority, his people saw a ragged expedition the aims of which they suspected, the crisis was precipitated. For a time Emin became the prisoner of his own officials. Later, when he regained his liberty and something of his old position, he was bundled down to the East Coast with scant ceremony by Mr. Stanley.

The feelings of Emin were badly ruffled. His plans for permanently establishing his authority in the province, where, it must be remembered, the progress of events had made him practically an independent ruler, had been, he considered, upset. When he discovered that the route to the sea along which he was being hurried lay almost wholly through German territory, and found the German officials on the spot and the Emperor in Berlin leaving nothing undone which might gratify him, need we greatly wonder that he remembered his nationality, and responded with some readiness to suggestions that he should give his services to German instead of British East Africa? The "rescuer" had to sail for home without the "rescued." In a very short time (before, indeed, Emin had really become a German official) the Pasha was leading an expedition back to the Lakes. The new Anglo-German Agreement which had meanwhile made Uganda British having shut him off from his old province, he decided to cross the continent to the German Cameroons. In the darkest region of "Darkest Africa," some time after he had with characteristic unselfishness sent back to German territory his aide-de-camp and all the more valuable part of his equipment, Emin, three parts blind with cataract and worn almost to death by anxiety and fatigue, his diminished force decimated by hunger and smallpox, was seized by revengeful Arab slavers. Powerless in their hands, he "showed no sign of fear" as the sword descended which almost severed his head from his body.

The last entry in Emin's Diary (a few hours before his execution), *Das Barometer steigt schnell*, was characterestic of the man. He was, indeed, one of the Martyrs of Science. If he could but add one line to the knowledge of natural history or meteorology possessed by the savants of Christendom, he would gladly sacrifice, without even realising that it was a sacrifice, comfort, health, family ties, position, money, everything that the world holds most dear.

His services as a collector for the museums apart, Emin was by the common reckoning, a Failure. It is true that he was scrupulously conscientious and as persevering as Bruce's spider; that his unselfishness, integrity, and kindness of heart impressed every traveller with whom he came in contact; that his references to Mr. Stanley were never rancorous—"I hear he is married," he wrote from Bukoba, "I wish him every happiness"; that he thoroughly understood the Negro, and for sixteen years was humane and patient, yet firm—in a word, successful—in his dealings with him to a degree which has not been exceeded even by James Thomson. But Emin lacked, said Bismarck, "brute energy." And as Bismarck was not a Failure, that, no doubt, is the last word on the subject.

KAISER'S PRAISE OF KIPLING.

Emperor William Greatly Pleased With the Author's Works.

German Press Comments on Robert P. Porter's Mission.

Effect of Beef Inquiry on American Meat Market.

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BERLIN, March 12.—At the annual diplomatic dinner given by the Emperor of Germany on Wednesday he again warmly thanked the United States ambassador, A. D. White, for his efforts in re-establishing more cordial relations between the two countries. Mr. White, in replying, said the emperor's gracefully expressed anxiety regarding Rudyard Kipling had an excellent effect in the United States. The emperor thereupon started to converse on the subject of Kipling and his works, saying that the jungle stories were favorites with him, the hunting excursions especially. The emperor added that he admired Kipling's keen, quick insight into nature, human or otherwise, surrounding him.

talked of archi-

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

There is one who leads the way,
Over the scorching plain,
Where the soul's burnt dry,
'Neath the burnished sky
That has never a thought of rain.

He leads through the fever swamps,
Where the mud is alive with snakes,
And the filthy reek
Kills the strong and weak,
And the heart, in pity, breaks.

And we follow him through the fight,
Where we see Mulvaney go,
With a grin on his face
As the black-heart race
Goes down 'neath his mighty blow.

We follow him through the jungle,
Where Kaa sleeps in the sun,
And we see the sheen
Of eyes that gleam
When the man-cub's race is won.

So we see on the Mall of Simla
A woman, young, tho' old,
A flirt by right,
Whose soul shines white,
For she sees, through the dross, the gold.

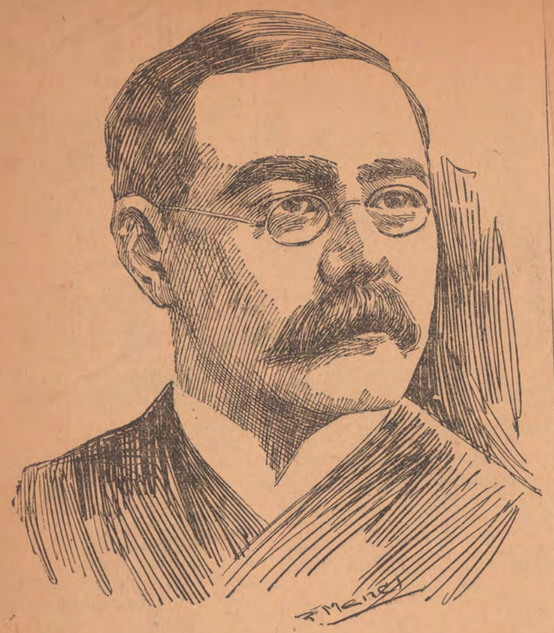
And he shows us the good and evil,
In a way some call uncouth;
For strong in its might,
And stripped for the fight,
We see the naked truth.

And we laugh with a joyous abandon,
And we sob with a choking sigh,
But in grief or mirth,
To the end of the earth,
We'll follow him, till we die.

KITTIE LEE.

Brooklyn, March 9, 1899.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



The Famous English Author, Now Under Treatment in a New York Hotel for Inflammation of Lungs.

RUDYARD KIPLING SERIOUSLY ILL.

The Famous Author Confined to His Hotel in New York With Inflammation of the Lungs.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Rudyard Kipling is seriously ill in this city at the Hotel Grenoble. He is suffering from inflammation of the lungs. His doctors, however, hope that with his strong constitution he will be able to pull through all right.

The following bulletin was issued at 2 o'clock this afternoon by his physicians, Drs. Janeway and Dunham: "Mr. Kipling has an inflammation of the right lung. This produces the usual fever. There are at present no complications."

Mrs. Kipling said that her husband was apparently perfectly well until Monday evening, when he went out to dinner and came home complaining of cold and fever. It was not until last night that this was discovered to be inflammation of the lungs.

Mr. Kipling came to New York about three weeks ago from England. He was accompanied by his wife and three children. He had no fixed plans, although he contemplated a visit to Brattleboro, Vt. During the last few weeks he has been accepting many invitations in this city and he attended a dinner party on Monday night. On Monday morning he visited his American publishers and on that occasion seemed extremely well and in splendid spirits. The same night he exhibited signs of fever and last night Drs. Janeway and Dunham came to the conclusion that Mr. Kipling was suffering from inflammation of the right lung.

KIPLING'S CONDITION.

HE IS REPORTED AS HAVING PASSED A COMFORTABLE NIGHT.

Better Symptoms Shown as Compared With Preceding Days—A Favorable Bulletin.

New York, February 23.—The following bulletin was issued at 9 a. m. today:

"Mr. Kipling passed a comfortable night. On the third day symptoms are better as compared with the preceding days.

"E. G. JANEWAY, M. D.
"THEODORE DUNHAM, M. D."

KIPLING IS NO WORSE.

HIS MALADY, HOWEVER, LIKELY TO TURN INTO PNEUMONIA.

Physicians Say That Any Positive Diagnosis at This Time is Impossible.

New York, February 23.—The following bulletin was issued at 10:30 to-night by the physicians attending Rudyard Kipling:

"Mr. Kipling has had a fairly comfortable day, although late in the afternoon and early evening, as usually happens, the symptoms have become about as they were last evening, but not worse."

Soon after the bulletin was posted Dr. Janeway was asked if he had anything additional to say and he said no, that he had included everything in the bulletin. He was then asked if Mr. Kipling's malady was not likely to turn into pneumonia, and he replied "Probably." When further questioned as to whether both lungs are now affected, Dr. Janeway said the disease was only in its fourth day, and intimated that any positive diagnosis at the time was impossible.

There was no change reported in Mr. Kipling's condition as late as 1:50 o'clock this morning.

TO KIPLING'S BEDSIDE.

DR. DUNHAM WAS CALLED AND REMAINED FOR SOME TIME.

The Physician Visited the Sick Man Frequently—A Restless Night Passed by the Patient.

New York, February 25.—Rudyard Kipling passed a restless night. Soon after 3 o'clock Dr. Theodore Dunham, one of the attending physicians, who remained at Mr. Kipling's hotel all night, was called to the patient's bedside, and remained with him for some time. Several times during the early morning hours after his first visit, Dr. Dunham was with the patient.

The following bulletin was issued at half-past 9 o'clock this morning:

"Mr. Kipling was, at times during the night in a serious condition, but had rallied this morning. The disease still continues."

ANXIOUS OVER KIPLING:

His Physician Says That the Author's Condition During the Day and Evening Was Serious.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The following bulletin was issued at 9 o'clock tonight by Rudyard Kipling's physician: "Mr. Kipling has been in a serious condition throughout the afternoon and evening, one which occasions anxiety, but is not without hope."

Shortly after midnight Mr. Doubleday said Mr. Kipling was resting more easily, but was still in a serious condition and had been delirious at times. He rallied from his weak condition, though not to any great extent. The rally, however, was encouraging. Mr. Doubleday said Mr. Kipling was at times conscious, and had been able to drink a little beef tea. At about 12:30 Dr. Janeway left for the night and Dr. Dunham had retired. Mr. Doubleday

HIS CONDITION IS SERIOUS.

FRIENDS OF RUDYARD KIPLING ARE GROWING ANXIOUS.

Physician Admits That His Patient is in Grave Danger.

New York, February 25.—A friend of Mr. Kipling, who is constantly at the sick man's bedside to-day, said:

"I am very happy to say that Mr. Kipling to-day showed every indication of improvement. I am encouraged because he seems so much brighter and because his mind is so much clearer. I have just come from his bedside. He asked sensible questions about the news of the day, and was especially interested in the fate of certain belated steamships. He realizes his condition and that his recovery depends largely upon himself."

The physician said: "The disease is continuing in its ordinary course—is doing just about as it could be expected to do. That does not mean that it is making progress. I would not care to go into details nor to say whether the disease has reached the stage where it might be called pneumonia. We wish to inform the public of Mr. Kipling's precise condition, and I wish to have his friends understand that he is still a very sick man. I may add, however, that I think he will recover."

The following bulletin was issued at 9 o'clock to-night by Rudyard Kipling's physician:

"Mr. Kipling has been in a serious condition throughout the afternoon and evening, one which occasions anxiety, but is not without hope."

MAY NOT GET WELL.

Rudyard Kipling's Condition Said to Be Critital.

A HEROIC TREATMENT.

OXYGEN IS ADMINISTERED BY THE ATTENDING PHYSICIANS.

'INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS'

DR. DUNHAM SO PRONOUNCES THE DISEASE TO BE.

He Expresses Grave Fears for the Outcome of the Malady—A Consultation of Physicians Held—Author's Family by His Bedside.

New York, February 26.—There was a general impression about the Hotel Grenoble at 5 o'clock this afternoon, that Mr. Kipling's condition was worse than at any time since he became ill. Dr. Janeway arrived at the hotel at 3:30 p. m., and as he was not expected until later in the afternoon it looked as if there had been a sudden change for the worse, and that the physician had been called. He remained in the hotel until 4:15, and then left, returning in half an hour.

Almost at the same time an oxygen tank was brought to the hotel and taken up to the Kipling apartments on the first floor. That the oxygen was to be administered was practically admitted by Dr. Janeway. This is heroic treatment, and is resorted to only in extreme cases.

Both Dr. Janeway and Dr. Dunham were with Mr. Kipling alternately through last night, and both were in attendance on him early in the morning. At 9:30 this morning the following bulletin was issued:

"Rudyard Kipling remains in a critical condition. The disease continues.

"E. G. Janeway, M. D., Theodore Dunham, M. D."

Soon after 10 o'clock Dr. Janeway, Jr., son of Dr. E. G. Janeway, was also called in consultation concerning the critical condition of Mr. Kipling. Dr. Dunham came from the sick chamber soon after 11 o'clock. His wife is a sister of Mrs. Kipling.

"Is Mr. Kipling suffering from pneumonia?" Dr. Dunham was asked.

"We will call it inflammation of the lungs," he replied.

"If he gets through to-day will he be safe?"

"If he gets through to-day he will be much nearer to safety."

At 3:30 the following bulletin was posted: "Mr. Kipling still remains in a very critical condition."

Dr. Janeway would not tell anything about Kipling's condition, saying there was nothing to add to the bulletin. It was learned, however, from other sources that Kipling is extremely weak. At times he recognizes those around him. Those at the bedside are Dr. Dunham, Mrs. Kipling, her mother, Mrs. Balestier, Mr. Doubleday, the children, and two nurses.

KIPLING'S LIFE PASSING AWAY.

Doctors Feel the Greatest Apprehension for the Outcome.

The Author Low and Unconscious at Last Reports.

Oxygen Used Almost Constantly.

At 2 O'Clock This Morning All Were Prepared for the Worst—Doctors Were With the Patient Almost Continuously Throughout the Night—The Author Delirious at Times—Although Extremely Weak, in the Early Part of the Evening, He Recognized Those About Him.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—At 7 o'clock tonight the doctors attending Rudyard Kipling issued the following:

"Mr. Kipling's condition has been very serious during this, the sixth day, of the disease, giving rise to the gravest apprehension for the outcome."

At 10:20 the doctors announced that the patient's condition was unchanged. At 2 o'clock this morning all were prepared for the worst.

At 3 o'clock there was no change in Kipling's condition.

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At 3:30 the following bulletin was posted:

"Mr. Kipling still remains in a very critical condition."

Dr. Janeway would not tell anything about Kipling's condition, saying there was nothing to add to the bulletin. It was learned, however, from other sources that Kipling is extremely weak. At times he recognizes those around him. Those at the bedside are Dr. Dunham, Mrs. Kipling, her mother, Mrs. Balestier; Mr. Doubleday, the children and two nurses. An order has been issued from the hotel office that no letters or notes shall be sent to the room unless they are of the utmost importance, and then only when the names of the senders are known. There is a constant stream of visitors at the hotel asking for information about the author. One clerk is kept busy receiving cards. Some of the callers were admitted this morning to the sick chamber. Among these favored were W. D. Howells, Nikola Tesla, S. S. McClure and Charles Battell Loomis. The following bulletin was issued at 7 this evening:

"Mr. Kipling's condition has been very serious during this, the sixth day, of the disease, giving rise to the gravest apprehension for the outcome."

At that hour the physicians were making almost constant use of oxygen. Their demeanor indicated a most critical stage of the disease. Mr. Kipling was delirious as the above bulletin was issued. Neither Dr. Janeway nor Dr. Dunham would say a word. In fact, neither ventured from the patient's side for more than a minute at a time.

At 10:20 o'clock tonight the following bulletin was issued:

Mr. Kipling's condition remains the same as at last reported.

E. G. Janeway,
Theodore Dunham.

It was said at that hour that Mr. Kipling was very low and unconscious.

The bulletin at 10:20 o'clock last night was the latest authentic news from the sick room.

There were the usual rumors about the hotel, some perhaps founded in part on the actual condition of the patient, but it was hard to gather even a small quantity of hope from them. It is no exaggeration to say that at 2 o'clock this morning all were prepared for the worst.

Dr. Janeway and Dr. Dunham were with the patient at that hour and had been almost continuously throughout the night.

KIPLING IS STILL ALIVE.

THE REPLY TO A QUESTION REGARDING HIS CONDITION.

A Physician Watched the Patient Closely All Night—Fast Approaching the Crisis.

New York, February 27.—The following Kipling bulletin was issued at half-past 8 o'clock this morning:

Mr. Kipling has been during the night and is still very ill.

E. H. JANEWAY,
THEODORE DUNHAM.

8:15 a. m., February 27, 1899.

The condition of Rudyard Kipling was so low this morning that when anyone with authority was asked concerning him the reply was made that "he is still alive." Mr. Kipling was watched closely all night long and there was a physician in his apartment continuously.

No news came from the sick room during the early morning till at twenty minutes of 3 o'clock, when a hall boy was informed by F. N. Doubleday, the publisher, who has been with Mr. Kipling since the beginning, that the author was still alive and that at that hour he was holding his own.

At 6 o'clock Mr. Doubleday was asked for further information. He said he was glad to say Mr. Kipling was still alive. When asked what hope the physicians gave for recovery, Mr. Doubleday said he could not tell.

Mr. Doubleday is quoted as saying at 6:30 a. m.; "Mr. Kipling is alive. That is hopeful. We are endeavoring to keep him alive by administering oxygen and by feeding him the blood extract of beef. The crisis, we think, will come this morning. It is safe to say that if at the close of the day Mr. Kipling is still alive, we may have great hope for his recovery."

Later in the day close friends of Mr. Kipling guardedly expressed a hopefulness that was not apparent last night. Mr. Doubleday said that the author had passed a better night than could have been expected and was visibly better and resting easier at half-past 9 this morning, though still in such dangerous condition that no one could tell what any hour might bring forth. Still Mr. Doubleday had strong hopes that Mr. Kipling would pass through the crisis of the illness successfully.

Mrs. Kipling is said to be bearing up well under the terrible strain. The hotel where Kipling lies was again this morning crowded with callers—all sorts and conditions of men and women—tremendously anxious to know how it fared with the author of "The White Man's Burden."

It was generally understood that the patient was better than might have been expected. Dr. Dunham said no more bulletins would be issued until after noon.

KIPLING IS HOLDING HIS OWN

His Condition is Slightly Improved and There is Hope for Him.

Friends of the Family Believe the Danger Point is Past.

Mrs. Kipling Goes Out for a Drive

One of the Author's Doctors Says Mr. Kipling is Too Sick a Man to Take a Sudden Turn for the Better—If He Recovers the Improvement Will be Slow—The Advent of the Crisis May be Delayed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The latest bulletins last night indicate that the condition of Rudyard Kipling is slightly improved. Mrs. Kipling went out for a drive shortly before 6 o'clock last night. Although very pale and tired, she looked greatly relieved, and other relatives and friends of the family gathered at the Grenoble hotel seemed to believe that the patient had had no convulsions during the day; that there was no fear of meningitis. The heart was weak, but digitalis strengthened it well.

The following bulletin was issued at 6:45 o'clock: "Mr. Kipling has held his own throughout the day."

The Kipligg children took their outing in a hansom cab this morning. The health of little Josephine, the youngest child, is reported much improved.

Mrs. Dunham, the wife of Dr. Dunham, and Dr. Janeway, son of Dr. E. J. Janeway, spend much of their time with the Kipling family. Mr. Doubleday is looking after the family's personal interests and welfare.

Mrs. Kipling went out driving at 5 o'clock with Mr. Doubleday and remained out an hour. It was the first time in two days that she had left the bedside of her husband. That she considered Mr. Kipling's condition warranted her leaving him even for a short time was regarded as a hopeful sign.

Dr. Janeway called at The Grenoble between 7 and 8 o'clock tonight and was in consultation with Dr. Dunham some time. Dr. Dunham at 10 o'clock said that Mr. Kipling's condition remained the same. He was asked to make a statement concerning the crisis in the patient's condition, which it was said would occur today.

Dr. Dunham said: "Mr. Kipling has been almost too sick a man to take a sudden turn for the better. His improvement will be necessarily slow."

The following bulletin was posted at 12:30 tonight: "Mr. Kipling is, as at the last report, holding his own. The advent of a crisis may be delayed as the inflammation has developed in the upper portion of the lungs, while the part originally affected had nearly resolved. The severity of the disease during the past few days has been due to the advance of inflammation upward, while the parts originally affected were not yet available for respiration."

At 2 a. m. it was announced that the condition of the patient had not changed since the 12:30 bulletin was issued.

Mrs. Kipling is said to be bearing up well under the terrible strain. The hotel where Kipling lies was again this morning crowded with callers—all sorts and conditions of men and women—tremendously anxious to know how it fared with the author of "The White Man's Burden."

ENGLAND'S REAL POET LAURE[ATE]

RESPIRATION MORE FREE

IT IS BELIEVED MR. KIPLING HAS PASSED THE CRISIS.

Had a Favorable Night—No New Complications—A Feeling of Hopefulness.

New York, February 28.—The following bulletin has been issued by the physicians attending Rudyard Kipling at the Grenoble:

"8:30 a. m.—Mr. Kipling has not lost any ground.

"E. G. JANEWAY, M. D.
"THEODORE DUNHAM, M. D."

Mrs. Kipling this morning sent the following note down stairs. Mrs. Kipling wishes to acknowledge with grateful thanks the many letters and telegrams of sympathy sent her. They are too numerous for her to reply to individually.

Shortly before 11 a. m. Dr. Dunham said: "There has been a more free respiration, and I hope the crisis has been passed."

H. H. McClure, son of the publisher, said to-day: "Mr. Kipling passed a favorable night. No new complications have set in and there is a general feeling of hopefulnes in the sick room."

MR. KIPLING MAY RECOVER.

THE USE OF OXYGEN IS NO LONGER NECESSARY.

Patient Breathes Easier, Which is Taken as a Favorable Indication.

New York, March 1.—At 8 a. m. the following bulletin on the condition of Rudyard Kipling was issued:

Mr. Kipling had a better night, and the symptoms have improved. The delirium was replaced by natural sleep. He is still seriously ill, and the fever, though less, still continues.

THEODORE DUNHAM, M. D.
E. G. JANEWAY, M. D.

New York, February 28.—The following bulletin was issued at 11:10 to-night:

"Mr. Kipling has, on the whole, not gained during the day, though the respiratory function has so far improved that the use of oxygen is no longer necessary. The influence of the persisting inflammation in the upper lobes is still manifest."

Although it was impossible to get the doctors, Mr. Doubleday, or any other persons from the sick room or in the confidence of the family or physicians to talk, except in the most non-committal manner, it was evident, both before and after the issue of the last bulletin, that hope has been renewed for Kipling's recovery. The statement that "the respiratory function has so far improved that the use of oxygen is no longer necessary" is taken by the friends to be a most favorable indication. Everybody about the hotel appeared to brighten up after this bulletin had been posted.

KIPLING HAS A SHOW FOR LIFE.

Revived Hopes for the Recovery of the Distinguished Author.

The Use of Oxygen No [Longer] Necessary to [Keep Him A]live.

[...]s Not Yet [...]gh the

[...]—At 1:30 this [...]ndance on Rud[...] [...]ement in regard [...] they said they [...] Kipling, it was [...]one sense and [...]pe to be able to [...]atement in the [...]t was meant by [...] could not ex[...] understand. It [...] taken to mean that Mr. Kipling has not yet passed through the crisis of the disease, but that probably the crisis will be reached before the next bulletin is issued.

[...] Street Cemetery. [...] Spencer was born September 8, [...] Hamlet, Chautauqua county, N. [...] came to Cleveland when he [...]teen years old. For some years [Sp]encer taught school in the small [sch]ool house which still stands on Park avenue. When the civil [war bro]ke out he became connected [with th]e commissary department, and [was st]ationed at Alexandria, near [Washin]gton. When the war closed Mr. [...] returned to Cleveland and as[sumed] the management of the Cata[...], the name of which was re[...]nged to the "Spencer House." [Sp]encer was at one time also in[...] in a stage line between Cleve[land and] Chagrin Falls. In 1876 he dis[posed of] his interest in the hotel and [became] secretary of the fire depart[ment, a] position which he held up to [the time o]f his death.

[...] at Painesville, Mr. Spencer [married] Miss Henrietta Knapp, who [died in 18]80. In 1887 Mr. Spencer mar[ried Mi]ss Carrie Aimes, who survives [him. Mr]. Spencer leaves one step[daughter], Mrs. Harry J. Ellen, the wife [of the a]ssistant building inspector.

Mr. Kipling's condition remained unchanged at 1:15 this morning.

At 3 o'clock there had been no change in Mr. Kipling's condition.

Although it was impossible to get the doctors, Mr. Doubleday or any other persons from the sick room or in the confidence of the family or physicians to talk in the early part of the evening, except in the most non-committal manner, it was evident, both before and after the issue of the last bulletin that hope had been renewed for Kipling's recovery. The statement that "the respiratory function has so far improved that the use of oxygen is no longer necessary" is taken by the friends to be a most favorable indication. Everybody about the hotel appeared to brighten up after this bulletin had been posted.

It was said today that Mr. Kipling's lung area available for breathing was at its minimum on Sunday night. It was increased considerably yesterday and still more this morning. With this improvement the danger of coma and delirium passes away and hopes for recovery are increased. There is reason to believe, according to the statements that come from the sick room, that the clearing out of the lower lobe of the patient's right lung will continue steadily, and that breathing will become so easy by the end of the tenth day of Mr. Kipling's illness that unless a relapse occurs his recovery is only a matter of time.

Dr. Conlin, the Kiplings family physician at Brattleboro, Vt., is now in attendance at the bedside of the author.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 28.—At the banquet given in honor of Admiral Schley tonight Receiver J. K. Cowen of the B. & O. road [p]aid an eloquent tribute to Rudyard Kip[li]ng, and the diners rose en masse and [c]heered the suggestion that a telegram of [s]ympathy be sent to his wife.

SIGNS OF RECOVERY.

Those Exhibited by Mr. Kipling Are Very Encouraging.

PROGRESS IS SATISFACTORY.

FRIENDS AND PHYSICIANS ARE FEELING CONFIDENT.

THE PATIENT RESTING EASILY.

HAD A FAIRLY GOOD NIGHT ENJOYING NATURAL SLEEP.

No Rapid Change is Expected in His Condition—Two of His Children Are Suffering From Pneumonia.

New York, March 2.—There were indications about the Grenoble Hotel early to-day that the physicians and friends of Rudyard Kipling were feeling a degree of confidence not hitherto experienced that the sick man is progressing toward recovery. Dr. Janeway left the hotel about midnight, and had not returned up to 8 o'clock a. m. Drs. Dunham and Conland remained in the hotel, but did not visit the patients apartments during the night. The nurse was with Mr. Kipling throughout the night. F. N. Doubleday, who had been a close watcher by the bedside of the poet, retired to his own room shortly after midnight to rest. No bulletins have been issued since midnight.

Mr. Doubleday this morning announced the rather serious illness of two of

MR. KIPLING'S CHILDREN.

They are the two girls, Josephine, six years old, and Elsie, three years. Josephine was taken sick the day after her father, and she has now been ill for nine days. She had pneumonia, and has been in a somewhat serious condition. Elsie had a bronchial affection the day before yesterday, which was pronounced bronchitis. Now it is pneumonia. She is not dangerously ill.

Mr. Doubleday also said that at 8 o'clock Mr. Kipling was resting easily, and that the night had not been a bad one.

At 9:10 a. m. the following bulletin was issued:

"As no rapid change is expected in Mr. Kipling's condition, a bulletin will not be issued until after 2:30 p. m. today, after Dr. Janeway has been in consultation."

Mr. Doubleday came down soon after the bulletin was issued. He said Mr. Kipling was resting quietly.

Mr. Kipling is enjoying natural sleep. The signs of recovery he exhibits are very encouraging.

Mr. Doubleday appeared again at half-past 10. He said that Mr. Kipling showed advanced signs of improvement and that he had rested a good deal during the morning. The night was a comfortable one, and the morning was passed comfortably. He had not been delirious and is rational.

There were many callers during the forenoon. The majority left cards and appeared to be well satisfied with the reported condition of the author.

There has been no change in Mr. Kipling's condition during the morning and it is said that nothing has been heard of Josephine since last night.

MR. KIPLING'S RECOVERY RAPID.

Dr. Dunham Says that His Patient Is Out of Danger—Will and Constitution Count.

Rudyard Kipling, who has been ill with pneumonia at the Hotel Grenoble for nearly two weeks, is recovering rapidly, thanks to his sturdy constitution and indomitable will. Yesterday his improvement was marked, the fever was very slight, the temperature and pulse had fallen, and he was declared to be out of danger. He slept well Thursday night, and rested comfortably all day yesterday. The following bulletin, issued at 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon, was the only one posted during the day:

Mr. Kipling has continued to improve so that to-day his temperature and pulse are but little above normal.

E. G. JANEWAY,
THEODORE DUNHAM,

Dr. Janeway said shortly after the appearance of the bulletin that it could be taken with the most cheerful interpretation. The doctor remained with his patient about twenty minutes, and made only two visits—one at 2 o'clock and one at 10 o'clock last night. After each visit Mr. Kipling was declared to be improving rapidly. Dr. Janeway said that his condition was perfectly satisfactory. At midnight Mr. Doubleday, who has been in constant attendance in the sick room, declared that the author's improvement was still going on. All the attendants and physicians unite in saying that Mr. Kipling has made a heroic fight, and, having become well enough to put his own shoulder to the wheel, is doing wonders toward effecting a rapid convalescence.

Thursday night the physicians and attendants retired and left only one nurse in charge. Dr. Dunham, however, retained his room in the hotel, and was always within call.

The first news received from the sick room yesterday came at 9 o'clock in the morning, when Dr. Dunham told the reporters of Mr. Kipling's progress through the night. At 9 o'clock last night Dr. Dunham said:

"If he gets through today he will be much nearer to safety."

At 3:30 the following bulletin was posted:

"Mr. Kipling still remains in a very critical condition."

Dr. Janeway would not tell anything about Kipling's condition, saying there was nothing to add to the bulletin. It was learned, however, from other sources that Kipling is extremely weak. At times he recognizes those around him. Those at the bedside are Dr. Dunham, Mrs. Kipling, her mother, Mrs. Balestier; Mr. Doubleday, the children and two nurses. An order has been issued from the hotel office that no letters or notes shall be sent to the room unless they are of the utmost importance, and then only when the names of the senders are known. There is a constant stream of visitors at the hotel asking for information about the author. One clerk is kept busy receiving cards. Some of the callers were admitted this morning to the sick chamber. Among these favored were W. D. Howells, Nikola Tesla, S. S. McClure and Charles Battell Loomis. The following bulletin was issued at 7 this evening:

"Mr. Kipling's condition has been very serious during this, the sixth day, of the disease, giving rise to the gravest apprehension for the outcome."

At that hour the physicians were making almost constant use of oxygen. Their demeanor indicated a most critical stage of the disease. Mr. Kipling was delirious as the above bulletin was issued. Neither Dr. Janeway nor Dr. Dunham would say a word. In fact, neither ventured from the patient's side for more than a minute at a time.

At 10:20 o'clock tonight the following bulletin was issued:

Mr. Kipling's condition remains the same as at last reported.

E. G. Janeway,
Theodore Dunham.

It was said at that hour that Mr. Kipling was very low and unconscious.

The bulletin at 10:20 o'clock last night was the latest authentic news from the sick room.

There were the usual rumors about the hotel, some perhaps founded in part on the actual condition of the patient, but it was hard to gather even a small quantity of hope from them. It is no exaggeration to say that at 2 o'clock this morning all were prepared for the worst.

Dr. Janeway and Dr. Dunham were with the patient at that hour and had been almost continuously throughout the night.

KIPLING IS STILL ALIVE.

THE REPLY TO A QUESTION REGARDING HIS CONDITION.

A Physician Watched the Patient Closely All Night—Fast Approaching the Crisis.

New York, February 27.—The following Kipling bulletin was issued at half-past 8 o'clock this morning:

Mr. Kipling has been during the night and is still very ill.

E. H. JANEWAY,
THEODORE DUNHAM.

8:15 a. m., February 27, 1899.

The condition of Rudyard Kipling was so low this morning that when anyone with authority was asked concerning him the reply was made that "he is still alive." Mr. Kipling was watched closely all night long and there was a physician in his apartment continuously.

No news came from the sick room during the early morning till at twenty minutes of 3 o'clock, when a hall boy was informed by F. N. Doubleday, the publisher, who has been with Mr. Kipling since the beginning, that the author was still alive and that at that hour he was holding his own.

At 6 o'clock Mr. Doubleday was asked for further information. He said he was glad to say Mr. Kipling was still alive. When asked what hope the physicians gave for recovery, Mr. Doubleday said he could not tell.

Mr. Doubleday is quoted as saying at 6:30 a. m.; "Mr. Kipling is alive. That is hopeful. We are endeavoring to keep him alive by administering oxygen and by feeding him the blood extract of beef. The crisis, we think, will come this morning. It is safe to say that if at the close of the day Mr. Kipling is still alive, we may have great hope for his recovery."

Later in the day close friends of Mr. Kipling guardedly expressed a hopefulness that was not apparent last night. Mr. Doubleday said that the author had passed a better night than could have been expected and was visibly better and resting easier at half-past 9 this morning, though still in such dangerous condition that no one could tell what any hour might bring forth. Still Mr. Doubleday had strong hopes that Mr. Kipling would pass through the crisis of the illness successfully.

Mrs. Kipling is said to be bearing up well under the terrible strain. The hotel where Kipling lies was again this morning crowded with callers—all sorts and conditions of men and women—tremendously anxious to know how it fared with the author of "The White Man's Burden."

It was generally understood that the patient was better than might have been expected. Dr. Dunham said no more bulletins would be issued until after noon.

KIPLING IS HOLDING HIS OWN

His Condition is Slightly Improved and There is Hope for Him.

Friends of the Family Believe the Danger Point is Past.

Mrs. Kipling Goes Out for a Drive

One of the Author's Doctors Says Mr. Kipling is Too Sick a Man to Take a Sudden Turn for the Better—If He Recovers the Improvement Will be Slow—The Advent of the Crisis May be Delayed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The latest bulletins last night indicate that the condition of Rudyard Kipling is slightly improved. Mrs. Kipling went out for a drive shortly before 6 o'clock last night. Although very pale and tired, she looked greatly relieved, and other relatives and friends of the family gathered at the Grenoble hotel seemed to believe that the patient had had no convulsions during the day; that there was no fear of meningitis. The heart was weak, but digitalis strengthened it well.

The following bulletin was issued at 6:45 o'clock: "Mr. Kipling has held his own throughout the day."

The Kipling children took their outing in a hansom cab this morning. The health of little Josephine, the youngest child, is reported much improved.

Mrs. Dunham, the wife of Dr. Dunham, and Dr. Janeway, son of Dr. E. J. Janeway, spend much of their time with the Kipling family. Mr. Doubleday is looking after the family's personal interests and welfare.

Mrs. Kipling went out driving at 5 o'clock with Mr. Doubleday and remained out an hour. It was the first time in two days that she had left the bedside of her husband. That she considered Mr. Kipling's condition warranted her leaving him even for a short time was regarded as a hopeful sign.

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Dr. Dunham said: "Mr. Kipling has been almost too sick a man to take a sudden turn for the better. His improvement will be necessarily slow."

The following bulletin was posted at 12:30 tonight: "Mr. Kipling is, as at the last report, holding his own. The advent of a crisis may be delayed as the inflammation has developed in the upper portion of the lungs, while the part originally affected had nearly resolved. The severity of the disease during the past few days has been due to the advance of inflammation upward, while the parts originally affected were not yet available for respiration."

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At that hour the physicians were making almost constant use of oxygen. Their demeanor indicated a most critical stage of the disease. Mr. Kipling was delirious as the above bulletin was issued. Neither Dr. Janeway nor Dr. Dunham would say a word. In fact neither ventured from the patient's side for more than a minute at a time.

Mr. Kipling's condition remained unchanged at 1:15 this morning.

At 3 o'clock there had been no change in Mr. Kipling's condition.

Although it was impossible to get the doctors, Mr. Doubleday or any other persons from the sick room or in the confidence of the family or physicians to talk in the early part of the evening, except in the most non-committal manner, it was evident, both before and after the issue of the last bulletin that hope had been renewed for Kipling's recovery. The statement that "the respiratory function has so far improved that the use of oxygen is no longer necessary" is taken by the friends to be a most favorable indication. Everybody about the hotel appeared to brighten up after this bulletin had been posted.

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THE USE OF OXYGEN IS NO LONGER NECESSARY.

Patient Breathes Easier, Which is Taken as a Favorable Indication.

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KIPLING HAS A SHOW FOR LIFE.

Revived Hopes for the Recovery of the Distinguished Author.

The Use of Oxygen No Longer Necessary to Keep Him Alive.

However, He Has Not Yet Passed Through the Crisis.

NEW YORK, March 1.—At 1:30 this morning the doctors in attendance on Rudyard Kipling issued a statement in regard to his condition, in which they said they were not discouraged. Mr. Kipling, it was said, had been better in one sense and worse in another. "We hope to be able to issue a more favorable statement in the morning."

On being asked as to what was meant by this, Dr. Dunham said he could not explain, but physicians would understand. It is taken to mean that Mr. Kipling has not yet passed through the crisis of the disease, but that probably the crisis will be reached before the next bulletin is issued.

It was said today that Mr. Kipling's lung area available for breathing was at its minimum on Sunday night. It was increased considerably yesterday and still more this morning. With this improvement the danger of coma and delirium passes away and hopes for recovery are increased. There is reason to believe, according to the statements that come from the sick room, that the clearing out of the lower lobe of the patient's right lung will continue steadily, and that breathing will become so easy by the end of the tenth day of Mr. Kipling's illness that unless a relapse occurs his recovery is only a matter of time.

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Those Exhibited by Mr. Kipling Are Very Encouraging.

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FRIENDS AND PHYSICIANS ARE FEELING CONFIDENT.

THE PATIENT RESTING EASILY.

HAD A FAIRLY GOOD NIGHT ENJOYING NATURAL SLEEP.

No Rapid Change is Expected in His Condition—Two of His Children Are Suffering From Pneumonia.

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They are the two girls, Josephine, six years old, and Elsie, three years. Josephine was taken sick the day after her father, and she has now been ill for nine days. She had pneumonia, and has been in a somewhat serious condition. Elsie had a bronchial affection the day before yesterday, which was pronounced bronchitis. Now it is pneumonia. She is not dangerously ill.

Mr. Doubleday also said that at 8 o'clock Mr. Kipling was resting easily, and that the night had not been a bad one.

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Mr. Kipling is enjoying natural sleep. The signs of recovery he exhibits are very encouraging.

Mr. Doubleday appeared again at half-past 10. He said that Mr. Kipling showed advanced signs of improvement and that he had rested a good deal during the morning. The night was a comfortable one, and the morning was passed comfortably. He had not been delirious and is rational.

There were many callers during the forenoon. The majority left cards and appeared to be well satisfied with the reported condition of the author.

There has been no change in Mr. Kipling's condition during the morning and it is said that nothing has been heard of Josephine since last night.

MR. KIPLING'S RECOVERY RAPID.

Dr. Dunham Says that His Patient Is Out of Danger—Will and Constitution Count.

Rudyard Kipling, who has been ill with pneumonia at the Hotel Grenoble for nearly two weeks, is recovering rapidly, thanks to his sturdy constitution and indomitable will. Yesterday his improvement was marked, the fever was very slight, the temperature and pulse had fallen, and he was declared to be out of danger. He slept well Thursday night, and rested comfortably all day yesterday. The following bulletin, issued at 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon, was the only one posted during the day:

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Thursday night the physicians and attendants retired and left only one nurse in charge. Dr. Dunham, however, retained his room in the hotel, and was always within call.

The first news received from the sick room yesterday came at 9 o'clock in the morning, when Dr. Dunham told the reporters of Mr. Kipling's progress through the night. At 9 o'clock last night Dr. Dunham said:

"Mr. Kipling continues to improve. He is out of danger. We cannot say when he will be able to go out, but we know that we, as his physicians, will take no chances. If all goes well, he may be able to take the outside air for brief periods in about two weeks."

Dr. Dunham said that Mrs. Kipling was naturally run down by the long vigils and the intense strain. She, however, has borne up well, and yesterday made two visits to her sick daughter at the home of Mrs. Julia De Forest, 121 East Thirty-fifth Street. She asked Mr. Doubleday to say to those inquiring that she thought her husband was progressing favorably, but that her daughter, Josephine, was very seriously ill.

Josephine is six years old. She became ill with pneumonia at the same time her father did, but, as is usual in children's cases, the disease developed more slowly, and she has not yet reached the crisis. At 11 o'clock last night it was said at Mrs. De Forest's home that the symptoms were fairly favorable, but that the child was seriously ill. No immediate danger, however, was feared.

Elsie, three years old, the second daughter of the Kiplings, also has pneumonia, which has not yet assumed a serious phase. She was slightly worse yesterday. Elsie occupies a room on the fifth floor of the Grenoble, and has a nurse always in attendance. Her physician is Dr. Conland, a friend of Mr. Kipling's, whose home is at Brattleborough, Vt.

Flowers and messages of cheer were sent in profusion to the sick author and his wife yesterday. Among the telegrams received was one from the Faculty and students of Wellesley College.

KIPLING'S FUR COAT.

Chicago Record.

Mutual friends told me in New York the other day that the illness of Rudyard Kipling was due to his habit of wearing a heavy fur-lined overcoat in all sorts of weather and his imprudence in taking it off when he became heated. He was repeatedly warned that he was unnecessarily exposing himself and advised to get a lighter garment to wear as the weather became milder, but he would start out in the morning with his fur coat, wear it until he was thoroughly heated and perspiring, when he would take it off and carry it on his arm until he was chilled. Then he would put it on again and say unpleasant things about our climate.

He was taken sick last Monday. He was to have been a guest that night at the annual banquet of the Southern Society in New York. On Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Richard Underwood Johnson, of the editorial staff of the Century Magazine, had invited a party, including Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Howells, Professor and Mrs. William M. Sloan, Mrs. General Custer, Nicola Tesla, and others, to meet him. The last time he was out was at a little dinner given him by Mr. Burlingame, editor of Scribner's Magazine, and after wearing his fur-lined overcoat part way home and finding it too heavy for comfort he imprudently took it off and carried it on his arm, although his evening dress was of much lighter material than he wore in the daytime.

STRAY TOPICS.

Rudyard Kipling's famous poem in praise of "the great lord nicotine," "The Betrothed," is soon to be brought out by M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, uniform in size and make-up with their edition of "Mandalay," by the same author. As in the previous volume, each page will be embellished by a reproduction in tint of a drawing by Blanche McManus. The whole production of the volumes in this series forms a unique and taking dress for these gems from Kipling's pen which have not hitherto received deserved attention. The text is printed on Strathmore deckle edge paper, and the binding, in antique boards, is an original and appropriate combination of color and material.

Kipling's Illness.

A host of admiring readers of Kipling's books and his varied contributions to periodicals of many kinds will be very sorry to learn that he is seriously ill in New York, and Americans will be as quick as any other element in his world-wide constituency to rejoice when he recovers his usual vigor, as it is hoped and believed that he will before long.

It is hard to think of Kipling as sick or suffering from weakness and prostration of any kind. His works are so charged with exuberant vigor, mental and physical, and so foreign to the spirit of resignation that it seems to their readers as if he must always be well, active, and strong. Possibly a severe illness might put into his writings something which they have never had in adequate measure, which is sympathy with weakness and appreciation of the merits that do not bring success.

That, however, is not probable. Kipling, well enough to put himself upon paper, will doubtless continue to be the Kipling of overflowing vitality and love of conquering power. Only time and the loss of the fire of youth and its abounding vigor will be likely to abate the deep-seated Kipling admiration of strength and success, of the kind which require no mystic insight to perceive and measure. Even the effect of age is very uncertain in his case.

What Success in Literature Can Do.

Rudyard Kipling's severe illness again emphasizes the difference between the career and worldly lot of a successful modern author and that of the traditional genius of the world of letters who starves in poverty and fights for life when sick, nursed only by friends as poor as himself, happily coming at last to the reward of fame and comfort when death is near and old age is his burden.

Kipling is lying in one of the finest hotels in the country. Two famous physicians attend him. The best of trained nurses alternate in watching at his bedside. Everything possible is done to make him comfortable and hasten his recovery. Bulletins are issued at frequent intervals to tell the world how his case is progressing. A President of the United States or sovereign of one of the great powers of Europe could hardly have more done for him or receive greater attention from the press.

And Kipling, in his fullness of success and popularity, with plenty of money and a great income from his writings which probably exceeds the interest, at ordinary rates, on a million dollars well invested, is only thirty-three years old. He is sick in a land not his own by birth, parentage, or adoption, and yet he is the object of more solicitude than would be felt for any of its sons, save a very small number.

That is what genius can accomplish now in the field of literature when it is at its best and is most fortunate.

In all the conscious moments of his desperate illness the courage and resolution of Kipling's writings has been shown by the demeanor of the man himself. His books came from his very nature.

A Great Tribute to Literature.

Those who believe, as it was well said at the memorial meeting held in New York after the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, that literature is the greatest of the arts and most to be exalted, may justly take pride and pleasure in the fact that no other living man is of deep interest to the intelligent citizens of so large a part of the world as that which now shows its concern for the life and health of Rudyard Kipling, who is a writer and nothing else.

The death of President McKinley, for instance, would be of much greater interest and importance to millions of Americans and more mourned by them, than that of the foremost poet of the times, but in India it would be of little consequence, even to the white residents, and in Australia and the British Isles, with 44,000,000 people altogether, the author would be much more important than the President. On the other hand, while the death of Queen Victoria would be far more grievous and exciting, in England, than anything that could happen to Kipling, in the United States the life of the literary genius is felt to be much more important than that of the Queen. The intelligent people of all parts of the world where the English language is spoken regard Rudyard Kipling with deeper and more admiring interest than that which is centered upon any other man or woman, taking the average sentiment of the various English-speaking lands. That fact is recognized by competent observers.

Literature could not be paid a more notable tribute than that which is rendered in this pre-eminence of one young author. It is well worthy of the thoughtful consideration of every man who fears that the present age is false to high standards of endeavor and achievement.

Bank Street Extensi-

Rudyard Kipling is gaining strength and increasing his chances of complete recovery largely by the power of his will and his courage. He is proving the value, in desperate cases of sickness, of pluck and coolness. He is acting as favorite characters, in prose and poetry, would have acted under like conditions. It is worth all the difference between life and death in many a crisis of disease.

The rebellion in Nicaragua is ended.

KIPLING LOSES NO GROUND.

His Progress, However, Was Less Rapid on Saturday.

NEW YORK, March 4.—At 9 o'clock tonight it was stated that Mr. Kipling had lost no ground during the day, but had not made quite as much progress towards recovery as he had on the previous day. The patient, the physicians said, had not spoken to anyone since talking a little with his wife during the evening.

Kipling to "Fighting Bob."

The prolific Kipling, who is an admirer of "Fighting Bob" Evans, of the United States Navy, has sent to him as a gift a complete set of his works, accompanied by the following verses:

Dighem draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower
Bossing eight hundred men.

Dighem takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine;
But you take care of ten thousand tons
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Dighem can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

Ruddy Kip.

You 'ave made a stubborn fight,
Ruddy Kip;
And you're comin' through all right,
Ruddy Kip;
Tweren't potion, pump nor pill,
It were all your iron will
Wot 'as left you to us still,
Ruddy Kip.

You 'ave touched the roughest 'earts,
Ruddy Kip;
Though you're made of fancy parts,
Ruddy Kip;

You 'ave roamed the bloomin' earth,
You're extracted all its worth—
You've give song a newer birth,
Ruddy Kip.

You 'ave sung the low and 'igh,
Ruddy Kip—
Earth and water, wind and sky,
Ruddy Kip;
There no other thought to look
You 'ave gone to work and took
What you wanted for your book,
Ruddy Kip.

There are prayers from Mandalay,
Ruddy Kip;
Goin' up for you to-day,
Ruddy Kip;
Where the idols' bases rest,
Where the sun drops in the west,
Men are 'opin' for the best,
Ruddy Kip.

You 'ave made a winnin' fight,
Ruddy Kip—
Fought the same way that you write,
Ruddy Kip;
Death's a-runnin' from your door,
We shall 'ear from you some more,
And 'ere's to you—'ip, 'oorah!
Ruddy Kip!

—Chicago News.

Mar 1899

The following communication has been received: "There has been so much interest shown in your pages of late in regard to the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that I feel justified in asking if there is any biography published about him. If there is not, I know one person at least who would be grateful to the editor of THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW for a slight sketch of Mr. Kipling's life, and I expect there are many other admirers of his works who would be glad to know something of the history of their favorite author. Hoping that it will be convenient to comply with my request, I remain a sincere admirer of THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW. L. M. T."

We condense the following sketch from the biography given in the first number of "A Kipling Note Book," lately published in this city by Mansfield & Wessels: Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India, on Dec. 30, 1865, the son of John Lockwood Kipling and Alice McDonald. He was educated in the United Services College, at Westward Ho, in North Devon, and, his school days over, he returned to India and joined the staff of The Civil and Military Gazette, published at Lahore, continuing this work from 1882 to 1889. Despite his many labors, he found time to write the verses and stories which are now to be found in "Departmental Ditties," "Soldiers Three," and "Plain Tales from the Hills." Among the books published in India before 1889 were "Echoes by Two Writers," the "Quartette," "Departmental Ditties," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie." In 1889 he left India and returned to England by way of China, Japan, and America. It was about this time that the attention of the general reading public was drawn to his writings, and he was soon much read and talked about. In 1891 he collaborated with Walcott Balestier in "The Naulahha," published in book form in 1892, during which year he married Miss Caroline Starr Balestier, his friend's sister. His later work is one long record of successes—"Many Inventions," "The Seven Seas," "The Jungle Book," in two series, "Captains Courageous," and "The Day's Work"—the whole world has read and admired these books. From 1892 to 1896 Mr. Kipling lived chiefly in this country, residing at Brattleborough, Vt., where he remained until he returned again to England. In 1898 he sailed for Cape Town, South Africa, accompanied by his family, returning during the Autumn and taking up his abode at Rottingdean, on the south coast of England. His next journey was to the United States in January of this year.

In a recent Puck there is put in cartoon form Rudyard Kipling's already famous "The White Man's Burden." It is the opportuneness of the Puck print which is so striking. The conventional lank Brother Jonathan is disgruntled, for he is worrying over "Philippine complications," and rotund John Bull is trying to restore his cousin's confidence by pointing to a great shrine, on top of which is a massive figure of Britannia, supported by a series of figures which represent her colonies, and the legend runs: "Don't get discouraged, Sam! I've had just this trouble for three hundred years, while I've been building this monument. It has cost many human lives and much money, but the whole world as well as England has benefited by it."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S fame for his accuracy of detail and local color bids fair to become ultimately an affliction to him. People who otherwise would probably remain silent are moved by the author's reputation in this matter to write discomforting letters to the papers, picking the novelist's detail to pieces and ridiculing his technical description. Recently Mr. Kipling wrote for a London newspaper a story involving the burning of the *Sarah Sands*, a marine disaster which befell some forty years ago, and with which, owing to this lapse of time, the author felt doubtless that he could safely take some fictional liberties. But now appears the captain of the vessel, alive and well enough to make a vigorous protest in print against what he asserts are the author's misstatements.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, November 12th, 1898.

THE literary world was astonished last week by the appearance of a series of articles by Rudyard Kipling in the *Morning Post*. You in America do not know what that means, but if you were in London you would. The *Morning Post*, which for many years has been little more than a Court circular written up for society ladies and gentlemen who dawdle over their morning meal, has blossomed out as a great newspaper,—no longer the petted organ of a chosen few, but a paper for the multitude. Never before did the *Morning Post* possess the modern energy for getting a genuine "scoop." But in this same case they have made the "scoop," and by getting Mr. Kipling to contribute his breezy articles on "A Fleet in Being" at a moment when England appears to be on the verge of a naval conflict, have shaken the *Times* and its editorial squad as if by an earthquake. For it was in the *Times* that Kipling came forth as the author of the "Recessional" and other timely and beautiful poems; and the public assumed that the poet would henceforth be associated with that great journal.

The result of the publication of "A Fleet in Being," which is nothing less than a graphic and powerful description of all that Mr. Kipling saw while a guest on a British warship during the recent manœuvres, has been to send up the circulation of the *Morning Post* by tens of thousands. I fancy, however, it was not a mere question of dollars and cents that gave the *Morning Post* the coveted articles. Mr James Nicoll Dunn, who was recently appointed editor of the *Morning Post*, was an associate of Kipling's in the old days of the *Scots Observer*, and the connection between editor and contributor has lasted to the present time. It is not surprising, therefore, that when the writer had something very good in a journalistic way, he should have placed it in a friendly quarter. The articles have not only given more people a better idea of life on a warship than they ever had before, but have also shown what a brilliant journalist was lost to the world when Mr. Kipling took to writing books.

In these days of weakness and convalescence Kipling must be seeing life from a novel point of view. However great his imagination it was impossible for him to understand, in the fullness of his abundant health and vigor, how the world looks to those who are neither strong nor successful. Power and victory, courage and resolution, have been as natural as life to him, and they have been reflected in all his works. Now he must be thinking of great subjects from a different position. Returning vigor will bring back the old consciousness of masterful vitality, no doubt, but by the journey which the greatest of living poets has taken down toward the valley of death the already wonderful scope of his knowledge of life and the conditions of humanity must be enlarged.

Kipling and Watson.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

Mr. Kipling's recently published poem, "The White Man's Burden," calls to mind the sonnets written by Mr. William Watson in 1885 and grouped in his collected works under the title of "Ver Quebrosum." Some of the views there set forth seem to lend themselves to the positions of both expansionists and anti-expansionists as Mr. Kipling portrays them. Mr. Watson in "The Soudanese" would seem to have exactly described what one newspaper calls "an attempt to make a battle out of a battue," when

"They rose with a galled lion's rage
We bade them back to their Egyptian cage.
Scarce knew they who we were!"

for, as "the chief of the Ygorotes admits, he never saw modern artillery, and was ignorant of its effects," &c.

Again, Mr. Kipling's

"The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise,"

is almost an echo of ("The English Dead")

"Also for them let honor's voice be heard
Who nameless sleep while dull time covereth
With no illustrious shade of laurel tree,
But with the poppy alone, their deeds and death."

And when Mr. Kipling bids,

"Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead,"

it is precisely the advice given by Mr. Watson to his fellow-countrymen, ("Restored Allegiance":)

"Yet when I glance abroad and track the source,
More selfish far, of other nation's deed,
And mark their tortuous craft, their jealous greed,
Their serpent wisdom or mere soulless force,
Homeward returns my vagrant fealty,
Crying," &c.

If these United States are to

"Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride," &c.,

is it not what England was urged to do, ("Foreign Menace":)

"In recognition of man's widening mind
And flexible adaptation to its growth,"

and if one part of the burden lies in

"The savage wars of peace,"

which are assuredly the lot of England, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, the path to be trod is one of kinship, and ("Home-Rootedness")

"Whom shall I trust if not my kin? And whom
Account so near in natural bonds as these,
Born of my mother England's mighty womb," &c.

must appeal to the hearts of both nations. But even though

"Comes now to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years," &c.,

is it not true, ("Our Eastern Treasure,")

"The sense of greatness keeps a nation great;
And mighty they who mighty can appear,"

for if England with her ("Nightmare")

"Unincumbered isles barbaric"

has ("Last Word")

"Her world-task but begun!"

cannot the people of these United States show the

"Silent, sullen peoples"

that as a Nation

"Her veins are million but her heart is one."

For, although it may be necessary

"By open speech and simple
An hundred times made plain,"

to teach the

"Half-devil and half-child,"

cannot this great Nation await the judgment of its peers confident in its ability to carry the burden it assumes and defend the gage cast down,

"Making new hearts beat and bosoms swell,
To Pope or Kaiser, East, West, South, or North,
Bound for the calmly satisfied great State"?

A. E. CULLINGNORTH.

New York, Feb. 8, 1899.

Kipling's Recent Story.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

After reading Mr. A. O. Halsey's criticism of Mr. Kipling's story, "An Unsavory Interlude," I feel called upon to ask that gentleman if he has not an aversion to cats in general, and in particular to the dead of that tribe.

He says, or hints, that Mr. Kipling offends "good taste" in making a dead cat the means by which "Stalky" and his two friends revenge themselves on "King's House." Would Mr. Halsey be kind enough to define the phrase "good taste?" Does he use it in reference to the tongue? Probably not. He surely does not think that Mr. Kipling wishes us to eat deceased cats. Mr. Halsey should be more explicit.

Again, he says that no boy would carry a dead cat "in the bosom of his sweater." Are dead cats worse than birds in the same condition? I have often seen boys with the latter in their pockets. Besides, "Stalky and Co." were forced to do this, as it seemed to them to be the only way in which they could cleanse themselves from the epithet of "stinkers," given them by the boys of King's House.

Moreover, Mr. Halsey, for some reason, seems afraid to mention the word "stink," of which he says: "Many times repeated is a word found in the Bible and in Shakespeare, but not to be met with even in the yellow journals of our times." Why should not this word be used in stories of boys? From personal experience, I know that in

real life it is used much by them. Why, then, I again ask, should not this word be used in a story of school life, depicting schoolboy manners?

RIDGELY NICHOLAS.

New York, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1899.

Deserves All the Praise.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

I notice that several of your correspondents, among them two in last week's issue, ask "Why this excessive praise of Kipling?" Now, to me there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that Kipling is considered a great writer. I think he deserves all the praise that has been accorded him, (except where enthusiastice admirers claim that he is "the greatest writer that ever lived,") for he is the most powerful writer of the present generation. This term may appear a trifle strong, but in defense I refer to his work. Take, for instance, his jungle tales. Who among the present writers could describe the jungle life in such a weird, poetic manner? Again, in "The Bridge Builders," who could describe the scene on the island with half as much power? Who else could tell this story and make you read it over and over again?

Likewise in his poetry. Who of our poets has written anything equal to the "Recessional"? Who has sounded such "deep, solemn chords"? Kipling is a great writer, and I feel certain that he will be read when many of our present "literati" are forgotten.

Z.

New York, Feb. 1, 1899.

Rudyard Kipling's Pranks at School.

In the current numer of the Independent Michael Gifford White, an old schoolfollow of Rudyard Kipling at the North Devon school which is the scene of the adventures related in "Stalky & Co.," gives an account of the school and of Kipling's experiences there. The United Service college had been founded at Westward Ho, North Devon, with the principal object of educating the sons of civil and military Anglo-Indian officers.

Rudyard Kipling, better known as simply "Gigs"—Giga the irrepressible fellow, was always in some harmless mischief, always playing off some joke upon either one of the masters or his school fellows, no respecter of persons, and not caring one jot what good or evil opinion those held of him with whom he came in daily contact.

Whether it was that the authorities of the school considered it good policy, in order to retain the 120 odd scholars they had already secured and to encourage others to join the college, not to enforce too strict a discipline, one cannot tell; but certainly the order maintained was decidedly lax, the boys being permitted to roam over the country in predatory bands, bird nesting, poaching for the love of the danger, and engaging in desperate fights with the Appledore "cads," in which the victory was never admitted to be on the side of the latter. It is safe to say that it was not long before the farmers and country folk came to most strongly disapprove of the new establishment at Westward Ho, for which there is also no doubt "Stalky" and his two companions in mischief were not a little responsible.

It is a coincidence, worthy of notice to those parents whose children are not, perhaps, so devoted to their books as might seem desirable, that not only Kipling but both his chosen companions evinced little ambition to stand at the head of a class. The whole world is aware of the pedestal upon which one of the three now stands, but it may be intersting also to call to mind the fact that the other two, when the time came, passed brilliantly into the scientific branch of the British military service.

As an illustration of Kipling's behavior in class, there was a certain geeography master who greatly favored the drawing of sections of the earth's surface, showing the mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, seas, strata, etc., and which were generally executed by his pupils on sheets of foolscap.

At first the master was contented with quite ordinary distances between two given points, as from London to Edinburgh, Paris to Berlin, and so forth; but gradually he came to lengthening them out to an alarming extent—Chicago to Timbuctoo, Vladivostok to Goa, Cape Town to Moscow, which, while it embarrassed the rest of the boys, suggested a humorous idea to Kipling.

From somewhere or other he procured several rolls of wall paper, and then day and night with pens and brushes he labored diligently on a gigantic section, inserting men, birds, beasts and fishes, trees—in fact, anything he could think of, which being at length completed to his satisfaction, Kipling calmly awaited the result of his joke.

When at last the geographical master called for that particular section, to his surprise and the amusement of Kipling's chassmates, Kipling unwound his gigantic roll on the floor. At first it was evident that the master mentally debated the question as to whether it was a case demanding a public rebuke by the instant use of the cane, or commendation in its highest form by full marks, when Kipling's absolutely innocent expression of countenance decided him to adopt the latter course.

The English public school system of fagging was established at Westward Ho in two forms, study fagging and fagging at games. In the first case a lower school boy was attached to a prefect or sub-prefect to attend to his study, cook his breakfast and tea, and run his errands, for the space of a term. The second form was a daily list of the names of small boys, posted by the captains of games, whose task it was to tug a huge roller over the cricket or tennis lawns, or to field the balls for the practice of the first eleven. Kipling, for some reason, escaped the former service, but his name was often down in the latter list. He never rose sufficiently high in the school to possess a fag of his own.

At the end of his college career Kipling left Westward Ho in the ordinary manner, and not, as has been recently stated, as a "runaway truant," having gained, in spite of his pranks and peculiar humors, the regard of his masters and school fellows, the general opinion being that he was an awfully clever chap—was "Gigs."

KIPLING AND HIS WRITINGS.

The serious illness in this city of Rudyard Kipling has caused a concentration of public interest upon the famous author and his works. The statement that the libraries have been unable to supply the demand for his books is not without an element of gentle humor, for one can only smile at this feverish haste to read them lest their creator should pass away before the task was completed. There is no need to hurry in reading Mr. Kipling's books. They will last much longer than the youngest of their present readers, for they are a substantial embodiment of the life and thought of a period which will not be without significance to posterity.

That there is a difference of opinion as to the value of Mr. Kipling's work cannot be denied. That there is substantial ground for this disagreement seems less certain. The weakness of the position assumed by those who hold that Mr. Kipling is not one of the masters of the art of fiction lies in the imposition of length as a measure of force and creative power. The populace loves to jump at conclusions, and it long ago landed firmly on the ground of size in fiction. The novel is a greater work than the short story. Rudyard Kipling's only novel, "The Light That Failed," was not successful. Therefore Mr. Kipling is not a master of fiction.

That seems to be the line of reasoning adopted by those who do not regard Mr. Kipling as worthy to be compared with such imposing personages as Hall Caine, Gilbert Parker, or even Andrew Lang. If the telling of a long and sustained story be the true test of genius in fiction, there can be no question that Louisa Mühlbach, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and others of equal skill are infinitely superior to Mr. Kipling. But the real purpose of fiction is not merely to make a chain of interesting incidents. The action of a novel is artistic only when it appears to be the inevitable product of the agreement or clash of types of human character. The essential element of fiction, that which makes the profound and lasting impression on the mind, is the revelation of human nature. The master of fiction is not he who piles up complications with the ingenuity of a Gaboriau, but he who is the father of embodiments of humanity. We love the children of the imagination, not their deeds. Even in the novel of incident greatness is only achieved when a human type is made to reveal itself by its action. We love D'Artagnan not because of his adventures, but because of his courage, his fidelity, his manhood, his fortitude. And Alan Breck will live in our memories for the same reasons.

Fiction is an abstract of life. Characters in stories are reproductions of humanity. Life is the manifestation of character. It is the sum total of human impulses acting upon one another. It is the projection of personality into events. Therefore, the essential and vital part of every story is character. It is the personalities of the actors in the great novels that will not die. Cut away from "David Copperfield" every incident not related to the ark-like home and Little Em'ly and Ham Pegotty would still live. Blue pencil "Vanity Fair" down to the limits of a railway novelette and Becky Sharp would still be a breathing, devilish actuality. Such creations are not circumscribed by the number of pages in the book; they could not grow greater in twenty volumes. And so when the mind calls up the names of the masters of fiction, not the incidents, but the people they created come with the images of the authors. Richard Coeur de Lion, Rebecca, Captain Cuttle, Sairey Gamp, Major Pendennis, Jos Sedley, Rawdon Crawley—these are undying creations of fiction.

Has Mr. Kipling contributed no figures to the gallery of human types? Has he revealed no peculiarities of human nature? Not a Saladin, not a Bois-Guilbert, not a Washington, nor a Wolfe, perhaps; but a type that has printed its figure and its nature on half the world he has made actual and alive for us. If he had created no other personages, Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd would live. These are genuine epitomes of human classes. They are essential, elemental, and irresistible. Only a master could have breathed the breath of life into their nostrils. In the hands of an apprentice they would have done immeasurably more and been infinitely less.

Shall we pause to recall the types of Oriental character which this magician of the imagination has given us, made ours, made part and parcel of our experience, of our daily fancies, of our day dreams, and our sleep? Who does not know Lalun, to know whose name is only the beginning of knowledge? And who is not the friend of Wall-Dad, the "demnition product," philosophizing on the city wall with the calmness of a veneered Indian, and the next hour shouting his mad "Ya Houssain" among the rocking "tazias"? Shall we go further, clear away out into the misty realms of fancy? Yes, for there are Mowgli and the Grey Pack, master creations of an age of hard fact.

The poetry of Mr. Kipling has been the cause of discussion almost as prolonged, widespread, and acrimonious as that aroused by his prose. The technic of his prose has not been considered in this brief article, because a critical examination of it would require too much space; but it is almost impossible to avoid reference to the technic of his verse, for that is one of its essential traits. It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that Mr. Kipling has made the plain English of the people tell in genuine poetry the plain thought of the people in his day and generation.

This is his distinction and his claim to fame. Lord Tennyson was in the highest sense a representative poet. He voiced the speculative thought of his age in word-music of the most exquisite beauty. He sang the soul of his time, but he sang its secret thought, its inner yearning, its higher aspirations, and he sang these for thinkers. Mr. Kipling has sung the soul of his time, too; but he has sung its plain thought, its daily wants, its definite impulse.

A man does not read "A Song of the English" twice without knowing that his soul is vibrating in accord with the tones of a master singer. There is more truth, more of solid, practical knowledge of life in our day in "The Lost Legion" than there is in all the mass of feeble echoings that haunts the corners of the magazines. And so it is easy to go through "The Seven Seas" page by page and recognize the speech of genius. What utterance of press or pulpit has stirred the cynical world of late as did Mr. Kipling's "Recessional"? What man who has lived the life of our time did not get a lasting impression from "The Vampire"? Who has made in both prose and verse the new romance of the sea? Those who have read "Captains Courageous" and the sea ballads of Mr. Kipling can answer. There was a foolish cry that romance had left the land with the plume and charger, the sea with the topgallants and royal yards.

"And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
His oilcan soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His foghorn cut the reeking Banks;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless labored still."

There is Mr. Kipling's creed of the romance of our time in his own words. He has embodied it in the language of the plain people, made figurative without disfiguring, mystic without mistiness. He has made the common men and the common things of our time into heroic abstractions of themselves. The worst that can be said of him is that he does not please women. But it is something to be a man's writer in a very masculine time. To be sure, the future will have to find the true relation of Mr. Kipling to his epoch; but there have been few writers of fiction and verse who have so thoroughly convinced contemporary thought that they had fathomed its depths and summarized its content.

BREATHES WELL

Kipling's Strong Respiration Causes Pain.

New York, March 6.—(S. M. T.)—The following bulletin was issued at 2:30 o'clock today, at the Hotel Grenoble: "Kipling has done well during the past 24 hours. He has some discomfort from the more free management of the lungs due to the greater rubbing of the inflamed pleura. This is a very common accompaniment of pneumonia. The next bulletin will not be issued until Wednesday."

My Times 3/4/99

KIPLING AS A REPORTER IN INDIA.

He Also Edited Telegraph, Wrote Editorial and Put the Paper to Press in the Morning.

When and How He Wrote His First Stories and Poems—His Life in Vermont—Habits of Work —The Prices Which He Commands.

The private life of Rudyard Kipling has always been screened from the public gaze, but a few biographical odds and ends have at one time or another seen the light, says the New York Tribune. For example, we know something of what his duties were on the "Civil and Military Gazette." He had to prepare for the press all the telegrams of the day; he had to provide extracts and paragraphs; he made articles out of official reports; he wrote brief editorial notes; he kept an eye on sports, and looked after local news generally; finally, he read all proofs, except those of editorials, and on top of all this work he composed innumerable verses and stories. In his remarkable story of "The Man Who Would Be King," he has given us a sketch of himself sitting at his desk one Saturday night, waiting to put the paper to press. "A king or courtier was dying at the other end of the world," he says, "and the paper was to be held until the last possible moment."

"It was a pitchy black, hot night, and raining—now and again a spot of almost boiling water would fall on the dust. * * * The thing, whatever it was, was keeping us back. It would not come off. * * * I drowsed off, and wondered whether the telegraph was a blessing, and whether this dying man was aware of the inconvenience and delay he was causing. * * * The clock hands crept up to 3 o'clock, and the machines spun their fly-wheels two or three times, to see that all was in order before I said the word that would set them off. I could have shrieked aloud. Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits."

It was in this trying environment that Kipling, nevertheless, composed some of his best things. In a couple of pages on "My First Book," which he contributed to McClure's four or five years ago, he told something about the way in which his verses were written, saying:

"Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore, my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Moslem of colture. He would say: 'Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon. One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page.'

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as ek aur chiz—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindoo does not like to find the serifs of his t's cut away to make long s's.

"And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper."

VERSES ATTRACTED ATTENTION.

Of course, these verses immediately attracted the attention of the English exiles in India, and scores of people soon began to demand the publication of the rhymes in book form. This was a little more than Kipling had bargained for when he dashed off his lines as the exigencies of the paper or the inspiration of the moment suggested. Here again we may quote his own words:

"A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. Also, I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner, and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply postcards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements."

Once Kipling leaped into fame, he was, of course, free to leave behind him utterly his old journalistic grind; but it is said that he parted with the "rag" in India with deep regret. In the London "Academy" we read that when America and England were competing for his copy, he sent many a sketch in his best vein to the old paper at the old rate of pay. "Early on the first morning of his flying return visit to Lahore, his 'City of Two Creeds' saw him, for sheer love of the old work, sitting in the familiar office chair, correcting the same old proofs on the same old yellow paper, with Naim Rukn-ud-din, the Mahommetan foreman printer, flying around with his green turban awry, informing all hands that 'Kuppuleen Sahib' had returned. And there his old editor found him when he came to the office."

EDITORIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The editor aforesaid was E. K. Robinson, who has written some delightful reminiscences of the famous author. When they first became acquainted the editor was disappointed in his assistant, but they soon became fast friends, as we have seen. Mr. Robinson gives some amusing notes on the personality of his colleague. He says:

"There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention, namely, the amount of ink he used to throw about. In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the inkpot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to 'stand off'; otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a full pen in his hand—flying all over me. Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire, plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object. . . . When I knew Kipling in India he was bubbling over with poetry, which his hard day's office work gave him no time to write. The efforts of the native police band in the public gardens at Lahore to discourse English music to a sparse gathering of native nurses and infants would awaken, as we passed, some rhythm with accompanying words in his mind, and he would be obviously ill at ease because he could not get within reach of pen and ink. Whether Kipling would ever have been much of a musician I cannot say, but I know that all the poems he wrote during the years we worked together—many of the 'Departmental Ditties,' for instance—were written not only to music, but as music. I have before me now one of Kipling's poems of the 'Departmental Ditty' order which was never published. One of India's 'little wars' was in progress, and our special correspondent had telegraphed that on account of our newspaper's comments on the composition of the general's staff he had been boycotted by the general's orders. 'Here,' said I, handing the telegram to Kipling, 'is a subject for a nice set of verses.'

"Kipling read the telegram, thought a moment, then said: 'I have it. How would this do—'Rum tiddy um ti tum ti tum. Tra la la ti tum ti tum'? (or words to that effect hummed in notes that suggested a solo on the bugle). I was quite accustomed to having verses in their inceptional stage submitted in this shape for editorial approval; so I said that the poem sounded excellent, and returned to my work. In twenty minutes Kipling came to me with the verses, which began:

"'General Sir Arthur Victorious Jones,
Great is vermilion splashed with gold.'"

Kipling's aversion to being interviewed is well known, and some amusing stories are told of the way in which he has circumvented reporters. One newspaper man wrote to him as follows: 'Personally, I am not in the least interested in the matter, and am very unwilling to annoy you, but thousands of the people who buy your books are anxious to know something more about you than they have been able to glean from your writings.' The reply was terse enough. It ran: 'Dear Sir: I regret that it is impossible to give you the interview which your paper desires.' The astonishing thing about this epistle, said a friend of Kipling's, was that it had been written at

Two other journalists went to Brattleboro one summer to get an interview if they could, and they drew up in advance an elaborate list of questions. On the way to Kipling's house they met him. One planted himself in front of the writer, and the other edged around to cut off his retreat. They began to explain their business, only to be interrupted with a most vigorous protest against their behavior, which Kipling likened to highway robbery. In the midst of his speech one of the two inquisitors asked: "Mr. Kipling, are any of your Indian stories based upon actual happenings?" The author was dumbfounded, but instantly saw the humor of the situation and burst into laughter as he made his escape.

HIS BRATTLEBORO HOME.

Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe, in his recent book called "Literary Haunts and Homes," describes Kipling's house at Brattleboro—the house known as Naulahka—and tells something of the author's daily life. He says:

"His study—whence some of his books have been removed to England—is a pleasant apartment at the south end of the mansion, with that animating landscape in view from its windows, and here, denying himself to all comers, he worked carefully and methodically for some hours each morning recording his inventions and fancies in a characteristically clear and diminutive chirography—revising extensively and destroying so much that one friends says 'his waste-basket sometimes contains more manuscript than his desk after a morning's labor.' Here he produced much of the virile and impassioned master-verse of 'The Seven Seas,' that marked him as a major poet, many of the incomparable stories of the 'Jungle Books,' and the whole of that delightfully vivid and vigorous tale of the Gloucester fisher-folk, 'Captains Courageous.' Although he had not yet reached the 'dollar-a-word' period of his authorship, his neighbors considered that 'his was the most profitable industry in the town.'

"The later hours of the day were devoted to exercise—including a daily excursion to the postoffice—and to recreations which show him to be thoroughly in love with life, notwithstanding the inexorable fatalism of some of his tales. His aversion to horses disinclining him for driving, he at first walked much over the surrounding hills and through all the near country-side; later he preferred bicycling, and was often met in the rural roads and lanes mounted upon his wheel, and not infrequently accompanied by his wife. In these afternoon excursions his short, sturdy, broad-shouldered figure was usually clad in a plain suit of gray, his round, swarthy face was shaded by a broad-brimmed soft hat, his gray-blue eyes always looked through glasses worn to correct astigmatism; he rode rapidly and well, and had a ready salutation for every passing acquaintance. Occasionally he found recreation in cultivating his garden, or, in winter, shoveling aside the newly fallen snow, in going abroad upon snowshoes, or gleefully coasting over the glittering crust upon his own hillside. Some time—not too much—he gave to social functions, in which he showed himself an unassuming and courteous guest and the most devoted and hospitable of hosts. Among other visitors he entertained the gifted creator of 'Sherlock Holmes,' and 'A Desert Drama,' Conan Doyle, who here had a most enjoyable experience of a New England Thanksgiving, although it was snowless and the anticipated sleigh ride had to be foregone.

"Kipling's local repute is much less 'saturnine' than has been represented. The publication of his early impressions of the country and his criticisms of the quality and motives of its people—couched in language more candid than complaisant—naturally aroused a prejudice which made it difficult at first for Brattleboro society to judge him fairly. His declining to be patronized by prosperous trades-people, his persistence in permitting no invasion of his working hours and his decidedly discouraging demeanor toward unaccredited, inquisitive and impertinent bores, who would intrude upon his privacy, procured for him a reputation for insolent incivility which was always undeserved, and which personal acquaintance with him speedily dispelled. Those who know him here, who have seen him in his own home or in theirs, testify that he is uniformly kind and gentlemanly, a genial companion, a pleasing talker, and a sedulous observer of all the social conventionalities. His humbler rural neighbors and those who have been in his employ accord him a hearty liking for his considerate regard of their rights, which is alike creditable to themselves and to him. The sobriquet by which they sometimes mention him is merely a sportive play upon his name, and, we were assured, is not intentionally disrespectful. To gratify him they aided in the establishment of a nearby post-office which they neither needed nor desired, and which was quickly discontinued when he went abroad. * * *

"Kipling's affectionate regard for his home upon this sunny mountainside is expressed in the name he bestowed upon it. 'The Naulahka,' meaning the 'ver dear or precious—literally, 'costing nine lahks.' It is the first and only habitation which he ever erected for himself; here he dwelt for some years and wrought much of his marvelous work, here one of his children was born, and, whether he is to return to abide beneath this roof-tree, as has been hoped, or whether his presence here is to remain but a memory, the spot must ever be regarded with tender interest by reason of its association with a transcendent genius and a wondrous literary artist."

KIPLING AT CAPE TOWN.

To Dr. Wolfe's vignette of Kipling we may add the brief description written by a man in Cape Town at the time of Kipling's visit there:

"A small man, dressed to match his old pipe—and rather fond of cutting jokes at his own expense on both scores—with prominent spectacles and prominent chin, dark mustache, keen, dark eyes, keen expression, quick movements, and astonishingly quick rejoinders in talking; the distinctive note of him was keenness altogether, but sympathetic keenness. Somehow, one began with an idea that he would be a rather cocksure and self-confident person. He is, of course, quite young; far younger than he looks—it was those long early years of hard, unrecognized newspaper work in India that 'knocked the youth out of him'; he is ridiculously young to be so famous and to have earned his fame by so much entirely solid work, political, or rather national, as well as literary. Nevertheless, as one enthusiast expressed it, 'he puts the least side on of any celebrity I ever met.'"

As we have remarked on a former occasion, the price received by Kipling for his work is nobody's business but his own; nevertheless everybody will feel a keen interest in the British Weekly's paragraph on this subject:

"Perhaps no one receives such large prices for his work as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He has contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India, and the colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4,000 for the year. In addition to this Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publication in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4,000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1,000. Whether these high prices will be kept up is very doubtful. If the cheap magazinism succeeds in injuring the older periodicals they cannot be maintained. It remains to be seen whether the public cares much for names, and it must be remembered that the papers with the largest circulation in this country do not depend upon names at all. I remember some years ago Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work, better work by a great deal than he has been doing lately, to a monthly review. The editor informed me that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold."

Mr. Kipling's later poetry and most of his prose is copyrighted in his own name. It would seem that many of the journals that are not unmindful of this fact are at least amazingly unconscious of the rights of ownership of property. Within the last few days requests, even demands, have flowed in upon Mr. Kipling's representatives in this city for permission to publish columns on columns of Mr. Kipling's verse and prose—not mere quotations; oh, no, but pages and pages. "This," said a representative of the author, "may be American enterprise, but it is hardly fair to Mr. Kipling. You might with equal justice ask a banker, who was supposed to be on his deathbed, to distribute his bonds among the public." Of course, there is truth in this, but it is hard to realize it for the moment. And it is harder for some persons to realize it than it is for others.

Kipling Was Disgusted.

Rudyard Kipling positively declined to take the slightest interest in a concert improvised for him last week, and left the house after the songs had been given without any expression of opinion as to the effect of the music as applied to his verse. Two composers who have set some of his poems to music were present, and so was one of their most successful interpreters. But Mr. Kipling was indifferent. It was seen after the first song that he was bored, and few persons thought that another attempt would be made to interest him in the other songs. But the attempt was made, with such disastrous results that letters of apology were sent to the artists who had been invited to hear the music. Singers who have given in public songs in which Mr. Kipling's verses are used know that he is never pleased with the idea of composers taking his verses whether they are copyrighted here or not. On several occasions singers who have given these songs have been requested by his publishers to explain on what ground they sang words for the use of which neither the composer nor the singer had paid royalties. As this has always been Mr. Kipling's attitude in regard to the use of his verses, it can be well understood that he would take little interest in any party gotten up to celebrate such a use of them.—New York Sun.

A QUIET APARTMENT.

ONLY THE NURSE ASTIR IN RUDYARD KIPLING'S ROOM.

The Patient Rested Comfortably Enjoying Natural Sleep—Elsie is Steadily Improving.

New York, March 8.—Last night in Rudyard Kipling's apartment at the Hotel Grenoble was the quietest since the author was taken ill. Only the nurse was astir. The patient rested comfortably all night, his sleep being natural, as it has been for several days.

Elsie Kipling, the three-year-old invalid, also had a comfortable night, and is improving steadily.

OF TROUBLE.

AN EMPEROR'S SYMPATHY.

WILLIAM SENT A MESSAGE CONVEYING IT TO MRS. KIPLING.

Berlin Papers Comment on the Act—Germany Desires to Live in Peace With America.

Berlin, March 7.—Emperor William's message of sympathy to Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, occasioned by her husband's serious illness, is commented upon by the press here to-day. The Vossiche Zeitung says:

The new manifestation of the Emperor's and the recent ones by German Ministers for a pleasant contrast to the erroneous statement that Germany is about to declare a tariff war on the United States. The German nation, on the contrary, is strongly desirous of living in peace with America, economically as well; but, hopes for full reciprocity and that the legitimate interests of Germany will be considered."

The above remarks and Emperor William's action are apparently based on the theory of his Majesty that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's residence in the United States, the fact that his wife is an American, and his sympathy for this country make him an American in spirit, if not by birth, as the distinguished author was born in Bombay on December 30, 1865.

CONTINUES TO IMPROVE.

THE REPORT CONCERNING RUDYARD KIPLING'S CONDITION.

Elsie Progressing Toward Recovery —Mrs. Kipling Wants Josephine's Funeral to be Private.

New York, March 7.—Rudyard Kipling's condition continues to improve. F. N. Doubleday, who has been with the author almost constantly since he was prostrated, said early to-day that the night had been a restful one for Mr. Kipling. The patient, however, is as closely watched as ever, to guard against a possible relapse to which he will be liable for a fortnight or more. Elsie, Mr. Kipling's three-year-old daughter, is reported as progressing very favorably, having slept well last night.

Mr. Doubleday, in deference to the wishes of Mrs. Kipling, refused to give any information regarding the arrangements for the funeral of Josephine Kipling. It is the mother's wish that the funeral be private, but she fears that, owing to the public interest in Mr. Kipling, the church in which the service for the dead is to be held would, were the announcement to be made in advance, be crowded with the curious. The child, Mrs. Kipling says, in no sense belonged to the public, and she wishes to avoid having the funeral take on the character of a spectacle.

Kipling's Affliction.

No matter how completely Rudyard Kipling may recover from his own desperate illness he will be compelled to take up one of the sorest burdens any man, white, black, or brown, can bear. It is a terrible thing for a poet, with the sensibilities of genius, to lose a little daughter of six years, his first-born just in the early promise of childhood.

Such an experience will inevitably leave an enduring mark on Kipling's life and character. He will have a new sense of the sorrows which no human care or skill can avert, and the world will never seem quite the same to him that it did when he had not suffered the grievous blow which has just fallen upon him as a father.

It is probable in the future new depths of tenderness and pity will be revealed in the works of the greatest literary genius of the age. He will be even more than ever a universal poet, for to the imperial songs of world movements and national glories will be added the voices, stiller and smaller, but not less vital and thrilling, of the secret places of the heart.

This must be the compensation, as far as can be paid, for the wounds he has received.

KIPLING'S CHILD DEAD.

Six-Year-Old Daughter is No More.

PNEUMONIA THE CAUSE.

She Had Been Sick Only a Week.

New York, March 6.—(S. M. T.)—Josephine, the six-year-old daughter of Rudyard Kipling, died, this morning, of pneumonia. She had been sick about a week. The sad news will be kept from Kipling, as the blow would certainly affect him in his weakened condition.

The child died at the home of Mrs. Julia De Forest, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, where she had been cared for during her illness.

SLOW, BUT SURE.

Kipling's Progress on the Road to Health.

New York, March 6.—(S. M. T.)—Rudyard Kipling's recovery is slow, but practically certain. It was given out this morning, at the Hotel Grenoble, that the pulse and temperature of the writer still continued just above normal, and it would be a week, at least, before he could take solid foods. Mrs. Kipling received the following cablegram of sympathy from Emperor William, yesterday:

"Berlin, March 5.—Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, Hotel Grenoble: As an enthusiastic admirer of the unrivaled books of your husband, I am most anxious for news about his health. God grant that he may be spared to you and to all who are thankful to him for the soul-stirring way in which he has sung about the deeds of our great common race.

(Signed) "WILLIAM I. R."

The Kaiser's Tribute to Kipling.

When the Emperor of Germany talks about smashing those who oppose him and calls himself a war lord whose word must turn the rifles of army recruits against their own fathers and brothers, if need be, he seems like a misfit survival of past ages. He is out of touch, in such moods, with the spirit of the age.

On the other hand, when the Kaiser sent to the French Ambassador in Berlin a most appreciative and intelligent expression of the regret which all lovers of art felt at the death of Meissonier, he was so entirely modern, so broad in his interests, and so thoroughly in harmony with men who lead nations by a better right than that of birth, that his outbursts of absolutism have been made nearly incredible by contrast. The difference between the two sides of the Emperor has been extraordinary.

His better self appears again in the message of sympathy and appreciation sent to Mrs. Kipling to attest the admiration of the Kaiser for the works of the English poet. No one could ask more hearty tribute from any quarter, and it is evident that the German master of the greatest military force on earth is sincere and thorough in his admiration of the creative genius of the young literary marvel whose work has all been done in the English language. Physical power never went farther out of its way to render homage to the achievements of the mind.

Obviously, the Kaiser is very modern, very broad, and very admirable, in some important respects.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S DAUGHTERS.

JOSEPHINE. ELSIE.

The elder died, Monday morning, and Elsie is sick.

Kipling a Poor Reporter.

It is not kind to the San Francisco editor who rejected "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" to recall that he based his refusal on the ground that the story was "scarcely equal to the standard of merit demanded by the magazine." Those were the days when Kipling was a struggling reporter, and in this connection there is recalled the story of Kipling's third and last assignment to a news story.

A big insurance fraud had been unearthed and exposed by the paper to which Kipling was attached. Kipling was assigned to get a "second-day story" on the man chiefly involved in the frauds, and who had not yet been arrested. Late in the afternoon he walked into the office with facts sufficient to justify a three-column space allowance. But somehow his own personality persisted in obtruding itself into the facts, and he presently drifted into a scathing satire on the offender, written in the inimitable vein which has since made him famous.

The city editor counted exactly fifteen libel suits and about half a millions dollars in damages in that story, and next morning Mr. Kipling was requested to transfer his operations to another field. Said the editor, in bidding him good by: "You have genius. You will some day make a great name, though I may not live to see it. But fate never intended you for the mechanism of news."—Leslie's Weekly.

PNEUMONIA WAS FATAL.

JOSEPHINE, KIPLING'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, IS DEAD.

Elsie, the Youngest, Passed a Good Night—The Author is Steadily Improving.

New York, March 6.—Josephine Kipling, the six-year-old daughter of Rudyard Kipling, and the oldest of his three children, died shortly after 6 o'clock this morning from pneumonia. The child's death took place at the home of Miss Julie DeForest in this city. Miss DeForest is a friend of the Kiplings, and Josephine had been taken to her home so that she could be nursed apart from her father.

The girl became ill the day after Mr. Kipling took to his bed. It is not definitely known whether the news of the death of his child was communicated to Mr. Kipling, but it was generally believed that his condition is such that the physicians will not tell him until he is stronger.

Rudyard Kipling continues to improve, having slept naturally the greater part of last night. He has not taken to solid food yet, and it may be a week before he is able to do so. He is subsisting on beef extract, milk, and other fluid nutrients.

Elsie, Mr. Kipling's three-year-old daughter, passed a good night.

KIPLING'S DAUGHTER DEAD.

The Eldest of His Three Children Dies of Pneumonia—The Author Improving.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Josephine Kipling, the six-year-old daughter of Rudyard Kipling, and the oldest of his three children, died shortly after 6 o'clock this morning from pneumonia.

The child's death took place at the home of Miss Julie De Forest in this city. Miss De Forest is a friend of the Kiplings, and Josephine had been taken to her home so that she could be nursed apart from her father.

The following bulletin was issued at 2:30 p. m.: "Mr. Kipling has done well during the last twenty-four hours. Now that resolution is almost complete he has some discomfort from the more free management of the lungs, due to the greater rubbing of the inflamed pleura. This is a very common accompaniment to pneumonia. The next bulletin will not be issued till Wednesday.

E. G. Janeway,
"Theodore Dunham."

Mr. Doubleday, at 7:30 tonight, said: "Mr. Kipling has had a splendid—that is, a comfortable—day. He is beginning gradually to take nourishment of a more substantial kind.

"He has not been told of his daughter's death. Elsie has been somewhat better today, and I think she is well on the road to recovery."

Then referring to a slip in his hand, he said: "After talking the matter over with me Mrs. Kipling decided to make this request to the newspapers: 'It is Mrs. Kipling's earnest wish that all matter connected with the funeral of her daughter Josephine may be entirely private. She appreciates the fact that information concerning Mr. Kipling is of public interest, but this sorrow is her own, and she feels sure that newspaper reporters and editors will not wish to intrude upon her privacy.'"

Mr. Doubleday went on to say that this meant that Mrs. Kipling did not wish even the time or place of her daughter's funeral to be made public. Mr. Doubleday said there were a number of reasons that induced her to make that decision, and one of them was that for Mr. Kipling's sake the death and funeral of Josephine must be passed as quickly and quietly as possible. Mrs. Kipling knew, he said, that the papers could find everything out if they tried, but in this case she asked them not to do so.

KIPLING'S MARRIAGE.

Baltimore American.

Mr. Kipling was married January 19, 1892, in London, to Balestier, sister of the young American novelist, Wolcott Balestier, who died in Dresden in 1891, and with whom Kipling collaborated in the story called "The Naulahka." It was through this brother that she became acquainted with Mr. Kipling. Her father, Joseph Navarro Balestier, was a very successful real estate man and lawyer of New York city. He bought very extensively property in and around Brattleboro, Vt., and to-day the Balestier estate there includes many hundreds of acres.

It was thus that Mr. Kipling settled in Brattleboro shortly after his marriage. He and Mrs. Kipling lived in the town until their new home was finished, just outside the Brattleboro line. It is fashioned after the plan of an Indian bungalow, in which one long corridor from end to end of the building divides all the apartments, as in a hotel, and is built on the side of a hill. It is a long, curious looking structure, without an entrance on the side that faces the roadway, and with but one door in the house, that on the hillside.

The property slopes down from the hillside to the roadway, and at the base of the hill, although there are no fences or obstructions, are scattered signs reading: "Trespassing on these premises is forbidden."

Here Mr. and Mrs. Kipling lived for some time the year round, and many stories are told in Brattleboro of his life there. Strangers who saw him for the first time thought a cowboy had come to town, though his boots, his great coat, and his sombrero, whenever the weather permitted him to go without a thick cap, were familiar to all the town folk.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Items Gathered During This Week's Tour of the Publishing Houses.

"A Civilian Attaché," a story of military life at a post in the West, is a new romance by Helen Dawes Brown, which will be brought out some time next month by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rudyard Kipling's "Many Inventions" is soon to be presented in a new edition by D. Appleton & Co. A particularly interesting feature of this book is that it contains the first real jungle story published. It is called "In the Rukh," and in it is told the tale of Mowgli's marriage. "Many Inventions" was published in 1893, and it is a little curious that the stories describing Mowgli's babyhood and childhood did not appear in St. Nicholas and McClure's Magazine until a year or two later. It would be interesting to know whether the actual "Jungle Stories" were written previous to the penning of "In the Rukh," or whether the latter tale inspired Mr. Kipling to give Mowgli's previous career in the jungle.

KIPLING'S PET.

FOR JOSEPHINE HE WROTE THE JUNGLE BOOK.

New York, March 7.—(S. M. T.)—Rudyard Kipling passed a comfortable night and his condition seemed much improved today. As yet he has not been told of the death of his daughter Josephine. Elsie is past the danger point, and in the last day or so has shown a decided improvement. Josephine's funeral will be strictly private, and Mrs. Kipling desires that no announcement be made as to time or place.

Josephine was Rudyard Kipling's pet and her death will be a sad blow to him. She was his companion and friend.

Those wonderful children's tales in the Jungle Book of the child Mowgli, and what Bagheera, the panther, and Gray brothers said to him, were begun when Josephine was learning to talk.

The Baltimore Consolidation.

Women Who Like Kipling.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

In your article of March 4 on "Kipling and His Writings" you say: "The worst that can be said of him is that he does not please women." This is a great surprise to me, a woman, for I do not know half a dozen women who do not care immensely for Kipling, and of these two or three the cause is very plain—they are women of the old-fashioned, conventional type, extremely reverent of the names of sacred and even of satanic things and personages; women entirely provincial, who have lived upon second or third class literature of the past, and who do not know how to take the outspoken virility of Kipling.

In my experience the truest admirers and lovers of Kipling are women. They do not merely look for a new thing and read it with avidity, but they read and reread the old ones, tasting with the delight of a gourmet the flavor of each. He supplies more quotations and family by-words in some houses that I know where women are largely in the majority than any one else, barring Shakespeare.

Do not make us suffer as a sex, Mr. Editor, for the sins of a few. S. B. H.

Bayonne, N. J., March 8, 1899.

KIPLING'S ADVICE TO SCHOOLBOYS.

He Gives a Cheeky Boy Editor Useful Points Upon Means of Avoiding Work.

AN ODD LITTLE JOURNAL.

Copy Printed at a Penny Is Now Worth $25 to Collectors of Kiplingiana.

MAX BEERBOHM'S FUNNY CARICATURE.

The Value of a Cough When You Don't Know Your Lessons and of Cheek Always.

THERE is published at Horsmonden, Kent, England, a little semi-weekly journal called the Budget. It is published by schoolboys and, instead of being printed in type, the text is a facsimile of the boy editor's handwriting. The contents are always saucy and piquant and the limited edition at a penny a copy is quickly exhausted.

There are two numbers of the Budget which have for some time been in special demand. They are numbers 13 and 14, dated May 14 and May 28, 1898. For these two numbers £5 ($25) have recently been offered because they contain a spicy correspondence between the editor and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, together with a caricature of Mr. Kipling by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

"As some of our readers are aware," writes this boy editor of the Budget, "we wrote some two months ago to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, inclosing a copy of the Budget and mentioning the high

KIPLING, AS SEEN BY MAX BEERBOHM.

rate at which we paid our contributors. As Mr. Kipling's literary efforts are currently reported to be paid for at the rate of a shilling a word, we reproduce his letter in full, without omitting as much as an inverted comma. Here it is:

Mr. Kipling's Letter.

"'To the Editors School Budget:

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

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

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

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

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

"'5. When pursued by the native farmer always take to the nearest plough-land. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

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

"'You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a check or postal order for six pence at your convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page. Faithfully yours,

'RUDYARD KIPLING.'

"'Capetown, Easter Monday, '98.'"

The Editor's Comment.

Commenting upon this letter, the youthful editor delivers himself as follows:

"Even as the sun is above the moon and stars, or as the Union Jack is above the Stars and Stripes, so is a magazine editor above a casual contributor, even though the latter be a Kipling. The latest-joined member of our staff suggests that the aggressive tone of our distinguished correspondent's letter may be accounted for by the fact that he caught a malignant imperial fever in India some years ago. He says that he himself often suffers from the same complaint—a fever called Genius. He described to us the symptoms, with the result that the whole staff has been suffering from it ever since. Mr. Rider Haggard has treated us even worse. He has actually taken no notice of our offer to let him advertise his books in our columns at half rates.

"If we could find the address of the writer of:

He is happy as he lingers on the ever-golden shore,
Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling and the Haggards ride no more,

We should place him on our free list for life."

With this the editor brings to a conclusion his comments upon Mr. Kipling's letter.

Mr. Beerbohm's Caricature.

He was not yet, however, through with the distinguished author, as will be seen from a perusal of the following letter:

Friday, May 20, 1898.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Many thanks for the copy of your admirable magazine. I have read Mr. Kipling's letter and I agree with you that its tone is quite monstrous and unpardonable.

I have much pleasure in complying with your request for a caricature of Mr. Kipling. If it meets with your approval do not forget to send me a copy of the issue in which it appears. I am an ardent collector of my own drawings.

With best wishes for your prosperity, I am, yours obediently, MAX BEERBOHM.

48 Upper Berkeley street, West.

With this letter Mr. Beerbohm sent the caricature referred to. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Mansfield & Wessels, of New York, who possess original copies of the Budget we are enabled to reproduce the correspondence and the caricature.

The word "form" in Hint No. 2 is a synonym for "class." The word "impots" is a contraction of "impositions," the penalty inflicted upon pupils who do not know their lessons. The word "topper" is the schoolboy's slang word for a high silk hat.

Midget Edith Adele Tolley furnishes a climax to the dealing out by Dame Nature of a Lilliputian family to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tolley, of No. 320 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn.

Baby No. 1, named Dorothy, now five years old, weighed seven pounds when born.

Baby No. 2, named William, now two and a half years old, weighed only five pounds when he arrived.

When baby No. 3 came during the recent blizzard it tipped the scale at two pounds.

At that diminishing scale Mr. and

MR. KIPLING FEELS BETTER.

ALL THE INFORMATION MR. DOUBLEDAY WOULD GIVE.

His Apparent Anxiety Aroused Fears That the Patient's Progress May Not be Satisfactory.

New York, March 11.—All the information regarding the condition of Rudyard Kipling that Mr. Doubleday, his friend, would communicate to the reporters to-day was that the sick man felt better to-day than he did yesterday.

Mr. Doubleday would give no direct reply to questions as to how the night was passed by Mr. Kipling, nor would he either confirm or deny the statement that the fact of little Josephine's death had been made known to her father.

Mr. Doubleday's reticence and appearance of anxiety that was observed in his demeanor has aroused the fear that Mr. Kipling's progress toward convalescence is not altogether satisfactory.

Unable to keep Mr. Kipling in ignorance of his favorite daughter Josephine's death, the news was broken to him last night by Dr. Dunham. The blow was a heavy one, but the father bore up bravely.

"How long was she ill?" he asked.

He was then told as much as the attendants thought wise. Tears stood in the poet's eyes and he murmured, half to himself, half aloud, "Poor little Joe." It was thus he always called the little one.

The doctors believe it was best to break the news, as the worry and the distrust he seemed to have in all the replies given to his queries about the little one would have probably been more harmful than to let him have the truth.

NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK COMPANY, 156-158 Fifth Avenue

WILL PUBLISH MARCH 15TH

A KEN OF KIPLING:

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS. Containing an account of his career; an appreciation of his work in prose and verse; some good anecdotes and illustrations; a bibliography of his writings; his famous interview with Mark Twain, and a reprint of some of his more famous poems. *With a superb portrait in photogravure.* Printed on Dickinson laid paper and appropriately bound in cloth, with decorative design. 12mo, 75 cents.

KIPLING'S POPULARITY.

It Has Reached Wonderful Proportions in This City Since His Illness Began—Hard to Get Hold of His Books.

The continued reference to Rudyard Kipling in the newspapers, on account of his illness and bereavement, has proved of much benefit to him. His books are in demand everywhere. Book stores can hardly secure sufficient books to supply the demand, and in many instances the prices of his standard books have gone up a notch.

The most noticeable effect is at the Public Library, where neither love nor money can obtain for one the possession of one of Kipling's books on application. Any person desirous of obtaining any particular volume is compelled to file an application card, and when his turn comes he secures the book, but not before. According to Librarian Brett there are 150 volumes of Kipling's works in the library. This includes all duplicates. Every one of the 150 is in circulation, and yesterday when a Leader reporter asked for one of Kipling's novels he was requested to file an application card.

Librarian Brett said: "Kipling has always been a popular author, but the demand for his books in the last two weeks has been unprecedented. 'The Day's Work,' a publication made up of a number of short stories, seems to be in greatest demand. Many of the library attaches have been compelled to work overtime on account of the frequent inquiries made regarding Kipling and his works."

Leader 3/13/99

MR. KIPLING STEADILY GAINING.

Able to Eat More Substantial Food—Told of His Child's Death.

Rudyard Kipling is steadily regaining his strength. The improvement in his condition yesterday was highly satisfactory to the attending physicians. His diet has been further increased, his supper last evening consisting of more substantial food than any previous meal since he was first attacked with pneumonia, nearly three weeks ago. The first bulletin in three days will be issued this afternoon.

Mr. Kipling seemed to suspect something was wrong from the answers given to him yesterday when he continued to ask about his daughter Josephine, and Dr. Dunham decided that he had better know the truth than worry over suspicions. Consequently Mr. Kipling was informed last night of Josephine's death. He asked about her illness and was told all the details. Mr. Kipling's youngest surviving child, John, was taken in to see him yesterday. Elsie, the daughter who was slightly ill, is out of danger, and is bright and cheerful. Mrs. Kipling did not go out for a drive yesterday, but remained in the hotel all day.

Wasn't that heroic, I'd like to know?—Boston Transcript.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Kipling, we hail you back again—
Back to the world of valiant men—

Back from the far, drear, borderland
Death-touched, obscure, and fever-fann'd—

Back to the pulse, the thrill, the start,
The mighty engine of your art!

Beneath the "seven seas" there speeds
A message that the round world reads:

Up to "the hills" it bears the word,
And "Tommy Atkins'" soul is stirr'd:

By Gloucester's stormy harbor gates,
Where many a fisher's widow waits,

The tidings flash, and from "the Banks"
Goes up to heaven a prayer of thanks.

From London's grime and fog and rains
Westward many a moist eye strains,

And where the children laugh and play,
From Boston town to far Cathay,

There you may see your little men
Eager to hear your voice again!

Ah, not until the breath of blight
Had touched your hand and dimmed your sight—

Not till we felt your life-blood run
Feebler with each descending sun

Knew we how tight the tendons drew
That bound us heart and mind to you!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

New York, March 6, 1899.

Rudyard Kipling Stricken.

THE WORLD'S INTENSE INTEREST IN THE GREAT AUTHOR REVEALED IN HIS TRYING HOURS—REMINISCENCES OF A REMARKABLE MAN.

IN the last days of the February of 1899 the world has witnessed the spectacle of the two English-speaking nations watching by the bedside of a mighty genius face to face with death. The sight of a brave man fighting desperately for his life is always one to stir the deepest emotions of the sympathy dominant in every human heart. But with Rudyard Kipling the sentiment thus aroused possesses a peculiar poignancy and force. England, which produced Kipling, and America, which has accomplished so much to foster his genius, watched the progress of his fight with pneumonia with something of the loving solicitude of a parent for a favorite child. The men and women of the two countries feel that he must not be lost; that the world cannot afford to see the light of his transcendent powers as a poet, a novelist, an instructor in the larger and higher humanity, go out.

The bulletins issued day by day from the room in the Hotel Grenoble, at New York, where he lay ill, recorded the simple fact of the progress of dread pneumonia. They told us nothing of the scenes in that room in the darkest hours of the Sunday night when all hope seemed to have gone; of how, toward the dawn, the iron, square jaw hardened and clinched; the hands grasped the coverlet of the bed, and through the half-opened lips came the challenge, as to an invisible foe: "You sha'n't beat *me*. I'm going to beat *you*."

"If he recovers," says Dr. Janeway, "he will owe it first to his own wondrous bravery and vitality; second, to a constitution of steel, and third to the tender nursing of his wife."

What the loss of Kipling would mean to the world and to humanity is vividly expressed by Thomas Nelson Page, in a letter written a few days ago.

"Should he die," says Mr. Page, "England and America would lose the one who gives the greatest hope for our time. As a poet he has already stamped his name on the history of ages. But ere he is forty years old he may change, as Scott and Thackeray did, from poetry and sketches, and, like them, give us a series of novels as new and great as they gave."

The illness of Kipling has served at least one useful purpose. The world knows something more of the inner life, the direct personality of the man, than it could have learned in a generation under any other conditions. Those who have observed his indisposition to society, his attitude of dislike to newspaper notoriety, his rejection of all attempts to draw him out of the retirement of his home life, might judge him to be cranky and ill-natured. To those familiar with the large, lovable, warm nature of the man, nothing could be further from the truth or more ridiculous. Innumerable are the stories now told about him by the friends who know him as he is and love him for what he is. Uppermost in many hearts is the thought of the grand humanity expressed in the vernacular of Private Stanley Ortheris:

"Oh, where would I be when my throat is dry,
Oh, where would I be when the bullets fly,
Oh, where would I be when danger's nigh?
Why, somewhere anigh my chum.
For when he's drink 'e'll give yer some,
And when you're sick 'e'll 'old yer 'ead,
And 'e'll rite 'em 'ome when you're dead—
Gawd send me a trusty chum!'

In these lines the rugged fidelity of Kipling is unconsciously expressed. As a poet Kipling will be judged by the critics on the standard of "The White Man's Burden" and "The Recessional." To every student of humanity the true philosophy of life is epitomized in these lines:

"Take up the white man's burden;
Have done with childish days,
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise."

But by the great army of every-day men and women he will in after ages be remembered for "The Hanging of Danny Deever." It is not kind to the San Francisco editor who rejected "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" to recall that he based his refusal on the ground that the story was "scarcely equal to the standard of merit demanded by the magazine." Those were the days when Kipling was a struggling reporter, and in this connection there is recalled the story of Kipling's third and last assignment to a news story. A big insurance fraud had been unearthed and exposed by the paper to which Kipling was attached. Kipling was assigned to get a "second-day story" on the man chiefly involved in the frauds, and who had not yet been arrested. Late in the afternoon he walked into the office with facts sufficient to justify a three column-space allowance. But somehow his own personality persisted in obtruding itself into the facts, and he presently drifted into a scathing satire on the offender, written in the inimitable vein which has since made him famous. The city editor counted exactly fifteen libel suits and about half a million dollars in damages in that story, and next morning Mr. Kipling was requested to transfer his operations to another field. Said the editor, in bidding him good-bye: "You have genius. You will some day make a great name, though I may not live to see it. But Fate never intended you for the mechanism of news."

A famous writer, who had ample opportunities for observation of Kipling and his methods, made this striking comment on his unique personality: "Kipling has been blessed with one stupendous advantage—the faculty of thinking in his legs. That faculty is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man."

"I can write anywhere, anyhow, under any circumstances," said Kipling, on one occasion. "I write better standing up than in any other position. Nine-tenths of my work has been accomplished walking up and down the garden of my home in India, my home in England, and my home in Vermont. I wrote two-thirds of 'Soldiers Three' and the 'Departmental Ditties' that way."

There is one little picture of his home life in the early days in India, when he was still a sub editor on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, which may well be recalled. "Among other places," said the writer, "I visited Lahore, where I made the acquaintance of the Kipling family. A more charming circle it would be hard to find. John Lockwood Kipling, the father, a rare, genial soul with happy artistic instincts, a polished literary style, and a generous, cynical sense of humor, was, without exception, the most delightful companion I ever met. Mrs. Kipling, the mother, preserved all the graces of youth, and had a sprightly if occasionally caustic wit which made her society always desirable. Miss Kipling, the sister, now Mrs. Fleming, inherits all her mother's vivacity, and possesses a rare literary memory. With Kipling himself one is disappointed at first. His heavy eyebrows, his spectacles, and his sallow, Anglo-Indian complexion, his jerky speech and abrupt movements, add to the unfavorable impression. But his conversation is brilliant and his sterling character gleams through the humorous light that shines through his spectacles."

Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of the great author who, arriving in this country in the full vigor of robust health, falls before the poisonous vapors of the snow left festering in the streets by a lax administration of the municipality.

MARCH 11, 1899.

BOOK NEWS IN LONDON

[Copyright, 1899.]
Special Cablegram to THE NEW YORK TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, March 10.—Richard Le Gallienne has been commissioned by Messrs. Lane to write a critical volume on Rudyard Kipling's works, the same length as his popular study of Meredith.

***

The Duchess of Sutherland has com-

KIPLING'S GETTING BETTER.

The cheerful news is spread around,
From mouth to mouth it hurries;
It threads the hurly-burly street
And down the alley scurries.
Disease has yielded up its own,
And loosed its icy fetter—
In other words, the doctors say
That Kipling's getting better.

No crown is set upon his head,
Nor yet imperial eagle;
He's neither King nor President,
But still his sway is regal.
It binds the rich man and the poor,
The prosperous and the debtor,
And every mother's son is glad
That Kipling's getting better.

I know a curly-headed boy
Who never reads the papers,
His mind is filled with Jungle Books
And various childish capers.
To-day he brought The Tribune in,
His jet eyes seeming jetter,
"Oh, aren't you very glad," said he,
That Kipling's getting better?"

Ah, well, the King upon his throne
Is set above the fewest;
The rule that rules the loving heart
Is after all the truest.
And many a dreaming maid is stirred,
And serious money-getter,
To hear the doctors say at last
That Kipling's getting better.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

sibly, the Philipsburgers who so eagerly advanced her passage money—and, strange to say, they won't tell. The silk factory is not yet built, and the town still keeps its old name. But as none of the shrewd investors in the Francis boom has ever complained, it is fair to assume that they got their money's worth.

That Francis himself was capable of originating this daring scheme no one who ever knew him believes. Indeed, it appears that he was ultimately one of its victims. Anyway, the advertisement and the whole story of the $3,000,000 in South America was a hoax.

Not long ago an old acquaintance met Francis in a distant city. He was shabbily dressed and evidently in hard luck. He was not very communicative, but finally remarked:

"Do you know, Bill, those fellows who

also a mighty man.

The present Czar is far otherwise. He is a melancholy product of the close inter-marriages between European royalties, whose result is epilepsy, suicide, insanity.

The history of his family is a long record of crime and violence and evil passions.

Record of the Romanoffs.

Anne, Duchess of Courland, daughter of Ivan, the imbecile half-brother of Peter the Great, ascended the throne in 1730. After her came Elizabeth and Peter III., who was so hideous that when presented to his future wife, Catherine, she fainted away.

His brutality gave her some excuse for the shameless conduct that won her the name of "the Russian Messalina," and his mental feebleness rendered him incapable of reigning, so that she became sovereign. She was followed by her son Paul, mean of aspect and low of stature, who also became insane and was murdered, giving place to Alexander I., the ablest monarch of his race.

Alexander, too, was probably murdered, after having caused the downfall of Napoleon. Nicholas I. died in 1854, practically a suicide. Alexander II., his son, was the giant Czar who was slain by the Nahilists. Alexander III. died a death which, in the absence of direct proof to the contrary, may be called imaginary, though there are strange rumors about it.

So we come to the present Czar, who has so early developed the dread malady of his ancestors.

His child, if a boy, is likely to be an even more unfortunate wreck, unless care can forestall the effects of an evil heredity.

It is the law of nature, from which not even Emperors are exempt.

Vladimir was in his you
his muscular strength,
his love of gambling.
1874 the Princess Marie of
Schwerin, a grandniece
princes.

She is beautiful, witty
a trifle fast. She will
ruler of Russia unless th
a boy baby to the unfort

And unless the stork
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Duke Cyril, who recentl
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the present Czar.

TYPEWRITING

A machine has been inv
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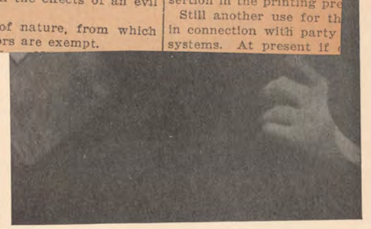
second, that I could not help myself—and now I am afraid folks will find traces of Thompson in my stories. Well, if the traces are read, 'twill be all the better for me."



Yours sincerely
Ernest Seton Thompson

Photographed by Miss Ben-Yusuf.

We cannot speak for England, but we think we can speak for America in saying that there is no living man out of office for whom an entire community, doctors, merchants, lawyers, sailors, soldiers, policemen, firemen and elevator boys, loafers and laborers of all ages, sizes, kinds and circumstances, would have felt the personal anxiety and concern excited in this country by the illness of RUDYARD KIPLING. The satisfaction at the prospect of KIPLING'S recovery is, therefore, intense and general. Enviable indeed is the man of whom this can be said.

It might be well for the New York dailies to have a mutual understanding on certain classes of news items. Notwithstanding the plaintive appeal from Mrs. Kipling, that they omit accounts of her child's funeral, they went right ahead and gave the details. This can be explained on the theory that each manager feared the other managers would overreach him. It shows a sad lack of confidence.

KIPLING QUAESTIO.

Death gazed on Kipling, then mused he:
"If I should snatch his soul away
'Twould fill the world with grief's dismay;
I cannot quite so ruthless be.

"His genius is too grand to smite,
Great fame with youth adorns his brow;
Yet I am under pledge and vow
To quench each torch of human light.

"I will delay my destined deed,
Undo my withes that bind his heart,
Because of his imperial art,
Which all the nations sorely need."

The angel passed, but paused a breath,
And ere he left the bedside scene
He clasped the maiden Josephine
And sealed her with his kiss of death.

"For God has need of many flowers,
And none are sweeter, child, than thou,
And I," said he, "am under vow
To cull fresh blossoms for his bowers."

The earth rejoices, erst afraid,
For Kipling lives, her prince of song,
And reverence is deep and strong
For him for whom the nations prayed.

So rich has been his mental quest,
Immeasurable is his renown.
America gave sorrow's crown—
Will Kipling love her least, or best?

—Laura Rosamond White.

Rudyard Kipling Stricken.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S BREAKFAST WITH RUDYARD KIPLING.

EVERYTHING in England begins in one of two ways—one is that you open your letters at the breakfast table and read something, the other is that you go to a dinner in the evening and meet some one interesting. My invitation to meet Kipling, writes Florence Hayward, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, savored of both. I had heard that he was rude, abrupt, crusty, contradictious, self-opinionated; that he hated Americans, despised women, and was altogether and entirely difficult.

So I went with every anticipation of a good dinner and delightful company (bar Kipling), with every expectation of an enjoyable evening, plus a scrimmage, if need be. Far away from home, my own patriotism astonishes me, and though I sometimes criticise my country-women I will not let a man do so, much less an Englishman. My state of mind can be best described by saying that I went with a chip on each shoulder.

There were six at this dinner—a General, two other celebrities, besides the two Kiplings, and the present scribe. The General was as young as if he had not fought for the Confederacy, the celebrities were as well dressed as if they had been smart stupidities, the Kiplings were as unconscious as if their names had been Adam and Eve and the present scribe was just plain, every-day hungry.

Oysters, of the usual copper tea-kettle flavor peculiar to England. Judging by their freshness, these be inland oysters, natives of an unsalted sea. Kipling looks about for salt, and I push it toward him, saying, "You know you must help yourself."

"Then you are superstitious, too?"

"I pride myself on my superstitions."

"You haven't as many as I."

"I have all there are—you can't beat that, can you?"

Kipling considers a moment, then asks: "Where did you get yours?"

"Well, the nucleus of my collection came to me from my negro mammy; where did you find yours?"

"About the same way. My nurse was one-half negro, one-half Portuguese-Chinese-Malay and the rest Roman Catholic."

"That's a promising mixture; and don't you love to sit on the floor, too?"

"Yes; but I don't see the connection."

"There is one, though. The children of negro nurses always have these two traits—they are superstitious and they prefer the floor to a chair."

"Upon my word, I believe you are right."

Soup. I always let a man alone during soup, particularly if he has a mustache. Kipling has, so I leave him and it and the soup to fight it out, but improve the shining hour to note what he looks like. Really, he succeeds in looking something like the pictures of himself, minus the all-important detail of expression. There is sometimes a sudden mental withdrawing of himself from his surroundings, the better to contemplate them. One moment Kipling, the man, is chatting, laughing in the most usual sort of way; a chance remark suggests an idea to him, and in his place is Kipling, the student and writer, standing aloof, surveying, contemplating. He is looking out of that window, but you cannot look in. Physically, the main points about his face are a half-sad, half-quizzical look at the corner of the eye and a tremendous depth of jaw from the chin to the top of the throat.

30 PLATE WARMERS WILL BE REQUIRED [illegible] THE TAMMANY DINNER.

At the next course conversation is resumed. It is to discuss the endless theme of English idiom as she exists all over the world. Kipling gives one instance after another of peculiar phrases that are used alike in Australia and in the United States, which, after all, is not surprising, as both were colonized from England, and from there we branch off to the topic that is next of kin to this one, the difference between spelling and pronunciation of proper names.

Kipling told—and told very well—the story of the American girl who insisted upon it that the Queen lived at a place called Winkle, and justified it by saying that if Marjoribanks and Ruthven spelled Marchbanks [illegible] then Windsor Castle must [illegible]. It was just here that I [illegible] that Kipling has been [illegible] dislike of Americans.

Still keeping to the [illegible] curiosities of pronunciation, I [illegible] to say that I knew of a road [illegible] spelled Enroughty and [illegible].

Kipling put down his [illegible] hand, and said [illegible] Hayward, you have simply [illegible] reputation by telling [illegible] best smoking-room story. [illegible] know that smoking-room [illegible] like that, but I apologized [illegible] the first man, woman or [illegible] met who could back me up [illegible].

"I'll be the second," [illegible] General, "and I'll tell you [illegible] a battle, too, during the [illegible] an engagement Gen. Lee [illegible] of his aides an order to take [illegible] —, whom,' he said, 'you [illegible] the Darby road.' '[illegible]' [illegible] the aide, and galloped off [illegible] rest of the day hunting for [illegible] the sign posts, but, by [illegible] could find lettered upon [illegible] Enroughty."

"Well, I'm blessed," said Kipling, "but however did they come to call it Darby in the first place?"

"You see the Derbys were a good old English family that had settled in Virginia in old colonial days. One of the sons turned out a sort of black sheep, and he was left his share of his father's property on condition that he would change his name. The young man did not want to give up the name, nor the property, either, so he arranged it by changing the name to Enroughty—to be pronounced Darby."

"I think I'll change my name to Smith," said Kipling, musingly.

"You can spell it Smith all you like," I said, "but your name will always be pronounced Kipling," at which he looked as unaffectedly pleased as a boy.

Then we drifted off to a talk of books. From books to children's books, and Kipling said there were so few of them because there were so few real children nowadays; from children to their discipline and education, and Kipling's ideas seemed (to the spinster aunt of many nephews) to be both beautiful and practical.

Then he told me the idea he had in mind for a pair of stories, which you would, of course, like me to repeat, and which, of course, I will not, and in gratitude for this mark of confidence I told him about the recruiting sergeant in Trafalgar Square. I went out to look at the first big fog that had arrived in London after I had, and got promptly lost and entirely turned around in Trafalgar Square. Finally I saw something red, which proved not to be a letter-box, but a soldier in uniform, so I asked him to get me out of the Square and into a 'bus. He was nearly as much at sea as I, and we wandered around and bumped against house corners and fetched up against stone lions and the like for some time, meanwhile discussing the modern equivalent of Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

I happened to mention Kipling, whereon Mr. Atkins not only quoted him at length and breadth, but proceeded to criticise him. He said people might say as how Kipling was a toff and a poet, and such like, but he knew better; he was just some common or garden sort of private what Kipling ketched, and got him to talking, and then Kipling wrote it down; and for his part he thought the printers was proper fools to take and pay fancy prices for accounts of things as happened every day, any place where there might be soldiers.

Kipling's face was during the telling of this small tale a delight to see. He was pleased, and he made no secret of it. Bless goodness, there are yet left some people who do not think it necessary to beat down a just appreciation of themselves along with the rest of mankind, and he is one of them.

I have saved the best for the last, the most pleasing and the most practical refutation of the supposition that Kipling dislikes Americans and hates women. (But in parentheses let it be said why I have not written "Mr." Kipling. It is because he is not one of the "misters" of literature.) This refutation lies in the fact that there is a Mrs. Kipling, a clear-eyed, cameo-faced, well-poised little woman, who is evidently more than admired by her husband, and who, in addition to being a good deal else that is attractive, is—an American.

FLORENCE HAYWARD.

50 COOKS WILL BE NEEDED TO COOK DINNER FOR THE [illegible]NGRY BRAVES OF THE DEMOCRATIC CHIEF.

HE WAS A KLEPTOMANIAC.

A man has just been put in jail in Oamaru, New Zealand, who had made in the course of thirty years this unique collection of other folks' property: Forty hedge-knives, 2 garden-hose, 1 wire strainer, 11 gorse-cutters, 11 crowbars, 1 pair leggings, 6 scythe stones, 1 door mat, 6 balls twine, 1 horse rug, 2 choppers, 14 adzes, 14 brushes, 3 tape measures, 3 rules, 12 shirts, 1 tent, 2 surveyor's chains, 21 picks, 8 tomahawks, 38 spades, 20 shovels, 35 garden forks, 31 hoes, 17 rakes, 26 hammers, 18 saws, 1 spokeshave, 15 axes, 2 squares, 1 plane, 5 trowels, 1 dish, 7 door-handles, 2 chisels, 400 books.

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toriety, his rejection of all attempts to draw him out of the retirement of his home life, might judge him to be cranky and ill-natured. To those familiar with the large, lovable, warm nature of the man, nothing could be further from the truth or more ridiculous. Innumerable are the stories now told about him by the friends who know him as he is and love him for what he is. Uppermost in many hearts is the thought of the grand humanity expressed in the vernacular of Private Stanley Ortheris:

"Oh, where would I be when my throat is dry,
Oh, where would I be when the bullets fly,
Oh, where would I be when danger's nigh?
Why, somewhere anigh my chum.
For when he's drink 'e'll give yer some,
And when you're sick 'e'll 'old yer 'ead,
And 'e'll rite 'em 'ome when you're dead—
Gawd send me a trusty chum!"

In these lines the rugged fidelity of Kipling is unconsciously expressed. As a poet Kipling will be judged by the critics on the standard of "The White Man's Burden" and "The Recessional." To every student of humanity the true philosophy of life is epitomized in these lines:

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Have done with childish days,
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise."

But by the great army of every-day men and women he will in after ages be remembered for "The Hanging of Danny Deever." It is not kind to the San Francisco editor who rejected "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" to recall that he based his refusal on the ground that the story was "scarcely equal to the standard of merit demanded by the magazine." Those were the days when Kipling was a struggling reporter, and in this connection there is recalled the story of Kipling's third and last assignment to a news story. A big insurance fraud had been unearthed and exposed by the paper to which Kipling was attached. Kipling was assigned to get a "second-day story" on the man chiefly involved in the frauds, and who had not yet been arrested. Late in the afternoon he walked into the office with facts sufficient to justify a three column-space allowance. But somehow his own personality persisted in obtruding itself into the facts, and he presently drifted into a scathing satire on the offender, written in the inimitable vein which has since made him famous. The city editor counted exactly fifteen libel suits and about half a million dollars in damages in that story,

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MARCH 11, 1899.

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KIPLING'S GETTING BETTER.

The cheerful news is spread around,
From mouth to mouth it hurries;
It threads the hurly-burly street
And down the alley scurries.
Disease has yielded up its own,
And loosed its icy fetter—
In other words, the doctors say
That Kipling's getting better.

No crown is set upon his head,
Nor yet imperial eagle;
He's neither King nor President,
But still his sway is regal.
It binds the rich man and the poor,
The prosperous and the debtor,
And every mother's son is glad
That Kipling's getting better.

I know a curly-headed boy
Who never reads the papers.
His mind is filled with Jungle Books
And various childish capers.
To-day he brought The Tribune in,
His jet eyes seeming jetter.
"Oh, aren't you very glad," said he,
"That Kipling's getting better?"

Ah, well, the King upon his throne
Is set above the fewest;
The rule that rules the loving heart
Is after all the truest.
And many a dreaming maid is stirred,
And serious money-getter,
To hear the doctors say at last
That Kipling's getting better.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

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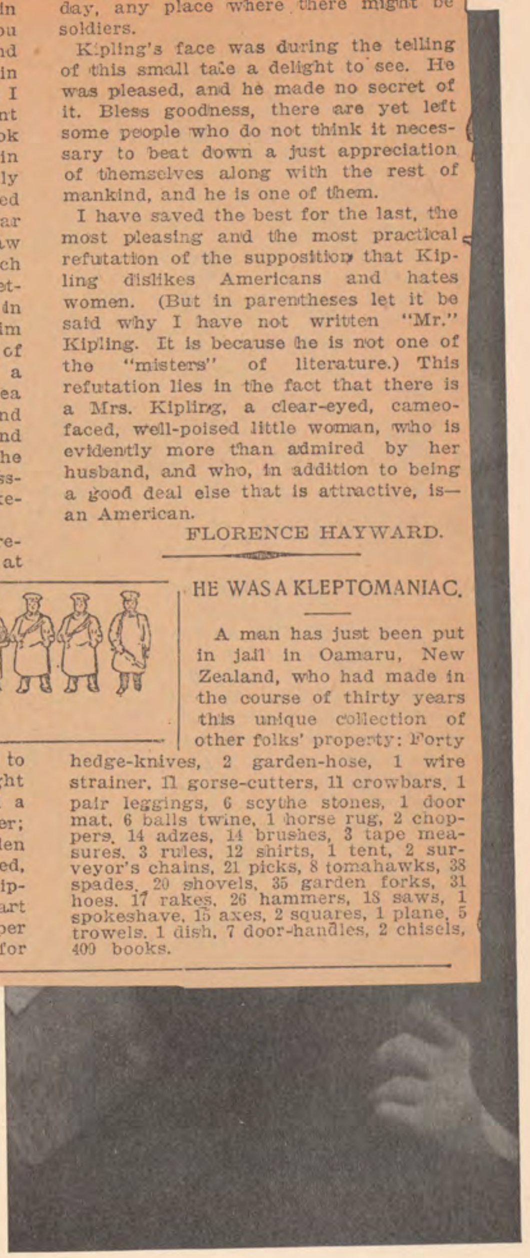
in the first place and the text in the second, that I could not help myself—and now I am afraid folks will find traces of Thompson in my stories. Well, if the traces are read, 'twill be all the better for me."



Yours sincerely
Ernest Seton Thompson

Photographed by Miss Ben-Yusuf.

We cannot speak for England, but we think we can speak for America in saying that there is no living man out of office for whom an entire community, doctors, merchants, lawyers, sailors, soldiers, policemen, firemen and elevator boys, loafers and laborers of all ages, sizes, kinds and circumstances, would have felt the personal anxiety and concern excited in this country by the illness of RUDYARD KIPLING. The satisfaction at the prospect of KIPLING'S recovery is, therefore, intense and general. Enviable indeed is the man of whom this can be said.

It might be well for the New York dailies to have a mutual understanding on certain classes of news items. Notwithstanding the plaintive appeal from Mrs. Kipling, that they omit accounts of her child's funeral, they went right ahead and gave the details. This can be explained on the theory that each manager feared the other managers would overreach him. It shows a sad lack of confidence.

KIPLING QUAESTIO.

Death gazed on Kipling, then mused he:
"If I should snatch his soul away
'Twould fill the world with grief's dismay;
I cannot quite so ruthless be.

"His genius is too grand to smite,
Great fame with youth adorns his brow;
Yet I am under pledge and vow
To quench each torch of human light.

"I will delay my destined deed,
Undo my withes that bind his heart,
Because of his imperial art,
Which all the nations sorely need."

The angel passed, but paused a breath,
And ere he left the bedside scene
He clasped the maiden Josephine
And sealed her with his kiss of death.

"For God has need of many flowers,
And none are sweeter, child, than thou,
And I," said he, "am under vow
To cull fresh blossoms for his bowers."

The earth rejoices, erst afraid,
For Kipling lives, her prince of song,
And reverence is deep and strong
For him for whom the nations prayed.

So rich has been his mental quest,
Immeasurable is his renown.
America gave sorrow's crown—
Will Kipling love her least, or best?

—Laura Rosamond White.

Rudyard Kipling Stricken.

Fortune at Stake.

EVERYTH... one of ... open yo... table and ... is that you g... and meet so... y all cried in a breath.
tation to me... face was a study. He looked
Hayward, in... d discouraged, but his answer
crat, savore... his auditors to their feet with a
he was rud... he said, with a contemptuous
tious, self-... Mr. Parola values it at over
Americans, ... MILLION DOLLARS!"
together and... u mean that you don't believe
So I went ... it?"
good dinner ... actly that. My uncle had the
Kipling), wi... d willed it to me all right
enjoyable ev... There's no doubt so far. But
need be. Fa... get any of it. They've put
patriotism a... that's too tough for me."
sometimes c... Parola believe that you are
will not let ... n Francis's nephew?"
Englishman ... s. Mr. Parola was perfectly
best describ... that, personally."
with a chip ...
There were... what's the difficulty?"
eral, two o... American officials. You've
two Kipling... their little three-for-a-nickel
The General ... haven't you? According to
not fought ... of Chili, unless the heir is
federacy, ... d his claim proved within a
were as well... me, the estate reverts to the
they had been... t—and mightily glad they'll
pidities, that ... it. The time is nearly up,
as unconsci... you consider the interest they
names had ... contesting every point, you'll
and Eve a... there's no chance for a poor
scribe was ... me. I'm much obliged to you,
gry. ... n, but it's no use. Let's have a
Oysters, ... d drop it."
flavor pecu... hat have you got to do?" they
their fresh...
natives of ... you, it's no use doing anything.
looks abou... I would have to find some-
toward hi... could swear that he knew me
must help ... bury, where I was born, and I
"Then you... een there since my father died,
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And many a dreaming maid is stirred,
And serious money-getter,
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HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

It did not seem possible to us that the Jungle Books could be paralleled for many a day, but it would appear that Mr. Kipling has a rival in Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, whose recent book, *Wild Animals I Have Known*, is captivating readers of all sorts, both young and old. A story, which we can vouch for as being authentic, will show how the young mind discriminates when called upon for criticism. Copies of the Jungle Books and *Wild Animals I Have Known* were given to a boy of twelve at Christmas time, and after he had read them he was asked which he liked the better. The boy remained in doubt for a little while, but he ultimately reached the following conclusion: "Well, I like the Jungle stories; I think the animals are fine; but"—and a smile of relief broke over his face—"the animals in the other book, you know, are *real!*"

❧

After this it is not surprising to find "Uncle Remus" writing enthusiastically about the book, and it is amusing to learn that the delightful chronicler of the sayings and doings of "Brer Rabbit" has found himself anticipated in Mr. Thompson's work. "I was afraid to read it," writes Joel Chandler Harris, "owing to the fact that I am engaged on some animal autobiographies to be embodied in a successor to the Thimblefinger books; but the pictures were so alluring in the first place and the text in the second, that I could not help myself—and now I am afraid folks will find traces of Thompson in my stories. Well, if the traces are read, 'twill be all the better for me."

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—Laura Rosamond White.

KIPLING'S WRITINGS.

A Bibliographical List of the First and Other Important Editions.

The list that follows is hardly a bibliography of Rudyard Kipling's writings, with titles in full and exact collations, but is rather a bibliographical list compiled more for the use of the general reader than for the convenience of the bibliographer or the collector. So far as is known, it is the only complete list of Kipling's publications ever printed in a newspaper. It is founded on the bibliography of Kipling by Mr. Ernest D. North, which appeared some time ago in The Book Buyer, and thanks are due to Mr. North for furnishing additional titles and for the use of his copy of his bibliography, which Kipling himself annotated shortly before his illness.

No copy of the "Schoolboy Lyrics" has ever been sold publicly, nor has a copy of the London edition of "Letters of Marque" yet come into the auction room. The "Echoes" has brought these prices at auction: March, 1898, £33 10s.; June, 1898, (a slightly damaged copy,) £19 5s.; December, 1898, (a fair copy,) £10 5s.; last week in London, £21 10s. The first edition of "Departmental Ditties" has fetched as follows: May, 1897, £20 15s.; April, 1898, £19; June, 1898, £14; December, 1898, £13 10s.; last week, £8 10s. The "Quartette" has sold for: December, 1896, £12; April, 1897, £5, and November, 1897, £10 12s. 6d., and the Allahabad edition of "Letters of Marque" has realized: April, 1897, £5 7s. 6d.; May, 1897, £6 10s.; February, 1898, £6 10s.; June, 1898, £6 15s., and July, 1898, £6 15s. Last December, in London, the suppressed "Smith Administration" sold for £26, and the suppressed "City of Dreadful Night" for £22. No other copies have been sold at auction. The following is the list referred to:

1—Schoolboy Lyrics. First edition. Lahore, 1881. The Civil and Military Gazette. 16mo, pp. 46.

2—Echoes. By two writers. First edition. Lahore: The Civil and Military Gazette Press, 1884. 8vo. (Privately circulated while he was a young man on the staff of The Civil and Military Gazette.)

3—Quartette. The Christmas Annual of The Civil and Military Gazette, by Four Anglo-Indian Writers. First edition. Lahore, 1885. The Civil and Military Gazette. 8vo. (The "Four Anglo-Indian writers" were Kipling, his father, mother, and sister.)

4—On Her Majesty's Service Only. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. To all Heads of Departments and All Anglo-Indians. Rudyard Kipling, Assistant, Department of Public Journalism. First edition. Lahore, 1888. The Civil and Military Gazette. Oblong 8vo.

5—Departmental Ditties. Second edition. Lahore, n. d., (1887?) 8vo. "Second edition of 'Departmental Ditties' had extra verses; so, I believe, had third."—Rudyard Kipling.

6—Departmental Ditties. Third edition. Lahore, (1888?) 8vo.

7—Plain Tales from the Hills. First edition. 1888. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.; London: Thacker & Co. 8vo.

8—Soldiers Three. A collection of stories setting forth certain passages in the lives and adventures of Private Terence Mulvaney, Stanley Otheris, and John Learoyd. Done into type and edited by Rudyard Kipling. First edition. 8vo. 1888. Allahabad: The Pioneer Press.

9—The Story of the Gadsbys: A Tale Without a Plot. First edition. 8vo. 1888. Allahabad: A. H. Wheeler & Co.

10—In Black and White. First edition. 8vo. 1888. Allahabad: A. H. Wheeler & Co. Issued in Wheeler's Indian Railway Library at 1 rupee.

11—Under the Deodars. First edition. 8vo. 1888. Allahabad: A. H. Wheeler & Co. In Wheeler's Indian Railway Library.

12—The Phantom Rickshaw, and Other Tales. First edition. 8vo. 1888. Allahabad: A. H. Wheeler & Co.

13—Wee Willie Winkee, and Other Child Stories. First edition. 8vo. 1888. Allahabad: A. H. Wheeler & Co.

14—Plain Tales from the Hills. Second edition. 8vo. Calcutta.

15—Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses. Fourth edition. With additional poems. Calcutta, 1890. Thacker, Spink & Co. London, F. W. Thacker & Co. Bombay, Thacker & Co. 8vo.

16—The City of Dreadful Night. First edition. (suppressed.) Allahabad, 1890. 8vo. "Of this book an edition of 3,000 copies, printed for Wheeler & Co., was canceled. Of the edition three copies only were preserved." Manuscript note on flyleaf of copy sold in London last December for £22.

17—The Courtship of Dinah Shadd, and Other Stories. With a biographical and critical sketch by Andrew Lang. New York, 1890. Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

18—The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Places Depicted. Allahabad, 1891. A. H. Wheeler & Co. 8vo. ("Suppressed by me."—Rudyard Kipling.)

19—The Smith Administration. First edition, (suppressed.) Allahabad, 1891. 8vo. "Of this work an edition of 3,000 copies was printed, but owing to a difference of opinion between Rudyard Kipling and the proprietors of The Pioneer and Civil and Military Gazette, the entire edition was destroyed, with the exception of three copies." Manuscript note on flyleaf on one of the three copies sold in London last December for £26.

20—Departmental Ditties. Sixth edition. Calcutta, 1891. Thacker, Spink & Co. London, W. Thacker & Co. Bombay, Thacker & Co., Limited. 8vo. (Has a glossary of four pages added.)

21—The City of Dreadful Night. First English edition. Allahabad and London, (1891.) 8vo. (Should have a slip of apology preceding title.)

22—The Light That Failed. First edition. London, 1891. Macmillan & Co., and New York. 8vo.

23—Life's Handicap. Being Stories of Mine Own People. First edition. London, 1891. Macmillan & Co., and New York. 8vo.

24—Letters of Marque. Vol. I. First edition. London, 1891. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. 8vo. (Suppressed.)

25—Letters of Marque. Allahabad, 1891. A. H. Wheeler & Co. 8vo. (Suppressed by author and publisher almost immediately after publication.)

26—Wee Willie Winkee, and Other Stories. First edition. Allahabad and London, 1891. 8vo.

27—Barrack Room Ballads, and Other Verses. First edition. London, 1892. Methuen & Co. 8vo. (Thirty copies on Japan paper and 225 on large.)

28—The Naulahka. A Story of the West and the East. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. First edition. London, 1892. 8vo.

29—Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. London, 1892, Macmillan & Co., and New York. 8vo.

30—Detroit Free Press Christmas Number. Price 6d. The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot. By Rudyard Kipling. One Day's Courtship. By Luke Sharp. First edition. London, 1893. Detroit Free Press. (Kipling's story was published later in "Many Inventions.")

31—Many Inventions. First edition. London, 1893, Macmillan & Co., and New York.

32—Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. London, 1893, Macmillan & Co., and New York. 8vo. (With four poems not in edition of 1892.)

33—My First Book. First edition. London, 1894, Chatto & Windus. 8vo. (With an article by Kipling.)

34—The Jungle Book. First Series. First edition. London, 1894, Macmillan & Co., and New York. 8vo.

35—The Second Jungle Book. First edition. London, 1895, Macmillan & Co., and New York. 8vo.

36—Out of India: Things I Saw, and Failed to See, in Certain Days and Nights at Jeypore and Elsewhere. First edition. New York, 1895, G. W. Dillingham & Co. 8vo. (Suppressed. A copy fetched $12 at Bangs's recently.)

37—Soldier Tales. London, 1896, Macmillan. 8vo.

38—The Seven Seas. First edition. London, 1896, Methuen & Co. 8vo. (30 copies on Japan paper and 150 on hand-made paper.)

39—Captains Courageous: A Story of the Grand Banks. First edition. London, 1897, Macmillan & Co.: New York, The Century Company. 8vo.

40—Steve Brown's Bunyip, and Other Stories. By J. A. Barry. Fifth edition. London, 1897, Macqueen. 8vo. (Introductory verses by Kipling.)

41—An Alphabet of Twelve Sports. First edition. London, 1897. William Heinemann. 4to. (Illustrated by Nicholson.) 4to. (Illustrated by Nicholson.)

42—The Vampire. Written for the Painting by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery, 1897. New York, 1898, The Critic Company. 8vo.

43—The Vampire, (illustrated by Blanche McManus.) New York, 1898, M. F. Mansfield & Co. 16mo.

44—The Vampire. Washington, 1898, D. C. Woodward & Co. 16mo.

45—Recessional. New York, 1898, The Critic Company. 12mo.

46—Recessional, (illustrated by Blanche McManus.) New York, 1898, M. F. Mansfield & Co. 16mo.

47—Mandalay, (illustrated by Blanche McManus.) New York, 1898. M. F. Mansfield & Co. 16mo.

48—Departmental Ditties. London, 1898. Thacker, 8vo.

49—Barrack-Room Ballads and Verses and Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses. (Illustrated by Blanche McManus.) New York, 1898. M. F. Mansfield & Co. 16mo.

50—The Drums of the Fore and Aft. (Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. Boston, 1898. Dana, Estes & Co. 12mo.

51—Collectanea; Being Certain Reprinted Verses as Written by Rudyard Kipling. New York, 1898. M. F. Mansfield & Co. 18mo. (Contains The Inspiration, The Vampire, Mandalay, Recessional, and The Three Captains.)

52—The Day's Work. First edition. New York, 1898. Doubleday & McClure Co. 8vo. (Earlier than the first English edition.)

53—The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling. Outward bound edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Twelve volumes

ROBERT F. RODEN.

RUDYARD KIPLING ON AMERICAN PREACHING.

("British Weekly" Special.)

It is interesting at present to recall what Rudyard Kipling wrote ten years ago about American preaching. The passage so far as we know has not been reprinted. He went one Sunday to a prominent church in America, and gave the following account of the services.

"Sunday brought me the queerest experiences of all—a revelation of barbarism complete. I found a place that was officially described as a church. It was a circus really, but that the worshippers did not know.

"To these things and a congregation of savages entered suddenly a wonderful man, completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated colloquially and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he, and not He, was the centre of attraction. With a voice of silver and with imagery borrowed from the auction-room he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gilding real gold, and all the plate-glass diamond), and set in the centre of it a loud-voiced, argumentative, very shrewd creation that he called God. One sentence at this point caught my delighted ear. It was apropos of some question of the Judgment, and ran:

"'No! I tell you God doesn't do business that way.'"

"Then I escaped before the blessing, desiring no benediction at such hands. The persons who listened seemed to enjoy themselves, and I understand that I had met with a popular preacher.

"Later on, when I had perused the sermons of a gentleman called Talmage and some others, I perceived that I had been listening to a very mild specimen. Yet that man, with his brutal gold and silver idols, his hands-in-pocket, cigar-in-mouth, and hat-on-the-back-of-the-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would count himself, spiritually, quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indians.

"All that Sunday I listened to people who said that the mere fact of spiking down strips of iron to wood and getting a steam and iron thing to run along them was progress, that the telephone was progress, and the network of wires overhead was progress. They repeated their statements again and again."

sixty-eight-pound Paxtine guns. On the 26th, after some 0 missiles had been thrown into the city and castle—a terrific which no buildings or walls could withstand—the city surrered. The loss on the Mexican side was, killed and wounded about 1,000, and, unfortunately, many citizens. On the part the Americans sixty-seven were wounded, of whom eleven d.

General Scott was an engineer and soldier of rare skill, cool, and courage. So carefully had he planned the siege and ulated the chances, that he declared confidently, at a coun- of his officers, when explaining his plans before beginning erations, that if he lost more than 100 men in the siege he uld regard himself as their murderer. He lost, according to record, but eleven. In the capture of Vera Cruz the navy army co-operated. The navy blockaded from the sea, and a portion of the trenches and batteries on land seamen, ed and equipped, officered by the navy from the squadron, formed very effective service. Five thousand prisoners were en and 400 cannon.

Mr. William H. Webb, who rendered the important service furnishing barges at the critical moment referred to, is still ing in New York, enjoying a serene old age, full of years and ors, retired from the bustle of business. His father was a p-builder before him, which the son continued to carry on ile vessels of wood were called for. Some noble vessels have ed into the water from the ways of his ship-yard. Among ers was the *General Admiral* for the Russian government, of 00 tons displacement, having seventy-two guns on one deck—e largest ship and the largest number of guns on one deck of ship in any navy that up to that time had been built. Her rformance was so satisfactory as to effect a change among the dels and arrangement of the batteries of ships of war. This d to an order to Mr. Webb for a couple of frigates from Victor manuel's minister, Count Cavocre, for the Italian governnt. Mr. Webb's last work was the founding of a home for ed sloop-builders and an academy for the education of young n in naval architecture, an important and interesting work, w that the country is again beginning to build up a mertile marine.

ISAAC TOWNSEND SMITH.

Our Naval Progress.

HAT A CENTURY OF AMERICAN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE HAS DONE FOR THE UNITED STATES—A GREAT TRANSFORMATION WROUGHT.

In our picture presented this week we have a view which furishes, at a glance, more than a century of American naval chitecture—a type of every important class of United States r-ship, from the *Alfred*, upon which the renowned John Paul nes first hoisted the stars and stripes, to the battle-ship *Alama*, one of the mightiest floating fortresses and fighting-maines now existing.

The beginning of the United States Navy dates from Decem- 13th, 1775, when the Continental Congress authorized the nstruction of thirteen cruisers, ranging from ten to thirty-two ns. One of these was the *Alfred*. The majority of the thirn never got to sea, and those that did were either captured burned, to prevent their capture, during the war of the Revotion. At the end of the war the navy practically ceased to ist; and it was not until 1794 that Congress again came forrd and ordered the construction of six frigates. Among ese was the famous *Constitution*, forty-four guns. At the d of 1798, or just one hundred years ago, our navy consisted twelve frigates and thirty smaller war-vessels.

The next important addition to the navy was made in 1814, hen the *Independence*, seventy-four guns, was launched. She as the first two-decker to float the stars and stripes. Our entire avy at this time consisted of seven frigates, seven sloops-of-ar, eleven smaller craft, and the lake squadron, which did such plendid service under Perry, at the battle of Lake Erie. Our rigates were acknowledged at this time to be more than the quals of any others afloat, England and other maritime nations ecepting them as models. It is admitted by English authority, hat his Britannic Majesty's ship *Leander*, fifty-four guns, was uilt upon the lines of contemporary American frigates.

In 1830 eleven line-of-battle ships, fourteen frigates, twenty-

have disappeared, and instead we see short signal-masts and towering funnels.

The last ship seen in the picture is the *Alabama*, a splendid type of our newest battle-ships. She presents a radical departure from the *Oregon* class, particularly in her two military-masts and funnels "abeam." We have the testimony not alone of the naval authorities at Washington, but of acknowledged experts in naval architecture, that the representative vessels of the United States Navy to-day are the equals of any vessels afloat, no matter what flag they fly.

Lord Beresford's Visit.

THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISHMAN WHO COMES TO THE UNITED STATES TO PREACH THE NEW TRADE DOCTRINE OF AN "OPEN DOOR" IN CHINA.

In the English Parliament recently, some one challenged the right of Lord Charles Beresford to visit the United States as an accredited agent of the home government, and it was plain that many members of Parliament thought that Beresford's mission was intended rather for his own glorification than for the glorification of his country. We have not observed that Lord Beresford has in any of his speeches pretended to be an official representative of English interests. He has come, as a fine type of an Englishman, to win the United States to his side in his demand for an open door to the trade of the civilized world in China.

BERESFORD AS A CADET.

Somebody has raked up the circumstance that during our Civil War, in 1864, when the attitude of Great Britain was not altogether as friendly toward the North as it was toward the South, and when it seemed to desire an opportunity to aid in the disruption of the United States, Lord Charles Beresford, then a cadet in the British navy, while on a lark one night at Honolulu, tore down the coat-of-arms which adorned the gateway of the United States Legation, for which overt act the English government apologized and compelled young Beresford and his associate, another son of a peer, to nail up the American Eagle on the archway of the gate leading to the American Legation, in the presence of numerous spectators. This happened over thirty-five years ago, and a great many other things have happened since, to Beresford as well as to us.

What Lord Beresford wants is the influence of the United States in favor of the rehabilitation of China by the civilizing tendencies of modern times. In his first decisive utterance on the subject, made during his extended speech in New York, at a dinner in his honor given by the American Asiatic Association, he said that China was a rich country with a very poor government, and that unless it developed new sorces of revenue it must go to smash; that rebellions in the north of China were gathering strength, because there was no one to put them down, and the Chinese troops were incapable of accomplishing that work. But, regardless of these rebellions, he said, its financial condition would lead to the dissolution of the empire. He made the singular statement that many Chinamen were still not aware of the fact that there had been a war with Japan, but were under the impression that they are being taxed in order to benefit foreigners.

The expenses of the Chinese war cannot be met by the present revenues of the government, and China is afraid to increase its taxes because the country would rebel if it should do so, not because Chinamen are unable to pay more taxes,

adequate not merely of the British Empire, or the English-speaking race, but of the age of steam and electricity, of

THE CRITICAL HOUR OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S ILLNESS, WHEN LIFE WAS SUPPORTED BY THE USE OF OXYGEN.

Leslie 3-16-99

was progress, that the telephone was progress, and the network of wires overhead was progress. They repeated their statements again and again."

laureate not merely of the British Empire, or the English-speaking race, but of the age of steam and electricity, of

data of the regiment. When the monument is dedicated, it is expected that many prominent officials of the government and the army will be present.

Palm Beach in Midwinter.

The accompanying picture, taken at Flagler's famous Florida resort at Palm Beach, during the period when the North was suffering from the February blizzard, reveals the delight of the subtropics of the Everglade State. At the left of the picture is Leland Sterry, chief clerk of the Palm Beach Inn. At the right is Harry Searles, the cashier-in-general of the Florida system of hotels, and in the centre is Fred C. King, chief clerk at the Royal Poncciania, at Palm Beach. The studies in black which stand out so conspicuously are called by the guests their "adopted children."

Some Washington Types.

Mr. Henry Mayer is not a caricaturist in the ordinary sense. He does not make his characters grotesque in the way that those who make cartoons for the comic papers choose to do. And still, his men are comical, very; but they are true to themselves, too. Washington was a fruitful field for him, for probably there are more cranks gathered together under the dome of the Capitol than in any other house not a lunatic-asylum in the country. To be sure, not all the legislators are as absurd as Congressman Lewis, of Washington, and Senator Butler, of North Carolina, for these two possess genius for posing and making ridiculous spectacles of themselves. It was inevitable that Mr. Mayer's quick eye should have picked out both of these at once. They were both most grateful subjects for his sarcastic pencil. They say in Washington that Mr. Lewis would rather be made fun of than not to be noticed at all. That is very likely, and so he will be flattered rather than hurt at Mr. Mayer's attention.

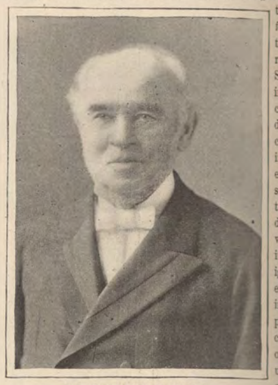
See, too, the hungry Cockerill, of Missouri. That is a capital delineation of this guardian of the Treasury, this prophet of sixteen to one. He was on the scent of something when Mr. Mayer made the sketch; he was probably bent on saving the country a dollar and a quarter. The two fighters of the Senate, Tillman, of South Carolina, and Chandler, of New Hampshire, attracted Mr. Mayer's attention, just as by their similarity of disposition they attract one another. And Mr. Mason, too! Here is the chance of his life. He can see himself as others see him.

But the one person who appears to have engaged all of Mr. Mayer's sympathy and interest is the speaker of the House. Indeed, I fancy that Mr. Mayer and Mr. Reed are not unalike. Their humor is of the same character, and the quality of their truthfulness is somewhat similar. Mr. Reed, by the way, is a very interesting character in Washington just now. He is opposed to the administration with all his heart and soul. He speaks of the things that have been done in the last twelve months with the most scornful contempt. The public has not heard much of his anti-expansion views, but those who enjoy the speaker's acquaintance know very well how he feels, for he was never one to conceal his thoughts by any special reticence.

Gen. Scott's Emergency Transp

How a Wide-awake New-Yorker Furnished T the Siege of Vera Cruz—An Interesting cence of the Mexican War.

The matchless energy and enthusiasm with which of the United States met the call of the government



Mr. William H. Webb.

teers for t for vessels terial aid recent Spain, and ing harmon cord with ditions and character, in times emergency, searching e tion into t duct of this war, disclo it has, ba ignorance, ence, and influence part of so cials and ors, does no upon the character people at

patriotism and public spirit. These excrescences are barnacles and worms that become attached to and foul tom of a noble vessel while plowing her way through and must be eliminated and cut off at any cost lest of state become honey-combed with corruption.

During the Civil War we had a similar experience, a word had to be added to our vocabulary—"shoddy" scribe the fraud upon the government by the contra clothing furnished our soldiers.

It is obvious that in the stupendous undertakings nec by a foreign war, in the hurriedly improvised arran that have then to be made, emergencies may occur whi not be foreseen and provided for. A notable inciden kind occurred in our war with Mexico. When Genera arrived off the mouth of the Rio Grande he found th not boats adequate to land his troops. To have atte debark them in the small boats usually attached to ship have exposed the men to be picked off in driblets by th shooters of the enemy. General Scott, therefore, wise mined not to attempt it, but he sent back to the Unite to obtain the necessary means of transportation. Maj eral Scott had been assigned the chief command in t and he proceeded, in November, 1846, to organize an ex against the fortified city of Vera Cruz. He drew the ne troops from General Taylor's command, consisting of ne of the regular regiments, and, with 12,000 men in tra the naval squadron, under Commander Connor, arrived Rio Grande, when the deficiency of boats referred to manifest.

Nothing could be done then but to retain the troops board until boats could be obtained from the United Immediately upon General Scott's dispatches reaching ington, the government sent a special agent post-haste procure the necessary barges. He could get none in Ba in Philadelphia but few. He then came on to New Y called upon Mr. William H. Webb, an enterprising shi er, and stated the case. The government official had pl drawings of the kind of barges required, and the term which the government would contract; these conditio very stringent. The barges, capable of holding seventy o men, must be ready in a month's time or they would a jected. Mr. Webb courageously undertook the work. inquiry as to how many and how rapidly he could buil he replied: "I will build one barge complete each day

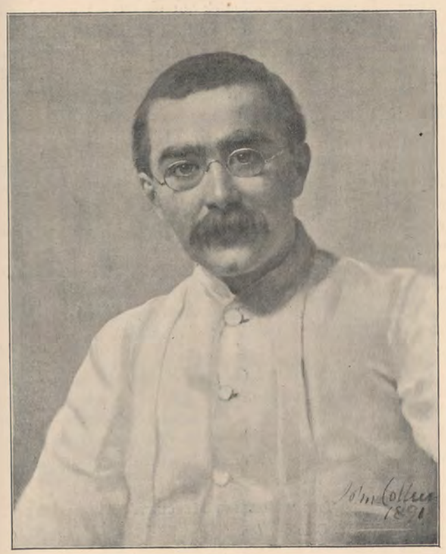
The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1400. Established 1869. 4 March, 1899. Price Threepence. [*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

Mr. Kipling's grave illness has been the event of the week. Nothing else was talked of. "How is Kipling?" was the first question asked at breakfast tables throughout the country; and messages of sympathy from the ends of the earth have poured into the New York hotel where he lies. To find a parallel case it would be necessary to go back to the death of Charles Dickens. This is a very



Mr. Rudyard Kipling.
From the Portrait by the Hon. John Collier.

remarkable fact when we remember that Mr. Kipling is a writer of but thirty-three years of age, whose work has ever avoided the sentimental and humanely genial, such as usually endears an author to his readers, but has been notable rather for uncompromising vigour. It seems to indicate that the English people know a strong man when they see one, and are conscious of the tremendous moral force in the hands of this far-sighted student of tendencies.

It is probable that much of the feeling resultant upon the rumours of Mr. Kipling's serious plight—and for a day or two death seemed inevitable—would have been absent had this lamentable illness come two years earlier. Mr. Kipling had not then the place he now holds in English hearts and intellects. His was already the most considerable voice of the younger generation; but his impassioned note of patriotism, although he had often struck it resonantly, had not vibrated throughout English-speaking lands as it has since done. The beginning of Mr. Kipling's leadership—for he is an Anglo-Saxon leader, say what we may—was the "Recessional." People then for the first time recognised that an eloquent advocate of Imperialism and national rectitude was continually on the watch. From that time there have been in the public mind two Kiplings—Kipling the great story-teller and Kipling a national stimulus and guide. Hence the extraordinary manifestation of feeling which we have just witnessed.

We may take it, however, from the latest bulletins, that all is well, and Mr. Kipling is on the road to recovery. In this difficult and tedious process he will have the good wishes of thousands of his countrymen and Americans; for since "The White Man's Burden" America claims him too.

> Help me to need no aid from men,
> That I may help such men as need—

was once his noble prayer. How did it run?—

> The depth and dream of my desire,
> The bitter paths wherein I stray,
> Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
> Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.
>
> One stone the more swings to her place
> In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
> It is enough that through Thy grace
> I saw nought common on Thy earth.
>
> Take not that vision from my ken;
> Oh whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
> Help me to need no aid from men,
> That I may help such men as need.

The time for the aid of men has indeed come; and never, it is good to think, can a fellow-being have received more solicitous care.

An evening paper, under the title of the *Evening Telegraph*, will probably soon make its appearance. For some time the project has been under consideration of the *Daily Telegraph* authorities. The editor, in all likelihood, will be Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. As a matter of fact, for several years an *Evening Telegraph* has been issued every day from Peterborough Court, not, however, for the public, but to protect the title.

THE new instalment of Stevenson's letters in *Scribner* belong to his sojourn at Mentone, in search of health, in 1873-4. They are serious and young, but full of hints of the writer's future. Here is a passage concerning the literary work which Stevenson was then contemplating:

> You have not yet heard of my book — *Four Great Scotsmen* — "John Knox, David Hume, Robert Burns, Walter Scott"? These, their lives, their work, the social media in which they lived and worked, with, if I can so make it, the strong current of the race making itself felt underneath and throughout – this is my idea. You must tell me what you think of it. The Knox will really be new matter, as his life hitherto has been disgracefully written, and the events are romantic and rapid; the character very strong, salient, and worthy; much interest as to the future of Scotland, and as to that part of him which was truly modern under his Hebrew disguise. Hume, of course, the urbane, cheerful, gentlemanly, letter-writing eighteenth century, full of attraction, and much that I don't yet know as to his work. Burns, the sentimental side that there is in most Scotsmen, his poor troubled existence, how far his poems were his personally, and how far national, the question of the framework of society in Scotland, and its fatal effect upon the finest natures. Scott again, the ever delightful man, sane, courageous, admirable; the birth of Romance, in a dawn that was a sunset; snobbery, conservatism, the wrong thread in history, and notably in that of his own land.

Stevenson did not accomplish the task, but his *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* contain some fruit of these Mentone speculations.

THE humorous Stevenson is seldom evident. Solitariness in a foreign land, the mortifying presence of poor health, and the absence of congenial companions for fun, may each have been a cause. Stevenson himself perceived it. In a letter to Mr. Charles Baxter, he said:

> I have not made a joke, upon my living soul, since I left London. O! except one, a very small one, that I had made before, and that I very timidly repeated in a half-exhilarated state towards the close of dinner, like one of those dead-a-live flies that we see pretending to be quite light and full of the frivolity of youth in the first sunshiny days. It was about mothers' meetings, and it was damned small, and it was my ewe lamb—the Lord knows I couldn't have made another to save my life—and a clergyman quarrelled with me, and there was as nearly an explosion as could be.

The confession has in it a touch of Elia.

LADY MURRAY'S Home of Rest for Authors is now open. This establishment, which is situated at Antibes, a few miles from Cannes, bears the name of the Château de l'Espérance. The house stands in its own grounds. A director is in charge, and already two Frenchmen and a Russian poet are under his care, while one or two Englishmen are expected. Lady Murray has endowed the Home so handsomely that a pound per week is all that is asked of those that use it. The Home will remain open until May 1, and then close until November 1, as it is intended only for winter residence. All communications concerning it should be made to Lady Murray, Villa Victoria, Cannes, to whom the warm thanks of the literary profession are due for her kindly solicitude and generosity.

MR. HAGGARD'S new novel, *Swallow*, in which he returns to Africa and leaves vaccination to others, is dedicated to Lieut.-Col. Sir Marshal Clarke, in a letter wherein the author suggests that with whatever feeling he might view the conquest and subjugation of the Boers his sympathies would still be largely theirs. The story is, however, not of the present Boers, but their ancestors, the Voortrekkers of 1836.

THERE are two ways of looking at books with rough edges, brown paper covers, wide margins and all other accessories of precious publishing. It is possible to like them and it is possible to disapprove. An American publishing firm recently issued a biography with certain of the tokens of high art evident in its *format*. The books were sent out for distribution by agents in the usual way; but one of the agents protested. He wrote: "I received those books this morning, and I cannot do anything with them as they are not books that any man would want to buy for his library. . . . There is not a leaf in them that is trimmed; the edges all stick out past the binding and are all just torn off so that they look like a lot of fringe made out of paper, and I will never deliver them to the gentlemen I sold them to, for if I was buying books I just would not receive them at all at any price." He has many of our sympathies.

IN the March *Cornhill* the correspondence of Miss Elizabeth Etchingham and her brother Sir Richard comes to an end. The authors' names are now printed: Mrs. Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock; and the letters will probably be issued shortly in book form. Meanwhile we might remark that not the least interesting and amusing of the extracts in Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's new selections from his diary (reviewed on another page) are passages from Sir Frederick Pollock's private letters.

IN the same number of *Cornhill* Mr. MacDonagh writes of by-ways of journalism, with special reference to the "liner," or outside reporter, who contributes to newspapers short accounts of remarkable events. The following account is printed as an indication of the superficial atrocity of the liner's blameless trade:

THE "MORNING MERCURY."

To S. W. W. Clacton, *Dr.*	s.	d.
For Atrocious Murder in Bigley-street, S.E. .	4	2
Burning of Brewster's factory, Mile-end . .	2	3
Sinking of a Thames passenger steamer . .	3	2
Dreadful Shipping Conflagration at the Docks	6	1
Poisoning of the Macklin family, Drury-lane	2	6

At the first blush one is reminded of the robber's daughter in the Bab Ballad.

MR. MACDONAGH gives some specimens of the liner's unconscious humour. A man named Ducan had been murdered. The liner wrote: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Ducan had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life." Some one had been knocked down and removed to the hospital. The liner wrote: "He is progressing favourably, although he is sedulously

head was progress. They repeated their statements again and again."

The Popular Major Key.

Rudyard Kipling's illness has brought into clear relief the fact that he is more famous as a poet than as a master of prose. It would probably be inaccurate to say that he is best known as a creator of brilliant and powerful verse. Many more readers have learned to know and admire him in prose than in poetry. But it is the verdict of the critics that his fame rests, first and most, on his poems, and as a master of verse alone he has an astonishingly wide constituency. It is impossible to measure Kipling's great vogue and popularity as a poet and still harbor the old doubt whether this age is willing to accept poetry as one of the great present channels of life and thought.

No candid critic can believe that this remarkable prestige and vogue of the Kipling poems is to be accounted for solely by their beauty, great as that often is. The mastery of verse forms, the rare choice of words, the extremely happy adaptation of sound to sense and structure to subject, and the wealth of information and illustration in Kipling's poetry are all admirable, but they are not the secret of his power to conquer appreciation wider and more hearty than that which any other poet of the age has won.

Other young masters of verse have beauty in quite as notable prefection as it is manifested in Kipling's best work. There are lines and stanzas in the thin volume of poems issued not much over a year ago by Stephen Phillips which are at least as exquisite as the finest bits that could be culled from the works of Rudyard Kipling. But Phillips writes in the plaintive and pathetic minor key. So do many other gifted poets of the times. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge used to say that no sooner did Pegasus feel a side saddle on his back than he cantered straight to the nearest graveyard. It is still true that women, especially in the English-speaking countries, write sad verses, to a very great degree, and women contribute a large part of the new poetry of the world.

Kipling rides to no place of tombs, except, now and then, in a spirit of defiance and victory. He sings the large, hopeful, strenuous music of the major key. Strongly individual as his work is, and often his themes, also, he has won his fame chiefly by poetry which is more than personal. It is national, international, even world-wide in its view and scope. Instead of the heart-aches and yearnings of the individual it voices the vast movements of the age, the conquest of dark continents, the harnessing of great national forces. It is confident rather than confidential, tremendous more than touching, triumphant and inspiring instead of tearful. Kipling's poetry is the song of power and success, courage and combat, seldom of failure, never of morbid timidity and shrinking from the battlefields of life.

That, more than anything else, accounts for the wonderful vogue and popularity of the poet who is the laureate not merely of the British Empire, or the English-speaking race, but of the age of steam and electricity, of steel-clad battleships and industrial splendors. His verse carries the same sense of the democracy of the times which is found in some other manifestations of the greatest art of the age.

A gifted and far-seeing critic has pointed out the relative subordination of the single artist to the organizing power and directing force vested in the conductor of Wagner's operas. The prima donna is less important than of old, and the orchestra is more. Above all, in a sense not characteristic of the Italian opera before Wagner's time, is the theme, the deep forces of human nature which find expression in music that controls the greatest singers instead of being a mere vehicle for the display of their powers and accomplishments.

Tennyson said that the individual withered and the world was more and more, but that was only half true, in literature or life. The individual is greater than ever as a guiding and directing force. The need of leadership and management is more pressing than in any less complex and highly organized age. But the movement now is for the many instead of the titled and privileged few. It is cosmic rather than regal. The state has dwarfed the royal family. And it is this change which Kipling understands as no other great poet has ever known it.

He sings the ship more than the Leander who swims the Hellespont. He is the poet of the common soldier whose magazine rifle has driven the knight in armor farther back into dim history, but he pays little attention to the sovereign in whose name the soldier fights. His poetry is the glorification of world impulses, nations, and races.

Such, we think, are the true reasons why the young Anglo-Indian poet who lies in a New York hotel recovering from a desperate illness has been the center of a degree of interest, in many parts of the world, hitherto unparalleled in literary history.

Leeds 7/16/99

Kipling Rapidly Improving.

New York, March 25.—The condition of Rudyard Kipling was more favorable than yesterday. He continues to gain steadily, and continually shows improvement.

KIPLING'S LETTER OF THANKS.

RUDYARD KIPLING on the 2d inst. wrote the following note of thanks 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.

Mr. Kipling on Sunday for the first time since his illness began to get out of bed and to sit up for a few hours.

Rud Kipling
4/9/99

RUDYARD KIPLING'S PRANKS AT SCHOOL.

How Wit and Luck Twice Saved the Future Author From a Jolly Good Punishment.

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At first, not divining their intent, he proceeded to reprimand them for their action of the previous night, but on becoming suddenly conscious of his feet, crimson with confusion, he dismissed them on the spot.

When Kipling was quite a small boy he once performed an untimely acrobatic feat, from the consequences of which he did not escape so easily.

The evening hour from 8 to 9 was passed by the lower form boys in a long suite of class rooms, preparing work for the following day, a master being on duty who passed back and forth between the various rooms.

On the particular night it so happened that a master had charge of the "prep" who was regarded as a demon incarnate by the boys.

Never did a man more firmly believe in the old maxim about "sparing the rod and spoiling the child" than this instructor of youthful minds. He had a drawer in his study escritoire lined with baize, in which he kept rows of beautiful canes that he took a special delight in showing to little new boys. He was not exactly the sort of man for even a Gigs to trifle with.

Gigs presumably having finished his work and believing that the master had passed on into a further room, thought it would be a little diversion to swing on the gaspipe; but it unfortunately happened that the master had only gone a few paces beyond the threshold, and returned just in time to see Gigs, with his back to the door, commencing his acrobatic feat. Horror was at once depicted on the faces of those who beheld the awe-inspiring spectacle, for the master had drawn forth a cane from the sleeve of his gown, and with an ill-boding smile on his face was advancing on tip-toe toward the unconscious performer, when down came Gigs, gaspipe, and all, and the room was enveloped in total darkness.

Of those days, the subsequent saying of Kipling that "an ink pot having been emptied into his veins it was bound to come out through his fingers," might well have been changed to the pores of his skin, for he was ever greatly smudged and smeared with that fluid, while pencils and pens stuck out of his pockets like the quills on the back of a porcupine.

On the last day of the term the boys were driven to the railroad terminus, three miles away, where compartments were reserved in the train for their use, and in which they amused themselves during the eight-hour journey to London by stuffing candles and cakes, singing songs, and in shooting peas at the country folks as the express dashed through wayside stations. In all such matters Kipling took an active part, his favorite song being an Anglo-Indian ditty which he had learned in the land to which he at last returned, and with which his name has been so universally associated.

MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

The story of some of the telegrams which were sent from persons of note to Mr. Kipling, and printed in the papers, is told by C. K. S. in the *Illustrated London News*. "Now, however," says he, "everything is explained, and the explanation excuses an otherwise jarring note in the sympathy called forth by the illness of one of our most distinguished writers. It was an enterprising New York Sunday paper that rained down prepaid cablegrams upon these numerous ladies and gentlemen. They could scarcely do otherwise than answer them, and one or two may be excused if, in the hurry of answering, they sent messages that were not in the very best taste."

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notices, conversing with a recruiting sergeant, and filling in his income tax. These pictures will be exhibited in all the leading cities of England and America, both on the screen and in the penny-in-the-slot machines.

KIPLING (Limited).

In addition to such ordinary literary work as novels, short stories, and verses, Mr. Kipling, it is hoped, will agree to write every year no fewer than six strictly private letters on debateable public questions, which shall, in due course, find their way into the public press.

KIPLING (Limited).

A private wire will be affixed between Potsdam and the Company's offices, to facilitate the transmission of telegrams to Mr. Kipling from the German Emperor.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Duke of York is about to pay a visit to Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; and there seems to be an echo of ancient days in the announcement. A very close bond united two of their forerunners; for the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the first Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, were both of them "reconciled" to the Church of Rome at about the same date—a date at which that "reconciliation," so easy to-day, meant proscription, fines, imprisonment, and, if Titus Oates so willed it, death itself. When the Test Act was passed in 1673, men who had suspected the Duke of York and Lord Clifford of being secret Papists had their suspicions confirmed: the Duke of York sacrificed his command of the Navy, and Lord Clifford—despite the entreaty of the King—resigned his post as Lord High Treasurer. As to Clifford, even his friend Evelyn was taken at last by surprise. "I am confident," he wrote, after many talks with Clifford, "that he forbore receiving the Communion more from some promise he had entered into to gratify the Duke than from any prejudice to the Protestant religion." But, a little later, Evelyn knew the truth, for "the test ousted Clifford of the place of Lord Treasurer of England, and of being any longer a Privy Councillor; who, though a new convert, generously preferred his conscience to his interests." There are a number of documents at Ugbrooke Park bearing on these intimate relations between their ancestors.

A VERY different link between the Cliffords and the Royal House is more familiarly remembered—that, of course, of the intimacy between "Fair Rosamond" Clifford and Henry II.

UNDER the somewhat mixed heading of "The Queen's Favourite Authors and Animals," a daily paper makes the confidence that Her Majesty is an admirer of the Brownings, numbering among her particular pets the verses Miss Barrett wrote at the time of the Accession, "She wept to wear a crown." That admiration, had it been expressed sixty years before, would have given a rare pleasure to the invalid woman in Wimpole-street, who, seven years later, found it in her heart to write of Louis Philippe in a letter to a friend: "He is the noblest king, according to my idea, in Europe—the most royal king in the encouragement of art and literature, and in the honouring of artists and men of letters. Let a young unknown writer accomplish a successful tragedy, and the next day he sits at the king's table. See how different this matter is in our own Court, where the artists are shown up the back stairs, and where no poet, even by the back stairs, can penetrate unless so fortunate as to be a banker also." The allusion is to Rogers, of course, who, all the same, had to lend his Court dress to Wordsworth

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MICHAEL GIFFOR

THE story of some
from persons of note
papers, is told by C. K
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sympathy called forth
distinguished writers.
Sunday paper that rain
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excused if, in the hurr
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To May 27/99

Kipling (Limited).

[A SYNDICATE, it is said, has been formed in America to get complete control in that country of all Mr. Kipling's writings. In commenting thereupon a contemporary asks, Why not Kipling (Limited)? Why not, indeed? The prospectus, we imagine, might run somewhat on the following lines.]

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This Company has been formed to acquire and traffic in all the writings—prose, verse, or private letters—of the celebrated author, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling, who is at this moment the most famous writer now living, is still young, and there is promise that he has before him a considerable period of active productivity.

KIPLING (Limited).

The Company proposes to acquire not only Mr. Kipling's future works and the work on which he is at present engaged, but also everything that may already exist. Negotiations are now afoot for the acquisition of letters written by Mr. Kipling as a child, for copy books containing his earliest attempts at pothooks and hangers, and for a vast amount of other immature penmanship. These will be from time to time facsimiled in the illustrated papers and in due course sold by public auction, at (the Company feels convinced) a greatly enhanced figure.

KIPLING (Limited).

The Company will be vigilant that no Imperial crisis shall pass without poetic comment from Mr. Kipling's pen. It trusts also that it will be successful in inducing Mr. Kipling to give to these political poems a form which shall be easily parodied: thus providing for increased publicity.

KIPLING (Limited).

The Company is delighted to observe that not only are there now before the public two or three monographs on Mr. Kipling's work, but others are in preparation. The Company also views with much satisfaction the circumstance that the action now being brought by Mr. Kipling against an American firm is not likely to be heard for eighteen months. This ensures a continual succession of articles and paragraphs in the public press—during the early stages of the Company's career.

KIPLING (Limited).

Arrangements have been made with the Biograph and Mutoscope Company to take living pictures of Mr. Kipling in a variety of daily actions, such as sitting down to his writing-table, alighting from a steamer, reading press

over

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3/25/99

BY the way, at this same Devonian banquet, the name of Mr. Kipling evoked the cheer of the evening. Nor was the allusion to the fact that Devon claims him as a schoolboy; it was a chance reference made by Sir Courtney Ilbert to the chairman, Sir William White, as a naval constructor of monsters "which only the genius of Rudyard Kipling could describe."

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Referring to Kipling Note Book.

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MR. KIPLING'S CALL TO AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: The cable informs us that "Kipling's stirring verses, the 'Call to America,' have created a profound impression" on your side. What that impression may be, we can only conjecture. They profoundly impress many of us here as first-class specimens of cant, to which one of the examples, drawn from Dryden, given by Johnson as an example of the proper use of the word cant, aptly applies:

"Of promise prodigal, while pow'r you want,
And preaching in the self-denying cant."

There is something almost sickening in this "imperial" talk of assuming and bearing burdens for the good of others. They are never assumed or held where they are not found to be of material advantage or ministering to honor or glory. Wherever empire (I speak of the United Kingdom) is extended, and the climate suits the white man, the aborigines are, for the benefit of the white man, cleared off or held in degradation for his benefit. Where the climate does not suit us, and the natives are in too advanced a condition to be cleared off, the first consideration (at least with the majority, men of Mr. Kipling's turn of mind) is our material advantage and honor and glory. We are in a precious hurry to lay burdens down when they do not pay, as in the case of our solemn obligations to the Armenians. We are ever ready to shirk them, as in the case of the status of our Indian fellow-subjects in our colonies, when the bearing of the burden of seeing fair play done would be inconvenient. In so far as is compatible with our interests and honor and glory, we have perhaps made the interest of "natives" under our rule of higher and more enduring consideration than that recorded of any other conquering and governing Power. But this talk of burdens is, as I have said, unadulterated cant.

Taking India as a test, no one moves a foot in her government that is not well paid and pensioned at her cost. No appointments are more eagerly contended for than those in the Indian service. A young man is made for life when he secures one. The tone of that service is by no means one "bound to exile," "to serve . . . captives' need," "to wait in heavy harness," or in any degree as expressed in Mr. Kipling's highfalutin lines. It is entirely the contrary: "You are requested not to beat the servants" is a not uncommon notice in Indian hotels. The most refined and educated natives with three-fourths of British officials narrowly and not indeed always escape the appellation of "D——d niggers." Much of England's wealth is derived from the connection with India. She is one of the richest countries in the world (average income, £40 per head); India one of the poorest (average income, thirty shillings). If there were any reality in a united, equally considered empire and of the white man bearing burdens, it would be shown in relation to her. But no—India is made to pay to the last farthing in all questions of common account. She was made to pay for the erection of that palatial India Office in Whitehall; she has had to pay for a state ball given to the Sultan of Turkey in London; she is made to pay even for the training in England of British troops sent out to govern her—of course for their transit, maintenance, and pay in India. So anxious are we, where good pay is concerned, to save Indians the heavy burden of enjoying them, that, while our sons can study and pass at home for Indian appointments, her sons must study and pass in England; and even in India itself whites are afforded chances closed to natives. You are told to go abroad and formed of the course of trade. And the Canadian returns fail to give the same periods for both countries, but cover an eleven months' period for the United States, ending November 30, and a six months' period for Great Britain, ending December 31. The British period is the most favorable for a presentation of the extent of British trade with Canada, as it comprises the months during which the 25 per cent. preference for British goods has been in operation.

From the United States, for the eleven months' period, Canada's purchases aggregated $2,718,591, and this, it may be remarked, is likely to be enormously increased this year, owing to the expansion of trade, the unprecedented activity of railroad operations, the immense quantity of rails likely to be required for electric railroads, etc. This aggregate showed an increase of 54 per cent. over the corresponding period for the previous year, when the total was only $1,775,826. Of the entire amount, not less than $1,978,655 represented the value of steel rails alone this year, against $1,214,601 last year.

From Great Britain the total purchases of Canada for the six months' period this year of all classes of iron and steel manufactures were only $1,397,906, against $1,685,112 for the same period last year. The totals for "railroad iron and steel of all sorts" were only $67,884 this year, against $124,115 last year. The descriptions of iron and steel and other metals imported from Great Britain and enjoying the 25 per cent. preference, besides railroad iron and steel are pig, bar angle, bolt and rod, hoops, sheet, boiler and armor plates, galvanized sheets, tin plates and sheets, cast and wrought iron, and all other manufactures, old iron for remanufacturing, steel, steel unwrought, lead, pig, tin unwrought.

It is only in manufactures of metals and manufactures of cottons that Great Britain competes with the United States in the markets of Canada to any extent worth noting. In all the rest of the respective lists of the two countries there is no competition worthy the name, the British list consisting of all sorts of manufactured goods which are British specialties, and which are not largely produced as yet by the United States.—[Ottawa Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch, February 23.

PENSIONS FOR PROFESSORS.

The system of retiring-pensions for professors which is to be introduced at Harvard has everything to commend it. Such pensions are not unknown in other countries, but here in America the men who have devoted their whole lives to learning are worse off when they retire than policemen or fire-

Kipling Fifteen Years Ago.

Mr. John Holker, a cotton weaver by trade, who went out to Dharwhal, about fifty miles from Lahore, in 1883, has returned home to Kirkham, Lancashire, and has made an interesting statement to an interviewer of the Lancashire Daily Post with respect to the Kiplings. He said:

"Mr. Kipling, senior, had been in India for many years. He took a great interest in our mill, and used to come up frequently. He was at this time master of the School of Art and curator of the museum in Lahore. I don't believe there was another such Oriental scholar in India as he. He had a marvelous knowledge of the religious creeds and of the language and dialects of the country. Added to that, he was one of the greatest authorities on antiquarian matters there, and would be sent for from all parts of India in the case of there being discovered anything of interesting but doubtful origin. I remember my first visit to the house of the Kiplings at Lahore, I fancy the house was Mr. Kipling's by virtue of his holding the official positions I have told you of. Every room into which we went simply teemed with curios and artistic wonders. One could have spent days in every apartment. The Kipling family were delightful people, all clever, artistic in their tastes, and the kindest, most gracious family I have known.

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling was quite a young man when I first knew him—about twenty-one or twenty-two. He was a man of slight frame, but very active. Even then he wore spectacles, I remember. He did not impress one as being of a reflective, studious turn of mind. On the contrary, he was brimful of the most boisterous spirits, and laughed and joked his way through the day. It is said that he is cold, reserved, and distant in his manner now. If that is so, the Rudyard Kipling of to-day is the very antithesis of the blithesome, high-spirited lad I knew fifteen years ago in the Punjab. Eventually he went to Allahabad—I forget in what year—and joined the staff of The Pioneer. At that time he had no reputation in literature. He was not known except as the son of his father. Here in England we know Mr. Kipling, Sr., only as the father of his son. The first I saw of 'Plain Tales from the Hills' was when they appeared in book form. At first they circulated only among the Kiplings' circle of friends, who bought the tales not for any literary merit they might possess, but because readers were able to locate most of the characters depicted. All his tales, I have learned, have as their basis real fact, and the figures that live in them are those of men and women, not of mind-creation, but who are or have been. People in India to-day can tell you every man, woman, child, and place he describes in his 'Plain Tales' and other Indian stories. Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd are living men, as surely as you or I.

"One of Kipling's visits to Darwhal was paid at a time when we were holding an annual festival in celebration of the mill's birthday anniversary. After sports in the daytime we had an al fresco magic lantern entertainment. The screen was slung up on the front walls of the village Post Office and the lantern platform was in the roadway. Whether it was that Kipling was not thoroughly conversant with the dialect of our district or whether it was because he had not the nerve or inclination to address so large an audience of natives, I do not know. Whatever the cause, an English doctor did the talking. Kipling was by his side on the lantern platform, and as each view took the screen, dictated the description in English for the medico to interpret into Dharwalese. For you to appreciate the beauty of the situation, I must remind you that in the years of which I am speaking 'Russia to India via Afghanistan' was a great scare. The Hindus were fully alive to the possibility of our being threatened, and I, like others, felt uncomfortable at times. Our magic lantern worked as if it were an instrument magical. We had pictures descriptive of all the old stories of giants, goblins, monsters, and horrors that children's story books contain. As soon as a more than usually ferocious giant appeared on the sheet, 'Doctor, this is a Russian, if you please, tell 'em so,' Kipling would say. And the doctor would give out that this was one of the terrible Russians. Some two-headed terror would next appear. 'Another Russian, doctor,' would Kipling instruct. Everything that was dreadful, objectionable, or horrifying Kipling made the doctor describe as Russian that night. Horrible stories they concocted between them for the telling by the doctor. And that great multitude of Hindus stood or squatted there spellbound with amazement and terror. You could hear the low, quick utterances of Kipling as he communicated his instructions to the doctor, and the big, solemn voice of the latter as he faithfully interpreted. For the rest, all was still as the grave. That lecture stamped out any sympathy with Russia and the Russians that might have existed in Dharwal and the surrounding hamlets. It was an evening of funny speeches and ludicrous exaggerations. There never was a more effective oration, however."

KIPLING.

A Latin View of His Work Printed in a Roman Review.

The fascicolo for Feb. 1 of that excellent review, The Nuova Antologia of Rome, contains an article by Signor Alessandro Bosdari of the Italian Diplomatic Corps, under the title "Rudyard Kipling, Poeta e Prosatore," which may be taken as a first introduction to the general public of Italy, the writer of the review declaring that Mr. Kipling's name will be new to many of his readers. It concerns us, therefore, to attend to this new echo of a rising fame, which reached our shores just as the grievous illness, now happily overcome, was beginning to disquiet all English-speaking peoples, and more than they.

The reviewer places himself at once in the ranks of admirers. From the crowd of English writers, he says, has risen suddenly a giant, with great and singular gifts—a sense of reality so strong and so sure a touch in representing it as to give elevation to the commonest and least important objects, while yet reproducing them exactly; a deep, universal, indulgent comprehension of life and modern man, so that from his pages emerges a delicate and serene philosophy of observation, profitable to young readers and delightful to old. Signor Bosdari notes further (restricting himself to his author's most striking merits only) a fervid patriotism, expressed popularly and directly, which he ventures to hope may be not without salutary affect in Italy, seeing that national literatures are more and more meeting and affecting each other. He mentions the use of slang as a fault charged against Mr. Kipling, and while modestly declining to pronounce on a question strictly English, remarks that this is part of the difficulty of his author's undertaking to reproduce life as it appears, that the accepted conventions of art often are violated by the great masters, and that modern art in general, and especially Mr. Kipling's, has its own standards, tastes, and special tendencies, and concludes that Mr. Kipling's work, in spite of the slang, remains always, or nearly always, art, and that his elevation of popular speech with most singular skill to the expression of worthy sentiments, and his exact but poetic reproduction of reality exercise a powerful fascination and give proof of his extraordinary gifts.

For Signor Bosdari, Mr. Kipling is, above all, the poet of the British soldier and sailor, and in his prose the modern Aesop. Under these two aspects, therefore, he celebrates him chiefly, declaring that in many times reading from end to end the "Barrack Room Ballads" no parallel has ever occurred to him, unless, indeed, Mr. Kipling may have suggested the true predecessor in his own sort of poetry, and this—guess whom it may be, says Signor Bosdari—none less than Homer, here making ingenious use of the lines from the preface to the second series of the "Ballads," beginning, in his version:

"Quando Omero molcea la sua famosa lira."

There is a note on "famosa" to say that the original text has "bloomin' lyre," with an explanation of the phrase as successful as may be, the only really successful thing to do with idioms, and specially with slang, being to declare them, as elemental facts, and then to leave them. The barrack-room poetry is treated with peculiar care and great skill, through analysis of the artistic means employed in its production and rapid review of the vast variety of its material and treatment.

"The Seven Seas" affects the Italian critic with equal force; the "Song of the English" is, in his opinion, unique in modern British literature. He marks everywhere the dominance of the "imperial" note, tempered by one more intimate, gentle and sweet—the poetry of the sea. It may be surprising that an Italian writer should select for special study the "McAndrews' Hymn," which Signor Bosdari declares ought to be translated into his own tongue by some sufficiently skillful hand, but here—as elsewhere—he shows that his service in the Italian Embassy at London has given him knowledge not alone of English speech, but also of the feelings and the point of view of the men who write it. This is shown further in his comment on "The Recessional," the "Biblical accents" of which he reproduces in a literal translation, which here follows:

"Dio dei padri nostri noto dal tempo antico, Signore delle nostre schiere lanciate lontano—dalla cui Man terribile teniamo l'imperio sulla palma e il pino.—Dio Signor degli Eserciti sii ancora con noi, che non scordiamo, che non scordiamo.

"Il tumulto e gli spari molono, i duci e i re spariscono—perdura il tuo antico sacrifizio un cuor contrito ed umiliato.—Dio Signor, &c.

"Si dissolvono le nostre flotte chiamate da lungi—Sulle dune e i capi piomba il fuoco. Ahi che la nostra pompa di ieri è una sol cosa con Ninive e con Tiro! Guidice delle nazioni risparmiaci ancora, che non scordiamo, che non scordiamo.

"Se ebbri alla vista del potere sciogliam selvaggi accenti senza il tuo timore—di quei vanti che usano i Gentili o infime razze che non han la Legge. Dio Signor, &c.

"Dal cuor pagano che pon suo appoggio nei tubi fumanti e nelle ferree bombe. Polve valente che fabbrica su polve, e, a guardia, non invoca Te che guardi—Dal frenetico orgoglio e dai folli accenti, la tua pietà pel tuo popolo O Signore! Amen."

Here, in spite of the obduracy of his medium, the translator has bent it to his purpose, and reproduced the sense and feeling of the verse, and much of its beat and movement in his half rhythmic prose.

From Kipling the poet to Kipling the fabulist the reviewer finds to be an easy step "since the fable closely approaches poetry, or rather is itself properly poetry by virtue of its quality of invention," so that it has been questioned whether fables should not be written in verse. Mr. Kipling has solved the problem by putting the "Jungle Books" in prose, with short lyrics between the chapters. His difference from the classic fabulists Signor Bosdari (following The Edinburgh Review) concludes to be in the speech of his animals; the elder writers made them speak like men, Mr. Kipling will have them speak like animals, a distinction to be clearly observed when they engage in talk with men. Their speech is ever solely the expression of instinct, of that nebulous and rudimentary intelligence which is the sure, though scant guide of animal life, a life so much simpler than the diversified, complicated, intricate life of man. Mowgli, Bagheera, Hathi, and Sher Khan are, for readers familiar with this original and powerful work, literary types as little to be forgotten as any human types created by the masters of the English novel.

The minute descriptions that abound, especially in Mr. Kipling's prose, are allowed to be, perhaps, a defect, but one must not forget that Mr. Kipling, like many modern writers, particularly in English, is before all, and intends to be, a landscape painter. If it be a defect, it is one due to a fixed tendency of modern literature. The reviewer observes that if one were to take pains enough he might find some analogy between the "Jungle Books" and other works, like "Gli animali parlanti," of Casti, the "Reinecke Fuchs," the "Atta Troll," "but I prefer," he says, "not to play the pedant, and to leave to Mr. Kipling the glory, I believe well-merited, of full originality in his invention, the more because all these other works have their explanation in an allegory, and not so the 'Jungle Books.'"

From the fable he passes to the minor works, in some of his comments on these showing perfect understanding of the conditions of Anglo-Indian society. Of the tales he says:

"I should not wish to apply to them the sunt bona quaedam, &c., but it may not be denied that in several of them Mr. Kipling, so capable of creating master works originally conceived and perfectly wrought out, has paid more than one tribute to the evil custom of our days of writing too much in a hurry. * * * His sincere admirers must wish that he would leave to pens less powerful than his own the easy task of amusing lazy leisure with productions that have little to do with art."

The longer and later prose works are but lightly touched, though with sure hand; they are composed of materials on which the critic has already commented sufficiently. But he points out a development of the fantastic element in "McAndrews's Hymn," in the "007" and "The Ship That Found Herself," in which "it is no longer man who looks for allegories and likenesses of his own religious and philosophical ideas in the movements of a machine, but the machines themselves and the complex organisms of modern ships that disclose their souls of steel."

Signor Bosdari admits that he may write of his author more in the manner of panegyric than of criticism, yet he does not refrain from warning his readers that they may at first find to be tiresome the works that he praises, for like all original writers Mr. Kipling follows more his own notion than the manner to which readers are accustomed, and abounds in phrases and allusions which even his reviewers found at first to be very difficult.

Few signs of this difficulty appear in Signor Bosdari's work. He is singularly well-informed, and has produced a lucid criticism, profitable to English readers and not easily to be excelled for his purpose of an introduction to those of a foreign speech. It is enlivened by apt strokes of phrase, and everywhere shows insight and discrimination. The writer's fulness of understanding preserves him from errors and even from approach to the grotesque in his estimate—a very considerable feat in dealing with "l'invenzione kiplinesca" from a point of view which in spite of his London residence must yet remain so remote. Not even does the Latin passion for logic and regularizing lead him astray: the note on "famosa" is a trifle beside the mark, but the text is an excellent substitute (since there could be no equivalent) for "bloomin'." Perhaps it is his knowing too well the hopelessness of regularizing British slang that has made Signor Bosdari so continent; he may have tried his hand on the stanza attributed (with some unlikelihood) to Mr. Gladstone:

"The bloomin' sparrow flew right hup the bloody spout;
The beastly rain came down, and drove the bloomin' sparrow hout,
The blasted sun came hout, dried up the beastly rain,
And the bloomin' sparrow flew right hup the bloody spout again."

JAMES E. LEARNED.

We are asked now to fancy Mr. Kipling convalescent, pluming himself on the solicitude he has caused, and when taking an airing for the first time, remarking to his publisher: "The next little thing of mine your concern may want will cost you $25 a line. That's my present figure. You can take it or leave it." The Spectator congratulates Mr. Kipling on his recovery, and then describes the awakening of the invalid with an idea of this kind in his mind: "That his value to publishers has been increased by hundreds, perhaps by thousands, a year." The wings of the angel of death have swept close to Rudyard Kipling, but there never was shown by him any trait that was sordid; so it is an ugly, even a coarse, thing to have represented him as gloating over prospective gains.

AFTER April 3 the price of the facsimile edition of the "Departmental Ditties," published by M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, will be raised to five dollars. They announce two other volumes of interest to Kipling collectors, "A Glossary to Accompany Departmental Ditties as written by Rudyard Kipling," which is to be published uniform in size with the edition of "Departmental Ditties" recently issued by this firm. The second volume is "The Religion of Mr. Kipling," by W. B. Parker, the associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, wherein is set forth an enthusiastic appreciation of some of Kipling's religious views as evinced by his works in prose and verse.

RUDYARD KIPLING IN HIS EARLIER DAYS.

The Life of the Celebrated Author in London, America, and India.

The Great Writer's Relations With His Wife's Family—His Literary Brother-in-Law—The Famous Trial Which Satisfied the Brattleboro Curiosity.

Rochester, N. Y., March 11.—The serious illness of Rudyard Kipling in New York city has had a peculiar and especial interest for Rochester, where the distinguished poet and author has many personal friends and relatives. Mr. Kipling's wife, whose maiden name was Carolyn Starr Balestier, was born here, as was her talented brother, Wolcott Balestier, who collaborated with Mr. Kipling in writing "The Naulahka," a novel of American and Indian life.

Mr. Kipling and Miss Balestier were married in London January 18, 1892. The ceremony took place in All Souls' Church, Portland place. It was said to be the fulfillment of a wish expressed by Wolcott Balestier just before his death. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling came to this country. They visited Mrs. Kipling's family at Brattleboro, and so charmed was Mr. Kipling with the country that he bought a piece of property in the hamlet of Dummerston, a short distance from Brattleboro, and there built a house, which, with the furnishings, cost $50,000.

MRS. KIPLING'S PEOPLE.

Mrs. Kipling is a daughter of the late Wolcott Balestier, Sr., and Annie Smith, daughter of the late Judge E. Peshing Smith, of this city, who was the United States Consul to Japan for many years. Her grandfather, Joseph Neree Balestier, who died in 1888, was born in Martinique, West Indies, on April 1, 1814. He was brought to this country when an infant, and his boyhood was passed in New York in the family of an elder brother, whose wife was a daughter of Paul Revere. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School, and went to Chicago in 1835, where he remained until 1841, practicing law and writing for the Chicago American. He went to St. Louis in 1841, where he remained nearly a year, and then returned to New York, where he practiced law until 1868. In that year he retired from the law and traveled in Europe, and indulged his passion for collecting paintings. During his wanderings he discovered a genuine Murillo in an old European shop. It had been painted over by another artist, but Mr. Balestier had it restored. This picture is in the Kipling home in Brattleboro, where it is carefully guarded. He married in 1837 Carolyn Starr Wolcott, of the Connecticut family of Wolcotts, who met her future husband while visiting relatives in Chicago. Mrs. Balestier joined the sanitary commission as a regular nurse during the civil war, and after three years of constant service she returned North and invalided herself. They had four sons—John, a lawyer in New York; Wolcott, Robert and Joseph. Wolcott married Miss Smith, of this city, and their three children were born here. Mrs. Kipling is of medium height, slender, and has dark blue eyes and brown hair. She is of a vivacious disposition, and is fond of society.

A TALENTED YOUNG WRITER.

Wolcott Balestier, Jr., was a very talented writer, and his untimely death was a loss to American literature. He was educated in the public schools here, and when but a boy in his teens he took up newspaper work and became telegraph editor of the Rochester Post Express. His short stories made him a literary reputation, and he left newspaper work to become the London representative of John W. Lovell, the New York publisher. He arrived in England without possessing the acquaintance of a single Englishman, and he died leaving behind him a wider circle of literary friends than probably any living American author possesses. It was while in England, in 1889, that young Balestier became acquainted with Rudyard Kipling, and he at once recognized the genius of the young Anglo-Indian author. He secured the American rights for Kipling's stories and the two became fast friends. Balestier was not strong physically, but he worked with a feverish anxiety, as if he had a premonition of his short career. On Sunday, the 6th of December, 1891, he died, having not quite completed his thirtieth year. He lies buried in the American cemetery at Dresden.

Beatty Balestier, who has brought the famous $50,000 suit against Rudyard Kipling for alleged malicious prosecution and false arrest, is an entirely different sort of a fellow. Wolcott was never really a boy. In his school days he was grave and serious beyond his years. But Beatty was a genuine boy, and to this day he has hardly outgrown his youthful enthusiasm and love of sport and adventure. He is a jolly good fellow, bright and witty, and generous to a fault.

KIPLING-BALESTIER CASE.

There is nothing literary in his makeup. He is fond of a horse and a dog and a gun, and has a common failing of living beyond his income. This is what got him into trouble with Kipling. Beatty got in debt to some Vermont tradesmen in a small way, and some of the creditors began to ask Mr. Kipling regarding his brother-in-law's obligations. This naturally annoyed Kipling, and he expressed his feelings to Beatty in forcible and picturesque language. Then Beatty waxed wroth, and he told Kipling that he might go to a place that is not mentioned in polite society, but that is known to have a climate more torrid than India. Kipling not only declined, but he also swore out a warrant for Balestier's arrest.

The Kipling-Balestier case will no doubt always remain as the most celebrated trial in the annals of Brattleboro. From the time Kipling made his first visit to that section of Vermont none of the people had ever been able to find out much about him. He minded his own business and expected that his neighbors would do the same. But Kipling knew nothing of Yankee curiosity. The good Vermonters wanted to know how the great author lived and worked, what he ate, and when and how much he slept, and if he worked better in the morning than in the afternoon. They never had a chance to find out these things until the Balestier case came to trial. Then they simply gorged themselves. The lawyers on both sides, local practitioners, understood the motive that attracted so many persons to the trial, and, wishing to do all they could for their fellow-citizens, they asked Kipling all sorts of questions that had not the remotest bearing on the case—immaterial, irrelevant, and out of order, as the lawyers phrase it. It happened, therefore, that Kipling was obliged to give, in the course of his examination, a great deal of personal and family history.

THE BRATTLEBORO CURIOSITY.

While he was on the stand Brattleboro learned more about Kipling than it had ever hoped to know, and was greatly pleased in consequence. Kipling had taken great pleasure up to this time in knowing that his neighbors were just devouring themselves with curiosity that they had no means of gratifying. When the case came to trial and the lawyers made him answer all sorts of personal questions, he was the most disgusted man in America. When the case was concluded, and Beatty Balestier was bound over to keep the peace, the Kiplings instantly left Brattleboro and sailed for England. Englishmen take things more seriously than Americans do, and this was the principal cause of the unpleasant episode. Had he understood the meaning of the word "bluff" as we do the adventure would have passed without serious thought.

The public do not understand Rudyard Kipling. When he first came over to this country, already a literary lion, and refused to be interviewed, or to express any opinion, he was looked upon as something of a freak. But he has been consistent in his attitude of hostility toward personal adulation, and so the impression is general that he is taciturn and unpleasant. This is not so. With his friends he is the soul of good humor, and his entertaining qualities are pronounced. If he is hard for newspaper men to get at it is not because he is not in full sympathy with them (he has been a newspaper man himself), but because he prefers to be judged by what he says in his books. He considers the reputation he has made as almost sacred, and with him it is almost a religion to guard that reputation, and to say nothing and do nothing that will blemish it. Were he to become the prey of sensational newspapers he would quickly lose that respect in which he is held by the public.

KIPLING'S ROOMS IN LONDON.

This is Rudyard Kipling's belief, and it should be respected. The writer remembers that this was his belief in the days when Mr. Kipling first came to London about ten years ago, when two small rooms, connected by a tiny hall, afforded sufficient space to contain the young literary lion. This was before Wolcott Balestier died, and he and the writer were more than frequent visitors in those small rooms where dwelled "the man from nowhere," as Kipling called himself, and who, a year before, was consciously nothing in the literary world. He was not twenty-five at that time—but on his face time and incidents had traced many tell-tale marks—a short but broadly figured man, dark, with a resolute jaw, and blue eyes that looked cynically through spectacles with divided lenses. When at home he always wore a working dress—a loose, dark suit, buttoned high to the throat like a workingman's blouse. On his head was a tasselless scarlet fez, which he had a habit of thrusting backward as he talked, as though to ease his brow from even this slight restraint.

It was a wonderful room for a wonderful man. The floor was covered with soft-tinted Persian rugs, and ancient prayer carpets—for Mr. Kipling has fine artistic tastes, inherited from his father. It was papered in dull green, with gold borders, and at times, when the smoke of pipes and cigars cleared away, there were glimpses of vivid colors. A Japanese screen, with a grotesque design of dancing skeletons, stood between the two dingy windows, and on the sofa was spread a large poshteen rug, bordered by astrachan and embroidered in rich yellow silks; while on the walls hung pictures of military subjects, which he used to say kept him from feeling homesick. Above the mantlepiece was hung a magazine rifle. On the sideboard was a box of black Indian cheroots and a mighty tobacco jar. Just above hangs a rack of pipes, beside a map of Afghanistan; while a battered dispatch box—which had been all around the world—a pile of scrapbooks and old "Illustrateds" of the Mutiny and the Crimea and a bundle of fishing rods completed the "furniture."

PREPARATORY WORK.

In a quaint Dutch bureau, in brown oak with twisted brass handles, was a great heap of "copy." "Pioneer" letters

"I want to give good work," he would say, with unconscious pathos; "that is my only concern in life."

The name of Rudyard Kipling was a household word in the Punjab long before he was heard of in England. Rarely a day passed but something from his pen appeared in the daily papers, the Pioneer or the Civil and Military Gazette. Vivid flashes of genuine humor or touches of true pathos enlightened the pages of those prosy journals; but they did not know in those days that they were entertaining a genius unawares. The editors of those papers that profited by his contributions preferred to obtain from him leaders and paragraphs; only allowing "plain tales'" and "department ditties" ...ar as a favor, and regarding ...roduction as a harmless and ... eccentricity. Indian life runs ...listinct grooves—the official and ...itary—in neither of which is ...l place for an outsider. Nor is ...rough the length and breadth ...great country the smallest tract ...mian land where the follower ...ture and art can plant his foot ... "Here will I take mine ease." ... was, therefore, isolated, and ... chance of measuring swords ...ers in the field. "I called and ...as no one to answer," he has ...it it was like beating the air." ...day, lying on his sick bed in ...rk city, this young man who ...ught so earnestly and so well, ... minds of millions of English-... people, and from three conti-...ayers are being offered daily ... recovery.—St. Louis Globe-...t.

Mar. 19. 99

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...f Fisher's Boarding	The Post that Fitted.
	...noes.
	...Department.
	...y Resigns.
	...o Cities.
	...ime.
	...ve.
	...l.
	...Summary of Departmental Ditties.
	...n Elevation,
	... in Indian Ink.
	...y of Uriah.
	...aste.
	...appened.
	...n who Could Write.
	...of Morals.

...as if he had done a clever thing.

Of course if Jack Horner were not a ...al personage he could never have grown ...o a critic. But in that case we should ...e to think the famous old nursery ...yme a "fable for critics." It will be ...alled that the hero was "eating"—the ...venile word for the literary term "de-...uring"—"a Christmas pie." Without ...using to indicate the significance here ... the noun "pie," which is obvious ...ough to every practical printer or ex-...rienced author, and which explains why ...ck was not credited with having pud-...ng or, more naturally, a tart, it is to be ...ted that his dish was "a Christmas ..." ... Now, the flood of Christmas litera-...re is that which always keeps critics ...siest, and if it were necessary to pick ... one kind of book to typify his men-...lunch there is none which would an-...r as well as a Christmas one. So ...k, like every other critic, "sat in a ...ner eating a Christmas pie."

"He put in his thumb," which is pre-...ly the thing that critics are prone to ... "and pulled out a plum." The plum ...s not the only one in the pie. There ...re possibly a score of them that might ...e been found as well, for Jack merely ...ed into it. Any other reader would ...bably have made a like discovery, ... another reader would have praised ... work's author. He would have called ...ntion to the merits of the plum and ... excellence of the pie that contained ...hile Jack Horner, being the hero of ... for critics—if, indeed, he did no...

...plum fac-... ...r Bengal, ...l to horse ... pleasures ...he would ...f "shop,"

... treasures ... impressed ...g's rever-...h he was ...alk on the ...to my fa-... one night, ...o his liter-...g is a man ...e linguist, ...ad a taste ...d his shoul-...r?" he an-...s emptied ...und to ooze ...ugh the up-...sh back the ...oud of blue ... Then his

A Fever None Die Of.

...New York Times's Saturday Review:

...e lived to a good old age, and I ...ad a great deal. I still enjoy a ...vel and a good short story, and ... vanity I think I am a fair judge ... but for the life of me I cannot ...end the popularity of Rudyard Kipling as a story teller. Nor do I see why ...d occupy a pinnacle so far above ... authors—men who have learning, ...nd brains equal, if not superior, to ...er-day idol. ...ipling has a double-barreled im-...; he has a wonderful command ...age and a large stock of general ...ion. He ought (if his thoughts ...ected in the right channel) to be ...author instead of wasting his time ...alent on such trash as "The Light ...led" and "The Day's Work." ...th is that Rudyard Kipling is the ...e literary world, and nothing more ... though it would be considered treason for any one to express this opinion openly. After reading the daily papers, flooded with "Kipling" during his recent illness, I was indignant, and the inclosed lines ran from the end of my pencil spontaneously, and though they may never meet the eye of any one but yourself, I will have the supreme satisfaction, as Mrs. Poyser expresses it—of having my say out.

MRS. RUSSELL KAVANAUGH.

New York, March 13, 1899.

A fever rages over all the land,
And few are found who can its force withstand.
The worst of it! This fever brings no pain
But every one who takes it goes insane!
It rages high in "famous London town,"
In New York City scores are stricken down.
All o'er the country, too, it seems to spread,
But not a single victim yet is dead.
It makes those of the brightest minds appear
As idiots—makes fools of sage and seer;
From veteran man, and woman, down to stripling,
This scourge is felt. Its name is Rudyard Kipling.

Women and Kipling.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

May I make a protest through your columns (which I read diligently) against what I think is a slander on my sex? It is constantly said, and in other papers besides your own, that "women do not like Kipling." Just leave out the "not," and the statement will be more correct. Five or six years ago. I had the honor of giving the first review of his poems in the Woman's Literary Club of this city, to which I belong. Since then he has been frequently quoted, admired, and reviewed in the club, and I do not think there was one of us that did not say her prayer for him during these last sad weeks. Of course, there are women who do not like Kipling, as there are men who do not like Shakespeare. There are half-pint cups into which you cannot pour a quart measure, and there are the hemi-demi-semi-quavering people who are afraid to admire anything with the idea that criticism of great work is great wit—when it is really great weakness. Respectfully,

LUCY R. CANTLEY.

Baltimore, Md., March 12, 1899.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

I am surprised at "S. B. H's" letter, but I will easily find you a mixed gathering of fifty women of whom forty will heartily disapprove of Kipling's writings. Thousands of women still love reverence for sacred things and holy names and purity of language.

They at the same time regretfully admit that there are numerous new women who love everything that is loud and undoubtedly admire what they designate as virility. Saddened, but yet hopeful of better things,

SARAH JANE MILDMAY.

Glen Ridge, N. J., March 13, 1899.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

In answer to the letter in THE NEW YORK TIMES of March 11 on Kipling and his writings, it seems to me that a former writer is partly correct when he allows that Kipling might not altogether please women. Kipling always appears to see the smallnesses of women, but not their nobler qualities. He is not only most just to men, but most merciful toward their failings, into which he appears thoroughly to enter. Kipling never seems to understand any type of woman, not even the one he usually prefers to write about, for when pictured by him she is robbed of her best attributes. It would be strange, indeed, if women could entirely overlook such a misrepresentation of their sex, and thoroughly approve of the deservedly noted author and poet.

MORDAUNT WILSON.

Montclair, N. J., March 14, 1899.

...cademy. 11 March, 1899.

Memoirs of the Moment.

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

RUDYARD KIPLING IN HIS EARLIER DAYS.

The Life of the Celebrated Author in London, America, and India.

The Great Writer's Relations With His Wife's Family—His Literary Brother-in-Law—The Famous Trial Which Satisfied the Brattleboro Curiosity.

Rochester, N. Y., March 11.—The serious illness of Rudyard Kipling in New York city has had a peculiar and especial interest for Rochester, where the distinguished poet and author has many personal friends and relatives. Mr. Kipling's wife, whose maiden name was Carolyn Starr Balestier, was born here, as was her talented brother, Wolcott Balestier, who collaborated with Mr. Kipling in writing "The Naulahka," a novel of American and Indian life.

Mr. Kipling and Miss Balestier were married in London January 18, 1892. The ceremony took place in All Souls' Church, Portland place. It was said to be the fulfillment of a wish expressed by Wolcott Balestier just before his death. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling came to this country. They visited Mrs. Kipling's family at Brattleboro, and so charmed was Mr. Kipling with the country that he bought a piece of property in the hamlet of Dummerston, a short distance from Brattleboro, and there built a house, which, with the furnishings, cost $50,000.

MRS. KIPLING'S PEOPLE.

Mrs. Kipling is a daughter of the late Wolcott Balestier, Sr., and Annie Smith, daughter of the late Judge E. Peshing Smith, of this city, who was the United States Consul to Japan for many years. Her grandfather, Joseph Neree Balestier, who died in 1888, was born in Martinique, West Indies, on April 1, 1814. He was brought to this country when an infant, and his boyhood was passed in New York in the family of an elder brother, whose wife was a daughter of Paul Revere. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School, and went to Chicago in 1835, where he remained until 1841, practicing law and writing for the Chicago American. He went to St. Louis in 1841, where he remained nearly a year, and then returned to New York, where he practiced law until 1868. In that year he retired from the law and traveled in Europe, and indulged his passion for collecting paintings. During his wanderings he discovered a genuine Murillo in an old European shop. It had been painted over by another artist, but Mr. Balestier had it restored. This picture is in the Kipling home in Brattleboro, where it is carefully guarded. He married in 1837 Carolyn Starr Wolcott, of the Connecticut family of Wolcotts, who met her future husband while visiting relatives in Chicago. Mrs. Balestier joined the sanitary commission as a regular nurse during the civil war, and after three years of constant service she returned North and invalided herself. They had four sons—John, a lawyer in New York; Wolcott, Robert and Joseph. Wolcott married Miss Smith, of this city, and their three children were born here. Mrs. Kipling is of medium height, slender, and has dark blue eyes and brown hair. She is of a vivacious disposition, and is fond of society.

A TALENTED YOUNG WRITER.

Wolcott Balestier, Jr., was a very talented writer, and his untimely death was a loss to American literature. He was educated in the public schools here, and when but a boy in his teens he took up newspaper work and became telegraph editor of the Rochester Post Express. His short stories made him a literary reputation, and he left newspaper work to become the London representative of John W. Lovell, the New York publisher. He arrived in England without possessing the acquaintance of a single Englishman, and he died leaving behind him a wider circle of literary friends than probably any living American author possesses. It was while in England, in 1889, that young Balestier became acquainted with Rudyard Kipling, and he at once recognized the genius of the young Anglo-Indian author. He secured the American rights for Kipling's stories and the two became fast friends. Balestier was not strong physically, but he worked with a feverish anxiety, as if he had a premonition of his short career. On Sunday, the 6th of December, 1891, he died, having not quite completed his thirtieth year. He lies buried in the American cemetery at Dresden.

Beatty Balestier, who has brought the famous $50,000 suit against Rudyard Kipling for alleged malicious prosecution and false arrest, is an entirely different sort of a fellow. Wolcott was never really a boy. In his school days he was grave and serious beyond his years. But Beatty was a genuine boy, and to this day he has hardly outgrown his youthful enthusiasm and love of sport and adventure. He is a jolly good fellow, bright and witty, and generous to a fault.

KIPLING-BALESTIER CASE.

There is nothing literary in his make-up. He is fond of a horse and a dog and a gun, and has a common failing of living beyond his income. This is what got him into trouble with Kipling. Beatty got in debt to some Vermont tradesmen in a small way, and some of the creditors began to ask Mr. Kipling regarding his brother-in-law's obligations. This naturally annoyed Kipling, and he expressed his feelings to Beatty in forcible and picturesque language. Then Beatty waxed wroth, and he told Kipling that he might go to a place that is not mentioned in polite society, but that is known to have a climate more torrid than India. Kipling not only declined, but he also swore out a warrant for Balestier's arrest.

The Kipling-Balestier case will no doubt always remain as the most celebrated trial in the annals of Brattleboro. From the time Kipling made his first visit to that section of Vermont none of the people had ever been able to find out much about him. He minded his own business and expected that his neighbors would do the same. But Kipling knew nothing of Yankee curiosity. The good Vermonters wanted to know how the great author lived and worked, what he ate, and when and how much he slept, and if he worked better in the morning than in the afternoon. They never had a chance to find out these things until the Balestier case came to trial. Then they simply gorged themselves. The lawyers on both sides, local practitioners, understood the motive that attracted so many persons to the trial, and, wishing to do all they could for their fellow-citizens, they asked Kipling all sorts of questions that had not the remotest bearing on the case—immaterial, irrelevant, and out of order, as the lawyers phrase it. It happened, therefore, that Kipling was obliged to give, in the course of his examination, a great deal of personal and family history.

THE BRATTLEBORO CURIOSITY.

While he was on the stand Brattleboro learned more about Kipling than it had ever hoped to know, and was greatly pleased in consequence. Kipling had this time bors were with curio of gratifyi trial and swer all s was the m ica. Whe and Beatt to keep th ly left Bra land. Eng riously th was the pr ant episod meaning do the ad without i The pub yard Kipli to this cou and refus express an as someth been consi utility tow so the imp taciturn a so. With good hum ities are for newsp because he them (he himself), judged (by He consid made as a is almost utation, a nothing t to becom newspape respect in lic.

KIPLIN This is it should members days whe London al small roo afforded s young lit Wolcott writer were more tha in those small roo "the man from now called himself, and was consciously not world. He was not time—but on his face had traced many t short but broadly fi with a resolute jaw, looked cynically th with divided lenses. always wore a workl dark suit, buttoned like a workingman's head was a tasseless he had a habit of th as he talked, as tho brow from even this It was a wonderful derful man. The floor soft-tinted Persian prayer carpets—for fine artistic tastes, i father. It was paper with gold borders, an the smoke of pipes a away, there were glim ors. A Japanese scr tesque design of da stood between the tw

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and on the sofa was spread a large poshteen rug, bordered by astrachan and embroidered in rich yellow silks; while on the walls hung pictures of military subjects, which he used to say kept him from feeling homesick. Above the mantlepiece was hung a magazine rifle. On the sideboard was a box of black Indian cheroots and a mighty tobacco jar. Just above hangs a rack of pipes, beside a map of Afghanistan; while a battered dispatch box—which had been all around the world—a pile of scrapbooks and old "Illustrateds" of the Mutiny and the Crimea and a bundle of fishing rods completed the "furniture."

PREPARATORY WORK.

In a quaint Dutch bureau, in brown oak with twisted brass handles, was a great heap of "copy." "Pioneer" letters of "From Sea to Sea." East End observations for future use, military pamphlets, notes and notions from India—and there in a very neat handwriting were the chapters of "The Light That Failed." In queer proximity to this material were all sorts of fishing tackle—Nottingham reels, winches, and flies. Close by stood the writing table. It was large and business-like, with many pigeon holes for manuscripts and newspaper clippings. This table stood near the window, which looked down on the busy life ebbing between the Strand and Charing Cross Station. In contrast to this view, there was from Mr. Kipling's other room a pleasant outlook on the Embankment Gardens, with their bright array of crocuses springing up from a soft greensward, and the young men and maidens walking in couples below. Just beyond were Cleopatra's Needle and the river; and little further on was Waterloo Bridge and the spires of St. Paul's.

In those days Kipling was enthusiastic on all questions that had to do with India, the land of his birth. He spoke on debatable questions with a calm assurance of knowledge that carried conviction. He himself came over from India when only five years old to be educated, and returned there at the age of sixteen, patiently serving a seven years' apprenticeship to literature as preparation for the fame he has won. Coming back to England, he purposely chose a long route in order to add to his already varied language; and through his wanderings, by Japan and America, restrained his eyes from nothing they desired, enjoying his holidays as holidays are meant to be enjoyed, yet far too fond of his craft to remain idle throughout the time.

GLEANINGS FROM TRAVEL.

As we used to sit and smoke and talk, Kipling would draw out from an obscure corner a traveling stick of Japanese bamboo, and would decipher the names thereon inscribed, speaking with an abundance of metaphor and the argot of many countries. He would tell of salmon fishing in Oregon, a murder in a gambling hell in Frisco, and his wanderings in India as a special correspondent which took him through the desert of Bikania, the mines, opium factories and jute mills of Lower Bengal, the states of Rajputana, and to horse fights in Jumbo and the softer pleasures of the Simla season. Then he would shift the talk to matters of "shop," turning his bookcase that his treasures might be seen.

One thing that particularly impressed the writer was Mr. Kipling's reverence for his parents, though he was not given to extravagant talk on the subject. "All I am I owe to my father," he said, impressively, one night, after the talk had turned to his literary work. The elder Kipling is a man of varied attainments, a fine linguist, and a clever artist.

Asked if he had always had a taste for writing, Kipling shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"What else was I born for?" he answered. "The ink-pot was emptied into my veins and was bound to ooze out through my fingers."

Then he would look through the upper half of his glasses, push back the scarlet fez, and blow a cloud of blue smoke toward the ceiling. Then his fist would strike the desk.

"I want to give good work," he would say, with unconscious pathos; "that is my only concern in life."

The name of Rudyard Kipling was a household word in the Punjab long before he was heard of in England. Rarely a day passed but something from his pen appeared in the daily papers, the Pioneer or the Civil and Military Gazette. Vivid flashes of genuine humor or touches of true pathos enlightened the pages of those proxy journals; but they did not know in those days that they were entertaining a genius unawares. The editors of those papers that profited by his contributions preferred to obtain from him leaders and paragraphs, only allowing "plain tales" and "department ditties" to appear as a favor, and regarding their production as a harmless and amiable eccentricity. Indian life runs in two distinct grooves—the official and the military—in neither of which is any real place for an outsider. Nor is there through the length and breadth of that great country the smallest tract of Bohemian land where the follower of literature and art can plant his foot and say, "Here will I take mine ease." Kipling was, therefore, isolated, and had no chance of measuring swords with others in the field. "I called and there was no one to answer," he has said, "but it was like beating the air." But to-day, lying on his sick bed in New York city, this young man who has wrought so earnestly and so well, is in the minds of millions of English-speaking people, and from three continents prayers are being offered daily for his recovery.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mar 1899

A Fever None Die Of.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

I have lived to a good old age, and I have read a great deal. I still enjoy a good novel and a good short story, and without vanity I think I am a fair judge of both; but for the life of me I cannot comprehend the popularity of Rudyard Kipling as a story teller. Nor do I see why he should occupy a pinnacle so far above our own authors—men who have learning, genius, and brains equal, if not superior, to this latter-day idol.

Mr. Kipling has a double-barreled imagination; he has a wonderful command of language and a large stock of general information. He ought (if his thoughts were directed in the right channel) to be a great author instead of wasting his time and his talent on such trash as "The Light That Failed" and "The Day's Work."

The truth is that Rudyard Kipling is the fad of the literary world, and nothing more nor less; though it would be considered treason for any one to express this opinion openly. After reading the daily papers, flooded with "Kipling" during his recent illness, I was indignant, and the inclosed lines ran from the end of my pencil spontaneously, and though they may never meet the eye of any one but yourself, I will have the supreme satisfaction, as Mrs. Poyser expresses it—of having my say out.

MRS. RUSSELL KAVANAUGH.

New York, March 13, 1899.

A fever rages over all the land,
And few are found who can its force withstand.
The worst of it! This fever brings no pain
But every one who takes it goes insane!
It rages high in "famous London town,"
In New York City scores are stricken down.
All o'er the country, too, it seems to spread,
But not a single victim yet is dead.
It makes those of the brightest minds appear
As idiots—makes fools of sage and seer;
From veteran man, and woman, down to stripling,
This scourge is felt. Its name is Rudyard Kipling.

Women and Kipling.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

May I make a protest through your columns (which I read diligently) against what I think is a slander on my sex? It is constantly said, and in other papers besides your own, that "women do not like Kipling." Just leave out the "not," and the statement will be more correct. Five or six years ago, I had the honor of giving the first review of his poems in the Woman's Literary Club of this city, to which I belong. Since then he has been frequently quoted, admired, and reviewed in the club, and I do not think there was one of us that did not say her prayer for him during these last sad weeks. Of course, there are women who do not like Kipling, as there are men who do not like Shakespeare. There are half-pint cups into which you cannot pour a quart measure, and there are the demi-demi-semi-quavering people who are afraid to admire anything with the idea that criticism of great work is great wit—when it is really great weakness. Respectfully,

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The New York Times
Saturday Review of Books and Art

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1899.

KIPLING'S CLAIM ON POSTERITY.

At the age of thirty-three Rudyard Kipling has attained the dignity of being a classic; already his works are published in "complete" editions, and one is justified in believing that they will continue to be so published for many generations to come; were copyright eternal, he might feel at ease regarding the fortunes of his heirs in perpetuity. In other words, he has achieved immortality.

But, unfortunately, there are two kinds of immortality; there is the immortality of Thackeray and there is that of Cooper. Thackeray is immortal not alone for what he has been, but also for what he still is; Cooper for what he has been only. Which kind of immortality has Mr. Kipling attained?

To this question there can be, I think, but one answer—he belongs among those few chosen writers whose direct personal influence continues to be felt for all time, regardless of changing taste and customs. But serious thought must convince us that he belongs among this class by virtue of a smaller portion of his writings than his ardent admirers would have us believe. Mr. Kipling is a great force in modern life, and we owe him a debt of gratitude, for he, more than any other writer, has given us back our faith and interest in simple, healthy things and has helped to drag us out of the slough of "problems" and introspection of the last few years. He has voiced unformulated strivings and ideals, and has given us new ideals, which the young men of his own generation have not been slow to seize upon, hailing the giver as "master." All this he has done, but the very fervor of the present admiration should make us doubtful of its continuing justification. In the nature of things he cannot be to our descendants what he is to us; they will demand a fresh message adapted to their needs, and, despite all we may say, will judge him by the dispassionate, impersonal standards of "mere" literature, unmoved by contemporaneous thrills of sympathy and interest. To the weighing of the "Recessional" they will bring the same cold critical spirit that we bring to the weighing of a poem of the age of Queen Anne.

Mr. Kipling has attempted all kinds of creative literature except dramatic, and all of his attempts have been noteworthy. In fact, everything to which he puts his hand bears the unmistakable mark of genius, but up to the present time it has rarely been that of genius at its highest development. "The Seven Seas" and "The Day's Work" should convince one that the writer has but entered on his full maturity. There is a grasp and security in these poems and stories which show that his best and most permanent work is yet to come. He has put the fiery restlessness of youth behind him and has struck a deeper, stronger note that proclaims the great artist.

We have, however, to do rather with what he has written than with what he may write. Were his work at an end, upon what would his claim to the consideration of posterity be founded? What has he produced thus far that entitles him to immunity from oblivion? Of all his prose works the "Jungle Books" possess most indubitably the elements of immortality; in regard to the longevity of his fiction there may fairly be a difference of opinion, but hardly so as to these animal stories. This is by no means tantamount to saying that they are pre-eminently superior to his other tales or more interesting to present-day readers; it is simply a statement based upon historical teaching; the perpetuator or creator of the animal epos is sure of a permanently sympathetic audience. The reason for this is not far to seek. The brute creation is the incarnation of the basic elements of humanity, which are eternal, changeless despite modifications in the forms of civilization. It is, therefore, hardly a cause for wonder that mankind everywhere and at all times feel an interest in the avatars of their own constant passions and instincts. There is, indeed, a great deal of humanity in a dog.

The two authors whose names naturally spring to mind in treating of Mr. Kipling as a writer of animal stories are Joel Chandler Harris and Goethe. With the latter Mr. Kipling is more closely connected, despite difference of language and "medium." Both Goethe and Kipling tell their stories from the point of view of modern men who, for the nonce, have put off modernity and reverted back to the tales and beliefs of their forefathers. Joel Chandler Harris, on the other hand, gives us the stories in the words of the people who created them, fragment by fragment, and who still believe in their own creations. In some such fashion, probably, spoke Goethe's unknown barbaric predecessors with whom originated the story of "Reinicke." As a writer of animal stories Mr. Kipling is certainly the equal of his American rival and as certainly the superior of the great German poet. In the case of Goethe there is always the lingering knowledge that he wrote "Reinicke Fuchs" in his study at second hand; we do not hear the grass grow nor feel the fever of the Spring in our veins as we do when hunting with the Gray Pack. We may rest assured that our children's children will buy the "Jungle Books" for their children and will read them aloud with the same enjoyment for big folks and little folks as that experienced by reader and listener to-day.

When Mr. Kipling commenced to write he discovered India for us, and we felt like Balboa, "upon a peak in Darien." But India can be discovered only once, and, indeed, not even once for those who come after us; they will grow up with a literary knowledge of the land. It is, therefore, a fortunate thing for him that his claim on posterity will not rest upon his short stories alone. Short stories are but a poor plank in the platform of an author seeking the favor of unborn generations. "The Man Who Was," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and some of the soldier stories are among the best short stories ever written; but these, of themselves, will hardly save their author from the neglect at the hands of posterity, which will doubtless prefer the dallyings of some Davis of the future, wielding the contemporaneous pen of fatuity. Volumes might be written to demonstrate the equality of the short story with the novel, but mankind would still remain faithful in its allegiance to the great novelists. Nor is this obstinacy altogether without justification. An author lives in men's memory mainly by the intensity of the impressions conveyed by his writings. Now, at the time of reading, a short story may seem extremely vivid, but the impression can hardly be as lasting as that got from a novel, assuming, of course, equal merit of style and treatment. Short stories must necessarily be limited to one or two episodes; there is consequently no opportunity for quiet normal development of character, and therefore none for gradual growth of friendship and knowledge between reader and actors. They remain, more or less, passing acquaintances, and, be the actors never so human and brilliant, it is impossible to feel the same intimacy with them as is felt with those known through long phases of development. There is a certain feeling of jumble, of confusion, left in the mind by the uninterrupted reading of a collection of short stories, akin to that received by looking out of a car window. The effects have been too kaleidoscopic, too uncorrelated to assume a secure place in memory. We may forget a single episode in a novel, just as we may forget an entire short story, but there remains so much unforgotten that the loss is unnoticed. A young man may write a great short story, a young man cannot write a great novel. Indeed, the short story is the equal of the novel only from the point of view of artistic achievement, and it may fairly be doubted whether it holds the elements of permanence.

Mr. Kipling is not so great a miniaturist as de Maupassant, who may be taken as a master of this form of fiction, but the English author possesses qualities alien to the Frenchman. De Maupassant was without ideals, Kipling is full of them, and he knows how to imbue us with his own enthusiasm, so that we, too, are willing to fight for the little things we care about. He makes us care, which is the highest tribute we can pay him. But let us not deceive ourselves by thinking that our grandchildren will share our feelings.

The work of Kipling is, as a whole, of such high order that one hesitates to pronounce any of it ephemeral. The least lasting portions of his writings, however, are doubtless "The Light That Failed" and "Captains Courageous." These are fine stories, but their merits are those rather of the short story than of the novel. For the artist in any line "The Light That Failed" is a work of suggestive importance, but it is not of a nature to win universal popularity. This will be regarded as praise or condemnation according to the bias of the reader. The merits of "The Light That Failed" are above the appreciation of the uninitiated, while the defects are evident. Mr. Kipling seems to lack by nature the constructive, correlating faculty necessary to the creation of a great novel, although his later writings would indicate the growth of this faculty with the growth of artistic power.

As a poet Mr. Kipling's fame is secure. His verse has struck the imagination of the people, has passed into their speech, so that hardly any writer, living or dead, is so much quoted. He has sung about simple, everyday things in language that all can understand and feel; he has made himself the laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race. The very quality of briefness, which militates against the life of an effort in fiction, lends strength and permanence to a poem; it passes verbatim into men's memories, and becomes a weapon of offense and defense. The hold of no writer is so strong as that of the people's poet; to him they are faithful despite manifold unfaithfulness; him they continue to read from generation to generation, while neglecting writers once the favorites of an expectant public. A story is read once and then thrown aside; a popular poem has to meet the sole danger of being worn away by attrition. Burns, Heine, Béranger—are these not names with which to conjure for all time? Kipling's name, I believe, will be linked with those of this great trio. As the soldier's poet he stands without an equal, and as long as men continue to admire the qualities which soldiers embody they will read "Tommy," "Gunga Din," and "Fuzzy Wuzzy." Moreover, in "The Seven Seas" he has demonstrated capability for poetry of a more "serious" nature—let us not say of a "higher" order—which has won for him a place in the serried, jealous ranks of the great lyric singers.

In one respect Mr. Kipling stands almost alone among the great creative writers—namely, in his universality. The whole world is his cruising ground, "an' what he thinks he might require 'e goes an' takes," regardless of all but necessity. Only Goethe is his equal in this literary freebooting. Nothing is too small, too great, for either if it suits his needs. "You must know everything and must have seen everything before you can become a great artist," is what, in effect, Dick says in "The Light That Failed." This, evidently, is the writer's own motto.

Literature treats of man's relation to his fellow-men, and its mission is, therefore, of necessity moral. Beauty and amusement are ends of literature, but they are not its sole ends. The great writer must be the great teacher; he can no more escape from this necessity than he can escape from other laws of his being. It is for this reason that the greatest writers have been the inspirers, the rejuvenators of their contemporaries, that they have imbued their generation with new aspirations and motives of conduct. Writers of meaner calibre amuse us, those of the first rank do much more than this: they bring us back into our true relation to nature and mankind, from which relation we continually tend to stray.

Judged by this standard, Mr. Kipling must be ranked among the indubitably great writers—he is a strong moral force in the life of to-day. Therein lies his true significance—this it is which raises him above all rivals. He is a pervading personality with which we must reckon in dealing with the Anglo-Saxon spirit. Other contemporary writers are but the manifestations of a phrase, he is the embodiment of a tendency. The child of his generation in the fullest sense, he has become one of its chief leaders; he has absorbed its most intimate thought and given it forth again transmuted into song. To few men has it been given to express the spirit of their times in such full degree. This alone were enough to preserve his work in the memory of man.

*

During the past month, the Anglo-Saxon world, of which Rudyard Kipling is so representative a voice, has passed through a period of anxiety on account of the serious illness of the unofficial Poet Laureate. At the time of writing every one is rejoicing in the fact that he has gone beyond the point of danger and is in a fair way of recovery. This universal feeling of joy has been somewhat checked by the death of his eldest child, his little six-year-old daughter Josephine. Mr. Kipling has always commanded the admiration of a large audience, but perhaps never before has he taken such sure possession of their hearts.

*

Sir Walter Besant has indulged in a little joke at the expense of the British Government in connection with its niggardly bestowal of honours upon literary men. We quote the following paragraph from the pages of the *Queen*, in which he plays with the idea of Mr. Kipling's promotion to the peerage:

I am happy in being able to anticipate an official announcement which will be made in *The London Gazette* of January 1, 1901, among the Birthday Honours that will grace the beginning of the new century. Mr. Rudyard Kipling will be raised to the peerage as Lord Kipling of Vermont, the latter part of the title by kind permission of the President and the Congress and the Universal Folks-mote of the United States of America, in recognition of the services he has rendered to the Anglo-Saxon race. Bookman April 1899

Academy 3/14/99

The Literary Week.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW by

William L. Alden.

All this week we have been watching by the bedside of Rudyard Kipling. Had it been the Prince of Wales instead of the Prince of Writers who was fighting hard for life, the interest shown by the public could not have been greater. Now that there is, at the present writing, good reason to hope that Kipling's life is out of danger, anecdotes of him are cropping up everywhere. There is one class of anecdote, however, which no one ever sees. Those who know Kipling personally know that he is the kindest and most unselfish man breathing. To him have come scores of young writers for help, counsel, and encouragement, and they have never failed to receive it. There never was a successful man so utterly unspoiled by success as Kipling. The beautiful simplicity of his nature has never been dimmed. There are men in London to-day who owe their entire success to the encouragement and help that Kipling gave them when they were in despair. Because he has always insisted that his acts of kindness should remain unknown, the anecdotes that many men would gladly and gratefully publish will never see the light. But had Kipling been lost to us, it would not have been only the greater story-writer, the great poet, and the great spokesman of the British race that would have been missed. Hundreds of men would have lost a noble, generous friend. And to such men the past week, with its awful anxieties, has been a terrible one.

Bookman April 99

The Unknown Kipling.

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

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

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A FRUITERER.

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

A MAN SERVANT.

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

A CABMAN.

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

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

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

A BARBER.

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

A CHEESEMONGER.

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

A CLUB PORTER.

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

A SOLDIER.

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

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

Ac. 3/11/99

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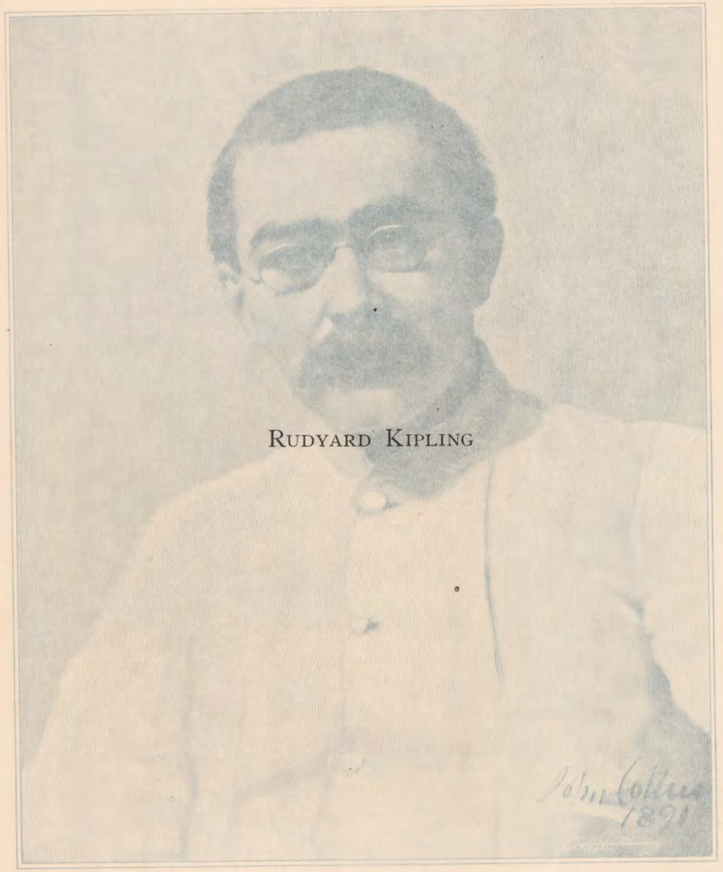
Pub Weekly, April 8/99

The New York Times

Saturday Review of Books and Art



RUDYARD KIPLING

John Collier 1891

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BOOK NEWS PORTRAITS, No. 151
VOL. 17. NO. 200. APRIL, 1899

BY COURTESY OF "McCLURE'S MAGAZINE." COPYRIGHT 1894, BY THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

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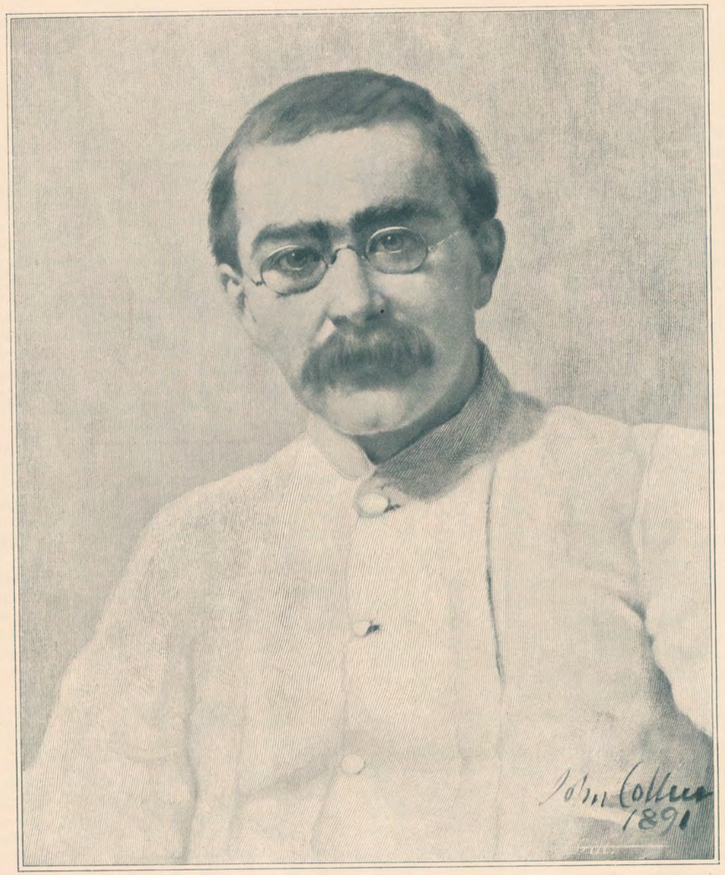

Yours truly
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BY COURTESY OF "MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE." COPYRIGHT 1896, BY THE S. S. MCCLURE CO.

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BOOK NEWS

Vol. XVII. Philadelphia, April, 1899. No. 200

RUDYARD KIPLING

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY TO DATE.

Rudyard Kipling, to condense and supplement from the *Kipling Note-Book*, was born in Bombay, India, 30th December, 1865, the son of John Lockwood Kipling and Alice McDonald. He was educated in the United Services College at Westward Ho in North Devon, whose memory is perpetuated in his recent stories of school life. After his school-days he returned to India, and took up his labors in a sub-editorial capacity on *The Civil and Military Gazette*, at Lahore, continuing this work in one form or another from 1882 to 1889, during which time he found the opportunity to write "Departmental Ditties," "Soldiers Three" and "Plain Tales from the Hills." The first when he was but twenty-one years of age. Briefly then his career may be said to have been made with the publishing of his first book, or rather the first of which he was the sole author, "Departmental Ditties," in 1886. Then followed rapidly "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," "Wee Willie Winkie," and "Mine Own People." These were all issued by Indian publishing houses before he finally left the East in 1889 on his return to England, via China, Japan and America. "Life's Handicap," 1890, and "The Light that Failed," 1891.

In 1891 Mr. Kipling collaborated with Walcott Balestier in "The Naulakha" which was published in London in 1892, during which year he married Miss Caroline Starr Balestier, the sister of his collaborator. Then comes "Barrack Room Ballads," 1892; "Many Inventions," 1893; "The Jungle Book," 1894; "Second Jungle Book," 1895; "The Seven Seas," 1896; "The Recessional," 1897; "Captains Courageous," 1897; "The Vampire," 1898; "The Day's Work," 1898.

From 1892 to 1896 Mr. Kipling lived chiefly in the United States—building himself a home among the Green Mountains, at Brattleboro, Vt.—residing there until he returned to England. In 1898 he sailed for Cape Town, South Africa, accompanied by his family, returning during the autumn, and taking up his abode at Rottingdean on the south coast of England. His next journey was to America in January, 1899, en route to Mexico. He was taken seriously ill at his hotel in New York, February 21, lay at the point of death, the center of interest for the Race, recovered and was at work March 16. What he said when told of the German Emperor's despatch will probably never be printed.

* *

It did not, writes our New York correspondent, need severe illness to make Mr. Kipling the most talked-of author of his time. He was already to the fore-front, with his "The Day's Work," selling far and wide and anything new from him in verse telegraphed and cabled round the world. But his illness threatening a fatal termination has done wonderful things. People are reading him now to whom formerly he was only a name, while many persons to whom his name was scarcely familiar have turned their minds to him and are now joining the throng of his eager worshipers. With regard to his verse there has been surprising interest shown by many newspapers, which are reprinting from his collective volumes columns of copyrighted material so that the author's publishers have found it necessary to issue to newspapers and newsdealers solemn warnings that nothing further can be taken from the books except at the taker's peril.

Meanwhile a Kipling Calendar for next year has already been undertaken. It will have the direct supervision of the author and its illustrations will consist of several interesting things, the chief of them all being a bas-relief by J. Lockwood Kipling, giving a portrait of its author flanked by elephants; heads and a figure of Mowgli with his companions of the jungle.

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HIS WRITINGS.

The weakness of the position assumed by those who hold that Mr. Kipling is not one of the masters of the art of fiction lies in the imposition of length as a measure of force and creative power. The populace loves to jump at conclusions, and it long ago landed firmly on the ground of size in fiction. The novel is a greater work than the short story. Rudyard Kipling's only novel, "The Light That Failed," was not successful. Therefore Mr. Kipling is not a master of fiction.

That seems to be the line of reasoning adopted by those who do not regard Mr. Kipling as worthy to be compared with such imposing personages as Hall Caine, Gilbert Parker, or even Andrew Lang. If the telling of a long and sustained story be the true test of genius in fiction, there can be no question that Louisa Mühlbach, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and others of equal skill are infinitely superior to Mr. Kipling.

Fiction is an abstract of life. Characters in stories are reproductions of humanity. Life is the manifestation of character. It is the sum total of human impulses acting upon one another. It is the projection of personality into events. Therefore, the essential and vital part of every story is character. It is the personalities of the actors in the great novels that will not die.

Has Mr. Kipling contributed no figures to the gallery of human types? Has he revealed no peculiarities of human nature? Not a Saladin, not a Bois-Guilbert, not a Washington, nor a Wolfe, perhaps; but a type that has printed its figure and its nature on half the world he has made actual and alive for us. If he had created no other personages, Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd would live. These are genuine epitomes of human classes. They are essential, elemental, and irresistible. Only a master could have breathed the breath of life into their nostrils. In the hands of an apprentice they would have done immeasurably more and been infinitely less.

Shall we pause to recall the types of Oriental character which this magician of the imagination has given us, made ours, made part and parcel of our experience, of our daily fancies, of our day dreams and our sleep? Who does not know Lalun, to know whose name is only the beginning of knowledge! And who is not the friend of Wali Dad, the "demnition product," philosophizing on the city wall with the calmness of a veneered Indian, and the next hour shouting his mad "Ya Houssain" among the rocking "tazias?" Shall we go further, clear away out into the misty realms of fancy? Yes, for there are Mowgli and the Grey Pack, master creations of an age of hard fact.

The poetry of Mr. Kipling has been the cause of discussion almost as prolonged, widespread, and acrimonious as that aroused by his prose. The technic of his prose has not been considered in this brief article, because a critical examination of it would require too much space; but it is almost impossible to avoid reference to the technic of his verse, for that is one of its essential traits. It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that Mr. Kipling has made the plain English of the people tell in genuine poetry the plain thought of the people in his day and generation.

This is his distinction and his claim to fame. Lord Tennyson was in the highest sense a representative poet. He voiced the speculative thought of his age in word-music of the most exquisite beauty. He sang the soul of his time, but he sang its secret thought, its inner yearning, its higher aspirations, and he sang these for thinkers. Mr. Kipling has sung the soul of his time, too; but he has sung its plain thought, its daily wants, its definite impulse.

A man does not read "A Song of the English" twice without knowing that his soul is vibrating in accord with the tones of a master singer. There is more truth, more of solid, practical knowledge of life in our day in "The Lost Legion" than there is in all the mass of feeble echoings that haunts the corners of the magazines. And so it is easy to go through "The Seven Seas" page by page and recognize the speech of genius. What utterance of press or pulpit has stirred the cynical world of late as did Mr. Kipling's "Recessional?" What man who has lived the life of our time did not get a lasting impression from "The Vampire?" Who has made in both prose and verse the new romance of the sea? Those who have read "Captains Courageous" and the sea ballads of Mr. Kipling can answer. There was a foolish cry that romance had left the land with the plume and charger, the sea with the topgallants and royal yards.

> "And all unseen
> Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.
>
> His hand was on the lever laid,
> His oilcan soothed the worrying cranks,
> His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
> His foghorn cut the reeking Banks;
> In dock and deep and mine and mill
> The Boy-god reckless labored still."

There is Mr. Kipling's creed of the romance of our time in his own words. *N. Y. Times.*

The New York Times

care as little as Kipling himself where the first thought of it came from. Art's masters remake and shape the past. We would together in the per- for the joy of see- overtops its many

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HIS VIEW OF AMERICANS.

It was in 1889 that Mr. Kipling first saw America and took his first fling at us in prose in the Indian newspapers. Unfortunately for American regard, if we forgive him on account of the impetuosities of his youth, we are further embarrassed, for he returned to his attack in 1896, when he printed in the British, not the American, edition of his "Seven Seas" this bitter quatrain on us:

> QUEBEC.
>
> "From my gray scarp I view with scornful eyes
> Ignoble broil of freedom most unfree.
> Fear nothing, mother; where the carrion lies
> That Unclean Bird must be."

It is true he more or less apologized for his anti-Americanism of 1889 in 1891, when fame and profit had come from America by saying:

"Well, I like the people immensely, but in my letters to the *Pioneer*, in India, I hurled twelve-barreled curses at the country. I don't think that Americans ever fully realize the discomforts that a civilized traveler who visits them for the first time is obliged to submit to. Doubtless it is all well enough when you are used to it.

"The Americans are nearer to my life than the English. They resemble our Anglo-Indians in square dealing and frankness of speech. When they have anything to say they say it. I was in America four months. I did not waste my time in trying to 'get acquainted,' as you would call it, with celebrities, though of course, I did not avoid any of them who came in my way, but I roamed about with the people and studied all phases of American life.

"I went to ward meetings and caucuses, attended political conventions, went to camp-meetings, attended classical lectures at Chautauqua, visited schools and colleges, interviewed Mark Twain, and, in fact, went everywhere that I possibly could and talked with everybody whom I thought had something interesting to tell me." *Philadelphia Press.*

HIS WOMEN.

It is said by some that Kipling does not write for women. That to my mind is not true. He has written of them, and consequently for them, magnificently. A seraphic prose-poem is the "Brushwood Boy," in his last book. It is one of the most beautiful conceptions I have ever read. It cannot fail to appeal to women. *James Whitcomb Riley* in *Philadelphia Press.*

Kipling's women folks are just the sort that one would expect from the imagination of a man's man, that is women—creatures of the opposite sex to Mulvaney. In a rougher but healthier way there is the same instinctive difference of sex that belongs to Thomas Hardy's people. So when you meet one of Kipling's girls it is like coming out of a week's hunt in the wind and the weather, or from marching among the Paythans and their cold, mountainous parts,—from a life that was different from theirs and well calculated to whet one's appreciation of their world. Kipling personally is generally *au mieux* with the ladies, and has scarcely ever failed to make warm friends with the women of unusual wit and soul whom he has met.

The Review of Reviews.

Kipling's women may be divided into five distinct classes: I., His Married Flirts—Mrs. Hauksbee, Mrs. Reiver, Mrs. Larkyn, and the rest; II., His Nice Girls; III., His Women Who Suffer; IV., His Barrack Heroines; V.,,His Native Types. There are of course other women in his world; ambitious mothers, scandal-loving, trouble-making colonels' wives, religiously inclined ladies with a taste for missions and the circulation of tracts; but the five classes are distinct and it is by the first that we are prone, not unjustly, to judge him. His native women are natives first, and women second. In his tales of barrack-life the women are brought in merely to show more strikingly some attribute of his men. Dinah Shadd, with her strong heart and clamorous tongue is hardly more than an episode in the life of Terence Mulvaney. Judy Sheehy, who set a trap for Mulvaney, and of whom Lascelles said truly or falsely, "She would be better for a man's name to her own," is the most striking of his barrack types. Perhaps we shall, some day, hear more of her. Judy at five-and-thirty, wise in sin and effrontery, would be a splendid if repellant figure.

The keynote of the character of Mrs. Hauksbee is her love of power for power's sake. She is forty years old, she has a husband—somewhere—there are crow's-feet about her eyes. She likes her dinner, admiration, to be well-dressed, but above all she likes to make men and women do her will. Power is the breath of her nostrils. And after being a power the next best thing, is being thought one. As she moves through this Anglo-Indian life of feasting, dancing, red tape, love-making, scandal-breeding, brandy-drinking; this life that sometimes degenerates almost into a rout, and in which the man or the woman occasionally becomes primitive and

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savage in moments of anger, passion, despair, there is never a false or an uncertain step. If she has sinned—and what her sins are and what they are not, who may say?—she has done so dispassionately and with calculation. In Kipling's treatment of her there is no taint, no lurking sneer. She alone, of all the women who move through his pages, compels his honest admiration and respect. She may have snubbed him outrageously. Perhaps he has winced under her raillery and sarcasm, and turned away with wrath and bitterness in his heart, only to be half won back by her bright, kindly smile and well-timed word. In treating of her, his flippancy gives way to a certain awe. He stands before her, amazed and delighted at her wit, her insight, her knowledge of men and women, the frankness of her vanity.

From Kipling's dashing, hard-riding Married Flirts to his Nice Girls is but a step. There are thirty or forty of them, one very much like another. At random, almost, one may take Minnie Threegan, of the "Story of the Gadsbys," Tillie Venner, of "Wressley of the Foreign Office," Kitty Mannering of the "Phantom 'Rickshaw," Kitty Beighton of "Cupid's Arrows." Between the four there is very little to choose. Kipling's treatment of the Nice Girl is almost a confession that he does not understand. His wide-eyed scorn is almost brutally frank. Fiction of necessity ignores a variety of personal interests and attributes. Darby's devotion to Joan is not to be doubted; but he cannot be thinking of her always; there are other things in his life: taxes, tobacco, tailors, trousers. The loss of Joan would make him fairly miserable for a month, but eliminate trousers, tailors, etc., and you strike at the very root of his existence. Be the historian of their loves and woes never so prolix, he must confine himself to such details as directly effect that fragment of their lives which he aims to depict. The art is in making us find between the lines the nine and sixty details that transform the inky creature into a being with living nerves, brain and stomach. Kipling, by sheer strength, has done this. His Nice Girl is very fond of her dinner, her mamma and papa, tennis, polo, bon-bons, violet perfume, Ouida's novels and Marie Corelli. Also a thousand other things. Her Hero is a sort of Chandos—Corrèze—Bertie Cecil—a stilted creature, who stalks and struts and rolls his eyes, and makes love sweetly and mysteriously, and has a big, black, bumptious past. She does not expect to meet him. He would be quite unconventional. She would make a good mate for a cavalry officer who says "Hum! Haw!" or a bank clerk; but the man of brains and heart who lays a great, strong passion at her feet, and talks of giving her his best work is a fool. Wressley of the Foreign Office did that, and found out his mistake. "A few kisses," Kipling brutally comments, "are better and save time."

In the love between the sexes Kipling sees little unselfishness and purity of heart. The steadfast, lofty affection of a Eugénie Grandet would be quite impossible in a woman of his world. Woman in her love must be fool or vampire. Balzac somewhere said something about there being two parties in a love transaction. Over against his-woman-who-does-not-care, Kipling has given us another figure, infinitely more terrible, of woman abasing herself for love, clinging at the man's knees, crying aloud in her sin and anguish and shame. In his treatment of Mrs. Keith-Wessington ("The Phantom 'Rickshaw"), there is no trace of pity. She is badly treated, but Kipling never allows us to forget that other man—somewhere—whom she in her turn is deceiving. What tragic power there is in the dinner scene of the "Story of the Gadsby's!" Captain Gadsby has engaged himself to Minnie Threegan, and is clumsily breaking the news to Mrs. Herriot, the woman of Thirty. The impetuosity of the woman is astounding. She rails at him, pleads with him, insults him. Then in a spirit of wild, strange, uncontrollable humor for his amusement and her own, and to prove her power she makes a ridiculous fool of her latest admirer, who is seated on the other side of the table. She brings into play all the arts of a consummate actress; affects to treat his blundering renunciation as a rather vulgar and ill-timed joke. Then suddenly the barriers give way, and she blurts out passionately, "My God! Pip! I was a good woman once." The power shown in bringing about the revulsion of feeling is remarkable. Kipling has never surpassed this. It is a master-stroke, worthy of rank with Becky Sharp's admiration for her husband when she sees him "strong, brave and victorious."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice in *The Bookman*.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

As Mr. Kipling married an American girl it is interesting to read what he said of her in 1889:

"The American girls are pretty—very much so—with a piquancy, all of their own, impossible to describe as to resist. Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of precious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place, and to those who understand her, is the Anglo-Indian "Spin" in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all.

"They are clever, they can talk; yea, it is said they can think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive. They are original and regard you with unabashed eyes, as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed, too, in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they have associated with boys from babyhood and can discerningly minister to both vices or pleasantly snub the possessor.

"They possess, moreover, a life among themselves, independent of any masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea fights where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed without parting with any tenderness that is their sex right. They understand. They can take care of themselves. They are superbly independent.

"When you ask them what makes them so charming they say: 'It is because we are better educated than your girls and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all around, but aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on regularly.' Yes, they have good times. Their freedom is large and they do not abuse it. They can go driving with young men and receive nods from young men to an extent that would make an English mother wink with horror, and neither driver nor drivee have a thought beyond the enjoyment of a good time.

"But this freedom of the young girl has its drawbacks. She is—I say it with all reluctance—irreverent from her forty-dollar bonnet to the buckles on her eighteen-dollar shoes. She talks flippantly to her parents. She has a prescriptive right to the society of the man who arrives. The parents admit it. This is sometimes embarrassing, especially when you call on a man and his wife for the sake of information; the one being a merchant of varied knowledge, the other a woman of the world. In five minutes your host has vanished. In another five his wife has followed him and you are left alone with a very charming maiden doubtless, but certainly not the person you came to see."

Philadelphia Press.

THE LAHORE EDITOR SAYS:

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

This was in the hot weather, when Lahore lay blistering month after month under the sun, and every white woman and half of the white men had fled to cooler altitudes in the Himalayas, and only those men were left who like Kipling and myself, *had* to stay. So it mattered little in what costume we went to and from the office. In the winter, when "society" had returned to Lahore, Kipling was rather scrupulous in the matter of dress, but his lavishness in the matter of ink changed not with the seasons.

* *

When I arrived at Lahore to take over the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, I found a letter awaiting me from the chief proprietor, in which he expressed the hope that I would be able to "put some sparkle into the paper." When the staff of a journal consists of two men only, one of whom is Kipling, such an exhortation addressed to the other doubtless seems curious. But, as I have said, Kipling had been discouraged from sparkling. My predecessor in the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, had done his best to make a sound second-rate journalist out of the youngster, by keeping his nose at the grindstone of proof-reading, scissors-and-paste work, and the boiling down of Government Blue Books into summaries for publication. But Kipling had the buoyancy of a cork, and, after his long office work, had still

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who wrote it. Yes, I've read a bit. Mulvaney?—no, not that. I know I read something once. Glad he's getting on? Aye, you may believe that, sir. My only

found spare energy to write those charming sketches and poems which in "Soldiers Three," and the "Departmental Ditties," gave him such fame as can be won in the narrow world of Anglo-India. Whatever may have been the reason for the repression to which Kipling had been subjected before my arrival at Lahore, the fact explains why I, instead of he, should have been asked to put some "sparkle" into the paper.

I read the letter to him, and we agreed that champagne had more of the desired quality than anything else we could think of; and as the "Sindh and Punjab Hotel" happened to be opposite our office, I sent over for a bottle, and we inaugurated our first day's work together by drinking to the successful sparkle of the "rag" under its new management. Among many cherished scraps of paper lost in a dispatch box which was stolen from me in Italy, that land of thieves, on my way back from India, was a drawing in red ink, perpetrated partly by Kipling and partly by myself, of this initiatory symposium. I knew that Kipling was predestined to fame, and I kept this sketch as the first result of our collaboration. It represented our two selves seated at the office table, with champagne bottle and glasses, and was headed, "putting some sparkle into it." There were several fox-terriers (of sorts) in the picture—Kipling's "Vic," "Joe," my property, and "Buz," a delightful performing terrier, belonging to somebody else that had attached itself to us and our dogs, and used to come to the office every morning after gnawing through the rope with which its master's dog-keeper endeavored to prevent its straying. Kipling was absurdly devoted to "Vic," and she appears and reappears, often under her own name, in many of his stories. She was a dog with many human points, and an entertaining companion.

McClure's Magazine.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

ANECDOTES.

James Whitcomb Riley sent Kipling a copy of his volume "Children's Verses." Kipling thanked him in rhyme and here is one stanza of his reply, a truly poetic and tender thing:—

"Your trail lies to the Westward,
Mine back to mine own place,
There is water between our lodges—
I have not seen your face;
But I have read your verses
And I can guess the rest,
For in the hearts of children
There is no east or west."

The idea of some people that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is ungracious is a false one. It seems to me that he is the soul of graciousness. Seldom does an amateur journalist write to him for "copy" that it is refused. The latest of these fortunate ones is the *Cantab*, published by the undergraduates of Cambridge University. In reply to a request for a contribution, Mr. Kipling wrote:

THE ELMS, ROTTINGDEAN, NEAR BRIGHTON,
Sept. 17, 1898.

To the Editor of the Cantab:

There once was a writer who wrote:
"Dear Sir: In reply to your note
Of yesterday's date,
I am sorry to state
It's no good at the prices you quote"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Not to be discouraged, the editor wrote again, asking for Mr. Kipling's rock-bottom rates; and again came a reply:

DEAR SIR:—Heaven forbid that the staff of the *Cantab* should go about pawning their raiment in a public-spirited attempt to secure a contribution from my pen! The fact is that I can't do things to order with any satisfaction to myself or the buyer. Otherwise I would have sent you something.

Sincerely, RUDYARD KIPLING.

Not being able to draw a contribution, the editor wrote for a photograph, and thus Mr. Kipling replied:

As to photos of myself, I have not one by me at present, but when I find one I will send it, but *not* for publication, because my beauty is such that it fades like a flower if you expose it.

Very sincerely, RUDYARD KIPLING.

The value of these letters was increased by a pen-and-ink sketch of himself by Mr. Kipling, so that the pertinacious editor got even more than he asked for. If the foregoing does not prove Mr. Kipling's amiability nothing will.

The Critic.

⁂ ⁂

In a couple of pages on "My First Book" Mr. Kipling told something about the way in which his verses were written, saying:

"Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Moslem of culture. He would say: 'Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon. One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page.'

care as little as Kipling himself where the first thought of it came from. Art's masters remake and shape the past. We would altogether in the per- not for the joy of see- ius overtops its many

e; 'e knew they knowed. or make a fuss, er down the road, k—the same as us!" eft go on!

E OF PUBLICITY.

more doubt of the effect of pon its objects. Can glare n exposed to such an or- yard Kipling, when he consciousness of all that his illness, will have to have some grand source themselves to escape al- l. Not to mention the s megalomania, that na- ings, heroes, and authors the pressure of an opi- at of a whole world must figinality, must tempt its imself and make his de- t, must, to employ a ter- ted for other subjects, s his brain, tend to im-

not from without, that aws his inspiration, and ational praise and sym- measure must be to in- to listen to the voices ictance to rely exclusive- s from within. The soli- the solitude of the soul No man ever produced d who was never alone, man be alone with the nite multitude all ad- r ever reverberating in ere are men who can be whose thoughts instinc- and who hardly see any but the roar of a mul- of the sea, and has its n the mind. It is pos- it is through an exer- which much energy is nattention which shows the faculties have for force. e even of a born ora- Bright thinking in his e the House of Com- and that is the posi- omes the centre of the ttention to which Mr. sed. Such attention, if nd we cannot believe lly it can remain with- r less injurious. Per- ipling, who has with n more humble, more wards humanity, and s the worshipping of tter than almost any uld escape altogether At least the eyes which do not suffer tremendous a glare.

e Bodley Head, will night three new books enne: "Young Lives; ing Beauty and other "The Worshipper of s a tragic fairy tale. ncement that Mr. Le a critical volume on rks, a New York man hat a critical volume he works of Mr. Le stless be much more is was said with a the latter's capacity as a critic.

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as Elk aur chiz—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindoo does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's.

"And in this manner week by week my verses came to be printed in the paper."

Philadelphia Times.

⁂ ⁂

Adecdotes naturally begin with boyhood, and of Kipling it is said that when a boy of twelve he started on a sea voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel was under way Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he let's go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious, was the matter; "but he won't let go."

Philadelphia Press.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

AS AUTHORS SEE AND SAY.

The lamentable news that Rudyard Kipling is in danger of death comes with a shock of grief to a fellow-countryman and a reading man. Almost since the beginning of his career I have read every word he wrote, and have found in his words an inspiration beyond that of any living novelist. He deals at first hand with the half dozen passions which mould human nature, and always with insight and nobility. His death, which may God forbid, would, in my humble judgment, deprive English letters of our greatest name and England of her real poet-laureate.

Ian McLaren in *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

⁂ ⁂

Of all contemporary writers I admire Rudyard Kipling the most. He has the greatest artistic mind of any living English writer. As yet he is merely lisping. Only the years to which I trust he will be spared will give him his full strength and power.

He writes of what he knows. There is no field in which he fears to stray, no subject that he cannot master. He writes of men and women, of India's heat and England's summer. He writes of men who are heroes, and he writes only of what he understands. He writes for the children and he writes for the old; he writes for the present and he writes for posterity; he writes of the sea and the land; of nature and of civilization, and he is equally at home in them all.

Whether it is in prose or verse, he knows of what he tells. That is one secret of his strength. He is simple, direct, masterly.

Every thing that Kipling ever published, I have in my library, and I would not part with a single page. I have read many of his stories over and over again, and I never tire of them.

Kipling is a master already, and he is just beginning to write. If he lives for another decade or two, we shall all see that the Kipling of then is as far above the Kipling of to-day as the man of learning is above the lisping child in the primary grade.

James Whitcomb Riley in *Philadelphia Press.*

⁂ ⁂

Should he die, England and America would lose the one who gives the greatest hope for our time, the one who gives promise of being the equal of the greatest writers of any time. Should he live, none can tell what he may accomplish. He may by the time he is forty change as readily as Scott did from poetry and Thackeray from sketches, and like them, give us a great series of novels—a world as new and as great as they gave us. There seems no limit to his powers. As he may be the greatest novelist of the coming century, so he may be the greatest poet. He is one of the writers who make us proud that we are of the same blood. And Mr. Page is much impressed by the youth of Mr. Kipling. His fame, he continues, is secure already, and his passing away at this time would be almost an apotheosis—a man hardly in his thirties crowned with the adoration of two nations. The history of letters has hardly any parallel. Lord Byron's case seems to me nearest it. But Kipling has the personal devotion as well as the admiration for his genius. Almost any half dozen of his stories would be enough to give fame to a writer—to make him a star; but he is a heaven full of stars. They almost dim each other by their multitude.

Thomas Nelson Page in *New York Times.*

⁂ ⁂

Mr. Kipling appears to myself to possess a very original genius; nor is this an original opinion. His "Plain Tales" has been called "the best book ever written on India" by an authority of very great experience in life, in government and in literature. For the first

The Unknown Kipling.

MR. KIPLING'S illness brought his name before the huge non-reading public, to whom he is a stranger. Every newspaper bulletins of his h chameleon evening nation and puzzle recalling Mr. Kip less enlightened, v

A representativ inquiries among p Mr. Kipling's wor lowing utterances add that each is gi without any eleme

Arstin' you a qu

Yes, sir, he's can't say that I pneumonia.

Mr. Kipling! folks. He's an A

A great loss, si me. No, I don't what they tell me. they tell me.

"Like to see "Kipling's all rig interest as he lear don't seem to know

Yes, ver' glad M some of dem—yes, he is ze man. Ha man.

No, sir, I never Sunday afternoon' he's a grand write of his pieces—said

Yessir; papers s can't say I'm a gre the organ-grinder's sir—I hope *that* ai

Quite the sensa same fuss if I had

Sing'ler how po man—fell and hu telegrarfed to this Kipling?

No; I hardly ought to. Not th geants' mess and soldier hasn't the lot to do, and he foreign stations th it's a song, and who wrote it. Yes, I've read a bit. Mulvaney?—no, not that. I know I read something once. Glad he's getting on? Aye, you may believe that, sir. My only

time he has shown English readers what India is like; how full of infinitely various life and romance. He seems to have seen and known and been able to make real and vivid the existence of all classes in that continent. There are touching passages in "The Story of the Gadsbys," but it has the defect of reminding one of "Gyp," an author whom Mr. Kipling may never have read, for all that I know. To my own taste—after all it is a question of taste—his tales of native life in many ranks, castes, religions and nations are his best. There is a wonderful horror mixed with vulgar magic in the story called "The House of Suddhoo." The confessions of an opium smoker in "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows" defeat De Quincey on his own ground. "On the City Walls" is a romance that is real and an amazing glimpse into the true mind of orientals hidden from us often by a veneer of western culture.

The "Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," who fell into a village of them who should be dead but yet alive, is a nightmare more perfect and terrible, I think, than anything of Edgar Poe's. There is a scene of passion at a midnight picnic and in a nocturnal dust storm which is purely magical, a revelation of things possible. The story of a little Indian child is a mere sketch, but it brings tears even into critical eyes. There is an astonishing variety in Mr. Kipling's powers. In the "Phantom 'Rickshaw" his tale of the dead wife's appointment with her husband moves one like a vivid dream of the beloved dead. Then we have a handsome piece of witchery in the "Bisara of Pooree," where the impossible becomes real to fancy. From these tales it is a long step to the military humors of "Soldiers Three"—the magnificent, daring, vain and generous Irish Heracles, Mulvaney; the little cockney who shoots so well and has a madness of homesickness; Ortheris and the large Yorkshire man who is their comrade. "How They Took the Town of Lungtungpens" and "With the Rear Guard" are tales of as good fighting as ever were transcribed. Every soldier should inspire himself with the gay daring and masterful adventure. The legend of the wanderer with the head of his crushed and dead comrade in his wallet proves that Mr. Kipling would excel in the wildest myths of adventure, if he cared. He has comedy, tragedy, farce, in his repertory, all in small parcels. He has seen a perfect Odyssey of strange experience, has known or had divined the most unheard-of dealings of men with men, and everywhere has found them very human. The last story in "Plain Tales from the Hills" promises, not a conclusion, but a beginning, to the legend of an English scholar sunk in drink, in Islam, and the dirt of a bazaar. All this would be entirely new, and we may trust that Mr. Kipling will give us a longer narrative on the subject. Whether he can write a long novel, or a novel rather of the usual proportions, remains to be seen. Very few men have excelled in both forms of the art fictitious, and he certainly excels in one. At a passage, a picture, an incident, a character, he is already, perhaps, all but unrivaled among his contemporaries. Can he weave masses of this into a consistent fable? This remains to be tried.

Andrew Lang in *Harper's Weekly, 1890.*

* * *

RECESSIONAL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

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

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

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

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

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

London Times, 1897.

=George Egerton's forthcoming novel is to be called "The Hazard of the Ill."

="The Flowing Bowl" is the title of a curious volume on drinks of all kinds and of all periods, published by Grant Richards, of London. The author is Edward Spencer, better known by his pen-name of "Nathaniel Gubbins," under which he has written a number of entertaining books.

Publishers' Weekly.

The New York Times
Saturday Review of Books and Art

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

WHERE COPYRIGHTS END.

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!"
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

To minds of unique personality intellectual theft is impossible. By some subtle law of brain alchemy whatever enters them is immediately theirs. The common word which is hawked about from lip to lip of the common people becomes new when the poet speaks it. Some simple turn gives it grace and charm, distinction or nobility; he sets our sayings to rhythm and they come back to us adorned with the beauty which is his. He is not afraid to touch work others have left imperfect, and stamp it with his seal. "My canon is, there is no plagiarism when he who adopts has proved that he could originate what he adopts, and a great deal more," wrote Edward Fitzgerald to a friend some twenty years ago.

It is refreshing to hear Mr. Kipling's chuckling acknowledgment of the debt he and all his past peers in art owe to the highways and byways and literary remains of life. Written or spoken, the sentence left awkward by some uncouth experimenter in language, the plot mismanaged or crudely outlined, are the property of the great who come after, the great who, seeing faults, know also how to cure them. If it were possible to imagine Mr. Kipling, shears in hand, slashing boldly away at the pages of "Peter Ibbetson" to make his "Brushwood Boy," would we not feel the justice of the surgeon's knife which cuts and brings health? The pseudo-scientific air which the carefully worked out and steadily willed process of "dreaming true," with its attendant metaphysics, gives Du Maurier's novel, the pathological strain incident to the criminal insane asylum, and the hothouse atmosphere of modern luxury, entering even into dreams, combine to obscure the romantic thread on which the story is strung.

Besides the vital charm of Du Maurier's illustrations the vagaries and impossibilities of his spoken fancies fade away till we associate pictures, not words, with his name. Ideas, however, do not die. In the throbbing brain of the nineteenth century Du Maurier found the sweet wonderful conception of companionship in dreams. He made what he could of it. Then afterward one glorious day some one else came upon it, some one who knew what fresh winds blow where romance is all—some one who could dream real dreams uncontrolled by the will, decked with quaint absurdities, hurrying folk over seas on a gallop along wild roads, threatened by nightmare, blessed by the comfort of sleep. It is all youth. We care as little as Kipling himself where the first thought of it came from. Art's masters remake and shape anew careless of the past. We would forget the process altogether in the perfected art were it not for the joy of seeing how nobly genius overtops its many forerunners.

"They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!"

Let the good theft go on!

THE GLARE OF PUBLICITY.

We have much more doubt of the effect of the new process upon its objects. Can glare develop sight? Men exposed to such an ordeal as Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when he wakes to his full consciousness of all that transpired during his illness, will have to pass through, must have some grand source of strength within themselves to escape altogether unharmed. Not to mention the temptation towards megalomania, that natural disease of kings, heroes, and authors who are successful, the pressure of an opinion so heavy as that of a whole world must be dangerous to originality, must tempt its subject to repeat himself and make his defects more prominent, must, to employ a terminology better fitted for other subjects, even if it stimulates his brain, tend to impoverish his soul.

It is from within, not from without, that a man of genius draws his inspiration, and the effect of international praise and sympathy in unstinted measure must be to increase the readiness to listen to the voices without, and the reluctance to rely exclusively upon the impulses from within. The solitariness as well as the solitude of the soul must be impaired. No man ever produced fine work of any kind who was never alone, and however can a man be alone with the murmur of an infinite multitude all addressed to himself for ever reverberating in the ear? No doubt there are men who can be alone in any crowd, whose thoughts instinctively turn inwards, and who hardly see any but the internal light; but the roar of a multitude is like the roar of the sea, and has its compelling power upon the mind. It is possible to escape it, but it is through an exertion of the will in which much energy is dissipated, or by an inattention which shows of itself that some of the faculties have for the moment lost their force.

It is hard to conceive even of a born orator like, say, John Bright thinking in his deepest thoughts while the House of Commons is cheering him, and that is the position of a man who becomes the centre of the sort of whirlwind of attention to which Mr. Kipling has been exposed. Such attention, if hostile, would kill, and we cannot believe that even though friendly it can remain without an impact more or less injurious. Perhaps Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has with success distinctly grown more humble, more refined, more pitiful towards humanity, and who instinctively avoids the worshipping of society, will escape better than almost any man, but that he should escape altogether is hardly to be hoped. At least the eyes must be very strong which do not suffer from so sudden and so tremendous a glare.—[London Spectator.

John Lane, at the Bodley Head, will present within a fortnight three new books by Richard Le Gallienne: "Young Lives; a Romance," "Sleeping Beauty and other Prose Fancies," and "The Worshipper of the Image," which is a tragic fairy tale. Apropos of the announcement that Mr. Le Gallienne is to write a critical volume on Rudyard Kipling's works, a New York man of letters observed that a critical volume by Mr. Kipling on the works of Mr. Le Gallienne would doubtless be much more entertaining. And this was said with a full appreciation of the latter's capacity as a critic.

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW by
N.Y. Times April 8/99 William L. Alden.

LONDON, March 25. Mr. Dooley has "caught on" Somebody has tried to calculate the comparative frequency with which Shakespeare and Kipling are quoted. If in addition to actual quotations are added allusions to things mentioned by Shakespeare or Kipling, the latter easily leads. It is impossible to take up a daily paper in London without finding at least one Kiplingesque allusion. Phrases such as "Lest we forget," "The white man's burden," and "That is another story," have become household words. Kipling's writings are quoted or alluded to nearly twice where Shakespeare's are mentioned once. As for other authors they are nowhere in comparison with these two.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been commissioned to write a critical estimate of Kipling's work, and the Bodley Head is to publish the book. To most men it does not seem as if there were any irresistible popular demand for Mr. Le Gallienne's opinion of Kipling, but perhaps Mr. John Lane knows better. He evidently believes that a critical estimate of Kipling made by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne will meet a great popular want, and perhaps he is right. We knew long ago what Ouida's critical estimate of Kipling was, and we can easily guess what that of Miss Corelli would be. What Mr. Le Gallienne thinks of Kipling we can only surmise, but instead of lying awake at nights wondering what Mr. Le Gallienne will say, it would be wiser for us to wait for his book. It would not be a bad idea for Mr. Lane to produce a series of critical estimates of great writers as they appear to other great writers. For example, it would be interesting to read Mr. Hall Caine's critical estimate of Swinburne's poems, and Miss Edna Lyall's estimate of Zola. Perhaps Mr. Silas Hocking could be induced to write a critical monograph on the fragments of Sappho. All that is needed to make such a series a success would be a careful selection of precisely the right men as critics, and this quality Mr. Lane doubtless possesses, else why should he have selected Mr. Le Gallienne to write of Kipling?

Speaking of Mr. Silas Hocking, who really writes a very readable novel, especially in the opinion of those who like the sort of novel that he writes, reminds me that The Puritan, the new Non-Conformist magazine, has been a great success, so far as circulation is concerned. The Non-Conformist public, which is a very large one, have taken it to their hearts and Meredith and Swinburne? The final result would have been that whenever any writer of any degree of popularity found himself on a sickbed his friends would be indignant unless they received the usual telegram from the Queen. It is always reasonably safe to assume that the Queen knows her own business, and certainly there is no other sovereign who makes so few mistakes as have been made by her during her long reign.

It was that remarkable person, Ouida, who asserted that Rudyard Kipling had no style, and that for his impertinence in daring to write without one he should be spanked and stood in the corner. This saying probably gives the accurate measure of Ouida's judgment as a critic of books.

Now that Mr. Kipling is convalescent, the public finds time to wonder why among all the messages that were sent to him from England neither the Queen nor the Prince of Wales inquired as to his condition. Surely no one will deny that Rudyard Kipling is the most distinguished subject of her Majesty the Queen now living. That is to say, he is more widely known and more universally admired in all parts of the British Empire than is even Lord Salisbury or Lord Roberts. Why, then, did not the Queen manifest some interest in the struggle with death which Kipling was fighting so magnificently? That there is a good and sufficient answer there can be no doubt. The etiquette of Courts is not a thing which can be easily broken down. Then there is the question of precedent to be considered. If the Queen had telegraphed asking as to the condition of Mr. Kipling, how could she have avoided showing a like degree of interest in case Mr. Meredith or Mr. Swinburne were to fall ill? And how could she be expected to draw the line at Kipling and

It appears that even when he had produced many of the short stories on which his fame will depend, Mr. KIPLING had not begun to take himself seriously. An old associate of his on an Indian newspaper, Mr. E. KAY ROBINSON, tells in *Literature* how he advised him to go to London, and received a letter in reply in which Mr. KIPLING said: "You ought to know better, at your time of life, than to knock a youngster off his legs in this way. How do you expect any one will be able to hold me after your letter? Would you be astonished if I told you that I look forward to nothing but an Indian journalist's career? Why should I? My home's out here; my people are out here. Why should I go home? Any fool can put up rhymes, and the market is full of boys who could undersell me as soon as I put my foot in it. Let us," he wrote further, "depart our several ways in amity. You to Fleet street (where I shall come when I die, if I'm good), and I to my own place, where I find heat, and smells of oil, and spices, and puffs of temple incense, and sweat, and darkness, and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating, innumerable. Give me time, give me seven years and three added to them, and abide the publishment of 'Mother Maturin.'" It appears that "Mother Maturin" was the great novel upon which Mr. KIPLING relied to make him if he was ever to be made. Its existence will be a surprise to many of his admirers.

The deepest sympathy will be felt with Mr. and Mrs. Kipling in the death of their elder daughter Josephine. This charming little girl was her parents' constant companion while they were in England, and she and her sister were well known by sight to Rottingdean and Brighton visitors. Mr. Kipling had a great objection to any forcing of children with their studies. Someone once asked. "Is your little girl going to be a writer?" "No," he replied, "I am proud to say she cannot even read." Josephine Kipling was called after her aunt, Miss Josephine Balestier, whose first achievement as a writer was a translation of Marie Bashkirtseff's famous journal.

At Christmas time, says a correspondent, a mother was in rather a fix to know what book would make a suitable gift for her boy of six. There were three named, I think, in this column at the time, one of which, "The Jungle Book," was decided upon. Ever since it has been a prime favourite, he acting Shere Khan to his little sister's Mowgli, or both of them listening with rapt attention to Rikki-Tikki-Tavi or Toomai of the elephants. But the delight the little fellow has in the book was shown one evening early last week, when he added to his evening prayer, "and please God make Rudyard Kipling quite well." This he has prayed every evening since, and his interest in the morning paper's bulletin is as great as that of any of your readers.

The Ladies' Home Journal for March

Mr. Clemens's Kipling Bibliography.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

The freedom of the American press permits any erratic scribbler to rush into print and air his views; therefore, I was not surprised at Mr. H. W. Matthews's attempt at criticism in this day's issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW. That there are defects in my little volume on Mr. Kipling I freely admit, but Mr. Matthews fails in his attempt to point out such defects. As to the merits of "A Ken of Kipling," Mr. Matthews is not in a condition of mind to judge good from evil; his own ignorance of Kipling bibliography clearly proves this fact.

As to the bibliography of Mr. Kipling Mr. Matthews dwells in ignorance so frightfully dark and obscure that he becomes amusing. I doubt if any bibliography was ever compiled complete and accurate in every detail. In my "Ken of Kipling" no attempt has been made to give a bibliography. In no part of the book is the word bibliography mentioned. Rather, I purposed to give a list for ready reference of the important literary works of Mr. Kipling, and in this respect I have succeeded quite to my own satisfaction. The list in "A Ken of Kipling" was never intended as a bibliography, and is not so designated.

My own bibliography of Mr. Kipling's works, prepared for private use, now contains [illegible], whereas the bibliography published in THE NEW YORK TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW of March 11 contains only 53 titles. Does my critical friend Matthews know that there have been four editions of "American Notes" issued from as many publishing houses? Does he also know of the Canadian and Colonial editions of "A Day's Work"?

These chronic scribblers who are constantly rushing into print on Kipling and his work should turn their guns on the private publishers here in New York who are enriching themselves by reprinting in all sorts, shapes, and sizes every scrap of Kipling they can borrow, beg, or steal. The publisher who can "gull" the Kipling faddists with six different editions of "The Vampire," for instance, is at least helping civilization by swelling the bibliography of Mr. Kipling and filling his coffers with the hard-earned wealth of the Matthewsites.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

Hackensack, N. J., April 1, 1899.

154 items

154 items

KIPLING GETS AN INJUNCTION.

RUDYARD KIPLING and his publishers, S. S. McClure & Co., of New York, filed a bill in the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, on the 5th inst., for an injunction against the alleged infringement of his rights to "The White Man's Burden," by Frank B. Whipple & Co., publishers, at 48 Dearborn Street. A temporary injunction was granted on recommendation of Master in Chancery and the hearing was set for April 10. The defendant is known as the Progressive Publishing Company, and the infringement is said to have been committed in a volume entitled "Explanation, Parody, and Criticism of Rudyard Kipling's celebrated poem, 'The White Man's Burden.'" In this parodies and criticisms which have appeared at times in the newspapers are printed in the book. The restraining order issued will remain in effect until the hearing of the case, April 10.

Pub Weekly 15/4/99

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL.

[Being a translation of the song that was made by a Mahommedan schoolmaster of the — Bengal Infantry (some time on service at Suakin) when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money from the English to build a Madrissa for Hubshees—a college for the Sudanese.]

Oh Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast!
This is the message of Kitchener who did not break you in jest.
It was permitted to him to fulfil the long appointed years,
Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead Emirs.

He stamped only before your walls, and the Tomb ye knew was dust:
He gathered up under his armpits all the swords of your trust:
He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak from the strong:
He said:—"Go work the waterwheels that were abolished so long."

He said:—"Go safely, being abased, I have accomplished my vow."
That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his madness now!
He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye devise:
He is preparing a second host—an army to make you wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye learn his name again,
But letter by letter, and many letters, at the mouth of his chosen men.
He has gone back to his own city, not seeking presents or bribes,
But openly asking the English for money to buy you Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.
It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined.
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!

They do not consider the Meaning of Things; they consult not creed or clan.
Behold they clap the slave on the back and behold he becometh a man!
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.

How is this reason (which is their reason) to judge a scholar's worth
By casting a ball at three straight sticks and defending the same with a fourth?
But this they do (which is doubtless a spell) and other matters more strange,
Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of their scholars change;

Till these make come and go great boats or engines upon the rail;
(But always the English watch near by to prop them when they fail)
Till these make laws of their own choice and Judges of their own blood;
And all the mad English obey the Judges and say that the law is good.

Certainly they were mad from of old: but I think one new thing
That the magic whereby they work their magic—wherefrom their fortunes spring—
May be that they show all people their magic and ask no price in return.
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, O Hubshee make haste and learn!

Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure thing I know—
If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to his Madrissa go!
Go, and carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast,
For he who did not slay you in sport he will not teach you in jest.

London Times Dec 8/1898. RUDYARD KIPLING.

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It is not often that a living writer has a chance to see the first editions of his own books sell for a large sum at auction. Like many other remarkable experiences this has been reserved for Kipling. It may interest the collector to know that Kipling himself is much disgusted that books he has tried so hard to suppress are eagerly bought by the public—a strange paradox, but one that frequently happens. It is not often, however, that these disowned children of the brain are worth so much money. The fact that Kipling is but thirty-four years of age, and has only been publishing a trifle over ten years, renders the high prices paid for his first editions all the more remarkable. The following is a brief résumé of the most recent quotations on the first editions of his books, only original bindings being mentioned:

1.	"School Boy Lyrics"	£120
2.	"Echoes"	33
3.	"The Quartette"	14
4.	"Departmental Ditties"	21
5.	"Plain Tales from the Hills"	8
6.	"Soldiers Three"	12
7.	"Story of the Gadsbys"	5
8.	"In Black and White"	3
9.	"Under the Deodars"	3
10.	"Phantom 'Rickshaw"	3
11.	"Wee Willie Winkie"	4
12.	"City of Dreadful Night"	6
13.	"The Light that Failed"	10
14.	"Life's Handicap"	10
15.	"Letters of Marque"	7
16.	"Barrack Room Ballads"	1
17.	"Naulahka"	10
18.	"Many Inventions"	10
19.	"The Jungle Book"	1
20.	"The Second Jungle Book"	1
21.	"Seven Seas"	10

Books-buyer April 1899

May 1899

Kipling, Rudyard. The city of dreadful night; il. by C: D. Farrand. N. Y., Alex. Grosset & Co., 1899. c. 92 p. por. D. cl., 75 c. [1541

A series of impressions of the salient points of interest in the city of Calcutta, and of its many phases of vice and misery, in chapters entitled: A real live city; The reflections of a city; The councils of the gods; On the banks of the Hugli; With the Calcutta police; The city of dreadful night; Deeper and deeper still; Concerning Lucia.

Kipling, Rudyard. The vampire. N. Y., Alex. Grosset & Co., 1899. c. il. 4°, pap., folded, 50 c. [1542

With the words of the poem of the "Vampire" are given a reproduction (quarto size) of the well-known painting of that name by Burne-Jones.

Early and Present Day Writers.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

Of every thousand books published there are not more than half a dozen that create a lasting impression. Nowadays, when it is not an unusual happening to see a hundred books, more or less, published each day of the year, it may be surprising to some that so few gain any place at all in the list of books the world loves. The few publications of the last 500 years that have stood the wear of time and fickleness are still holding the leadership in literature, (with one or two choice selections from the modern authors added,) notwithstanding that half a century ago a new book appeared about once or twice a week, while to-day thousands are being put on the market every month. So is not it surprising that the old volumes are not smothered and forgotten in the mass of modern works? Shakespeare's works are famous because at the time he wrote there was no one of greater genius than he. Not that there have not been since or that there are none now, but because his works have the advantage of time, inasmuch as 300 years of existence, together with the popularity gained at the period of their publication, have everything to do with their being considered as the greatest writings up to the present time. Mark my words, this theory will hold good in the future, as it is my firm belief that Shakespeare, for the reasons given, will always keep the reputation as being the greatest author the world has ever produced. This theory will apply to Goldsmith, Johnson, Burns, Scott, and the rest of their class, according to their rank as authors.

Some may ask why are not Homer, Livy, Seneca, Dante, or any other of the ancient writers still possessing the leadership in literature at the present time as Shakespeare and those who wrote later on are? They do not simply because at their respective ages the reading class of people was very small, and great books did not create any sensation till Shakespeare's time, and the interest in them has died out during many hundreds of years, although they are still read by a certain small class of people.

Again, take Rudyard Kipling, for instance; the English-speaking peoples have gone wild over him and his writings, and he is without doubt the most famous writer of the day. Yet it has been remarked both by prominent men and by the press that he is the greatest writer since Shakespeare. The old master's power still has a firm grip, though he has long lain in the grave, and the highest tribute and enthusiasm shown for the present-day writers sink into oblivion before the sway of the early pioneers of literature. ALBERT E. McKAY.

New York, April 21, 1899.

Letters About Him This Week's Mails Have Brought.

I. ADMIRERS MOVED TO LAUGHTER.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

Two letters which appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of March 18 were the cause of mirth and surprise to a number of women who have until now believed that even those who were so unhappily constituted as to be unable to find pleasure in the works of Mr. Kipling must at least acknowledge his greatness. One might think that, after a lifetime devoted to good reading, appreciation of a new genius might be vouchsafed to one whose life had been so spent; but when such appreciation is lacking and "The Day's Work" is described as "trash," it can only move to laughter the thousands who know and love the book, and what must be the feeling of desolation in finding one's self the only "sane" being amid such thousands?

However, the loneliness may be in a measure abated by the knowledge that in various communities there are still women who remain uncontaminated by the writings of a man who has given us such poems as the "Recessional" and the "Hymn Before Action," (which can hardly be said to war against the love of reverence for sacred things,) such stories as those of the "Jungle Books," and the many pictures of strong men living nobly in the most hidden corners of the earth. While respecting the sincerity of a protest made for conscience, sake against the work of an author who, however mistakenly, is believed to endanger our "love of reverence for sacred things, and holy names, and purity of language," one must be pardoned for believing that such a protest can only come from one who has not a very thorough knowledge of Mr. Kipling's work.

That a number of his poems and stories are better unread by a great many people goes without saying, but I believe that if the "new women," whose existence is so regretfully admitted, could be induced to read Mr. Kipling they might find reason to believe in the ability of men to do the work which until recently has at least seemed to belong to them, and to admire, even to reverence, virility, after a fashion which should not "sadden" their most sensitive sisters, and there is still hope that the latter, after further reading of Mr. Kipling, may join in the almost universal thanksgiving that he has been given back to the world which needs him so much. R. P. D.

Leetown, West Va., March 19, 1899.

II. FOUR-FIFTHS OF HER FRIENDS LIKE HIM.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

A few of my friends think my "langwidge wuz strong" about Mr. Kipling. The truth is that about four-fifths of the reading women that I know do like Kipling, and like him very much. The other one-fifth detest him, and had been making themselves so very audible that I shrieked for the four-fifths.

I think every one has a right to her individual tastes, and I no more want to cram Kipling down other people's throats than I would allow Thomas Hardy to be crammed down mine.

There are verses and stories of Kipling that I do not read twice, just as there are parts which I skip in Shakespeare, or as I shudder while I pass over the awful blasphemies of Milton's Satan. But Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" and "As You Like It," Milton wrote the "Hymn to the Nativity" and "Lycidas." Kipling has written the "Song of the Women of India" and the "Recessional." And I no more confound Kipling with some of his creations than I think Shakespeare was Falstaff or that John Milton loved Satan, (although he seems to.) The writers I bar for myself are those who "call evil good," or who glory in pessimism. Kipling never does either. LUCY R. CAUTHEY.

Baltimore, Md., March 28, 1899.

III. HIS ALLUSIONS TO AMERICA.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

A recent editorial article in THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW expressed the opinion that Mr. Kipling, in addition to his other great services to literature, had also filled the useful rôle of interpreter of the Americans to the peoples beyond the sea. It seems to me that this claim can hardly be substantiated. For his wonderful skill as a story-teller, for the genius, we can hardly call it less, with which he unerringly seizes just those features of the life and scenery of a far distant land, and then with equally admirable art makes us realize them without our once becoming aware of the process, so that Simla seems a place that we have seen and Mulvaney a man that we have known, for these and many other qualities in his work we cannot be too grateful, and it is especially fitting at this time to pay the debt which delighted readers owe to a great author.

However let us not "slop over." Honest praise is the only kind worth having, and I think that Mr. Kipling would be even annoyed by having qualities attributed to him which he certainly does not possess.

In the first place his allusions to America are very scanty. In the collected edition of his tales they number five, and one of these is inferential. Then they are usually superficial, incidental epigrams to brighten a paragraph, or relating to some personal peculiarity, such as our nasal quality of voice. Again their interpretative value is vitiated by his assumption, very common with British authors, that because America is a young country this disadvantage is also shared by its inhabitants, who are about 1,000 years junior to those Englishmen who were born in the same year. A few quotations will make these points plain. The references are to the Outward Bound edition.

In "His Private Honor," Vol. II., Page 257, we have this luminous characterization, apropos of a remark by Ortheris that he was as good a man as Lieut. Ouless.

"What a fool you were," I interrupted. "Ortheris, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping."

"The Mutiny of the Mavericks," in so far as it relates to America at all, deals only with Irish-Americans, or rather with that element among them which is interested in Fenian plots, and so its reference to "the blind, rancorous hatred of England that only reaches its full growth across the Atlantic," (Vol. III., Page 367,) will do no harm to the rather numerous class of our fellow-citizens who belong neither to this genus nor species.

The introduction to "Judson and the Empire," contains some remarks upon the tendency of democracies to indulge in bad manners in international affairs which may or may not refer to us, although the contrast there drawn to the lands governed by "the Kings and Queens and Emperors of the Continent" rather squints our way. However the cap has sometimes fairly fitted, although perhaps he shows some of our own fault of exaggeration when he says: "All it (a true democracy) regards is its own dignity, which is its king, queen, and knave. So, sooner or later, an international difference ends in the common people, who have no dignity, shouting the common abuse of the street, which also has no dignity, across the seas in order to vindicate their own dignity." (Vol. III., Page 527.)

The story called "A Matter of Fact" has the following implied criticism of our newspapers which is of course richly deserved by a portion of our press: "Keller triple-headed his account, talked about our 'gallant Captain,' and wound up with an allusion to American enterprise in that it was a citizen of Dayton, Ohio, that had seen the sea serpent. This sort of thing would have discredited the creation, much more a mere sea tale, but as a specimen of the picture-writing of a half-civilized people it was very interesting." (Vol. V., Page 206.) "Don't be an ass, Keller. Remember, I'm 700 years your senior, and what your grandchildren may learn 500 years hence I learned from my grandfathers 500 years ago." (Vol. V., Page 207.) "Remember, everything goes in the States from a trouser button to a double eagle." (Vol. V., Page 208.)

The poem called "An American," (Vol. XI., Page 288,) and headed "The American Spirit Speaks" will prove a very beacon light to the inquiring Briton who would understand his

> Brother hedged with alien speech.
> And lacking all interpreter.

By it he will learn that "calm-eyed we scoff at sword and crown, or panic-blinded stab and slay," that we are "sombre-drunk," that our "hands are black with blood," that we are "careless mid our dead," and in short, "the scandal of the elder earth." If the bewildered Briton, who perchance may have heard of Emerson, or Lowell, or Longfellow, whom as a poet of the sea Mr. Kipling seems to prefer to Byron, (Vol. V., Page 120,) is inclined to despair of the Republic he gets this word of hope, that although we are "unkempt, disreputable, vast," yet through the good offices of this same American spirit we shall finally attain unto salvation.

There is no need to heap other instances from his other works to show that as an interpreter of things American Mr. Kipling is distinctly not a success. Why should he be? His is the story-telling genius; he seizes the unusual, the striking, the picturesque, he weaves it into a tale, and behold, it is very good. If we want interpreters we have them in plenty, Mr. Bryce for example, and to these we may refer our inquiring friends. Who is harmed if some careless reader of "Captains Courageous" imagines that all American millionaires live in a glorified region of nickle-plate and hardwoods? He will have had the delight of an absorbingly interesting story, and on his own head be his own blunders. Is not the true part for cultivated Americans equally removed from over-effusiveness and thin-skinned sensitiveness to what some visiting foreigner may say about us? So then let us welcome Mr. Kipling back to health and rejoice in his works, and avoid what he calls "American enterprise" in claiming him as our own. CHARLES A. MEAD.

Orange, N. J., March 21, 1899.

IV. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

There has just appeared in this city a little book about which a word or two may not be out of place, even at this early date. The book to which I have reference is entitled "A Ken of Kipling" and is liable to have a wide sale among people who are interested in whatever is written about the subject.

It is not for me to discuss the merits of the book itself, although I may say that it seems to me that any novice with a pair of shears and a pot of paste could piece out a much better narrative than the one given. Most of the anecdotes have been the rounds of the daily press, and the author's critical estimate is hardly worth considering.

There is one portion of the book, however, which is quite liable to mislead a great many people. This is the so-called "Bibliography," which is included, and which shows weakness in every point. It is neither complete nor correct. The publishers' names have been carefully omitted. This may be purely a matter of taste, but at the same time in the case of the early first editions would it not have been as well to have given the publisher's name? Several genuine first editions have been entirely forgotten, including several which have appeared in this country and are considered rarities in England, and already fetch a good price.

No mention is made of either of the complete editions which have appeared, nor are large paper editions of single volumes specified.

Who, may I ask, published "Slaves of the Lamp"? To be sure, it appeared in ill-fated "Cosmopolis," and also in McClure's Magazine, but if included on that account, why should not the number of Lippincott, which contained "The Light That Failed" be added? "Stalky & Co." has not yet been published, but we can forgive the zealous author for wishing to keep just a little ahead of the times and thus putting it in, date and all.

As a final question, may I ask why "A Fleet in Being" is dated London, 1899? I have before me a copy of the first printing of the little book, which bears clearly upon its title page the date 1898. As I received this on Jan. 2 of this year, I feel quite sure that the date is correct.

I have pointed out only a few of the errors and omissions which might be named, but trust that others will be able to add to the list.

I offer this, not as a criticism of the little book, which will doubtless please many people, but rather as a request for a full and complete bibliography such as has already appeared elsewhere, but evidently passed over by Mr. Clemens.

H. W. MATHEWS.

New York, March 22, 1899.

[Has our correspondent overlooked the Kipling biography printed in THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW of March 11?—ED.]

V. HIS WORK AND MISSION.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

I am sorry to see from letters in your SATURDAY REVIEW that there are some ladies who do not like our friend Rudyard Kipling. From the letter of one lady I infer that she is inclined to think that Kipling is himself "The White Man's Burden." The true greatness of Kipling she evidently overlooks in a search for his literary merits. He is pre-eminently the man of the period; he is able to express forcibly what many of our foremost intellects in all civilized lands have at last come to recognize, and that is the duty, the awful duty laid upon the white races of not merely spreading the Gospel in foreign parts, but also of preserving order and property in those regions of the tropics which have fallen under his jurisdiction.

This duty is now being nobly recognized by the people of the United States, and the present Administration to its honor has seen it also, and is doing its sound and thorough work, without caring for a foolish sentimentalism. Kipling is the workingman's poet; he finds that the oil-stained hands of the mechanic have more poetry and true idealism than the scented atmosphere of the sanctum of the modern literary lady. He is not nice; he does not intend to be; he has his gospel to preach, and is fortunate in that the delivery of it fills his pocket at the same time. Yet they who preach the Gospel shall live by it surely. Kipling is in reality a man of action put up in a literary form; to compare him with Shakespeare is absurd; he himself would be the first to laugh at the notion. The latter was "not for an age, but for all time"; the former is distinctly the man of his age. He is neither a carpet knight nor a parlor poet, and can well afford to neglect the devices which are necessary to success in these lines. There are other duties for a literary man than to strive for the approbation of the gentler sex. The measure of Kipling is in the range of his ideas; in this he is much superior to Byron, who had a negative mind which was constantly asking, "Why is this thus?" On the other hand, in literary genius Kipling is the inferior; he cannot throw off his productions as Scott said Byron did, "like a tree resigning its leaves to the wind"; there is nothing of this kind about Kipling. He belongs to the school of painstaking effort. In fact if one might offer a criticism, there is, perhaps, an appearance of straining for effect, an artificial selection of words, what we call word painting. Yet this also shows a conscientious sense of integrity in his work; it shows that he respects the public, and it would be well for some other writers if they did the same. The reason for this fever the lady speaks of is not on account of the pure literary merit of Kipling's work, but because he is a prophet for this age; he sees the needs of the future as regards the treatment of large regions of the earth, and he has sufficient literary ability to give his views prominence; and after the unpractical nature of Byron's and Carlyle's efforts, it is refreshing to meet with a man who belongs to the positive school, and whose influence over the minds of his contemporaries must lead to fruitful action.

Let us hope that the age of namby-pambyism is about over, and that a good deal of this sham tender-heartedness, but real cruelty, will tend to merge into a more serious and benevolent one of activity, which, while extending the olive branch to the repentant sinner, will not hesitate to visit with castigation those who stir up the waters of strife under the name of liberty or any other shibboleth.

To sum up, then, the true meaning of the Kipling furor is that those who have charge of and are for the time being responsible for the destinies of our English-speaking race in both hemispheres see that they here have a man who is able by means of his literary ability to make the duty of the governing white race plain to them.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," whether that crown is worn by a monarch or by the people themselves. For the government is not only for the people and by the people, but it is also government "of" the people. The people have heard a great deal about their rights; it is now time for them to hear something about their duties also. And Rudyard Kipling is the man to tell them these, without fear or favor. W. H. BARLOW.

Charlottesville, Va., March 22, 1899.

VI. "RUDYARDPHOBIA."

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

Of course, every journal of repute now has its Kipling Department, and one publisher has gone so far as to print periodically a Kipling court circular. And all are now overflowing with praise and thanksgiving for Kipling's recovery from his recent dangerous illness. To these expressions I add my hearty "Amen" and "God be praised," but only in so far as it concerns the saving of a loving and beloved father to his family. It is indeed truly a cause for thanksgiving that a wife and children have not been deprived of their natural protector, and that a man's life has been saved. But has the cause of English letters so much ground for rejoicing? Some years ago Mr. Kipling made our hearts glad with his wonderful interpretation of Indian life, and opened up a new world of fact and story to his English-speaking contemporaries. Most of these early stories and rhymes will live, I think, and always retain their power, but who has the temerity to say the same of most of his later work? And now he is "syndicated," and can that prove otherwise than fatal to the production of work that has an inherent right to last? I love and admire and am thrilled by Kipling's early work as by no other, but does his work of "these last days" in any way excel that of at least a dozen other living story tellers? We are interested in these other people and admire them and their work, but are we not suffering from an acute attack of "Rudyardphobia"? I think yes.

WILBUR M. STONE.

New York, March 20, 1899.

VII.—MOTHERS OF SONS EXCEPTIONS.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

That some woman would tell you your statement that the worst that can be said of Kipling is not true I was sure. That she has, I am glad. I have not read him very thoroughly, never having read much of his verse, and cannot say that all women would be pleased with all he writes. Many good and wise men fail to see any background in his tales. These men cannot laugh at Mulvaney, and think what he says about folks' "hair sitting up" is clatter. These men read Ruskin, Spencer, and Bellamy—peace be to them!—and regret that Kipling has not had a more thorough "grounding in the classics" and that he has so "little logic." The men who read Josiah Strong and the women who read W. D. Howells and T. W. Higginson are not likely to be pleased with much of Kipling unless, happily, the women be mothers of sons. Even this does not always help them.

When Mr. Kipling was first taken sick I was disposed to be indignant at the use made of his name everywhere, and no doubt many other persons felt the same, but as he grew better and we became assured he is to stay with us an incident in my own life came to me. I had been very ill for many weeks, and on the first morning when I went to market all the marketmen seemed so pleased to see me and so ready to wait upon me that I was happy to learn I was so popular among them. On my return one woman, who keeps a little milk, candy, cigar, and intelligence office, one on whom I never call, but usually bow to when she sits with her knitting in the door, came out of her shop and said: "Ah, but it is glad I am to see you going round again, lady. Thim days whin you was so bad, didn't I see the undertake turn up your street and I wint in the back part and shut the door. I didn't durst to look if he stopped at your house. The man in the big flats was dead thin." (Here the old woman was wiping her eyes with the end of an old black shawl.) "Shure, he had no work to do; any way, he drunk himself to the dropsy." I thanked her and went on.

So I would say to you, Mr. Editor, don't tell us the "worst" thing that can be said of Mr. Kipling, but suggest to women that they read "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Brushwood Boy," "William the Conqueror," "The Walking Delegate," "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," and learn to be delighted with much that he writes.

No man under forty years, rarely one under fifty, understands woman. So long ago as when he wrote the conversation between the Queen, the widow from the desert, and the missionary maid (in "The Naulahka") Rudyard Kipling had a perfect conception of woman. He is too young to teach us more than helps us to understand our men folk, but I am very grateful for the confidence he has in us. See to it that you and your brothers don't be expecting too much of him. Just now for a while anyway.

May I write a bit more—about what I think of folks who sign themselves "Cynic," who think they have discovered the "very important lesson woman should learn"? Thank you. I think these miserable persons—there are so many of them to-day—have given diligence and added to their faith virtue and knowledge, even as the wise old preacher taught, but, ah! they have neglected to add temperance, patience, godliness, and charity. Mayhap they never heard that the "greatest of these is charity." Without the deep understanding of this wisdom herself is an aching void.

This special middle-aged cynic, who's experience has not revealed "half a dozen human beings with whom it was worth [illegible] originated with him and that he was shocked to see it become a beanbag) he should have sent a little warning to the lordly clique who are cynics. Some of these women one of these days will lay before the public the heartstrings of these people who sit in "solitude and silence" twanging now and again like an old "sarver" on a cellarway door. Not broken heartstrings, but shriveled, dried, and crackeled.

"The world of to-day" has got "what it needs"—men who have a fine courage and go about their business and pay their honest debts and women who raise up children to do a little more for the world at large than has been their fathers' privilege. "The world of to-day" has many individuals it could get along without, perhaps, but then the work and the fun would not count for so much. All honor to the fearful folk who boldly look in the dark corners and show us the hopeless cases, but down with the calamity howler, down with the cynic.

ONE OF THE "WOMEN."

Bayonne, N. J., March 11, 1899.

THE POETRY OF KIPLING.

Now Collected in the Outward Bound Edition —Its Meaning to This Generation.*

If it be the province of poetry to interpret and delineate life, it must be acknowledged that Rudyard Kipling is, in certain phases of life, one of its truest interpreters and most realistic delineators. If we take Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as being "a criticism of life," we have in this poet one of its best critics. In the first productions of his pen we quickly recognized a man of undoubted talent with much of the fine art of metrical composition, a versatile man successful in many branches of literary art. He was seen to be a master of versification, one whose work had a delightful rhythmical cadence—a man of originality in choice of subject and in the expression of it.

But to many these were hints of promise, suggestions of a developing genius. Those little haunting ly weird couplets and quatrains which prefaced some of his earlier prose tales told of developing power and made us wish for something of the same kind in greater volume. It came in 1886, when "Departmental Ditties" was published, was supplemented in 1891 by the now famous "Barrack Room Ballads." These publications confirmed the early signs of promise and genius, but it needed "The Seven Seas" to make him universally recognized as a poet and to give to him a place among the poets of Great Britain. He has obtained his position by virtue of his genuineness; his broad, firm, free grasp of life; his originality in the conception of his subject and in his expression of it; his bold, virile songs of man's life and its activities; his intense and fervent love of country and humanity. As he says in one of his earliest poems:

> "Lo! I have wrought in common clay
> Rude figures of a rough-hewn race!
> For pearls strew not the market-place
> In this my town of banishment,
> Where with the shifting dust I play
> And eat the bread of Discontent.
>
> "Yet is there life in that I make.
> O Thou who knowest, turn and see!
> As Thou hast power over me,
> So have I power over these,
> Because I wrought them for Thy sake
> And breathed in them mine agonies.
>
> "Small mirth was in the making. Now
> I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
> And wearied at Thy feet I lay
> My wares ere I go forth to sell.
> The long bazaar will praise—but Thou—
> Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

Men and women, their lives, labors, loves, their shortcomings, their frailties no less than their aspirations, inherent goodness, their courage, and often dominant nobleness—these attract the sympathetic attention of the poet, and he deals with them in a commanding and very human way. He is at home in the barrack room, with its military equipment of arms and men, but he penetrates through the outward shows of things and sees and feels the real men and women. He knows and feels what is in the hearts of his characters, and because of this he speaks authoritatively and appealingly. His voice among the voices of many of his fellow-singers is powerful, far reaching, commanding.

In that poem, in many respects the noblest and truest of his latest volume, "McAndrew's Hymn," he has identified himself with that true, warm Scottish heart, sensitive to all the influences and activities of the world. He hears the music of industry, sees and hears the poetry of machinery. He cries passionately: "Send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!" McAndrew, a simple, humble engineer, with grave burdens of responsibility, with many lives in his keeping, yet endowed with a sensitive soul which incessantly sings voiceless songs of the spirit. At rare intervals these noble inner epics and lyrics burst forth and find expression in simple and sublime language. There is poetry in all things, even though it be the commonplace one of machinery.

> "Fra skylight-lift to furnace bars, backed, bolted, braced, an' stayed
> An' singin' like the Morning Stars for joy that they are made;
> While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
> 'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!'
> Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
> 'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!'"

In this poem, taken as a representative one, we find touches of true inspiration, of that genius which is ever accompanied by high ideality. It is sometimes unwarrantable to read too much of a poet's life and personality into any one of his poems, but when one of these poems seems to embody much which he has thought and said elsewhere, there is at least reasonable justification. This poem, taken with the others in the volume, notably "The True Romance," a poem of sweetness, lyrical charm, and that indefinable beauty which comes from the association of certain syllabic sounds, is one of the best expressions of the poet's real self. He finds, like McAndrew, poetry in the greasy machinery of the engine and boiler room, as well as in the broad blue expanse of sea or the starsown sky. He is impatient of the parlor poetry which finds its subject only in the polite prettinesses of the drawing room, and speaks out strongly but justly to the young man of fashion who asks of him: "Don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" His characterization of such a person in the two following simple but forceful words is unexpected but to the point.

The poet is a man among men, one of idealities and realities; he does not feel differently from his fellows, only more deeply, more intensely. He has broader and truer visions of "the true romance," and believes in it as "a handmaid of the gods." He does not take his subjects entirely from the life of nature, but from the nature of life. He sees, as Thackeray and Browning saw, the mocking masquerade of life, and, like them, he penetrates through the outward and unreal form and lays firm hold on the inner and real substance. He pierces through pretense and hypocrisy—coarseness and roughness, hardness and vice—and touches the heart and truth of things. Rudyard Kipling the poet is in touch with the tragedy and comedy of life—he feels and sings the social wrongs, the injustices, the inequalities, no less than the pleasures, the absurdities, the happiness, of humanity. This is to be a poet, intensely to feel and powerfully to sing these things, and this Kipling undeniably does.

Prof. J. C. Sharp has told us that "whenever the soul comes vividly in contact with any fact, truth, or existence, whenever it realizes and takes them home to itself with more than common intensity, out of that meeting of the soul and its objects there arises a thrill of joy, a glow of emotion, and the expression of that glow, that thrill, is poetry." Judged by this standard, which is that simply of sympathetic capacity of the heart, we must award the poet Rudyard Kipling exalted praise. It is this sympathy with humanity which makes him a powerful singer; this ability to identify himself with the characters and situations which he is endeavoring to portray. To deny him that sympathy with men is to have read his poetry to little purpose and with less of profit. When a critic affirms that this poet has "no ear for the clash of spiritual armies" we see immediately that there is little grasped save the outward form, the mere verbal expression; the deeper inward truth is lost. Kipling, as if foreseeing the shallow criticism of a dull-eyed critic, has in the opening poem of the volume given us a key to the understanding of his work:

> "Through the naked words and mean
> May ye see the truth between
> As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the earth."

It is not surprising that a poet so powerful, so original, should be misunderstood; that is the inevitable penalty of originality; and yet doubtless this poet expects and welcomes criticism as a result of his original choice of themes and method of expressing them. Any poet or any man with the simplicity of greatness and the greatness of simplicity is bound to be misunderstood. He is bound to be harshly criticised and unjustly censured. While many of the critics are speaking most commendingly and even enthusiastically, others less quick to break away from tradition and literary conventionalities, are speaking condemningly and deprecatingly. "Lively feeling for a situation and power to express it constitute the poet," said Goethe, and judged by this standard it is difficult to withhold praise from Rudyard Kipling. No one would deny who has read any of the "Barrack Room Ballads," or any of his prose tales, his ability intensely to identify himself with a situation and to express that situation vividly and powerfully. In breaking away from the old hackneyed subjects and choosing novel yet real ones, the poet shows his genuineness and originality. It is the mission of the poet to make these situations more real to the reader. This is the deep truth underlying "The Story of Ung," one of the notable poems of the volume called "The Seven Seas." The old father back in the early ages, in the prehistoric times of our humanity, advises his despondent painter son: "Son, that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy tribe is blind." It is because the average human being is less gifted than the poet that the poet exists. He is recognized as a poet by virtue of his superior mind, richer and deeper sympathies, peerless power of expressing outwardly in language what he sees, hears, or feels inwardly. It must be in one sense a source of gratification to the poet that men are less gifted than he, and this is why, when the son leaves his aged father, he "Gayly whistled and sung, blessing his tribe for their blindness."

But it is as a national singer, as the inspired voice of imperial England, ruling on land and sea, that Rudyard Kipling demands our attention. "The Song of the Cities," from Bombay to Auckland, is a choric hymn of the colonial possessions of England, all lifting their voices in allegiance and praise to the mother country. English supremacy on the land and sea seems to be the great song of the poet. His verse carries with it breaths of the fresh, vigorous salt sea air. Upon the deck and in the hold of the merchant vessel, the passenger steamer, the cargo boat, the man-of-war, he is equally at home and sings powerfully and sympathetically of life upon each. He is the portrayer of the life of "Soldier and Sailor, Too," with their recklessness and courage, their profanity and humanity. These poems are full of the action which comes from a life of hard, vigorous work. It seems almost evolved from contact with the world. It emphasizes the masculine principle so foreign to much which is conventionally termed poetry. While he has much of the refinement, the delicacy of the womanly spirit, he has also the strength, the virility, the calm reliance of manliness. He has been termed in THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW essentially "a man's poet," but there is much to be appreciated by true womanhood, which admires and reverences the heroic, the truly manly, in men.

Kipling appeals to men because he has partaken of the struggle, the activity, the accomplishments, of the world of men. He is the embodiment of his age; the vital movements, the material and moral characteristics of his time are reflected in his verse. He sees that even material prosperity and progress are fundamentally spiritual, and, like an ancient prophet, warns the nation as in the incomparable "recessional" against the dangers of mere materialism, that commercialism which is the insidious foe of true and enduring prosperity. Like his latest publication, "The Day's Work," he has one gospel, that of Carlyle, and all earnest, energetic souls—the gospel of work and of devotion to duty. In the verse and tales of this writer there is nothing effeminate, nothing anaemic, all is healthful, energizing, vigorous. There is no morbid introspection, no emasculated sentimentalizing; know what you can do, and do it, is the simple lesson of life, and it is the central thought. With the triumphant throb of the drum and quelling boom of the cannon, martial sounds, there is mingled the hum of industry, the noise of axe and hammer and anvil, of loom and spindle; sounds of peace, and in all it is England's imperial sway encircling the globe. It is that imperial sway which is one of his inspirations. He is a patriot, and patriotism is one of the incentives of his song; he is imbued with the national spirit. He is, if not officially, yet essentially, the poet laureate. He is not a narrow patriot; his patriotism is not national selfishness, it is broad and universal:

> "For the Lord our God most high,
> He hath made the deep as dry;
> He hath smote us a pathway to the ends of all the earth."

He sings of men doing hard, unselfish work in colonization and civilization. In his work there is a sincere directness, a conciseness and honesty of expression, which give life and movement to it. We may perhaps deplore the use of certain words and phrases, and yet those words and phrases vividly and adequately express the real and vital meaning. He is a master and magician in the use of words. The artist is everywhere in evidence in the use of words and in combining them to express an idea or portray a situation. Kipling knows what effect he wishes to produce, and he employs the best means. It might be rightly affirmed that nearly every one of his words and phrases might be justified from an artistic and literary standpoint. This surely ought to be taken into account before unqualifiedly condemning them. Throughout the range of his verse there is a melody, the rhythmical versification, the facility and felicity of rhyme and expression, which were marked characteristics of his earlier volume of verse. He is a master of melody. The laws of verbal musical composition are his by native endowment and laborious acquisition. "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Song of the Banjo," with its weird and haunting melody; "The Three-Decker," many of the "Barrack Room Ballads," show this power of the poet in melody and versification.

The charge of "coarseness and profanity" has been brought against these ballads, but in delineating life in such a place as a barrack room one would not use the polite prettiness of the drawing room; the rough, often coarse and vulgar, language of men inured to such a life is naturally, almost necessarily, to be em-

*POEMS. By Rudyard Kipling. Vol. XI. of the Outward Bound Edition of Kipling's Writings. 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*THE SEVEN SEAS. By Rudyard Kipling. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ployed. What excuse is there for presenting such a character as Bill 'Awkins, and yet if we study the poem of that name carefully, repellant though it be at first in its coarseness and profanity, how true to life it is! It is only Falstaff in modern guise. It is the same cowardly, braggart spirit, combined with rollicking humor, that possesses both these characters. But there is so much to redeem them that it seems like caviling to dwell upon these trivial incidents. As we read we cannot escape the helpful optimism, the grim humor, the tenderness and sympathy, the flashes of ethical and spiritual truth. The ethical and religious element is not the least dominant in his work, and, while not a didactic teacher, he is yet a poet who gives incentive and earnestness to life, comes to men as all noble and truly great souls come—"that men may have life more abundantly."

To see humor, sympathy, and truth most fully expressed we should turn to poems like "The Shut-Eye Sentry," "Cholera Camp," "Soldier and Sailor, Too," "The 'Eathen," "The Sergeant's Weddin'," "The Derelict." This last poem is a study in the use of words, and has in it true sympathy and inspiration. It is a verbal painting of still life. The opening verse may be taken as illustrative:

> "I was the stanchest of our fleet,
> Till the sea rose beneath our feet,
> Unheralded in hatred past all measure
> Into his pits he stamped my crew,
> Buffeted, blinded, bound, and threw;
> Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure."

This dirge chanted by the wind, wave, and storm-tossed vessel is full of beauty and lyrical charm—the vessel never quite able to throw off the thralldom of men, even in its careering and careening, driven by merciless winds, wave warring with wave, to ingulf the hapless, helpless bark; "flung forward, heeled aside," yet with almost a human heart yearning for the guidance of a human hand:

> "Man made me, and my will
> To him and his, the people at the pier,"
> Is to my maker still.

Kipling is so human, so much a poet, that he can feel the situation of so inanimate a thing as a storm-buffeted vessel and sing it powerfully, which, as Goethe said, "constitutes the poet." The poet sees things not alone as they are, but as they ought to be; is both realist and idealist; he gives attention to what appears to be to what really is, and looks forward to what may be attained by earnest labor. The ideal is, as this poet expresses it, "The Comfortress of Unsuccess":

> "Who art in sooth that lovely Truth
> The careless angels know."

One can only say, in closing, that so long as poetry so simple, so true, so human, is produced, the world shall not want a voice of power and genius to interpret and delineate its life. Among the living poets of England Kipling must take higher place by virtue of his powerful grasp of human life, his deep sympathies with men and women, his original, choice, and expression of themes. He has the creative and interpretative power of the masters. While the laurel by official appointment rests upon other brows, it is sufficient to assert of Kipling that he sang the songs of men.

ASHLEY A. SMITH.

N.Y. Times Dec 3/98

A. P. WATT, Mr. Kipling's literary agent, will arrive in New York on the 3d inst. from London. It would be interesting to know if his visit has anything to do with the swarm of editions of Kipling's works put upon the market since his illness, some of which, it is said, have transgressed the copyright law.

Pub Weekly 4/1/99

DECEMBER 10, 1898.

KIPLING.

His Interpretation of the Female Character.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Mr. Ashley Smith's delightful appreciation of Mr. Kipling as a poet in THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW must have been read with pleasure by many persons. Seldom before has the unofficial poet laureate of the British Empire received a more scholarly and appreciative eulogy. But might I venture to point out one element in Mr. Kipling's poetry which Mr. Smith has not dealt with, or at least has touched on with the most discreet lightness? I refer to Mr. Kipling's women, and his interpretation of the feminine character. Mr. Kipling's note here is distinctly novel and characteristic, and as such is well worthy of consideration. While it is pleasant to find in his verse, as Mr. Smith points out, none of the emasculated sentimentality of the fin de siècle ballad writer, is it not true that his aversion to anything erotic or conventionally sentimental has carried him to an opposing extreme quite as objectionable as the overdone sentimentality to which he so vigorously objects? Mr. Kipling is too big ever to be shaken by criticism, but at the same time, while he has been the apostle of masculinity in English poetry, his devotion to an idea has caused him a loss of power. We cannot help admiring Mr. Kipling's aggressive masculinity. Our poetry needs such rejuvenating virility. But aggressive masculinity should not mean strident misogyny. All women are not like Mr. Kipling's. In "The Ladies," "The Mary Gloster," "The Sergeant's Wedding," "McAndrew's Hymn," in the "Barrack Room Ballads," it is chiefly that side of woman which the swaggering and amorous-eyed redcoat sees that is presented with unpleasing persistency. It may be said that this treatment is purely dramatic. But the same treatment occurs in our author's short stories as persistently as in his verse. At a time when young men express the essence of their ennui and woman-weariness by quoting "The Vampire" on every possible occasion, it cannot but seem regrettable that Mr. Kipling's attitude toward the feminine sex should have exerted the influence it is found to have done.

Very justly, Mr. Kipling, with his love for the reality, the virility, the activity of life, has been called the man's poet. But in this one point he fails as such. There is an absence of that chivalry still instinctive in men, that flower of knighthood which has enriched the lines of Tennyson, Browning, and Shelley. It is because the disillusioned debauché and the overwise roué assume this same Kiplingesque attitude that it must be marked as both regrettable and dangerous. I cannot in this necessarily brief letter enlarge on this subject as I should wish, but it must have struck many of Kipling's admirers that our poet of Anglo-Saxon imperialism has his Achilles heel. And it is obvious that this weakness, if I may call it such, will be a perpetual source of danger to a writer who has long since passed out of his Sturm-und-Drang period.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

New York, Dec. 5, 1898.

FOREIGN NOTES.

SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE, London, on the 24th inst. sold a first edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Schoolboys' Lyrics," in the original wrappers, printed in Lahore for private circulation, for £675. The work, which is described as exceedingly rare if not unique, was produced when the author was 18 years old. The title design is the work of John Lockwood Kipling, the author's father.

1899

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Kipling, we hail you back again—
Back to the world of valiant men—

Back from the far, drear, borderland
Death-touched, obscure, and fever-fann'd—

Back to the pulse, the thrill, the start,
The mighty engine of your art!

Beneath the "seven seas" there speeds
A message that the round world reads:

Up to "the hills" it bears the word,
And "Tommy Atkins'" soul is stirr'd:

By Gloucester's stormy harbor gates,
Where many a fisher's widow waits,

The tidings flash, and from "the Banks"
Goes up to heaven a prayer of thanks.

From London's grime and fog and rains
Westward many a moist eye strains,

And where the children laugh and play,
From Boston town to far Cathay,

There you may see your little men
Eager to hear your voice again!

Ah, not until the breath of blight
Had touched your hand and dimmed your sight—

Not till we felt your life-blood run
Feebler with each descending sun

Knew we how tight the tendons drew
That bound us heart and mind to you!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

New York, March 6, 1899.

Excessive Laudation of Kipling.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

One of your correspondents was bold enough to take exception (in the issue of THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW of Nov. 19) to a recent eulogy of Mr. Kipling, in which the critic proclaimed that clever writer to be "the greatest master of prose and verse that England has ever known." A few of your readers, like your heretical correspondent, probably found it difficult to conceive how such words could have been written seriously. They are so far in keeping, however, with the usual rhapsodical estimate of Kipling and his work that we shall probably have to accept them as having been written in good faith. Surely these are days of violent literary passions! No writer of our time enjoys such an extraordinary popularity as Kipling, the work of no writer has been so indiscriminately and foolishly lauded, none so sparingly criticised. It is therefore decidedly refreshing to listen to a pronounced variation of this rather wearisome world-chorus of praise.

I, for one, am very much disposed to agree with your correspondent in his estimate of Kipling's prose. If he be a "master of prose," then I think we must conclude to change our standard somewhat. We have been accustomed to think of a virile writer like De Quincey (for instance) as a master of prose style; as one possessing a vast command of vigorous and expressive English a graceful and easy diction, and

As to his verse, we do not think that more clever, entertaining, picturesque, dashing verse has ever been written. It is not the kind of verse, however, which entitles him to the appellation of "master," or even, in the larger sense of the word, to that of "poet." Your correspondent has already emphasized the obvious absurdity of naming Kipling among the really great masters of English verse.

F. L. BOSQUI.

Bodle, Cal., Nov. 26, 1898.

M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels

PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS

St. James Building

1135 Broadway, New York

SUBMIT the following: a carefully compiled list of Rudyard Kipling's books for the convenience of Kipling admirers. Mr. Kipling's books are issued by different publishers, and this is the first catalogue that has been offered to the public, wherein the buyer can select, at a glance, the title or edition, he desires.

We will be pleased to send to any address in the United States, post-paid, carefully packed, one or more of the books below, on receipt of the amount set opposite the titles.

We feel confident this will be a great convenience to you and we respectfully solicit your orders.

We shall be pleased to send you a complete catalogue of our own publications upon request.

April 1899

the sensational story columns of a Sunday newspaper, but hardly in the pages of a writer to whom the world seems disposed to assign a place among the immortals.

A KIPLING NOTEBOOK.

Failure of an English Publisher to Enlighten the Public About Him.

How little is known about Rudyard Kipling's personality and career is shown by a "Note book on Kipling," recently published at Birmingham, England. The volume, it is stated, is issued for the use of those who are interested in Mr. Kipling, and for their information the editor has got together enough information and statistics to make up a booklet of twenty pages, about six by four inches, with the aid of some matter of doubtful relevancy. Criticism is forestalled by the announcement:

"The editor regrets that owing to the numerous calls upon his time he has been unable to do more than very scant justice to the subject of his undertaking."

He then starts out with a fictitious quotation from a fictitious diary of Kipling's.

"At last have received an offer. Got to the lowest ebb—threepence a page. Will go aboard ...war and do a day's work."

...n reference to the episode of the ...*n School Budget*, to which more of ...t's space is devoted later on. Then ...pling motto, [not originally selected ...s such by the compiler, however. ...worth living through every grain of ... foundation to the last edge of the ...e—Death."

...xt some so-called notes on Kipling ..., which are entirely worthless and ...mented by two pages of press opin... The Day's Work." The *Horsmon... Budget* comes in for two pages of ... This is the publication whose ed... to Kipling offering him threepence ... an article on schoolboy etiquette, ...ing their offer by an apposite quo... his own verses to the effect that ...rk is that done not for money, but ... of the work itself. The touching ...is offer to the author whose writings ...her price than those of any other ... happened to strike Kipling at ...rrect angle to pierce between the ...is armor of habitual reserve, and ...rse of time the manuscript was ...nd printed in issue No. 13, on ...888. Fortified by this the enter... editors wrote to Max Beerbohm for ... Kipling and received a very clever ...which was also published. Hitherto ...*mden School Budget* had languished ...tive obscurity, but straightway the ...ies in all parts of the world sent for ...dition was sold out at all sorts of ... Kipling received a shilling for his ...n. It cannot be said that it was one ...itten by any other man would have ...ensation. Part I. of the Notebook ...with an obituary notice of Sir Edward ...s, presumably inserted because he ...'s uncle.

...egins with a chronology of Kipling. ...ld be interesting if it were at all ... It gives the date of his birth, 1865; ...er date until 1875, when it says he ...om an English school to India. This ...as Kipling was more than 10 years ...e left school and returned to India. ...persons, however, know much of ...oyhood life, which was unhappy and ... The date 1882 is given as the be... ...is career in Indian journalism and ...e time when he became known ...l. In 1889 he travelled around ... in 1892 he married Miss ...and between 1892 and 1896 he ...fly in the United States," according ...pact calendar. In 1808 he sailed ...frica, and in the fall of that year he ...d to be in search of material on the ...gland. There is many a man dead ... these 2,000 years whose biographies ...et before the public far more com... the compiler of the Notebook has ... living Kipling. In the compiler's ...hould be said, on the other hand, ...ien have insisted so strenuously ...upon the privacy of their own individuality as Kipling.

In the matter of publications the Notebook's chronology is more satisfactory. Its list of American editions, while not embodying all of Kipling's work, is accurate so far as it goes. There is also a list of the series of the Indian Railway Library. Then come more press opinions, a comparative table of Indian and English money, and an utterly irrelevant quotation from a speech by Lord Curzon on India. A list of Kipling's best works, according to the views of the editor, is given, and "Badalia Herodsfoot" leads all the rest. This will be news to American critics and admirers of Kipling, who have not considered that story to be up to the author's level. In fact, other writers have done the same sort of thing better, which is a statement that can be made regarding few of Kipling's stories.

There is one feature of the Notebook which is really interesting as showing that Kipling is already firmly enough established to have come within the pen of the bibliomaniac. It is stated that first editions of the "Christmas Quartette," by "Four Anglo-Indians" (the Kipling family), published in the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*, Christmas, 1885, are quoted at about $60; "Echoes," 1884, Kipling's first published work, at about $100; "Departmental Ditties," 1886, at $70 and $95, according to the edition; "Phantom Rickshaw," at $7; "Wee Willie Winkie," at $11, and "Letters of Marque" at $32.

Barring these quotations the booklet contains little more and far less trustworthy information than the famed chapter on "Snakes in Ireland"—"There are no snakes in Ireland." Another volume is promised and the publisher urges all those who know anything of interest relating to Kipling to communicate with him. In this way possibly some information may be collected, but at present there is no man of any prominence in any line of work, about whose personality so little is known outside his own circle as Rudyard Kipling, and so anxious is he to preserve this privacy that while he was in this country the very carpenters who worked on his house were pledged to secrecy concerning what they saw and heard there.

N.Y. Sun 3.19.99

VIII.—TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Saved!
Vigor, youth, most resolute will,
Stanchly withstood the Giant Grim
Who came prepared his prize to kill,
Or quite resolved to capture him.
Brave sufferer! 'twas you
Who conquered in the strife,
Who asked about the ships o'erdue,
When devastating storm was rife—
Your thought was for humanity
In peril on the writhing sea.

Restored!
To give blasé mankind
Still richer tonics of your mind;
A greater legacy
To proud posterity!
Comrade of fighting men,
You know the need of grit,
And time and time again
Have proved the worth of it.
Inspiration's child,
Among the jungles wild;
Over the Seven Seas
You brought rare mysteries
Of fancy and of thought,
Like welded copper wrought.

Kipling!
Across the gulf of Death,
With tearful, reverent breath,
We cry not yet Farewell!
Joyed are the myriad host
To have you back again.
Oh! patient be your ghost,
While you among men dwell
And wield your virile pen.
'Twas not your time to die,
New homage must you get,
For men cannot forget
Your genius should they try.
World laureate! Fame's son!
"The Day's Work" is not done!

LEON MEAD.

Binghamton, March 20, 1899.

ployed. What excuse is there for presenting such a character as Bill 'Awkins, and yet if we study the poem of that name carefully, repellant though it be at first in its coarseness and profanity, how true to life it is! It is only Falstaff in modern guise. It is the same cowardly, braggart spirit, combined with rollicking humor, that possesses both these characters. But there is so much to redeem them that it seems like caviling to dwell upon these trivial incidents. As we read we cannot escape the helpful optimism, the grim humor, the tenderness and sympathy, the flashes of ethical and spiritual truth. The ethical and religious element is not the least dominant in his work, and, while not a didactic teacher, he is yet a poet who gives incentive and earnestness to life, comes to men as all noble and truly great souls come—"that men may have life more abundantly."

To see humor, sympathy, and truth most fully expressed we should turn to poems like "The Shut-Eye Sentry," "Cholera Camp," "Soldier and Sailor, Too," "The 'Eathen," "The Sergeant's Weddin'," "The Derelict." This last poem is a study in the use of words, and has in it true sympathy and inspiration. It is a verbal painting of still life. The opening verse may be taken as illustrative:

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"Man made me, and my will
To him and his, the people at the pier,"
Is to my maker still.

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"Who art in sooth that lovely Truth
The careless angels know."

One can only say, in closing, that so long as poetry so simple, so true, so human, is produced, the world shall not want a voice of power and genius to interpret and delineate its life. Among the living poets of England Kipling must take higher place by virtue of his powerful grasp of human life, his deep sympathies with men and women, his original, choice, and expression of themes. He has the creative and interpretative power of the masters. While the laurel by official appointment rests upon other brows, it is sufficient to assert of Kipling that he sang the songs of men.

ASHLEY A. SMITH.

N.Y. Times Dec 3/98

A. P. WATT, Mr. Kipling's literary agent, will arrive in New York on the 3d inst. from London. It would be interesting to know if his visit has anything to do with the swarm of editions of Kipling's works put upon the market since his illness, some of which, it is said, have transgressed the copyright law.

Pub Weekly 4/1/99

DECEMBER 10, 1898.

KIPLING.

His Interpretation of the Female Character.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Mr. Ashley Smith's delightful appreciation of Mr. Kipling as a poet in THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW must have been read with pleasure by many persons. Seldom before has the unofficial poet laureate of the British Empire received a more scholarly and appreciative eulogy. But might I venture to point out one element in Mr. Kipling's poetry which Mr. Smith has not dealt with, or at least has touched on with the most discreet lightness? I refer to Mr. Kipling's women, and his interpretation of the feminine character. Mr. Kipling's note here is distinctly novel and characteristic, and as such is well worthy of consideration. While it is pleasant to find in his verse, as Mr. Smith points out, none of the emasculated sentimentality of the fin de siècle ballad writer, is it not true that his aversion to anything erotic or conventionally sentimental has carried him to an opposing extreme quite as objectionable as the overdone sentimentality to which he so vigorously objects? Mr. Kipling is too big ever to be shaken by criticism, but at the same time, whil[e] ... tle of masculinity ... devotion to an idea ... of power. We ca[n] ... Kipling's aggressi[ve] ... poetry needs such r[e] ... aggressive masculi[nity] ... strident misogyny. ... Mr. Kipling's. In ... Mary Gloster," "T ... "McAndrew's Hym[n] ... Room Ballads," it ... woman which the s... eyed redcoat sees ... unpleasing persiste... that this treatment ... the same treatment ... short stories as pe[r] ... At a time when ... essence of their ... ness by quoting "... possible occasion, ... grettable that Mr ... ward the feminine ... the influence it is ...

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AR...

New York, Dec. ...

FOREIGN N...

SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & ... the 24th inst. sold a first ... Kipling's "Schoolboys' Ly[rics]" ... wrappers, printed in Laho[re] ... lation, for $675. The wor[k] ... as exceedingly rare if no[t] ... duced when the author was 18 years old. The title design is the work of John Lockwood Kipling, the author's father.

1899

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Kipling, we hail you back again—
Back to the world of valiant men—

Back from the far, drear, borderland
Death-touched, obscure, and fever-fann'd—

Back to the pulse, the thrill, the start,
The mighty engine of your art!

Beneath the "seven seas" there speeds
A message that the round world reads:

Up to "the hills" it bears the word,
And "Tommy Atkins'" soul is stirr'd:

By Gloucester's stormy harbor gates,
Where many a fisher's widow waits,

The tidings flash, and from "the Banks"
Goes up to heaven a prayer of thanks.

From London's grime and fog and rains
Westward many a moist eye strains,

And where the children laugh and play,
From Boston town to far Cathay,

There you may see your little men
Eager to hear your voice again!

Ah, not until the breath of blight
Had touched your hand and dimmed your sight—

Not till we felt your life-blood run
Feebler with each descending sun

Knew we how tight the tendons drew
That bound us heart and mind to you!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

New York, March 6, 1899.

1. BALLADS AND DITTIES, a new edition, 2 vols. in one. 12 ills., in color by Blanche McManus. 12mo, cloth, gilt, - - $1.50
2. BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS AND DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, 2 vols., 16mo each with 6 ill. in color by Blanche McManus, the set, - - 2.00
3. BETROTHED, 9 page ill. in colors by Blanche McManus, small 4to., Antique boards, - - - - - 1.00
   Same. Japan edition. 100 copies, - 1.50
4. BUDGET, THE, reprint of the Horsmonden School Budget, contributions by Rudyard Kipling and Max Beerbohm. Antique boards, ill. by Beerbohm. 500 copies, - 1.00
5. COLLECTANEA, verses by Rudyard Kipling, 32mo, paper, - - - - .75
   " cloth gilt, - - - 1.00
   " Japan paper, cloth gilt, - 1.25
6. CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, 21 ill. by I. W. Taber. 12mo, cloth, - - 1.50
7. THE DAYS' WORK, ill. 12mo, cloth, 1.50
8. DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, complete with other verses. (The only edition now available and not included in the set of Mr. Kipling's works.) 12mo, cloth, gilt, with portrait, - - - - - 1.25
9. DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, Typographical facsimile by the De Vinne Press of the first (Lahore) "Public Document" edition (250 copies) narrow 8vo, slip case pub. at $2.50, price after April 3, - - 5.00
10. GLOSSARY, to accompany Departmental Ditties as written by Rudyard Kipling. 16mo, Antique boards, - - - .75
11. THE JUNGLE BOOK, ill. 303 pp. 12mo, cloth, - - - - - - 1.50
12. SECOND JUNGLE BOOK, ill. 325 pp. 12mo, cloth, - - - - 1.50
13. KIPLING NOTE BOOK, Kiplingiana with illustrations; monthly, 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year.
14. THE LIGHT THAT FAILED, 12mo, cloth, - - - - - - 1.25
15. LIFES HANDICAP; Stories of Mine Own People. 12mo, cloth, - - - 1.25
16. MANDALAY, 8 page ill. in color by Blanche McManus. Sm. 4to, Burmese grass cloth, 1.00
17. MANY INVENTIONS, 12mo, cloth, - 1.50
18. NAULAHKA, 12mo, cloth, - - 1.25
19. NOTE BOOK, See Kipling.
20. PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS, 12mo, cloth, - - - - - 1.25
21. THE SEVEN SEAS AND OTHER POEMS, 12mo, cloth,- - - 1.50
22. SOLDIER STORIES, 12mo, cloth, - 1.50
23. SOLDIERS THREE, THE STORY OF THE GADSBYS, AND BLACK AND WHITE, 12mo, cloth, - - - 1.25
24. UNDER THE DEODARS, THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW AND WEE WILLIE WINKIE, 12mo, cloth, - - 1.25

Excessive Laudation of Kipling.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

One of your correspondents was bold enough to take exception (in the issue of THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW of Nov. 19) to a recent eulogy of Mr. Kipling, in which the critic proclaimed that clever writer to be "the greatest master of prose and verse that England has ever known." A few of your readers, like your heretical correspondent, probably found it difficult to conceive how such words could have been written seriously. They are so far in keeping, however, with the usual rhapsodical estimate of Kipling and his work that we shall probably have to accept them as having been written in good faith. Surely these are days of violent literary passions! No writer of our time enjoys such an extraordinary popularity as Kipling, the work of no writer has been so indiscriminately and foolishly lauded, none so sparingly criticised. It is therefore decidedly refreshing to listen to a pronounced variation of this rather wearisome world-chorus of praise.

I, for one, am very much disposed to agree with your correspondent in his estimate of Kipling's prose. If he be a "master of prose," then I think we must conclude to change our standard somewhat. We have been accustomed to think of a virile writer like De Quincey (for instance) as a master of prose style; as one possessing a vast command of vigorous and expressive English a graceful and easy diction, and ... the sensational story columns of a Sunday newspaper, but hardly in the pages of a writer to whom the world seems disposed to assign a place among the immortals.

As to his verse, we do not think that more clever, entertaining, picturesque, dashing verse has ever been written. It is not the kind of verse, however, which entitles him to the appellation of "master," or even, in the larger sense of the word, to that of "poet." Your correspondent has already emphasized the obvious absurdity of naming Kipling among the really great masters of English verse. F. L. BOSQUI.

Bodie, Cal., Nov. 26, 1898.

A KIPLING NOTEBOOK.

Failure of an English Publisher to Enlighten the Public About Him.

How little is known about Rudyard Kipling's personality and career is shown by a "Note book on Kipling," recently published at Birmingham, England. The volume, it is stated, is issued for the use of those who are interested in Mr. Kipling, and for their information the editor has got together enough information and statistics to make up a booklet of twenty pages, about six by four inches, with the aid of some matter of doubtful relevancy. Criticism is forestalled by the announcement:

"The editor regrets that owing to the numerous calls upon his time he has been unable to do more than very scant justice to the subject of his undertaking."

He then starts out with a fictitious quotation from a fictitious diary of Kipling's.

"At last have received an offer. Got to the lowest ebb—threepence a page. Will go aboard ... war and do a day's work."

... in reference to the episode of the ...en School Budget, to which more of ...t's space is devoted later on. Then ...ipling motto, [not originally selected as such by the compiler, however. ...worth living through every grain of ...e foundation to the last edge of the ...e—Death."

...ext some so-called notes on Kipling ..., which are entirely worthless and ...mented by two pages of press opin... "The Day's Work." The *Horsmon... Budget* comes in for two pages of ... This is the publication whose ed... to Kipling offering him threepence ... an article on schoolboy etiquette, ...ing their offer by an apposite quo... his own verses to the effect that ...rk is that done not for money, but ...e of the work itself. The touching ...is offer to the author whose writings ...her price than those of any other ...g happened to strike Kipling at ...orrect angle to pierce between the ...his armor of habitual reserve, and ...urse of time the manuscript was ...nd printed in issue No. 13, on ...898. Fortified by this the enter... editors wrote to Max Beerbohm for ... Kipling and received a very clever ... which was also published. Hitherto ...onden School Budget had languished ...tive obscurity, but straightway the ...acs in all parts of the world sent for ... edition was sold out at all sorts of ... Kipling received a shilling for his ...n. It cannot be said that it was one ...itten by any other man would have ...ensation. Part I. of the Notebook ...with an obituary notice of Sir Edward ...es, presumably inserted because he ...'s uncle.

...egins with a chronology of Kipling. ...ld be interesting if it were at all ... It gives the date of his birth, 1865; ...er date until 1875, when it says he ...om an English school to India. This ... as Kipling was more than 15 years ...e left school and returned to India. ... persons, however, know much of ...oyhood life, which was unhappy and ... The date 1882 is given as the be... his career in Indian journalism and ...e time when he became known ... In 1889 he travelled around ..., in 1892 he married Miss ... and between 1892 and 1896 he ...fly in the United States," according ...pact calendar. In 1898 he sailed ...frica, and in the fall of that year he ...d to be in search of material on the ...eland. There is many a man dead ... these 2,000 years whose biographies ...et before the public far more com... the compiler of the Notebook has ...e living Kipling. In the compiler's ...hould be said, on the other hand, ...nen have insisted so strenuously upon the privacy of their own individuality as Kipling.

In the matter of publications the Notebook's chronology is more satisfactory. Its list of American editions, while not embodying all of Kipling's work, is accurate so far as it goes. There is also a list of the series of the Indian Railway Library. Then come more press opinions, a comparative table of Indian and English money, and an utterly irrelevant quotation from a speech by Lord Curzon on India. A list of Kipling's best works, according to the views of the editor, is given, and "Badalia Herodsfoot" leads all the rest. This will be news to American critics and admirers of Kipling, who have not considered that story to be up to the author's level. In fact, other writers have done the same sort of thing better, which is a statement that can be made regarding few of Kipling's stories.

There is one feature of the Notebook which is really interesting as showing that Kipling is already firmly enough established to have come within the pen of the bibliomaniac. It is stated that first editions of the "Christmas Quartette," by "Four Anglo-Indians" (the Kipling family), published in the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*, Christmas, 1885, are quoted at about $60; "Echoes," 1884, Kipling's first published work, at about $100; "Departmental Ditties," 1886, at $70 and $95, according to the edition; "Phantom Rickshaw," at $7; "Wee Willie Winkie," at $11, and "Letters of Marque" at $32.

Barring these quotations the booklet contains little more and far less trustworthy information than the famed chapter on "Snakes in Ireland"—"There are no snakes in Ireland." Another volume is promised and the publisher urges all those who know anything of interest relating to Kipling to communicate with him. In this way possibly some information may be collected, but at present there is no man of any prominence in any line of work, about whose personality so little is known outside his own circle as Rudyard Kipling, and so anxious is he to preserve this privacy that while he was in this country the very carpenters who worked on his house were pledged to secrecy concerning what they saw and heard there.

N.Y. Sun. 3.19.99

VIII.—TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Saved!
Vigor, youth, most resolute will,
Stanchly withstood the Giant Grim
Who came prepared his prize to kill,
Or quite resolved to capture him.
Brave sufferer! 'twas you
Who conquered in the strife,
Who asked about the ships o'erdue,
When devastating storm was rife—
Your thought was for humanity
In peril on the writhing sea.

Restored!
To give blasé mankind
Still richer tonics of your mind;
A greater legacy
To proud posterity!
Comrade of fighting men,
You know the need of grit,
And time and time again
Have proved the worth of it,
Inspiration's child,
Among the jungles wild;
Over the Seven Seas
You brought rare mysteries
Of fancy and of thought,
Like welded copper wrought.

Kipling!
Across the gulf of Death,
With tearful, reverent breath,
We cry not yet Farewell!
Joyed are the myriad host
To have you back again.
Oh! patient be your ghost,
While you among men dwell
And wield your virile pen.
'Twas not your time to die,
New homage must you get,
For men cannot forget
Your genius should they try.
World laureate! Fame's son!
"The Day's Work" is not done!

LEON MEAD.

Binghamton, March 20, 1899.

ployed. What excuse is there for presenting such a character as Bill 'Awkins, and yet if we study the poem of that name carefully, repellant though it be at first in its coarseness and profanity, how true to life it is! It is only Falstaff in modern guise. It is the same cowardly, braggart spirit, combined with rollicking humor, that possesses both these characters. But there is so much to redeem them that it seems like caviling to dwell upon these trivial incidents. As we read we cannot escape the helpful optimism, the grim humor, the tenderness and sympathy, the flashes of ethical and spiritual truth. The ethical and religious element is not the least dominant in his work, and, while not a didactic teacher, he is yet a poet who gives incentive and earnestness to life, comes to men as all noble and truly great souls come—"that men may have life more abundantly."

To see humor, sympathy, and truth most fully expressed we should turn to poems like "The Shut-Eye Sentry," "Cholera Camp," "Soldier and Sailor, Too," "The 'Eathen," "The Sergeant's Weddin'," "The Derelict." This last poem is a study in the use of words, and has in it true sympathy and inspiration. It is a verbal painting of still life. The opening verse may be taken as illustrative:

> "I was the stanchest of our fleet,
> Till the sea rose beneath our feet,
> Unheralded in hatred past all measure
> Into his pits he stamped my crew,
> Buffeted, blinded, bound, and threw;
> Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure."

This dirge chanted by the wind, wave, and storm-tossed vessel is full of beauty and lyrical charm—the vessel never quite able to throw off the thralldom of men, even in its careering and careening, driven by merciless winds, wave warring with wave, to ingulf the hapless, helpless bark; "flung forward, her head aside," yet with almost a human heart yearning for the guidance of a human hand:

> "Man made me, and my will
> To him and his, the people at the pier,"
> Is to my maker still.

Kipling is so human, so much a poet, that he can feel the situation of so inanimate a thing as a storm-buffeted vessel and sing it powerfully, which, as Goethe said, "constitutes the poet." The poet sees things not alone as they are, but as they ought to be; is both realist and idealist; he gives attention to what appears to be to what really is, and looks forward to what may be attained by earnest labor. The ideal is, as this poet expresses it, "The Comfortress of Unsuccess":

> "Who art in sooth that lovely Truth
> The careless angels know."

One can only say, in closing, that so long as poetry so simple, so true, so human, is produced, the world shall not want a voice of power and genius to interpret and delineate its life. Among the living poets of England Kipling must take higher place by virtue of his powerful grasp of human life, his deep sympathies with men and women, his original, choice, and expression of themes. He has the creative and interpretative power of the masters. While the laurel by official appointment rests upon other brows, it is sufficient to assert of Kipling that he sang the songs of men.

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Pub Weekly 12/10/98

DECEMBER 10, 1898.

KIPLING.

His Interpretation of the Female Character.

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Mr. Ashley Smith's delightful appreciation of Mr. Kipling as a poet in THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW must have been read with pleasure by many persons. Seldom before has the unofficial poet laureate of the British Empire received a more scholarly and appreciative eulogy. But might I venture to point out one element in Mr. Kipling's poetry which Mr. Smith has not dealt with, or at least has touched on with the most discreet lightness? I refer to Mr. Kipling's women, and his interpretation of the feminine character. Mr. Kipling's note here is distinctly novel and characteristic, and as such is well worthy of consideration. While it is pleasant to find in his verse, as Mr. Smith points out, none of the emasculated sentimentality of the fin de siècle ballad writer, is it not true that his aversion to anything erotic or conventionally sentimental has carried him to an opposing extreme quite as objectionable as the overdone sentimentality to which he so vigorously objects? Mr. Kipling is too big ever to be shaken by criticism, but at the same time, while he...tle of masculinity ... devotion to an ide... of power. We ca... Kipling's aggressi... poetry needs such r... aggressive masculi... strident misogyny. ... Mr. Kipling's. In ... Mary Gloster," "T... "McAndrew's Hym... Room Ballads," it ... woman which the s... eyed redcoat sees ... unpleasing persiste... that this treatment ... the same treatment ... short stories as per... At a time when ... essence of their ... ness by quoting "... possible occasion, ... grettable that Mr ... ward the feminine ... the influence it is ...

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ARD

New York, Dec. 6.

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Kipling, we hail you back again—
Back to the world of valiant men—

Back from the far, drear, borderland
Death-touched, obscure, and fever-fann'd—

Back to the pulse, the thrill, the start,
The mighty engine of your art!

Beneath the "seven seas" there speeds
A message that the round world reads:

Up to "the hills" it bears the word,
And "Tommy Atkins'" soul is stirr'd:

By Gloucester's stormy harbor gates,
Where many a fisher's widow waits,

The tidings flash, and from "the Banks"
Goes up to heaven a prayer of thanks.

From London's grime and fog and rains
Westward many a moist eye strains,

And where the children laugh and play,
From Boston town to far Cathay,

There you may see your little men
Eager to hear your voice again!

Ah, not until the breath of blight
Had touched your hand and dimmed your sight—

Not till we felt your life-blood run
Feebler with each descending sun

Knew we how tight the tendons drew
That bound us heart and mind to you!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

New York, March 6, 1899.

25. RECESSIONAL—
Narrow, 8vo, 12 pages decorated by Blanche McManus, - - - - - .25
Miniature edition, cloth gilt, decorated by Blanche McManus, - - - .75
Same, Japan paper, 150 copies, decorated by Blanche McManus, - - - 1.25

26. RECESSIONAL AND OTHER POEMS, see Collectanea.

27. VAMPIRE—
Narrow, 8vo, paper, - - - - - .25
Square, 18mo, cloth, - - - - .75
Narrow, 8vo, cloth, - - - - .75
Limited Japan ed., square 18mo, 150 copies, 1.25

BOOKS ABOUT KIPLING, ETC.

28. THE RELIGION OF MR. KIPLING, by W. B. Parker. 24mo, Antique Boards, .50
Same. Japan edition, - - - 1.25

29. GLOSSARY TO ACCOMPANY DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, 16mo, Antique Boards, - - - - - .75

30. KIPLING NOTE BOOK, a periodical with illustrations devoted to Kiplingiana, 15 cents per copy, $1.50 per year.

31. A KEN OF KIPLING, by Will Clemens. 12mo, cloth, portrait, - - - .75

32. PORTRAIT OF RUDYARD KIPLING, from the painting by Hon. John Collier, exhibited in the New Gallery in 1891. Platinotype. Size, 6½x8½; mounted, 11x14, - - - - - 1.25

33. THE VAMPIRE, by Philip Burne-Jones. Platinotype. Size, 6½x8½; mounted, 11x14, - - - - - 1.25

FOREIGN N...

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1899

Excessive Laudation of Kipling.

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I, for one, am very much disposed to agree with your correspondent in his estimate of Kipling's prose. If he be a "master of prose," then I think we must conclude to change our standard somewhat. We have been accustomed to think of a virile writer like De Quincey (for instance) as a master of prose style; as one possessing a vast command of vigorous and expressive English a graceful and easy diction, and that ineffable charm of scholarship which is so deplorably absent from the work of our modern popular writers. One might mention a score or more masters of prose, but I do not think that we shall find Mr. Kipling approaching any of them in those more enduring qualities which determine an excellent prose style. It is easy to agree that he is undeniably clever, but is not mere literary "cleverness," as we understand the term, very apt to cover a multitude of sins? His prose is vivid and full of color; he possesses that rare faculty of seizing upon the salient, the "telling" features in a picture or character; he has that graphic, dashing manner which is so irresistible; his fecundity in characters and situations is remarkable; he has a rich vein of satire; his fund of humor is inexhaustible. His prose, however, is marred by a certain haunting quality which his dispassionate readers must all have noticed—a sententious smartness, a continual seeking after a graphic or unusual turn of expression which is as fatiguing as it is irritating. We look in vain for the easy, rounded style of Stevenson, for example; and surely, beyond a certain journalistic aptness in so-called word-painting, there is nothing so very remarkable in Kipling's command of English. It is apparent, too, that some of his most original veins show signs of becoming exhausted, noticeably his old trick of endowing the lower animals with language—a clever, pretty idea, which has enshrined his jungle books as favorites in the hearts of children. But this idea has been so thoroughly exploited that it has now become, to maturer readers, as stale and tedious as it seemed at one time fresh and charming.

Mr. Kipling is nothing if not odd and striking; he seems to have a passion for strange surprises, for queer, unusual situations. His jugglerlike, self-complacent displays of technical knowledge, as in his recent stories of "The Bridge Builders," ".007," and "The Ship That Found Herself," bear brilliant evidence of cleverness; but they strike one, nevertheless, as being in rather questionable taste as material for literary treatment. The commonplace conceits and oddities in which these later stories abound one might perhaps look for in the sensational story columns of a Sunday newspaper, but hardly in the pages of a writer to whom the world seems disposed to assign a place among the immortals.

As to his verse, we do not think that more clever, entertaining, picturesque, dashing verse has ever been written. It is not the kind of verse, however, which entitles him to the appellation of "master," or even, in the larger sense of the word, to that of "poet." Your correspondent has already emphasized the obvious absurdity of naming Kipling among the really great masters of English verse.

F. L. BOSQUI.

Bodie, Cal., Nov. 26, 1898.

A KIPLING NOTEBOOK.

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"The editor regrets that owing to the numerous calls upon his time he has been unable to do more than very scant justice to the subject of his undertaking."

He then starts out with a fictitious quotation from a fictitious diary of Kipling's.

"At last have received an offer. Got to the lowest ebb—threepence a page. Will go aboard a man-o'-war and do a day's work."

This is in reference to the episode of the *Horsmonden School Budget*, to which more of the booklet's space is devoted later on. Then comes a Kipling motto, not originally selected or quoted as such by the compiler, however.

"Life is worth living through every grain of it, from the foundation to the last edge of the cornerstone—Death."

Follow next some so-called notes on Kipling Philosophy, which are entirely worthless and are supplemented by two pages of press opinions on "The Day's Work." The *Horsmonden School Budget* comes in for two pages of attention. This is the publication whose editors wrote to Kipling offering him threepence a page for an article on schoolboy etiquette, and justifying their offer by an apposite quotation from his own verses to the effect that the best work is that done not for money, but for the love of the work itself. The touching cheek of this offer to the author whose writings bring a higher price than those of any other man living happened to strike Kipling at just the correct angle to pierce between the joints of his armor of habitual reserve, and in the course of time the manuscript was received and printed in issue No. 13, on May 21, 1898. Fortified by this the enterprising boy editors wrote to Max Beerbohm for a picture of Kipling and received a very clever caricature, which was also published. Hitherto the *Horsmonden School Budget* had languished in comparative obscurity, but straightway the Kiplomaniacs in all parts of the world sent for it, and the edition was sold out at all sorts of prices. Mr. Kipling received a shilling for his contribution. It cannot be said that it was one which if written by any other man would have roused a sensation. Part I. of the Notebook concludes with an obituary notice of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, presumably inserted because he was Kipling's uncle.

Part II. begins with a chronology of Kipling, which would be interesting if it were at all complete. It gives the date of his birth, 1865; then no other date until 1875, when it says he returned from an English school to India. This is an error, as Kipling was more than 15 years old when he left school and returned to India. Very few persons, however, know much of Kipling's boyhood life, which was unhappy and embittered. The date 1882 is given as the beginning of his career in Indian journalism and 1886 as the time when he became known in England. In 1889 he travelled around the world, in 1892 he married Miss Balestier, and between 1892 and 1896 he "lived chiefly in the United States," according to this compact calendar. In 1898 he sailed for South Africa, and in the fall of that year he was reported to be in search of material on the coast of Ireland. There is many a man dead and buried these 2,000 years whose biographies have been set before the public far more completely than the compiler of the Notebook has set forth the living Kipling. In the compiler's behalf, it should be said, on the other hand, that few men have pestled so strenuously upon the privacy of their own individuality as Kipling.

In the matter of publications the Notebook's chronology is more satisfactory. Its list of American editions, while not embodying all of Kipling's work, is accurate so far as it goes. There is also a list of the series of the Indian Railway Library. Then come more press opinions, a comparative table of Indian and English money, and an utterly irrelevant quotation from a speech by Lord Curzon on India. A list of Kipling's best works, according to the views of the editor, is given, and "Badalia Herodsfoot" leads all the rest. This will be news to American critics and admirers of Kipling, who have not considered that story to be up to the author's level. In fact, other writers have done the same sort of thing better, which is a statement that can be made regarding few of Kipling's stories.

There is one feature of the Notebook which is really interesting as showing that Kipling is already firmly enough established to have come within the pen of the bibliomaniac. It is stated that first editions of the "Christmas Quartette," by "Four Anglo-Indians" (the Kipling family), published in the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*, Christmas, 1885, are quoted at about $60; "Echoes," 1884, Kipling's first published work, at about $100; "Departmental Ditties," 1886, at $70 and $95, according to the edition; "Phantom Rickshaw," at $75; "Wee Willie Winkie," at $11, and "Letters of Marque" at $32.

Barring these quotations the booklet contains little more and far less trustworthy information than the famed chapter on "Snakes in Ireland"—"There are no snakes in Ireland." Another volume is promised and the publisher urges all those who know anything of interest relating to Kipling to communicate with him. In this way possibly some information may be collected, but at present there is no man of any prominence in any line of work, about whose personality so little is known outside his own circle as Rudyard Kipling, and so anxious is he to preserve this privacy that while he was in this country the very carpenters who worked on his house were pledged to secrecy concerning what they saw and heard there.

N.Y. Sun. 3.19.99

VIII.—TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Saved!
Vigor, youth, most resolute will,
Stanchly withstood the Giant Grim
Who came prepared his prize to kill,
Or quite resolved to capture him.
Brave sufferer! 'twas you
Who conquered in the strife,
Who asked about the ships o'erdue,
When devastating storm was rife—
Your thought was for humanity
In peril on the writhing sea.

Restored!
To give blasé mankind
Still richer tonics of your mind;
A greater legacy
To proud posterity!
Comrade of fighting men,
You know the need of grit,
And time and time again
Have proved the worth of it.
Inspiration's child,
Among the jungles wild;
Over the Seven Seas
You brought rare mysteries
Of fancy and of thought,
Like welded copper wrought.

Kipling!
Across the gulf of Death,
With tearful, reverent breath,
We cry not yet Farewell!
Joyed are the myriad host
To have you back again.
Oh! patient be your ghost,
While you among men dwell
And wield your virile pen.
'Twas not your time to die,
New homage must you get,
For men cannot forget
Your genius should they try.
World laureate! Fame's son!
"The Day's Work" is not done!

LEON MEAD.

Binghamton, March 20, 1899.

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW by
William L. Alden.

LONDON, April 5.—Always excepting Kipling's writings, the books that have the largest sale are usually those that are not literature. No one could possibly call "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement" literature, but its sales have probably been larger than those of any other book published in London during the last six months. The book is a miracle of credulity and unreason, but because it professes to unveil a tremendous secret, and because it suits the religious prejudices of a large and ignorant class, it has proved a great success—from the publisher's point of view.

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Is it true that a New York editor sent telegrams with prepaid answers to every eminent person in Europe of whom the editor had ever heard, asking for an answer expressive of regret at Kipling's illness? This story is freely told here, and to some extent it seems to explain the flood of telegrams from all sorts and conditions of people which came to Kipling's sick room. Of course a proportion of these were sent voluntarily by those who knew and loved Kipling, and such messages were the natural expression of genuine feeling, but as I read some of the messages that were published they certainly did not ring precisely true, and I could not help thinking that they were sent rather to advertise the sender than for any other purpose. If they were merely replies to the messages sent by a New York editor, there is no longer any mystery about them. The editor is certainly to be congratulated on his business ability. He was probably the only man to whom it occurred that Kipling, lying at the point of death, might be converted into a means of making money. I hope the story is not true, and if it is not, it is certainly time that it should be contradicted.

KIPLING IS KING.

Publishers Are Rummaging the Earth For His "Stuff."

"COPY" NOT COPYRIGHTED.

WHEN FOUND IT IS FLUNG INTO TYPE BETWEEN TWO DAYS.

EARLY WORK OF THE AUTHOR.

A CHARACTERISTIC POEM AND SOME HINTS TO TRAVELERS.

To Bring Out a Volume or Two Himself—Robert Barr as an Object of Friendly Envy —A Point of Interest.

Special Correspondence of the Leader.

New York, April 22.—Mr. Kipling's illness has had far-reaching effects on his publishing affairs. It greatly quickened the demand for his writings; and in anticipation or recognition of this, publishers of more shrewdness than scruples have been, and are still, fairly rummaging the earth for work of his that is not protected by copyright. When they get hold of such work, they fling it into type between two days and fire it forth with the sins of hurried printers and ignorant proofreaders glaring from every page; and the devoted public fairly snaps it up, under the belief that it is getting a new work. One can imagine how exasperating all this must be to the author. The appropriation of his writings without his consent would be in itself hard enough to bear; but add to this the most ruthless mangling and mutilation of whatever is appropriated, and the offense becomes doubly aggravating.

There is not much than an author can do in such a case, but the little that is possible Mr. Kipling is now taking steps to accomplish. He will himself bring out shortly a volume, or perhaps two, containing such of his early, unprotected writings as are now most subject to plunder. These are writings that he has been hitherto rather reluctant to publish in permanent form; but it has long been the opinion of such of his friends as were acquainted with them that in this he was wrong, and that he had written nothing that, in its way, was more interesting. I have looked over a good deal of the matter myself, and I can say that I share this latter view entirely.

First in the collection will come a series of travel letters, under the title,

"FROM SEA TO SEA."

"After seven years," says the author, in beginning the first of these letters, "it pleased necessity, whom we all serve, to turn to me and say: 'Now you can do nothing whatever. You are free to enjoy yourself. I will take the yoke of bondage from your neck for one year, wherein you shall be absolutely and entirely free. What do you choose to do with my gift?' "

This was in 1889, when Kipling was twenty-three or twenty-four years old; and the seven years' service then concluding had been rendered as assistant editor on the Civil and Military Gazette, at Lahore, India. The question what to do with the gift was finally answered in favor of a journey through China and Japan, and across the Pacific and the United States, and so on around the world; and these letters record the adventures and impressions of the journey, and were written in the course of it for a newspaper in India. Grabs and garbling from those that relate to the United States have lately been a good deal republished here, but never the letters complete, nor anything like complete. Each letter is headed by a characteristic bit of verse. Here is one—I use it by special permission:

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen—

Then hey for boot and poise, lad,
And o'er the world away—
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog its day.

Among the other contents of these volumes will be the first authorized book publication of "The City of Dreadful Night" and "Letters of Marque." These two works have been a good deal named of late, because of a speculation that has been going on in some surviving copies of early editions published in India. Of the first, an edition of 3,000 copies was published at Aliahabad, India, in 1890, without the authority of Mr. Kipling, and while he was off on the long journey described in his letters. On his return to India he began legal proceedings, and the

EDITION WAS CANCELED.

A few copies escaped destruction—three, it is said—and a New York dealer was lately holding one at $900. He sold it a few days ago, but I think he did not quite realize his first hopes regarding it, which is, perhaps, not surprising, for $900 is really quite a sum. The same publisher who brought out this edition of "The City of Dreadful Night" brought out, in 1891, also, an edition of "Letters of Marque," and a copy of this is now held here, or was, a short time ago, at $50.

Returning to the letters of travel, one of them, written from Singapur, India, gives some thoroughly Kiplingesque "hints to the unwary"—"all gathered in the hotel." I select from them the following:

"East of Calcutta the price of the whisky peg and the volume of whisky increases, reaching its maximum in America."

"Try to keep your temper with a Chinese servant. He fiddles round the room with a feather duster. This is to see how you lock your trunks. If you are severe to him he laughs in your face."

"Don't knock about Singapur at night without a friend in the police."

"When in doubt go to the postoffice. They know everything there except how to weigh letters."

"Never, never, never make friends with a child because it is pretty or engaging; sooner or later it develops into a little devil and sits on your chest."

Rudyard Kipling will have a new story in the May number of McClure's Magazine. It is called "The Flag of Their Country," and exhibits very dramatically the difference between a "popular orator" and a high-minded, sensitive boy in their respective ways of "honoring the flag."

W. Nicholson — Courtesy of R. H. Russell

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

Recessional.

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

Rudyard Kipling.

MS. OF FIRST STANZA OF "RECESSIONAL"

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From all over the world anxious in-
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Mr. Kipling had, and has, the sym-
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IE, ROTTINGDEAN, ENGLAND

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house of Harper is the only one that has not moved in the last twenty-five years. Ever since I have known it, and I knew two of the original four brothers, it has been at the same place, and always will be, I imagine. It is a long distance from Eighth Street to Thirty-fifth, but Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have made it in the past ten years, stopping for a rest at Nineteenth Street, and again at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. Now, taking a long breath, they will jump a little over half a mile.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the fortunate publishers of Tolstoy's forthcoming novel, "Resurrection," the first of his books to be protected by copyright—the first, at least, so far as this country is concerned. Those who have read the manuscript say that it is a strong "human document," with a plot not unlike "The Scarlet Letter." Tolstoy declines to use for himself the money the book will earn, but will give every penny of it to the Doukhobortsi emigration fund. "Resurrection" will be published simultaneously in seven different languages. It will run serially through *The Cosmopolitan* magazine in this country, beginning in April, and through the weekly edition of the London *Daily Chronicle*.

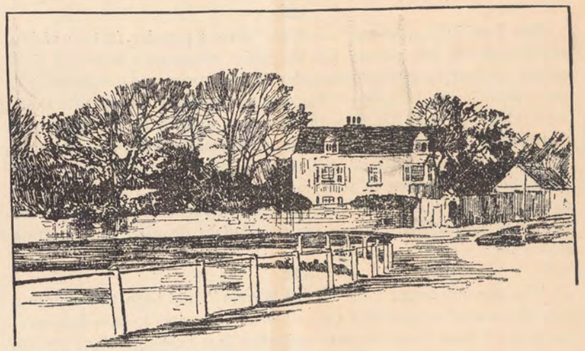
This is all that Messrs. Appleton can give me by way of a portrait of Mr. Frank T. Bullen, whose "Cruise of the Cachalot" is reviewed at length in this number of THE CRITIC. Messrs. Appleton are fortunate in having another book by Mr. Bullen almost ready for the press.

Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.
MR. FRANK T. BULLEN

Readers of the London *Spectator* will remember the animal stories that appeared in that journal, where, though they seemed more or less out of place, they were always welcome because they were so readable. These stories have now been collected and are published in book form by the New Amsterdam Book Co. with a number of striking illustrations. One chapter I note, "Goats in Cities," ought to find interested readers in New York, where the goat as a local institution has held its own from time immemorial.

More Dickensiana are promised. Mr. Kitton's volume on the illustrations for Charles Dickens's books will shortly be followed by one which Mr. J. Grego is editing. Mr. Grego's book will be published in London by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, under the title "Pictorial Pickwickiana." The more the merrier. Anything relating to Thackeray or Dickens is always welcome.

The rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Kipling is not confined to this country and England alone. From all over the world anxious inquiries have come. Even crowned heads have sent words of consolation and, also, of appreciation. Nothing, however, has been heard from the royal family in England, which seems rather strange, considering Mr. Kipling's enthusiastic imperialism. Of course, there is something back of it—but what? While there is general rejoicing over Mr. Kipling's recovery, it is attended with sadness for the death of his eldest daughter. Ever since the Kiplings came to America, they have had trouble of one sort or another. Just before they left for England the last time, Mr. Kipling's brother-in-law made life a burden to him, not so much that Mr. Kipling feared his threats, as because of the publicity given to family matters. Mr. Kipling had, and has, the sympathy of all of his neighbors in Vermont, and of everyone who knows his brother-in-law. Mr. Balestier was just about to make himself obnoxious again, by bringing suit against Mr. Kipling, when the latter was taken down with his serious illness.



From the N. Y. Herald
MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE, ROTTINGDEAN, ENGLAND

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M. F. MANSFIELD & A. WESSELS
No. 22 EAST SIXTEENTH ST., NEW YORK

Referring to Kipling Note Book.

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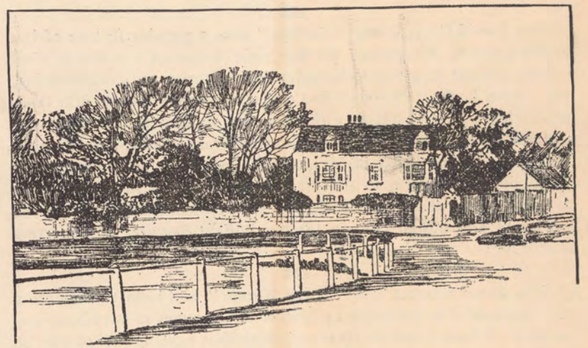
Readers of the London *Spectator* will remember the animal stories that appeared in that journal, where, though they seemed more or less out of place, they were always welcome because they were so readable. These stories have now been collected and are published in book form by the New Amsterdam Book Co. with a number of striking illustrations. One chapter I note, "Goats in Cities," ought to find interested readers in New York, where the goat as a local institution has held its own from time immemorial.

More Dickensiana are promised. Mr. Kitton's volume on the illustrations for Charles Dickens's books will shortly be followed by one which Mr. J. Grego is editing. Mr. Grego's book will be published

The rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Kipling is not confined to this country and England alone. From all over the world anxious inquiries have come. Even crowned heads have sent words of consolation and, also, of appreciation. Nothing, however, has been heard from the royal family in England, which seems rather strange, considering Mr. Kipling's enthusiastic imperialism. Of course, there is something back of it—but what? While there is general rejoicing over Mr. Kipling's recovery, it is attended with sadness for the death of his eldest daughter. Ever since the Kiplings came to America, they have had trouble of one sort or another. Just before they left for England the last time, Mr. Kipling's brother-in-law made life a burden to him, not so much that Mr. Kipling feared his threats, as because of the publicity given to family matters. Mr. Kipling had, and has, the sympathy of all of his neighbors in Vermont, and of everyone who knows his brother-in-law. Mr. Balestier was just about to make himself obnoxious again, by bringing suit against Mr. Kipling, when the latter was taken down with his serious illness.



From the N. Y. Herald

MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE, ROTTINGDEAN, ENGLAND

It may be said of Mr. Kipling that he is the only man who has ever had a periodical devoted entirely to his sayings and doings. Messrs. M. F. Mansfield and A. Wessels have just published the first number of a monthly periodical called *The Kipling Note-Book*, which contains nothing that does not relate to Mr. Kipling. It is said that the distinguished author, when he heard of this publication, was annoyed by it, as he naturally might be, for while it may contain some facts, it is likely to contain a good deal of fiction, for more nonsense has been published about Mr. Kipling than about any other man who has so little nonsense about him.

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over

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW by
William L. Alden.

LONDON, April 5.—Always excepting Kipling's writings, the books that have the largest sale are usually those that are not literature. No one could possibly call "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement" literature, but its sales have probably been larger than those of any other book published in London during the last six months. The book is a miracle of credulity and unreason, but because it professes to unveil a tremendous secret, and because it suits the religious prejudices of a large and ignorant class, it has proved a great success—from the publisher's point of view.

As has been already announced, we are presently to have a critical estimate of Mr. Kipling and his works from the pen of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. In his last book, "Young Lives," Mr. Le Gallienne says of Kipling that he is "our young apostle of blood. He is all for muscle and brutality—and he makes all the money." Mr. Le Gallienne does not mention Mr. Kipling by name, but he describes his personal appearance with such accuracy that there is not the slightest doubt as to whom he means. I do not quote the personal description, for I prefer to leave that sort of thing to Mr. Le Gallienne; but nothing is more obvious than that Mr. Le Gallienne regards Kipling merely as an apostle of blood and brutality. It would hardly be possible for Mr. Le Gallienne to hold any other opinion, for the strength and manliness of Kipling's work must be excessively disagreeable to the author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl." What is rather odd is that Mr. Le Gallienne, holding such an opinion of Kipling, should be selected to write a critical study of his works. We know beforehand precisely what Mr. Le Gallienne will say, and very nicely he will say it. He will be shocked at Kipling's strength, revolted by Kipling's "coarseness," and repelled by Kipling's want of modesty in not comparing himself with the Deity. But quite a number of people admire Mr. Le Gallienne, and regard him as an extremely polished prophet, and such admirers will doubtless read his book on Kipling with great enthusiasm and discuss it over their tea in the intervals of discussing dress and the ladies' journals.

Is it true that a New York editor sent telegrams with prepaid answers to every eminent person in Europe of whom the editor had ever heard, asking for an answer expressive of regret at Kipling's illness? This story is freely told here, and to some extent it seems to explain the flood of telegrams from all sorts and conditions of people which came to Kipling's sick room. Of course a proportion of these were sent voluntarily by those who knew and loved Kipling, and such messages were the natural expression of genuine feeling, but as I read some of the messages that were published they certainly did not ring precisely true, and I could not help thinking that they were sent rather to advertise the sender than for any other purpose. If they were merely replies to the messages sent by a New York editor, there is no longer any mystery about them. The editor is certainly to be congratulated on his business ability. He was probably the only man to whom it occurred that Kipling, lying at the point of death, might be converted into a means of making money. I hope the story is not true, and if it is not, it is certainly time that it should be contradicted.

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Not long before his illness, a friend said to Mr. Kipling: "I suppose you are very proud now, being the father of a fine boy." "Yes," said he; "it is very nice to have a boy in the family, but I don't want anything better than Josephine. She and I are great chums. We take long walks together and talk over my stories before they are written. She is a wise little thing and we have some rare good times."

Just a day or two before Mr. Kipling's illness, he was kind enough to send me the first stanza of the "Recessional" in his own autograph. I need hardly say that it is a prized memento. Of all the poems that Kipling has written, there is probably none that has been so widely read and universally admired as this.

I hear that a biography of Mr. Coventry Patmore is in preparation. As Mr. Patmore was on terms of intimacy with most of the distinguished Englishmen of his time, the book cannot fail to be interesting. I understand that it will contain correspondence with Tennyson, Browning, and other men of letters.

Mr. David Gray, whose "Gallops" were a popular feature of last year's *Century*, has written for the same magazine a series of Golf stories, similar in general character to his stories of steeplechasing, etc. As a book, "Gallops" has cantered speedily into its fifth thousand, clearing all obstacles with ease, and showing as yet no signs of distress. The author, by the way, is a young man of nine-and-twenty, a Harvard alumnus (class of '92), who followed journalism for a few years, but settled down to the practice of the law in 1897, and means to stick to it for the rest of his days. His intellectual recreation is the writing of an editorial column for the Buffalo *Enquirer* and sporting stories for the magazines.

The announcement that "Hugh Wynne" had been turned into a play and was to be produced by Liebler & Co. seems to have been premature. I have it on the best authority that nothing will or can be done in this connection till the author of the novel has approved the scenario of the play; and as Dr. Mitchell is still wandering about the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the footfall of the Free Quaker is not likely to be heard very soon upon the buskined stage.

Dr. Weir Mitchell celebrated his seventieth birthday in Cairo on the 15th of February—a favorite birth-month (as a reader of THE CRITIC with a keen scent for coincidences reminds me) among authors, statesmen, artists, etc. On the 8th, Jules Verne celebrated his seventy-first birthday, and Ruskin his eightieth. Lincoln, Darwin, and Lowell were born on the 12th; the first two would have been ninety had they lived till this year, and Lowell eighty. Lord Salisbury entered upon his seventieth year on the 13th. Mendelssohn was born on the 3d,

If, when Mr. Kipling resumes active work again (for we do not count the revision of his travel letters, on which he is now engaged, active work), he takes half the hints as to his development that have been thrown out, he will have no time for anything but writing for many years. He is to write for the stage; he is to set about his great novel; he is to study this phase of life and that. The latest suggestion is contained in a letter to the *Times* on British industry and foreign competition. Says the writer (Mr. Pilditch): "The last generation of middle-class Englishmen who read and thought were brought up on the creed of Carlyle and Kingsley, and many of them saw dignity in the hard work and strict performance of duties taught by those writers, to whose influence some of our commercial prosperity was due. To-day Mr. Kipling is teaching us the lesson of strenuousness. His illustrations, however, are drawn from the career of the soldier and sailor and the administrator of subject races, and hardly bear a direct message to the man of manufactures and commerce. Perhaps, when he has recovered from his present illness, he will discover for us that the administrators of our manufacturing and commercial firms and the commercial traveller are not necessarily condemned to a barren materialism, but that there is a fertile world of ideas in which they may live their lives not without advantage to themselves, and with decided advantage to the race of which they form so large a part."

The appearance of a large number of cablegrams from English authors of both sexes in a New York Sunday journal at the time of Mr. Kipling's illness is explained by 'C. K. S.' in *The Illustrated London News* as the result of the enterprise of the journal in question which 'rained down prepaid telegrams' upon numerous ladies and gentlemen in this country. If any persons supposed that these messages were spontaneous expressions of sympathy sent to Mrs. Kipling, and by her forwarded to the newspaper for general information, it is as well that their real genesis should be known. It will also serve as a warning for the future if any similar enterprise is started. Of course, there was plenty of genuine sympathy in England, although it did not express itself by cablegrams.

'One Who Knows' sends us the following: 'The "writer in *The Liverpool Daily Post* anxious to prove that Mr. Kipling's poetic talent is hereditary" should have sought proof on the maternal side. His mother has the poetic gift, and inherited it from *her* mother, who wrote charming verses for her relatives. The literary gift in the maternal family has, indeed, been manifested in no less than four members of Mrs. Kipling's generation, and three of that of her mother. The clever novelist, Mrs. Alfred Baldwin, is Mrs. Kipling's sister.'

APRIL MAGAZINES.

[First Notice.]

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Under this title in *Good Words* Mr. Neil Munro contributes a careful analytical study of Mr. Kipling's works, which will interest numerous readers who have perhaps accepted ballads of the field and barrack-room and story and sketch from this able pen without question. As Mr. Munro points out—

What we know of Mr. Kipling must be gathered from his work: him the interviewer has followed vainly, and the personal paragrapher has had to dish up for his patrons disappointing and more or less apocryphal scraps. We find revealed in those works a singular physical and mental vitality, 'a very strong man,' as he has said himself of Tommy Atkins, with a great and exuberant zest in every aspect of life, with huge self-confidence, humour, irony, curiosity, and stoicism in a wonderful degree. That ever-apparent delight he has in the terminology of crafts, trades, and callings obviously outside his direct experience, may be accepted as indicative not only of the common artistic appreciation for out-of the way and pregnant words or phrases, but of a real love for the teeming interests, the human activities they express. For generations our poets and romancers have cherished the old mechanical plant of their ancestors—loves, seasons, scenery, and (to a lamentable and indecent extent of late) the internals. Mr. Kipling, thrown by the caprice of fortune into a career oscillating between two worlds, began the business of his life by surrendering most of the old conventional inspirations and locutions, and used his eyes to look abroad upon the marvel of the modern world.

AN INHERITED TASTE.

Kipling's first book, "Schoolboy Lyrics," was sold to a Mr. Denham, an American secondhand bookseller, for $675. Another copy will come up for sale this season.

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Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's new book, "Young Lives," is said by the English papers to be a very thinly disguised autobiography. I quote a characteristic extract from its pages:

"Presently there entered a tall young man with a long thin face, curtained on each side with enormous masses of black hair—like a slip of the young moon glimmering through a pine wood. At the same moment there entered, as if by design, his very antithesis, a short, firmly-built, clerkly fellow, with a head like a billiard-ball in need of a shave, a big brown moustache, and enormous spectacles.

"That," said the publisher, referring to the moon-in-the-pine-wood young man, "is our young apostle of sentiment, our new man of feeling, the best-hated man we have, and the other is our young apostle of blood. He is all for muscle and brutality—and he makes all the money. It is one of our many fashions just now to sing, 'Britons and Brutality.' But my impression is that our young man of feeling will have his day—though he will have to wait for it. He would hasten it if he would cut his hair; but that he says he will never do."

Were Mr. Le Gallienne's modesty and good taste ever better illustrated? This sort of vulgarity pays him, however, for he gets advertising out of it. How different from the "short, firmly-built, clerkly fellow," who lets his work speak for him and who shuns advertising as strenuously as "the young man of feeling" courts it. Long live Kipling! Down with mountebanks!

Critic May 99

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Beside Kipling's now famous and most helpful verses should stand these. From Richard Hovey the couplet:

"His high resolve for human good,
World-empire OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD."

The small capitals are, of course, ours, as we trust they may be made practically so. And now this poem of Henry Timrod:

"Not for the glories which the years
Shall bring us; not for lands from sea to sea,
And wealth and power and peace, though these shall be;
But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
And the hushed murmurs of a world's distress:
For, to give labor to the poor,
The whole sad planet o'er,
And save from want and crime the humblest door,
Is one among the many ends for which
God makes us great and rich!
The hour, perchance, is not yet wholly ripe
When all shall own it, but the type
Whereby we shall be known in every land
Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern strand,
And through the cold, untempered ocean pours
Its genial streams, that far-off arctic shores
May sometimes catch, upon the softened breeze,
Strange tropic warmth and hints of Summer seas."

May this type be fully answered, must exclaim every cosmopolitan patriot.

J. HERVEY APPLETON.

Brooklyn, April 22, 1899.

Mr. Kipling is a very young writer to have his earliest work described as "excessively rare, if not unique," in an auctioneer's catalogue. Yet this is what happened to him at a sale at Sotheby's in London the other day. We might say that the occurrence is "excessively rare, if not unique." The volume disposed of was Mr. Kipling's first book in its original wrappers, entitled, "School Boy Lyrics." It was printed for private circulation at Lahore in 1881 when the author was only eighteen years of age. The manuscript title and design on the little cover are by Mr. Kipling's father. This is said to be the first copy of the little work to appear in open market. Few Kipling collectors have ever seen it.

The Lounger

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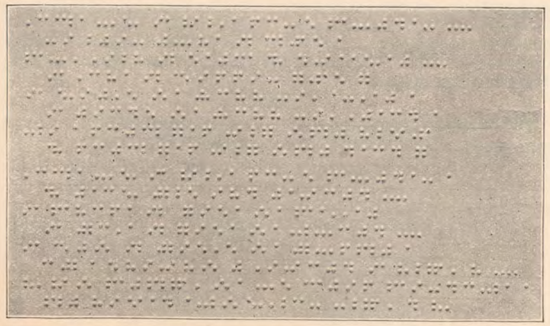
How the publishers of school-books must bless Assemblyman O'Connor for his lively interest in their behalf. After July 1, 1899, he wants all school-books that have been in use for six months or more to be burned. This semi-annual holocaust is, he declares, in the interest of health and not of the school-book publishers. When one sees the fight of the present generation against germs and microbes he wonders that he ever had any ancestors.



TWO STANZAS FROM MR. KIPLING'S "THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN," WRITTEN IN POINT PRINT

Miss Josephine B. Cobb, Publisher for the Blind, at 44 North 4th Street, Philadelphia, has sent me a copy of *The Point Print Standard*, a magazine for the sightless. It contains Mr. Kipling's poem, "The White Man's Burden," in point print. As it is entirely different from the usual print for the blind, I have reproduced two stanzas from the poem.

According to the London *Academy* the first word given by Mr. Kipling to the outside world after his illness was "Yes." It was his reply to a cablegram asking him if he would join the committee of the William Black Memorial Fund. The second communication was the following note given out to the press:

"Hotel Grenoble, Easter Day, 1899.

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

"Faithfully yours,

"Rudyard Kipling."

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been able to exact tribute from so many of the great ones in the world of book manufacture and sale.

As early as 1895 a beginning was made for a collective edition of Kipling's prose writings, in an edition comprising six volumes, in which were included "Life's Handicap," "Stories of Mine Own People," "The Light That Failed," "The Naulahka," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Story of the

ling a very distinct sign of the times in Kipling matters is to be noted—a tendency toward some solution of that complicated question, who are Kipling's publishers? It cannot be a rash opinion to say that, by means of sales and transfers between the several present publishers, some one house eventually will acquire this distinction. One very significant indication of it lies in the transfer of the "Prose Tales." An-

ther came our way only three days
An eminent authority in the mat-
whom the Editor of The Times's
day Review had applied for infor-
, kindly parted with several in-
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e volumes by Mr. Kipling the rights
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Kipling's new book, which will come
the press of the Doubleday & McClure
pany on June 1. It is "The Smith Ad-
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an authorized edition of the collected
of travel which Mr. Kipling has
n during the last ten years and care-
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s some hitherto unpublished matter
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" together with the above-mentioned
ale and those already announced, "Letters
of Marque," and "The City of Dreadful
Night."

Mr. Kipling's "The Day's Work," published by Doubleday & McClure Company, is now in its eighty-second thousand.

A more characteristic letter is that written by Mr. Kipling to a bereaved father, a quotation from which is published in Mr. O'Connor's strangely named paper, *M. A. P.:*

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

Still harping on Kipling. Here are the lines written by him and sent with a set of his books to Captain Robley D. Evans:

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

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

"Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun,
To carry seven mile.

"To him that hath shall be given,
And that 's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent."

The Doubleday & McClure Company will publish immediately, under the title of "From Sea to Sea," the collected letters of travel which Mr. Kipling has written at different times between 1890 and 1898. The book will include hitherto unpublished matter as well as an accurate text (for the first time) of the "American Notes," etc.

An English exchange thinks that "it would be interesting to know in what manner Mr. Kipling's illness has affected the sale of his books." I cannot speak for the English market, but I happen to know that they have had an enormous boom in this country.

A new Kipling publication is on the market. It is published in Boston by Messrs. Charles E. Brown & Co., and leads off with "My Lord the Elephant," neatly printed in a red-covered pamphlet. "Recessional" is printed on one cover and "The Vampire" on the other.

I have been asked by a reader of the Lounger to print the following lines which appeared recently in the London *Times*, signed J. O. C.:

"To Rudyard Kipling, Esq., from Thomas Atkins

"There 's a reg'lar run on papers since we 'eard that you was ill;
An' you might be in a 'orspital, the barricks is so still;
We 'ave all been mighty anxious since we 'eard it on parade;
An' we ain't no cowards neither, but I own we was afraid.

"An' we all prayed 'ard and earnest:
'O Gawd, don't take him yet!
Just let 'im stop and 'elp us;
An' warn, "Lest we forget!" '

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

"'E must n't die; we want 'im!
O Gawd, don't take 'im yet;
Spare 'im a little longer!
'E wrote "Lest we forget!" '

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

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

The appearance of a large number of cablegrams from English authors of both sexes in a New York Sunday journal at the time of Mr. Kipling's illness is explained by 'C. K. S.' in *The Illustrated London News* as the result of the enterprise of the journal in question which 'rained down prepaid telegrams' upon numerous ladies and gentlemen in this country. If any persons supposed that these messages were spontaneous expressions of sympathy sent to Mrs. Kipling, and by her forwarded to the newspaper for general information, it is as well that their real genesis should be known. It will also serve as a warning for the future if any similar enterprise is started. Of course, there was plenty of genuine sympathy in England, although it did not express itself by cablegrams.

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"Wee Willie Winkie," (Rand, McNally & Co., 1891;) and "The Naulahka," (in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier, Macmillan, 1892.) Other books of his have been "In Black and White," "The Second Jungle Book," (Century Company;) "The Seven Seas," a volume of verse, (Appleton;) "Captains Courageous," (Century Company;) and "The Day's Work," the latter published last year, (Doubleday & McClure Company,) and, in point of sales, the most successful book of its time, with the exception of "David Harum," now in its one hundred and tenth thousand.

Meanwhile he has published single tales or poems, such as "The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden," which have been printed wherever the English tongue is spoken, have been telegraphed and cabled, printed as leaflets, printed with illustrations, and learned by heart by thousands. Fortunate—doubly, trebly fortunate—among authors is Kipling, in that he has been able to exact tribute from so many of the great ones in the world of book manufacture and sale.

As early as 1895 a beginning was made for a collective edition of Kipling's prose writings, in an edition comprising six volumes, in which were included "Life's Handicap," "Stories of Mine Own People," "The Light That Failed," "The Naulahka," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Story of the

These facts make it interesting to inquire who are Mr. Kipling's publishers. With most authors it is commonly an easy matter to specify on this point. With Mr. Kipling one may approach the problem from various standpoints, as, for example, who are the latest among his publishers, who were the first, who have published the most books by him, or who have published the book the sales of which have reached the largest number. On the latter point some interesting figures are at hand. A few weeks ago 77,000 copies of "The Day's Work," which came out on Oct. 1, 1898, had been printed, or 30,000 more than had been sold in England and her colonies, while of the Jungle Books 106,000 copies have been printed—these figures being for this country alone. Were the sales of the Jungle Books in England to be included, we should probably have a total of 175,000 copies for the two volumes.

In the two collective editions of Kipling a very distinct sign of the times in Kipling matters is to be noted—a tendency toward some solution of that complicated question, who are Kipling's publishers? It cannot be a rash opinion to say that, by means of sales and transfers between the several present publishers, some one house eventually will acquire this distinction. One very significant indication of it lies in the transfer of the "Prose Tales." An-

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If, when Mr. Kipling res
(for we do not count the revi
on which he is now engaged
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thrown out, he will have no tim
for many years. He is to write
about his great novel; he is t
and that. The latest suggestio
the *Times* on British industry
Says the writer (Mr. Pilditch):
middle-class Englishmen who
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many of them saw dignity in
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The appearance of a large number
cablegrams from English authors of bo
sexes in a New York Sunday journal
the time of Mr. Kipling's illness is explain
by 'C. K. S.' in *The Illustrated Lond
News* as the result of the enterprise of t
journal in question which 'rained dow
prepaid telegrams' upon numerous ladi
and gentlemen in this country. If ar
persons supposed that these messages we
spontaneous expressions of sympathy sen
to Mrs. Kipling, and by her forwarded t
the newspaper for general information, it is
as well that their real genesis should be
known. It will also serve as a warning for
the future if any similar enterprise is
started. Of course, there was plenty of
genuine sympathy in England, although it
did not express itself by cablegrams.

'One Who Knows' sends us the follow-
ing: 'The "writer in *The Liverpool Daily
Post* anxious to prove that Mr. Kipling's
poetic talent is hereditary" should have
sought proof on the maternal side. His
mother has the poetic gift, and inherited it
from *her* mother, who wrote charming
verses for her relatives. The literary gift
in the maternal family has, indeed, been
manifested in no less than four members of
Mrs. Kipling's generation, and three of
that of her mother. The clever novelist,
Mrs. Alfred Baldwin, is Mrs. Kipling's sister.'

the box, set me fut aginst the front windy, lit me see-gar—ye cannot re-view nicely without a see-gar—and perceeded with thrimblin' hands and disthcreeminatin' eye to examine Misther Dooley's coriskeetin' pages. An' begorra, how they do shparkle—gems and jools iv spon-teenous wit, drollry, irny, sar-rksm, it-sittery, followin' onto wan another in iligint paroors at the rate, mebbe, iv three to foor paroors to th' page."

After offering "a spicimin exthract" the reviewer goes on to say: "In pace as in war, Misther Dooley's sintimints are the sintimints iv a highly cultiveeted an' sintillatin' indivijooality. He writes with aqual flooincy, iv polismen an' iv pothry, iv anarchists an' the decad-ence of Greece, iv the hero in politics an' the power iv love, iv the French charractur and Christmas gifts, an' like a feemous cumpathrite iv his, he touches nawthin' that he does not adorrn. What writer iv our own time, unless it be Misther Augusteen Birrell himsilf, cud have given us sich a masterly obiter dicter on books as this? . . . On the whool, 'Mr. Dooley in Pace and War' can be onhisiteetinly com-mended to all pathrites, whether hot or cowld, an' aqually to all persons who have an appreciation iv the jaynius iv the disthressful people, an' to all persons with sinse enough to laugh at the thruly funny. An' whin the book pinithrates into the House of Commons Library, ye may witness—if ye have good eyesight—the spectacle iv Misther Tim Healey and Misther Jirild Balfoor spinnin' ha'pence f'r the nixt readin' iv it."

My approval of the Grolier Club's reading of the last line of stanza liii. of the Rubaiyat has aroused a tiny tempest among Omarians. Letters on the subject have been reaching me at intervals, and I fear that I am regarded as a Philistine. One correspondent writes to me in the following strain:

"I notice that the Lounger in your March issue quotes with approval the new reading of the Grolier edition of the Rubaiyat,

The Doubleday & McClure Company will publish immediately, under the title of "From Sea to Sea," the collected letters of travel which Mr. Kipling has written at different times between 1890 and 1898. The book will include hitherto unpublished matter as well as an accurate text (for the first time) of the "American Notes," etc.

An English exchange thinks that "it would be interesting to know in what manner Mr. Kipling's illness has affected the sale of his books." I cannot speak for the English market, but I happen to know that they have had an enormous boom in this country.

A new Kipling publication is on the market. It is published in Boston by Messrs. Charles E. Brown & Co., and leads off with "My Lord the Elephant," neatly printed in a red-covered pamphlet. "Recessional" is printed on one cover and "The Vampire" on the other.

AN INHERITED TASTE.

Kipling's first book, "Schoolboy Lyrics," was sold to a Mr. Denham, an American secondhand bookseller, for $675. Another copy will come up for sale this season.

WHO ARE KIPLING'S PUBLISHERS?

Kipling's fame in this country is more recent than the most of us will probably believe. He had been writing and publishing books several years before the American publishers can be said to have discovered him, and when at last he began to make his way here, his books were issued by almost as many houses as he had titles. Previous to 1890, "The American Catalogue," which aims to embrace all books published in this country, contained nothing under the name of Kipling. He made his first appearance here with "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "The Story of the Gadsbys," in paper-covered volumes from a house, if not obscure, certainly not one of the leading houses. In the next period of five years there was certainly no lack of Kipling titles. They nearly fill a column of "The American Catalogue."

They run as follows: "Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads," (Macmillan, 1892;) "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," (Harpers, 1890;) "Departmental Ditties," (United States Book Company, 1890;) "Indian Tales," (United States Book Company, 1890;) "The Jungle Book," (Century Company, 1893;) "Life's Handicap," (Macmillan, 1891;) "The Light That Failed," (Rand, McNally & Co., 1891;) "Many Inventions," (Appleton, 1893;) "Mine Own People," (United States Book Company, 1891;) "Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales," (Rand, McNally & Co., 1890;) "Soldiers Three, and Other Stories," (Lovell, 1890;) "The Story of the Gadsbys," (1890;) "Under the Deodars," (United States Book Company, 1891;) "Wee Willie Winkie," (Rand, McNally & Co., 1891;) and "The Naulahka," (in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier, Macmillan, 1892.) Other books of his have been "In Black and White," "The Second Jungle Book," (Century Company;) "The Seven Seas," a volume of verse, (Appleton;) "Captains Courageous," (Century Company;) and "The Day's Work," the latter published last year, (Doubleday & McClure Company,) and, in point of sales, the most successful book of its time, with the exception of "David Harum," now in its one hundred and tenth thousand.

Meanwhile he has published single tales or poems, such as "The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden," which have been printed wherever the English tongue is spoken, have been telegraphed and cabled, printed as leaflets, printed with illustrations, and learned by heart by thousands. Fortunate—doubly, trebly fortunate—among authors is Kipling, in that he has been able to exact tribute from so many of the great ones in the world of book manufacture and sale.

As early as 1895 a beginning was made for a collective edition of Kipling's prose writings, in an edition comprising six volumes, in which were included "Life's Handicap," "Stories of Mine Own People," "The Light That Failed," "The Naulahka," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "Phantom Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie." These volumes of "Prose Tales" came from the Macmillan Company, and it is now announced that all the Macmillan copies in stock have been purchased by the Doubleday & McClure Company, who will in future publish these stories.

Finally the Scribners undertook a collective edition called the "Outward Bound Edition"—beautifully printed octavo, twelve in number, the last volume ready a short time ago. Special arrangements had of course to be made with the various houses which already issued works by Kipling, and it was a part of the conditions under which the "Outward Bound Edition" appeared that it should be sold only by subscription. It is understood that everything which Kipling desires to preserve has been included in this edition and it has his authorization. But "The Day's Work" has not yet been added to it, although it is promised for two months hence. Meanwhile another collection of Kipling's writings, known as "The Brushwood," has been undertaken by the Putnam and Dutton houses, and over this a suit at law, begun by Kipling, has resulted. But it is to be said that these houses declare themselves to be—not publishers of a new edition of Kipling, in the technical sense of the word, since they have reprinted nothing. They have merely bought certain material and sold it at retail—bought Kipling's writings in sheets, already printed, and had them bound uniformly, as a set called "The Brushwood."

These facts make it interesting to inquire who are Mr. Kipling's publishers. With most authors it is commonly an easy matter to specify on this point. With Mr. Kipling one may approach the problem from various standpoints, as, for example, who are the latest among his publishers, who were the first, who have published the most books by him, or who have published the book the sales of which have reached the largest number. On the latter point some interesting figures are at hand. A few weeks ago 77,000 copies of "The Day's Work," which came out on Oct. 1, 1898, had been printed, or 30,000 more than had been sold in England and her colonies, while of the Jungle Books 106,000 copies have been printed—these figures being for this country alone. Were the sales of the Jungle Books in England to be included, we should probably have a total of 175,000 copies for the two volumes.

In the two collective editions of Kipling a very distinct sign of the times in Kipling matters is to be noted—a tendency toward some solution of that complicated question, who are Kipling's publishers? It cannot be a rash opinion to say that, by means of sales and transfers between the several present publishers, some one house eventually will acquire this distinction. One very significant indication of it lies in the transfer of the "Prose Tales." Another came our way only three days ago. An eminent authority in the matter, to whom the Editor of THE TIMES'S SATURDAY REVIEW had applied for information, kindly parted with several interesting facts, and then hesitated to go further, adding, laconically: "There are all sorts of combinations in the air just now. I can't tell you everything." At present the publishers who have been authorized to issue works by Kipling are D. Appleton & Co., the Century Company, the Macmillan Company, Charles Scribner's Sons, and the Doubleday and McClure Company.

Those volumes by Mr. Kipling the rights for the publication of which were recently purchased from The Macmillan Company by Doubleday & McClure Company, will appear about the 1st of June with the imprint of the last-named publishers. While none of the books will be printed from the old plates, the author has been at particular pains to revise thoroughly, at least, two volumes: "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "The Light That Failed." Many pages in the latter have been entirely rewritten, and are said to show some radical changes in literary judgment to the advantage of a style that was, even at first, very nearly perfect.

One more story has been added to Rudyard Kipling's new book, which will come from the press of the Doubleday & McClure Company on June 1. It is "The Smith Administration." As has been announced, the volume will be called "From Sea to Sea," and is an authorized edition of the collected letters of travel which Mr. Kipling has written during the last ten years and carefully revised for the present occasion. It includes some hitherto unpublished matter and the first accurate text of the "American Notes," together with the above-mentioned tale and those already announced, "Letters of Marque," and "The City of Dreadful Night."

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combe by a doctor who combined with the experience of a local practitioner the skill of a London specialist, and the result of his treatment was to minimise the after effects, which at one time threatened to be serious, of Mr. Moore's malady. The title of the new novel by the author of 'The Fatal Gift' is 'Well, After All——,' which may have a significance of its own.

Mr. Kay Robinson, an old colleague of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, contributes some interesting reminiscences of their Indian days to *Literature*. Mr. Robinson prints a letter which shows that conceit was not a failing of Kipling's in his youth, a period when it might not unnaturally be expected to appear. The letter was in reply to one from Mr. Robinson, telling Kipling that 'a man who could write as he could should go home to England, to London, where fame could be won.' The reply was as follows:

You ought to know better at your time o' life than to knock a youngster off his legs in this way. How do you expect any one will be able to hold me after your letter? . . .

Would you be astonished if I told you that I look forward to nothing but an Indian journalist's career? Why should I? My home's out here; my people are out here; all the friends I know are out here; and all the interests I have are out here. Why should I go home? Any fool can put up rhymes, and the market is full of boys who could undersell me as soon as I put foot in it. . . .

'Let us depart our several ways in amity. You to Fleet-street (where I shall come when I die if I'm good) and I to my own place, where I find heat and smells of oil and spices, and puffs of temple incense, and sweat, and darkness, and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating innumerable. Give me time, give me seven years and three added to them, and abide the publishment of "Mother Maturin."'

'"Mother Maturin,"' says Mr. Robinson, 'is the great work by which for many years Kipling purposed to make his name. In 1886 he had 350 foolscap pages of its manuscript—which means much in his neat writing, though it was not so small in those days as it is now—lying at the bottom of a "bruised, tin teabox." It was, he said, "the novel which is always being written and yet gets no furrarder."'

Dr. John Watson recently published a tribute to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's genius which included the following passage:—

Almost since the beginning of his career I have read every word he wrote, and have found in his words an inspiration beyond that of any living novelist. He deals at first hand with the half-dozen passions which mould human nature, and always with insight and nobility. His death, which may God forbid, would in my humble judgment deprive English letters of our greatest name, and England of her real poet-laureate.

This surely disposes of the statement we have seen that Dr. Watson referred slightingly to Mr. Kipling in a sermon he recently preached in New York, in which the fighting propensities of the Anglo-Saxon race were held up to obloquy and scorn.

The parodist has been at work on Mr. Kipling in America. Here is a warning to all parodists by one of themselves, which appeared in *The Baltimore American*:

Take up 'The White Man's Burden,'
Then put it down again;
Don't touch it with your pencil,
Typewriter, or your pen.

In parodistic manner
Don't fritter time away,
For yours won't be as good as
The one by Rudyard K.

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

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

A writer in *The Liverpool Daily Post*, anxious to prove that Mr. Kipling's poetical talent is hereditary, has searched among his paternal relatives and discovered that he had a grand-uncle, John Kipling, who was an occasional contributor of verse to *The Whitby Gazette*. The next thing for an enterprising publisher to do is to unearth the verses and publish them in a penny edition—if they are out of copyright.

March 17

The reaction was bound to come. When Mr. Kipling was supposed to be about to leave us the voice of eulogy was raised without a discordant note. But now that he is on the way to convalescence some of his jealous fellow-scribes want to correct the popular estimate of him as a Heaven-sent 'interpreter.' One of these, the lady who writes as 'Maxwell Grey,' finds fault with *The Spectator* in its own columns for having said that Mr. Kipling 'gave the nation back its Army,' as inflicting 'an unmerited stigma upon the country.' She reminds its readers that:

In literature the 'drunken private of the Buffs,' who 'jested, drank, and swore,' preceded 'Soldiers Three' and 'It's Tommy this' by a generation; while 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' did ample justice to the rank-and-file, to whom copies of the poem were supplied while in the Crimea. The private figured in Hardy's 'Trumpet-Major,' and elsewhere; Charles Kingsley, in literature as in life, warmly appreciated and loved all ranks of that 'dim and unreal abstraction, our Army.' The very great popularity before 'Soldiers Three' of 'John Strange Winter's' early tales witnessed to the interest the middle classes take in the Army.

Even *The Spectator* itself seems afraid lest its too generous appreciation of Mr. Kipling may produce the evil result of megalomania, or 'swelled head,' and expounds the mischief of 'the glare of publicity' in nearly two columns. If Mr. Kipling runs any danger of contracting the disease mentioned, we recommend his friends to administer *The Academy* of this week as an antidote. He will there find out why he is called 'The Unknown.' How many living authors, we wonder, would stand the test any better, or as well? And yet 47,000 copies of 'Barrack-Room Ballads' and 41,000 of 'The Seven Seas' have been printed. It would be a good stroke of business, perhaps, on the part of Mr. Kipling's publishers to issue a sixpenny selected edition of his poems, similar to the one just published of Tennyson. Then the 'bus-drivers, cabmen, fruiterers, and club porters, whom *The Academy's* representative interviewed on the subject, would have a better chance of making Mr. Kipling's acquaintance.

A writer in an American paper, who claims to have been a schoolfellow of Mr Kipling's at Westward Ho, gives an interesting commentary on the series of school tales now appearing as 'Stalky and Co.' He writes:

I knew the mischievous trio well under their true names—Beresford, Dunsterville, and Kipling himself. Kipling was 'Beetle,' although we called him 'Gigs.' Dunsterville has since become an officer in the Indian Army. . . .

March 17, 1889.

About the middle part of his school life Kipling entered into a strong tie of friendship with two other boys, in many respects of his own temperament. The trio seemed to have aims of their own, apart from the rest of the college, leading a kind of Bohemian existence, and amusing themselves by tilts at the powers that were, in which encounters they frequently came off victorious, as related in the 'Stalky' series. At the time when Kipling and his two chums were first assigned to a room or 'study' for their own use, the esthetic wave of some seventeen years ago was sweeping over English society, and the three boys at once determined to 'live up' to the prevailing fashion. They first of all painted a wonderful stork dado around their room; then they purchased a number of old plates, spoutless teapots, and Japanese fans, and hung them up on the walls. They called it very 'high art,' and, for a day, the whole school came to see and wondered.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is to write for Mr. John Lane a critical volume upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works. It will form a companion volume to Mr. Le Gallienne's work on Mr. George Meredith.

'Rudyard Kipling: the Man and His Work,' is the title of a work by Mr. G. F. Monkshood, which Messrs. Greening and Co. are preparing for early publication. The book, which is the work of a personal friend of Mr. Kipling, will contain two letters in *facsimile* and a recent portrait of the poet.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the rival of Mr. Kipling as the portrayer of Indian life and character, is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Webster, who was born in 1800, became a Writer to the Signet, and took up his residence in Edinburgh in 1821, and died on his Highland estate of Invercrevan in 1882. His father had been minister of Inverarity. Mrs. Steel married an Indian civilian, and spent some twenty years of her life in the Panjab, where she acquired a number of Indian dialects. Since her husband's retirement from the Service Mrs. Steel has made her permanent home in England, but has more than once revisited the scenes of her early married life in India, generally with a camera.

THE

Public Library Journal.

Quarterly Magazine of the Cardiff and Penarth Free Public Libraries, and the Cardiff Museum.

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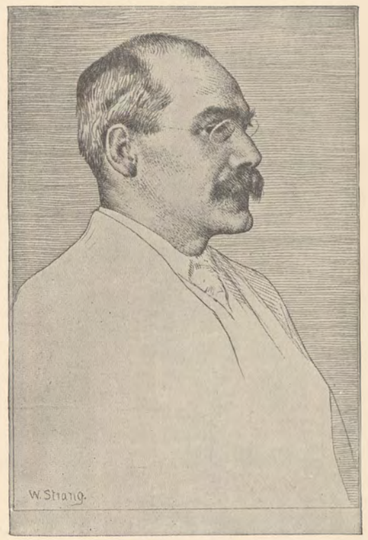

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE

Public Library Journal.

Quarterly Magazine of the Cardiff and Penarth Free Public Libraries, and the Cardiff Museum.

No. 5.] ~~JANUARY~~ April, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. It is a taste which I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies. The miseries of a vacant life are never known to a man whose hours are insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasure of Study.
GIBBON.

Offers of contributions for the Public Library Journal, and applications for space for advertising, should be addressed to "The Editor, Public Library Journal, Central Library, Cardiff."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling published in this number of the Journal was drawn and etched by Mr. Strang for the *édition de luxe* of Mr. Kipling's writings now being published in 12 vols. by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The edition was strictly limited to 1,050 copies, and the whole number was taken up before publication. Copies are now being sold considerably beyond the published price. An article on Mr. Kipling's writings appears in our present number. The portrait has been reproduced from a block kindly lent by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

We also give as illustrations to this number a view of the North Gate of Cardiff drawn by Paul Sandby in 1776, and a view of Cardiff Castle drawn by Rowlandson at the end of the 18th century. Both are interesting pictures of the Cardiff of long ago. They are reproduced from blocks belonging to the Committee of the Cardiff Exhibition of 1896, and were originally published in "Cardiff: an illustrated Handbook," issued by the Exhibition Committee.

FORWARD!

IN the last number of this Journal some account was given of a scheme for supplying Cardiff with an efficient system of Branch Libraries. The scheme involved, if adopted, an application for Parliamentary sanction to charge the cost of loans for the Library buildings to the Borough Fund instead of to the Library rate.

The scheme has since been submitted to the Corporation, and it is gratifying to record that it was passed unanimously, and that the Parliamentary Bill now being promoted by the Corporation of Cardiff includes a clause which will relieve the Library rate in the manner indicated above.

So far as the Corporation of Cardiff is concerned, therefore, the watchword of the Public Library policy is "Forward," and this policy appears to command the approval of every section of the community. Such a year of progress as that which has just closed indicates more clearly than anything else how large a part the Libraries now occupy in the life of the town. If Parliament sanctions the relief of the Library rate—and it has been sanctioned for about twenty other places—it will be possible to carry out in Cardiff a scheme of Libraries which will give to the outlying districts the advantages which do so much to help the student, to brighten the leisure hours of the sons and daughters of toil, and cheer the weary hours of sickness and pain.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.

THE show case in the Reference Library, which for some time past has been filled with interesting MSS., now contains a collection of facsimiles of royal, historical, literary and other autographs, reproduced from the originals in the British Museum. The collection is arranged in two sections, viz., literary autographs and royal and historical autographs. In the former will be found many interesting items, such as, a part of a poem in the handwriting of Robert Burns, a specimen of the handwriting of John Milton, a pathetic letter written by Charles Dickens the day before his death, a letter from Keats to his sister Fanny, a letter written by Carlyle in 1832, a letter written by Thackeray, and examples of the handwriting of Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, "Junius," Coleridge, Lord Byron, Shelley, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Robert Browning, Lord Tennyson and other eminent literary characters. All these are arranged in chronological order, as are also the examples of royal and historical autographs, which include specimens of

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May 1899

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and pathos; and when the writer, as he sometimes does, condescends to be philosophical, I am the last man to quarrel with him. And there was never a man, even among the greatest, whose verse had so much *movement* in it. Read "The Anchor Song" (another instance too of technical knowledge which seems to leave him nothing to learn in that particular kind); read it aloud, and listen to the stamp of the men's feet, and the wash of the water, and the romping of the wind through the rigging; read, again, the verse at the head of "My Lord the Elephant," and listen to the on-coming of the heavy guns, and the rhythmic thundering tread of the beasts that draw them; and you will agree that so long as there is power in sound, these verses and such as these are not likely to be forgotten.

Personally, I know no mood of mind to which Mr. Kipling has not something useful or even inspiring to say; and it is my belief that the men of this age and of future ages who leave his writings unread will miss a great factor in the comprehension of our time: because he alone has been able to represent that astonishing mixture of incredulity and superstition by which this end of the century is distinguished.

THE LIBRARY AND THE SCHOOLS.

THE visits of the Upper Standards of the Elementary Schools to the Reference Library, where an illustrated lesson is given by the Librarian, have been resumed. Two lessons are given weekly, one to boys on Mondays, and one to girls on Fridays. The subject for the present term is "Bridges," and the children appear to take great delight in the many interesting pictures shown to them, and in the descriptions given. The following schools have already attended, viz.:—

1897.				
Oct.	25.	Adamsdown...	...	... Boys.
,,	29.	,,	...	... Girls.
Nov.	5.	Eleanor Street	...	... Girls.
,,	8.	Wood Street	...	... Boys.
,,	12.	,,	...	... Girls.
,,	15.	South Church Street		... Boys.
,,	16.	Eleanor Street	...	... Boys.
,,	19.	South Church Street		... Girls.
,,	22.	Severn Road	...	... Boys.
,,	26.	,,	...	... Girls.
,,	29.	Splotlands ..	...	... Boys.
Dec.	3.	,, ...	...	... Girls.
,,	6.	Stacey Road	...	... Boys.
,,	10.	,, ...	...	... Girls.
,,	13.	Crwys Road...	...	... Boys.

The dates for the remaining Board Schools are as follows:—

Dec.	17.	Crwys Road...	...	... Girls.
1898.				
Jan.	10.	Grangetown	...	... Boys.
,,	14.	,,	...	... Girls.
,,	17.	Albany Road	...	... Boys.
,,	21.	,,	...	... Girls.
,,	24.	Radnor Road	...	... Boys.
,,	28.	,,	...	... Girls.
,,	31.	Moorland Road	...	... Boys.
Feb.	4.	,,	...	... Girls.
,,	7.	Court Road ...	...	... Boys.
,,	11.	,, ...	..	... Girls.
,,	14.	Roath Park ...	..	... Boys.
,,	18.	,, ...	...	.. Girls.
,,	21.	Lansdowne Road	...	... Boys.
,,	25.	,,	...	... Girls.

TRADE SOCIETIES AND THE LIBRARY.

REPRESENTATIVES of the following Trade Societies have attended at the Library since the beginning of October, and have been shown the books relating to their respective trades, and illustrated and other interesting books, viz.:—

- Bookbinders.
- Painters.
- Gardeners.
- Printers.
- Metal Plate Workers.
- Engineers. (No. 3.)
- Bakers.
- Carpenters.
- Shop Assistants.

A YEAR OF PROGRESS.

THE 35th Annual Report of the Free Libraries Committee, which was presented to the Council on the 9th November last, contains a record of progress unprecedented in the history of the Cardiff Libraries. The total use of the Central Lending and Reference Libraries for the year ending October 31st, 1897, was **222,101** vols., the figures for the previous year being **179,781** vols., or *an increase in one year of* **42,320** *vols*. These figures refer only to the Central Library, and if the use made of the small reference libraries at the six Branches is added to the foregoing, we should get a total use for one year in round figures of **300,000** vols. It is not the quantity alone which has improved; there has also been a marked improvement in the quality of the books used, for while the demand for fiction appears to have remained practically stationary, there has been a marked advance in the use made of every other section of the Library.

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announce that they have taken over from Messrs. Macmillan Co. all the stock of the following books by . .

Rudyard Kipling

Plain Tales From the Hills, . . .	$1.25
The Light that Failed, ...	1.25
Life's Handicap *and* Stories of Mine Own People, ...	1.25
Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw, *and* Wee Willie Winkie, .	1.25
Soldiers Three, The Story of the Gadsbys, *and* In Black and White, . .	1.25
Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads, .	1 25
Soldier Stories, ...	1.50

By Mr. Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

The Naulahka, ...	$1.25

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May 1899

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May 1899

KIPLING.

Work He Has Accomplished at Thirty-three.

Kipling's career offers an opportunity for some striking comparisons as to productivity among authors at Kipling's time of life, his age being thirty-three. In his achievement there is splendid room for reflection over the possibilities in accomplishment that come to youth, and we know nothing in literary history to give a parallel. Not born until our civil war had closed, this man, now the foremost figure in contemporary literature, has to his account a total which, in volumes no less than in quality, most eminent authors have required a long life to produce.

The reader will naturally think of Byron, who died at thirty-six; but the writings of Byron have often been issued in a single volume, and Byron wrote verse alone. When Scott was thirty-three he had reached only the period of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," with "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and his other poems all before him, while the first of the long and splendid series of novels, "Waverley," was not to appear until he was forty-three. When Dickens was thirty-three he had published only his "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "American Notes," and "Martin Chuzzlewit." With Thackeray the early record is still more meagre. Before he was thirty-three Thackeray had published only "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Paris Sketch Book," "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "The Chronicle of the Drum," "The Irish Sketch Book," "Barry Lyndon," and "Jeames's Diary"—none of the works that have given security to his fame. Our own Hawthorne was exactly thirty-three when "Twice-Told Tales," his first writings in book form, (except the suppressed "Fanshawe,") appeared. Cooper at thirty-three had to his account only "Precaution" and "The Spy." Irving had only "Salmagundi" and "Knickerbocker"; Howells had only "Venetian Life," "Italian Journey," and "Suburban Sketches," while Henry James had only produced his first extended novel, "Roderick Hudson." Meanwhile it is interesting to remember that Robert Louis Stevenson when he died was forty-four, that Barrie is now five years older than Kipling, and that Harold Frederic died at forty-two.

Remembering now how wide is his fame and with what universal acclaim his genius has been recognized among all Anglo-Saxon peoples, it is hard to realize that the beginning of his career as an author could have been attended by anything like ridicule. And yet it seems only a few years ago that all the newspapers were printing a couplet which linked his name with that of a writer whom no competent critic ever esteemed—Rider Haggard. That couplet represented a reader as longing for a clime

"Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards ride no more."

His Lawsuit.

The suit of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, brought against the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, in which Mr. Kipling's own authorized publishers also figure, for technical purposes, as defendants, has aroused widespread comment among writers and publishers in this city, as well as among the reading public. On the one hand, it is asserted that what the Messrs. Putnam have done has always been considered one of the prerogatives of the bookseller and of the binder who wished to make his wares as attractive as possible. On the other hand, the partisans of Mr. Kipling claim that the author's rights have been infringed, in that the form in which his books are placed on sale by the Messrs. Putnam tends to make it appear that the collection has the approval and authorization of the author, when, as a matter of fact, it has neither. In other words, the question at stake is, Has the author any rights over his works besides those granted by the bare letter of the copyright law? Has he any moral rights which can be defended by legal means?

As we understand the case, G. P. Putnam's Sons purchased from the authorized publishers of Mr. Kipling's works unbound copies of volumes bearing the copyright imprint and title pages of the respective houses, and on which Mr. Kipling is paid a royalty. Discrimination was shown in the selection. Where the choice lay between a copyrighted and a "pirated" work, the former was always chosen. This was done, not only that Mr. Kipling might secure his usual and proper remuneration, but that nothing might be presented that individually did not have the author's full approval. To the collection of books thus secured were added "Departmental Ditties," which have never been copyrighted, and a volume of anecdotes, &c., by Mr. Will Clemens, entitled "A Ken of Kipling." All these volumes were placed in sets of uniform bindings and exposed for sale exclusively at the stores of G. P. Putnam's Sons and E. P. Dutton & Co. The collection was called, for purposes of advertising, "The Brushwood Edition." The imprint of neither house appears on the volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons and E. P. Dutton & Co. have simply fulfilled the functions of binders, for the convenience of prospective customers. They advertise their work as booksellers. And it may be added that it was decided to leave the much-abused "American Notes" out of the collection, as it was generally believed that the author, in his maturer judgment, did not approve of them, and for very obvious reasons.

It is understood that Mr. Kipling objects to the collection of his works placed on sale as above noted because its general appearance and the means taken to bring it before the public seem to connote the writer's authorization. Particularly may this impression be given, it is claimed, through the fac simile of Mr. Kipling's autograph and the emblem of the elephant, which are stamped upon the covers of the books. Moreover, it is asserted that Mr. Kipling highly disapproves of the insertion of Mr. Clemens's book in the collection and the appearance of "Departmental Ditties." The latter is supposed to contain certain verses which he would like to have passed on to oblivion.

The Putnams have been unable to secure Mr. Kipling's statement of the exact grounds of his grievance, except as presented in the usual legal form. In the meantime, the name "Brushwood Edition" has been removed from all advertising circulars, and it is therein now distinctly stated, in referring to "A Ken of Kipling," that "Nothing in this volume is written or authorized by Mr. Kipling." And it is interesting to note that, while Mr. Kipling's design of the elephant represents the Asiatic animal, that employed on the objectionable covers is a conventionalized form of the African species.

His First Book Sells for $675.

On Monday afternoon of this week the first copy of Rudyard Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" (privately printed in Lahore, India, in 1881) that has come into the open market was sold at Sotheby's, in London, for £135, ($675.) The purchaser's name was not announced, but it is thought that the book was bought for the author, who, naturally enough perhaps, does not wish the production of his early youth to be generally known. The following was the catalogue description of the copy sold:

"'Schoolboy Lyrics,' original wrappers, printed for private circulation only. Lahore, 1881. Excessively rare, if not unique. Printed when the author was only eighteen years old. The manuscript title and design on the cover were done by Mr. Kipling's father."

Though excessively and even extraordinarily rare, the copy was not unique, as another copy is in existence, and is owned by a New York collector. According to the careful collation of the latter copy, made by Luther S. Livingston for The Bookman, Kipling's book has blank white paper covers, a title page and forty-six pages of text, and measures 6¼ by 4⅛ inches. The title page reads: "'Schoolboy Lyrics,' by Rudyard Kipling. Lahore. Printed at the Civil and Military Gazette Press. 1881." The description of the Sotheby copy would seem to imply that the printed title page was lacking, and that Kipling's father had replaced it in manuscript. No matter what its condition might be, however, the first appearance in the auction room of a copy of one of the rarest books in the English language is a bibliographical event of importance.

His Worship of Force and Success.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I read with great pleasure the report of Dr. Felix Adler's recent address in which he condemned the barbarous teachings of much of Rudyard Kipling's philosophy of life. I was particularly pleased that he should have put his finger so unerringly on the vital feature of Kipling's gospel—his worship of force, of materialistic success; success attained by whatever means. There has not been since the days of Napoleon Bonaparte a more frank avowal of the doctrine that might makes right than in the central thought of Kipling's jingo message, his insistence that the strong man, "the man who does things," should be held up to admiration merely because of his doing something.

During the past ten years I have been a careful reader of everything Mr. Kipling has written, and, viewing his work from a purely literary standpoint, consider him an immortal story teller, a poet of the highest order, and a world-compelling genius as an interpreter of certain aspects of life.

But Mr. Kipling is not satisfied to be a mere writer of poems, stories, and novels. Like the Doctor in Stevenson's charming tale, "The Treasure of Franchard," who said: "To the man of science everything comes easy," Mr. Kipling thinks that to the Heaven-inspired genius everything from statesmanship to sociology "comes easy." So he has "views," and a "mission," this mission being to preach the gospel of "imperialism," otherwise the conquest of various black, brown, or white peoples by force of arms and the absorption of their territory by the British Empire. And in one form or another this idea finds expression in nearly all his latest work, particularly in his verse, so that he is everywhere hailed as the foremost exponent of the might and power of England as a conquering nation. It is hardly necessary to give illustrations of these statements, for it is in his character as the singer of the glory of "Greater Britain" that he has won his widest popularity, both in England and the British colonies in all parts of the world.

Of course it will be suggested that the spirit of "The Recessional" was just the reverse of the Jingo spirit. It is true that this canting appeal to the smug complacency of the hypocritical middle-class Englishman professed to regard moral principles as of more importance that battleships and military force, but this was not the real Kipling. The man who has hymned the glory of Tommy Atkins killing brave savages with machine guns, and of torpedo boats drowning shiploads of sailors and marines is hardly the man to ask the kind of a God he believes in to spare his country so that it can commit more butcheries.

I am aware that this is a very unpopular view of Mr. Kipling. This is the period of the "Kipling fetich," and everybody is expected to bow before it. It is surely a vain task to endeavor to persuade idolators that their deity is a repulsive creature of blood and clay, but I think that it is the duty of every one with the least spirit of humanity to protest against the acceptance of the savage, anti-social, and degrading doctrines which are advocated with such genius by Mr. Kipling. The man who calls Cecil Rhodes "the greatest man in the British Empire," and who says that Paul Kruger is "an old hypocrite who should be driven out of the Transvaal by all the power of the empire," may be a great poet and novelist, but he is also an advocate of murder and robbery. That the murder is the killing of innocent Boers and the robbery the stealing of their lands, does not alter the fact that the man who defends cold-blooded murder and high-handed robbery is not a safe guide in matters if public policy.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York, April 15, 1899.

As a Fresh Air Fund.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

There is a fine stimulus to humor in "A. Z. S.'s" greeting to the "good ladies who evidently think Kipling has let too big a draught of God's pure fresh air into the literary kingdom." What the "good ladies" complain of in Kipling's work is that much of the "air" in his stories and poems is not of heavenly origin, and is neither "pure," "fresh," nor "good." For instance, as before quoted, that unquestionably vulgar poem "The Ladies"; also other lines which indorse sentiment like the following:

"Ship me somewhere East of Suez
Where the best is like the worst;
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments.
And a man can raise a thirst."

When the best effort of the best workers in the world's great battlefield are being put forth to encourage respect for the Ten Commandments and to resist the demoralization wrought by uncontrolled thirst and other beastlike attributes of man, it is not for "good ladies"—even in the interest of popular literature—to lavish unbounded and intemperate praise on the man who evidently has not let his muse be worried by moral or religious scruples.

Kipling is a genius; he has written many fine and beautiful things. He has, however, had days of muddy vision, when he has written coarse and unbeautiful things—words which "dying, he might wish to blot." All headlong and indiscriminate worship of his work is foolish—morally and from a literary standpoint. In this respect the "good ladies" have palpably shown more intellectual equilibrium than the men who are falling at the feet of Kipling. For "God's pure, fresh air" we may turn rather to Robert Louis Stevenson, who, without being didactic, has written much to guide and inspire young men. He has never smirched his muse. Kipling, on the contrary, makes the impression that all masculine vices are excusable, because men are men. This is culpable instruction to young men, and mothers of sons cannot love him for it.

A "GOOD LADY."

New Albany, Ind., April 14, 1899.

The Quebec Poem.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

In THE SATURDAY REVIEW of April 15 there appears under the above heading a letter by Mr. John R. Spears, in which he appears to have fallen into a common error as to the Quebec stanza in the "Song of the English." In both the English and American editions of the "Seven Seas" the stanza reads as follows:

"Quebec and Montreal.
Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,
and, fearing no man, wait!"

As the poem originally appeared in The English Illustrated Magazine it contained the objectionable stanza, beginning "From my grey scarp," but better thoughts evidently prevailed, and it was omitted from the published form. The whole poem was considerably altered, this omission and the substitution of a more suitable stanza for Singapore being the most notable changes, while the three stanzas added to the "Song of the Dead," beginning "When Drake went down to the Horn," were entirely new.

WALTER S. ATKIN.

New York, April 15, 1899.

Some of the Others.

To The New York Times's Saturday Review:

Relying on the long-suffering patience that most editors possess, I write to ask whether the excitement about Kipling doesn't show some symptoms of hysteria. It would not be strange if so straightforward and keen-sighted a man as he seems to be should be amused by the outcries of both sides. One is reminded by the passing hullabaloo of what Artemus Ward said to the female Abolitionist who demanded, with frantic shrieks, to be told whether the colored man was not his brother: "Yes, Ma'am," said Artemus, "He is my brother; but he ain't my father and my mother and my aunt in the country. Skurcely!" However much we may owe Mr. Kipling he is not the only living author worthy of any attention, to say nothing of Shakespeare, Cervantes, the author of "Job," and a few other writers now deceased. That Barrie, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Croker, and Bret Harte are at least his equals may be the opinion of some who honor his genius "this side idolatry, as much as any."

WILLIAM WARD CRANE.

Baltimore, April 5, 1899.

Tohere from NY Times April 29/99

A letter from an Ohio post to the editor of an American periodical has been brought to the attention of Literature. The writer is in much anguish of mind of the vogue of Kipling's poetry, in which he fails to discover "pathos, sublimity, or beauty." "He may be a good novelist," adds the complainant. "I do not know about that. I have passed the age when men take an interest in any dreams save their own; so I read no novels; the pages of John Stuart Mill, Emerson or Agassiz would be preferable." And he finds not only that we honor poor poetry, but that we actually do not appreciate that which is sublime. "I wrote . . . a work of 1,800 lines which was never published except in one state; and though it has been commended for patriotic sentiment, fire, finish and sublimity by a few professors, editors and others, the general public, like Pharaoh of old, knows not Joseph and probably never will." Much to our regret, says Literature, we are compelled, by the writer's request, to withhold the name of this poem. Were it otherwise, we might do what lies in our power to break down the "spirit of exclusiveness which prevails"—so concludes the letter—"and which would do in a Burns or Milton to oblivion." This, as has been said in other connections, is important if true.

May 99

Mr. Kipling's Side.

Many and varied have been the alleged causes of the suit that has been brought by Mr. Rudyard Kipling against G. P. Putnam's Sons, in which other publishers figure as "technical defendants." The following facts we are told moved Mr. Kipling to take action.

As is generally known, Mr. Kipling objected to the general make-up and form in which the collection of his works was presented for sale by the Messrs. Putnam and Mr. Dutton, inasmuch as it tended to convey to the purchaser the idea that the collection bore the stamp of the author's approval and authorization. Besides this, he disputes the right of the "binders" to folio into "The Seven Seas" pages containing "The Vampire" and "The Recessional." The former poem, he says, he wrote as a bit of doggerel to an artist friend. He never intended that it should reach the public eye at all. In the collection is a book called "Departmental Ditties," the publication of which the author has never authorized in any way.

Now, as to "A Ken of Kipling," by Will Clemens. This volume was published, it is declared, contrary to the wish of Mr. Kipling. On two points particularly does Mr. Kipling wish to repudiate the author's work. There is a description in the volume purporting to tell how Mr. Kipling wrote "The Recessional." This is placed between quotation marks. Mr. Kipling denies ever having made the statements attributed to him in this chapter. There is also a double quatrain which, it is said, was written by Mr. Kipling and sent by him to Miss Julia Marlowe. Mr. Kipling denies ever having written this poem, the phrasing of which is in the first person, ending with the name "Rudyard Kipling." With this volume has been folloed the table of contents of the entire collection, thus, as Mr. Kipling says, emphasizing, as it were, his stamp of approval on the book and the collection.

Mr. Kipling, we are told, deeply realizes the debt of gratitude he owes to the people of this country for their kindness to him, but in bringing this suit he believes he is defending his property, if not like an author, at any rate like a man.

Swallowing Mars.

From Chambers's Journal

Among the rare books which within a few days have been purchased by Americans in the English book sales are a copy of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics," published at Lahore in 1881, when the author was still in his teens, realizing £135, and "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England," which actually brought £510. These books were sold at Sotheby's, in London. "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" formed the skeleton which Shakespeare vitalized, containing the outlines of the characters of his "King John," and most of the principal scenes. The old play is strongly anti-Catholic. This Shakespeare, with his usual good sense, dispensed with. Another Kipling relic at the same sale was a very rare first edition—in the original wrapper with the front flap—of "Departmental Ditties" (1886), which went for £19 15s. But a first edition of Dickens—of the "Sketches of Boz"—fetched £23; and yet Dickens is said to be out of fashion.

May 99

DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE COMPANY will publish early in June new editions from new plates of those volumes by Kipling, the rights of which they recently purchased from The Macmillan Company. The author has revised thoroughly at least two of the volumes—"Plain Tales from the Hills" and "The Light that Failed." Many pages of the latter, it is said, have been entirely rewritten. They will publish at the same time Kipling's latest volume, "From Sea to Sea," which will include some hitherto unpublished matter, the first accurate text of the "American Notes," "The Smith Administration," "Letters of Marque," and "The City of Dreadful Night."

Pub Weekly May 20/99

62 KIPLING. The Story of the Gadsbys. Allahabad. n. d. (No. 2.) 16 00

63 KIPLING. In Black and White. Allahabad. n. d. (No. 3.) 20 00

64 KIPLING. Under the Deodars. Allahabad. n. d. (No. 4.) 17 50

65 KIPLING. The Phantom 'Rickshaw and other Tales. Allahabad. n. d. (No. 5.) 20 00

66 KIPLING. Wee Willie Winkie, and other Child Stories. Allahabad. n. d. (No. 6.) 18 50

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67 KIPLING. The Jungle Book (and) The Second Jungle Book. 2 volumes, cr. 8vo., original cloth. 9 00

*Fresh copies of the First Editions, not from a library.

68 KIPLING. Letters of Marque. Allahabad, *Wheeler*, 1891. 50 00

*An interesting copy of this rare work, being an early sample copy of the issue, BEFORE THE ADDITION OF THE IMPRINT of The Pioneer Press on the last page. This copy, which is bound in grey cloth, bears the autograph of "E. W. Bulkeley, Pioneer Press, Allahabad, 1891," on half-title, and the following, signed by him, on the fly-leaf "This edition of Letters of Marque was published in India only." This copy is somewhat larger than the regular issue.

69 KIPLING. Quartette, the Christmas Annual of the Civil and Military Gazette. By Four Anglo-Indian Writers. Lahore: *The Civil and Military Gazette Press*, 1885. Tall 8vo, hf. morocco, gilt back and top, (by Zaehnsdorf), *with the original covers bound in.* 75 00

*Very rare. Copies like the above, with both covers, and with all of the 14 pages of advertisements, seldom occur. A copy lacking one cover and some of the leaves of advertisements sold at Sotheby's for £12.

70 KIPLING. Soldiers Three. 1889. *Third edition.* Rare; Story of the Gadsbys. 1889. *Second edition.* Rare; In Black and White. 1889. *Second edition.* Rare; Under the Deodars. n. d. *First edition.*—Found in 1 vol., roan

58 KIPLING. The City of Dreadful Night AND OTHER PLACES Depicted by Rudyard Kipling. Allahabad, *A. H. Wheeler & Co.*, 1891. 27 50

*The rare FIRST EDITION of this suppressed work, in the original illustrated wrappers. This is No. 14, of Wheeler's Indian Railway Library, and ranks second in rarity to *Soldiers Three.*

It will be seen that the title of this volume differs somewhat from that of No. 57. An additional article (The Council of the Gods), is included in this volume in the City of Dreadful Night series. The remainder of the volume is composed of seven sketches which were not printed in the 1890 volume, and which have been reprinted only in the London issue described below.

59 KIPLING. The City of Dreadful Night AND OTHER PLACES. Depicted by Rudyard Kipling. Allahabad and London, n. d. Original wrappers. 3 00

*The original English issue, which was withdrawn from sale. This copy has the publishers' printed slip, often lacking.

60 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties, and other Verses. London, *Thacker*, 1898. 6 50

*The limited LIBRARY EDITION, supplementing Macmillan's Limited Edition, with which it is uniform in size and binding. Out of print and rare.

KIPLING. *Indian Railway Library Series.*

The following six numbers (61 to 66 inclusive), together with No. 58 above, form a complete set of those works which were first issued in Wheeler & Co's INDIAN RAILWAY LIBRARY. They are all genuine first editions, printed at the Pioneer Press (Allahabad), and are in the original wrappers, with all of the advertisements intact. There are spurious reissues of most of the volumes, which differ in collation, type and other particulars from the original issues, but which are frequently described as first editions. The volumes are offered separately as described, or together as a set, 7 volumes, for 150 00

61 KIPLING. Soldiers Three. A Collection of Stories, setting forth certain Passages in the Lives and Adventures of Privates Terence Mulvaney, Stanley Ortheris and John Learoyd. Allahabad, 1888. 65 00

*No. 1 of the Railway Library, and the rarest of the series.

Day's Work. London, 1898.
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departments of G. P. Putnam's Sons and E. P. Dutton & Co., adjoining each other on Twenty-third Street, while keen business rivals, have kept in cordial business touch with each other instead of in "cut-throat" opposition, and by arrangement between the two some of these sets were taken by E. P. Dutton & Co. for their retail shop. These sets have not been sold to the trade or marketed otherwise than through these two bookstores.

copies would probably because of this enterprise which might not otherwise be sold. There would seem to be no reservation in these copyright editions preventing their being bound in some other shape, and indeed it is a much mooted question whether any such restriction on copyright books could be legally or practically made effective. That question is being raised in the trade in another way, in connection with the rebinding of paper-covered editions in cloth

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Leader May 14-99

A BELATED KINDNESS.

[THE McGILL University, Montreal, has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

Why have you been so long, McGill?
Where were you when our friend was ill?
It's surely wrong to wait until
He's well to "doctor" him.

MR. KIPLING, as a matter of fact, is particularly pleased that this honour, the first of its kind (and the first, doubtless, of a long list), should come to him from the Lady of Snows, or, as he puts it in his letter of acceptance, from "the elder sister of the new nations within the Empire."

APROPOS of the new Doctor of Laws, the Duke of York is said to have remarked, concerning the attention paid by the papers to his recent indisposition: "Really, I might be Kipling."

Academy May 13/99

184 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. Lahore, 1886. Long 8vo, original printed wrappers, with the flap, in perfect condition. 125 00

* A remarkable copy in fine fresh state. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

To Control Kipling's Works.

London, May 11.—The Mail says a group of American and English literary agents has formed a syndicate for the purpose of controlling the future productions of Rudyard Kipling.

53 JEFFERIES (Richard). A Memoir of the Goddards of North Wilts, compiled from ancient records, registers, and family papers. Swindon. Sm. 4to, original cloth. 15 00

*FIRST EDITION of Jefferies' first book. Privately printed and rare. Presentation copy from the author.

54 JEFFERIES. Jack Brass, Emperor of England. London, 1873. 8vo, original wrappers. 7 50

*FIRST EDITION of the author's second work. Rare.

55 KELMSCOTT PRESS. Two Specimen Leaves from the projected edition of FROISSART, issued to preserve the designs of WILLIAM MORRIS. *Framed in oak and glazed.* 30 00

*PRINTED ON VELLUM. Only 150 were issued.

56 KIPLING (Rudyard). Barrack Room Ballads, and other Verses. London, 1892. *First Edition.* 5 00

57 KIPLING. The City of Dreadful Night, AND OTHER SKETCHES. Allahabad: *A. H. Wheeler & Co.*, 1890. 900 00

See frontispiece of this catalogue. This octavo volume, of some one hundred pages, may be termed the RAREST OF MR. KIPLING'S BOOKS. Only three copies were preserved, of which the present copy is the ONLY ONE OBTAINABLE.

The volume is bound in brown cloth, and bears the following inscription on fly-leaf:

"Of this book an edition of 3,000 copies printed for Wheeler & Co., was cancelled. A new volume bearing the same title was subsequently issued by the Pioneer Press, but containing different matter to that found in this volume. Of the cancelled edition three copies only were preserved. E. W. Bulkeley, General Manager. Pioneer Press, Allahabad, Sept., 1890."

The seven articles on Calcutta, under the general title of "The City of Dreadful Night" were reprinted in the volume issued in 1891, and in the undated London issue, both of which are described below.

The remaining and greater portion of the present volume, COMPRISING ELEVEN INTERESTING AND VERY CHARACTERISTIC STORIES OF INDIAN LIFE, HAS NEVER BEEN REPRINTED.

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Academy May 13/99

185 KIPLING (Rudyard). The Day's Work. London, 1898. Cr. 8vo, cloth. *First Edition.* 3 00

186 KIPLING. A Fleet in Being. London, 1898. 8vo, wrappers. 1 00

*FIRST EDITION. Later issues were bound in cloth.

187 KIPLING. The Horsmonden School Budget, COMPLETE FROM THE COMMENCEMENT in October, 1897, to June, 1898, inclusive. *Illustrations, including caricature of Rudyard Kipling by Max Beerbohm, portrait of Max Pemberton, etc.* 13 numbers, 12mo, original colored covers, as issued. Horsmonden, 1897-98.

* Contains the very rare Kipling Numbers. Issued by the boys at Horsmonden School, Kent, England, for strictly local circulation. The text is lithographed throughout.

188 KIPLING. Out of India: Things I saw, and failed to see, in certain days and nights at Jeypore and elsewhere. New York, 1895. Stout cr. 8vo, cloth. 7 50

ORIGINAL EDITION. Suppressed and rare.

189 MARCHMONT (F.) The Three Cruikshanks: A Bibliographical Catalogue, describing more than 500 of their works. With their present market values. *Illustrations.* London, 1897. 8vo, hf. morocco, gilt top, uncut. 3 00

190 MARTYN (Joseph). New Epigrams and a Satyre. London: *printed by G. Eld, dwelling in Little Britain*, 1621. Sm. 4to, hf. roan. 35 00

* Fine clean copy of the FIRST EDITION. Sir M. M. Sykes' copy sold for £6.10.0, and Corser's in 1870, for £5.5.0. One of the epigrams is on "Verinus, a Tobacco Taker."

191 MORRIS (William, *editor*) Good King Wenceslas: a Carol written by Dr. Neale, and *pictured by* ARTHUR GASKIN, with an INTRODUCTION by WILLIAM MORRIS. Birmingham, 1895. 4to, original Kelmscott binding, uncut. 8 00

FIRST EDITION. Large hand-made paper copy. Only 125 printed

departments of G. P. Putnam's Sons and E. P. Dutton & Co., adjoining each other on Twenty-third Street, while keen business rivals, have kept in cordial business touch with each other instead of in "cut-throat" opposition, and by arrangement between the two some of these sets were taken by E. P. Dutton & Co. for their retail shop. These sets have not been sold to the trade or marketed otherwise than through these two bookstores.

copies would probably because of this enterprise which might not otherwise be sold. There would seem to be no reservation in these copyright editions preventing their being bound in some other shape, and indeed it is a much mooted question whether any such restriction on copyright books could be legally or practically made effective. That question is being raised in the trade in another way, in connection with the rebinding of paper-covered editions in cloth

184 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. Lahore, 1886. Long 8vo, original printed wrappers, with the flap, in perfect condition. 125 00

* A remarkable copy in fine fresh state. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

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Leader May 14-99

To Control Kipling's Works.

London, May 11.—The Mail says a group of American and English literary agents has formed a syndicate for the purpose of controlling the future productions of Rudyard Kipling.

192 Stevenson (Robert Louis). Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes. *Many illustrations.* London: *Seeley*, 1889. Cr. 8vo, hf. roxburghe, gilt top, uncut. 6 00

* Original uncut issue of the First Octavo Edition, ranging in size with Stevenson's other volumes. A second issue appeared with the same date, but in cloth with trimmed edges.

193 Stevenson. The New Amphion, being the Book of the Edinburgh University Fancy Fair. Edinburgh, 1886. Sm. 8vo, vellum, gilt top, *uncut.* 10 00

* Large paper copy of the Original Edition. The small paper copies were issued in parchment, with cut edges. Contains original contributions by Stevenson, Browning, Lang, and others.

194 Stevenson. Voluntaries for an East London Hospital; by the Earl of Lytton [and others]. London, 1887. Cr. 8vo, cloth. 4 50

First Edition. Contains Original Contributions by Stevenson ("Ad Matrem"); Andrew Lang ("Ballade of the Dream"); Austin Dobson ("To the Mammoth Tortoise"); W. E. Henley ("Hospital Sketches"); &c.

195 Tennyson (Lord). A Complete Set, in the original bindings as issued, and in matchless condition, of Tennyson's earlier publications, as follows:

Poems by Two Brothers, 1827.
Poems, chiefly Lyrical, 1830.
Poems, 1833.
Poems, 1842. 2 volumes.
The Princess, 1847.

The above set was formed by Mr. Egerton Clarke. *The Princess* was issued in cloth. The other volumes are in the original boards, unbroken, with uncut edges; with all the fly-leaves and pages of advertisements; and with the very rare paper labels, in perfect condition. The *Poems by Two Brothers* is, in this condition, in all probability unique.

Together 6 volumes, each preserved in a pretty and tasteful blue levant morocco drop-case, with the backs uniformly tooled. 475 00

If this book an edition of 3000 copies printed for Wheeler & Co was cancelled. A new volume bearing the same title was subsequently issued by the Pioneer Press, but containing different matter to that found in this volume of the cancelled edition three copies only were preserved

E. W. Buckley
General Manager

Pioneer Press
Allahabad.
Sept 1890

[*Fac-simile of an inscription on the fly-leaf of a copy of the suppressed first issue of Kipling's "City of Dreadful Night." See No. 57, page 11, of this Catalogue.*]

was used as a binding decoration. The retail departments of G. P. Putnam's Sons and of E. P. Dutton & Co., adjoining each other on Twenty-third Street, while keen business rivals, have kept in cordial business touch with each other instead of in "cut-throat" opposition, and by arrangement between the two some of these sets were taken by E. P. Dutton & Co. for their retail shop. These sets have not been sold to the trade or marketed otherwise than through these two bookstores.

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Academy May 13/99

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Globe May 14-99

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BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A. H. WHEELER & Co.,

ALLAHABAD.

1890.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

[*See No. 57, page 11, of this Catalogue.*]

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A BELATED KINDNESS.

[THE McGill University, Montreal, has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

Why have you been so long, McGill?
Where were you when our friend was ill?
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Academy May 13/99

The Publishers' Weekly.

FOUNDED BY F. LEYPOLDT.

APRIL 29, 1899.

The editor does not hold himself responsible for the views expressed in contributed articles or communications. All matter, whether for the reading-matter columns or advertising pages, should reach this office not later than Wednesday noon, to insure insertion in the same week's issue.

Books for the "Weekly Record," as well as all information intended for that department, must reach this office by Tuesday morning of each week.

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and an ornament thereunto."—LORD BACON.

MR. KIPLING'S CONTROVERSY.

ONE of the most curious suits in the history of copyright is that brought by Rudyard Kipling against G. P. Putnam's Sons, to prevent the sale of his books, in their copyright editions, in the form in which the Putnams, as retail booksellers, have bound them together.

Some months ago, in view of the demand among their customers for Kipling's books in uniform shape—the only collected edition being that sold by subscription by Charles Scribner s Sons—the retail department of the Putnams purchased sheets of the copyright trade editions of all his copyrighted works from Kipling's authorized publishers, with the avowed purpose of binding them in uniform shape and selling them as a set. Some of Kipling's earlier works have no American copyright; but these also were purchased in authorized editions from the publishers who paid Kipling royalty. One book, "Departmental Ditties," etc., Kipling has preferred not to reissue in an authorized edition; but numerous editions have been printed and are sold, we believe, in all bookstores. The Putnams purchased copies of an existing edition of this book, and added also an appendix volume including "A Ken of Kipling," by W. M. Clemens, and a general index, making a set of fifteen volumes. This set was advertised as the *Brushwood edition*, and in one form of binding a device of an elephant's head, associated with a number of Kipling's works, was used as a binding decoration. The retail departments of G. P. Putnam's Sons and of E. P. Dutton & Co., adjoining each other on Twenty-third Street, while keen business rivals, have kept in cordial business touch with each other instead of in "cut-throat" opposition, and by arrangement between the two some of these sets were taken by E. P. Dutton & Co. for their retail shop. These sets have not been sold to the trade or marketed otherwise than through these two bookstores.

It has been a common practice of booksellers for years to bind up sets of authors, in various styles of binding, for their customers, at the holiday season and at other times, in some instances collecting from several publishers, as in the present case, different volumes needed to make a collected set. The difference in the present case is that, as retailers, these firms went a step further, and advertised this as the *Brushwood edition*, suggesting publishing relations. Also, there was included a volume which Kipling had desired not to continue under his authorization—involving a question of comity, difficult in view of the fact that this book was sold at all the bookstores in many editions. The head of the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, himself an author as well as publisher, has been foremost in defending not only copyright protection for authors, but all the equities connected with authorship, and there is no firm in the publishing trade less likely to do a purposed wrong to an author. This collection was looked upon as so entirely a bookselling rather than a publishing enterprise that no questions of this sort were raised either by Kipling's publishers from whom the books were bought, nor within the firm, nor, probably because of his illness, from Kipling's point of view. Unfortunately, on Kipling's recovery questions were raised in acrimonious shape, notwithstanding which there was a cordial endeavor on the part of friends to make a satisfactory arrangement out of court. This has been met, however, by a demand for withdrawal of the volumes from the market and substantial damages. Suit has been entered, but on just what grounds is not yet known, beyond general information that a claim is made, under the copyright law, that question is raised as to the use of the elephant's head as a Kipling trademark, and that Kipling seeks reparation for what he considers an "outrageous attack" upon his rights.

It is difficult to see what claim can be made under copyright law. The copyright books used are used in their copyright editions, on which full royalty is paid to the author. The enterprise of the booksellers would seem to increase rather than lessen Kipling's pecuniary returns, since some copies would probably be sold in these sets because of this enterprise which might not otherwise be sold. There would seem to be no reservation in these copyright editions preventing their being bound in some other shape, and indeed it is a much mooted question whether any such restriction on copyright books could be legally or practically made effective. That question is being raised in the trade in another way, in connection with the rebinding of paper-covered editions in cloth

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Leader May 14-99

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* A remarkable copy in fine fresh state. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

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Academy May 13/99

by jobbers or retailers. We have not sufficient information as to the nature of the trade-mark claim to venture any suggestion of opinion. Doubtless the real gist of the matter is in seeming to put before the public an edition of a living author, as a collected edition, against the wishes of that author, and to some extent in rivalry with a collected edition, sold by subscription, which he has authorized. Here there is involved a question of equity on which there are certainly two sides. Messrs. Putnam have met this in a measure by withdrawing the title *Brushwood edition*, and presenting the set simply as a "complete collection," coupling with it the specific statement that the set "is made up by collecting from the several publishers of the authorized copyright editions the volumes issued by them (seven bearing the imprint of Macmillan, three of the Century Co., two of Appleton, and one of Doubleday & McClure Co.) To these is added the 'Departmental Ditties,' published by Henry T. Coates & Co., of which there is no copyright edition."

As a bookselling enterprise, in its present shape, with the clear statement of fact which we have quoted, there would seem to be little if any reason for complaint on the part of the author. As a *Brushwood edition*, apparently a publishing enterprise in competition with his regular publishers, there would certainly be more ground for complaint. It is much to be regretted that the friendly endeavors to make a satisfactory arrangement out of court have not been successful. The legal developments in this curious and quite unprecedented case will be watched with much interest. R. R. B.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, head of the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, was married at Canandaigua, N. Y., on April 27, to Miss Emily James Smith, Dean of Barnard College, and daughter of Judge Smith of Canandaigua. Mr. and Mrs. Putnam sail at once for Europe, where Mr. Putnam will be one of the delegates to the international conference of publishers. One of the pleasantest episodes of the wedding was the presentation of a loving cup to Mr. Putnam from representative members of several of the firms whose names are best known and most honored in the New York publishing trade. Messrs. J. Henry Harper, W. W. Appleton, Charles Scribner, Henry Holt, and G. H. Putnam have been in pleasantly close personal associations, so the loving cup came with its five handles, "with the love of Harper, with the love of Appleton, with the love of Scribner, with the love of Holt, for love of Putnam," as a very pleasant symbol of friendly business relations.

KIPLING SUES G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

RUDYARD KIPLING has brought suit in the United States Circuit Court against G. P. Putnam's Sons, D. Appleton & Co., Doubleday & McClure Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, and The Century Company, to recover $25,000 damages, sustained by alleged infringements of copyrights. All but G. P. Putnam's Sons have been notified that they are only technical defendants. There is an element of mystery about this suit, and comment must be withheld until the motives of the plaintiff are made public. The Putnams are not conscious that they have infringed in any manner Kipling's rights. They have not reprinted any of Kipling's works nor do they claim to have published anything by him. Their retail department simply purchased sheets of Kipling's copyright books published by all the defendants named, except Charles Scribner's Sons, and bound them in various styles of leather binding. These works, while uniform in exterior, preserved inside the material just as issued by Kipling's authorized publishers, with the original title-pages and imprints. To make a set of a certain number of volumes, Will M. Clemens's "Ken of Kipling," and other Kiplingiana, and an index were added. The whole was advertised as the *Brushwood edition*, and was marketed jointly by the retail departments of G. P. Putnam's Sons and E. P. Dutton & Co. The Putnams have tried in every way to get Kipling or his attorney to give them some specific complaint or reason for dissatisfaction, but they have until now been unable to get any statement that would help them to clear up the matter. In the following interview between a representative of the New York *Tribune* and Irving Putnam, the head of the retail department of G. P. Putnam's Sons, will be found an amplification of the epitome of the facts as given above:

. . . "We have done our best to find out from Mr. Kipling the nature of his grievance, in order that we might settle it, if possible, without going into court; but he has told us nothing. We would have been glad, and were anxious, to effect any reasonable compromise, and we were willing to give up a good deal to avoid just such a trouble as this, but Mr. Kipling has refused to give us any specific information, and we are still in the dark as to the cause of this suit Our only knowledge is contained in the præcipe for summons, and there's nothing there. Mr. Kipling simply says: 'You've wronged me; now stop, and pay damages.'

"The trouble probably lies—although I do not see that we have done any wrong there—in our custom of buying unbound from Mr. Kipling's publishers the printed sheets of his works, and then binding them ourselves and selling them. Our retail shop, in conjunction with our neighbor, E. P. Dutton & Co., bought from the several publishers of his works a number of copies each of his different books as follows: Copies of seven different works from the Macmillan Company, three from the Century Company, two from D. Appleton & Co., and one from the Doubleday & McClure Company. We bought these printed sheets in unbound form and put our own covers on them—an ordinary custom in the book business from time immemorial. These books are in each case

184 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. Lahore, 1886. Long 8vo, original printed wrappers, with the flap, in perfect condition. 125 00
* A remarkable copy in fine fresh state. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

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Leader May 14-99

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A BELATED KINDNESS.

[THE McGILL University, Montreal, has conferred th
of LL.D. upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

Why have you been so long, McGill?
Where were you when our friend was ill
It's surely wrong to wait until
He's well to "doctor" him.

MR. KIPLING, as a matter of fact, is particularly
that this honour, the first of its kind (and the first,
less, of a long list), should come to him from the Lady of
Snows, or, as he puts it in his letter of acceptance, from
"the elder sister of the new nations within the Empire."

APROPOS of the new Doctor of Laws, the Duke of York
is said to have remarked, concerning the attention paid
by the papers to his recent indisposition: "Really, I
might be Kipling."

Academy May 13/99

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the authorized copyright edition, and Mr. Kipling presumably gets royalty on each copy sold. There is one book of his called 'Departmental Ditties,' consisting of his earlier Indian poems, which for some reason he does not seem to wish to perpetuate. We knew nothing of this feeling when we bought the books. Of this work there is no authorized copyright edition, but it happens to be material that the public thinks most highly of. This is not included in the *Outward Bound edition*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and especially selected and compiled by himself, and we thought it a good stroke of business to include in our complete collected edition. If we had known of the author's reluctance to have these poems perpetuated we would perhaps not have included them out of principles of comity and courtesy, but we have never received such an intimation from the author. These poems happen to constitute one of the most popular of his books, and in form of various editions have been in the market for eight years. As there is no author's copyrighted edition we bought the best available edition possible—that published by Henry T. Coates & Co., of Philadelphia. These several sheets we bound up in various styles of cloth and leather binding, making a collection that was uniform in exterior, but preserving inside the material just as published, together with the title-pages and imprints of the several publishers. We learned only incidentally that Mr. Kipling objected to this collection, and we have been vainly trying ever since to find out in what particular he considered himself wronged. As soon as we heard that there was any objection on his part, at the suggestion of a mutual friend (W.W. Appleton), we assented to an interview with Mr. Kipling's representative, arranged for March 25. On the day before the proposed interview we received from Mr. Kipling's representative a letter cancelling the interview until Mr. Kipling should be able to see his friends himself. Three days afterward, to our surprise, Messrs. Dutton and ourselves each received a letter from Mr. Kipling's lawyer, stating briefly that Mr. Kipling considered his rights infringed by the sale of this collection, which we had called the *Brushwood edition* and requesting that the sale be at once stopped. As we were particularly sensitive of being accused of invading an author's rights and as we strenuously deprecated having any disagreement between Mr. Kipling and our house, we advised our counsel to exhaust every reasonable resource to bring about a compromise. We suggested that he see Mr. Kipling and obtain specifications of Mr. Kipling's complaint. Our lawyer wrote to Mr. Kipling's counsel, and received a letter from Mr. Gurlitz, stating that his client was 'righteously indignant over our appropriation of his property,' and that the only possible settlement was on the basis of a withdrawal of the books for sale, an accounting to Mr. Kipling, and substantial damages.

"We recognized the misfortune of bringing the matter into court, and again suggested that the matter be settled by arbitration or any other method of redress which would not make the affair public. To that letter we received no response, except for this information of the beginning of a suit. We have published nothing, but have simply, as retail booksellers, bound editions published by other houses. Mr. Kipling is, therefore, through his agents, the Macmillan Company and others, selling us material and taking our money on the one hand, while at the same time saying, on the other hand, 'Don't you sell it.'

"We tried for three weeks to get specifications from Mr. Kipling, but they were refused, and we must infer that he simply doesn't like the way his books are put up. In our binding, printing and insignia and titles of different sorts we have infringed no rights of trademarks or copyright, so that I don't yet see where the action lies, either legally or reasonably. Another thing, I don't see why Charles Scribner's Sons are mentioned in the præcipe, while the Macmillan Company is not. We bought no books or unprinted sheets from the former, and have no connection with them in the matter, while we bought copies of seven different works from the Macmillan Company, and still they are not mentioned."

The taking of testimony in the suit was begun on the 27th inst. before United States Commissioner John A. Shields. This course is usual when the witnesses in a suit are about to leave the country and the testimony cannot be taken at a regular session of the court.

The first witness called was John Lockwood Kipling, the father of the author. He was shown six illustrations of facsimiles of covers designed for some of his son's earlier works. The titles of the books were "Soldiers Three," "Story of the Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Wee Willie Winkie," "Under the Deodars," and "Phantom 'Rickshaw." The witness identified the illustrations as identical with designs made by him for his son's earlier works. His son requested that an elephant's head be placed in each. The witness swore that he never authorized G. P. Putnam's Sons to use this design on cover, binding, or title-pages of books published by them. The design also appears on Scribner's *Outward Bound edition* of Rudyard Kipling's works. He had measured the designs, and found them to be the same in size. He was shown a set of what purported to be the *Brushwood edition* of Kipling's works, consisting of fourteen volumes and index, and identified it as a set which he purchased at G. P. Putnam's Sons on the day before.

Upon cross-examination Mr. Kipling said that he made the designs for the earlier works of his son in 1888 or 1889, at Alla Haba; in fact, he had put in the drawings the elephant's head and the *Swastika* sign at his son's special request. He also said that for the edition published by Charles Scribner's Sons he made a model in terra-cotta, and made a photograph of the model, which was reproduced on the *Outward Bound edition*. The elephant's trunk in these designs held a lotus flower. He swore there was no beard on the elephant, only the strongly marked chops. The Putnams' representation of the elephant showed the right side instead of the left side, with a circle of black and gold; there was no lotus flower or symbol. The old 1888 design showed the elephant full face, and was prepared for A. H. Wheeler, of the Indian Railway Library.

The next witness was A. P. Watt, of London. He testified that he was a literary agent. He received the works of authors and found a market for them. He had been in this business

for twenty years. Witness had been three weeks in this country, at Rudyard Kipling's request, to examine an authorized edition of his works. He had seen the advertisements of the Putnams and also those of E. P. Dutton & Co. He had never made any arrangements for the publication of the *Brushwood edition*. He saw the edition at Putnam's office, but did not go into the store.

A volume of the Putnam edition entitled "The Seven Seas" and printed by D. Appleton & Co. was shown the witness. On page 211 was found "The Vampire" and on page 215 "The Recessional." The witness swore that Appleton & Co. had never received the right to publish these two poems. In cross-examination his attention was called to the inscription, "Critic Leaflet Company, 1898," at the bottom of the pages containing the poems. This did not make them title-pages, the witness said, and he gave his opinion that the matter was wrongly included by the Putnams in a volume published by D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Watt testified that the titles of Kipling's works and the first lines of poems arranged alphabetically in "A Ken of Kipling" were parts of the writings of that author, and that their publication in the "Ken" was not authorized. The "Ken" is furnished in the Putnam set with a facsimile of Kipling's autograph across the cover and the elephant's head and the words "*Brushwood Edition*. Rudyard Kipling" on the back. Attorney for plaintiff made the point that a book not written by Kipling was published under his name. It was said at the examination that Rudyard Kipling might go on the witness-stand before returning to England. Examination of witnesses will be continued next week.

HOW HE ABSORBS DETAIL.

Some Curious and Interesting Methods Adopted by Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling's methods of absorbing detail are very curious and interesting," said Mr. Lyman D. Bentley, formerly with the Baldwin Locomotive Company. "Some years ago, while he was visiting the shops at New Haven, he met a skilled workman named Cressy, and immediately proceeded to pump him about engine building. Cressy did not fully appreciate the honor that was paid him, but he was flattered by the novelist's interest, and the two went all over a big eight-wheel express flier that was standing in the yard. Kipling said he had lots of books on the subject, but they didn't tell him the things he wished to know. What he wanted was a real engineer or builder's idea of the machine, and he was particulaly eager to learn the colloquial names of the parts. He took no notes, but about a month later he was in New Haven again, and hunted up the mechanic.

"'Look here, Cressy,' he said, producing a rough sketch on a card of one of the valves of the brakegear, 'I wish you'd tell me again just how this thing works.'

"Cressy explained, and Kipling laughed delightedly.

"'I've got it now!' he exclaimed.

"I mention the incident because it seems to throw some light on his astonishing command of technicalities."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Leader May 14-99

184 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. Lahore, 1886. Long 8vo, original printed wrappers, with the flap, in perfect condition. 125 00

* A remarkable copy in fine fresh state. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

To Control Kipling's Works.

London, May 11.—The Mail says a group of American and English literary agents has formed a syndicate for the purpose of controlling the future productions of Rudyard Kipling.

KIPLING'S OLD HOME.

LAHORE FULL OF INTEREST.

Picturesque Indian City Where Mulvaney Used to Live—The Famous Writer Half Forgotten by His Former Associates.

Special Correspondence to The Chicago Record.

Lahore, India, Feb. 20.—"So this is where Mulvaney and Ortheris and Learoyd used to live," said the visitor to the stocky Oxfordshire "Tommy Atkins" who was guiding him through the old fort at Lahore. Everything that met his eyes seemed so Kipling—

the long, low barracks, the parade ground, the groups of English soldiers, the officers' quarters, all reminded him of Kipling's matchless soldier stories.

"I don't know the names o' them old Johnnies as lived 'ere, but yonder's the tomb o' one of 'em." It was the tomb of Maharajah Ranjit Singh.

"'Ere's the married quarters," and her majesty's soldier waved his stick knowingly at a long blue and white building of plastered mud, with many low arches leading into the veranda, and with groups of tow-headed children flocking in and out, and a few strings of washing hung up to dry. It was sufficiently domestic and populous to suggest the presence of matrimony.

"When did Mulvaney and Ortheris and Learoyd live here?" the visitor asked, for he was anxious to find out some of the inner history of those soldiers three that Kipling has made famous, and hear the story from one of their own brothers-in-arms on the old stamping ground.

The soldier was silent. So the two walked on through the fort, past the blue 'dobe barracks and parade ground, the soldier's heavy shoes clumping stolidly on the paving stones and the visitor awaiting expectantly for the personal reminiscences that he felt were now being framed.

"'Ere's the harmory," said the soldier, indicating a building.

"Kipling's certainly made Lahore famous.

ROOKUN-UD-DIN, THE FOREMAN.
(Sketched by THE RECORD'S artist-correspondent, John T. McCutcheon.)

He's written some great stories about the British soldiers up here in the Panjab."

Still no outburst of confidence from Tommy.

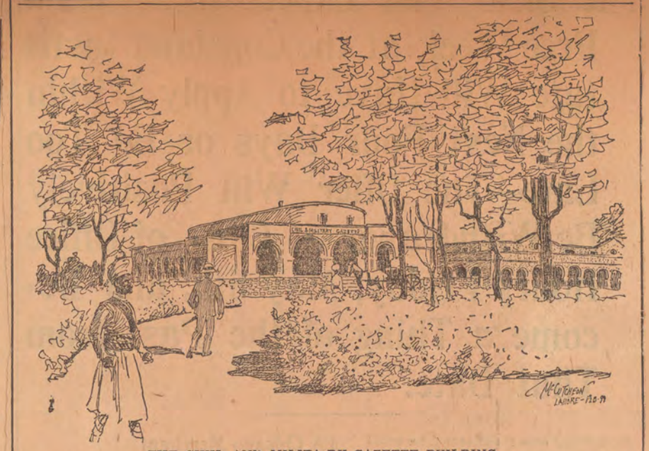
"You've read some of Kipling's stories, haven't you?" asked the visitor, a terrible fear creeping over him.

"I don't remember the name, sir."

"Kipling—Rudyard Kipling. He used to work on the Civil and Military Gazette here. He started out here, you know, and wrote about the soldiers of the fort and out at Mian Meer cantonments for six or seven years. He's made a big reputation."

"I've read a good many stories about the soldiers, but I'm not good at remembering names. I cannot remember the names of any of the reporters that comes 'ere. Now we'll go on to the hofficers' mess. In the hold days it used to be the rajah's audience 'all.'"

And this happened in Lahore, where Mr. Kipling made his first mark, and where every scene is clearly associated with his earlier and most charming Indian stories.



THE CIVIL AND MILITA RY GAZETTE BUILDING.
(Sketched by THE RECORD'S artist-correspondent, John T. McCutcheon.)

Kipling Half Forgotten.

Lahore and the northwestern part of India are full of Kipling, for the greater number of his Indian tales relate to Lahore, Simla and the Punjab frontier. When he was a young man he started to work on the Civil and Military Gazette in Lahore, and for seven years was connected with that paper, doing all kinds of work. The newspaper office is about the same as it was in those days. Many members of the mechanical and business staffs are still associated with the paper, but Kipling, to them, is merely a former half-forgotten employe, who has since made something of a reputation. It seemed singular to them that any one from America could be interested in him or have a curiosity to see where his early work was done. It certainly appeared to me that Kipling was less known in Lahore than in America.

The newspaper plant—two low-spreading bungalows in a broad compound—was very different from one's ordinary conception of a newspaper office. In one of the buildings were the editorial offices, and in the other the printing presses, composing rooms and business offices. In the former was Kipling's old room, where his stories doubtless were written. It was a high-ceilinged, bookish-looking place, with imposing stacks of books and files standing high against the walls. He had first occupied a little corner wing, but the ceilings were low and the heat of the summer made it uninhabitable, so he was moved into the larger room.

Mr. Stevenson, the assistant editor, who now occupies Mr. Kipling's former desk, showed me many of the old files of the paper with the author's early "stuff" in print. A greater portion of the more famous stories and poems have been clipped out, but I ran across occasional pieces that I had never seen in print before.

In 1892 Kipling returned from a three years' trip in England. He had achieved considerable fame and had severed his connection with the Gazette and the Allahabad Pioneer, both papers being controlled by one owner. A poem called "Home" is printed in the Christmas number of that year, and following it is a page story of his experiences in getting back once more to the beloved scenes of his early life in Lahore.

In the number of Dec. 27, 1892, appears "My Lord the Elephant," whether printed for the first time or reprinted I cannot say. An early book of Kipling's called "Letters of Marque" may occasionally be found in India, but copies are scarce, the author having withdrawn it from circulation soon after its publicantion.

There is very little to indicate that Kipling was any more popular personally in those days than he is now. Indeed, many of his former acquaintances were distinctly uncomplimentary in the tone of their reminiscences, but there was a general respect for his cleverness and genius, and among some a great incredulity that people were really buying $100 Kipling editions.

Old Rookun-ud-din, the foreman of the pressroom of the paper, was professedly a profound admirer of his former associate and an early prophet of the young editor's future greatness. He seemed delighted to talk of him, and pointed out places in the pressroom that have been mentioned in Kipling's stories. Here was the table at which Kipling sat on that awful hot night when Daniel Dravot, the "man who would be king," and his "pal" Peachy Carnehan came to get information about Kaferistan. Three years afterward, in the same old pressroom, Peachy Carnehan came back and told the wonderful story of their adventures as kings of Kaferistan. He laid the crowned and withered head of Sir Daniel Dravot on the table as corroborative evidence. Out beyond the little compound garden which fronts the editorial and press rooms of the Gazette is the broad mall where Peachy sat two hours in the blazing sun. A mile away is the big Delhi gate from where the caravan started to go north into Afghanistan through the Khyber pass, with Daniel disguised as a mad mullah and Peachy disguised as his mute servant.

Lahore is the "City of Dreadful Night," described in a story of his under that title. It is in some respects the most interesting city of India, the native quarter, within the walls, being more wonderful architecturally than any other Indian city. The people and costumes are far more varied and picturesque than those seen in southern or central India, for Lahore is the home of that most noble of India races, the Sikhs. Very few tourists get that far north, for Lahore is away beyond the Taj and Tombs traveled track, which tourists take from Bombay to Calcutta or vice versa.

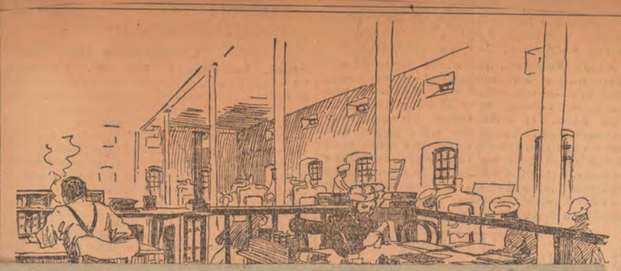
In the native section is the mosque mentioned in that terrible story, "The Mark of the Beast," and one might almost expect to see among the wild, strange people that throng around it the Silver Man with his leprous colored body, ready to spring out and contaminate the intruding Christian. The modern section, where the white people live, is outside the walled city, and is laid out in beautiful broad drives and scattered over with cool-looking and generous bungalows and business houses.

The military cantonments are at Nuan Meer, six miles from the walled city, but the old fort, with its garrison of British and Ghurka and Sikh troopers, is within the walls. It is a stately relic of the old Ranjit Singh's days, when the great Koh-i-noor diamond was among his royal jewels.

Most of the Mulvaney stories are supposed to have resulted from Kipling's associations with the private soldiers out at Nuan Meer cantonments. It was a matter of surprise to me, however, to find how unfamiliar most of Kipling's former associates were with his stories.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

Chicago Record May 1899



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THE HOLLAND COMPANY.
Establishment of a Printing Department.

IN consequence of the very unsatisfactory manner in which this Catalogue has been turned out, and which it has been impossible to send out without a special cover, the Holland Company have now decided to take a step they have long anticipated, and will from this date themselves undertake the printing not only of their Catalogues but of any work which their customers would like executed under their superintendence. Various little publications have been issued which have been very highly spoken of for the taste and elegance with which they have been produced, and their recent publications of the "L. and N.W. Locomotives," and the *North Western Locomotive Journal* are some good recent examples of such work.

The Company hope, therefore, that customers requiring any high-class printing from time to time will favour them with their orders.

The HOLLAND COMPANY, Booksellers, Publishers, & Printers,
12, Cherry Street, Birmingham.

KIPLING'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

THE counsel for G. P. Putnam's Sons received a copy of the long expected complaint from Rudyard Kipling's attorneys on the afternoon of May 19, in which the author sets forth his grievances against various publishers for having, as he claims, reproduced his books without proper authority.

In the outset of his complaint Kipling declares that action is brought against G. P. Putnam's Sons, George Haven Putnam and Irving Putnam, also D. Appleton & Co., the Doubleday & McClure Co., Charles Scribner and Arthur H. Scribner, trading as Charles Scribner's Sons, and the Century Company.

In the body of the complaint Kipling alleges, in the first place, that he is temporarily an inhabitant of the State of Vermont, and is an alien and a subject of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain. The complaint goes on to state that the plaintiff is an author, and carried on the business of writing books, "comprising tales, sketches, ballads, verses, and other literary compositions," and has been engaged in such business for fifteen years, during which time he has carefully schooled himself in the requirements of his business, and in acquiring and developing a style of composition and presentation which, in his opinion, is peculiar to himself.

The ground of complaint against the defendants, according to the formal complaint, is that at various times the accused publishers have gathered together under a common name series of volumes of Kipling's works, numbered in sequence, and all forming an edition. Kipling sets forth in his complaint that he has only authorized one edition of his collected works in this country, that one having been published by Scribners and known as the *Outward Bound edition*.

In support of the complaint, Kipling cites incidentally the fact that in collecting the various short stories, ballads, and verses which he has written from time to time for newspapers and periodicals, he has devised and appropriated in advance of all others, for the purpose of identifying his own writings, a name in the nature of a trade-mark; that among the names so devised and first appropriated are the following: "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," etc.

Limited rights for publication as individual volumes were extended to various firms, but none of them, with the exception of Charles Scribner's Sons, was authorized to publish a complete set of the author's works under one name.

Pub. Weekly June 1899

SEA TO SEA"
New Book in Press by
YARD KIPLING
n of the collected letters of travel which Mr. Rudyard Kipling
nes between 1890 and 1898. It includes hitherto unpublished
accurate text of the "American Notes" with "Letters of
Night," etc., etc.

DAY'S WORK"
72d Thousand
DYARD KIPLING
ar of the great non-literary reading public, and at the same time to win the
ed body of men whose pleasure in a work of art is derived from a perception
. Such good fortune falls to few. . . . You may lay your finger on faults
annot (being in full possession of your senses) pass him by, you cannot main-
and tendencies of our age, it is possible to leave him out of account. As
ian literature, as well ignore Keene in a review of Victorian art. Perhaps
s work is the wide range over which it expatiates. Subjects the most diverse
nd intimacy; and no other writer is so well entitled to repeat with proper
pride the most familiar and most hackneyed of Terentian sentiments. 'For to admire and for to see. For to behold
this world so wide'—that is his *metier*."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO., 141-155 East 25th St., N. Y.

May '99

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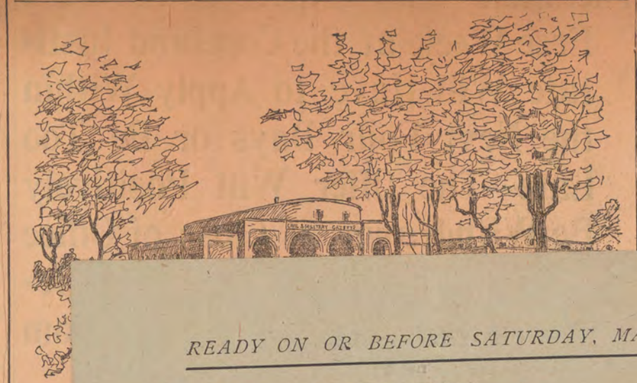

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READY ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY, MAY 13th.

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- Return to India.
- Debut as a Writer.
- His First Success.
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- Arrival in England.
- Marriage.
- "Barrack Room Ballads."
- Residence Abroad
- "The Day's Work."
- Mr. Kipling and the Boy Editors.
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- "Kitchener's School."
- "The White Man's Burden."
- The Shadow of Death.
- Recovery.
- Mr. Kipling on Consolation.

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- The Name Rudyard.
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- As a Youth.
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- The Kipling Club.
- A Sample of Kipling Wisdom.
- Kipling's Outward Man.
- At Home in England.
- Kipling and the Innkeeper.
- In His American Home.
- Popularity with Americans.
- Kipling's Workshops.
- An Unwilling Celebrity.
- "Neighbour Rudyard Kipling:" an acceptable Christmas Box.
- Kipling as a Playwriter.
- His Next Book.

III.—Some Appreciations of Kipling and His Writings.

IV.—Bibliography.

"My Lo… for the … An earl… of Marc… India, b… ing with… its publ…

There … was any… days tha… former ac… plimentary in the tone of their reminiscences, but there was a general respect for his cleverness and genius, and among some a great incredulity that people were really buying $100 Kipling editions.

Old Rookun-ud-din, the foreman of the … of Kipling's … stories.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

Chicago Record May 7/99

THE PRESSROOM WHICH FIGURES IN KIPLING'S STORIES.
(Sketched by The Record's artist-correspondent, John T. McCutcheon.)

RUDYARD KIPLING'S DESK, ON WHICH HE WROTE "SOLDIERS THREE."
(Sketched by The Record's artist-correspondent, John T. McCutcheon.)

Mr. Kipling is a great admirer of the animal stories of Ernest Seton Thompson, who has recently sprung into sudden fame. Just before his illness Mr. Kipling expressed the desire to meet the American author, and they were accordingly invited to dinner by a common friend. Then, over post-prandial pipes, began a swapping of stories to delight the hearts of all children and of such grown-ups as remember their origin. "Can't you tell me a story about a grizzly bear?" asked Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Thompson told a true tale of bruin that held his listener spellbound for an hour. "That's fine, Thompson, why don't you write it?" said Mr. Kipling at the close. The suggestion has been followed, and we may expect soon to read Mr. Thompson's first long story. "This has been the most instructive evening I ever spent with a man," said Mr. Kipling to his host at parting. I wonder why he did not mention women.

NY Times May 13-99

KIPLING'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

THE counsel for G. P. Putnam's Sons received a copy of the long expected complaint from Rudyard Kipling's attorneys on the afternoon of May 19, in which the author sets forth his grievances against various publishers for having, as he claims, reproduced his books without proper authority.

In the outset of his complaint Kipling declares that action is brought against G. P. Putnam's Sons, George Haven Putnam and Irving Putnam, also D. Appleton & Co., the Doubleday & McClure Co., Charles Scribner and Arthur H. Scribner, trading as Charles Scribner's Sons, and the Century Company.

In the body of the complaint Kipling alleges, in the first place, that he is temporarily an inhabitant of the State of Vermont, and is an alien and a subject of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain. The complaint goes on to state that the plaintiff is an author, and carried on the business of writing books, "comprising tales, sketches, ballads, verses, and other literary compositions," and has been engaged in such business for fifteen years, during which time he has carefully schooled himself in the requirements of his business, and in acquiring and developing a style of composition and presentation which, in his opinion, is peculiar to himself.

The ground of complaint against the defendants, according to the formal complaint, is that at various times the accused publishers have gathered together under a common name series of volumes of Kipling's works, numbered in sequence, and all forming an edition. Kipling sets forth in his complaint that he has only authorized one edition of his collected works in this country, that one having been published by Scribners and known as the *Outward Bound edition*.

In support of the complaint, Kipling cites incidentally the fact that in collecting the various short stories, ballads, and verses which he has written from time to time for newspapers and periodicals, he has devised and appropriated in advance of all others, for the purpose of identifying his own writings, a name in the nature of a trade-mark; that among the names so devised and first appropriated are the following: "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," etc.

Limited rights for publication as individual volumes were extended to various firms, but none of them, with the exception of Charles Scribner's Sons, was authorized to publish a complete set of the author's works under one name.

Pub. Weekly June 3/99

"FROM SEA TO SEA"

A New Book in Press by

RUDYARD KIPLING

THIS is an authorized edition of the collected letters of travel which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written at various times between 1890 and 1898. It includes hitherto unpublished matter as well as an accurate text of the "American Notes" with "Letters of Marque," "The City of Dreadful Night," etc., etc.

"THE DAY'S WORK"

72d Thousand

By RUDYARD KIPLING

"IT has been his portion to gain the ear of the great non-literary reading public, and at the same time to win the enthusiastic applause of that limited body of men whose pleasure in a work of art is derived from a perception of the means as well as of the end. Such good fortune falls to few. . . . You may lay your finger on faults real or imaginary. . . . But you cannot (being in full possession of your senses) pass him by, you cannot maintain that, in estimating the literary forces and tendencies of our age, it is possible to leave him out of account. As well ignore Dickens in a review of Victorian literature, as well ignore Keene in a review of Victorian art. Perhaps the most striking feature of Mr. Kipling's work is the wide range over which it expatiates. Subjects the most diverse are handled with the same air of ease and intimacy; and no other writer is so well entitled to repeat with proper pride the most familiar and most hackneyed of Terentian sentiments. 'For to admire and for to see. For to behold this world so wide'—that is his *metier*."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO., 141-155 East 25th St., N. Y.

May '99

The Publishers' Weekly.

FOUNDED BY F. LEYPOLDT.

MAY 6, 1899.

The editor does not hold himself responsible for the views expressed in contributed articles or communications. All matter, whether for the reading-matter columns or advertising pages, should reach this office not later than Wednesday noon, to insure insertion in the same week's issue.

Books for the "Weekly Record," as well as all information intended for that department, must reach this office by Tuesday morning of each week.

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and an ornament thereunto."—LORD BACON.

THE KIPLING "EDITION."

MR. KIPLING'S law suit against G. P. Putnam's Sons, and, nominally, others, will not be tried until autumn, the taking of testimony so far being simply a preliminary step necessitated by the temporary presence in this country of the witnesses. It is difficult to see from the testimony, and from the facts so far developed in the case, what ground there may be for either copyright or trade-mark suit. That, however, is for the courts to determine, should the case come to trial. The question of equity or of recognition outside the law of an author's right to control his own works, is another matter.

As we indicated last week, the use of the word "edition," in binding up a set of books, certainly tends to confuse trade terms and to mislead the public, and it is to be regretted that a firm which stands among those at the front of the American publishing trade, particularly with reference to copyright and the recognition of authors' rights, should have set so unfortunate a precedent. It is gratifying that this fact has been recognized to the extent of giving up the use of the phrase *Brushwood Edition* and simply calling the set a "complete collection."

Mr. Kipling's grievance as an author seems to be founded not so much on copyright or trade-mark bases, as on these three facts: that Will M. Clemens's "Ken of Kipling," the correctness of which he repudiates, should have been included with a set of his works as though authorized; that the "Recessional," dedicated to the public without copyright by its original method of publication, and "The Vampire," which was a poem written as a personal matter and not for publication, should have been included with "The Seven Seas" in the binding-up, as apparently a part of that volume; and that the "Departmental Ditties," of which there was no authorized American edition, should have been coupled with the copyright editions of his other books. It appears that the reason Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" have not been published here in an authorized edition is that he had originally sold this work in England outright without reserving royalty or other rights in that volume. Probably any author would feel aggrieved by this treatment from a publishing house; and although this was an enterprise essentially of the retail or book-selling department of the publishing house in question, yet that department assumed some of the functions of a publishing department, and thus identified the *Brushwood Edition* with the Putnam house as publishers. Mr. Kipling would seem to have been entitled to, and we presume would have received apologies from a house like the Putnam's, when the importance of the matter was called to their attention; and it is much to be regretted that the controversy should have been so promptly put in such shape as to make an appeal to the courts the remedy.

We regret to learn that the example set by the Putnam house is likely to have the effect of starting up a crop of incomplete "editions" made by collecting Kipling's books that are not under American copyright; but we presume that any such move will be met by Mr. Kipling's authorized publishers with editions which can hold the market against such competition.

THE KIPLING COPYRIGHT SUITS.

THE taking of testimony in the suit brought by Kipling against G. P. Putnam's Sons was not resumed. The testimony was taken on April 27, because the witnesses were going to Europe and it was necessary to get their statements before they went. Mr. Watt, the literary agent, sailed on April 29, and Mr. Kipling's father is going to the northern part of this country for a short tour before sailing for Europe. It is not known when the case will be brought before a jury. It is expected that it will come up at the October term of the court. If Mr. Kipling's health permits of his testifying before then, his testimony will be taken; otherwise it will be taken in October.

A perpetual injunction protecting the copyright of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The White Man's Burden," was granted April 29 by Judge Kohlsaat, in the Circuit Court at Chicago, against the publishing firm of F. B. Whipple & Co. It was charged by Mr. Kipling and his publishers that the defendant had published and circulated his poem in a pamphlet without permission. By the order of the Court the defendant is obliged to surrender as many copies of the poem as he can recover.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE KIPLING-PUTNAM COMPLICATION—AN EXPLANATION.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1899.

To the Editor of The Publishers' Weekly.

DEAR SIR: In your article of May 6, I think in one or two points you have not been quite just to us. May I, therefore, ask you to insert this letter, in which I have attempted to make clear some of the matters connected with the Kipling suit?

As a preface, let me say that while we were served with the summons in this suit on the 24th of April, and while we were obliged to listen to testimony before Commissioner Shields three days later, we have not yet been served with the "complaint" in the action, and we know nothing definite except that we are sued "for infringement of copyright, trade-mark, and unfair competition in business."

From the 28th of March, when we received a lawyer's brief letter demanding that we at once stop selling the entire set of books, we have been trying in every possible way to find out the nature of the alleged grievance, with the avowed purpose of doing everything in our power to meet even the wishes of Mr. Kipling, to say nothing of his alleged rights. Literally, all the response we have had has been a lawyer's second letter stating that his client was "indignant at our appropriation of his property," and that we must at once stop selling these books and pay him substantial damages. When we answered this letter, regretting that Mr. Kipling would not let us know what was troubling him, and suggesting that the matter be left to friendly arbitration, our letter was left unanswered, and three weeks later we received a summons in a suit.

Now, with your permission, I should like to state, as briefly as I can, all the facts connected with the set we are selling.

In connection with our neighbors, Dutton, we bought from Mr. Kipling's several publishers a number of copies in sheets of the authorized editions of his books, 13 titles in all, with the avowed purpose of binding them into a uniform collected set. We received the entire approval and co-operation of these publishers in this matter, which was, in fact, a repetition of a previous smaller transaction of some months back. Of the "Departmental Ditties," the 14th volume of the set, there has never been any copyright edition; had there been, we should have used it. The edition selected was one of several that have been freely sold in every bookshop in the country for a number of years. As far as I know, there has never been any objection to its sale expressed by the author. There was, therefore, no reason why we should not buy and sell copies of it as we had been in the habit of doing, the material being regarded by the public as among the most important of Mr. Kipling's writings.

The "Vampire" and "Recessional" Mr. Kipling deliberately allowed to be printed without copyrighting them. We have the best authority for stating that he was entirely aware and expressed no disapproval of their publication as "Critic Leaflets." These Leaflets have their own full title-page stating they are published by the Critic Company, and being bound in at the back of the volume "Seven Seas" show exactly what they are, namely, leaflets too small to be bound by themselves, and included for convenience in the larger volume. They are not "folioed" with the "Seven Seas" nor quoted in its contents.

I see that it is also stated that one of the things to which Mr. Kipling objects is the "Ken of Kipling." This is a little volume that pretends to be neither more nor less than what it is—a sketch of the author, with some newspaper anecdotes. It does not profess to be in any way authorized by Mr. Kipling. It is written by a reputable man, Mr. Clemens, and published by a responsible house, and has been freely sold in every bookstore that keeps miscellaneous stock. We have the best authority for stating that, up to the present time, no protest or objection to this volume has been made either to the author or to the publishers, the New Amsterdam Book Co. If Mr. Kipling had real ground for grievance against this book, would not the ordinary and natural protest be addressed to the author, or to the publishers, who sell it in quantities, and not to one of the booksellers who are handling a few score of copies? If a bookseller is liable to be held responsible for lack of accuracy of statement in any one of the many thousand volumes that go in and out of his shop, there would have to be a decided change in bookselling methods.

Each of these 15 volumes bears the title-page of its publisher, and on 13 of these volumes Mr. Kipling receives compensation from the several publishers. On the 14th volume he receives no compensation, because it is not subject to copyright, and on the 15th volume he receives no compensation, as it is neither written by him nor controlled by him. Neither vols. 14 or 15 enters into competition with any other publication in which he is interested.

The fact of our putting covers on the authorized editions of Mr. Kipling's books and selling them at a decided advance on their original price can hardly have been the cause of "starting up a crop of incomplete editions." For years there have been unauthorized editions of many of the stories, and new issues by different houses are, in the ordinary course, appearing from time to time. It will, however, be very difficult, we think, to show even remotely that our little enterprise had been the cause of any such issues.

Yours very truly,

IRVING PUTNAM.

THE RELIGION OF KIPLING.

Plain Dealer May 6/99

Rev. J. W. Malcolm Says It is Thoroughly Pagan.

The Author and Poet is Pronounced a Fatalist.

At the First Congregational church last evening the Rev. J. W. Malcolm delivered an address on "The Religion of Kipling. Is It Christian or Is It Pagan?" The speaker is of the opinion that the author's belief is of the latter character. He spoke as follows:

"I hesitate not to say that Mr. Kipling's religion is pagan. It is easily identified because it is undiluted, his heaven is Valhalla, the condition of entrance thereto is success in blood letting, his heaven saints are gory, their crowne are braided of human scalps, their food is the flesh of the boar Schrimnir served raw, their celestial exercise consists of joust, tournament, and daily hand to hand fights with the angels, their music is the clash of swords and thrum of bowstring. Mr. Kipling's excuse for carnage and blood is destiny. He is a fatalist.

"Mr. Kipling is a theist; but his God masquerades as Jehovah, Odin or Mars, the God revealed to the world in the man of Galilee, as the self-sacrificing father he has evidently never thought of, his God is brutal, narrow, fierce, immoral, unscrupulous, a being whose might makes right. Mr. Kipling's writings are full of spirit of some military camp, the blunt coarse gamedness of the soldier, the cheap reckless daring of brute instinct. His characters perform their deeds from low motives, fear of hell and love of reward. They are conscious of their actions and glory in them like young Pharisees. They are nervous, restless, without the calm of a true heroism. His characters are robbed of all virtue in their deeds by the destiny and fatalism under which he places them. Predestination destroys all their responsibility. Their deeds are the deeds of the Deity which forces and controls them, and that Deity himself is heathen.

"Mr. Kipling exalts courage; but it is all physical, tigerish. He knows nothing of the sublime courage of the cross; that moral daring which wakens reformations, calmly faces enraged majorities, is willing to stand firm in dwindling minorities and exhibit sweetness and light amid the vital storms of party ambitions and popular fury. He gives no token of the orphan girl, in the great city, with beauty upon her cheek, the magic of unconscious grace in her movement, the despair of art in her form; sticking to her faded shawl, her menial toil and homely fare in the face of the glitter and glamor of bewitching promises, and awakens in us no moral fervor over some finely chiseled little woman in her sables facing the mailed hosts of pride, the wolves of hunger, and the devils of despair 'for the bairns that call her mither.'

"His characters have lots of coarse pluck, but no sympathy to balance it. They do the will of their deity because they are fated to do it. They do not freely choose the will of heaven, to do it, or suffer it. Their religion is all stomach and brawn. Their muscles are tense, rigid, their brows knit, their veins stand out on the forehead and their eyes seem strained. They are always in the attitude of endeavor, and seem bent on doing something, hit or miss. The great elements of life, mercy, patience, altruism, beauty, a sublime sense of responsibility, Mr. Kipling fails to incarnate in any of his creations. The power of fineness, tenderness, delicateness and love he fails to illustrate. The majesty of the meekness and gentleness of Jesus in the presence of the bluster and outward fury of the Jewish and Roman authorities has no grandeur for the crisp facile pen of Mr. Kipling. He takes us back to the Vikings and glory hunters, such people worship in temples built out of plunder, floored with bones, their communion wine is blood, their sacred chalices are the polished skulls of men.

"Any true relation, and any abiding literature must be ideal. Alluring the grosser real to higher attainment Mr. Kipling gives us no ideals. He deals with what is, and with the roughest phase of it. He interprets appetite, force, and the man below his ears. He touches none of the deeper springs of the soul, and awakens no moral aspiration. All his characters suffer from excessive action, lack that thought, reflection, reason. Where has Mr. Kipling created anything like a Hamlet, whose excessive meditation shows us at a glance that balance of thought and action which produces the true hero? Where is his Portia, the most perfect picture of woman in all writings? Where is his Juliet, the incarnation of woman's love? Where is his Ophelia, who, 'like a strain of sad, sweet music, which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms?' Where are his Marys and Marthas, whose simplicity calms the fevered pulse of the world's pride? Where is his impulsive Peter subdued by a great moral conviction, chastened by a divine love to a heroism that swaggers not, and inspired to deeds that live? Where is his carpenter, Adam Bede, whose rustic ruggedness reveals what kindles in us the fires of a noble enthusiasm? Where in his writings shine out the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man? Where do we catch a glimpse of the Christ between his lines? Where can you find a line of his that inspires a soul to break his selfish idols to found a college, build a hospital, endow an orphanage, teach the world a song of peace, or move a Samaritan to bind up the wounds of Jew?

"But we are told that Mr. Kipling is popular. Is this any test of greatness? Is it not true that popularity is a sign of the lack of true greatness? Is it a compliment to this age that he is popular? The fact is, we have hidden Jesus from the eyes of men by a weak sentimentality, have indulged in goodishness for goodness, and excused ourselves from practical helpfulness by false standards of life, and have soothed our consciences by keeping up appearances and mouthing our shibboleths. The sturdy Anglo-Saxon is tired of this talking and dreaming. Mr. Kipling, with his crisp, clear and inimitable prose and rugged poetry, appears just at the hour of this reaction, rushes to the extreme, gives the people what they want, withholds what they need and is the man of the hour, but not of all hours. Meantime, while the noise is going on, we will wait with our Emersons, our Tennysons, our Shakespeares, our Carlyles and our Edgar Allen Poes, Wordsworths, and Grays until there shall arise a Christian story writer and poet."

Topics of the Week.

At last word has gone forth that we are to have an authorized edition of Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties"—the first ever issued. These verses will appear in one volume, together with "Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads," about June 1 from the press of the Doubleday & McClure Company. As Mr. Kipling has been revising the "Ditties" for the last few weeks, it is not positively known just in what form the material will appear. Mr. Kipling is a very impressionable critic as regards his own works. And his impressions are rarely the same. What may appear good to-day may be condemned on the morrow. However, the lovers of the original "Ditties" may be sure of one thing: We believe that Kipling has rarely retouched his work without improving it, paradoxical as it may seem. Moreover, the possessor of this edition will have no small satisfaction, we think, in realizing that what he reads is what the poet would have him read and by it be remembered.

N.Y. Times May 12-99

"MR. KIPLING'S SIDE"—LETTER FROM IRVING PUTNAM.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Referring to the article, "Mr. Kipling's Side," in last Saturday's issue, will you give me space to correct one or two statements of fact?

First—It is alleged that the pages containing the "Vampire" and "Recessional" are folioed into the "Seven Seas." This is not so. The "Vampire" and the "Recessional" are "Critic Leaflets" Nos. 1 and 4. They are not folioed at all, and have their distinct title page, showing them to be published by the Critic Company. They are not included in the table of contents of the "Seven Seas," and it is evident that they have been bound in merely as a matter of convenience, because too small to make a separate volume. I can state, on the best authority, that Mr. Kipling was perfectly aware of and made no objection to their publication as "Critic Leaflets."

Second—It is stated that the general index of the set is folioed into the volume "A Ken of Kipling." This is not so. The index is folioed by itself.

Third—It is stated that the "Ken of Kipling" was published contrary to the wishes of Mr. Kipling. I have the best authority for stating that up to the present time no objection or protest to this volume has been made either to the author or to the publishers, the New Amsterdam Book Company. The book pretends to be neither more nor less than it is—a sketch of the author, with some newspaper anecdotes. It does not profess to be in any way authorized by Mr. Kipling. It is written by a reputable man, Mr. Clemens, published by a responsible house, and is freely sold in every bookstore that keeps miscellaneous stock. If Mr. Kipling had real ground for grievance against this book, it would seem as if the ordinary and natural protest would be addressed to the author or to the publishers, who are selling it in quantities, and not to one of the booksellers who are handling a few score of copies.

Fourth—Finally, I should like to add that, while we were served with a summons in this suit on April 24, we have not yet received a "complaint" in the action; in other words, we have not yet had a definite and formal specification of grievances, the newspaper articles having conveyed us our fullest information.

IRVING PUTNAM.

New York, May 9, 1899.

N.Y. Times May 13-99

ALL HONOR TO POETS!

Likewise to Writers of Fiction Like Rudyard Kipling.

IS HE TO BE KNIGHTED?

IT IS SAID THAT THE QUEEN WILL SO EXALT HIM.

HE IS NOT THE FIRST ONE.

OTHER ENGLISH AUTHORS HAVE FELT THE SWORD'S TAP.

The Modern King of Fiction and Poetry Has Distinguished Antecedents, Such as Sir Walter Scott, Alfred Tennyson, and Others.

An item of much personal interest to Rudyard Kipling, poet and author, is flitting elusively through the kingdoms of the newspaper world, and should prove contributory to a happier convalescence of the distinguished invalid, even though it never fructify beyond a suggestion, writes M. L. Rayne in the Chicago Times-Herald.

The announcement is made apparently on a basis of truth that in January, 1900, Mr. Kipling will be knighted. Sir Rudyard, we salute you, while asking under our breaths deep down in our hearts:

"Is it an honor?"

As Americans of democratic principles we are hardly capable of answering the question, and it is possible that the merit of the distinction will appeal much more clearly to Mr. Kipling's appreciation than it does to ours. For this Lord of the Jungle is an Englishman. To him "God Save the Queen" is not a sentiment as much as a sacrament, and in his eyes the Queen can do no wrong. Therefore, if she should honor him with knighthood is it presuming too much on the convictions of birthright to suggest an obedient and grateful acceptance? As a reward of merit the distinction would be purely honorary, since the world has applauded to the echo, and the fame of Kipling is cosmopolitan. He is not one of his own home-bred English, and he has written of the British public without fear or favor, even as Dickens did, and has said to the British soldier:

"You're sent out when a war begins
to minister to the blind, brutal British
public's thirst—for blood,"

WHICH IS TRUE.

And truth is a virtue that brings recognition sooner or later.

Mr. Kipling's peculiar reward of merit, should he accept it, has distinguished antecedents. Sir Walter Scott was knighted by George IV., who had read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion" with great delight, and even compared the author of those heroic prose-poems to Homer, an approach to classicism which was greatly approved by the critics of royalty. The knighting of Scott was the first baronetcy bestowed by King George after his succession to the monarchy, and it greatly pleased the Scottish poet and his many friends and adherents.

Alfred Tennyson was made a peer of the realm in 1884, in addition to the honor of being made poet-laureate to succeed Wordsworth. He had known the sting of poverty, which is popularly believed to be a poet's birthright, and in London, where he dined with Carlyle and Fitzgerald, he is described as existing on golden dreams. Carlyle called him then "a true human soul." He withdrew from social converse with his kind and was said to be less hospitable with two homes than he had been with none. The mantle of greatness might have caused the change without the accessory honor, but he had earned his knighthood before it was conferred, and the name of Tennyson needed no prefix of nobility to give it a high rank in the world of literature.

Browning and Byron scorned the poet who could accept either the gift of the laureate or of knighthood as a desecration of the muse. When Wordsworth made a London pilgrimage for "a kissing of hands" and the honor of

A ROYAL STIPEND

he was scored by his friends who had honored and admired him in his poverty. The "Lost Leader," by Browning, is as pathetic as it is cruel, but it was the expression of an honest indignation.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat."

Wordsworth had received an annuity of £300 from the Queen. The poet laureate post was offered to him on the death of Southey, but he refused it, and only consented to accept when urged by a letter from Sir Robert Peel, who assured him it was the national desire that he should fill the place. The poet exacted a promise that no duties should be required of him, and on these conditions accepted. How deeply Browning felt this harnessing of the muse to the car of royalty may be inferred from another quotation from the "Lost Leader":

"We shall march prospering—not thro'
his presence
Songs may inspirit us—not from his
lyre."

And again with a calling of the names of those who had escaped the fatal prosperity:

"Shakespeare was of us, Milton was
for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us, they
watch from their graves;
He alone breaks from the van and the
freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the
slaves."

A keen truth that was a home thrust at the niggardliness of royalty is couched in the poet's scathing rebuke:

"They with the gold to give, doled him
out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed."

Foresworn on earth, the unfortunate poet whose hunger-bred eyes had been caught and held by the purple flutter of the rag of royalty is in the last line of his denunciation absolved by death and his poet friend:

"Pardoned in heaven, the first by the
throne."

When Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and many other literary works, was

KNIGHTED BY FAVOR

of Lord Rosebery in 1895, a howl of derision went up from the critics, and the Saturday Review exploited their views in this caustic style:

"Our new knight might have won the honor of his eminent radicalism, and it would not have distressed us; he might have gained it by his interest in explorations; there was nothing against his elevation on the ground of an incomparable zeal in philanthropy"—and then comes the crucial decision—"but Sir Walter Besant has nothing more to do with literature than a signpost painter has to do with the art that was illustrated by a Gainsborough."

And Sir Walter never felt the daisies growing over him or lost an hour of sleep because of English reviewers. When Henry Irving was knighted, also through the influence of Lord Rosebery, he was condoled with for being placed between Sir Walter Besant and Sir Lewis Morris, and for his consolation is reminded that he will do more to make the order of chivalry look dignified than the two literary knights can do to make it look ridiculous. By the actor knight the honor was accepted as a recognition of his art, and not a personal triumph.

One gladsome feature has come out prominently in the distinction suggested—a man who has given the world a message of genius is no longer required to wait for post-mortem appreciation. Rudyard Kipling has given to men not one message of genius but many, and his fame is established should he never pen another line. But may we not expect a wonderful report from that shadowy shore so near which his feet have tarried? And the final consecration of all gifts:

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
He knows ye not ye heavenly powers."

Kipling and the Other Two.

Mr. E. Kay Robinson, in his Kipling reminiscences contributed to Literature, points out the relation between "Soldiers Three" and "Stalky and Co.," and gives some quotations from "School Boy Lyrics," which was privately printed in 1881, when Kipling was only seventeen. "In a different rank of life," says Mr. Robinson, "'Stalky and Co.' are merely Mulvaney, Otheris and Learoyd in their teens." Here are the opening verses of "The Dusky Crew," which Mr. Robinson quotes:

Our heads were rough and our hands were
black
With the inkstain's midnight hue,
We scouted all, both great and small;
We were a dusky crew;
And each boy's hand was against us
raised—
'Gainst me, and the other two.

We chased the hare from her secret lair,
We roamed the woodlands through;
In parks and grounds far out of bounds
Wandered our dusky crew;
And the keepers swore to see us pass—
Me, and the other two.

Our lettuces are dead and gone,
Our plans have fallen through;
We wander free in misery,
We are a wretched crew,
For a master's wrath has fallen on us—
On me and the other two.

* * * * * * *

He found our cave in the cold, dark earth;
He crept the branches through;
He caught us all in our council hall—
Caught us, a dusky crew.
To punishment he led us all—
Led me and the other two.

"That this represents the climax of the misfortunes of 'Stalky and Co.' there can be no doubt," says Mr. Robinson. 'A triumvirate of schoolboys, which included in their number one who could thus versify their deserters, must have had mirthful times when fortune smiled upon them. There are men who distinctly recollect Kipling at school in the 'Beetle' days, but none who anticipated the fame that awaited their short-sighted, undersized and queerly gifted playmate."

Mr. Robinson states that three has always been Mr. Kipling's favorite number in his plan of writing.

This has indeed been a Kipling Winter and Spring—with the accent on the Spring. The newspapers have been full of him, and everybody from the humblest reporter to his Imperial Majesty William Hohenzollern has been turning the paradox of the season to personal profit. But it is not the printed page that Mr. Kipling has alone dominated. At one variety hall an actor named Lee, who had the advantage of the poet in height by a few feet, has been imitating the author of the moment; at another a company has played a one-act version of his "Light That Failed," which used to be in Rosina Vokes's répertoire. Mr. Brisham has let few opportunities slip to sing Mr. Damrosch's version of "Danny Deever." Will Louie Freear do Kipling cockney ballads next? The cigar manufacturers, florists, and haberdashers, too, should profit by the Kipling "rage." However, a Kipling event worthy of more or less serious consideration was an afternoon of Kipling recitations and songs given at Mr. Björksten's studio in Carnegie Hall, last Wednesday afternoon. There a young Englishman, Mr. Arthur Stahlschmidt, who has a decided skill in cockney recitation, recited a number of his ballads and sang "Route Marchin'" and "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," while Mr. Witherspoon, late of the Castle Square Opera Company, sang "The Recessional."

KIPLING GOT ANGRY.

And Then He Went For an American Publishing Firm.

HE DIDN'T LIKE TO DO IT,

FOR HE HAS NO RELISH FOR BUSINESS NOR LAW SUITS,

BUT HE WON'T BE IMPOSED UPON

SOME OF HIS WRITINGS PUBLISHED WITHOUT HIS SANCTION.

The "Brushwood Edition" Aroused the Ire of the Famous Author, and He at Once Brought Suit For Damages Against G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Special Correspondence of the Leader.

New York, May 20.—Mr. Kipling's suit for damages against the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, who have issued what is called the "Brushwood" edition of his works, seems to be undergoing a good deal of trial outside of the courts that have it immediately in hand. I have no intention of becoming a party to it myself; let those who want to dispute over the matter do so, and welcome, to the end of their pleasure. But inasmuch as thus far in the discussion Mr. Kipling himself has not been heard from, and as I chance to be in the way of knowing his side of the argument, I will venture to make a statement of it—quite uncontroversially and simply as an interesting pieces of news. I derive my information from the testimony already taken in the case, only very imperfect summaries of which have as yet been published; from an examination of the particular works on which the controversy centers; and, especially, from one of Mr. Kipling's oldest friends, one who has known him intimately ever since he was a boy in India. I have, therefore, the same conviction of the accuracy of my information as if it came to me from Mr. Kipling's own lips.

To begin with, it may be said that Mr. Kipling dislikes the whole controversy extremely; and he disliked it as much before it became public as he has disliked it since. It is the sort of thing that most wearies and harasses him. He has no relish for business, and he employs a business agent, Mr. A. P. Watt, who has almost complete charge of his affairs. He is always consulted, and kept more or less informed; but contracts with publishers, receipts of money, payments, investments—all are alike left by him, as far as possible, to his agent. Often reports on these and kindred things over which another man would ponder and talk half a day he dismisses with

THE MEREST NOD.

Despite his supreme manliness of mind, the account his intimate friends unite in giving of him is that he is like a frank, free, true-hearted, unaffected boy; and his attitude toward business is a kind of youthful dutifulness; he will attend to it when he must, but it bores him terribly. To a man of this temperament and habit, a piece of business so perplexing as a lawsuit could not but be most distasteful.

But, in addition to disliking business, Mr. Kipling dislikes controversy. His whole disposition is against lawsuits, or, indeed, any sort of unfriendly contest. Nothing but some strenuous sense of duty would ever bring him to deliberately face one. It is the sense of duty, I am assured, that is urging him in the present instance—and duty, too, not to himself or his family, but, as he believes, to authors in general. His reasoning is that he perhaps is better able than some others to bear the expense and trouble of such a suit, and that by carrying it through he will make all authors more secure in their rights and publishers and booksellers in general less careless or reckless.

Another respect in which the present controversy is peculiarly distasteful to Mr. Kipling is its publicity. This would be disagreeable to him at any time, but it is especially so just now, for he feels that, what with his coming to America and his grave illness here, he has been lately altogether too much talked about, and that the public must soon grow sick of his very name. The one effect of the testimonies of admiration, affection, and sympathy that poured in upon him from all quarters of the world during his illness was, as he himself has said, to make him humble. He feels, more than ever, that he cannot be too scrupulous as to the character and quality of his work. Much of that done in his earlier days, while he was yet little more than

A BOY IN INDIA,

he had already condemned and hoped never to see republished. But just at the moment when he is most sensitive on this point there is brought out, without his consent or even any conference with him, an edition that gathers up all sorts of odds and ends of his early production, and presents them with various inaccuracies and in a form at least calculated to give the public the impression that he himself has authorized the publication.

Besides the general unwarrantableness of the whole performance, the specific charges Mr. Kipling's friends make against the "Brushwood Edition" are these:

First—That it is the Brushwood edition. Their feeling is that in so naming and advertising it, and in decorating the covers with the device of an elephant's head, which Mr. Kipling himself had adopted for a cover decoration in various authorized issues of books of his, and a facsimile of his autograph, the Messrs. Putnam deliberately sought to give, and did give, the impression that the edition was published by his authority. So much of this as relates to the name they seem to in some measure concede, for they have now withdrawn it, and are selling the edition without any name.

Second—That at the end of the volume entitled, "The Seven Seas," reproduced with the imprint of the authorized publishers, D. Appleton & Co., there have been added two poems, "The Vampire" and "Recessional," that were never in that book as authorized, and one of which, "The Vampire," was never published anywhere by authority, and was never intended for publication. Both poems are credited to the Critic, of which the Messrs. Putnam are now the publishers; but the Critic acquired them, in all probability, only through its good stout shears, and despite the credit to it, the natural and almost unavoidable inference, from the manner in which they are inserted, is that they are a part of the preceding collection,

"THE SEVEN SEAS."

Moreover, in the general index to the works, prepared and printed and inserted in the last volume by the Messrs. Putnam, both poems are set down as part of the contents of "The Seven Seas." "Recessional," as everybody remembers, was called out by the Queen's jubilee. In view of the particular occasion to which it related, Mr. Kipling made a present of it, for periodical publication, to the London Times, though if he had desired to do so, he could have sold it for a large sum. For book publication he was holding it back for a collection that is still to appear. As for the other poem, "The Vampire," it was written on the spur of the moment for Mr. Kipling's cousin, Philip Burne-Jones; became public through an accident or misunderstanding; and his own intention was never to publish it.

Third—That the whole volume numbered XIII—a volume of poems, entitled "Departmental Ditties"—is included in the edition with the imprint of a firm whom Mr. Kipling never authorized to publish this or any other book of his, and that it contains a number of poems which he had intended should never be reissued. In other words, while omitting not the slightest detail, down to adopting the author's familiar cover decoration, to give an impression of full authorization, the makers of the "Brushwood Edition" included in it this volume with careful credit to a firm whom Mr. Kipling has never known. It is interesting to know in this connection that Mr. Kipling sold the entire rights of this book to an English firm many years ago for £50, and he had no right to print it himself with his works until lately, when he purchased it back for

A VERY LARGE SUM.

And fourth—that bound up and numbered in the series in such a way as to seem to be one of Mr. Kipling's own works, is a compilation entitled "A Ken of Kipling," containing a great wealth of misinformation about the man and quoting as to his authorship productions that he never wrote. It is, perhaps, this section of the "Brushwood Edition" that has caused Mr. Kipling to set his teeth the hardest. A long account is given, avowedly in his own words, of how he came to write "Recessional." The words are not his, however, and the account is entirely untrue. Then there is reproduced and imputed to him a poem addressed to Julia Marlowe, which he did not write, which he never saw before it appeared in this supposed edition of his "works," and of the real author of which he knows nothing. Here is the poem, and the circumstantial statement (wholly erroneous, of course) with which it is introduced:

"Miss Julia Marlowe, the actress, lived one summer a neighbor to Mr. Kipling in Vermont. At the holiday season he presented her, as a Christmas gift, one of his books, with this inscription on the flyleaf:

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

OTHER BLUNDERS

and falsifications similar to these are numerous; so that a good part of the "Ken of Kipling" is as far from his "ken," or the "ken" of anybody who is really informed about him, as can be.

The fact that Mr. Kipling's suit is against a firm of such reputation and standing as G. P. Putnam's Sons has been mentioned in some of the accounts with a distinct emphasis of disparagement to Mr. Kipling's claims. Mr. Kipling's feeling is that the eminence of the firm heightens the offense. Not to call a firm of the importance and influence of the Putnams to sharp account when it makes so free with an author's works is, in his view, to do a really serious, and, perhaps, lasting injury to the whole profession of authors. After all, Mr. Kipling is, his friends say, but asking the Messrs. Putnam to live up to their own familiar public professions. In a suit tried a few years ago and involving questions very similar to those raised in the Kipling suit, Mr. George Haven Putnam was called to testify as an expert regarding author's rights, authorized reproduction, and kindred matters.

While not nominally, parties to the Kipling suit, the firm of Dutton & Co. are concerned in it from being specially associated with the Putnams in the sale of the "Brushwood edition." Another expert witness in the case to which I have referred was Mr. Charles A. Clapp, the present head of the firm of Dutton & Co.

Mr. Kipling has taken passage on the Teutonic for June for his return to England. He and his family are now at their old home at Brattleboro, Vt. He is not entirely recovered from his illness, and it may be several months before he can be pronounced as well as ever; but at the same time the feeling of himself and his friends is that, all things considered, he is in excellent condition.

N.Y.Times-March 99 329

KIPLING.

The Author Decides to Issue a Collective Edition of His Works to be Sold Through the Trade—Fifteen Volumes at $1 Each.

We are authorized to state that Rudyard Kipling has arranged for the issue of an inexpensive, copyrighted edition of his works. He desires that the American people shall accept this undertaking as a token of his deep appreciation of their recent manifestations of kindly interest in him and in his work. The edition will have the broadest distribution possible. It displays before the public in matter and in form what the author would have them keep and through which he would have them know him. We are asked to say that "it is his hope that it will be accepted by the public in place of the many cheap and inaccurate collections which have been issued without Mr. Kipling's knowledge or permission."

One important feature of this edition is that it will contain in its first volume the only authorized biographical sketch of the author ever issued. The writer of this is Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. This has special significance. Mr. Norton is a particularly conservative critic, whose standards of comparison have always been of the very highest in a literary sense. That he has made Mr. Kipling the subject of a biographical sketch carries with it a compliment that has been bestowed upon few men—we believe only upon Carlyle, Emerson, Lowell, and George William Curtis.

Other unique features of the edition are the first American authorized issue of "Departmental Ditties" and the only authorized and correct text of "American Notes." The latter, together with some hitherto unpublished work, will be found in one of the volumes entitled "From Sea to Sea." Here is a table of the fifteen volumes which compose the set, and it may be stated in parenthesis that, unless otherwise indicated, they will bear the imprint of the Doubleday & McClure Company, through whose firm the edition is presented.

1. "Plain Tales from the Hills," (including Prof. Norton's sketch.)
2. "Soldiers Three," "Story of the Gadsbys," and "In Black and White."
3. "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie."
4. "Departmental Ditties," and "Ballads and Barrack-room Ballads."
5. "Life's Handicap: Being Stories of Mine Own People."
6. "The Maulahka."
7. "Many Inventions." (D. Appleton & Co.)
8. "The Light That Failed."
9. "First Jungle Book," (The Century Company.)
10. "Second Jungle Book," (The Century Company.)
11. "The Seven Seas," (D. Appleton & Co.)
12. "Captains Courageous," (The Century Company.)
13. "The Day's Work."
14. "From Sea to Sea." Vol. I.
15. "From Sea to Sea." Vol. II.

In the circumstances it seems quite proper that we should depart from our usual custom and give further details. As has been said, the edition is to be brought out through the Doubleday & McClure Company. By special arrangement with other publishers of Mr. Kipling's books the fifteen volumes will be placed in the general retail market at $15 a set. The first edition of 20,000 sets (300,000 books) has been sold to the H. B. Claflin Company, and, since the latter firm has disposed of nearly half the edition in two cities alone, there seems a remarkable chance that even this large total will be speedily exhausted. The books are being printed in Boston, and the printers will have twelve presses at work from May 6 till about June 15.

Some idea may be given of the enormous amount of publishers' material consumed in the issue when it is stated that it will cost $150 to get the printed sheets across New York City! One of the largest express concerns in the country started work on May 15, and has contracted to deliver at least 150,000 volumes, or half the edition, by July 1. Incidentally it may be said that it will take nearly 30,000 yards of cloth to bind the books. The edition will probably be placed before the public by the first of July.

IT is an open secret, we believe, that an authorized cheap edition of Kipling's collected works will shortly be placed on the market. The collection will include all the writings that Kipling wishes to see in print, including the "Departmental Ditties," which have recently been revised by the author. The selling agents will be the H. B. Claflin Co.

urchasers of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics."

o The New York Times Saturday Review:

Will you allow us to rectify some inaccuracies in the notices of your issue of April 29 of the copy of Mr. Kipling's Schoolboy Lyrics," purchased by us at essrs. Sotheby's sale of the 25th ultimo? The statement that "the purchaser's name was not announced" and the surmise that "the book was bought for the author" are both without the slightest foundation in fact. The name of the purchaser was duly announced, as usual, by the auctioneer, and we did not buy the book for the author.

The catalogue's reference to the copy's manuscript title and design on the cover were done by Mr. Kipling's father" is somewhat ambiguous, and has misled the writer of your notice on Page 276 into thinking that the printed title page might be lacking. This is not the case, the book being entirely perfect; the catalogue description referring solely to the very neatly executed "manuscript title and design" (of a spray of leaves) on the front cover.

The catalogue's reference to the copy's being perhaps unique is but natural, as he could not know of the existence of the copy to which you refer as being in the hands of a New York collector, the latter having been originally purchased in London in the Winter of 1897 by private sale. But the further statement in the catalogue that the book was "printed when the author was only eighteen years of age" is less excusable. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Kipling was only sixteen years old in 1881, when "Schoolboy Lyrics" was printed.

ALEXANDER DENHAM & CO.
Bloomsbury Square, London, May 9, 1899.

Kipling's Allusion to Dooley.

From "Gunga Din."

He plugged me where I bled
And took me where a dhooli lay.

It is not said, however, whether he gave him a drink and a copy of Dooley to ease him of his grievous wound. In the beginning of the poem he says, but "When it comes to slaughter, you'll do your work on water." Then what's the juldi he tells him to put in it, or "I'll marrow you this minute?"

N.Y. Times May 27/99

"YOUR WORSHIP OF KIPLING."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Is there never to be any let up in your worship of Kipling? I can put up with a considerable of that sort of thing, but you have brought it close to a state of nausea—and if, as I conjecture, Kipling is not hopelessly conceited, he must be nigh sickening of it himself.

TIMES READER.

New York, May 15, 1899.

[Although the above note is anonymous, this need not diminish the force of the appeal contained in it. The editor has, in fact, concluded to violate the ancient rule not to notice anonymous correspondence, and accordingly gives "Times Reader" a hearing. "Times Reader" will also be glad to know that the present number of THE SATURDAY REVIEW has been prepared with a special desire to please him (or her.) So far as our most eagleish eye has determined, this number does not contain a single article about Kipling, save of course the present, and for this "Times Reader" will not blame the editor. But in the present state of the public mind it will be impossible to give "Times Reader" any guarantee of future immunity from Kipling. THE SATURDAY REVIEW must give the news of books. Its topics must be timely. Otherwise it would not remain long alive. The editor seriously hopes that "Times Reader" desires to see THE SATURDAY REVIEW continue its existence for many years. "Times Reader" is a candid friend, the kind of friend the editor likes to hear from. But these friends should always extend their candor one point further. They should send their names with their friendly admonitions.

LATER.—The above had been scheduled for a Kiplingless paper, and had been written in perfect good faith, when, late yesterday afternoon, there came to the editor news he had long had an inkling of but could not print until now—news of Mr. Kipling's new edition of his works—an edition inexpensive in price and that all the trade may sell. This seemed to us the most important piece of news from publishers that the work has furnished and could not possibly be "held over." Will "TIMES READER" please pardon us—or at least credit us with good intentions? And will he not understand that an editor, who aims to print the news, is far from being a free agent?—ED.]

N.Y. Times May 20

Topics of the Week.

The édition de luxe of Rudyard Kipling's work known as the Outward Bound Edition, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is shortly to have its thirteenth volume added. Although the original subscription scheme was for twelve volumes, it is considered quite likely that additions will be made from time to time. The thirteenth volume, which is now in press, is "The Day's Work," originally published by Doubleday & McClure Company. In passing, it may be of interest to add that the new fifteen-volume edition of Mr. Kipling's works is to be known as the author's edition, made up of his complete works as presented by his authorized publishers, D. Appleton & Co., The Century Company, and Doubleday & McClure Company.

N.Y. Times May 27/99

Nothing is easier to imitate than the outward form of Kipling's writing. Nothing is more impossible to catch than the spark of genius that makes it differ from every other man's work. "On the Edge of the Empire," by Edgar Jepson and Capt. D. Beames forcibly illustrates this truth. It is wonderfully like Kipling in form, but it is utterly lifeless. It is like the clothes of a man hung upon a frame. You read a sentence here and there and you say "That is Kipling," but you read on a little further and you find that it is a thousand leagues remote from Kipling. The book will, however, do good if it shows the utter impossibility of imitating that which makes Kipling's work valuable.

W. L. ALDEN.

N.Y. Times May 27/99

"A KEN OF KIPLING" AND THE KIPLING TRUST.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

So many statements have appeared in the newspapers from Mr. Kipling, Mr. Kipling's lawyers, Mr. Kipling's publishers, Mr. Kipling's agents, and Mr. Kipling's friends, relative to my little volume, "A Ken of Kipling," published recently by the New Amsterdam Book Company, that I am called upon, quite contrary to my wishes, to reply in a general way to at least a few of the many misstatements and criticisms made by the members of the so-called Kipling Trust.

Mr. Kipling is a clever advertiser, and my only regret for having written "A Ken of Kipling" is that it has given our friend from Allahabad the opportunity to keep his name in the newspapers.

The legal action instigated at the suggestion of Dr. Doubleday and other members of the Kipling Trust, against the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons is of interest to me only from the fact that the Putnams included in their Brushwood edition of Mr. Kipling's works my own small volume.

Mr. Kipling's published objections to "A Ken of Kipling" declares explicitly that two anecdotes concerning himself are untrue. Taking Mr. Kipling at his word, then, he stamps my brief biography as absolutely correct in every detail; my attempt at an appreciation pleases him so well, he has no fault to find; my comments upon his writings, he regards as satisfactory. In other words, he approves of my "Ken of Kipling" in every way excepting two anecdotes, which he says are untrue The newspapers and Mr. Kipling's friends therefore are wrong when they declare that he "characterizes the work as entirely unreliable." He does nothing of the kind.

Now as to the two anecdotes in question. "A Ken of Kipling" was written at the request of my publishers before Mr. Kipling was taken ill, in fact most of the matter was prepared before he left England for America. The chapter of anecdotes was compiled from every available source—magazines, books, and newspapers naturally, and the two anecdotes, the only two paragraphs in the book repudiated by Mr. Kipling, were obtained in the same manner. Anecdote No. 1, purporting to tell how Kipling wrote the "Recessional," and anecdote No. 2, containing a quatrain alleged to have been written by Mr. Kipling and sent to Julia Marlowe, were culled from the newspapers, a score of reputable journals printing both anecdotes. I purposely excluded from the collection at least a dozen anecdotes that to me were doubtful as to authenticity and origin. Among such anecdotes thus excluded was a malicious story from The New York Herald concerning Mr. Kipling's courtship.

In closing allow me to add: In "A Ken of Kipling" there are something like 24,000 words. Mr. Kipling repudiates and claims as unreliable two anecdotes containing 221 words, less than 1 per cent. of the whole, which is not an offense, it strikes me, sufficiently grave to place a biographer in the pillory of public condemnation. My compliments and best wishes to Mr. Kipling, Mr. Kipling's solicitors, Mr. Kipling's publishers, Mr. Kipling's agents, Mr. Kipling's confidential friends, and, moreover, to Dr. Doubleday and the trust in general.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

The Green House, Hackensack, N. J., May 26, 1899.

Parodies on "The White Man's Burden."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

It is quite interesting and somewhat amusing to note the numerous parodies written upon Rudyard Kipling's celebrated poem, "The White Man's Burden," which appeared in the February number of McClure's Magazine. Since that time I have taken special pains to locate all the parodies and poems suggested by the original that I possibly could. I was surprised by the large number of these poems which appeared in the columns of the press all over the country for several months after the publication of Kipling's poem in McClure's. I was rewarded in my search by finding about thirty of these parodies, from which I selected the best, those possessing strength and effect, omitting the "funny" ones. It is curious to see how many poets have suddenly awakened to the fact that there are many others who have burdens as heavy and even heavier than the "white man's," and have straightway proceeded to voice their sentiments in appropriate messages to the world. So we have the "Black Man's," the "Red Man's," the "Brown Man's," the "Poor Man's," the "Rich Man's," the "Chinaman's," the "Toiler's," the "Christian's," the "Miner's," the "Dear Wife's Burden," and many others, including different views of "The White Man's Burden," earnest, sarcastic, comical, and so on.

A few of these have acquired quite a little fame and have been reprinted quite extensively in the newspapers and reviews. Labouchère's anti-imperialistic parody is a clever reply to the original. Some people and papers even claim that it has gained equal popularity with Kipling's poem. The first verse reads:

"Pile on the brown man's burden
To gratify your greed;
Go clear away the 'niggers,'
Who progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child."

A Kansas paper asserts that there are others besides Kipling who can write with equal power and insight, but lack a name to make them famous, and cites as an example a poem contributed to its columns and signed by E. F. Burns, the second verse of which runs as follows:

"Take up another burden,
God knows you've had enough,
With trusts and boodle Solons,
To make your journey rough;
With women's wrongs unrighted
With all your social pains,
The red man dead, yet dying,
The freedman still in chains."

Another striking verse from the "Toiler's Burden," by John J. Foote of Brooklyn, commands us to

"Take up the toiler's burden
Ere passion drive him wild;
His spirit roused is vengeful,
Half devil and half child;
Look not for mercy from him
If hunger force the fight;
The wrongs of years behind him
He may not see aright."

From North Carolina comes this verse, picturing the negro's position in the South:

"The black man has a burden,
To lift a fallen race,
To point it to a future
To see a Saviour's grace;
For ever down the ages,
The truth has come to all:
The 'silent, sullen' black man
Must raise himself or fall."

From the "Dear Wife's Burden," which appeared in The Pittsburg Dispatch, I take the following verse:

"Take up the dear wife's burden,
Show forth the love ye breed,
To make your home a heaven,
Your love your wife doth need.
To make her harness heavy
By fluttered scold and wild,
Will never bring you pleasure,
Be pleasant, then, and mild."

The following verse is selected from a poem written by a Cherokee Indian which was suggested to the author upon reading Kipling's poem. It presents the same subject from a red man's point of view, and therefore should be interesting:

"Son of man. Son of man."
Go tell those white men, I who spread this plain
For homes, for grazing herds, and fields of grain,
An equal measure of the boon designed
For each of every race, or grade, or kind,
But lo! with impious disregard they break
My law; the whole, forsooth, the stronger take;
While countless millions, millions, have not where
To rest by night, or walk by day, nor so much air
As makes a breath, nor light to guide the eye,
Unless from some monopolist they buy.
It makes no difference how they get their pile,

And yet those men by force of muscle rule
And made of her a mere subservient tool,
A slave, a drudge, to common use assigned,
Like some dull beast in harness, tugs confined.

The "Chinaman's Burden," signed by A. E. M., is characteristic of the "powers'" policy in the East:

"Take up the 'chinkee's' burden,
Relieve him of his load;
If he resist or threaten,
Just prod him with your goad,
Remind him that the Russians
Regard him as their serf;
Just tell him that all white men
Begrudge his share of earth."

There are several more good parodies, which I have enjoyed, but which would take up too much space in your valuable REVIEW.

ALBERT E. McKAY.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 16, 1899.

N.Y. Times May 27, 99

Reminiscences of Kipling.

Literature contains an article on Rudyard Kipling, written by the editor of an India paper, E. Kay Robinson, with whom Kipling was intimately associated. Mr. Robinson's attention was first attracted to Kipling by some of the latter's earlier poems. So much impressed was he, in fact, with the genius they showed that he advised Kipling to go home to England, where he would be certain to make a name for himself.

Kipling's letter in answer is characteristic.

"You ought to know better," he writes, "at your time of life than to knock a youngster off his legs in this way; how do you expect any one will be able to hold me after your letter? Would you be astonished if I told you that I look forward to nothing but an Indian journalist's career? Why should I? My home's out here; my people are out here. Why should I go home. Any fool can put up rhymes, and the market is full of boys who could undersell me as soon as I put my foot in it." "Let us," he wrote, further, "depart our several ways in amity. You to Fleet street (where I shall come when I die, if I'm good), and I to my own place, where I find heat, and smells of oil, and spices, and puffs of temple incense, and sweat and darkness, and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating, innumerable. Give me time, give me seven years and three added to them, and abide the publishment of Mother Maturin."

"'Mother Maturin,'" says Mr. Robinson, "is the great work by which for many years Kipling purposed to make his name. In 1886 he had 350 foolscap pages of its manuscript."

"It was," said Kipling, "the novel which is always being written and yet gets no further." Leader May 28/99

Chicago Journal Nov 19 - 1898

MEDITATIONS OF MARTIN DOOLEY

On a Recent Poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling

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"I showed th' pome to Father Kelly," continued Mr. Dooley.

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He said," Mr. Dooley replied, "that I cud write as good a wan mesilf, an' he took th' stub iv a pencil an' wrote this. Lemme see—ah, here it is:

Whin he shows as seekin' frindship with paws that're thrust in thine,
That is th' time iv pearl, that is th' thruce iv th' fine.

Collarless, coatless, hatless, askin' a dhrink at th' bar,
Me Uncle Mike, th' Fenyan, he tells it near an' far.

Over an' over th' story: "Beware iv' th' gran' flimflam,
"There is no thruce with Gazabo, th' line that looks like a lamb."

"That's a good pome, too," said Mr. Dooley, "an' I'm goin' to sind it to th' nex' meetin' iv th' Anglo-Saxon 'liance."—Copyright, 1898, Chicago Journal.

Artillerymen.

F. G. Mauldin, Seventh ..., arrived in Cleveland, ... He is to be Captain J. ... special assistant in the ... U. S. recruiting office. Mauldin was assigned ... order of the war depart... recruiting office duties and ... attention principally to ... for the artillery. It is ... Captain Tillson will open ... office in some nearby town ... Lieutenant Mauldin in ...

Mauldin is a veteran of ... Spain. He was with the ... artillery during the San... ... and was in the thickest ... in Cuba.

...N A MONTH.

...ends Ceremonies, in ...nor, Until March 17.

...2.—(S. M. T.)—The cabi... ...ed that in the official ...iod of mourning, which ...17, the day of President ... shall extend to March ... the interim there shall ..., fetes or other cere...

...commercial exchanges, ...blic offices will be closed, ... day of M. Faure's fu...

...ncy Report.

...M. Avery, Mrs. O. J. ... number of other Cleve... of the Daughters of the ...olution, are in Washing... the national congress of ...ion. A full report of the ...ar emergency board, con...men of the society, last ...be given at this meeting.

...A. R. Doings.

... Feb. 22.—(S. M. T.)—The ... sessions of the eighth ...ongress of the National ... Daughters of the Amer... ...on was consumed by de... ...posed amendments to the ...

...ord to English women in ...d.
...ed on acquaintance," re... Ladford.

and save a great many lives.

"Take my own case. I was an invalid from catarrh. I was ailing for

Mrs. Myron Bundy, West Farmington, O.

fifteen years. Family doctors could never help me. The disease only grew on me till the burning sore throat, the chronic cough, the abominable hawking and spitting, the ringing ears, the distracting headaches, the mental depression, the bodily fatigue, the heavy days and sleepless nights and miserable mornings had about worn me out.

"My stomach was ruined. I couldn't take proper nourishment. When I began the Copeland home treatment, I was a nervous wreck, and had given up all hope of ever being cured. Yet the treatment cured me, after all—the same as if I had lived in Cleveland and been treated at the office in person."

IT IS FREE!

If you are suffering from any disease that interferes with your usefulness or enjoyment of life, Doctor Copeland invites you to call at his office, 201 to 205 The Arcade Building, Cleveland, O., and receive confidential consultation, thorough examination and take his treatment from day to day until you are satisfied that his methods are superior to all others for the cure of all catarrhal diseases, and all this

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April 1899

...AD & COMPANY'S CATALOGUE

...S ALLAHABAD WEEKLY.

... the first number, issued January 7, 1888, to the ... September 15, 1888, lacking two numbers. To... ...ge folio, each eight pages, unbound, as issued. $500.00

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Chicago - Journal Nov 19 - 1898

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question is still open. The letter will be published in the Osservatore Romano.

Walker declared that Boepple found a sum of money, the amount of which he did not know.

M. F. MANSFIELD
& A. WESSELS ..
Publishers .. and Importers of Books

22 East Sixteenth Street
New York

Literary Paragraph

Will the Editor kindly make copy ?

Messrs. M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, of 22 East Sixteenth Street, New York, are publishing for subscribers a reprint fac-simile of the first (Lahore) "Public Document" edition of Kipling's Departmental Ditties, now so rare and as to be almost inaccessible.

The photographic reproduction and presswork have been entrusted to the De Vinne Press, and lovers of unique books and collectors of Kiplingiana will be interested in securing a copy of the first edition of this reprint which is limited to 250 copies (attested by the De Vinne Press). Price, $2.50 net.

The same publishers also announce a volume uniform in size and make up with their edition of Mandalay by Kipling, the same author's famous poem in praise of "the great lord nicotine"—The Betrothed. As in the previous volume, each page will be embellished by a reproduction in tint of a drawing by Blanche McManus. The whole production of the volumes in this series forming a unique and taking dress for these gems from Kipling's pen which have not hitherto received the attention which they deserve.

The text is printed on Strathmore Deckle Edge paper.

The binding in Antique Boards is an original and appropriate combination of color and material. Size small quarto, and the list price is $1.

April 1899

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.

over

Original Pencil Drawings. [illegible] paper, covered both sides with ten comical drawings, each with short text, the whole illustrative of the habits of one of the famished passengers. $75.00

*The following are the legends beneath a few of the pictures:

"She was starving when she came aboard."
"She called for food."
"But she would take things to her cabin."
"And she ate bones in bed."
"And then the stewards died of exhaustion, y' know."
"But she was getting fat, and she didn't seem to care s'long as she got her vittles,"
etc., etc.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote to an
lost his little son, seems especially
y, in the light of Mr. Kipling's own
has a pathetic application. Here is
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an yours—a man, say, who has
of his begetting go body and soul to
ls that he is responsible. But it is
ore him who suffers most when the
it."

A CAUSTIC rhymer comments, in the current *World*, on some of the less restrained telegrams which were despatched to Mr. Kipling. He writes:

Had this homage been intended
Solely for your private ear,
It might well have been defended
As spontaneous and sincere:
But this sort of demonstration
Loses its impressiveness
By concurrent publication
In the columns of the Press.

A recapitulation of messages follows:

From each corner and each cranny
Of the Kailyard cables flew:
While the voice of Florence Annie
Pleaded for the mild Hindoo.
. . . .
Minor poets, blubbering blindly,
Cabled from Parnassus' slope:
Anthony assured you kindly,
While there's life there must be Hope:
Till, by dint of constant churning,
Everywhere was plainly seen
Milk of human kindness turning
Into merest margarine.

This is truly a day when a strong searchlight beats upon sentiment. The slightest lapse from reticence and dignity that finds its way into the Press finds also its castigator.

A SIXPENNY edition of Mr. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties* is about to be issued by Messrs. Newnes. This is the book which, owing to copyright difficulties, Messrs. Macmillan were unable to include in their uniform edition of Mr. Kipling's writings. Messrs. Thacker, who were the previous owners of the copyright, have now transferred it to its present holders.

A LETTER from Mr. Kipling to an author who lost his little son, which is printed in *M. A. P.*, has a pathetic application to-day. This is a passage: "People say that that kind of wound heals. It doesn't. It only skins over; but there is at least some black consolation to be got from the old and bitter thought that the boy is safe from the chances of the after-years. I don't know that that helps, unless you happen to know some man who is under deeper sorrow than yours—a man, say, who has watched the child of his begetting go body and soul to the Devil, and feels that he is responsible. But it is the mother that bore him who suffers most when the young life goes out."

MR. KIPLING'S poem, "The White Man's Burden," has not escaped the American parodist. Mr. E. H. Crosby has scornfully adapted the title to a very different set of sentiments. His verses begin thus:

Take up the White Man's burden;
Send forth your sturdy sons,
And load them down with whisky
And Testaments and guns.
Throw in a few diseases
To spread in tropic climes,
For there the healthy niggers
Are quite behind the times.

The same strain is maintained throughout.

THE WOMEN OF KIPLING.

The men in Mr. Kipling's stories are superior to the women. This is a proposition that nobody is likely to contradict, either man or woman. The worshippers of the young author—who, of course, are men—will doubtless take the ground tacitly assumed by Mr. Kipling himself, that since men are superior in life they cannot fail to retain their superiority in fiction of the highest order. This is an argument not worthy of answer. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Kipling's understanding of woman is exceedingly limited; he has but little appreciation of those elements of life and character for which she stands, and, in consequence, regards her as a serious factor only in so far as she affects man. He is carried away by his enthusiasm for physical bravery and self-assertive strength, to the disregard of passive endurance and moral elevation.

To his credit, however, be it said, his sins are rather those of omission than of commission; he does not so much distort women as neglect them—that is, the best type of women. It would not be fair to complain of Mrs. Herriott in "The Gadsbys," or of Mrs. Wessington in "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," or of any of the rest of their kind, any more than it would be fair to blame Thackeray for Becky Sharp. We have the right of complaint only when by all his writings an author demonstrates his inability to conceive of woman at her highest.

Can this charge be brought against Mr. Kipling? With certain reservations, yes. He seems aware of the existence of noble women only as the blind man guesses at objects of which he has heard only the name; he lacks the power to form their concepts in his own mind vividly, realistically; they remain shadowy, indistinct, only half alive. Take "The Brushwood Boy," for example, where the hero and heroine hold much the same moral point of view. Which of them is it that lives, moves, and has a being? The man, of course. The woman is but a silhouette, a dream girl necessary to the hero's development. It is the man, ever the man, who claims our attention and sympathy. And yet one must admit that what there is of the girl is all right. It is simply that she is too intangible, too shadowy, for us to grasp; she is only a sketch, never completed or intended to be completed.

The nearest Mr. Kipling has ever come to portraying a noble, attractive woman is in "William the Conqueror." In a way, William is a very successful character, but she is representative rather of fine masculine traits than of those essentially feminine. She is not attractive in the manner belonging to women; she wins our admiration in spite of her sex instead of because of it. The author begrudged her even physical beauty, and takes care to let us know at the outset that even that which she once possessed had vanished. "I like men who do things," she confides to one of her admirers, and forthwith proceeds to do things herself. Altogether William the Conqueror is an estimable literary personality, but she does not free her creator from the stigma of inability to portray attractive femininity. He has never given us a woman with whom a woman would like to change places, nor does he seem likely to do so in the future, despite his youth. Really to appreciate women he would have to be made over again and begin life anew. It is a pity that so great a writer should be hampered by so serious a limitation.

Notes About Books and Authors.

Apropos of the Kipling furore Dr. Robertson Nicoll says in the British Weekly: "I had the honor the other day of lunching with three very eminent men of letters. The conversation turned on Kipling. Said one, 'I am ashamed that I do not know Kipling's work, but I have begun "Plain Tales From the Hills," on the recommendation of a friend, and I do not like them. Is there any book of his in which you can at once see his power?' He turned round to his neighbor, who replied immediately that he knew nothing of Kipling except his name. The third had read 'The Recessional,' and thought it was a mixture of Longfellow and Dr. Watts, but not so good as Longfellow, not nearly so good as 'The Psalm of Life.' He had, however, heard music hall ditties of Kipling which appeared to be clever. If I were free to give the names of the speakers, they would be known to the whole world. I do not feel equal to drawing the proper moral from the conversation."

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Plain Dealer June 11/99

N.Y. Times-May-13-99

SANICHAR, THE WOLF BOY.

BY ADELINE FORD.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of meeting an interesting woman, Mrs. Bissel, who had spent most of her life in India. To me India means Rudyard Kipling. It naturally followed that we talked of Mr. Kipling and of his portrayal of Indian life. We discussed his clever Mowgli stories, which I had supposed to be based upon native folklore. Mrs. Bissel, on the contrary, assured me that, in India, children had really been found living in a wild state, with wolves as companions—that three such children had, at different times, been captured and taken to the Secundra Orphanage, in Agra.

It appears that, as a rule, it is not conducive to long life to exchange moonlight raids, singing in the woods, and other joys of jungle life, for the

SANICHAR, THE WOLF BOY.

habits of enlightened men who "blow smoke," "chatter, chatter," and "lay them down upon hard pieces of wood in the inside of a mud-trap, and, having carefully shut out all the clean winds, draw foul cloth over their heavy heads and make evil songs through their noses." Nevertheless Mrs. Bissel believed that, in spite of the unfavorable effects of civilization, one of these children

WAS STILL LIVING.

A letter sent to the missionary in charge of the orphanage at Secundra would doubtless secure me all the information possible on the subject. I lost no time in dispatching the letter. In due time I received an answer from Mr. A. H. Wright, enclosing a photograph of the wolf-boy; also a little pamphlet, giving all obtainable information about him. This pamphlet, written by Rev. C. S. Valentine, gives the following account of the finding of the wolf-boy:

Early in 1867 a number of natives who were in search of large game in the unfrequented jungles of Bulandshahe, situated in the northwest provinces of India, surprised a stray wolf which they followed to a dwarfed hillock. Out of this hillock rose a rock, and on this rock, evidently sunning itself, sat a dark, curious-looking object, which, to their utter astonishment, turned out to be a human being, who, on seeing the hunters approach, sprang from its eminence, and, running on all fours, entered a cave along with the startled wolf.

Unable or afraid to unearth the strange object, but feeling that something should be done in that direction, the natives communicated with the magistrate of Bulandshahe, who advised them to kindle a fire at the mouth of the cave and smoke the curious "find" from its den.

Accordingly these men made the "red flower" blossom at the

MOUTH OF THE CAVE,

and the poor wolf-boy, who doubtless "never wished to see or hear or smell man again," was driven from his home and carried off to spend the rest of his days among the "man-pack."

On the 4th day of February, 1867, sent by the magistrate already referred to, the boy was received into the Secundra Orphanage, and as the day happened to be a Saturday he was named Sanichar.

For a considerable time after he entered the orphanage all attempts to get him to conduct himself as a human being failed. He persisted in eating his food from the ground, picking up vegetables with his lips, and gnawing the flesh from bones with his teeth, like a carnivorous animal; and the clothes with which he was supplied he tore into shreds and cast them from him as encumbrances. By and by, however, he grew docile and conformed to his new surroundings so far as to submit to wear clothes and eat his food—native fashion—with his fingers.

At the present time Sanichar must be about thirty years of age, but he looks older. His head is small, his brow uncommonly low and contracted, while his eyes, in proportion to his head and face, are large and of a grayish color, restless, and squinting. He has a small, thin, wrinkled face, on which are one or two large cicatrices, marks, no doubt, of what have been

SEVERE BITES.

These are also found on other parts of his body, and are evident signs of the rough treatment to which he was involuntarily subjected, when living in the cave with his unamiable companions. His height, when he stands erect, is five feet two inches. In walking, he lifts his feet like one wading through wet grass, and when he moves along, the muscles of his body seem to be undergoing a series of jerks, while his arms are thrown about in such a manner as to convey the impression that they must materially assist him in his progress. His head is also continually great rapidity, while his eyes, which have at all times a hungry appearance, in motion, turning from side to side with glare, as if he expected an attack from some unseen enemy. When viewed from behind, as he walks, or when he stands in front of you with his head inclined to one side, rolling his large gray eyes, beating upon his stomach to show that he is hungry, or imitating the smoking of a cigar, of which he is extremely fond, grinning and uttering inarticulate and non-understandable sounds, he certainly does present

A STRANGE APPEARANCE.

Still, I think visitors are at first disappointed with him, having expected to find him bearing a greater resemblance to the lower creation than he really does. In fact, people who visit him for the first time expect to see a wolf who spent his early years among boys, rather than a boy whose infancy was spent among wolves.

One of the missionaries in writing about the boy says that "all attempts to teach him to speak have failed," a state of things which is not to be wondered at, considering that he is deaf, and, consequently, dumb. Whether he was born in this condition or through some cause unknown has lost the powers of hearing and speech, I have not been able to determine, but that he is deaf and dumb, and has been so since I first saw him, I have not the slightest doubt.

Notwithstanding all this, however, I have always found him wonderfully intelligent. By the use of signs I can get him to do almost anything I wish—sit, stand, walk, run, and (what is often a difficult matter among those who have been cradled and trained in fairly good society) I can get him to keep perfectly still in front of my camera. Had it been poor

SANICHAR'S FORTUNE

to be placed under the care of the good doctor who did so much for Laura Bridgeman, it is just possible that his faculties might have been sufficiently developed to enable him to impart at least a moiety of information concerning his life at the time he was found in the wolf's den.

This is the story of Sanichar. True, he bears little resemblance to the fascinating personality of Mowgli. He is the clay from which a living creature might spring at the artist's magic touch. Yet I am not at all sure that Mr. Kipling has ever heard of Sanichar. Whether or not, it is interesting to me to know of the Secundra wolf-boy, and to think of the possibility of so realistic a foundation for those charming jungle stories.

THE first of the monographs on Mr. Kipling has reached us—*Rudyard Kipling*, by G. F. Monkshood (Greening)—the preface to which contains a kind and reasonable letter from the victim himself on Mr. Monkshood's proposed act of vivisection:

> There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace that, were I you, I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man. . . .
>
> Please do not think for a moment that I do not value your enthusiasm; but considering things from the point of view of the public, to whom after all your book must go, is there enough to them in anything that Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?

THE book, now that it is published, should, however, give its subject pleasure; for Mr. Kipling likes young men and Mr. Monkshood, who seems to be young, is very keen and cordial. His criticisms are often, perhaps, a little too obvious, but they have some shrewdness too. Here is a passage:

> The writers that have influenced Rudyard Kipling are, chiefly, William Ernest Henley, James Thomson, Bret Harte, Macaulay, Defoe, Dickens, the compilers of the Bible and Rudyard Kipling. William Ernest Henley "showed him the way to promotion and pay" and helped him to chant "The English Flag" and "A Song of the English"; James Thomson brought home to him the awesome things that exist in "The City of Dreadful Night"; Bret Harte drew his attention to the literary picturesqueness of vagabonds; Macaulay flashed the spark that fired his genius for proper names; Defoe taught him the trick of using minute details and exact terminology to gain verisimilitude; Dickens inspired him to sympathise with the lowly, and to see the humour that dwells in small things; the compilers of the Bible gave him a large share of his diction, and showed him the value of a cunning simplicity, and Rudyard Kipling gave him his irony of the understatement, his flash-light powers, his craftsmanship, his industry, invention, insight, and ability to make a dream come true and a lie seem something else.

Academy May 20/99

No Marked Worship of Kipling.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I am much amused at the gentle and friendly passage of arms between yourself and "THE TIMES Reader" who objects to "your worship of Kipling"; and I have no doubt that he will agree with me that you are blameless in placing the one article about Kipling's own edition.

It may relieve the mind of "TIMES Reader" if you publish the few lines I am addressing you now, and they may be worth nothing except as affording such relief, for there will not be found in this communication any marked worship of Kipling. It seems that a word ought to be expressed somewhere and by somebody (some time ago a note of that purport appeared under "Topics of the Times" in an issue of THE NEW YORK TIMES) deprecating the action of Mr. Kipling in bringing suit against one of our most honored, honorable, and scrupulous publishing firms. It is very hard to discover what the ground of the action is, and prima facie the New York public and the American public would decide in advance that the Putnams could commit no offense that any author could possibly procure a condemnation of before a court of justice. Mr. Kipling had better refresh his mind with the delightful history of the original Putnam's dealings with Washington Irving; and the traditions have been well preserved by the sons, and the reputation for honor and honesty added to, if possible. Some of the gloss of the idol is necessarily rubbed off, in the estimation of many worshippers, by this ill-advised step of Mr. Kipling.

Another word in the same direction will refer to "Captains Courageous." I am not setting up as a detractor (my nature is not at all iconoclastic) of the idol. I confess to too much admiration of Mr. Kipling's wonderful work, where it is wonderful. But I cannot say that "Captains Courageous" is quite up to many a story in "The Day's Work." It fails in the way that so many modern novels are failing, which shrink from the opportunities for difficult situations and sustained invention and skillful denouement of intricate plot, which the story itself suggests. The account of experiences on the fishing schooner is interesting, and sometimes even thrilling. It shows intimate acquaintance with the details of the handicraft. But the story itself runs along too easily; the men on the schooner are too uniformly "good" in their various ways. For artistic and "fictional" purposes there should have been at least one "villain" among them, who should have made Harvey's trials a little more severe and his transformation so much the more triumphant. Aside from the fact that this would have made his complete change more convincing, (it seems too quickly and easily accomplished now,) this more complicated situation would have given more range for the power of invention, in the playing of adverse natures against each other in the events of human life and the development of character. There are some other turns in the story of the "Captains" where a lover of real painstaking fiction would have looked for a less smooth run of the fates, and where skill or genius would have more boldly tackled adverse and disturbing elements, only to weave them all into a happy issue through unexpected combinations.

We may say the same thing in passing about another popular story, that of "David Harum." Of course we recognize the purpose of the author to draw a picture of this hero as a characteristic type of man of his day and neighborhood; and the rest of the tale was to be a mere framework, comparatively tame, and meant to be so. Else we might have looked for Mary Blake's appearance among the guests of the Verjooses at Homeville, and some exciting mixing up of things by John's falling half in with Miss Claricy, or her falling wholly with John. All these opportunities story-telling are simply waved even though a veteran novel reader y expecting something of the kind.

But, taking the case of David Harum himself, why is not our expectation of trouble fulfilled and satisfied after that rascal of a creditor threatens bodily violence and is vigorously ejected from the "bank parlor?" Strange that he should so meekly disappear from the story. And then the discharged cashier; why does he go off to a distant city and do nothing to make difficult and bitter the path of John Lenox? Are there no "villains" in Homeville; no mean, small natures, to render his life a burden by conspiring against him; by trying to take down his supposed city pride, by making trouble and misunderstanding, (partially succeeding,) between Harum and his employer, playing off the two noble characters against each other, in their weak and their strong points, and thus, (as in the other instance,) making more convincing the result in the entire satisfaction of the two men with each other, each in his excellence the result of such vastly differing environments, and showing gloriously how on the highest planes of character and nobility all men are compeers and brothers.

By the standards of the great masters of fiction "Captains Courageous" and "David Harum" make things go altogether too smoothly and just calmly steer away from alluring and fascinating difficulties, obviously in their pathway, for perhaps no other reason than that they are difficulties. But art is sacrificed by this love of ease. Mentioning only the novels that have been "the rage" lately, (quite apart from their intrinsic merit,) we find that "Ships that Pass in the Night" and "Choir Invisible," offend against this same canon of art which we have presumed to set up, and that "Hugh Wynne" alone seems to have dared to encounter some of the complications that the "villain" produces in novels as well as in plays, and, for that matter, in real life.

DANIEL VAN PELT.

Astoria, L. I., May 29, 1899.

N.Y. Times June 3 - 1899

THE fifteen-volume edition of Kipling's works is not to be published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, as has been reported, nor, for that matter, by any one publishing house. It is an edition arranged for by the author and issued jointly by his authorized publishers—D. Appleton & Co., The Century Company, and the Doubleday & McClure Company. It will be marketed, as already announced by us, by the Book Department of the H. B. Claflin Co. The edition will comprise the following volumes: (1) "The Seven Seas"; (2) "Many Inventions"; (3) "The Jungle Book"; (4) "The Second Jungle Book"; (5) "Captains Courageous"; (6) "The Day's Work"; (7, 8) "From Sea to Sea," two volumes; (9) "Barrack-Room Ballads," "Departmental Ditties," and other verses; (10) "Plain Tales from the Hills"; (11) "The Naulahka"; (12) "Soldiers Three," "Story of the Gadsbys," and "In Black and White"; (13) "Life's Handicap," and "Stories of Mine Own People"; (14) "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie"; and (15) "The Light that Failed." The set will also contain a biographical sketch by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and will have a photogravure portrait of Kipling. The edition will be sold only in sets, and for the present the output is limited to 20,000 sets, which will retail at $15 a set.

Pub. Weekly June 3/99

Rudyard Kipling's American Wife.

The fact that Mr. Kipling has given to the public in his "Brushwood Boy" the portrait of his wife emphasizes the interest of that freshest, most exquisite bit of composition. But the likeness, although so accurate, is scarcely the work of a limner. It is that of one who paints from within, rather—the original artist, who, unconsciously to himself, has thus reproduced a realized ideal. The law of affinity is so often inoperative in the matrimonial alliances of men of genius, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that one regards with peculiar satisfaction the exceptions to what has grown to be a rule.

In Mrs. Kipling's girlhood days, in New York, before she had ever met her future husband, an acquaintance said of her: "She is the kind of rare, positive character that as soon as one knows one expects great things from," adding: "No man could dwarf her into a satellite by marrying her. Indeed, the men of her acquaintance whom I know are all too commonplace to furnish a match for her."

Her early youth was spent in Rochester at the home of her maternal grandfather, Hon. E. Peshine Smith, with whom her mother lived after the death of her husband.

The close association with such a nature must of necessity affect Mr. Kipling's work and one of her friends, in speaking of his books, says:

"I attribute the deepening tone of seriousness in his more recent productions to his wife's influence. She has always been so thoroughly good."

His acquaintance with her grew out of his connection with her brother, Wolcott Balestier, the brilliant writer and astute man of business, whose death, when in his thirtieth year, cut short a career, the possibilities of which could scarcely be limited.

Young Balestier, who at seventeen was contributing stories to the Atlantic Monthly, had gone to London to represent the publishing house of John W. Lovell of New York, and to establish an office in that city.

Three years later he was sleeping in the little cemetery at Dresden, but in that brief interval he had originated and was successfully conducting the continental publishing firm of Heinemann & Balestier, the rival of the old house of Baron Tauchnitz, and had acquired a knowledge of the English book market such as no Englishman possessed.

In the light thrown upon it by after events, his introduction to Kipling assumes a pathetic aspect.

In the autumn of 1889 a friend, "fresh from the reading of 'Soldiers Three,' said to him one morning: "You ought to keep your eye on the new Indian writer, Rudyard Kipling."

"Rudyard Kipling," repeated Balestier, with some impatience, "is it a man or a woman? What's his real name?"

"You'll find," replied the other, slightly irritated, "that you won't be allowed to ask questions like those long. Rudyard Kipling is going to be one of the first writers of the day."

"Pooh! Pooh!" said Balestier, "now you're shouting."

The conversation ended here, but three days afterward, when the friend called again at his office he observed a pile of blue Indian pamphlets lying upon his desk.

Balestier seemed to know instinctively the most direct route to the hearts of those whose regard he wished to win.

He arrived in England without having an acquaintance on the island, and at his death left behind him the largest circle of literary friends possessed by any contemporary American.

Kipling was no exception to the rule. He conceived at their first meeting a strong liking for him, and three months afterward the two were writing the story of "Naulakha."

In 1891, when Caroline Balestier came to London to furnish a little home life for her brother, whose failing health had aroused the fears of his friends, Kipling lost his heart to her, and in January, 1892, after Balestier's death, they were married in All Souls' church, Portland place, and she returned to America as his bride.

Mr. Kipling thoroughly realizes the importance of industry as an adjunct to genius, and is systematic in his literary methods. His custom is to go to his study at 9 in the morning and remain there until 1 in the afternoon; but, since he writes standing as well as sitting, many of his compositions have been produced while walking about in his garden.

Plain Dealer June 11/99

THE SHADOW OF KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

This clever caricature by Max Beerbohm, which we copy from the Pall Mall Magazine, admirably supplements the following dire tale from Life:

A profound melancholy had fallen on the crowds that thronged the streets of London. An expression of intense, subdued excitement was noticeable on every face; an expression noticed only when some great calamity has fallen, or is about to fall, on the nation. The young spoke in whispers, the old were sternly silent, and all moved about in a nervous, strained manner which was intensified when the royal carriage drove rapidly by with grim attendant guards on its way to Charing Cross. The King and Queen were flying from London!

Now the dull heavy tread of armed hosts was heard approaching. The police had been unable to cope with the enormous, almost silent, masses of citizens, and the military had been called out to clear the streets.

"What is it?" asked a stranger of a Londoner who, with beads of perspiration rolling down his face, was standing in the doorway, nervously twitching his hands.

"Sh-h-h-h-h-!!!" was the only reply he received. Struggling through the ever-increasing throngs to Westminster Bridge he reached the Parliament Buildings just as the Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain, with hastily-packed grips, entered a hansom quickly and drove furiously away, casting nervous glances right and left. All the other members of both the Lords and Commons had fled an hour before.

Every moment the situation was become more strenuous; the very air breathed excitement.

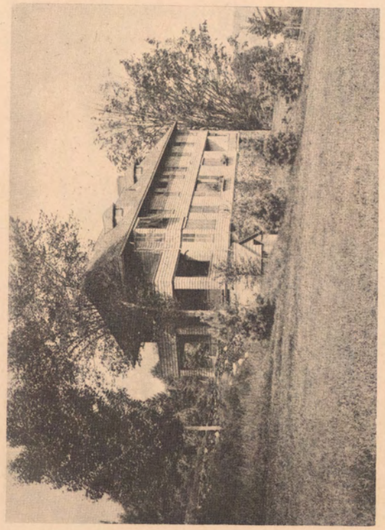
Seeing a weeping woman leaning against the bridge, the stranger approached and, in an awed whisper, asked: "Madam, for heaven's sake, tell me what has happened!"

"Oh, sir," came the tearful reply, "'aven't you 'eard?"

"Heard what? Speak, woman, quick."

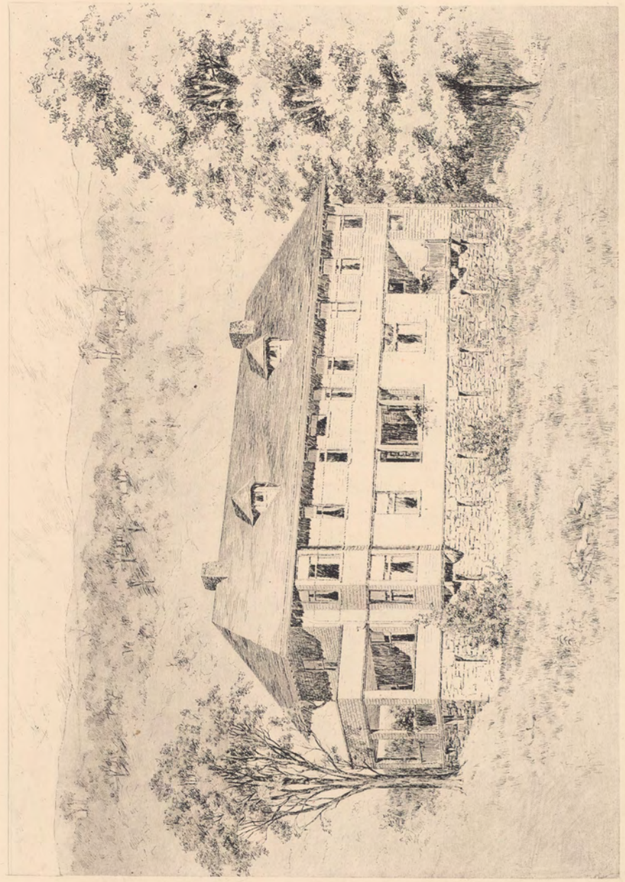
"W'y, it's terrible! Mr. Kiplin's busy a-writin' of another pome, sir!"

Leader Sunday March 9-1902



MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE AT BRATTLEBORO, VT.

From a drawing by the architect, Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall

MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE AT BRATTLEBORO, VT.

From a drawing by the architect, Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall