Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling is something more than the father of his son, though that of itself, one might think, would be sufficient to satisfy the ambition of most men. Mr. Kipling was the son of a Wesleyan preacher, and was born in Yorkshire, England. After leaving school, he served his apprenticeship in one of the Staffordshire potteries in Burslem, and afterwards worked in the studio of the sculptor, Mr.

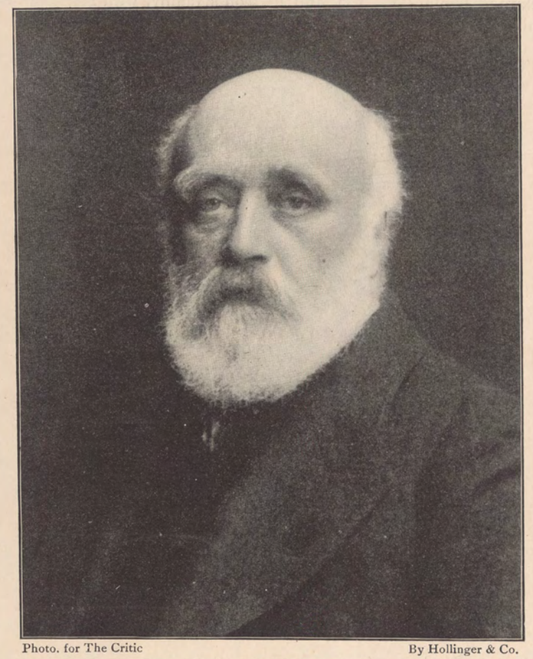

Photo. for The Critic By Hollinger & Co.

MR. J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING

Birnie Philip, and from 1861 to 1865 was engaged on the decorations of the South Kensington Museum. In the latter year he was appointed Professor of Architectural Sculpture in the British School of Art in Bombay, and there it was that his son Rudyard was born. Between the years 1875 and 1893, Mr. Kipling was Principal of the Mayo School of Art and Curator of the Central Museum at Lahore. His knowledge of India is extensive and intimate, and probably no one but he could have produced so striking a work of its kind as the learned and entertaining volume, "Beast and Man in India," which he published

London July 99

THE DAILY News

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING AT KENSINGTON.

DEPARTURE FOR ROTTINGDEAN.

The poet of the Empire, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been called, left Victoria Station at ten minutes to four yesterday afternoon, with his wife and two children, for Brighton, on the way to Rottingdean, the pretty village on the crumbling cliffs where he has made his home. After baffling would-be interviewers at Liverpool and at Euston Stations, on Thursday, he drove to the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, which Mr. John de Reszké, bound for Paris, had just quitted. It was not by any means Mr. Kipling's first visit. He likes the house, but a horrible difficulty met him. The place was full, and at first it seemed as if the wanderer would have to go further for shelter. The manager, however, is a man of resource. He gave his own room to the author of the "Seven Seas." The poet was thankful, though the chamber overlooks Kensington High-street, whereas he has hitherto chosen apartments whence he could see Kensington Gardens, with their noble trees and the palace of Dutch William, a view which would, one might suppose, tempt him some day to quit for a brief space his love of the extremely modern and dip into bygone days. So far Mr. Kipling had been as shy as the Bhils who worshipped his John Chinn, but, knowing that the general dining room of the hotel contained small tables, he and his family monopolised one, with no neighbour near enough to worry him with questions. In his eye, however, was still foreknowledge of interviewers. He pictured them no doubt like the commissioners sent forth by the Indian Government, asking, but with reference to the United States, where he has spent six months,

What is the state of the nation?
What is its education?
Hi! get along, get along, get along.
Lend us the information.

Therefore he did not go to rest till he had written to Mr. George Wright, station superintendent for the Brighton and South Coast Company at Victoria, asking him to reserve a first-class compartment in the 3.50 train yesterday. Mr. Wright knows Mr. Kipling well, for before his visit to America, where, as everybody is aware, he lost a little daughter and nearly died himself, he often travelled between Victoria and Brighton. His apprehension regarding fresh attacks from interviewers was well-founded. Several called to see him at the hotel yesterday, but the poet baulked them by the simple plan of being out with Mr. F. N. Doubleday, of the firm of Doubleday and McClure, the poet's American publishers. That gentleman has proved himself eminent as a strategist in the case of English journalists, to whom is denied the resource of their American brethren—an imaginative report when facts are withheld. Of course, Mr. Kipling had much to do during his short stay in town, and would probably have been inaccessible even if willing to talk.

The time of departure from Victoria Station not having been made public, the crowd there was no larger than usual. A white label on a carriage next to the Pullman cars announced that it was reserved for "Rudyard Kipling, Esq." The few people who read it looked into the compartment, and then round the platform, but seeing no sign of the great man, they went to their own seats, for only passengers were allowed on the platform, and the Kiplings took care not to come too soon. Presently two nurses in charge of a pretty little, green-jacketed girl, and a chubby, sturdy, red-clothed boy, about two years old, were shown into the compartment by a porter, who buttressed them with three or four hand-bags and a bundle of shawls. In the boy one at once recognised a little Rudyard. The girl's delicate features and bright dark eyes reminded one of her mother.. A few minutes later a medium-sized, strongly-built gentleman, in a black bowler hat, and dark suit, partly covered by a short dust coat, came sauntering along the platform. It was impossible to mistake the heavy eyebrows and moustache, the full, clean-shaven chin, the square forehead, and the spectacles. They belonged to Mr. Kipling. He was in placid conversation with the station Superintendent, his wife walking a little in advance. Judging solely by appearances he is in better health than before he went to America, and decidedly better than his wife, who, in the last few months, has had a larger share of grief, anxiety, and trouble, even than he. But no doubt the voyage across the Atlantic and the man's determination to stay on deck when women think it prudent to go below, have added to the bronze on his cheek. It was pleasant to see that the couple were in good spirits. Having shaken hands with one or two friends, accidentally met on the platform, he entered the carriage, sitting against the door with his back towards the engine, Mrs. Kipling occupying the opposite corner. Thereupon the chubby boy squeezed himself between his father and the window while the pretty girl performed the same operation on her mother's side. In a minute or two the gentleman abandoned the place to his son and retreated to the further corner of the compartment, either because he did not like being trampled on by the youngster or because he shrank from the glances which a few people cast at him. As the train moved away it was seen that he was reading one of the penny weeklies, and with much apparent satisfaction was smoking a long briar pipe.

In spite of Mr. Kipling's robust appearance, he is going to Rottingdean for rest, part of which he may find in cycling and fishing pastimes which he prefers to all others.

Mr. and Mrs. Kipling arrived at Brighton shortly after five o'clock last evening, and drove in an open carriage to their residence at Rottingdean.

DRAMA.

KIPLING LIKES AMERICA.

9 July 99 Leader

Since His Recent Illness in This Country the Author Has Changed His Mind.

"The American public," said an intimate friend of Rudyard Kipling, "undoubtedly knows that Mr. Kipling left this country with a more favorable opinion of America and Americans than was the case when he sailed from New York three years ago for his English home. But only Kipling's intimate friends have even a moderate realization of the change in his attitude toward America since that first homeward trip.

"Kipling might not have voiced the great difference in his feelings as he said good-bye on the dock, but in the period of his convalescence from his recent illness, and while he was winning back his strength in New Jersey and on Long Island, his changed attitude, unconsciously, perhaps, was manifested in unmistakable ways. His illness, doubtless, and the loss of his favorite daughter, Josephine, had much to do with this change of attitude. A man's recovery from a severe illness frequently changes the whole direction of his thought. He entertains a more kindly view of the world in general, he sees in his friends and in his attendants admirable traits which he had not fully appreciated before.

"That was Kipling's case. He became disposed to look upon the Americans whom he disliked when he left New York three years ago, in a kindlier light. The opportunity to scratch the skin and see what was beneath it had been given to him on his sick bed, and he had not let the opportunity slip by. He had felt the warm heart beats of the Americans whom he had so pitilessly held up to criticism, and had found that at the bottom of his own honest Anglo-Saxon heart he liked them."—Chicago Tribune.

BROWN & Co., Boston, announce for publication, on August 15, "A Kipling Primer," by Frederick Lawrence Knowles, editor of "Cap and Gown," etc. The volume will contain complete bibliographical data of first editions, a bibliography of reference articles, a scholarly and popular critical appreciation of Kipling's works, and an alphabetical index to the plots of all stories and ballads. They also announce for August an authorized translation, by Mary J. Safford, of "The King and Queen of Mollebusch, or, the indispensables," a delightful folk-tale, by Georg Ebers. It is to be illustrated with full-page half-tones after the German.

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Mr. Hunter M. Robinson, who succeeds Mr. Kennerley as the American representative of Mr. John Lane, was for eighteen years with Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Mr. Robinson is an author of books and a contributor to the London literary journals. The Bodley Head is to be moved farther up Fifth Avenue, and it is rumored that Mr. Kennerley, who has started in the publishing business on his own account, will occupy the cosy basement at Fifth Avenue and 19th Street when Mr. Lane moves out.

Etched by Paul Helleu Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.

THE BLACK HAT

Mr. W. W. Appleton, who has just returned from his annual visit abroad, has arranged for the publication by his firm of an important work relating to the coming Paris Exhibition. It is to be a review of the world's progress in art and science during the last hundred years. The text will be by experts selected from the various countries of Europe and America. The illustrations will be taken mainly from pictures which are to be at the Paris Exhibition.

Count Tolstoy's agent in London has protested against the excisions made in Tolstoy's novel by the editor of *The Cosmopolitan*. He, no doubt, has cause for protest from his point of view, but the readers of *The Cosmopolitan* would have protested much more violently had the story been served to them as it was written. In London it has been printed just as Tolstoy wrote it. Let us hope that it is not printed in a journal designed for family reading.

Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, is to show, in a pavilion at the coming Paris Exhibition, a copy of every edition of his works. The pavilion will have to be a large one, as he has written over 300 novels, some of which have been translated into every European language.

London July 99 THE DAILY

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KIPLING LIKES AMERICA.

9 July 99 Leader

Since His Recent Illness in This Country the Author Has Changed

At last we have an edited and authorized edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letters of travel that have been published from time to time in more or less agreeable form. It is in two volumes with the general title "From Sea to Sea." The motto on the title-page is "Write me as one that loved his fellowmen." The book is published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., and contains a few prefatory lines by Mr. Kipling, in which he says:

"In these two volumes I have got together the bulk of the special correspondence and occasional articles written by me for the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* between 1887 and 1889. I have been forced to this action 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."

I am sorry that Mr. Kipling should be forced to do anything that he did not want to do, but I think that we should have missed a good deal if we had not been given these letters in permanent form, though there may be some that it would be more flattering to us Americans to have left unprinted; but then, why should we not take the bitter with the sweet, without making a wry face? "Letters of Marque" form the bulk of the first volume. They are about the East, and are in Mr. Kipling's familiar and admirable style. These Eastern letters, as well as those relating to America, have all the buoyancy of youth, with some of its faults. It is quite as good as a visit to the Orient to read what Mr. Kipling has written about it. Indeed, I don't know but that I enjoy his descriptions more than I should enjoy travelling in those countries of fearful heat. Not that we are unaccustomed to heat in New York, for I am writing now with the thermometer at 95°; but we always hope for something better. In the far East they know that unless they climb the mountain heights they will never be cool. "When I die," says Mr. Kipling, "I will be a Burman, with twenty yards of real king's silk, that has been made in Mandalay, about my body, and a succession of cigarettes between my lips. I will wave the cigarette to emphasize my conversation, which shall be full of jest and repartee, and I will always walk about with a pretty almond-colored girl, who shall laugh and jest, too, as a young maiden ought." He never says anything about wanting to be an American, though it was frequently suggested to him that he should become naturalized while he was over here.

"Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if these letters be ever read by American eyes," he exclaims, and well he may. We say the same things about America ourselves, but we don't allow other people to—just as a mother will spank her own child when he does wrong, but I would not advise anyone else to do the spanking in her presence. He describes San Francisco as a "mad city—inhabited

for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of remarkable beauty." It was in San Francisco that he first heard American "as she is spoke." The American, he insists, has no language.

"He has dialect, slang, provincialism, accent, and so forth. Now that I have heard their voices, all the beauty of Bret Harte is being ruined for me because I find myself catching, through the roll of his rhythmical prose, the cadence of his peculiar fatherland. Get an American lady to read to you 'How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar' and see how much is, under her tongue, left of the beauty of the original. But I am sorry for Bret Harte. It happened this way. A reporter asked me what I thought of the city, and I made answer suavely that it was hallowed ground to me because of Bret Harte. That was true. 'Well,' said the reporter, 'Bret Harte claims California, but California don't claim Bret Harte. He 's been so long in England that he 's quite English. Have you seen our cracker factories and the new offices of the *Examiner*?' He could not understand that to the outside world the city was worth a great deal less than the man."

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."

When he speaks of the American girl Mr. Kipling is complimentary. He admires her beauty, he admires her cleverness, and he admires her pluck.

Of course, one cannot expect Chicago to like what Mr. Kipling says about it; but, on the other hand, he probably does not mean all that he says. It is just his picturesque way:

"I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it Chicago. The other places do not count. San Francisco was a pleasure resort as well as a city, and Salt Lake was a phenomenon. This place is the first American city I have encountered. It holds rather more than 1,000,000 people with bodies, and stands on the same sort of soil as Calcutta. Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its water is the water of the Hugli, and its air is dirt. Also it says that it is the 'boss' town of America. I do not believe that it has anything to do with this country."

When one criticises these letters of Mr. Kipling's he must 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 republication 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 any other reason. 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 should have regretted their destruction, as I have found them very entertaining.

A writer in the London *Star* publishes a letter that he received some time ago from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was the subject of a book that he had just written, called "An Attempt at Appreciation." After the book was accepted by a publishing house, but before it was issued, the writer sent the manuscript to Mr. Kipling; and this was the modest acknowledgment he received:

"I have read your typewritten book with a good deal of interest, and I confess that I greatly admire your enthusiasm. But does it not seem to you that work of this kind would be best published after the subject were dead? There are so many ways in which a living man may 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 fifteen-volume edition of Kipling's works, which will be ready this month, is not to be published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., as has been reported, nor by any one publishing house. It is an edition arranged for the author by Mr. Doubleday, and issued jointly by his authorized publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., the Century Co., and the Doubleday & McClure Co. It will be marketed, as already announced, by the Book Department of the H. B. Claflin Co.

In the course of an interview published in the London *Chronicle*, Mark Twain, who is now in the British capital, said: "There has not been an original idea in the world from Adam's time until our own. What I mean is, that no man produces an idea out of his own head. The idea first comes from the outside; you cannot grow an idea. Why, Adam could not invent the idea of modesty. He went naked until he learned from the outside that to be naked was immodest. I 'm not attaching any large importance to this, for I have a sense of modesty, although Adam had n't. I got it from Adam; I did not invent it."

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KIPLING LIKES AMERICA.

THE CASE OF MR. KIPLING.

AFTER a singularly ill-starred visit to New York, the incidents of which have been brought, even to excess, before the notice of the public, Mr. Rudyard Kipling returns this week to England and to his home. We rejoice to learn that he has recovered his health, and we venture to hope that he will be successful for some time to come in keeping his name and his concerns out of the papers. There has been a little too much about him in the gossiping columns of the lesser press of late for his moral or intellectual health. He has become excessively famous very early in his career, and what he has now to dread is a popular reaction. Danger for him lies now in the foolish praise of his more illiterate admirers, and no more curious instance of what this class can do in the way of making a fool of a hero can be conceived than a certain volume* of crudded flattery by a Mr. Monkshood which is now lying on our table.

There is nothing about this volume, except its subject, which entitles it to notice in these columns. As we have read it, we have marvelled again and again that a writer could be found to write a book so extraordinarily insipid, so innocent of the faintest claim upon the attention of the public. The "style" of Mr. Monkshood is the most astounding mixture of violence and feebleness that we have met with. When he wishes to explain that the book called "The Light that Failed" did not at first enjoy an unquestioned success, Mr. Monkshood remarks "A few half-baked people in surprised cities ran up and down whimpering that the thing must be called 'The Book that Failed,' which was a silliness." Why they were not wholly baked, and what it was which had surprised their cities, and why they ran, and why they whimpered, and what was a silliness, it is beyond the power of thought to discover, for these are merely the sloppinesses of undisciplined journalese. But even the rawest office-boy in the employment of the snippetting press might be taught that nobody is allowed, in an "appreciation" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to speak of his "rugged, more than ragged, moustache, which a girl has described as being so fearsome a thing that you would have to like the owner very much to let him kiss you." There are depths of vulgarity in the people who write books about other people which no critical plummet has ever sounded.

The book before us is nothing, or less than nothing, although the subject of which it too adventurously attempts to treat is of very remarkable interest. Mr. Monkshood acknowledges that he has been greatly helped, "with suggestions and doings [*sic*]," by the author of "A Farrago of Folly." Mr. Monkshood required no such assistance. We have formed a mistaken estimate of his quality if we are wrong in supposing him quite competent to produce his farrago unaided. Honest enthusiasm we must not deny to him. It is plain that he likes Mr. Kipling's works very much, and finds a pleasure in saying so. Unhappily, there his authority ends. Mr. Monkshood is pleased with everything, from "the large close-cropped head" and "rugged, more than ragged moustache," up to the more intellectual characteristics of his favourite's "gargoyle grotesquerie" and "staccato virility." But of discrimination he does not display a scrap. His method is to enumerate in succession everything which his hero has published, and to sprinkle unmeasured eulogy upon it all, so that at length the deafening, unmodulated howl of praise exasperates the reader. It is as though we were listening to the priests of some savage deity, as they prostrated themselves before his image, and whacked their tom-toms and blew their screaming conchs. We find ourselves hoping that the deity likes the noise, since it certainly gives neither instruction nor pleasure to any other conceivable being.

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Unhappily, there is some little reason to fear that this particular deity does enjoy the blare of the conchs. Our instinct would have been to offer our sincere condolence to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, exposed against his will and without his knowledge to all this offensive laudation. But the publishers of this little book print as a preface a letter from Mr. Kipling, and we are bound to confess that this largely withdraws our pity from the illustrious victim. Mr. Kipling has "read your typewritten book with a good deal of interest," but, faintly protesting, suggests that it "would be best published after the subject were dead." That is to say, Mr. Kipling likes the praise (Oh, yes! we are afraid he likes it, gross and rancid as it is), but he feels obliged, with his finger to his lip and his eyelids cast down, to suggest that it should be posthumous. Now, if there is one thing which Mr. Kipling is, it is perspicuously intelligent. He must be blinded with vanity indeed if he is not aware that Mr. Monkshood, with all his enthusiasm and his good intentions, is absolutely without skill as a critic. Mr. Kipling has read "with a good deal of interest" a book which no unprejudiced judge of literary merit could possibly applaud. Why has he done so? Because it is full of unstinted, unreflecting, undiluted praise of the entire works of Mr. Kipling.

We believe that the moment has arrived when those who are the friends of the genius of Mr. Kipling (and we are among the most ardent of these, within the limits of good sense) should endeavour to awaken him to a sense of his position. It is for this reason that we taken as our text to-day a very foolish little book would not on its own merits detain us. Nor we strain to any priggish excess the fact that Mr. vil note to the writer of the book. ser in him, no doubt, to have upon the thing in its "type- ate, but, after all, a busy man is od-natured. It is more a cer- e in Mr. Kipling's recent utter- one particular admirer, that have a few words in the gate ful genius. We will preface a compliment which is fully sider Mr. Kipling's youthful e authors of the day, and ion of praise trumpeted at e globe, the modesty and has borne himself are

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Mr. Kipling writes in this month's Author a long statement of his action against G. P. Putnam's Sons. He traverses the Putnams' allegation that he refused specifications, adding that at any time between March 13 and April 22 a settlement could have been made if such had been desired by the Putnams. Mr. Kipling concludes as follows: "They have, under cover of following the routine of trade, produced an incomplete set of books, which they wish the public to accept as a complete edition of my books. They have attempted, both by the title they selected for their edition and by placing on every volume my autograph in fac simile and an imitation of an elephant's head, which is the distinguishing mark of my Outward Bound Edition, to make the public believe that their venture had my sanction.

"They have used, in part, matter written and authorized by me, in part matter written but not authorized, in part matter neither written nor authorized by me.

"They have appropriated copyright material for their own uses in their specially prepared index.

"They have tampered with a copyrighted book three years after publication.

"They have made me responsible before a public to whom I do peculiarly owe the best and most honest work that I can turn out for an egregious, padded fake.

"And all these things they did, taking advantage of that public's interest in my illness when I lay at the point of death.

"I do not see how I can permit their action to pass without challenge. It establishes too many precedents which will do evil to the honor and integrity of the profession that so far has given me countenance and profit."

H. N.

NY Times July 8/99

Two elements have combined to place the youthful author of "A Fleet in Being" in the extremely exalted position which he holds. One of these, of course, is his own genius—the pungency of his style, the closeness and abundance of his observation, his rich and multiform imagination. All praise which these qualities secure for him is safe and wholesome; on this side he needs not suspect a straining of the note. But these alone would not account for a quarter of his popularity, and the preponderating element in this is the encouragement his writings have given to a certain national state of mind. All that is utilitarian and materialistic, all that

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THE

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A. H. WHEELER & Co.,

ALLAHABAD.

1890.

[*See No. 57, page 11, of this Catalogue.*]

crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

ISADOR COHN, the New York Assemblyman from "de Ate," may not be a statesman, but when it comes to getting a bill through, he is certainly resourceful. He had distinguished himself during the present session of the Legislature by doing nothing but smile until his Dewey Park bill came up for consideration, and Slater, of New York City, moved to strike out the enacting clause. Then Cohn made his maiden speech and got his bill considered. Here is the speech: "This is my first speech, and perhaps my last this session. This is the only bill which I hope to pass, and I do not think that any one ought to vote against it. I have never voted against anybody's bill, and I don't think that anybody ought to vote against my bill. I have tried to be a friend to everybody, and I really think that everybody ought to be a friend of mine. This is a good bill. I don't see how anybody could be so unkind as to vote against it." Daniel Webster might have made a more eloquent speech, but the bill passed unanimously.

THE Anti-Death Penalty League of Massachusetts requested an opinion from William Dean Howells, and received the following reply:

"I think capital punishment a legal atrocity, and a species of homicide, incomparably more cruel than most private murders, since it inflicts death after long knowledge of death to come has multiplied its terrors for the victim. It is one of the most useless pieces of wickedness left in the world."

MAJOR ALBRECHT, who was in charge of the Orange Free State artillery and was captured with General Cronje, has a keen sense of humor. During his bombardment of Kimberley he kept a good lookout with his field-glasses, and when he saw a British shell coming he used to shout, "Koest, Kerels!" ("Down, fellows!"), his men then immediately taking cover. One of his German officers, Lieutenant Heister, evidently thought it *infra dig.* for an officer to lie down, and seemingly resented the idea of being included among "fellows," and was so in the habit of remaining standing. At last, however, he was compelled to take cover, for Major Albrecht, noticing his behavior, laughingly cried when the next shell started, "Down, fellows, and Lieutenant Heister!"

AN amusing correspondence recently passed between Rudyard Kipling and a London publishing house that deals extensively in American works. A letter was addressed to the author in care of this firm and by it forwarded to him at Rollingdean, with the following note:

"The enclosed letter has just reached us from America, and you will see that we had to pay a letter fine of threepence on it. Your obedient servants, G—— B——"

Here is Mr. Kipling's reply:

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Rudyard Kipling desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 30. The letter that you enclose was from a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific slope, and Mr. Kipling is glad to learn that you are only out of pocket threepence by it. Faithfully yours, "S. ANDERSON."

Then came the last of the correspondence:

"In forwarding you the letter from America addressed in our care, we thought we were doing a courteous act. We did not know from whom it came, but because it was from 'a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific slope,' your secretary reports that you are glad to learn that we are only threepence out of pocket by it. This strikes us as the action of an 'absent-minded beggar.' Yours faithfully, G—— B——. P. S.—Kindly put the threepence in the tambourine."

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Saturday Review June 24/99

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Of 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. Bulkeley
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.]

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NY Times July 8/99

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Mark Page, 24th Nov.

NEW YORK CITY. 11

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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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.

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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

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

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AFTER a singularly ill-starred visit to New York, the incidents of which have been brought, even to excess, before the notice of the public, Mr. Rudyard Kipling returns this week to England and to his home. We rejoice to learn that he has recovered his health, and we venture to hope that he will be successful for some time to come in keeping his name and his concerns out of the papers. There has been a little too much about him in the gossiping columns of the lesser press of late for his moral or intellectual health. He has become excessively famous very early in his career, and what he has now to dread is a popular reaction. Danger for him lies now in the foolish praise of his more illiterate admirers, and no more curious instance of what this class can do in the way of making a fool of a hero can be conceived than a certain volume* of crudded flattery by a Mr. Monkshood which is now lying on our table.

There is nothing about this volume, except its subject, which entitles it to notice in these columns. As we have read it, we have marvelled again and again that a writer could be found to write a book so extraordinarily insipid, so innocent of the faintest claim upon the attention of the public. The "style" of Mr. Monkshood is the most astounding mixture of violence and feebleness that we have met with. When he wishes to explain that the book called "The Light that Failed" did not at first enjoy an unquestioned success, Mr. Monkshood remarks "A few half-baked people in surprised cities ran up and down whimpering that the thing must be called 'The Book that Failed,' which was a silliness." Why they were not wholly baked, and what it was which had surprised their cities, and why they ran, and why they whimpered, and what was a silliness, it is beyond the power of thought to discover, for these are merely the sloppinesses of undisciplined journalese. But even the rawest office-boy in the employment of the snippetting press might be taught that nobody is allowed, in an "appreciation" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to speak of his "rugged, more than ragged, moustache, which a girl has described as being so fearsome a thing that you would have to like the owner very much to let him kiss you." There are depths of vulgarity in the people who write books about other people which no critical plummet has ever sounded.

The book before us is nothing, or less than nothing, although the subject of which it too adventurously attempts to treat is of very remarkable interest. Mr. Monkshood acknowledges that he has been greatly helped, "with suggestions and doings [*sic*]," by the author of "A Farrago of Folly." Mr. Monkshood required no such assistance. We have formed a mistaken estimate of his quality if we are wrong in supposing him quite competent to produce his farrago unaided. Honest enthusiasm we must not deny to him. It is plain that he likes Mr. Kipling's works very much, and finds a pleasure in saying so. Unhappily, there his authority ends. Mr. Monkshood is pleased with everything, from "the large close-cropped head" and "rugged, more than ragged moustache," up to the more intellectual characteristics of his favourite's "gargoyle grotesquerie" and "staccato virility." But of discrimination he does not display a scrap. His method is to enumerate in succession everything which his hero has published, and to sprinkle unmeasured eulogy upon it all, so that at length the deafening, unmodulated howl of praise exasperates the reader. It is as though we were listening to the priests of some savage deity, as they prostrated themselves before his image, and whacked their tom-toms and blew their screaming conchs. We find ourselves hoping that the deity likes the noise, since it certainly gives neither instruction nor pleasure to any other conceivable being.

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(2)

Unhappily, there is some little reason to fear that this particular deity does enjoy the blare of the conchs. Our instinct would have been to offer our sincere condolence to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, exposed against his will and without his knowledge to all this offensive laudation. But the publishers of this little book print as a preface a letter from Mr. Kipling, and we are bound to confess that this largely withdraws our pity from the illustrious victim. Mr. Kipling has "read your typewritten book with a good deal of interest," but, faintly protesting, suggests that it "would be best published after the subject were dead." That is to say, Mr. Kipling likes the praise (Oh, read [illegible]

neat, *with all of the covers and advertisements.* Allahabad, 1889. 22 00

*This volume is from the collection of E. W. Bulkeley, and bears his autograph on the first page of *Soldiers Three.* "The above four numbers are illustrative of the four main features of Anglo-Indian Life, viz., The Military, Domestic, Native and Social."—*Adv't. Under the Deodars* is the genuine first edition. The others are in the same form as the original editions and should not be confounded with the recent reprints referred to above.

71 LA FONTAINE. Tales, imitated in English Verse. London, 1814. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, hf. calf, gilt backs and tops, *uncut.* 12 50

*BY THOMAS MOORE. The rare original edition. "Some of these have been occasionally translated by Prior and others; but the whole for the first time, is now presented to the Public in English."

72 LANG (Andrew) Ballads of Books. London, 1888. Roy. 8vo, original hf. morocco, uncut. 7 50

*LARGE PAPER COPY. 113 printed.

73 LANG. Essays in Little (on Dumas, Stevenson, Thackeray, Dickens, Lever, Kipling, &c.). *Portrait.* London, 1891. Cr. 8vo, cloth. *First Edition.* 1 50

74 LANG. The Tercentenary of IZAAK WALTON. *Illustrations.* London, *printed for private circulation only*, 1893. 4to, parchment, uncut. 16 00

*Only 30 copies printed.

75 LAMB (Charles) The Adventures of Ulysses. *Frontispiece and engraved title.* London, 1808. 12mo. 18 00

*FIRST EDITION. Fine clean copy in the original sheep, with both the printed and the engraved title.

76 LAMB. Ulysses, 1808. Another fine copy, bound by Riviere in polished calf extra, gilt back and edges. 14 00

77 LAMB. Elia: Essays which have appeared under that signature in the London Magazine. London: *printed for Taylor and Hessey, Fleet Street,* 1823.

The Last Essays of Elia, being a Sequel to Essays published under that name. London: *Edward Moxon, Dover Street,* 1833.

Together, 2 vols., cr. 8vo, three-quarters blue levant morocco, gilt backs and tops (*by Tout & Sons.*) 50 00

*FIRST EDITIONS of Both Series. The first series is the desirable earliest issue, before the addition of the extra line "and 13, Waterloo Place" to the publishers' address on title.

[illegible] tenance and profit." H. N.

N.Y. Times July 8/99

Two elements have combined to place the youthful author of "A Fleet in Being" in the extremely exalted position which he holds. One of these, of course, is his own genius—the pungency of his style, the closeness and abundance of his observation, his rich and multiform imagination. All praise which these qualities secure for him is safe and wholesome; on this side he needs not suspect a straining of the note. But these alone would not account for a quarter of his popularity, and the preponderating element in this is the encouragement his writings have given to a certain national state of mind. All that is utilitarian and materialistic, all that is inimical to thought and favourable to action, all the external rowdiness and latent puritanism with which this century is closing so surprisingly in England, find their exact echo and confirmation in Mr. Kipling's books. We observe that the admirers now claim for their hero that he set all this great imperial machinery in motion; that England was lying spell-bound, when the majestic genius of Kipling brooded over the deep, and called forth the forces which ran, throbbing with life, to the extremities of the Seven Seas. But this is to exaggerate

B

Turn over my preceding page (4)

It is said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has at present twenty-three suits in process, brought against different publishers and booksellers of the United States. The latest to be added to the list is one against Elbert Hubbard of the Roycroft Shop, at East Aurora. The grounds of complaint seem to be technical and involve practically the same issue as in the suit recently brought against G. P. Putnam's Sons—that is, the right of a publisher or bookbinder to give a name of his own to a volume, even though the matter therein contained is not covered by copyright. Mr. Hubbard has called a certain poem "The Dipsy Chanty." Mr. Kipling objects to this as he had christened the verses "The Last Chant."

(3)

out skill as a critic. Mr. Kipling has read "with a good deal of interest" a book which no unprejudiced judge of literary merit could possibly applaud. Why has he done so? Because it is full of unstinted, unreflecting, undiluted praise of the entire works of Mr. Kipling.

We believe that the moment has arrived when those who are the friends of the genius of Mr. Kipling (and we are among the most ardent of these, within the limits of good sense) should endeavour to awaken him to a sense of his position. It is for this reason that we have taken as our text to-day a very foolish little book which would not on its own merits detain us. Nor would we strain to any priggish excess the fact that Mr. Kipling has written a civil note to the writer of the book. It would have been wiser in him, no doubt, to have brought his heel down upon the thing in its "typewritten" or chrysalis state, but, after all, a busy man is always inclined to be good-natured. It is more a certain tone of complaisance in Mr. Kipling's recent utterances than any civility to one particular admirer, that inspires us with a wish to have a few words in the gate with our celebrated youthful genius. We will preface our words of warning with a compliment which is fully deserved. When we consider Mr. Kipling's youthfulness, his isolation among the authors of the day, and the extraordinary exaggeration of praise trumpeted at him from every corner of the globe, the modesty and good sense with which he has borne himself are remarkable.

But if these are to last, Mr. Kipling must hold himself well in hand. No one now before the world is in a position more perilous. It is depressing to be underestimated, and may even have a baleful effect upon the temper. But to be overestimated is far more dangerous to those qualities which a man needs in the prosecution of his daily work. We shall be asked whether it is true that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been overestimated, and what is our reason for "attacking" him. We have seen this word used half a dozen times within as many months to describe attempts, of a wholly sympathetic character, to discriminate in the praise of Mr. Kipling. We will, therefore—although to "attack" this delightful and even splendid national hero is not within the circle of our thoughts—answer the question in a bold affirmative. Mr. Kipling has been, and now habitually is, overpraised. The language adopted regarding him would be excessive, because unbalanced and irrational, if it were applied to Sir Walter Scott, to Tennyson, to Victor Hugo. Ten years have passed, and no more, since the wonderful boy published "The Story of the Gadsbys," and already he is raised on a pinnacle of golden adoration higher, perhaps, than any author has ever reached in his lifetime. The world grovels at his feet, and those few of us who have kept our heads gaze up into the dim air to see whether the little figure high in the shimmering distance will be able to endure this deification. It is a very dangerous thing to be raised to this height. Let Mr. Kipling beware that he does not "assume the god, affect to nod, and seem to shake the spheres." The temptation to do so is almost irresistible. Next page, 'Ours'

ew York Times.

Y REVIEW OF BOOKS AND ART.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW YORK TIMES.

EW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1899. SIXTEEN PAGES.

his supposed marriage and conversion to Mohammedanism. The book will be illustrated by numerous photographs taken on the spot by the author.

We are authorized to state that the publication business of Copeland & Day of Boston has been taken over by Small, Maynard & Co. of that city. The latter, although a new firm, sprang into sudden prominence through its publication of the Dooley book, the series of Beacon biographies, and other well-known volumes. Copeland & Day had been well known for several years for the presentation of artistically printed literature of a high order. Their catalogue included such authors as William Foster Apthorp, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Herbert Bates, Alice Brown, Louise Imogen Guiney, Richard Burton, Richard Hovey, Bliss Carman, and Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have in preparation two historical works, which are edited, respectively, by Paul Leicester Ford and Worthington C. Ford. The first is "Weems's Life of Washington"; this is the most widely read biography of the Father of his Country and was written in the last decade of the dghteenth century by Mason L. Weems. This is the litle book which is re-

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Banner of Light Boston, Mass. June 3/99

O, happy man in a golden chair,
As good as a king can be,
An artist to paint, a soldier to dare,
A lover of man and the sea!

Friend of the Jungle, friend of the Camp,
Lover of things as they are,
Lighting our way by thy wizard lamp,
That burns and glows like a star!

The ghost of the Maid of Arabian nights,
To charm and enchant with thy voice,
To give us a story that ever delights,
And a word in which we rejoice!

Thy light has not failed and we are so glad,
Thy song on the morning is borne,
And our hearts that awhile were weary and sad,
Have dew and glint of an April morn!

We welcome thee back to the golden chair,
The kingdom that fairies might win,
To the garden of song and the roses rare,
To swish of the sea and the battle's din!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

KIPLING'S EARLY VERSE.

An Authorized Edition of His "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads."*

There was some time a piratical edition of the poems of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, an edition, which, like many other craft piratical, sailed the seven seas and was the observed of all marine observers. But the volume before us is an authorized edition, and no doubt the authorization has extended to the emendation of some of the text. With that, however, it is not necessary for us at present to vex our souls. Let the splitters of infinities and other hairs attend to that. As for us, let us consider this poet who has made his impress upon his own time and is like to leave it on the future. Let us look into the heart of his work and study what manner of poet he is. For there be as many kinds of poets as there are fish in the seas. And he who said that he preferred Mr. Yeats, with his sun and his moon and his stars and his mystical women, spoke not without reason. That is poetry for him, and Mr. Kipling's rude soldiers and brown men of the East do not awaken a responsive throb in his heart. As Arnold Guyot said long ago: "All is spirit for him who is spirit; all is matter for him who is only matter." There have been many persons who disliked the novels of Thackeray and Dickens because they dealt so much with common people. There have been professors of English literature who said that there was no poetry in Thackeray. There have also been professors of English literature who could not write the English language. But that is another story.

Mr. Kipling is not a polite poet. He does not produce what could by any stretch of terms be called polite literature. Neither is he a classical poet. He might perchance not know a Grecian urn from a Roman vase, and the chances are that he would not find anything worth writing about either one, unless the image of Diana moved him to doubt or that of Juno to some illuminative generalizations as to her resemblance to the Hon. Mrs. Pomeroy, wife of Pomeroy, the Colonel of the Ninety-ninth. No, Mr. Kipling is nothing if not of the present. He throbs with the life of his own time, and that is what makes his own time throb with the life of him. He has struck a note which vibrates in unison with the human heart in the end of the nineteenth century.

Maybe that is not a very poetical heart. It certainly is not a heart which feels strongly the charm of the materials which lined the benches of the older literary workshops. Few read Wordsworth in these days, save those to whom his name is a vast and imposing tradition, and to whom the literature, which is withdrawn from the vulgar contact of the workaday world, dwells apart, and stately and royally robed, in its own fanciful realm. This is a good, a great literature. It has stood the test of time, and it is as good to read to-day in the seclusion of the library as it was when it was written. Men measure genius by it, and they are not so far out of the way in so doing.

But as Swift and Pope and Addison were the embodiment in letters of the reign of Queen Anne, so are they to be judged. We have learned to value both their thought and their expression, in spite of the quaint conceits of the one and the cut-glass point and polish of the other. The point and the polish are not all that the cut glass has. It has also sparkle and transparency. Those who object to the colloquialism of the Kipling verse would be well advised to remember that this is not the only salient quality of it. It has elemental force and directness of expression, which is at times almost startling. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh" might well be written of Mr. Kipling's verse. The man must think intensely to write so intensely as he does in many instances. Bitter, indeed, he is sometimes, but with the bitterness of a man who has sounded the depths of our time and likewise found all the shallows. Yet if he sometimes dips his pen in gall, at other times he dips it in light. It is the not old light of Herrick, nor that of the Lake school; a light as soft, as mild, as gentle as that of the morning star, from which it was borrowed. No, it is the electric light that shines in the Kipling verse, a light that is of the present, a light that never shone on nymph or dryad, on "lisp of leaves or ripple of rain."

But it is a light which beats fiercely on the heads of crowned and uncrowned shams, and which makes black the shadows thrown by those who sit in the seats of the mighty. It is a light which illumines the day and [illegible] soldier and sailor, of the ink-poisoned bureau slave, and the restless winging "butterflies, wasps, and bats," who flutter or buzz in the vast cages of the civil service of England. In "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads" you will find some of his choicest and, it must be added, some of his weakest work. The light is at times intensely brilliant, and at others it shines with a feeble

*"DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES" AND "BARRACK ROOM BALLADS." By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

Mr. Monkshood's Appreciation of Kipling.*

It is of course very difficult to write an appreciation of a living writer in such a way as to strike the middle ground between undue praise and a too coldly critical view. That Mr. Monkshood's attempt will be largely read and widely criticised is a foregone conclusion. Just published, the book has already had the honor of serving as a text for Mr. W. D. Howells. The book has been criticised in London for faulty style and diction. In a preface Mr. Monkshood, whose real name is W. J. Clarke, states that the book was submitted to Mr. Kipling before publication in the hope that he might be willing to contribute a preface. Mr. Kipling's answer is so characteristic that it would seem worth while to quote it in full:

I have read your typewritten book with a good deal of interest, and I confess that I greatly admire your enthusiasm. But does it not seem to you that work of this kind would be best published after the subject were dead? There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace that were I you I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man. Please do not think for a moment that I do not value your enthusiasm; but, considering things from the point of view of the public, to whom, after all, your book must go, is there enough to them in anything Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?

Mr. Howells rejoices in the "scornful tone taken toward his flatterer by Mr. Kipling himself"; but Mr. Clarke's own view seems more nearly true when he writes, referring to the letter: "And a simple stone-squarer stands wondering at the humility of a 'master builder,' who, having passed through all the mysteries of his craft, has sat for years on the right hand of success." Mr. Clarke seems to be a Kipling collector, is thoroughly familiar with his work, "Echoes" being the only printed book of the latter's he does not possess. In an epilogue Mr. Clarke sums up his book as follows:

I have attempted to sound a fair and full note of appreciation, but no words of mine can thoroughly describe the enduring charm of Mr. Kipling's writings. They hold to the full that desire to experience and to express and that clean, clear joy of creation that should find the truest reception from all who are desirous of widening the life of intellect and effort and achievement. * * * I would not have it thought that the foregoing writing is considered by myself to be the fullest justice that can be rendered to Rudyard Kipling. Far from it. * * * It is so hard to say the last word of those men whose intellects have the facets of a rose diamond, its beauty and light, and offer so many sides to the sun.

What I have thought and wrought here is just what I have believed, according to my angle of vision. There are many things yet to be said of the real genius and fine talents of Rudyard Kipling. He paints from a great palette. The pigments are ground from the heart of exhaustless things. And he has neither worked himself out nor shown any signs of even doing so.

Consider, then, this book of mine as being the praising comments of a playgoer while the play progresses.

Judged, then, in the manner Mr. Clarke suggests, his book will be found exceedingly interesting. A critical memoir it is not, nor is there any attempt at "saying the last word." On the other hand, the book is a sort of review of Mr. Kipling's life, both private and literary, with a passing comment on his books. It is brightly written and contains a good deal of matter either quite new to most of us or stated in such fashion as to attract fresh attention.

The first chapter treats of "The Man Himself." The main facts of Mr. Kipling's life are too well known to need recapitulate here. While at the United Service College in Devonshire Mr. Kipling edited a school paper and contributed to a North Devon journal, the first money he ever received for literary work being payment for a sonnet published in The World. At sixteen Kipling was back in India, employed on the staff of The Civil and Military Gazette, at Lahore, publishing about that time some "Schoolboy Lyrics," and two years later, when he was about eighteen, a tiny volume of parodies entitled "Echoes." Later he became special correspondent of The Allahabad Pioneer, a good-class daily newspaper. In these two papers from day to day appeared certain "Plain Tales" and "Departmental Ditties." A collection of about thirty original copies of The Pioneer in which Kipling matter first appeared was recently priced at $500 in New York.

In 1885 "The Quartette," written in conjunction with other members of his family, appeared. "Departmental Ditties" came out in 1886, and "Plain Tales from the Hills" in 1888. These were followed by the little Indian railway editions, which Mr. Clarke calls "The Rupee" books. After 1890 the man who asked who Rudyard Kipling was would have been thought extremely ignorant. From 1890 to the present time we have known pretty much all there is to know about both the man and his books, so that no further references may be made here.

Mr. Clarke says he has "never met a woman who is a Kiplingite, and should not have believed it if I had." This statement, together with the paragraphs following, in which he gives his reasons for the remark, is the greatest blot upon the book. Readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will remember the recent letters on this subject, many of them from women, in which, on the whole, those women who read and admire Kipling seemed to have rather the best of the argument. We know more than a few women who read Kipling, rank his work very highly and know it thoroughly. In fact, a taste for Kipling, like one for olives, once acquired, is never lost.

Mr. Clarke also writes of "Kipling's Poetry," "The Indian Library," and "The Other Stories," giving extracts from early criticisms, and finishes with an epilogue, in which the later work is considered.

Throughout the book Kipling's work is treated in a manner to make those who know him but little very familiar with what he has done and his peculiar manner of doing it. Mr. Clarke reminds us how much we owe Kipling for discovering India. And, indeed, we seem to know the country and its people, both white and native, very thoroughly. Mr. Clarke adds:

The conclusion of the whole matter is that you must read for yourself those wondrous stories of the hills and plains of India, the lands and seas of the world; must meet Mrs. Hanksbee, that engaging cross between a spiritual life and Lady Hamilton; Lalun and that little Asian Aspasia whose home was upon "The City Wall"; "The Soldiers Three," Strickland, Jellaludin McIntosh, and all the tribe of subtile, swarthy Hindus; must meet Jarvin and Kate, Heldor and Masie, Torpenkond and the red-haired impressionist girl; must meet Findlayson, John Clisson, Mr. Wardrup, McPhee, the Brushwood boy, Harvey Cheyne, and all the loving and lovable children—boys and girls—of his books; must read the things they do and the things they say and the lives they live and the deaths they die, as the case may be.

In fact, as Kipling himself writes in a dedication to "Departmental Ditties":

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jestful guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

Mr. Clarke's book may not be the last word on the subject, but let us remember it is, in a way, the first, and from that standpoint alone an interesting estimate of the foremost figures in contemporary English literature. The book contains a short bibliography and a list of the stories grouped under appropriate headings, such as "Soldier Stories," "Native Stories," "English in India," &c. The volume contains 236 pages, is well printed, and has as a frontispiece the Eliot and Fry photograph, which many consider the best picture in existence. Whatever may be its faults, the book is one all Kipling lovers will want to read and add to their Kipling shelf.

*RUDYARD KIPLING: AN ATTEMPT AT AN APPRECIATION. By G. F. Monkshood. (W. J. Clarke.) London: Greening & Co. 1899. 5s. net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Importers. $1.75.

The Collector-Ghoul.

Mr. Temple Scott has produced another volume of his *Book Sales* (Bell & Sons). Apparently the issue of the volume has been somewhat delayed, as it ends with the sales of the second and third portions of the Ashburnham Library a year ago. But some of Mr. Scott's comments are interesting, especially in regard to modern writers and modern *éditions de luxe*. He thinks that the multiplication of *éditions de luxe* which was so noticeable a little while ago, and is now so significantly unnoticeable, was largely brought about by the rise in the value of the works of Stevenson and Mr. Kipling:

> What is good for such writers' works is, surely, think the publishers, good for other writers, and they begin by proclaiming the issues of fine editions of Fielding, Smollett, Whyte-Melville, Meredith, and the rest. What is the result? One needs but to look over the shelves of the booksellers' shops to answer this question. There these works stand, neglected by the true book collector, and out of reach of the man of slender purse. It is no use to attempt to force or foist a fashion.

The collector of passing fashions in books is warned that he must decide whether he is seeking pleasure or profit. If profit, then "he must watch his time and realise at once." At present there is not much new literature that offers itself to the small collector with a speculative intention at the back of his head. But the works of Stevenson and Kipling provide a little mild excitement, and Mr. Scott advises their acquisition. "Of Kipling's works, prose especially, would I urge this. Such books as the two *Jungle Books*, and the illustrated volumes of *Soldiers' Tales*, and *Captains Courageous*, will certainly be sought for. As will also the pamphlet on *A Fleet in Being*. About Stevenson it is difficult to decide. The very rare Davos Platz pamphlets are certain to receive a special attention, if only for the unique circumstances which attended their publication; but I would hesitate to say that all his publications will ever become very dear." The actual rise in the prices of Mr. Kipling's works, for several years, is shown by Mr. Scott in a table, a portion of which we take leave to quote:

	1896	1897	1898
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Departmental Ditties (1886) . .	—	20 15 0	19 0 0
		16 0 0	10 0 0
			14 0 0
Plain Tales from the Hills (1888)	—	4 4 0	—
Letters of Marque (1891) . . .	1 14 0	5 7 6	6 10 0
		6 10 0	6 15 0
			6 15 0
Soldiers Three (1890)		—	—
Story of the Gadsbys (1890) . .		0 10 0	—
		0 12 0	
Phantom 'Rickshaw (1890) . .	The average price rose to about 5s. or 7s. 6d. each.	1 0 0	1 11 0
In Black and White (1890) . .		1 10 0	
		—	0 19 0
			0 13 0
			0 10 0
Under the Deodars (1890) . .		1 3 0	1 5 0
			1 10 0
Wee Willie Winkie (1890) . . .		1 0 0	2 2 0
City of Dreadful Night (1891) .		2 6 0	3 12 0
Barrack Room Ballads (1892, L.P.)	0 11 0	—	1 0 0
	0 17 0		
	1 5 0		

We have glanced only at a few modern developments. Mr. Scott, of course, directs many of his remarks to the higher book collecting. Undoubtedly this "is becoming more and more a pastime for the very rich." And the speculative fever, which is spoiling cricket and many another pastime, is advancing here with giant strides. "What was once the gentle exercise of the amiable among the leisured in position, or of the quiet in mind, is forming a new pabulum for the retired man of business who cannot find rest for the speculative instincts he satisfied on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere. . . . He is the collector-ghoul." Mr. Scott has compiled this volume with all his usual care, and like its fellows, it not only fulfils its immediate purpose, but is—if one pleases to make it so—a mine of literary suggestion.

From an article in the *Arena*, by Mr. Adachi Kinnosuké, entitled "A Japanese View of Kipling," we cull a few blossoms:

> Stevenson, Barrie, Watson. Then came Kipling, and the public surveyed him between its half-closed eyes, like the Viceroy watching Mellish with the fumigatory, and said, "Evidently this is the wrong tiger; but it is an original animal."
>
> In 1888 the *Plain Tales from the Hills* came out. When the writer (an utter stranger to Kipling's fame then) took up a copy of the book, the summer evening was lazy in Hot Springs, and a mighty host of mosquitoes was spoiling the amiable temper of a patient lamp. But the sorcery of words in the very first piece, "Lispeth," struck him. He gasped, smiled, soliloquised, and said, among many other things, "This man may write how a hen picked a grain, and I would pronounce his account artistic."
>
> Anglo-Saxon genius is much with Kant and Scott French and the Orient are different. Kipling came from the Orient. "Soldiers Three" was published in 1888.
>
> Molière may very likely treat Kipling with respect. Mr. Kipling's wit is as dry and as calm and as solemn as a mule putting a boy through the most extraordinary acrobatic feat of jumping between its long ears and over its head.
>
> Speaking of a Hindoo widow of about fifteen years of age, Kipling says: "And she prayed the gods day and night to send her a lover, for she did not approve of living alone." Will you observe the effect of the latter clause as you read the passage? The picture of a fifteen-year-old widow praying for a lover is touching, truly so. Kipling reduced this most natural and ardent feeling of a girl into a mere outcome of a fallacious, pseudo-comical, intellectual reasoning—"because she did not approve of living alone!" and as a matter of course butchered the delicate effect.
>
> The absence of stories—really good stories—in the writings of Mr. Kipling is remarkable, and his indifference as to the matter and the content is well-nigh sublime—like unto that of the logicians. All is the way in which the commonplace tales are told; all is form in which they are put; and old Mrs. Kendrick's turkey-gobbler with a plug hat on is strutting all through his stories.

July 8/99

Burmese Light June 10 99

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Publishers Weekly July 22/99

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CONDITIONS OF SALE.

I.—The highest bidder to be the buyer, and if any dispute shall arise between two or more bidders, the lot so disputed shall be immediately put up again and resold.

II.—No person to advance less than sixpence; above ten shillings, one shilling; above five pounds, five shillings and so on in proportion.

III.—The purchasers to give in their names and places of residence (if required), and pay down a deposit of 30 per cent. in part payment of the purchase-money, in default of which the lot or lots so purchased will be immediately put up again and re-sold.

IV.—The lots to be taken away at the purchaser's expense within two days after the sale. The remainder of the purchase-money to be absolutely paid on or before delivery.

V.—The books are presumed to be perfect, unless otherwise expressed; but if, upon collating AT THE PLACE OF SALE, any (except Magazines, Serials, and MSS., which must be taken with all faults), should prove defective, the purchasers will be at liberty to take or reject them.

VI.—Upon failure of complying with the above Conditions the money deposited in part payment shall be forfeited; and all lots uncleared within the time aforesaid shall be resold by public or private sale, and the deficiency (if any) on such re-sale shall be made good by the defaulters at this sale.

Gentlemen are particularly requested to clear away all their Purchases and to settle for them at the conclusion of the Sale.

Gentlemen who cannot attend the Sale may have their Commissions faithfully executed by their most obedient Servants,

H. H. HODGSON & Co.,

115, Chancery Lane, W.C.

905 Collier. Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature, *half roan, uncut* 1865
906 Papworth and Morant. Dictionary of Armorials 1874
907 Grose. Slang Dictionary, *folding front. by G. C., calf*, 1811; Comic Latin Grammar, *cuts by Leech*, and 3 others
908 Worthington. Plan for Improving Dover Harbour, *plans*, 1838; Bradshaw. Inland Navigation 1829
909 Adams. Witch, Warlock and Magician 1889
910 Thackeray—Addison. Damascus and Palmyra, *coloured plates*, 2 vols, *cloth, uncut* (name cut off titles) 1838
911 F[letcher] (P.) The Purple Island, &c. in 1 vol (all faults), sm. 4to *Cambridge* 1633
912 Jacobs (J.) Indian Fairy Tales, 2 *sets of plates, on Japanese vellum paper* (only 160 so printed) 1890
913 Bewick. Select Fables, *port. and woodcut illustrations*, LARGE PAPER, *uncut, sewed* (for binding) *Newcastle* 1820
914 *Crowley (R.) An Apologie or Defence of those Englishe Writers, &c. which Cerberus, the Three-Headed Dog of Hell, charged with false doctrine, &c.* sm. 4to, **black letter** (very slightly wormed), *calf, gilt edges* 1566
915 Thackeray (Wm.) Works, *Edition de Luxe, illustrations on India paper*, 24 vols, *cloth* 1878
916 [Kipling (Rudyard)]. The Week's News, containing Articles contributed thereto by Rudyard Kipling, between May 7th and Sept. 15th, 1888 (that for July 21st missing) in 35 nos. *Allahabad* 1888

CONTENTS.

The God from the Machine.	A Supplementary Chapter.
Gemini.	"Poor Dear Mamma."
A Wayside Comedy.	The Solid Muldoon.
Wee Willie Winkie.	With Any Amazement.
The Likes o' Us.	The Garden of Eden.
The Sending of Dana Da.	The Valley of the Shadow.
"At Twenty-two."	"The Swelling of Jordan."
My Own True Ghost Story.	Private Learoyd's Story.
Georgie Porgie.	The Peculiar Embarrassment of Justus Krenk.
The Education of Otis Yeere.	With the Main Guard.
The Big Drunk Draf.	In Flood Time.
At Howli Thana.	The Tents of Kedar.
His Brother's Keeper.	Only a Subaltern.
In the Matter of a Private.	The Ballad of Boh da Thone.
The Hill of Illusion.	A Second-rate Woman.
Dray Wara Yow Dee.	The Last of the Stories.
His Majesty the King.	
"Sleipner"—late—"Thurinda."	

*** *The above is the original form in which Mr. Rudyard Kipling's now famous tales first appeared; they are of the greatest rarity, no copy so far having been offered for sale by auction.*

917 ——— Quartette, The Christmas Annual of the Civil and Military Gazette, *sewed wrappers, uncut Lahore* 1885
918 ——— The City of Dreadful Night, *sewed* (wrappers and title soiled), *Allahabad*, and 1 other, *sewed*

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919 Scott (Sir W.) Fortunes of Nigel, 3 vols, Quentin Durward, 3 vols, and Red Gauntlet, 3 vols
1st Editions, 9 vols, *boards. Edin.* 1822-4
920 ——— St. Ronan's Well, 3 vols, and Anne of Gierstein, 3 vols, 1*st Editions*, 1824-9, Ivanhoe, 3 vols, 1821, and St. Valentine's Day, 3 vols, 1828 12 vols, *boards*
921 Collins (V.) Catalogue of Prince Lucien Bonaparte's Library, sm. 4to, *boards* 1894
922 Slater. Early Editions, *large paper* (only 50 copies printed), *half cloth, uncut* 1894
923 French Novels, &c. *sewed* 2 parcels
923*——— 2 parcels
924 Casanova. Mémoires, 6 vols, *sewed*, 1876; Lamairesse. Le Kama Soutra, roy. 8vo, 1891, and 5 others
925 Dickens. Pickwick Papers, *plates by Seymour and H. K. Browne* (stained), *half bound*, 1837; The Chimes, *cuts*, 2 copies 1845
926 ——— Nicholas Nickleby, *plates by H. K. Browne, half bound*, 1839; Cruikshank. Puss in Books, *plates*, 3 copies, *sewed* (all faults), and 1 other
926*——— Dombey and Son, *plates by H. K. Browne, and extra illustrations inserted, half calf* 1848
927 Dickens. Sketches by Boz, *plates by G. C. First Series*, 2 vols, *cloth* *Macrone* 1837
928 Thackeray. Christmas Books, Hoggarty Diamond, Philip, &c. *various Editions*, 9 vols, *cloth* (3 *half bound*)
929 Roffe. Diary Notes, The Private Printer, His Ballad Book and John George Wille, *cuts* (only a few copies *Privately Printed*), 3 vols 1862-72
930 Reade (C.) Selections from the Works of, *port.* 1891, and 20 others
931 Cervantes. Don Quixote, *plates*, 4 vols, 1725; Hunt. Literary Examiner, *boards*, 1823, and 10 others
932 Gallina. Critical Observations and Treatise on the Art of Dancing, *plate*, 2 vols in 1, 1772, and others a parcel
933 Bewick. History of British Birds, *cuts*, vol 1 (Land Birds), *large paper, calf* *Newcastle* 1805
934 Walsh. British Rural Sports, and the Shot Gun and Sporting Rifle, *cuts*, 2 vols, 1859-65, &c. a parcel
935 Rundall. Voyages towards the North West, *maps*, 1849, and 7 others
936 Gloucestershire Notes and Queries, *ports.* vols 5 and 6, 1894-6; Burke. Landed Gentry, 2 vols (all faults), 1851, and 1 other
937 King. Handbook of Engraved Gems, *plates*, 1885; Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art, first 2 vols, *half calf* 1853
938 Pyne. Etchings of Rustic Figures, 60 *plates, n.d.*; Wilson. Sketches, *plates*, 1863 2 vols, roy. 8vo, *half bound*

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Bazaar Light June 10 99

205 Edwards of Halifax. Miss Bowdler's Poems and Essays. Bath, 1797. 8vo. 25 00
*With a fine Painting on the Fore-edges, under the gilding, by Edwards of Halifax. The volume is bound in his favourite Etruscan calf.

206 Fielding (Henry). Pasquin: a Dramatick Satire. London, 1736. Sm. 4to. 5 00
*First Edition.
☞ *For a complete set of Fielding's Works see Catalogue.*

207 Forman (H. Buxton). Elizabeth Barrett Browing and her Scarcer Books: a Bio-bliographical Note. *Fac-similes on Japan vellum of the title pages of The Battle of Marathon and of Sonnets (from the Portugese).* London, 1896. 8vo, vellum, uncut. 10 00
*30 copies Privately Printed.

208 Gray (Thomas). Odes by Mr. Gray. *Vignette on title. Printed at Strawberry Hill, for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall Mall, 1757.* 4to, crushed levant morocco extra, inside borders, *by Riviere.* 30 00
*A fine and partially uncut copy of the rare First Edition. The *Odes* was the first book printed at Walpole's press at Strawberry Hill.

209 Gray (Thomas). Poems, London, 1768. Sm. 8vo, crushed levant morocco extra, gilt edges, *by Riviere.* 17 50
*Fine copy of the First Edition.
☞ *For the First Edition of* Gray's Elegy, *etc., see Catalogue.*

210 Kelmscott Press. Two Specimen Leaves from the great Chaucer, containing *a half-page woodcut design by Burne-Jones, surrounded by a border by William Morris, initial letters, etc. Rare.* 15 00

211 Kipling (Rudyard). Printed for private circulation only. Schoolboy Lyrics, by Rudyard Kipling. Lahore: *Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press*, 1881.
*A very fine and interesting copy of Kipling's First Book, being in the original wrappers, as issued, and bearing on the front cover a neatly

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921 Collins (V.) Catalogue o
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922 Slater. Early Editions, *lar*
half cloth, uncut
923 French Novels, &c. *sewed*
923*——— 2 parcels
924 Casanova. Mémoires, 6 vo
Kama Soutra, roy. 8vo,
925 Dickens. Pickwick Papers,
Browne (stained), *half l*
2 copies
926 ——— Nicholas Nickleby
bound, 1839; Cruiksh
3 copies, *sewed* (all fault
926*——— Dombey and Son
extra illustrations inserted
927 Dickens. Sketches by Bo
2 vols, *cloth*
928 Thackeray. Christmas Boo
&c. *various Editions*, 9 v
929 Roffe. Diary Notes, The P
and John George Wille, (
Printed), 3 vols
930 Reade (C.) Selections from
20 others
931 Cervantes. Don Quixote,
Literary Examiner, *boar*
932 Gallina. Critical Observati
Dancing, *plate*, 2 vols in
933 Bewick. History of British
large paper, calf
934 Walsh. British Rural Sp
Sporting Rifle, *cuts*, 2 vo
935 Rundall. Voyages towards
and 7 others
936 Gloucestershire Notes and
1894-6; Burke. Landed
1851, and 1 other
937 King. Handbook of En
Cassell's Illustrated Mag
calf
938 Pyne. Etchings of Rustic F
Sketches, *plates*, 1863

executed design, etc., in india-ink, by J. Lockwood Kipling, the author's father and the illustrator of the *Jungle Books*. *Schoolboy Lyrics* was printed when Kipling was sixteen years old, and was circulated only among the intimate friends of the family. Although the existence of the book has been known for some years, it has stood the test of rarity, the present copy being, we believe, the only one ever sold at auction or catalogued for private sale.

212 KIPLING. Echoes, by Two Writers. Lahore: *The "Civil and Military Gazette" Press*, 1884. 12mo, cloth. 135 00

*"Kipling's first published book, at least so far as present knowledge extends. Two years ago even this was 'unknown to bibliographers.' Of his first book, 'Schoolboy Lyrics,' privately printed, only a single copy seems to be known. The two writers who collaborated to produce this little volume were Rudyard Kipling and his sister Beatrice."

The volume was issued in paper covers, the present copy being rebound in cloth. At the head of each poem is written either the name of the author or of the poem, suggesting the "Echo."

213 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. *First Edition.* Lahore: *"Civil and Military Gazette" Press*, 1886. Narrow 8vo, original stiff paper cover, WITH THE FLAP.

*A remarkable copy in fine fresh state. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. *Second Edition.* Calcutta, *Thacker*, 1886. Sm. 4to, original boards.

*The first edition with publishers' imprint. Very rare. Contains *five poems not printed in the earlier issue*, one of which has NEVER BEEN REPRINTED, appearing only in this second edition.

Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. *Third Edition.* Calcutta, *Thacker*, 1888. Royal 8vo, original cloth.

*LARGE PAPER COPY. Rare, especially in this form. Contains *ten poems never before printed*, one of which has NEVER BEEN REPRINTED, appearing only in this third edition.

Price for the three volumes, 160 00

214 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. *Illustrated.* Royal 8vo, original half vellum, uncut. London, *Thacker*, 1897. 7 50

*"150 copies only of this edition-de-luxe have been printed, with two extra illustrations."

215 KIPLING. Plain Tales from the Hills. Calcutta, 1888. Post 8vo, cloth. 40 00

*The earliest issue of the FIRST EDITION, the advertisements being dated 1887.

216 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. 8vo, morocco extra, *by Riviere, with the original wrappers and adv'ts preserved.* 65 00

*Fine copy.

217 KIPLING. The following four genuine first issues of the Indian Railway Library are in the original wrappers, with the advertisements, as published, and are in a remarkable state of preservation, being practically *as fresh as when issued*. Copies in this condition are extremely difficult to obtain.

In Black and White.	24 00
Under the Deodars.	24 00
Wee Willie Winkie.	24 00
City of Dreadful Night.	27 50

218 KIPLING. Cleared. (Reprinted from the Scots' Observer). Edinburgh, *Scots' Observer Office*, 1889. 40 00

*ORIGINAL ISSUE of this exceedingly rare quarto leaflet. The poem was reprinted, with verbal alterations, in *Barrack Room Ballads*, 1892 (pp. 180-187).

219 KIPLING. The Naulahka. London, 1892. Post 8vo, cloth. 4 50

*FIRST EDITION.

220 KIPLING. Out of India. New York, 1895. Thick, cr. 8vo, cloth. 9 00

*ORIGINAL EDITION. Rare. Newspaper clippings, etc., bearing on the publication and the suppression of the book, inserted.

221 KIPLING. The Seven Seas. London, 1896. Cr. 8vo, cloth. 3 00

*FIRST EDITION.

Bonner Light June 10 1899

Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughter, has evidently inherited the great statesman's bluntness, if this story, told by Rudyard Kipling at his own expense, may be trusted. During his stay at Wiltshire one summer, Kipling met the child, and one afternoon tried to entertain her by telling her stories in the garden. After a time, Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must be tired of the little one, called her and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh! not a bit," replied the small celebrity, "but he has been wearying me."—*Ex.*

KIPLING, according to the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, "is having trouble in England, too, with his copyrights. He has been advertised by big prices, but big prices have turned on him. Kipling has been trying to buy himself, and finds himself too dear. Years ago he wrote 'Departmental Ditties,' and sold the copyright outright to Thacker, the Indian publisher, for $150. For years Thacker made $200 profit annually on the book, but three years ago the yearly profits jumped to $2500. Lately Kipling authorized his agent to buy back the copyright. Sir George Newnes wanted the copyright of the 'Ditties,' and in a wild bidding bout against Kipling, he is now paying Thacker $10,000 cash. Kipling is angry but helpless, and the 'Ditties' are on sale at sixpence everywhere."

Publishers' Weekly, July 22/99

NY Times July 15/99

MR. KIPLING'S SUIT.

The Messrs. Putnam Make Reply to His Statement Cabled Last Week to The Times Saturday Review.

In last week's cable letter to THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW was given a statement which Rudyard Kipling had made in The Author, a monthly periodical published in London, in regard to his suit against Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. A few days ago the Messrs. Putnam issued a statement in parallel columns giving THE SATURDAY REVIEW's dispatch and their reply to each item in Mr. Kipling's complaint. Below we reprint the statement entire, giving first a paragraph from the dispatch in solid type and then the reply to the same by the publishers in leaded type following, and in this order giving the entire statement of the Messrs. Putnam.

MR. KIPLING AS QUOTED IN THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mr. Kipling writes in this month's Author a long statement of his action against G. P. Putnam's Sons. He traverses the Putnams' allegation that he refused specifications, adding that at any time between March 15 and April 22 a settlement could have been made if such had been desired by the Putnams.

ANSWER BY THE MESSRS. PUTNAM.

Extract from letter of March 31, from Mr. Kipling's lawyer: "I have had an interview with Mrs. Kipling and find that she is extremely reasonable, although righteously indignant over the appropriation of Mr. Kipling's property by your clients. I am authorized to say that no settlement can be made nor is there any use in discussing the question of settlement, excepting on a basis of reasonable but substantial damages to be paid to Mr. Kipling for the injury done him."

Extract from letter from Putnams' lawyer to Mr. Kipling's lawyer, dated April 4, suggesting arbitration, and concluding: "We do not care to limit our concessions to Mr. Kipling's claims to a strictly legal one, and are quite willing to have the case considered from the broadest possible view of fair dealing between authors and booksellers."

(To this there was no response until the notice of suit, April 22.)

MR. KIPLING.

They have, under cover of following the routine of trade, produced an incomplete set of books, which they wish the public to accept as a complete edition of my books.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

The set contained all of Mr. Kipling's writings that had been published in book form under his authorization. It did not contain "Out of India," "American Notes," "City of Dreadful Night," and some other works which we understood Mr. Kipling did not wish preserved. The set as it stood was more complete than any other that had been offered for sale.

MR. KIPLING.

They have attempted, both by the title they selected for their edition and by placing on every volume my autograph in fac simile and an imitation of an elephant's head, which is the distinguishing mark of my Outward Bound Edition, to make the public believe that their venture had my sanction.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

The sets were bound in a variety of styles. Just fifteen sets, and no more, were put up in buckram with the elephant's head, and it has been shown that neither was the elephant's head in any way an imitation of the cameo on the Outward Bound Edition, nor was the general appearance of the binding in any sense an imitation of the binding of the Outward Bound Edition.

MR. KIPLING.

They have used, in part, matter written and authorized by me, in part matter written but not authorized, in part matter neither written nor authorized by me.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

The make-up of the set is as follows:

1. Plain Tales from the Hills.
2. Life's Handicap.
3. Soldiers Three.
4. Under the Deodars.
   All in the regular Macmillan edition, entirely unchanged, with the Macmillan imprint on the title-page of each volume.
5. Many Inventions.
   The regular Appleton edition, entirely unchanged, with the imprint "D. Appleton & Co." on the title-page.
6. The Day's Work.
   Regular edition, entirely unchanged, with the imprint of Doubleday, McClure & Co. on the title-page.
7. The Jungle Book.
8. Second Jungle Book.
   Regular editions, entirely unchanged, with the imprint of The Century Company on the title-page of each volume.
9. Light That Failed.
10. Naulahka.
    Regular editions, entirely unchanged, with the imprint of Macmillan & Co. on the title-page of each volume.
11. Captains Courageous.
    Regular edition, entirely unchanged, with the imprint of The Century Company on the title-page.
12. Ballads
    Regular edition, entirely unchanged, with the imprint of Macmillan & Co. on the title-page.
13. Departmental Ditties
    Sheets, entirely unchanged, of the edition published in 1891 by the Lovell Company, by arrangement with Mr. Kipling; an edition on which, we are informed, a regular royalty was paid, and which, at the time of its publication, was advertised as the "first authorized American edition." For some reason unknown to us and never announced to the public, when Mr. Kipling reissued his books through Macmillan & Co., he did not reprint this volume.
14. Seven Seas.
    Regular edition, with the imprint of D. Appleton & Co. on the title-page. At the back of this volume were bound in the two leaflets that had been printed separately and widely sold, "The Vampire" and "The Recessional." These leaflets were the ones printed by The Critic Company in 1898, with the full knowledge of Mr. Kipling, and without any indication of his disapproval. They bear the imprint of The Critic Company.
15. A Ken of Kipling, and a General Index.
    The former, as previously stated, is a sketch of Kipling by Mr. Clemens, together with some newspaper anecdotes. One or two of the latter have been stated to be inaccurate. The little work was purchased by us from the New Amsterdam Book Company, and bears their title-page and imprint, unchanged, and has no indication of being issued under the authority of Mr. Kipling.

MR. KIPLING.

They have appropriated copyright material for their own uses in their specially prepared index.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

The index was purely and simply a general index to the stories and poems, and an index of the first lines of poems. We do not think it has ever before been claimed that the printing of titles in this way constituted an infringement of copyright.

The only publishers' names appearing anywhere on the volumes are those from whom we purchased the unbound sheets.

MR. KIPLING.

They have tampered with a copyrighted book three years after publication.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

This refers to putting "The Vampire" and "The Recessional" at the back of the "Seven Seas."

MR. KIPLING.

They have made me responsible before a public to whom I do peculiarly owe the best and most honest work that I can turn out for an egregious, padded fake.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

Can a set made up as indicated above be fairly characterized as an "egregious, padded fake?"

MR. KIPLING.

And all these things they did, taking advantage of that public's interest in my illness when I lay at the point of death.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

The sets originally made up were put in hand in the early Fall; and the later ones were started some time before Mr. Kipling's illness—namely, in early January. As there was delay in securing the sheets of certain of the books, which the publishers were reprinting, the books were not ready for sale till the middle of March.

KIPLING COMING HOME.

PHYSICALLY HE IS WELL, BUT DEPRESSED BY HIS DAUGHTER'S DEATH.

From our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

Mr. Kipling sailed to-day in the Tectonic, with his wife and children and his father and publisher.

The latter, Mr. Doubleday, who is accompanying him, was recently living at Long Island.

Last night I saw Mr. Kipling at Mr. Doubleday's, but beyond stating his gratitude at the interest shown in him he refused an interview.

Mr. Doubleday, however, told me that though Kipling is physically well, he has been in low spirits since his daughter Josephine's death. He is taking her ashes with him, but will return in the autumn.

His departure was cold compared with the usual New York send-off to celebrities.

He sailed uninterviewed by the evening papers except the *Sun*. Therefore they have ignored him.

London Morning Leader June 16 1899

NY Times July 15/99

One cannot help wishing that there were two Mr. Rudyard Kiplings, one to tell the world the story of the feelings of an author who has hitherto lived in decent privacy, and now finds himself in his own country made the subject of advertisements disguised as "reading matter." It is enough to give him something infinitely worse than pneumonia to find half a column in the London daily papers describing his mustache, his eyebrows and his traveling costume, his servant, his children, their clothes and their manners; his wife and her manner; and, again, himself and his manner, and his long briarwood pipe, the whole a mere framework for the name of his publisher, and a song of praise for the publisher's brilliant success in keeping the American reporter away from Mr. Kipling. There are worse fates for a man than to fall into the hands of the American reporter. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner hints at one of them in "That Fortune." Mr. Kipling will know many of them soon, and—what is he going to do about "it." as the spider said to the fly.

Notes & Queries June 17-99

KIPLING'S 'WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.'—I shall be much obliged if any one will kindly inform me in which paper Mr. Kipling's poem appeared entitled 'The White Man's Burden,' and the date the paper was published. M.

Book & News Trade Gazette. London July 1-1899

The editor of the *Windsor*, in allowing Ian Maclaren's school story, "A Scots Grammar School," to practically follow immediately after Kipling's serial, "Stalky and Co.," has shown a remarkable confidence in the popularity, both of Ian Maclaren and of stories of this class. It was an open secret that Kiplingites — which include practically all story-readers—were very divided as to the merits of the master's school tale. If Kipling could not succeed in engrossing everyone's attention in such a subject, the editor no doubt reasoned that that was no reason, however, why the Rev. John Watson should also fail in accomplishing the task. Anyway, the serial is certain to make a sensation if the succeeding chapters are as entrancingly interesting as that in the July number, which tells how Peter McGuffie and Duncan Robertson got their names added to the roll of fame in Muirtown Grammar School.

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Robert Louis Stevenson's works have taken a terrible slump. Nothing new of Stevenson's could now be sold. The bolstered-up boom has been killed by those who have been making the most money out of it. They put on the market every scrap of writing they could possess themselves of—schoolboy writing, trivial letters, nonsense verses—and got out expensive editions and cheap editions until the public was first satiated and then nauseated. Stevenson now takes his proper place and finds no wide circle of readers.

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The danger is felt here that the admiration of Kipling, carried too far, is likely to have some similar effect. The "stage management" of Mr. Kipling's illness, instead of doing the author good, has done harm. After the Duke of York's recent illness, his Grace said, "I got so many wires inquiring about me that I almost might have been Kipling." This overdramatic handling of his sufferings and the fact that his stories of school life are rather a shock to a wide circle and do not interest a still wider circle, appear likely to lead to a falling off in popularity.

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Paris Letter.

(*From our French Correspondent.*)

La Vogue is a tiny monthly magazine, robed in yellow. On my return from Italy, I find the two last numbers upon my table. I open one, and alight upon a criticism of the Anglo-Saxon idol of the hour. I translate portions:

> Much noise has been lately made round Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which causes naïve souls to believe that he has a great deal of genius. When I have said that Mr. Kipling has a good deal of talent, I believe I remain strictly within the limits of truth; and when I add that he owes his popularity to reasons foreign to literature, I am sure of advancing nothing false. Mr. Kipling writes as we box, with the robust intention of knocking his reader down. He has the alert and insolent pen of the journalist he was, even when he rises to a kind of verbal lyricism which is not without a slight echo of Bret Harte. Behind his eyeglass he shows the imperturbable glance of the Yankee reporter—whose nervously impressionable retina he possesses. Agitated in repose, calm in effort, Mr. Kipling is a man of action. He is the poet of men-of-war, agents of destruction, as Walt Whitman was the poet of steam-engines, instruments of regeneration. Absolutely lacking in general ideas, he shares, with sincere enthusiasm, which at the same time makes his fortune, all the prejudices of the crowd. . . . He refused to enter a university, which refusal explains, without excusing, his bad style. . . . In London he wrote *The Light that Failed*, a novel which widely established his reputation, though it hardly rises above the stories of Rider Haggard. What have we to say of this young man, who, lately ill, received at New York daily thousands of telegrams from England, Canada, India, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Emperor of Germany himself? Now that he is cured, we dare affirm that he should be named poet-laureate to Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Writing of the *Jungle Book*, this critic says:

> Mr. Kipling sometimes deserves better than his universal popularity. He sometimes earns the esteem of writers . . . in lending himself to comparisons, more ingenious than just, with Pierre Loti and Leconte de Lisle. Mr. Kipling is quite original in these tales, whose heroes are wolves, panthers, tigers, pythons, elephants, and even seals. But spare us all comparison with La Fontaine, whose genius was made up of grace, of malice, and of moderation.

A new French book to be recommended is *Passage de Bédouins*, by an unknown writer, Myriam Harry, evidently a pseudonym. Like Mr. Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, these delightful short stories deal altogether with Eastern life. But they deal with an Oriental race less mysterious, less complex, and different in quite another way from the Indian race. These children of the desert make very simple, slightly monotonous studies. The stories lack in treatment, the variety, the compelling force of Mr. Kipling; but, on the other hand, they possess what *Plain Tales from the Hills* cannot lay claim to: grace, distinction, and elegance. Their style is very charming, even when the subject is extremely thin. When the writer, towards the end of the book, leaves the desert, with its animal and fugitive loves, so delicately recorded, and its terrible hates, it is to take us to Jerusalem, where we read a pathetic and softly satirical tale of a mad woman, claimed by all the rival religions, because successively she patronised each one, was baptized by the pope, confessed to the priest, and was confirmed by the Protestant minister, and was denied by all in her death, when she was found drowned in her cistern. Of Jerusalem Christmas Myriam Harry writes:

Academy July 8 99

INDEX., Cleveland. Tenth July 15/99

FROM SEA TO SEA. Letters of Travel by Rudyard Kipling. *Doubleday and McClure Company.*

Verily there are no accounts of travel to compare with Mr. Kipling's when he keeps near to his own true sympathetic humorous self. This he has done in most of the letters that have been collected and put with some special articles into two volumes under the title "From Sea to Sea." So refreshing are these letters, so full of color and spice of life, intermingled with the play of a nimble wit, that the petulance and fault-finding are forgiven; and if one is deprived this summer of a change of air and scene, a change of thought at least may be had for the reading of these travel sketches.

As the young man from Manchester said, "India is a big place" and well might the "Globe-trotter," personally known to Mr. Kipling, gasp with jealous emotion because "India was so much larger and more lovely than he had ever dreamed, and he had only set aside three months to explore it in."

Whether Mr. Kipling has entirely explored India or not, he is the one writer that can pen anything like an adequate idea of the country. Even if he does hate Calcutta, we have a fairly clear picture of it in our minds after reading one of these letters.

When necessity freed the author from the yoke of bondage for one year, he fled first to Calcutta, "which I was pained to see, still persisted in being a city and transacting business after I had formally cursed it a year ago. To a nice man I made answer, 'you are all one gigantic mistake, you and your monuments and your merchants and everything about you. Your city will rot, sir.' And he said: 'When people are buried here, they turn into adipocere in five days if the weather is rainy. They saponify, you know.' 'Go and saponify,' I said, for I hate Calcutta. But he took me to the Eden Gardens instead and begged me for my own sake not to go around the world in this prejudiced spirit." It is evident that Mr. Kipling did not implicitly follow this nice Calcutta man's advice, for on his way round he found all manner of fault with Chicago and contradicted a Boston man twice.

S. E. L.

The latest estimate, made, however, several days ago, of the law-suits now pending between Mr. Rudyard Kipling and American publishers, fixes the number at twenty-three.

NOTES OF A BOOK COLLECTOR.

If bibliographical lists cannot be accurately and intelligently made, it were better that they were not compiled. An English literary journal published in June a table giving the prices obtained at auction during 1895, 1896, 1897, and 1898 of Stevenson's and Kipling's works and of the Kelmscott Press books. This had a certain interest, but as it did not go a little further and give the prices brought by the same books during January to May, 1899, of what practical use was it? Such a list should have given the very latest quotations, and it would have then been of value. To give one instance, it quotes a copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer as having brought in 1898 £27 10s. But the value of this book is twice £27 10s., and as many as six copies have been sold in London during the first half of this year for that sum and over. This parallels H. B. Wheatly's "Prices of Books," which only gives a bookseller quotation for the Kelmscott Chaucer, though several recent auction records could have been had in exchange for a few moments' research.

"The largest price ever paid for a single rare book" is the £4,950 given at the Thorold sale in London in 1884 for the "Psalter" of 1459, printed in Mentz in 1459 by Fust and Schoeffer. A literary magazine has just informed a correspondent that it did not know the largest price thus paid, though the facts in the case could have been had from almost any dealer in rare books or writer on bibliographical subjects.

A recent reviewer of several book sales of the season says that at the Manson sale "one item relating to the Bunker Hill fight fetched a record-breaking price. It was Clarke's 'Account of the Battle of Bunker Hill,' which ordinarily sells for about $30, while in this sale it went for $140!" The book in question was easily worth $140, for it was the first edition of Clarke's "Narrative," (not "Account,") London, 1775, with thirty-two pages. The second edition, also printed in 1775, has thirty-six pages. Only one copy of the first edition has been sold at auction in many years.

In a review of the recent Wright sale written by F. G Kitton for an English newspaper, this statement is made: "The authorship of a pamphlet entitled 'A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree,' 1860, has also been attributed to Dickens; the copy in the Wright collection realized but a few shillings, and rightly so, for the actual author was W. H. Wills, notwithstanding the fact that the title page bears the name of Charles Dickens, who doubtless had something to do with it in his editorial capacity when the paper first appeared in Household Words.

Mr. Kitton undoubtedly knows more about Dickens's works than any other living writer, but, nevertheless, the larger portion of the original manuscript of "A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree," written by Dickens on eleven 12mo sheets, was sold with an extensive set of the novelist's works in this city in the Spring of 1896.

A Stevenson item unknown to most collectors and undescribed save in Stevenson's "Vailima Letters," Page 212, is quoted in a London bookseller's catalogue at £12 12s. This is "An Object of Pity; or, The Man Haggard, [the late W. H. D.] a Romance by Many Competent Hands," (privately) "Imprinted at Amsterdam, (?) 1892." It is a square octavo of seventy-six pages, and this copy is in the original vellum wrappers, gilt edges. "Thence to Vailima," we read in the "Vailima Letters," "where we read aloud a Ouida romance we have been secretly writing; in which Haggard was the hero, and each one of the authors has to draw a portrait of him or her self in a Ouida light. Leigh, (Capt.,) Lady——(Jersey), Fanny (Stevenson), R. L. S(tevenson), Belle (Mrs. Strong), and Graham (Balfour) were the authors." The bookseller notes that the chapter, "Late, Ever Late," and the "Dedication to Ouida," dated Apia, 1892, are in Stevenson's happiest vein.

NY Times July 22 July 22/99

NY Times July 22/99

Fads and Fashions in Literature.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

No one ever pretended to give a reason for fashions in dress. "They come and go as comes and goes the sea." Neither season nor convenience seems to cut any figure in their adoption. It seems to be about so in literature. Few of the books which at the start have enormous circulations live to be admired for five years. What has become of "Trilby," about which all the half-educated world raved a short time since? It is dead as a door nail. What has become of the later novels of George Eliot? No one, it seems, reads them any more; but they were as much of a fashion in their day as the old hooped skirt. "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" beyond doubt are worthy of fame; but surely no spark of their fire is visible in the padded later novels of the same author. These became popular because it had become the fad to consider the writer a genius.

I am afraid the same will prove true as to Kipling's works. In a few years I do not believe that any of his stories will be regarded more highly than those of the author of "King Solomon's Mines," which really have some merit of their own. The latest fad, it seems, is "David Harum," that is likely to out-Trilby "Trilby." Of course it is useless to reason against either fads or fashions. People who follow them do not argue, and it only makes them mad, as it will, no doubt, some of your readers, to hint that they are carried away by the fashion of the hour. As a Californian, I hate to have to admit that the same is true of Prof. Markham's poems. They utter some very fine truths, but they are no more poetry than "The Proverbial Philosophy" of Mr. Tupper, which thirty years ago was considered by Englishmen as next to Shakespeare! Perhaps the most remarkable fad of late years was that which professed to enthuse over the Scottish stories of the style of "The Bonnie Brier Bush"—novels that no one but a Scotchman could understand, much less appreciate; but they were the fashion, and everything fashionable goes. In these busy days people have not the time to think for themselves.

As a matter of fact, it is art that alone is immortal among the children of men. Science changes because knowledge changes; but art is as imperishable to-day as it was in the days of ancient Egypt or of classical Greece or Rome. The future of every book depends upon the art that it exhibits. Homer and Shakespeare and Byron and Tennyson, yea, even our English Bible, are immortal, if for no other reason because their incomparable style reaches the dignity of art. Macaulay's essays and history remain, even to-day, the standard of luminous style, so much so that every one that would excel in diction must give his days and nights to their pages. The worshippers of fads and fashions do not trouble themselves about either art or science. They simply follow the mob. Perhaps it is just as well, after all, for is there not a feeling of safety in numbers even among insects? A. B. C.

Grass Valley, Cal., July 12.

"BY THE BULL THAT BOUGHT ME."

A NOTE ON A PHRASE OF MOWGLI'S.

A native of New-York State who has long been a resident of Kentucky was very much disappointed when he arrived on a short visit to the city lately, because Rudyard Kipling had made his escape to Europe befcre he, the ex-New-Yorker Kentuckian, could catch him. He wanted to ask Kipling a question, he said.

"I want him to tell me where he got that saying which he puts in Mowgli's mouth, in 'The Jungle Book,' 'By the Bull that bought me!' I want to know whether, in the course of his sojourn in Vermont, Kipling ever heard the story of old Matthew Lyon.

"I have the tradition as it was given to me down in Kentucky, and it runs like this. Matthew Lyon, as the school United States histories will tell you, was born somewhere in Ireland, more than a hundred and fifty years ago. When he was a mere stripling he emigrated to this country, but, as he could not pay his passage, the captain of the ship sold him—'indented' is the proper word, I think—to a Connecticut farmer for the amount due. That was a perfectly legal proceeding in those days, of course.

"But before Lyon's term of service expired some kind man came along and bought him out—ransomed him, in fact, as Bagheera ransomed Mowgli—for a fine bull that the Connecticut farmer very much wanted, only it was a live bull, not a dead one, like Bagheera's.

"Now, the story goes that all through the Revolutionary War, when Lyon served with the Green Mountain boys and got into all sorts of scrapes as an officer in the Continental Army and afterward, when he was a member of Congress from Vermont, and, later still, in Kentucky, down to the last days of his life among the Cherokees, he never forgot this benefactor of his in Connecticut, and he constantly swore 'By the Bull that bought me!' I heard the story in Kentucky before I ever heard of Mowgli or Bagheera. And I would like to know whether the identity of Mowgli's oath and Matthew Lyon's is mere coincidence or whether the same story I heard in Kentucky is current in Vermont and served as an inspiration to Kipling."

NY Tribune, July 16/99

BOOKMEN'S TROUBLES.

Leader July 30/99

In the old days before the publishing of books took on the commercial aspect that it has at present, there were few, if any, excitements in the business. Of course, before the passing of the international copyright law, there was a certain excitement about pirating books, but that was simple in comparison with the excitements of the present day. By author and publisher books now seem to be regarded entirely as any other commodity might—wheat, dry goods, or anything out of which money is made. Even the spirit of speculation has, apparently, gotten into the book business.

At the present moment the number of "only complete" editions of Kipling's works on the market is worthy of notice. The controversy between Mr. Kipling and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons still enlivens the columns of the daily as well as the literary press. I notice, by the way, that Mr. Kipling never makes any reference to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., who are partners with Messrs. Putnam in the much-discussed "Brushwood Edition" of his works. But for some reason or other their name never appears in the matter, though they advertised the edition of Messrs. Putnam and arranged it in their windows with quite as much of

AN EYE TO DISPLAY.

This, as I have said, is advertised as "the only complete edition." Now comes the fifteen-volume set "controlled by the notion department of H. B. Claflin Company," which is advertised as "the only complete, revised, and signed edition of Rudyard Kipling's works." Then, of course, there is the Outward Bound edition, which Charles Scribner's Sons control, and which is authorized by Mr. Kipling and illustrated by his father, and which, when all the volumes that belong to it are ready, will be quite as complete as either of the foregoing. Just what the H. B. Claflin Company means by "signed" edition I do not know, as there are some 300,000 volumes in this edition (fifteen volumes limited to 20,000 sets). I can hardly believe that Mr. Kipling has signed each volume, though that is what the advertisement would imply. If they mean a fac-simile of his signature, that is easily understood, but each of the other editions, unless I mistake, has the fac-simile signature.

There are advantages and disadvantages in being as popular an author as Mr. Kipling. The disadvantages so far seem to be aesthetic rather than material, for out of all those editions the author is making large sums of money, particularly out of the Outward Bound, which was the first arranged for and is the most expensive. This latter is sold by subscription only.

I have just received a copy of the Author with the full text of Mr. Kipling's charges against Messrs. Putnam on account of their "Brushwood Edition" of his works. It covers about four pages of the Author, which is a little larger than the ordinary magazine page. A synopsis of Mr. Kipling's letter has already been published, with Messrs. Putnam's reply. Whatever else may be true in his charge, it certainly is not true that they made this edition, as he says, "taking advantage of that public's interest in my illness—when I lay at the point of death." The edition was ready for the market long before Mr. Kipling's illness. Therefore, that paragraph contains a gratuitous fling at the house of Putnam.

News Notes of Authors and Their Works.

The most interesting figure in Wesleyan Methodism at present is the president of the great Wesleyan conference in London, the Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald, whose sister is the mother of Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Macdonald has had a career that has brought him in touch with the kingdoms of art, literature and scholarship, as well as of religion. "No man," he says, "had ever five more remarkable sisters than mine. The eldest, my sister Alice, married Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and became the mother of the novelist; the second is Lady Burne-Jones; the thir, Lady Poynter." Mr. Macdonald met Mr. Lockwood Kipling during his ministry at Burslem. "He was an artist, as you know, and was engaged at the time in designing and modeling in the potteries. A warm friendship grew up between us, and my sister, being on a visit to me at the time, made Mr. Kipling's acquaintance and was soon engaged to him." By the way, Mr. Macdonald confirms the story about the origination of the name of Rudyard Kipling. "Rudyard is a little place near Leek, where my sister and Mr. Kipling spent the day from which their engagement dated." Like all his Wesleyan relatives and friends Mr. Macdonald is proud of his nephew; "he was the most precocious child I ever knew, and it was noticed from the beginning that he had a wonderful memory, keen powers of observation, and a remarkable facility of speech."

* * *

In the next issue of the Bookman

Plain Dealer July 30/99

As a Thing of Beauty.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Your Mr. W. L. Alden is undoubtedly a thing of beauty, or he could not be a joy to your readers during their forever. The merry gentleman has it in your SATURDAY REVIEW this week that, he flatters himself, and Mr. Kipling, he thinks he thinks, "Kipling is the greatest master of prose and verse that the Anglo-Saxon race has yet produced." Every schoolgirl, as Thomas Babington would say, knows that to be one of the merry Mr. Alden's jokes, to draw the fire of those Robert Burns called "the awkward squad." But such a joke is entirely out of place in the Old World representative of the dignified SATURDAY REVIEW, for from Chaucer to the Elizabethan writers, to Milton, and on to the masters of prose and verse of the reign of Queen Anne, down to the days of Edmund Burke, Junius, Hume, Hallam, Walpole, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Sheridan, and on to our own Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, and Bret Harte, it is known wherever the merry Mr. Alden has his say, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is, in prose or verse, the master of them all, and the all includes Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Macaulay, Swinburne, Tennyson, and Browning. The merry gentleman is also the brave gentleman, unless his future is in the past, for how he hopes to ever again be taken seriously, by readers or editors, passes my comprehension.

But it is as a logician that the merry gentleman shines, for in this last letter we find him writing: "But can we reasonably expect to see another number (of Lady Churchill's magazine) that is quite the equal to the first?" No, we cannot, and why? Because, according to the merry Mr. Alden, "It is not every day, nor every quarter day, that a poem by Swinburne of the quality of that in the first number of Lady Churchill's publication can be secured." There's a reason as is a reason. O shades of Shallow, Dogberry, and Bunsby! With your hand upon your heart answer this, Sir: Isn't "W. L. Alden" a mask, behind which thinks the Scotch literary Columbus, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, or Mr. Hamlin Garland, or "Prof. Harry" Thurston Peck, or Editor MacArthur, or Hubbard of the Roycroft Press?

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

New York, Aug. 19, 1899.

NY Times Sept 2/99

The Author.

(The Organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors. Monthly.)

CONDUCTED BY WALTER BESANT.

VOL. X.—NO. 2.] JULY 1, 1899. [PRICE SIXPENCE.

For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible. None of the papers or paragraphs must be taken as expressing the collective opinions of the Committee unless they are officially signed by G. Herbert Thring, Sec.

THE Secretary of the Society begs to give notice that all remittances are acknowledged by return of post, and requests that all members not receiving an answer to important communications within two days will write to him without delay. All remittances should be crossed *Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane*, or be sent by registered letter only.

Communications and letters are invited by the Editor on all subjects connected with literature, but on no other subjects whatever. Articles which cannot be accepted are returned if stamps for the purpose accompany the MSS.

GENERAL MEMORANDA.

HERE are a few standing rules to be observed in an agreement. There are three methods of dealing with literary property:—

I. THAT OF SELLING IT OUTRIGHT.

This is in some respects the most satisfactory, *if a proper price can be obtained*. But the transaction should be managed by a competent agent.

II. A PROFIT-SHARING AGREEMENT.

In this case the following rules should be attended to:

(1.) Not to sign any agreement in which the cost of production forms a part.

(2.) Not to give the publisher the power of putting the profits into his own pocket by charging for advertisements in his own organs: or by charging exchange advertisements.

(3.) Not to allow a special charge for "office expenses," unless the same allowance is made to the author.

(4.) Not to give up American, Colonial, or Continental rights.

(5.) Not to give up serial or translation rights.

(6.) Not to bind yourself for future work to any publisher.

As well bind yourself for the future to any one solicitor or doctor!

(7.) To stamp the agreement.

III. THE ROYALTY SYSTEM.

It is above all things necessary to know what the proposed royalty means to both sides. It is now possible for an author to ascertain approximately and very nearly the truth. From time to time the very important figures connected with royalties are published in *The Author*. Readers can also work out the figures themselves from the "Cost of Production."

The four main points which the Society has always demanded from the outset are:—

(1.) That both sides shall know what an agreement means.

(2.) The inspection of those account books which belong to the author. We are advised that this is a right, in the nature of a common law right, which cannot be denied or withheld.

(3.) That there shall be no secret profits.

(4.) That there shall be no charge for advertisements in the publisher's own organs and none for exchanged advertisements.

HOW TO USE THE SOCIETY.

1. EVERY member has a right to ask for and to receive advice upon his agreements, his choice of a publisher, or any dispute arising in the conduct of his business or the administration of his property. If the advice sought is such as can be given best by a solicitor, the member has a right to an opinion from the Society's solicitors. If the case is such that Counsel's opinion is desirable, the Committee will obtain for him Counsel's opinion. All this without any cost to the member.

2. Remember that questions connected with copyright and publisher's agreements do not generally fall within the experience of ordinary solicitors. Therefore, do not scruple to use the Society.

3. Send to the Office copies of past agreements and past accounts with the loan of the books represented. The Secretary will always be glad to have any agreements, new or old, for inspection and note. The information thus obtained may prove invaluable.

4. Before signing any agreement whatever, send the proposed document to the Society for examination.

5. Remember always that in belonging to the Society you are fighting the battles of other writers, even if you are

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British Weekly July 13/99

MR. NORTON'S KIPLING.

Biography of the Poet of Conquest and War by Charles Eliot Norton. *

This coldly authentic sketch of Kipling's life resembles an extract from an encyclopedia. But it carries Prof. Norton's signature, and therefore the conviction of complete truthfulness. It is singular to find the professor dans cette galère—the severe, scholarly classicist, the translator of the "Divina Commedia," lending countenance to the author of "Bill 'Awkins," tolerating the composition of local, ephemeral, ill-constructed verses written in patois on narrow themes. To be understood by and to influence all mankind, it is not sufficient to be a national poet. Dante was an international poet, because he spoke of things which interested everybody, and did it so grandly that the Italian language came to be universally studied. Successive generations learned Greek to feel sublime with Homer, French to laugh with Molière, German to criticise with Goethe. But although the Swede or the Brazilian might willingly toil for years with the object of reading "Hamlet," neither would in the least consider the "Barrack Room Ballads" adequate reward for a laborious acquisition of the English tongue. This one would conjecture to be Prof. Norton's point of view. And by another reason is the biographer placed in a curious position. He is not only an "anti-imperialist" of light and leading, but opposed altogether to military slaughter. Kipling's British lion bellows to the remotest confines of the earth, of which his paw covets the whole. The sufferings of the soldier Kipling most humanely commiserates, but to insure the greater glory of the British Empire he must stand ready behind the "Gatlin' gun to talk to them 'eathen kings." The professor was no doubt satisfied to write a formal biographical notice, which entailed no expression of literary or philosophical opinions.

This little book, which contains no news, but was "prepared with his [Kipling's] approval," gives weight to a salient circumstance of Kipling's career. He was blessed by the gods in his friends and relations, in his pastors and masters. From his earliest boyhood his parents watched Rudyard's budding talents with an intelligent affection. They sent him to a private school, where his proclivities would have a chance of being watched instead of being lost in the heterogeneous scrimmages of compulsory football at Rugby. At Westward Ho, one of his teachers gave him the freedom of a small but excellent library, and the boy's term reports must have shown his father and mother that a neglect of other branches coincided with an effective attachment to literature. Young Kipling wrote good essays and edited the school journal. His holidays were passed in the most favorable atmosphere, for he was housed by intellectual relatives intimate with distinguished men of letters and artists. From these came encouragement and good counsel. Kipling was not sent to a university, to be made a gentleman of, to fit himself for obscurity and starvation in a respectable profession, to have his experiences and human sympathies limited. Nor was he ever condemned to an uncongenial mode of earning a living. On the contrary, his heart's desire was thrust upon him while he was yet a boy. His wisely loving parents put him upon the road to fame and fortune when they secured a position for him, which he assumed at the age of seventeen, on the staff of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette. But even Kipling cannot have been endowed as the precocious babies of Prof. Norton's acquaintance. According to him, these creatures, whose speculative faculties disclose little more to them than the way from a hand to a mouth, up to the age of three receive "ineffaceable impressions," shaping their "conceptions of the world."

The publication of this biography in book form is of peculiar interest to bibliophiles. Only 100 copies have been printed, all of which were, of course, sold at once, and now are at a premium. This, too, is the only opportunity to get the biography as a single book, and, in fact, at all as a book, for it will be embodied in one of the volumes of the forthcoming new popular edition of Kipling's works. It has been previously published in McClure's Magazine. At the end of the biography stands an official list of the "Books by Rudyard Kipling." They are twenty-five in number, the first, "Schoolboy Lyrics," having been privately printed, in 1881, at Lahore.

L. S.

NY Times July 29/99

*RUDYARD KIPLING. A Biographical Sketch. By Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

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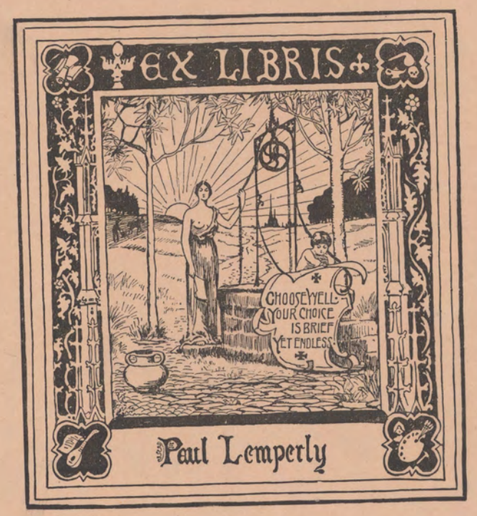
Leader Jul 30/96



RUDYARD KIPLING

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, have the pleasure to announce that they have completed arrangements for the publication of an entirely New Edition of the Prose Writings of RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Edition, which will consist of Ten Volumes, Large Crown 8vo, will be printed by Messrs. R. & R. CLARK, Ltd., of Edinburgh, from entirely new type, and will be bound in red cloth, with gilt tops.

The Volumes will appear in the following

about, and what people think of them.

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The CHEAPEST, BEST, MOST USEFUL, MOST CONCISE, Most Interesting — Book on the Subject.

A handy guide to Kipling's Life, Writings, and Bibliography, 12mo, 1/- net, Holland Co., Birmingham. "It is the prerogative of Kipling to embody in ringing verse the latent thought of the English-speaking peoples," says *The Spectator*, but that hardly describes his power. To us he appears to be the only writer, save Dickens, who can stir sentiment in the phlegmatic English to their very cores. Rich and poor, high or low, it is all one. They are stirred! and the man capable of this is no ordinary genius. Mr. Roberton has recognised that Kipling is not an ephemeral but a future force. Hence this attractive little book, and we hope the public will signify its thanks in the usual manner. The votaries of Thackeray, Dickens, Cruikshank, or any of the great collected, would have been mad with joy had some kind Roberton popped up at any early stage in their career with a similar work of love.—*Book Queries.*

NO DISCOUNT. The public will please note that as this book is issued at 1/- instead of at 1/6, it is impossible for the bookseller to allow discount and obtain the necessary profit for himself.

A new edition of the prose writings of Mr. Kipling has been projected by Messrs. Macmillan, to consist of ten volumes at the uniform price of 6*s.*, which will appear one at a time at short intervals, beginning at once with "Plain Tales from the Hills." Mr. Kipling has purchased from Messrs. Newnes the copyright of "Departmental Ditties," which was originally published in 1885 by Messrs. Thacker.

"Author" July 99

Leader Sept 10/99

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

Why Kipling Rewrote the Last Four Chapters of His Novel.

Most readers of Kipling will remember that he wrote two entirely different endings to "The Light That Failed." In the first he married the blind hero to his selfish little sweetheart, and in the other he made her jilt him and send the poor fellow to inferential suicide. Here is a story which is going the rounds as to the reasons which induced Kipling to originate those two widely divergent finales. Not long after the original appearance of the novel, it is stated, Kipling was in a railway station and happened to notice a couple on an adjoining seat. They were evidently husband and wife, and the man was stone blind. He looked so frail and ill, and his affliction had so intensified the ordinary discomforts of travel, that his temper was on a rasping edge.

From one end of the journey to the other he grumbled and complained incessantly, but the woman bore his murmurings with all the patient tenderness that a mother might exhibit toward a petulant baby. She was continually doing little things to make him more comfortable, soothing him, cheering him up, and guarding him against annoyance. Time and again he repulsed her with downright brutality, but her temper never ruffled for an instant, and that night the observant author declared to some friends that he had made a great mistake in his new romance. No such ferocious egotist as Maisie, he said, could possibly resign herself to the companionship of a blind man. A sacrifice of that sort called for qualities of self-effacement and self-abnegation which she did not possess, and without delay he sat down and rewrote the last four chapters of his book. Many people think he vastly improved it, although the original ending was proabbly better suited to the popular palate.—London Mainly About People.

Leader July 30/99

order at short intervals, and will be published at the uniform price of Six Shillings each :—

1. Plain Tales from the Hills.
2. Life's Handicap, being Stories of mine own People.
3. Many Inventions.
4. The Light that Failed.
5. Wee Willie Winkie, and other Stories.
6. Soldiers Three, and other Stories.
7. The Jungle Book, with Illustrations.
8. The Second Jungle Book, with Illustrations.
9. Captains Courageous, with Illustrations.
10. The Day's Work.

Certainly he would behave with discretion. He did that. Still he found it very pleasant to talk to Lispeth, and walk with Lispeth, and say nice things to her, and call her pet names while he was getting strong enough to go away. It meant nothing at all to him, and everything in the world to Lispeth. She was very happy while the fortnight lasted, because she had found a man to love.

Being a savage by birth, she took no trouble to hide her feelings, and the Englishman was amused. When he went away, Lispeth walked with him up the Hill as far as Narkunda, very troubled and very miserable. The Chaplain's wife, being a good Christian and disliking anything in the shape of fuss or scandal—Lispeth was beyond her management entirely—had told the Englishman to tell Lispeth that he was coming back to marry her. 'She is but a child you know, and, I fear, at heart a heathen,' said the Chaplain's wife. So all the twelve miles up the Hill the Englishman, with his arm round Lispeth's waist, was assuring the girl that he would come back and marry her; and Lispeth made him promise over and over again. She wept on the Narkunda Ridge till he had passed out of sight along the Muttiani path.

Then she dried her tears and went in to Kotgarh again, and said to the Chaplain's wife, 'He will come back and marry me. He has gone to his own people to tell them so.' And the Chaplain's wife soothed Lispeth and said, 'He will come back.' At the end of two months, Lispeth grew impatient, and was told that the Englishman had gone over the seas to England.

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Bibliographical.

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The CHEAPEST, BEST, MOST USEFUL, MOST CONCISE, Most Interesting Book on the Subject.

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"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

Why Kipling Rewrote the Last Four Chapters of His Novel.

Most readers of Kipling will remember that he wrote two entirely different endings to "The Light That Failed." In the first he married the blind hero to his selfish little sweetheart, and in the other he made her jilt him and send the poor fellow to inferential suicide. Here is a story which is going the rounds as to the reasons which induced Kipling to originate those two widely divergent finales. Not long after the original appearance of the novel, it is stated, Kipling was in a railway station and happened to notice a couple on an adjoining seat. They were evidently husband and wife, and the man was stone blind. He looked so frail and ill, and his affliction had so intensified the ordinary discomforts of travel, that his temper was on a rasping edge.

From one end of the journey to the other he grumbled and complained incessantly, but the woman bore his murmurings with all the patient tenderness that a mother might exhibit toward a petulant baby. She was continually doing little things to make him more comfortable, soothing him, cheering him up, and guarding him against annoyance. Tim and again he repulsed her with downright brutality, but her temper never ruffled for an instant, and that night the observant author declared to some friends that he had made a great mistake in his new romance. No such ferocious egotist as Maisie, he said, could possibly resign herself to the companionship of a blind man. A sacrifice of that sort called for qualities of self-effacement and self-abnegation which she did not possess, and without delay he sat down and rewrote the last four chapters of his book. Many people think he vastly improved it, although the original ending was proabbly better suited to the popular palate.—London Mainly About People.

"The Solitary Volume."

It is rather strange that when a certain work is said to be represented by only one copy in existence, which is broadly advertised as high-priced, or is announced to have been sold at a good round sum, several other copies almost instantly come to life. The earliest known copy of Mr. Kipling's "School Boy Lyrics" realized on April 24 last at Sotheby's the extraordinary price of £130. On July 3 last there was sold three copies of the same booklet which had later come to light on the sale of the alleged solitary volume. A few years ago a book collector offered a large price for Mrs. Morton's "The Power of Sympathy," said to be the first American novel. An interesting circumstance of this work is that the author's family had bought up the entire edition and destroyed it; only two copies were known to be in existence—one was in possession of the Boston Public Library, the other had been sold to a collector for $36. The owner of this last refused to part with it at any price, and the collector first mentioned had the temerity to offer $500 for a perfect copy of the work. Notwithstanding the statement of a well-known historian in 1872, that "not a single copy was known to be in existence," four immediately presented themselves to the astonished bibliophile while one old lady from Dorchester sought an interview with seven copies under her arm. It is rather hazardous to announce "the solitary volume" unless you have already ascertained that it is solitary by offering to buy at a good price any other that happens to be in existence.

NY Times July 29/99

Kipling and Tennyson.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

While the subject of Kipling editions is undergoing such animated discussion, it may be of interest to note the amusing if somewhat appalling mistake made by the editor of a recent copyrighted edition of Kipling's poems, published by George M. Hill of Chicago, an edition for sale at all the reputable book stores. Under the heading "Verses from the Prose Works" this verse from Tennyson's "Palace of Art" is included:

"I built myself a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell;
I said: 'O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear Soul—for all is well.'"

KATHARINE M. ROOF.

Frost Valley, N. Y., July 23, 1899.

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It is said that Rudyard Kipling has resolved that his latest poem on cruisers shall not be published in America. He considers that Americans would not appreciate it, as its theme is distinctively local. NY Times Aug 5/99

***

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, should his health permit, will pass the winter at Rottingdean, and early next year undertake a journey to the Cape. This will be Mr. Kipling's third visit to South Africa.

West End (London) Aug 2/99

Mr. George Hawtrey has written a novel which

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons object, and reasonably, to having the volumes of Mr. Kipling's works bound up by them described by him as an "egregious padded fake." They also object to the statement in his letter to *The Author* that they could have made a settlement with him between March 13th and April 22d. To this they reply with an extract from a letter written by Mr. Kipling's lawyer dated March 31st in which he says: "I have had an interview with Mrs. Kipling and find that she is extremely reasonable, although righteously indignant over the appropriation of Mr. Kipling's property by your clients. I am authorized to say that no settlement can be made, nor is there any use in discussing the question of settlement, excepting on a basis of reasonable but substantial damages to be paid to Mr. Kipling for the injury done him." To this Messrs. Putnam's lawyer replied on April 4th, suggesting arbitration and concluding: "We do not care to limit our concessions to Mr. Kipling's claims to a strictly legal one, and are quite willing to have the case considered from the broadest possible view of fair dealing between authors and booksellers." To this there was no response, until the notice of suit, April 22d. To the charge "They have appropriated copyright material for their own uses in their specially prepared index," Messrs. Putnam reply: "The Index was purely and simply a general index to the stories and poems, and an index of the first lines of poems. We do not think it has ever before been claimed that the printing of titles in this way constituted an infringement of copyright." This contention, which is a very novel one, raises a question of particular interest to bibliographers.

Courtesy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

MME. FLEURY AS OPHELIA *
(1769)

* See page 741.

It is reported in London that Rudyard Kipling has resolved that his latest poem on cruisers shall not be published in America. He considers that Americans would not appreciate it, as its theme is distinctly local.

Pub Weekly Aug 19/99

In the confident expectation that admirers of *Dr. Nikola*, *Across the World for a Wife*, and *Pharos the Egyptian* will like to see how Mr. Boothby works, we reproduce the accompanying photograph. It is difficult to look upon the

MR. GUY BOOTHBY DICTATING A NOVEL INTO THE PHONOGRAPH.
Photograph by T. Fall.

luxurious parlour here depicted, and refrain from giving a thought to Goldsmith's "Description of an Author's Bedchamber." But then, Goldsmith's author had no opportunity of taking Mr. Kipling's advice to Mr. Boothby and "putting his trust in Watt." Academy July 15 1899.

Apropos of the picture of Mr. Guy Boothby, seated in his armchair, dictating a new novel to a phonograph, which we printed last week, we have received the following lines from a correspondent, R. M.:

The old order passes, the new order comes,
And Fiction to-day as a trade simply "hums,"
So that Grub Street's inhabitants, once on the rates,
Are now to be found at their country estates.
The public, who pay, name the tunes of their choice,
And the novelist-merchant, by heeding their voice,
By pouring his tales in the phonograph's ear
At the rate of four six-shilling thrillers a year,
And by trusting to Watt (who is Muse number ten)
Attains the ideal of good business men:
A mansion (by Maple) with everything fitting,
And once every week a photographer's sitting.
Meanwhile, from the humanist's studious work
The public turn off with intolerant smirk.

Do I blame? Not a morsel. These impotent rhymes
Are merely to notice a sign of the times.
Nor do I presume to suggest which is greater:
George Meredith—King, or Guy Boothby—Dictator.

Academy July 22/99

Every copy of the new edition of Mr. Kipling's Prose Works which Messrs. Macmillan are now issuing bears the little "trade mark" which we reproduce. The swastika, or fylfot, over the signature, is an emblem of good fortune, and is one of the oldest forms of ornament.

Academy July 22/99

Academy, July 15/99

The White Man's Burden.

In the afternoon a white man came aboard, and he was followed closely by a Moor, who carried two battered leather kit-bags. A passenger, and from Hassi Moul el Bab! The new arrival caused quite a sensation. But he paid his fare to London, a stiff one, in English gold, he spoke as a gentleman speaks, and the purser could find no reason for refusing a cabin, though he looked askance at the passenger's cracked brown riding boots and ancient suit of kakhi, torn and worn.

That the *Lorelei* should have called at Hassi Moul el Bab at all was odd. The visit did not appear in the advertised itinerary, and big pleasure steamers do not make a practice of dropping haphazard into tiny Moorish ports, much as worthy Riffians and other good pirates would enjoy meeting them there.

No. 94 was the cabin allotted. "Just to the left of the companion," said Mr. Purser, with explanatory condescension. The stranger moved towards the saloon entrance, beckoning his stately Moor to follow him. The ship was as fine as a lady's-maid at a theatre; all a-glitter with bright-work and brass, as a pleasure yacht should be.

"Hi, there! Where's that darky going?"

It was the spruce and gallant chief officer who spoke; and, speaking, he stepped forward and laid one hand, brusquely, upon the dust-encrusted but finely-embroidered djellab of Haj Absalaam Eshun, Arab Halal, the mountain-bred Moor who followed the new passenger. Haj Absalaam dropped the Englishman's two kit-bags, as a man might who had been shot in the back; a toss of his fine head threw the djellab-hood flat on one shoulder; his two sinewy brown hands were clenched at rigid arms' ends, and his black eyes appeared to break through smouldering to blaze; it almost seemed they started flames a playing about the popular officer's forehead. The Moor did not speak in words, but——. However, at that moment the white man in the companion way turned, and pushed past Absalaam, with three muttered words, which sounded soothing and apologetic.

"What's the matter?" he asked. The first officer smiled with bland dignity, and, assuming then the tone he kept for passengers, "Oh, nothing!" he said. "But we don't allow these beggars past the companion way, you know."

The Moor's right hand moved, as a leopard pounces, to the girth opening in his djellab, where showed the gleam of a chased silver hilt. He had some English, the mountain man. The new passenger twisted one end of a ragged, corn-coloured moustache into his mouth. His blue eyes suggested the shining desert—sand, sun-glare, a limitless outlook.

"Ah," he said, very gently. "So you don't allow these beggars below?"

Then this wiry, thin-flanked man turned on his heel, showing a fine breadth of thinly clad shoulder to the officer, and to the Moor a half-tired, half-amused brown face.

"Pick up the bags, Absalaam—my friend. The mules must take me as far as Tangier, after all."

They walked down the *Lorelei's* gangway, these two, without another word, and the assembled passengers watched their little boat pitching shorewards in the swell outside Hassi Moul el Bab. The *Lorelei* made a clear fifteen sovereigns by that transaction, and I noticed an odd thing about it, which I subsequently described at some length to the chief officer. As the white man preceded his Moor down the ship's side he wiped his moustache with a handkerchief. In one corner of that handkerchief, delicately worked, was a tiny coronet. The chief officer seemed annoyed when he looked up in Debrett the name given by the man from Hassi Moul el Bab. Which was what I expected from that gallant seaman.

THE first two volumes of the new uniform edition of Mr. Kipling's works are now ready. A plain and attractive red cloth has been chosen, and on the front cover, embossed in gold, is an elephant's head from a design by Mr. Lockwood Kipling. The title-page is in red and black, and bibliographical information is printed on a fly-leaf of each volume. We do not prefer it to the blue edition, but probably that is because of the power of association. We are tempted to quote once again, from the preface to *Life's Handicap*, Mr. Kipling's account of the origin of his stories: "These tales have been collected from all places, and all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubára, from Ala Yar the carver, Jiwun Singh the carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains round the world, women spinning outside their cottages in the twilight, officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and a few, but these are the very best, my father gave me."

Academy July 15/99

MR. MONKSHOOD'S APPRECIATION OF KIPLING.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Please accept our best thanks for your very fair, scholarly, and interesting review of Mr. Monkshood's monograph on Rudyard Kipling, which appeared in your issue of 8th inst. Will you, however, permit us to point out one little inaccuracy? You say that the book has been "slated" by the London "press" for bad grammar and faulty diction. This is not correct. The only paper which made this false accusation was the very well hated paper, The Daily Mail, and the spite and vindictiveness displayed by the critic of this paper was so very evident that it was commented on by the reviewers of other and better class journals, the general idea being that The Mail notice, besides being an attack—a personal attack—on Mr. Monkshood, was an indirect attack on Mr. Kipling. However, we are happy to say the book is popular in spite of The Daily Mail's slanderous attack. Mr. Kipling expressed (in a letter now in our possession) his good will to the author, and the publication has his entire sanction and authority. Can you make this known in America through the medium of your very influential columns? There appears to be a false impression current in U. S. A. that Mr. Kipling objects to the book, and some of your publishers say they are afraid of it in case Mr. Kipling should take action against them. Mr. Kipling's admirers on this side, and in all our colonies, have shown their appreciation of Mr. Monkshood's "appreciation" in a most unmistakable manner. With compliments and thanks, we are, Sir, yours faithfully, GREENING & CO., Ltd.

ARTHUR W. COLLINS, Managing Director.

20 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, July 24, 1899.

NY Times Aug 5/99

ONE OF KIPLING'S BOOKS EXCLUDED.

RUDYARD KIPLING has been boycotted by the Sunday-school of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Crawfordsville, Ind. Some time ago the Sunday-school purchased a number of new books for its library from Methodist publishers of Cincinnati, and as these books came from what was regarded as the fountain-head of pure literature, little attention was paid to several volumes that were thrown in for good measure.

Among these was Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft," which finally came into the family of a man who declared that it was "fairly reeking with profanity, and the most outrageous slang." Fortifying himself with numerous quotations, he went before the Sunday-school authorities, and as a result the offending book was thrown out of the library.

Pub. Weekly Aug 12/99

PACIFIC SALMON AND KIPLING'S FLY.

Leader Aug 6/99

Every sportsman of ordinarily wide information knows that the Pacific salmon will not let themselves be caught with the fly. There is the old, well-remembered story of the British naval officer, who, when we took possession of Alaska, consoled himself by saying: "Let the Yankees have the d——d country; the salmon will not rise to the fly."

But the great Kipling has been caught napping. In his "American Notes" there is a thrilling description of how Kipling killed Pacific salmon with the fly.

"I have lived!" says Kipling. "The American Continent may now sink under the sea, for I have taken the best that it yields, and the best was neither dollars nor real estate." It was a Chinook salmon. "California," his companion, "let the gaudy fly drop in the tail of a riffle. I was getting my rod together, when I heard the joyous shriek of the reel and the yells of California, and then three feet of living silver leaped into the air far across the water. I went into that ice-cold river and made my cast just above the weir. * * * The next cast—oh, the pride of it, the regal splendor of it! The thrill that ran down from fingertip to toe! Then the water boiled. He broke for the fly and got it. There remained enough sense in me to give him all he wanted when he jumped—not once, but twenty times—before the up-stream flight that ran my line out to the last half-dozen turns, and I saw the nickel reel bar glitter under the thinning green coils. My thumb was burned deep when I strove to stopper the line. I did not feel it till later, for my soul was out in the dancing weir, praying for him to turn ere he took my tackle away. And my prayer was heard. As I bowed back, the butt of the rod on my left hip bone, and the top joint dipping like unto a weeping willow, he turned and accepted each inch of slack that I could by any means get in as a favor from on high. There lie several sorts of successes in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope."

Finally the fish is killed, and Kipling sings his hymn of praise: "The beauty, the darling, the daisy, my salmon Bahadur, weighing twelve pounds, and I have been seven-and-thirty minutes bringing him to bank! He had been lightly hooked on the angle of the right jaw, and the hook had not wearied him. That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads greater than them all. Then Portland took my rod and caught some ten-pounders, and my spoon was carried away by an unknown leviathan."

There is room for misgiving in the fact that Kipling mentioned the spoon in ending his story.

The editor of the London Fishing Gazette wrote to Kipling and received this reply:

"Dear Mr. Marston: In the language of the immortal Jorrocks, 'Spoon! Spoon! Spoon!' 'Fly' is a slip of the rod. Those brutes won't rise to it.

"I return the cutting. Sincerely,

"RUDYARD KIPLING."

KIPLING BARRED.

Perhaps the turn in the Kipling tide has been reached, and very possibly Crawfordsville, Ind., is the turning point. For a Methodist church in that progressive town has boycotted a Kipling story. It is that vigorous tale of fiery juvenile heroism, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," a story which in some manner found its way into the library of the Sunday school in company with a number of goodly and quite unobjectionable books. The "Drums" was brought home by an innocent child, and the paternal censor looked it over. Needless to say he was horrified. "It is fairly reeking with profanity and outrageous slang," he said to the Sunday school authorities, and the book was straightway blue penciled from the catalogue.

It was an unfortunate episode, and Crawfordsville shudders when it realizes how near it came to harboring this destroyer of innocent childhood. Hereafter it will look more attentively to its invoices, and if human watchfulness can accomplish it no more examples of such harmful literature will repose upon the purified book shelves.

As for Kipling, well, he will probably laugh when he hears about it. For Kipling never did really set up as a writer of Sunday school stories.

Aug. 99

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, in accordance with an arrangement with Kipling, will continue the *Outward Bound edition* of his works by adding to it the volumes given to the public since this edition was begun, together with some earlier and hitherto unpublished writings. The six volumes which will be added to the twelve already issued will be illustrated by John Lockwood Kipling. Vol. XIII, "The Day's Work," Part 1, including "The Son of His Father" (not included under this title in trade edition,) has just been published. Vol. XIV, "The Day's Work," Part 2, including "The Wreck of the *Visigoth*," "The Lang Men o' Larut," "Brugglesmith," and "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" (not included under this title in trade edition,) will be published next month or in September. Vol. XV, "From Sea to Sea," Part 1, will be published in October. Vol. XVI, "From Sea to Sea," Part 2, collected letters of travel, including an accurate text of the "American Notes," with "Letters of Marque," "The City of the Dreadful Night," "The Smith Administration," etc., will be ready in November. Vol. XVII, "Early Verse," including "Schoolboy Lyrics," "Echoes" (not in any other edition,) and "Departmental Ditties,"

Publishers Weekly Aug 5/99

Kiplings Go to Scotland.

London, August 12.—Rudyard Kipling has taken his family to Scotland. His residence overlooks Andrew Carnegie's estate at Skibo, so Kipling will secure a desired seclusion.

1899

Gold and Silver.

Black—Nearly every word that Kipling writes is pure gold.

White—I think silver would come nearer the mark; he gets about a quarter a word.

A. Maurice & Co. Aug-Sept. 1899 11

23, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

PROBABLY AN UNIQUE COLLECTION.

Kipling (Rudyard) **The Week's News,** published at Allahabad, A COMPLETE SET, from No. 1, January 7, to No. 36, September 15, 1888, with the exception of Nos. 6, 18, and 28, EACH NUMBER WITH A COMPLETE STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING, INCLUDING SOME WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN REPRINTED, 33 Numbers as issued, EXCESSIVELY RARE, IN FINE CONDITION, 30 Guineas *nett* *Allahabad*, 1888

We think that we are correct in stating that this is the FIRST SET which has been offered for sale in a Bookseller's Catalogue, and is PROBABLY THE MOST COMPLETE COLLECTION EXTANT, it comprises the FIRST EDITIONS of the following :—

No. 1. The God from the Machine
" 2. Genuine
" 3. A Wayside Comedy
" 4. Wee Willie Winkie
" 5. The Likes O'Us
" 7. At Twenty-two
" 8. My Own True Ghost Story
" 9. Georgie Porgie
" 10. The Education of Otis Yeere, Part I
" 11. " " Part II
" 12 The Big "Drunk Draft
" 13. At Howli Thana
" 14. His Brother's Keeper
" 15. In the Matter of a Private
" 16. The Hill of Illusion
" 17. "Dray Wara Yow Dee"
" 19. "Sleipner"—late "Thurinda"
" 20. A Supplementary Chapter
" 21. "Poor Dear Mamma"
" 22. The Solid Muldoon
" 23. With any Amazement
" 24 The Garden of Eden
" 25. The Valley of the Shadow
" 26. "The Swelling of Jordan"
" 27. Private Learoyd's Story
" 29. The Peculiar Embarrassment of Justus Kreuk
" 30. With the Main Guard
" 31. In Flood Time
" 32. The Tents of Kedar
" 33. Only a Subaltern
" 34. The Ballad of Boh Da Thone
" 35. A Second Rate Woman

No. 36. THE LAST OF THE STORIES.

Doubtless each number contains in addition many unsigned Articles by the same Author.

Rudyard Kipling's "Stalky & Co.," which has been running in McClure's Magazine, will be presented in book form early in September by the Doubleday & McClure Company. The explanation of this story has been given by Mr. Kipling. The author would show the formative influences which have shaped the strong, resourceful men upon whose shoulders rest the present political burdens of the empire; in other words, the bearers of "The White Man's Burden." The same publishers also have in preparation an illustrated edition of Mr. Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy." The pictures are made by Mr. Orson Lowell. It is said that the artist has been surprisingly successful in embodying in his work the elusive suggestiveness of the story.

NY Times Aug 12/99

THE example of the Indiana Methodists who have turned Mr. Kipling's works out of their Sunday-school library has been followed in another Methodist quarter, and the dual catastrophe has inspired a correspondent of the *Daily News* to propound the question: "Is Kipling Profane?" and to answer it himself in the negative. These things happen in August. As for the Sunday-school people, their action, apart from their language, is comprehensible enough. A Sunday-school library exists for a definite purpose, and tales of adventure and soldiering in which the characters use the strong language of the forecastle and the canteen are not the books which anyone would naturally hand out to small boys and girls on Sunday afternoon.

THE matter might well have been disposed of with less gush and spreading than are used by the correspondent of the *Daily News*. For example, it discomforts a bookman to read such criticism as this: "If Milton had detailed the manners of the cavaliers in his stormy times, he might have done so in the sweet language of the oaten lute. But his story would have been only a rosy half-truth, even if applied to some of Cromwell's soldiers. Only a robust literary style, like Kipling's, can adequately measure our military methods or set to music the rough-and-ready gossip of the canteens." This uncritical association of names and postulation of preposterous "ifs" all about a few *damns*! Milton could not have drawn the manners of rough soldiers; had he tried, he would not have used the sweet language of the oaten lute; and whatever he had produced, it would not have been a "rosy half-truth." Yet Milton's prose style was one of the most robust in literature. Ah, well, these things are written in August.

Academy Aug 19/99

Leader's Aug 26/99

Rudyard Kipling on the Stage.

He Was Seventeen Years Old, and Appeared as Sir Anthony Absolute in a Cast of "The Rivals" at Westward Ho, the United States Service College.

From a bundle of long sealed up papers that have traveled over a great part of the world, a little playbill comes to light, bearing a name among the cast which has become extraordinarily famous—that of Rudyard Kipling, author, journalist, and, as will be seen upon at least one occasion, an amateur player.

Twice every year, at the Christmas and midsummer breaking up of the United Service College, at what in the United States would be termed the commncement exercises, but which at Westward Ho was called the pastimes, the masters and students produced, in the intervals of speech-making and the distribution of prizes, one or two plays, for the entertainment of the personal friends of the boys and the residents of the neighborhood invited to be present.

Some days beforehand, at the further end of the gymnasium, a stage was erected, where rehearsals were conducted under the direction of one of the masters chosen as the stage manager—boys being selected to fill some of the principal parts according to their dramatic ability.

It was at the pastimes of the 20th of December, 1881, that Sheridan's famous play, "The Rivals," was produced, with no less a personage in the cast than the future distinguished litterateur, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, taking the part of Sir Anthony Absolute. At the moment a particular interest attaches to the cast of that production in that it may be noticed that the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger was taken by G. C. Beresford, and that of Mrs. Malaprop by L. C. Dunsterville, the originals of the Stalky and McTurk respectively of the series of Kipling schoolboy stories lately appearing in McClure's Magazine. It was these two boys who were Kipling's great chums at Westward Ho. In the cast also as Captain Absolute was Mr. Cyril Harrison, who subsequently entered the dramatic profession and became well known on the English stage. So familiar is the name of Rudyard Kipling, standing as it were with remarkable emphasis of its own, that it may interest some of the author's admirers to notice that in this little playbill he is accredited with the further initial of J., standing for John—the real full name of Mr. Kipling, therefore, being John Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Kipling was at the time, so far as is known of this, his first and last appearance on the "boards," seventeen years of age, and acquitted himself in his part to the approbation of all those present; but one cannot help reflecting, as the mind turns backward to that enthusiastic college scene, what effect it would have to-day upon the public if the manager of a theater, or the organizer of any public entertainment, were fortunate enough to be able to announce the name of J. R. Kipling as appearing in the role of Sir Anthony Absolute in "The Rivals."

SWALLOWED MANY SWANS

Leader July 30/96

NY Times Aug 19/99

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW by

William L. Alden.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—Dr. Robertson Nicoll is unquestionably one of our most competent critics. He has intelligence, culture, honesty, and fearlessness. These qualities constitute a strong equipment. Nevertheless, there are many people who, now that Dr. Nicoll has repeatedly made it evident that he has a poor opinion of Mr. Kipling, will insist that as a critic he is entitled to no respect whatever.

The attitude of the mass of people toward a literary critic is a singular one. They admire him so long as his expressed opinions agree with their own. They tolerate him if he has no opinions whatever and aims only to write in a way that will not offend the prejudices of any reader. But the moment he expresses a decided opinion with which they do not agree they declare that he is impertinent and incapable.

Of course all this is due to the vague belief that criticism is an exact science. It is true that questions of grammatical construction, of morality, and, to some extent, of style, can be decided by the critic with certainty. But as to questions of taste, they must necessarily be matters of mere opinion. Is a certain novelist a man of genius or is he not? Are his writings powerful or weak? Questions like these cannot be answered with absolute authority. The answer given by one critic may be the opposite of that given by another, and both men may be equally capable and honest. Dr. Nicoll thinks that Kipling is no poet, and that his prose writings are enormously overestimated. I think that Kipling is the greatest master of prose and verse that the Anglo-Saxon race has yet produced. The two opinions are of precisely the same value. That is to say, each is the opinion of a man who believes what he says, but, as no man is infallible, the opinion of any critic as to the amount of genius possessed by any writer is of no real value. To find fault with Dr. Nicoll because he is so constituted that he doesn't like Kipling, is both absurd and unjust. Either Dr. Nicoll is infallible or he is not. If he is, then his opinion as to Kipling or any other writer is final, and should be so received. If he isn't infallible, then we should regard what he says as merely the expression of his opinion, and, while we differ from him, we should acknowledge his right to have opinions of his own. The sort of critic who never dares to have an opinion and who aims to write in a way that cannot offend the prejudices of any one is not merely useless, he is an unmitigated nuisance. A critic may express a wrong opinion as to half the books he reviews, but so long as his opinions are honest he is preferable to the critic who has no opinions whatever and cares for nothing except to be on the side of the majority.

The West-End.

THE LOST AND EARLIEST WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

By G. F. Monkshood.

IF the "Lost" and earliest works of Rudyard Kipling are never reprinted—and there does not seem very much chance of winning his consent and co-operation—we shall one day be bitterly regretting that the few copies that once existed were not more eagerly taken up. Now they are either destroyed or in the "cabinets of collectors," placed there at the cost of enormous sums of money. We should have been wiser; for the pages of literary history are strewn with warnings. Think of the value of Poe's "Tamerlane" (£370), Lytton's "Ismael," etc. But the "Lost" works of George Meredith have been reprinted, and it is to be earnestly hoped that Mr. Kipling will at last have the same good fortune. The books of Mr. Kipling's that form the subject of this article are as follows — the figures represent their present value:—

"Schoolboy Lyrics"	£25, written in	1880.
"Echoes"	£33, "	" 1884.
"Departmental Ditties" ...	£20, "	" 1886.
"The City of Dreadful Night" ...	£22, "	" 1890.
"Letters of Marque"	£9, "	" 1891.
"The Smith Administration" ...	£26, "	" 1891.
"American Notes"	£2, "	" 1891.

These dates and prices only apply to genuine First Editions. Of the seven books above-named only one, "Departmental Ditties," has been allowed to remain in print. The adventures of this little book of Sir George Newnes for sixpence, would make quite a book. According to the "Western Mail," Sir George has purchased the copyright for the sum of £2,500.

The "Ditties" have been written about by their author in "The Idler," and he amusingly tells how he solicited orders for them. The cover of the first edition (which we have had photographed) reads:

"Departmental Ditties. On Her Majesty's Service only. Not of 1886. To all Heads of Departments and all Anglo-Indians. Rudyard Kipling, Assistant. Department of Public Journalism, Lahore District." There were 26 poems only in this early bid for fame, and two newspapers were thanked for permission to reprint.

"Schoolboy Lyrics" has some strong and promising poems in it. There is, for instance, a very striking poem, or fragment, describing a dual scheme of Creation. The poet dreams that as the Lord made the Earth, and all that there was in it, so did Satan make at the same time travesties or parodies of created things. Thus God made man, and Satan made the anthropoid ape, etc.

"Echoes" is only slightly known to me. I have never possessed or even perused it. Other Kiplingites have told me it is a bookling of Poetic Parodies. Soon after this there appeared in the Indian papers Rudyard Kipling's books of travel through the Empire. These were entitled "Letters of Marque" and "The City of Dreadful Night," and other places. Both books were published by Wheeler and Co. of Allahabad, but were at once suppressed. The covers of these two books are here reproduced and that one entitled "Letters of Marque" has never been published before in any way. The book *never appeared* at all in paper covers.

The book contained some superb chapters upon the Taj Mahal and Amber, Queen of the Pass—the city that Jey Singh "bade his people slough as a snake sloughs its skin." Some of the readers of "THE WEST-END" may have seen and read "The City of Dreadful Night" as a few copies got into England before the suppression was effected. The "City" dealt with Calcutta by day and night, including a wonderful account of a police visit to a lupanar and the description of a very lovely young Laïs — whom Kipling terms the Dainty Iniquity. There were chapters, too, upon Henry Derozio, a forgotten Eurasian poet, Indian railway engines, opium manufacture, etc.

"American Notes" (why did they use the title that Dickens had used?) I have already described in a "Star" article and even more fully in the book "Rudyard Kipling: An Appreciation." These "American Notes" were written for the "Detroit Free Press," and can be read in the file of that paper. The articles began in January, 1891, and ran for three months.

The volume of sketches entitled "The Smith Administration" was recently sold for twenty-six pounds. It is supposed to be one of the only three copies existing, and very few people had heard of it until it realised its sensational price at auction a few weeks ago.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

LIKE the heroine of her "Ships that Pass in the Night," Miss Beatrice Harraden has had to endure the supreme torture, to the active artistic temperament, of seeing her career checked by physical suffering. Only so far, however, was that profoundly beautiful study of character autobiographical. The accident of being at Petershof, under circumstances similar to Bernardine, wrought upon the imagination until, as the scheme took shape, the details fitted themselves in naturally, as the result of observation. That, too, was the method by which "The Fowler" — the skill and vivid power of which are winning the widest recognition — was produced. The protagonists, the man of Machiavellian temperament and the Marguerite-like woman, having been selected for study, the incidents, the flashes of humour and pathos, and the exquisitely finished studies of minor characters, came to the authoress as she wrote.

Photo by Elliot and Fry.
MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

"The Fowler" was commenced more than three years ago whilst Miss Harraden was staying on a lonely ranch in California. The circumstances seemed singularly propitious, absolute quiet and boundless stretches of deserted country to satisfy the eye and stimulate the imagination. But the isolation was too much for a highly-wrought temperament, and Miss Harraden broke down badly under the strain. For two years work had to be abandoned, and the authoress was content with the Disagreeable Man's philosophy—that to dust books is more useful than to write them. Then came the reaction, the blessed return to health, and the ability to take, in a quiet way, the good things that life offers. And, having pierced the depths of gloom underlying Stevenson's later letters from Samoa by the light of personal experience, Miss Harraden was able to say with "that dear master of us all":—"I have got unexpectedly to work again, and feel quite dandy."

The immediate future holds a prolonged holiday in store for Miss Harraden. In a tour through Scandinavia, from the low-lying shores of Holland, through the quaint cities of Denmark, to the towering mountains and gloomy fiords of Norway, she will roam at ease; and later on a visit to the United States is projected. In the meantime a light comedy, on which Miss Harraden has been engaged for some time, but which was laid aside in favour of "The Fowler," will remain unfinished. The leading character was designed for Miss Ellen Terry, the plot is delightfully quaint and original, and the title admirably chosen.

Leader July 31/96

NY Times Aug 19/96

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK

William

LONDON, Aug. 4.—Dr.
tionably one of our most
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MISS MANSEL PLEYDELL.

Photo by J. Thomson

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THEATRE.

RESURRECTION is a perilous process. Equally perilous, whether it is the scalpel of the critic or dissecting-knife of the over-zealous medico, that awaits the buried thing. The comments of the friends of Lazarus apply only too often to works of dramatic art. To a play, the passage of time is as cruel an ordeal as was Sir Willoughby Patterne's double-blossom wild cherry tree to ladies' complexions. The best of Mr. Pinero's work, however, like Clara Middleton, can bear the trial, and the explanation is not far to seek. His characters contain the eternal elements of human nature, and blow wind, come wrack, the best of them endure. An actor himself, Mr. Pinero has mastered also the art of constructive acting. What this means is that, given a modicum of intelligence and capacity on the part of the actor, his plays are in stage-slang "actor-proof." Witness "Sweet Lavender." It has lain some years on the shelf. Perhaps, like "Saint Ellean's" robe, it has got a little dusty at the hem. But Mr. Edward Terry has only to offer it, and stalls and gallery alike through their laughter and tears proclaim it in essence as rare, as fragrant, as pretty as a decade ago.

Photo by Hana.

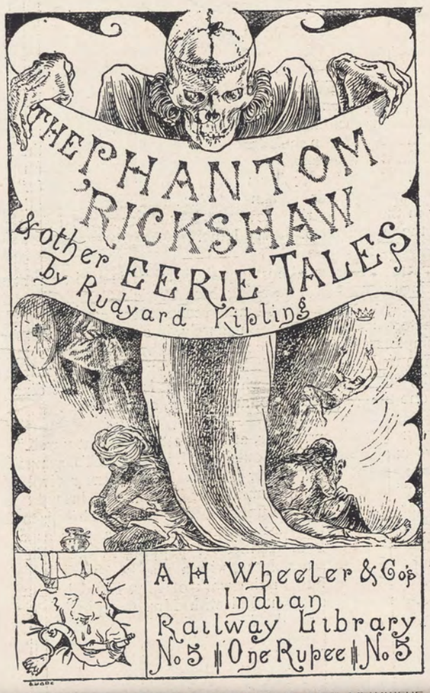
and elegant as Sheridan's adorable Teazle, and as broad as Wycherley's impudently innocent "Country Girl." The inanities of Mr. Daly's sentimental farces, made in Germany, she has turned to favour and to prettiness. And in melodrama she has flung with all the fiery scorn of that expressive eye and all the vigour of that magnificent physique, bucketfuls of water over her rival in Zola's "L'Assommoir." There is only one word for Ada Rehan—genius: and there is something of that quality in the managerial move which sets her as the bright particular star in the firmament of Drury Lane.

A FAMOUS actress, almost equally famous as a wit, was standing in the "wings" one night, watching Mrs. Patrick Campbell on the stage. Point after point was missed, and scene after scene—in the sense in which actors use the term. But surely, if slowly, after infinite care, a very complete picture of a conceivable woman began to take colour and shape under Mrs. Campbell's hands. "Well," suddenly exclaimed her critic, "she's wonderful: what she does is quite extraordinary: there is only one thing she can't do, and that is, act."

THERE is truth, moreover, at the bottom of that "well." Acting, as actors understand it, lies outside Mrs. Campbell's sympathies, and to a large extent beyond her grasp. The recent revival of "Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Mrs. Ebbsmith," at Kennington, brought her sister player's paradox to mind and underlined its truth. There is technique in acting. It demands a nice understanding of a play as a piece of emotional mosaic, and an instinct for popping in the right fragment, right in colour, right in volume, with a perfect knowledge of how to do it. All this you find in the work of Mrs. Kendal when she plays Paula. None of it do you find with Mrs. Campbell. But the impression created is none the less profound, and that fact alone proclaims her genius. Torn every way at once, a creature of hopelessly conflicting moods and passions, the sport of destiny, Mrs. Campbell's Paula is rather a thing of nature than of art, and its power to hurt and bite into the memory is proportionately greater. In the light of such triumphs as this, and her Mrs. Ebbsmith, we say that [illegible]

footing—regiments of infantry, to "march against" the Elysée, guarded by Mme. and Mlle. Faure, and possibly some two hundred and fifty thousand armed men, at any rate, in reserve.

Of M. Marcel Habert one can but say that he is a Deputy, and M. Paul Déroulède's second or Boswell or *giaffar*—let us hope this will not be considered an epitaph.



General Roget was unknown to fame till M. Paul Déroulède thought fit to seize his horse's bridle and to invite the group—cavalier and beast—not to return to barracks, but to storm the late President's *maison mortuaire*. The horse reared; the General retired.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Scarcely within living memory has the world been so deeply moved by the sufferings of a literary man as it has lately been by a prolonged fight with death of Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling's genius is in its earliest development; he moves from triumph to triumph. The world cannot spare him, for he should have great work to do; and it is with feelings of deep thankfulness and relief that we have heard that the crisis of his illness is probably past, and that this ardent soul is not yet to be quenched in darkness. On this page we give reproductions of the covers of two of Kipling's earliest works—those little books in grey covers, published by Messrs. A. H. Wheeler and Co., of Allahabad, and now highly prized by collectors on account of their rarity.

THE LATE LORD HERSCHELL.

The sudden death of Lord Herschell, at Washington, comes as a surprise and a shock. A little while ago he slipped on the ice and broke a pelvic bone. He seemed to be recovering when a sudden stroke of apoplexy carried him off. A Jew by blood, the son of a Jewish convert to Christianity, who preached in a small Nonconformist chapel in a side street off the Edgware Road, Farrer Herschell started in life with none of the advantages of birth or fortune. But his powers of work were enormous. Called to the Bar in 1860, he became a bencher of his Inn in 1872, and entered Parliament in 1885.

Photo by Downey.

The Late Lord Herschell in his Lord Chancellor's Robes.

Mr. Gladstone noted him as a man of integrity and ability, and made him Solicitor-General in 1880. Thence to the Chancellorship in 1886 and 1892.

We have pleasure in presenting our readers this week with a beautiful Supplement, "Proud Maisie," by Mr. Frederick Sandys, which we are allowed to reproduce by the courtesy of Dr. Todhunter, the owner of the picture. Mr. Sandys, as most people know, was a contemporary and friend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and is one of the most distinguished of living illustrators.

Leader July 30/99

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

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There a little astringency once? It has disappeared. And over this older yet none the more elderly Dick, one lingers as the connoisseur over each glowing ruddy drop in his glass of '47 port. Of power, too, there is a trace when it is needed. Poor stumbling Dick possesses a path'os all his own, and when with twitching fingers he shambles towards the whisky for the "last time, Clemmy my boy," we get the tragi-comedy of "Drink," as with Mr. Warner and Emile Zola the tragedy alone. Miss Maud Millett returns to breathe anew "the violet breath of maidenhood," as the brightest English girl ever put upon the stage, and two new comers give one good ground for offering up thanks. A quick intelligence, manliness, and a pleasant, unaffected bearing, Mr. Marsh Allen brings these goods to market; and, besides, an invaluable earnestness which should carry him far. As for Miss Nina Boucicault's Lavender it is a revelation of a talent unexplored.

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Little Miss Boucicault was always a great little artist. "Lavvy" is a piece of sheer artistry. It is a study in simplicity. Full of subtle suggestion, the portrait is elaborated with an exquisite precision of detail which Meissonier could not better. The result is a picture. Austin Dobson has already etched it. "With eyelids pure, Scarce witting yet of love or lure;" "half paused to speak, half poised in flight;" here is "Sweet Lavender's" own sonneteer. And what a tribute to the perspicacity of managers and authors is this really brilliant piece of honest acting. Miss Boucicault leapt to the front in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," with a photographic portrait of the New Young Woman, a slapable minx, obstinate as a mule. And that was five or six years ago. That should have made her name—with managers, as with the public. But—"*quel métier!*" She has scarcely been heard of since!

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Miss Ada Rehan comes to Drury Lane. I shall expect the shares to rise in sympathy with my soaring expectations. A Mrs. John Wood part will be child's play in the hands of the Irresistible, who has passed lightly over the gulfs which divide the bewilderments of Agatha Posket in "The Magistrate" from the noble scorn of Katharine the Shrew. What is there she has not done? Tragedy in "The New Magdalen," and Coppée's piercing little "Prayer" ("Le Pater"), comedy as light

pierre" in which, when it comes to the Lyceum, we are to be shown in great scenic detail the tenement of "the sea-green Incorruptible," in the Rue St. Honoré. There is also a French adaptation of Miss Betham-Edward's story, "A Storm-Rent Sky." This has for hero Danton, the man "de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace." Having been acclaimed with enthusiasm in Rheims, it is now undergoing translation. Then Mr. Charles Cartwright is understood to be only awaiting the occasion to carry out his own ideas of Robespierre. And, on the same subject, the late Mr. Eric Mackay completed a four-act play, which is now engaging the attention of the inevitable syndicate. Finally, a revival is being planned of a very stirring romantic drama, of the same period, entitled "The Love Knot." This was one of Mr. Louis Parker's earliest successes, and ran for some years in the provinces. Miss May Harvey won great reputation in it, for some remarkable acting as the heroine, but it was never brought to London.

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The second venture of "John Oliver Hobbes" is less happy than her first. "A Repentance" is little more than a conundrum in one act. There is such a big idea jammed into so restricted a space that actually it cannot be descried. What is visible in the play is a Carlist Spanish Count, who ran away in battle because he "hated death," and saved his skin by changing his creed and going over to the foe. He didn't love his wife, so she was permitted to think him dead. After two years he made his way into her presence, disguised as a friar. Though she spent day and night mourning his loss, it took her half an hour to recognise him, whereas it took him only half a minute to change nature, clothes, and sides. For her *beaux yeux*, although he still "hated death," he proclaimed himself a Carlist to the men with whom he had been hand and glove for two whole years, and got himself shot for his pains. Coward, hero; traitor, true; faithless, loyal; Carlist, Christinist; all in a breath. He is a Will o' the Wisp of a character, and completely evades capture. In three acts he could have been run to earth. Conversion from contact with a noble woman's faith and love was Mrs. Craigie's theme. That could have been made affecting. This is but a death-bed conversion—words, words, words. And neither Mr. Alexander nor Miss Julie Opp could greatly help the play, although some things that Miss Opp did had the force and feeling of tragedy.

A. A. B.

"Banner of Light."

JUNE 24, 1899.

Rudyard Kipling.

BY BERTHA J. FRENCH.

The standard writings, even from Chaucer's time to the present era, would be sufficient to keep one busy for a lifetime. New contributions are constantly reinforcing the old. Time for reading being somewhat limited, it is almost a choice of two desires whether we shall read the old authors, and be out of tune with the times—ignorant of the books which "everybody" is talking about—or shall we ignore the classics and be quite liable to sacrifice our literary appetites to "a mess of pottage"? Owing to their great abundance, a large proportion of the new books are doomed "to lie in cold obstruction" ere they have attained the age at which—according to Emersonian philosophy—they are ripe enough to read. But occasionally there arises an author who kidnaps us, carries us to a new literary continent, and compels us to feel with him the rapture of discovery. Like bold Balboa, we exultingly take possession of new lands and seas.

After the first dazzle is over, it is interesting to question whether *novelty* is the keynote of this universal fascination, and to speculate whether it shall be permanent or as fleeting as the scarlet wings of sunset. Is it founded upon the enduring rock of genius, and through future ages "will it influence with growing sway the growing life of man"? or is it only a pretty shell which peculiar conditions have tossed upon the shifting sands of popular favor?

It is also interesting to analyze the qualities of a work which compels universal homage. Is the surpassing spell owing to that highest function of literature, the power to awaken the soul to its highest aspirations? Does it make clearer the complex problems of daily life? Does it widen our knowledge of human nature and inspire us with that sweet charity which influences us to be more kind in our relations to one another, thus rendering easier for all the intricate paths of life? Does it unfold some important scientific fact, or depict in passionate colors the terrible effects of vice, or does it make it clear to the understanding the necessity of banishing some existing evil? or is it a morbid, feverish production drawn from the infernos of fancy to stimulate dyspeptic appetites? Is it rhetorical dust whose diamond like brilliancy blinds the mind to all that is pure and natural?

What are the factors with which Rudyard Kipling has made himself the most renowned writer of the day? A few people would answer in all sincerity "his illness." It is true that his dangerous illness gave an acute tinge to his popularity and an increased interest in his works; but he has been steadily advancing toward the first rank from the time when, a mere lad, he performed hard, drudging work in the newspaper office at Lahore and spent stray moments in writing verses for the press. To tedious manual labor he gave that thoroughness, determination and exuberant vitality and personality which is so noticeable in his artistic productions.

Another condition suited to success was the fact that the works of his ripening genius appeared at a time when we needed a change of literary climate, and he gave it to us. We had been kept at an emotional and intellectual strain by novelists trying to solve "problems." The social, religious, the labor problem, problems of marriage, divorce, and of sex had been thrust upon us, until the novel with a "purpose" had become more intolerable than the proverbial "old maid with a mission." Is it any wonder that we were delighted to be dropped into the jungles of India? We cannot concur in the enthusiastic statement of the writer who declares that "Kipling discovered India for us." The Max Muellers and Edwin Arnolds did that long ago. But Kipling has painted for us certain portions of India which no other artist has ever attempted to portray. There is no blur. Into each widely differentiated creation Rudyard Kipling breathes the breath of his own dominant personality. The intense vividness and vitality of his creations are important factors in their success. They are moving pictures. We *know* that they are *real*—vibrating with life and color. He never preaches. He takes his theme warm and glowing from the book of nature, and presents it in nude reality. He is the amanuensis of nature and of human nature. Like Burns, he discovers for us the humble and hidden, brings to light the beauty of the insignificant, the sublimity often dwelling in natures crude and coarse, unsuspected by aristocratic philosophy. He makes it clear that all classes are the children of the same eternal principles, marked by kindred vices and virtues in differing degrees of development and modes of expression. He is a master at portraying a humorous situation. His wit never produces the painful sensation of being dragged to the surface by hard labor, but is as spontaneous as the sparkle of sunshine and dew.

He is a satirist. He wields the stinging lash with the "sure intent" of a Voltaire. He does not expose the foibles of the frivolous strata of society by prolix preaching, but photographs them so faithfully that they expose themselves. Like Mary Wilkins, he makes the pictures move before us immediately. We do not have to wait to see them sketched. This is an agreeable change from Miss Ward's mode of old-rumbling-stage-coach-with-several-breakdowns before you get there, which leaves one too weary to enjoy the carefully prepared panorama.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of Mr. Kipling's power of portraiture in a few words than "The Vampire." It is not a "pretty poem," not a trace in it of the lofty beauty of "The Recessional," the stately sweep of the "Song of the English" or the frolicsome, half pensive tone of "Mandalay"; but as a likeness of a frivolous woman—unconscious as is a roseleaf of those virtues which constitute the true aristocracy of a soul—it has never been equalled either in poem or prose. His poems will live long, for in them is a force and freshness like morning's breath from mountain tops, and the tonic of the salt sea wave. He is the poet of the soldier and the sailor; the laureate of current events. No other poet has sketched political epochs in language so powerful and picturesque. As a writer of long stories he has not excelled many of his contemporaries. "The Day's Work" contains the most polished of his prose productions, but the "Jungle Stories" are unique, and contain more of the elements of longevity.

The study of the animal creation, from which, through evolutionary processes, has blossomed the human family, must be of permanent interest. Mr. Kipling's animals are not "*telephones*," transmitting the artificial sounds of civilization, but so faithfully does he materialize their ways, instincts and passions, that it almost seems as if Mr. Kipling, like "Mogli," must have been "brought up" with the "gray pack." Future generations will read to their little ones about Mogli, Bagheera, Kaa, the Bandar-log and poor old, fat, sleepy Baloo—and the pleasure of the parents will not be entirely vicarious. It is in the depicting of the rough and stirring scenes of life that Mr. Kipling excels. His works are a wholesome diversion and a re-vitalizing current. But are they immortal? It is a pleasing pastime with a few critics to *bestow* upon the names of certain authors the gift of immortality as freely as they would offer a bouquet of field daisies; to select their favorite poets as *the* poets of the twentieth century. But who knows? By the light of reason, analogy and intuition we can see a short way—the rest is speculation. We can form but a shadowy idea of the tastes, intellectual capacities and conditions that shall reign after centuries of evolution. We do not know whether another Shelley or Shakspeare shall appear, or if another Ossian or Homer shall sing anew their majestic anthems, or whether classic odes shall be as plentiful as the leaves of June—faultless and beautiful as the ode of Keats to the sculptured Grecian Urn.

It is probable that with intermissions of diversions, the mass of readers will cling to the problematic, that writers will carry the light of genius into the outer darkness which rims the intellectual world. It is probable that while each of the fleeting centuries honors its contemporary authors (academies for the living, and Westminster Abbeys for the dead) it is certain that after a few more centuries of accumulation there must necessarily be a vast "Potter's Field" for much of their literature.

There is a wonderful spiritual realm which the ken of Kipling has never reached. Among the poets Shelley and Tennyson have carried us the nearest to the great sun of spiritual thought. Tennyson achieved more, for he lived longest, and his cool temperament kept his powers in leash. Shelley possessed the greater possibilities, but he died just as maturity was touching to perfect beauty, and disciplined expression his mighty genius. We dream that another Shelley may come to extend the aerial trail he left, and that in the ranks of novelists some Honore de Balzac shall take up the interrupted interpretation of the great comedy of human life; shall draw more aside the curtain of the occult. It may be that another George Eliot will carry the philosophy of living; the keen analysis of the complex elements which form human nature, and its environing conditions, from whose reflex actions human destinies are unfolded, into a wider and more spiritualized zone of thought. In books like these will be found a deeper satisfaction, a more lofty inspiration, than may be found in the productions of Rudyard Ripling, acute and unique though they are.

LOOKS LIKE KIPLING.

One of Roosevelt's Resemblances That Has Not Been Often Noted.

"I have been much impressed," said a visitor from Concord, N. H., to a New Orleans reporter, "by the marked personal resemblance between Rudyard Kipling and Governor Roosevelt. As far as I know, attention has never been called to the matter in print, and pictures of the two men suggest no likeness at all, but in real life it is striking. It is true Mr. Kipling is much the shorter of the two, but their features are cast in the same rugged mold, they have the same bristling, stubby mustache, the same queer way of peering through their spectacles, and the same awkward walk, bending forward slightly from the hips and somehow suggesting a horse. There is a certain similarity, too, in their manner and voices. They are equally abrupt and equally inclined to express themselves in sharp staccato sentences. If one cared to pursue the subject further one might note a number of mental traits which they possess in common—fondness for military, for instance, love of hunting and outdoor sports and a tendency to speak their minds in and out of season. Then, again, they are both writers, and if Roosevelt had let politics alone I have no doubt he would have won eminence with his pen. So, you see, the resemblance is by no means far-fetched or fanciastic. It is really remarkable."

Leader Sept 10/99

SEPTEMBER 9, 1899

NY Times

KIPLING.

Some Curious and Interesting Facts About Him Contained in a "Guide Book."

The prefatory note to William Roberton's "Kipling Guide Book," which has just been published in England, states that it is intended "for both Kiplingites and for those with whom he is not yet a reading acquaintance. It is hoped that those who take an interest in Kips'—and they number their thousands all over the globe—will have their interest further stimulated, while those to whom he is but a name borne on the newspapers and on the wings of current report, will be induced to add to their enjoyments of life, that of studying Rudyard Kipling both as a novelist and as a poet."

The author claims for it neither originality nor critical insight, but in fifty small pages contrives to give us a mass of information about Kipling and his work which will be found unusually interesting. Many of the stories are more or less known, it is true; but others seem quite fresh; while a valuable feature of the volume is a very complete bibliography, not only of the published books, but of magazine articles as well, the latter including the titles of many papers on Kipling and his various books as well as stories and poems written by him and first appearing in periodical form.

The frontispiece of the book—alone well worth the price of the whole—is a rough, full-length woodcut of Kipling, spectacles and all, carrying a heavy sack on his shoulders, and running rapidly, closely followed by a hideous figure of Death with outstretched sword. The picture is entitled "The White Man's Burden," and has the following inscription: "Burdened with care for undeveloped races the white man fell into a cave of pneumonia, situated near New York, but escaped after a desperate struggle." To be thoroughly appreciated the picture needs to be seen.

Mr. Roberton first sketches Kipling's early life, he having been born at Bombay on the 31st of December, 1865; touches upon his father's Indian career, first as architectural sculptor to the Bombay School of Art, Principal of the Mayo School of Art, and since 1893 Curator of the Central Museum, Lahore, and notes, too that Rudyard Kipling's grandfathers were both Methodist ministers, and his uncle, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, is now being spoken of as the next President of the Wesleyan Conference.

The young Kipling was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, it being believed that in "Stalky & Co." Mr. Kipling has drawn largely upon his own school experiences. "After not too many years' intimacy with the schoolmaster," as Mr. Roberton puts it, "Kipling returned to India, where he became sub-editor of The Lahore Civil and Military Gazette and special correspondent of The Allahabad Pioneer, for the former of which many of his earlier tales were written.

Mr. Roberton rapidly reviews the appearance of Kipling's earlier books, and gives some of the recent prices for first editions: "Departmental Ditties," a very special copy, £19; "Plain Tales from the Hills," £3 9s., and "Soldiers Three," £6 6s., which, from the standpoint of American prices for the same, seem very low, although Mr. Roberton would not so agree. For instance, "Plain Tales from the Hills," on this side, is usually quoted at $40; while "Departmental Ditties" is considered cheap at $150 for a good, clean copy, and "Soldiers Three" was quoted in a recent New York catalogue, in binding, at $65.

Writing of "Barrack Room Ballads," Mr. Roberton says they speedily became popular, "and the British private found himself famous, while the author was ere long hailed as emphatically the poet of all those who still believe in England and her greatness." In "The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden," "he has voiced the feelings and aspirations of the English-speaking peoples," Stedman calling him "the greatest of our balladists."

Of a recent book, "The Day's Work," Mr. Roberton says it was favorably received on both sides of the Atlantic; it being understood "that Mr. Kipling was receiving a royalty of 2 shillings on each copy sold, * * * from a circulation of 50,000 copies the author would have a return of £5,000. If we add the value of the serial and American rights, Mr. Kipling's royalty would be upward of £10,000."

Mr. Roberton tells the story of the boy editors of The Horsmonden (Kent) School Magazine, who asked Kipling for a contribution, for which they offered him "the magnificent remuneration of 3 pence per page." As is well known, Mr. Kipling sent them "A Few Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette," which naturally created a great demand for Nos. 13 and 14, which contained the article, as well as a caricature of Kipling. Finally, when the edition was nearly sold out, the boys raised its price to seven and sixpence, adding they would prefer not to sell, as in after years those numbers "would be worth wealth untold." However that may be, a set was recently offered in New York for $12.50.

Last year a series of six articles appeared in The London Morning Post entitled "A Fleet in Being," which was published in the Autumn in a slim blue volume, with a spirited sketch of part of the Channel fleet on its front cover. For some reason this book does not seem to be very well known in America; possibly because, like the new poem, "Cruisers," published in The Morning Post Aug. 14, it has a largely local interest, and for that reason appeals to a narrower audience.

Mr. Kipling published two fine poems last year, "For Remembrance" and "Kitchener's School," the latter being apropos of an appeal the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, was making for money to build a college at Khartoum for the Soudanese. The poem is supposed to embody the thoughts of a Mohammedan schoolmaster on hearing of the Sirdar's design. The following is a characteristic stanza:

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.

Mr. Roberton thinks the fact that Kipling arrived in New York last Winter while the war excitement was still in the air, and the trouble in the Philippines going on were the reasons for the writing of "The White Man's Burden," which was first published in McClure's for February, containing as it does "a direct appeal to the United States to enter upon a 'forward' colonial policy."

Several pages of the little book are taken up by an account of Mr. Kipling's severe illness, the whole including a poem, supposed to be written by "Thomas Aitkins," consisting of three stanzas, the verses being signed "J. O. C., West Derby, Liverpool, March 6, 1899," which were originally published in The London Times, the first verse being as follows:

There's a regular run on papers, since we 'eard that you was ill;
An' you mig'ht be in a 'ospital, the barricks is so still;
We 'ave all been mighty anxious, since we 'eard it on parade;
An' we ain't no cowards, neither, but I own we was afraid.

An' we all prayed 'ard and earnest;
"O Gawd, don't take 'im yet;
Just let 'im stop and 'elp us
An' warn, 'Lest we forget.'"

The second is a beautiful little poem by Canon Rawnsley, which appeared in The Westminster Gazette a few days after the death of Kipling's little daughter, which is, in its way, so touching one is tempted to give it in full:

IN MEMORIAM.

Josephine Kipling—New York, March 6th.

Let him not wake from dream,
For in his dream, a child
With sweet angelic face,
His eldest born,
Did more ethereal seem;
With lovelier grace
She looked on him and smiled
From heaven this morn.

Sleep on, for sleep is kind,
Why should the dreamer wake,
Seeing his flower is dead,
The nestling gone?
And if he wake to find
His darling fled,
His harp, his heart must break,
Let him dream on!

The second portion of the volume, "Kiplingana," consists mainly of amusing stories about the man himself. First, as a schoolboy; one of his old associates at Westward Ho, claiming he knew "Stalky & Co., the mischievous trio," their real names being Beresford, Dunsterville, and Kipling himself, the "Beetle" of the stories, the middle of the trio, having since become an officer in the Indian Army.

Mr. E. Kay-Robinson, who knew Kipling in India in 1884-5, pictures the latter for us as he impressed him at that time. "A short, square, dark youth, who unfortunately wore spectacles instead of eyeglasses, and had an unlucky eye for color in the selection of his clothes. He had apparently a weakness for brown cloth, with that suggestion of ruddiness or purple in it which makes some browns so curiously conspicuous. The charm of his manner, however, made you forget what he looked like in half a minute. Mr. Robinson is also authority for the statement that the connection of "Stalky & Co." with Kipling's own school life is best shown by "The Dusky Crew," one of the poems contained in "Schoolboy Lyrics," which is, of course, the scarcest of Kipling items, a copy of which having sold at Sotheby's recently for £135.

Mr. Roberton tells many stories indicative of Mr. Kipling's dislike of publicity, describes his English and American homes, his appearance and little personal peculiarities. He also tells us Mr. Kipling is much more approachable in America than in England. He tells us, too, of an unpublished and probably unfinished novel. A magnificent torso of three hundred foolscap pages of closely written manuscript, "Mother Maturin," which one would wish its author might conclude to finish.

Just one more little story may be given: Mr. Kipling presented Julia Marlowe, who is accustomed to pass her Summers at Four Winds Farm, near his own Vermont home, with a copy of "The Day's Work," containing the following autograph:

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.

The third and concluding portion of the volume is devoted to "appreciations" from English, American, and Continental sources, many of which are very readable. As a whole, the little book, without the slightest pretense to being a critical study, is worth reading, and, if only for its bibliography, worth owning.

*THE KIPLING GUIDE BOOK. A Handy Guide to Rudyard Kipling; His Life and Writings. With a Bibliography. By William Roberton. Birmingham, England: The Holland Company. 1899. One shilling, net.

CRUISERS.

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

As our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine,
  Made play for her bully the Ship of the Line,
So we, her bold daughters by iron and fire,
  Accost and destroy to our masters' desire.

For this is our virtue—to spy and make room;
  Abiding as hiding yet guiding to doom.
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray,
  And drive all to battle a sea's width away.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure,
  Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure—
Where half of our trade is that same merry sort
  As mettlesome wenches do practise in port.

The poor, silly trader attending no wrong
  With head-light and side-lights he lieth along;
Then lightless and lightfoot and lurking leap we
  And force him discover his business on sea!

And when we have wakened the lust of the foe,
  To draw him by flight to our bullies we go—
Yet never so hasty that he is outrun,
  And never so halting that we are undone.

Then, lurching and lunging, he followeth far,
  With hail of long pieces our beauty to mar
Till, 'ware of fresh smoke stealing nearer, he flies—
  And our bullies close in for to make him good prize.

Anon we return, being gathered again,
  Across the grey ridges all drabbled with rain—
Across the keen ridges all crispèd and curled
  To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

The bitter salt spin-drift the sun-glare likewise—
  The moon on white waters bewilders our eyes
Where linking and lifting our sisters we hail
  'Twixt roll of beam-surges or wrench of head gale.

What see ye? Their signals or levin afar?
  What hear ye? God's thunder—or guns of our war?
What make ye? Their smokes or a fog-bank out-blown?
  What chase ye? Their lights or the day-star low down?

So, times without number, deceived by false shows,
  Deceiving we cumber the track of our foes.
For this is our office—to veil and betray;
  Preparing great battles a sea's width away.

Now peace is at end und our peoples take heart,
  For the laws are clean gone that restrainèd their art.
All about the near headlands and adown the far wind
  We are loosed (oh be swift!) to the sport of our kind!

THE BOOKMAN
A Journal of Literature and Life
September 99

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Swinburne, we understand, will publish a new volume of poems and a tragedy in the autumn.

We believe that Mr. Kipling has a long novel of sixty thousand words practically finished. Most of it was written before his illness, and he has completed it during his convalescence.

The "Outward Bound" edition of Rudyard Kipling's works, which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons issue by subscription only, is to be augmented by six more volumes. When complete this will make the edition consist of eighteen volumes. The thirteenth volume has just come to hand, and includes the first part of *The Day's Work*, and also a story called "The Son of His Father," which is not published elsewhere in America.

On the title-page of *The Anti-Slavery Record* (Vol. II., 1836) may be seen this motto from Pringle—an almost forgotten early American poet:

And tears and toil have been my lot
  Since I *the white man's thrall* became;
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
  Harsh blows and burning shame!

The italics are ours, and are intended to point an antithesis to Mr. Kipling's title, "The White Man's Burden." If this stanza from a slave's mouth had been written recently, and found in any current or generally accessible volume, how many criticasters would arise to say that "the white man's thrall," in the second line of this stanza, gave Mr. Kipling his hint for writing "The White Man's Burden"! The charge is hardly tenable under the present circumstances, for there is not one chance in a million that Mr. Kipling ever saw Pringle's lines. The coincidence of expression, however, is not a little curious. The ethical character of the deliverances of both poets reflects also a moral antithesis and suggests quite a circuit of thought. Although Pringle failed to obtain a durable fame, this poem for the slave does not fall much behind the strenuous force of Mr. Kipling's oft-quoted verses.

Sale of Books and Manuscripts.

The Messrs. Sotheby sold recently a part of the library of the late Mr. A. B. Hankley. The principal objects of interest were Mr. Rudyard Kipling's: "Echoes by Two Writers," Lahore, 1884, in the original wrapper, but defective, £17; "Soldiers Three," Allahabad, 1888, in original wrapper, £9 15s.; "Schoolboy Lyrics," 1881, in the original light-brown wrapper, rare, £90—until the present season a copy of this booklet had not appeared in the auction room, and it was practically unknown; the first copy to occur contained a cover with a design by the author's father, and it sold for considerably over £100, the copy sold on Saturday making the seventh which has changed hands during the present year; "The United Services College Chronicle," from No. 4, June 30, 1881, to No. 58, 1894, with thirty original contributions from Mr. Kipling, who was co-editor of The Chronicle from No. 4 to No. 10, inclusive, £101, and "Departmental Ditties," 1886, the rare first edition, £10 15s. A valuable and important series of autograph letters addressed to Robert Lloyd, of which sixteen are written by Charles Lamb, covering twenty pages folio and twenty-three pages quarto, and

NY Times Sept 7/99

It will be recalled that Mr. Kipling recently wrote a poem for The Morning Post of London which he said would not be published in America, as he doubted Americans' ability to appreciate the theme. The title of the poem is "Cruisers." A copy of it has just reached this country. While its theme is entirely British, it is also quite un-Kiplingese. Possibly when Mr. Kipling decided that the poem would not be appreciated over here he had in mind his own shortcomings quite as much as the character of his theme. Mr. Kipling is a great poet, but no great poet can be always at his best. Here is a stanza from "Cruisers":

Anon we return, being gathered again,
Across the gray ridges all drabbled with rain—
Across the keen ridges all crispèd and curled,
To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

NY Times 9/7/99

MARK TWAIN ON RUDYARD KIPLING.

A letter from Mark Twain addressed to a correspondent in Oklahoma is published in one of the Kansas City papers. It relates to Rudyard Kipling and was called out in an interesting manner. It seems that the students of Stillwater College, in Oklahoma, recently declared that Kipling was entitled to be regarded as the greatest living writer of English. Dr. Henry Walker of Oklahoma City disagreed with this verdict in a letter which he wrote to a paper published in Oklahoma City, and gave that proud eminence to Mark Twain instead. He sent Mr. Clemens a copy of his letter and has received the following reply:

"Dear Doctor Walker: I thank you ever so much for the impulse which moved you to write the article—and for the article, also, which is mighty good reading. And I am glad you praised Kipling—he deserves it; he deserves all the praise that is lavished upon him, and more. It is marvelous—the work which that boy has done; the more you read the 'Jungle Books' the more wonderful they grow. But Kipling himself does not appreciate them as he ought; he read 'Tom Sawyer' a couple of times when he was coming up out of his illness and said he would rather be author of that book than any that has been published during its lifetime. Now, I could have chosen better, I should have chosen 'Jungle Books.' But I prize his compliment just the same, of course. I thank you again and heartily. I haven't the language to say it strongly enough."

NY Times 9/8/99

MR. KIPLING WINS A SUIT.

What is regarded as a victory for Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just been announced. On Thursday the final decree in the equity suit of Rudyard Kipling and D. Appleton & Co. against Elbert Hubbard (the Roycroft Press) of East Aurora was entered by Judge Coxe, in the United States court in Utica. According to the terms of the decree Mr. Hubbard is perpetually restrained from publishing and circulating the books entitled "The Dipsy Chanty, by Rudyard Kipling," and "The Dipsy Chanty and Other Selected Poems, by Rudyard Kipling."

It is understood that the decision gives Mr. Kipling all the gains, profits, and interest in the books already sold by Mr. Hubbard, while the costs of the suit must be borne by the defendant. Mr. A. T. Gurlitz, Mr. Kipling's lawyer, is reported to have said that the result of this suit will in no way affect the decisions of other suits now pending. The counsel expects a decision in the suit against the Putnams about the 14th of September.

NY Times 9/9-99

Mr. Kipling, it seems, has bought back the copyright of his *Departmental Ditties*, so far as England and, I suppose, India are concerned; but how about the numerous copies of the work which must still be reposing upon private library shelves in this country? Is Mr. Kipling inclined to buy these up? Some of us, I am sure, would not be inclined to part with our possession—not because the *Ditties* are very notable effusions from the purely literary point of view, but because they were the first things from Mr. Kipling's pen that came before the English reader, and they are therefore biographically interesting. The third edition was circulated in England in 1888. My own copy is of the fourth edition ("with additional poems") and dated 1890. The book, as most people know, was published here by W. Thacker & Co., as agents of Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta. It at least revealed, in parts, an individuality, and prepared one, so to speak, for the Tales. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Kipling is not going to suppress the *Ditties* altogether. The rhythmic preface, for example, is much too Kiplingish to be lost.

We recently made reference to the symbolical mark, the "Swastika," which is found in each volume of the new edition of Mr. Kipling's prose works. A correspondent draws our attention to the very scholarly monograph, "The Swastika, the earliest known symbol, and its migrations," by Mr. Thomas Wilson, of the United States National Museum. Archæologists, and readers generally, will find this very able work full of interest. It is published in the Annual Report (1894) of the Smithsonian Institution, a copy of which is presented to the British Museum and some of the larger provincial public libraries.

It were monstrous to expect a poet to be always at his best, and Mr. Kipling's poem "Cruisers," contributed to last Monday's *Morning Post*, is hardly of his best. Its eleven stanzas form an exposition of the functions of cruisers in war. But this expository note is hardly what we love in verse; it is more suited to a prose head-note. With the seventh stanza, however, the poem proper, as we conceive it, begins, for then Mr. Kipling is no longer explaining but is receiving and conveying impressions. Here are three stanzas:

Anon we return, being gathered again,
Across the grey ridges all drabbled with rain—
Across the keen ridges all crispèd and curled
To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

The bitter salt spin-drift, the sun-glare likewise—
The moon on white waters bewilders our eyes
Where linking and lifting our sisters we hail
'Twixt roll of beam-surges or wrench of head gale.

What see ye? Their signals or levin afar?
What hear ye? God's thunder—or guns of our war?
What make ye? Their smokes or a fog-bank out-blown?
What chase ye? Their lights or the day-star low down?

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time.

The work upon which Mr. Kipling is said to be now, in his convalescent hours, engaged is the revision of a "privately" printed volume of letters of travel together with additions. The whole work will bear the title "From Sea to Sea," and in sections of it will be found his "Letters of Marque" and "City of Dreadful Night," two books which were published in this country some years ago, only to be suppressed immediately on account of difficulties concerning the copyright—difficulties which seem now to have been settled. Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties," which has recently been issued in 6d. form, is selling famously. There can be no doubt that the publicity which his illness gave to his name has materially increased Mr. Kipling's sales in both hemispheres.

"The Leader Letter" April 14/99

ac. aug 26/99

Apropos of the recent sale of a set of the *United Services College Chronicle*, from No. 4 to No. 48, for £101, it may be mentioned that these contain upwards of thirty original contributions from Mr. Kipling's pen while he was at school and editor of the *U.S.C. Chronicle*. Other sets, more or less incomplete, have been sold since then to American enthusiasts for prices ranging between £35 and £65. Unluckily no copy of No. 1 exists, except that which is bound up in the volume in the College library, but as it contains nothing by Kipling its loss is not important.

No. 4 is a highly interesting number, containing five original "Kiplings"—viz., two poems, "Disappointment" and "The Excursion"; an article on "Life in the Corridors," descriptive of the ways of a small boy at school; a mock Baconian article, "Concernynge Swaggers," and an editorial. No. 5 has an article, "Life in the Studies," and a long poem, "De Profundis, a Ballade of Bitternesse." No. 5 has two poems, "Index Malorum" and "A Mistake, by R....t B.....g." No. 7 contains a poem "Waytinge," and Nos. 8 and 9 a serial story entitled "Ibbetson Dun"—a legend of Devonshire seafaring life.

No. 10 has a poem in Devonshire dialect, "Donec Gratus Eram." All these numbers, moreover, are full of interesting notes about young Kipling—his first and only appearance as an actor as Sir Anthony in "The Rivals," his motions at the Debating Society, and so forth. In 1882 he left the U.S. College, and henceforth his appearances in the *Chronicle* are either as an author being reviewed, or an O.U.S.C. contributor. Many reprints, too, from his early Indian publications occur in its pages. In No. 16 is a long poem by "Gigs"—Kipling's school nickname—entitled "A Song of the Exiles," descriptive of the life of O.U.S.C.s after leaving school, and their thoughts of the old college. In No. 36 (March, 1888) is a long original article, signed R. K., and entitled "East and West," and in No. 41 (March, 1889) a dedicatory poem, inscribed in a copy of "Echoes," which Mr. Kipling in that year presented to the Common Room of the United Services College.

A correspondent writes: "The Academy had something to say last week about Rudyard Kipling's 'first and only appearance on the stage,' an event which is supposed to have occurred during his schoolboy days at Westward Ho! This is a mistake. The Allahabad *Pioneer* published in its weekly edition dated January 2, 1884, an account of an amateur performance of 'Plot and Passion,' which came off a few days before the previous Christmas Day at the Railway Theatre at Lahore. Mr. R. Kipling took the part of 'M. Desmarets.' Mr. Ernest Benedict, C.E., a son of Sir Julius Benedict, was 'Fouché, Duke of Otranto'; and Mrs. Benedict, 'Madame de Fontanges.' The local dramatic critic wrote: 'Desmarets (Mr. Rudyard Kipling) "smiled and smiled and smiled and was a villain" of the more pronounced type. To my thinking he overdid some portions of the business, notably a certain devilish delight over the fall of Madame de Fontanges at the end of the third act. He showed, however, an undeniable talent for acting, much power of facial expression, and an enormous pair of top-boots, into which from time to time he almost disappeared.' The extract may be of use to the future biographer who cares for these things."

Academy Sept 2 1899

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Sept 7/99

Written for The New York Times Saturday Review by

William L. Alden.

Much amusement has been found by the newspapers in connection with the Western Sunday school which found the "Drums of the Fore and Aft" and others of Kipling's stories unfit for the Sunday school library. While to my mind the "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is the best short story in the world, it certainly is not the sort of story suited to Sunday school libraries. Mr. Kipling did not write it for Sunday schools, a fact which is neither in its favor nor against it. He wrote it because it was true, and even that fact does not entitle it to a place in a Sunday school library. To call the story in any way immoral—which I presume is what the Sunday school Superintendent did call it—would be absurd, but it was hardly less absurd to select it as a story adapted to further the objects for which a Sunday school library is formed. No more moral book, so far as its influence is concerned, than Daudet's "Sappho" was ever written unless we except Zola's "L'Aşsommoir," but neither of those two books deserves a place in a Sunday school library. I therefore fail to see wherein consists the joke of the exclusion of Kipling's books from a Sunday school. If they were fit for such a library they would not be what they are, and if they were not what they are they would be worthless. Nobody would think of putting Mark Twain's books into a scientific library nor Swinburne's poems into a library of cook books, but it does not follow that there is anything objectionable in either Mark Twain's or Swinburne's writings.

It is to be feared that the directors of the Sunday school which cast out the "Drums of the Fore and Aft" have defeated their own ends. The story might not have been read by the Sunday school boys if nothing had been said about it. Now that it has been publicly declared to be unfit for the boys of the Sunday school those boys will search for it with as much enthusiasm as a book collector searches for rare first editions. Within the next six months every boy in that Sunday school will have read the story, and the chances are that the majority of the boys will thereby be led to read Kipling's other stories. After which the average Sunday school story will have lost its charm and the Sunday school library will grow dusty on its shelves. I remember that in my Sunday school days the most popular book in the library was an absurd story of a bad boy who ate opium. Anything more improbable than that a boy should become an opium eater could hardly be imagined, but because the book contained this incident it was regarded by the boys as having something of the charm of vice, and that particular book was always greatly in demand. Boys do not change, and I have no doubt that the Sunday school boys of to-day have the same tastes as the boys of—well—several years ago. The healthy boy does not naturally take to Sunday school literature. He reads Sunday school books to some extent on Sunday because there is nothing else which he can read without being sternly held to account by his parents. He would infallibly delight in Rudyard Kipling's stories, especially if he was told that they were unfit for him to read. Consequently the action of the Western Sunday school will be morally certain to cause a tremendous Kipling boom among the unregenerate boys of the West.

Mr. Kipling, who has been variously reported to be suffering from the bite of a dog more or less suspected of rabies and from a small and unimportant boil, was really the temporary victim of an obnoxious fly, and for some time suffered from the poisonous wound in his hand inflicted by the irreverent insect. He is now quite well, and I mention the incident only because it reminds me of the terrible kissing bug, of whose ravages in America we have lately been reading. The kissing bug appears to confine his depredations to the lips, but we have here, and especially in Surrey, a fly whose bite is poisonous, but whose fondness is for legs and hands instead of lips. This is undoubtedly the insect which bit Mr. Kipling. Last Summer the insect lurked in the railway carriages of the Southwestern and the Brighton companies, and bit the legs of defenseless passengers. He showed an especial fondness for cycling legs clad in knickerbockers and long stockings, and many cyclists who were returning home by rail, as is naturally the custom of cyclists in hot weather, found themselves made seriously ill by the insect. On the whole, the leg-and-hand insect is decidedly to be preferred to the kissing bug, although neither is a desirable acquaintance.

THE KIPLING-HUBBARD SUIT.

On the 7th inst. a newspaper item went the rounds to the effect that a decree of injunction and cost was filed in the office of the clerk of the United States Circuit Court in Utica, N. Y., on the 6th inst., in the case of Rudyard Kipling and D. Appleton & Co., complainants, against Elbert G. Hubbard, defendant. The complainants, it will be remembered, on June 19 last began an action against the defendant, a resident of East Aurora, N. Y., publisher of *The Philistine* and proprietor of the Roycroft Printing Office, alleging violation of the copyright law in reprinting several of Kipling's poems without the consent of the author. No appearance in the action was made by the defendant upon the return day and decree was taken by default. By order of Judge Coxe an injunction issues perpetually enjoining and restraining the defendant, from directly or indirectly reprinting or publishing the books referred to in the complaint, and sold under title, "The Dipsy Chanty," by Rudyard Kipling, and "The Dipsy Chanty and other selected poems," by Rudyard Kipling, and in any other way from infringing upon the rights and property of the complainants, or either of them. Furthermore, that the complainants recover of the defendant "all the gains and profits which he has acquired, made, received, or is entitled to receive, from printing, reprinting, publishing, circulating, advertising, offering to sell, selling, or otherwise disposing of, of the aforesaid book, 'The Dipsy Chanty, by Rudyard Kipling,' and 'The Dipsy Chanty and other selected poems, by Rudyard Kipling,' together with the costs and disbursements in this suit, to be taxed by the clerk of the court."

In answer to the above Mr. Hubbard sent the following communication to the New York *Sun*, dated East Aurora, September 9, 1899.

To the Editor of The Sun.

Sir: In a recent issue of your paper I find the startling headlines, "Kipling Wins His Suit Against Hubbard!" This information is slightly misleading, for from it one would suppose that there had been a trial of the issue and a decision had been rendered against me.

The fact is, I never made answer to the complaint, but simply arranged with Mr. Kipling's lawyer to allow him to secure injunction against me in consideration of Mr. Kipling's withdrawing his suit and waiving all question of damages. I then paid the learned counsel a modest stipend "to cover expenses," and that was all there was about it.

In a trial of the issue I am sure I could have beaten Kipling. The entire local bar of East Aurora offered to stand by me for $1.75 a day each and board for the five, but when it comes to paying out good money, really, what difference is it whether the ducats go to the other fellow's lawyer or yours?

And so, in any event, I am, with high regard, your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard.

Pub Weekly Sept 16/99

KIPLING AS A BOY EDITOR.

One of Mr. Kipling's Schoolmates Describes the Famous United Service College Chronicle That Was Edited by the Well-Known Author, and Sets of Which Now Sell For Remarkable Sums of Money.

The recent sale in London of a set of United Service College Chronicles—the paper which Rudyard Kipling edited as a boy—for the remarkable price of $500, is another illustration of the extraordinary eminence to which the famous author has risen during a comparatively short period.

The little paper in question, about twelve by ten inches in size, was printed on four sheets of medium weight, generally white, but sometimes of a pale yellow tint, and was issued three times a year, at the end of each school term.

Headed by the college arms—a Bible and crown between crossed swords, surrounded with the motto: "Fear God, Honour the King," the front page was devoted to editorial matter, the rest of the paper being made up of the accounts of cricket and foot ball matches, school notices, and the poetic effusions of those very few who aspired to that goal of fame.

Rudyard Kipling was called to the editorship about the year 1870, and occupied that position until he left the college, the first number under his charge being marked by an almost pathetic appeal for contributions, which were to receive his, the editor's careful attention—the boys, for some unknown reason, having previously seldom offered matter for publication in the college.

Overruling the boy editor, there was, of course, the censorship of the headmaster; and on many occasions Kipling was heard to anathematise "Bates" for his unsparing, though doubtless judicious, use of the blue pencil over the former's editorial work; Kipling, however, gaining his revenge in the memorable pen duel in the columns of the "Brideford Gazette"—files of which paper, of that period, should also be valuable in the eyes of the literary curio collector.

While previous to Kipling's editorship the college paper was regarded with little interest by the boys, being mainly composed by the masters, subsequently it was eagerly looked for, "gigs," clever mots and verses being duly appreciated.

The issue at no time having exceeded three or four hundred, each boy being only entitled to one copy, some numbers must be exceedingly rare, those from 1878 to 1882 being mainly the ones in which Kipling's contributions are likely to be found.

As the majority of Kipling's schoolfellows eventually found their way to foreign lands—to India, where the lives of many, in his own words, have become the "seed of empire: to the British colonies, and the far West of America, some of these now valuable little papers may be discovered in most unexpected places, there being probably not a few lurking on the Pacific Coast, a number of Kipling's former companions having settled there as ranchers

MICHALL GIFFORD WHITE.

Leader Sept 17/99

Plain Dealer Sept 17-1899

KIPLING AS A SCHOOLBOY.

One of His Playmates, Now in India, Recalls Things.

The Author Known to His Boy Friends as "Gig Lamps."

Kipling is always interesting. His boyish ebullitions, when, for the first time since he was a child at school in England—a short time—he saw a civilized country, have long since been forgiven by the people of America. The man who wrote "Lord of Our Farflung Battle Line" and "Take Up the White Man's Burden" is, to a great extent, a child of all who speak the English language. Therefore he is interesting even in his caddish school days, and it is whispered that there are people who will read "Stalky & Co."

It seems that there is a certain Capt. Dunsterville in the service of her majesty in one of the native regiments in India, and he has sprung into fame by reason of having been one of those obnoxious creatures, the "underbred boy," which Kipling depicts in his story of "Stalky & Co." In the Delhi Morning Post the captain, gallant, no doubt, is "interviewed," and this is how the far off eastern paper puts it:

"Capt. Dunsterville assured me that the main incidents of the series of stories are based on fact. 'We three,' he said, 'were quite as distinct and apart from the other boys in the school as we are represented to be. I cannot honestly say we were popular with either masters or boys. It was not to be expected. So far as the masters were concerned not one of them could ever get the better of Kipling. His keen wits and unfailing resources never deserted him. Even when they knew he was humbugging them they could not catch him. As for our schoolmates, what must they have thought of three youngsters who tried to model their lives—for a month or so at a time—on the maxims of Ruskin, varying the menu with a course of Carlyle—who decorated their study with a seagreen dado and Greek border—who spent their pocket money in buying prints of medieval saints in the cult of pre-Rafaelite art.'

"'Nevertheless, they seem to have taught you something at Westward Ho!'" Capt. Dunsterville himself passed direct into Sandhurst, securing second place for Latin.

"'Oh, yes, we did some work at odd times. We all owed a lot to Cromwell Price, our dear old headmaster.'

"G. C. Beresford was the third member of the triumvirate who passed into Cooper's hill and thence to the public works department in India. His health failed, and he left the service; his name has recently been heard of in connection with the Fabian society in London. In looks he was the 'poet' of the three, his large eyes and strongly marked features betraying a notable individuality.

Someone has written that none of Kiplin's schoolmates anticipated the fame that awaited him.

"Capt. Dunsterville laughed. 'I should have said exactly the opposite,' he replied. 'Why, we all credited Giglamps—that was his nickname, not Beetle—with the sense of a man of thirty when he was thirteen. Appreciate his genius, indeed. When we were hard up we used to rush him into our study and sit over him until he dashed off an article for the local paper, for which he got ten bobs. Could appreciation go further? One day, when he was lazy, and even punching would not make him work, we sold all his clothes—every stitch except one small jacket. We reveled in cocoa for days on the strength of that desperate resort.

"'Rudyard always had that imperialistic touch in his work,' said Dunsterville. 'Here in The School Magazine of March 20, 1882, is a poem he wrote when the news came that some wretched fanatic had attempted the life of her majesty. It is headed 'Ave Imperatrix,' and in thanksgiving for a providential escape he sends to the queen 'greeting.'"

Such greeting as may come from those
Whose fathers faced the Sepoy hordes,
Or served you in the Russian snows,
And, dying, left their sons their swords.

And we are bred to do your will
By land and sea, wherever flies
Your flag, to fight and follow still
And work your empire's destinies.

"To my mind the story of Kipling's life's work is revealed by these two verses. I have read, I think, nearly everything from his pen, but I cannot recall any lines more directly typical of all he has said and sung of the mission of England."

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Some weeks ago your correspondent cabled that in a bidding bout between Sir George Newnes and Rudyard Kipling for the copyright of "Departmental Ditties," the author had given in at £2,000. Sir George immediately published the "Ditties" at sixpence, and the sale is now tremendous. Mr. Kipling reconsidered the matter, and offered Newnes $2,500 for the copyright, which Newnes accepted, making, besides the percentage on the sixpenny publication, a profit of £500. Mr. Kipling intends to suppress most of the poems in the volume.

T. B. F.

THE decision of an American Sunday-school to exclude Mr. Kipling's works from the library on account of their alleged profanity has suggested to a writer in the *World* a possible step farther in the same direction. He writes:

I went into the library a Sunday book to get;
The Superintendent up and said, "Here's Kipling's works, a set
Where all's put in that's right for little boys to read about,
While all that isn't proper is most carefully left out.
For "Tommy" 's such a vulgar word, and impolite to say,
So we call him "Mr. Atkins" in a patronising way;
And we've made you an edition where all the red is grey,
A book that's fit for Sunday-schools and for the Sabbath-day.

And so forth.

Academy Sept 9/99

London is enjoying a pleasant smile over a reported adventure of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Thomas Hardy. It seems that Mr. Hardy took Mr. Kipling to look over a house which was thought would suit him.

"When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant, 'I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling.'

"'Is that so?' she replied, 'I never heard the name before.'

"Presently Mr. Kipling in turn found himself alone with the lady, and remarked, 'Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here to-day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author.'

"'Oh, indeed,' was her reply, 'I don't know his name.'"

rd G. Badger & Company. Literary Review Sept 1899

KIPLING'S BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Beatty Balestier Coming to New York a Usher at a Wedding.

Beatty S. T. Balestier, brother-in-law of Rudyard Kipling, is to be an usher at the wedding of Miss Amy Sigourney Stone, daughter of De Robert Stone, of Manhattan, and Robert Gordon Hardie. The wedding will take place at the Church of the Transfiguration about the middle of October. Col. James T. Soutter will be the best man, the other ushers being Lieut. George Seefridge, U. S. N., Robert Reed and Childe Hassam.

Literary Life Sept 30/99

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nations.

IT WAS AN ERROR.

Kipling Does Not Intend to Speak at Brighton, Eng., in Support of the Government's South African Policy.

London, October 12.—With reference to the announcement that Rudyard Kipling would speak in Brighton, England, in support of the government's South African policy, Mr. Kipling telegraphs the Associated Press as follows:

"The statement that I am to speak in Brighton is an error on the part of the newspapers. I have never intended to do so."

Now it appears that Rudyard Kipling did not mount the stump over in England to preach jingoism. The London correspondent was a little too fast. Rudyard doesn't want the idea to get out that he is a spellbinder, and says so emphatically. At the same time his sympathies are quite evidently on the jingo side, but he still prefers to consider the pen mightier than the voice.

When Agnes Repplier wrote *Agrippina*, she could hardly have forshadowed the results that would follow. This essay on her favorite cat was read on both continents, and proclaimed to those who did not know the fact that, if there was anything in the world that Miss Repplier loved more than another, it was her cat, therefore all cats for its sake. Agrippina was immortalized, and the death of this cat brought sorrow to many hearts besides its owner. It is interesting to know that Agrippina was a live, lovable, beautiful cat, and not a fancy of literature, as hundreds of people believe. Agrippina had a son, who was, of course, named Nero. His memory Miss Repplier also cherishes. A few friends sent the authoress bronze images and pictures of cats as soon as her fame as the writer of Agrippina became known; and, from that day to this, the desire to send Miss Repplier a cat carved in stone or porphyry or bronze or painted on paper has been the desire of those who love her and others who have never met her. The collection grew until to-day it is the most notable grouping of cats in this city, probably in the world, owned by any one person. In fact, it is safe to say that there is no such collection existing together in one room. The cats have come from Cairo, from Buda-Pesth, from Munich, from Dresden, from Japan and China, San Francisco, and the far wastes of the Nile; for friends of Miss Repplier, travelling abroad, always bring her back a little cat image from some notable spot.

Miss Julia Magruder's new novel, *A Beautiful Alien*, just published by Messrs. Badger, must appeal to all lovers of good fiction. It is a strongly dramatic story, the scenes of which are laid in New York and on an Atlantic "liner," and the graphically portrayed characters live and breathe with genuine passion and emotions, and perform their parts with perfect truthfulness to life in working out the very original plot of the story. But Miss Magruder's always interesting work is too well known for any new book from her to need an extended introduction. It is enough to add that a more delightful love story than *A Beautiful Alien*, or a more lovable character than the "Alien" herself, will be hard to find. The publishers have dressed the volume with their usual good taste, the cover-designs and frontispiece being noticeably well done and attractive.

THE NEWCOMER

The leaves were glad the day I came,
The dreaming branches leaned to me;
High in a nest the stars could see,
A wise bird woke and called my name.

Along the valleys full of spring
The brooding mist spread wing to go:
From tree to tree there fluttered low,
The laughter of awakening.

There in the path I stood, to see
A house with all its windows sad;
And sure no young hearth-fire it had,—
The smoke went up faint-heartedly.

And so I knocked. As ye were kin
Ye hastened out with words of cheer:
"Long have we listened for thee; here!
Now tarry with us, — enter in."

Ye wondered at my eager wing,
Unbound my dewy sandals. Lo,
Through the pale fire there came to glow
The flush of an awakening.

Ye said "The way is cold and long
Wherever thou art bound. Ah, stay:—
Go not thou forth, Young Hope, to-day,
But call back summer with thy song.

"Thou knowest not the grievous world
Where gladness lives a little noon
With all bright things that flit or soon
Scorch in the light. Our lives are hurled

"Hither by some relentless Hand
Of mockery, that they may fall,
Flutter and fade, the way of all,—
A mirth for gods to understand;

"Leave life to us, and tarry here;
Keep us thy daybreak in our home.
Let no voice draw thee forth to roam
The darkness, all unarmed with fear.

Else some fierce night shall see thee grope
A blind way, hounded by the storm,
To our low door to keep thee warm:
Thou shalt not then be young, nor Hope."

Ye said it. And I sought to fold
The straining wings of my desire:
I watched the live red rose of fire
Fade slow beneath the ashes cold.

I would have cheered you, if I might
But all my songs were hid from me
As great-eyed stars forgetfully
Sink in the wide gray morning light.

Ah, can ye watch the birds grow less,
Flying and flying south, nor reach
A piteous hand, — entreating each,—
Nor grieve you at its emptiness?

So I went forth. No voice of mirth
Answered: the leaves I left behind
Were withered in an aged wind
That blew strange dread around the earth.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

RUDYARD KIPLING — *JUST ONCE MORE*

FEW authors have been so fortunate as to carry in their names an index so subtly accurate of the peculiar qualities of their genius as Rudyard Kipling. For originality, strength, firmness, and suppleness are in the psychic onomatopœia of his name. In his prose, chiefly, one discovers the Rudyardness of his robust and fibrous style, and in his poetry the supple Kiplingness of his nature, which makes an excellent foil for his doughtiness.

It is undoubtedly this same doughtiness and the indomitable vigor of the man and his genius that — during his recent illness — made the world especially loath to pass into temporary exile from Rudyard Kipling. For the world, like a mettled maiden, most of all prefers the man who will not fawn or flatter, but in the teeth of every circumstance preserves his own stalwart integrity.

From first to last this has been the attitude of Rudyard Kipling, whose conquest of the public has been much after the manner of Henry V., when he wood fair Katharine of France: "I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee — that I shall die, is true: — but — for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too."

Kipling's very diction, indeed, shows his kinship to that high-handed prince, and like the sequel of that kingly courtship has been the sequel of Kipling's bold, untruckling suit for public favor. The world, like Katharine, for a while deferred to its chaperone, and cried: "*laissez, laissez, mon seigneur*;" but in the end it gave Kipling its hand, and permitted him to establish his own precedents even as Katharine allowed the king to make his.

To those who had sailed chiefly on the placid fresh-water lakes of literature, some of Mr. Kipling's precedents were at first a bit startling; for there is in his work, especially in some of his poetry, something akin to the great unrecking forces of nature — a wild, headlong rush, that like a high sea tide brings ashore all manner of slimy, crawly things — mutilated, and sometimes malodorous fishes, broken bits of wreckage, along with beautiful shells and delicate sea-weed. There is always the saving saltness, too, of the sea tide in his work, and though one may not enjoy a microscopic scutiny of all the tide brings in, he cannot deny the delight that comes in watching the tide itself, hearing the crescendo rush of its approach, and the final roar and crash as it breaks upon the shore. One feels that the tide is ruled by a law it cannot disobey, and an equally resistless law is felt in much of Kipling's work. There is, apparently, with him, a chaotic mood which sometimes precedes creation when he is ruled by the same elemental voices that spoke to Goethe and Whitman. The work of these moods shows a royal disregard for the conventional delicacies of diction, and unveiled delegates of a vocabulary countenanced only in Shakespeare and Holy Writ stalk nakedly and unabashed through his poems and stories. And yet one feels that the author could probably give some reasonable explanation of his course which the authors of morbidly suggestive books cannot.

One reaches a similar conclusion at the close of his study of Kipling's heroines. The first impression of the reader who is chiefly familiar with respectable white women, of good and regular standing, leaves much to be desired, unless one constantly keeps in mind the natural effect of the author's Oriental associations and a precocious perusal of the *Maxims of Hafiz*. Still, one cannot help regretting that there are so few of his ink-begotten ladies whom a respectable woman could have on her calling list. Decidedly unpleasant, too, are the dubious inferences like those in his poems, "The Ladies," "Pink Dominoes," and "The Betrothed." Though a good deal of discount must, of course, be made because of its light jesting vein, a couple of lines in "The Betrothed" illustrate very fairly woman's position in many of Kipling's poems: —

> "A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke,
> A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

This characterization is honeyed candor, however, compared with the bald inventory of feminine attractions found in some of Kipling's poems. To cite an extreme, and in the case a pardonable instance: "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair" is the poet's resume of "the woman who did not care," in his weirdly haunting poem, *The Vampire*. But one gets in this ghastly bit of realism another glimpse of the purpose of Kipling's peculiar method of treating women. He is, perchance, the grim prophet whose mission it is to sing the unsung and deadly graces and disgraces from which most poets have shrunk. It is also in accordance with his unvarying habit of avoiding the trite and hackneyed aspect of any subject, — the same habit that is manifest in his poems on national and political topics, notably in his *Recessional*. While other poets were occupied with the usual glorification of the tinsel pomp and glitter of the Jubilee year, it was Kipling alone who turned from the blinding sheen of material prosperity and like the prophets of old raised a warning finger: —

> "Lo all our pomp of yesterday
> Is one with Ninevah and Tyre;
> Judge of the nations, spare us yet
> Lest we forget, lest we forget."

With the same seer-like vision he interprets in his last poem the writing on the wall: —

> "By all ye will or whisper,
> By all ye leave or do,
> The silent, sullen peoples
> Shall weigh your God and you."

In several of his poems, struck off at white heat, Kipling is wonderfully like our own prophet of *The Biglow Papers*, as a comparison of the soular overtones in *The Recessional* and *Cleared* and Lowell's *Stanzas on Freedom* will show.

Again in Kipling's *Departmental Ditties* one finds many a stanza that might be transferred to the *Biglow Papers* and escape detection save by those who know their Lowell to a line — Hear — in these lines — Hosea's well-known chuckle: —

> "Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
> Favouritism governed Kissage
> Even as it does in this age.
> Who shall doubt the secret hid
> Under Cheops' pyramid
> Was that the contractor did
> Cheops out of several millions?"

Another poem which reveals a strong literary kinship to Hosea is the *Study of an Elevation*: —

> "Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
> Stands at the top of the tree,
> And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
> To the hoisting of Potiphar G.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Lovely Mehitibal Lee,
> Let me inquire of thee —
> Should I have riz where Potiphar is,
> Hadst thou been mated to me?"

Like Lowell, Kipling uses a compartment inkstand holding ink of many colors, black and red for the satirical scoring of official sins and sinners, and various shades of pale blue and violet for gentler moods, when the poet is visited by sad and delicate fancies like those of *The Answer*, *The Explanation*, and *The Gift of the Sea*. Perhaps the best kind of a commentary on the repulsive parts of poems like *The Mary Gloster*, would be a few lines from *The Answer*: —

> "A voice said, Father, wherefore falls the flower?
> For lo, the very gossamers are still.
> And a voice answered, 'Son, by Allah's will!'
> Then softly as a rain-mist on the sward,
> Came to the Rose the answer of the Lord:
> 'Sister, before We smote the dark in twain,
> Ere yet the stars saw one another plain,
> Time, tide, and space, We bound unto the task
> That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should ask.'
> Whereat the withered flower, all content,
> Died as they die whose days are innocent."

In some of Kipling's tricks of versification one discovers a Browningesque habit of snatching a word from a foreign language, or coining one, whenever his own fails to furnish him a proper rhyme. But there is something almost incongruous in speaking of the little details of Kipling's style, for they are usually lost in the general effect of the whole made upon the reader. One is sure the lightning struck, that there was a report by thunder and a refreshing shower, but whether the flash was in three or five zigzags the reader cannot tell, for it is always the matter that makes Kipling's manner, and hence its understudied ease, crispness, and vigor.

In the Jungle books and in several of his short stories in *Many Inventions*, one feels in his genius something delightfully eerie and soothsayer-like which suggests occult tuition from bosky instructors with pointed furry ears and Pan-like feet. Little, indeed, of Kipling's wisdom is the dessicated knowledge learned of schools (though that lesser lore all seems stored away in convenient crannies of his brain), but rather a mixture of the transmigrated intelligences of dead and gone seers, vitalized by the fresh pulsations of modern thought and discovery. When this seer-like spirit predominates Kipling's writing often reads like Ecclesiastes, and proverbs fall from his pen with Solomon-like facility. "What know they of England who only England know?" and the maxim of the cynical crane, "No one can be all happy from his beak to his tail" are random instances of poet's skill as a proverb maker.

Though so young in years, few authors of the present day furnish a more valuable compendium of wayside lore concerning married folk whose up-climbings and backslidings he seems to have studied with his usual lynx-eyed powers of observation. One might compile a very tidy volume on women and the ways of the wedded from Kipling's works. Witness the following conclusions: "After marriage arrives a reaction, sometimes a big sometimes a little one; but it comes sooner or later, and must be tided over by both parties if they desire the rest of their lives to go with the currents." . . "The silliest woman can manage a clever man, but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool."

. . "Never praise a sister to a sister in the hope of your compliment reaching the proper ears. Sisters are women first and sisters afterward."

In a word, as Emerson said of Socrates, Kipling is "an old one" and most emphatically so in his marvellous psychological insight, that apparently grasps the soular secret of everything upon which he focuses his attention. Observe how he condenses in a few sentences the whole science of discipline. "There is a beautiful little ripple in a well-made line of men exactly like the play of a perfectly tempered sword. Ouless's half company moved as a broomstick moves, and would have broken as easily." Or again, "A clear, full voice with a ring in it has more to do with drill than people think."

The same unerring gift of divination is felt in his analysis of character. *Mrs. Hawkshee* stands out known and read of all men after she has been weighed in the inexorably accurate scales of the author's perception and marked with the labels of his scrupulous English: She was "a woman who had the wisdom of a Serpent, the logical coherence of a Man, the fearlessness of the Child, and the triple intuition of the Woman." . . "At a moderate estimate there were about three and twenty sides to that lady's character. Some men say more."

The piquantly peccant diversity of this woman and *Mrs. Reivers*, not to mention the rough and ready virtues of *Badalia Herodsfoot* and *William the Conqueror*, call for some gratitude as well as remonstrance from readers who object to Kipling's tone towards women.

The same departure from the conventional, which is seen in his heroines, is noticeable in all of Kipling's metaphors. As an illustration of a close-fitting figure, what could be better than this? "Little by little she began taking the conceit out of Pfluffles as they take the ribs out of an umbrella before covering it."

Again, "She was a little afraid at first, and felt as though she had taken hold of a lightning flash by the tail," and lastly, the remark of Ortheris: "I'd made him cut his wisdom teeth on his own sword hilt."

In harmony with this metaphorical terseness of expression are the condensed tropes of his vituperative vocabulary which is of bewildering richness: "bun-

faced beggar," "rookies," "furrsy 'eaded Fenian," "squidgy hamshanked beggar," and "Jew monkey," are only a few of the spontaneous outpourings of soldierly wrath found in his pages. But in spite of the wealth of wit and wisdom that falls from the lips of his men and women there is never any literary prinking and looking with a hand-glass between the paragraphs. His characters say a good thing and go about their business as though they had uttered the most commonplace of everyday remarks. This lack of self-consciousness in Kipling's style is particularly marked and refreshing in his pathetic tales like *Thrown Away* and *In the Pride of His Youth*. So many authors (notably Sterns) have the tiresome habit of posing between their literary sobs and squinting for the effect, that their readers are likely to remain quite drugged throughout the whole performance.

For the critic who is looking for some set expression of a religious belief or code in Kipling's works, there will be few findings; but for those who can read in an interlinear way there will be very gratifying troves, especially in the author's tales of *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin*, *The Trail of a Lie*, and *The Children of the Zodiac*.

The general effect of Kipling's work is wholesome and bracing.

"Let me be sure that my songs make men brave," says Leo, in *The Children of the Zodiac*. One fancies that such an end — artistically concealed — is wrapped up in many of Kipling's songs and tales along with its kindred teaching, that "what comes or does not come we must not be afraid."

Ellen Burns Sherman.

AMERICA'S REJECTION OF POE

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

TO-DAY, while Americans are running after a wild-eyed Manxman, abandoning themselves in reckless and unmeasured adoration at the feet of a young man who has translated the roar of the jungle into equally unintelligible speech, have become mere sentimental Tommies over another young sprig who has taken upon himself to criticise Charles Dickens, two loyal and patriotic men, whose wise and conservative judgment rank them among the representative critics the day, are uttering indignant protests against either the ignorance or wilful blindness of their countrymen, which made them so insultingly discourteous to Edgar Allan Poe living, and so neglectful of him dead.

This wild craze of fadism, which has laid such a hold upon nineteenth century Americans, perverting their better judgment and making them lose sight of the highest ideals of truth and harmony, will lead them into grave errors — errors that will leave a dark stain upon their record in the literature of posterity. There is no compromising with futurity, no conciliating her, no pleading extenuating circumstances: she is inexorable, and her judgments are unerring. And upon her scroll there shall read — An American genius lived and died. France and Italy tenderly loved him and were the better for his great intellect, his greater heart, and his stainless manhood. England reverenced him. But America rejected him. There is but one Jesus Christ, but there are many Nazareths!

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore of Philadelphia and Mr. Vance Thompson are the two knights who have taken up the cudgels in behalf of a much misunderstood and cruelly wronged man.

"Why is it that America has always set its face against Poe?" asks Mr. Moore. "What defect was there in his life and art, or what deficiency in the American character and æsthetic sense, or what incompatibility between these factors in the case, to produce such a result? That to a great extent he is ignored and repudiated is unquestionable. But his life has been written and his works edited of late in a spirit of cold hostility. . . . In those foolish lists of American great men which it was the fashion recently to cause school-children to memorize, he was always left out. Meanwhile, Europe has but one opinion in the matter; and whereas Tennyson is domesticated in English-speaking lands, Poe is domiciled and a dominant force wherever there is a living creature. . . ." Mr. Moore refers to the unjust conclusions which have been drawn from Poe's writings in regarding them as the written expression of the poet's life. — "He took a grim delight in scenes of horror, and people imagined he acted them in life. 'The Raven' has been described as an utterance of remorse. Remorse for what? I have read everything that has been gathered about Poe, and I cannot, for my life, imagine him as anything but a stainless and chivalrous knight. The few trivial, and usually unsubstantiated, smutches which microscopic industry has found upon his armor would not show at all against a panoply less pure and white." I wonder if Mr. Moore ever saw the smutch which none other than Robert Louis Stevenson put upon Poe's armor? The novelist never spoke harsher words, and I am surprised that his own self-confessed love of the grim and terrible should not have won from him a more sympathetic criticism. — "I cannot find it in my heart to like either his portrait or his character. . . . He seems to have lost respect for himself, for his art, and for his audience. When he dealt before with horrible images, he dealt with them for some definite enough creative purpose, and with a certain gravity suitable to the occasion; but he scatters them abroad in these last tales with an indescribable and sickening levity, with something of the ghoul or the furious lunatic that surpasses what one had imagined to oneself of hell. . . .

Notes About Kipling.*

This little volume is another specimen of the books called forth by the great popularity of the author described. The editor's name does not appear, but in his preface he calls attention to the fact that his matter has been collated from various sources; that an attempt has been made to eliminate fictitious and exaggerated newspaper paragraphs, and also reminds us that many of these stories would be lost but for their embodiment in this book.

The present volume, then, is a mass of biographical and bibliographical facts, with very little attempt at arrangement and none at original criticism. The book's illustrations are perhaps its most important feature, and yet the volume contains such varied information that its sub-title, "A Kipling Notebook," is the best way to describe it, and it will probably find its way to many a Kipling shelf—not through any literary merit, but for reference purposes only.

The illustrations consist of portraits of Kipling, including the familiar Collier picture; a second a seated figure at a littered writing table, evidently published after the appearance of a "Fleet in Being," because that

*KIPLINGIANA. Biographical and Bibliographical Notes Anent Rudyard Kipling. New York: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels. $1.25.

spirited little book is suggested in the picture's background. There is also a portrait sketch by the Marchioness of Granby, and one taken from "Vanity Fair," with "Soldiers Three" pictured in miniature in the upper right-hand margin. Readers will also find a view of the "Ruddikipple," a strange little animal, so "very strong and vigorous it knows everything. * * * It stirs everybody up so it would make a pew opener want to die for his country." There is also a view of the "Elms, Rottingdean," and fac similes of the covers of the Indian Railway editions, which are such interesting features of those little books.

The letter press is all more or less familiar matter, including a brief biography, an account of the early books, quotations from Kipling and from his early prefaces, extracts from criticisms on his work, and the usual bibliography.

The book has less interest, apart from its illustrations, than has "A Ken of Kipling," the Monkshood "Life," and the recently issued Kipling Guide Book, and the ground having been so thoroughly covered the present volume has the less excuse for being. Here is a bit of criticism worth quoting, because so tersely put:

Kipling writes of soldiers as he writes of men and beasts and things inanimate. The soldier, sailor, engineer, sportsman, and civil servant all recognize the art of one who has lived among them. His power is no less remarkable than is his fidelity to the details of environment and scene. He has worked and played with them all, and his studies of dumb brutes mark the observation of more than a mere writer of stories. As a linguist and a student of Hindustani, his ability is the more notable. He knows intimately all the various castes and creeds throughout the East.

Shortly after the appearance of a "Fleet in Being," Clarke Russell wrote to the editor of the Morning Post, quoting a naval officer's opinion of that book, as follows: "If Rudyard Kipling had been born in a battleship, if all his life he had drilled with the marines, stoked with the stokers and hauled with the jackies at the falls, loaded and fired every gun aboard ship, conned the vessel on the bridge, grasped the spokes of the wheel, chaffed and argued in the gun room, and in the ward room listened with respectful countenance, he could not have known more about it." The present writer not only fully agrees with this verdict, but would like to add that Kipling not only knows about it himself, but contrives to make his readers feel that they, too, know something of the subject.

Mr. Stewart Bowles, a young English naval officer, wrote a poem, "The Navy, to Kipling," which shows the impression the little book had made, the last two verses being particularly good:

"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."

An American paper, The Washington Post, is given as authority for the story that the Duke of Connaught, when military commander of the Northwestern District of India, occasionally visited the Kiplings, became interested in young Rudyard, and questioned him as to his future career, whereupon the boy answered he had ambitions beyond his work in a newspaper office, and would like to go to the frontier, live with the army for a time, and then write up Tommy Atkins. Whereupon the Duke gave him carte blanche to do whatever he liked, go to any military station in his command, and, if he wished, go to the frontier and live with the officers or men. If at any time he required an escort he could have one. Kipling is said to have fully availed himself of this privilege, with the result that "the English soldier, as drawn by Kipling, is a jolly good fellow, breaking the hearts of damsels in the barrack town, and then hying himself away to some other station, to begin his heart-breaking, ballad singing, tent pegging, and other little divertisements over again. Occasionally he pokes fun; occasionally he pokes a bayonet at a Hottentot or a Kafir, and then thinks it over and talks about it afterward. Kipling's soldier is certainly an attractive fellow of his class." One more extract, which seems of unusual interest, is about "The Dipsey Chantey," by many thought to be Kipling's finest poem:

When sailors are about to do any work needing concerted action on the part of those engaged therein, they sing or chant more or less melodiously, having usually a different chant for each kind of work. At certain words, and in the chorus, all join in together, the rhythm having up to that point been carried solely by some one individual. "The Dipsey Chantey" is that sung at the heaving of the lead. Navigators like to hear the men roaring their chanteys, it signifying content. * * * The chantey is even used when the wind is blowing so hard that the words are barely distinguishable. When reeling the sails of a square-rigger the men will sing "Whisky is the Life of Man," though the gale drown the words at their lips, but the rhythm being so well known and so inspiring and stimulating to their best efforts that they pull and haul with an indomitable will.

The little book contains 188 pages, and bears on its front cover an attractive little sketch showing the extent of the Queen's domains, "where the red-mapped lands extend."

KIPLING'S MOWGLI

Where the Idea of a Wolf-Child Came From.

STORIES FOUNDED ON FACTS.

WAY BACK IN 1852 SUCH INSTANCES WERE WRITTEN OF

BY AN EAST INDIAN OFFICER.

SEVERAL CASES WHERE INFANTS HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY BEASTS.

Old Tales of Wild Children in Europe—Relations That Have Existed Between Boys and Animals—The Wolf-Nurse of India.

"To paint the things as he finds them for the God of things as they are." Thus it is that Rudyard Kipling, the unique, defines the mission of the artist, whether his tools are words, the pencil and brush, or the graver's knife. He himself has exemplified his own phrase far more than all of his readers know. For not only are his stories of army life, of the black Indian and the white, pure transcripts of reality, but even in lines wherein he has been supposed to follow only the impulse of his own vigorous imagination we come to know that this reckless steed is ever held in check by the leash of proven facts, by "the things as they are."

In the "Jungle Book," for instance, which is the story of a child carried from its parents into the jungle by a wolf and there reared among the animals as one of them, we find an imagination which is simply marvelous in the completeness with which it finishes every detail and enters into the possible impulses and action of tiger, bear, wolf, snake, or monkey.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

But the foundation idea of the book is not imagination; it is taken not merely from a legendary tale of the orient, but from an actual and proven verity. Nay, more, it is known just where Mr. Kipling found the model for his Mowgli. This was in a pamphlet, "An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children," written by Colonel Sleeman, then British resident at the court of Lucknow, and published in 1852. Mr. Kipling has not told the world that he is indebted to this pamphlet for the conception of his wolf-bantling as well as for several incidents in the child's career, but a few copies of the pamphlet still exist and an examination of one of them leaves no doubt of the fact. Romulus and Remus may have been myths, but Mowgli is not, that is certain!

The pamphlet of Colonel Sleeman referred to gives three well-substantiated instances. "One day," he says, "a trooper near the banks of the Goomtee River halted to observe a large female wolf, with her cubs, come out of the woods near the roadside and go down to the river to drink. The horseman stared. The fourth of the company was a boy on all fours, guarded by the mother with the same jealous care which she gave to her actual progeny. On the return of the company from the river the trooper attempted to intercept the boy, but all reached the den before he could accomplish his object. The trooper returned with some villagers and dug into the den, but the wolves and the boy again escaped and were only overtaken by the trooper on his horse, who turned the pack backward on the approaching villagers, by whom the boy was captured and taken struggling after his capture, dying in 1850."

THE ORIGINAL OF MOWGLI.

No record seems to have been made of this wolf-child's experience in captivity. But in the second instance we recognize plainly the original Mowgli:

"Another of these children was carried off from his parents at Chupra when he was three years of age. They were at work in the field, the man cutting his crop of wheat and pulse and the woman gleaning after him, with the child sitting on the grass. Suddenly there rushed into the family party from behind a bush a gaunt wolf, which, seizing the boy by the loins, ran off with him to a neighboring ravine." The mother followed with loud screams, which brought to her help the whole village, but the wolf and his prey had disappeared.

"Six years later the boy was found with a band of wolves and caught by the leg as he was crawling into the den. He was very ferocious, biting at his deliverers and seizing with his teeth the barrel of one of their guns. He was taken to a village near by to be kept until his parents might be heard from. His mother, then a widow, hearing report of a captured child, hastened to see him, and by means of indubitable marks on his person recognized her son transformed into a wild animal. She carried him home, but, finding that he no longer had any affection for her and was quite irreclaimable in brutishness, she handed him over again to the charity of the village. The front of his elbows and knees had become hardened by going on all fours with the wolves. * * * He remained in the village during the day for the sake of what he could get to eat, but always went out to the jungle at night.

"In November, 1850, he was sent from Sultanpoor, under the charge of his mother, to be given to Colonel Sleeman, but something alarming him on the way, he ran into the jungle and was not recovered."

*ANOTHER WOLF-CHILD.

Another prototype of Mowgli is seen in a third instance of a wolf-child, mentioned in Colonel Sleeman's book. This was captured by a trooper and handed over to the rajah of Dondee, who subsequently gave him to a Cashmere merchant. The boy was then apparently about twelve years old, and walked on all fours, though he could stand awkwardly upon his feet. He was put in charge of a keeper, who bathed him an drubbed him with oil, and after this treatment was repeated he learned to walk upright. He could not be induced to remain in under shelter at night, so he was allowed to lie under a mango tree, tethered to a tent pin, his keeper sleeping near him.

One night two wolves came up to the child, and, after smelling him, began to lick his face. The boy awoke and with manifestations of joy began to play with the animals, undoubtedly those whom he had known as "brothers" in the jungle. Night after night the wolves came, sometimes as many as four, and the scenes of play were repeated. Subsequently the boy was taken by the merchant to Lucknow, where he seemed to pine for the company of his wild "brothers." At last, one day during the temporary absence of his keeper, he disappeared and was never seen again.

BUFFON VISITED A WOLF'S DEN.

Buffon, the famous naturalist, who is said to have been familiar with the interior of a wolf's den as though he had boarded and lodged in the family, states that wolves are particularly devoted to their young and frequently bring to them live animals, such as hares and rabbits, which the little wolves play with, and when they are hungry kill. Those who have had opportunity to study the character of wolves declare that this animal is peculiarly playful when young, and even gentle when it is not tortured with the pangs of hunger. We may, therefore, suppose that the parent wolf in foraging about under shadow of the night picks up a child sleeping on a doorstep or on a mat near an open window and brings it to the den.

But the young wolves happen not to be hungry at that time, and simply amuse themselves by licking the sleek, oily body of the infant. Hindoo mothers daily rub their boy babies with soft oils massaging freely to assist muscular growth. Thus the baby lies among them, absorbing into the pores of his skin the odor of the cubs, after which the mother wolf will not injure him. After a time the child begins to feel the pangs of hunger, and, hearing the cubs nursing, soon takes part with them. The adoption is now fully complete, and henceforth the wolf mother will protect the infant as though it were of her own flesh and blood. Kipling, who can far outdo Buffon in familiarity with animal life, thus describes the initiation ceremony:

MOWGLI IS BROUGHT IN.

"'Is that a man's cub?' said Mother Wolf; 'I have never seen one. Bring it here.'

"A wolf, accustomed to move his own cubs, can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and, though Father Wolf's jaws closed right on the child's neck, not a tooth even scratched the skin as he laid it down among the cubs.

"'How little, how naked, and how bold!' said Mother Wolf softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide.

'Aha! He is making his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now, was there ever a wolf who could boast of a man's cub among his children?'

"'I have heard now and then of such a thing, but never in our pack or in my time,' said Father Wolf. 'He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid.'"

There seems little doubt that in cases like this the fearlessness of the child is his proection. Accustomed to dogs, the infant imagines himself in a company of such playfellows and his affectionate tyranny is irresistible to wolf nature, which, from related origin, has some likeness to dog nature beyond a doubt.

It is a curious fact that these wolf children are never found above a certain age; evidently they do not grew into adult years in the jungle. Colonel Sleeman thinks that their lives are cut short by living exclusively on animal food, though we have no evidence that they do not learn the edible quality of fruits and nuts during their life in the woods. A more probable supposition is that the man cub in the course of time loses the protection of his playmates, and that he then perishes, the victim of some other savage creature, tiger, bear, or snake. It is probable that our Kipling is indebted solely to imagination for his picture of a united community in the jungle, wherein beasts of all kinds are ruled and guarded alike by a code of justice that all fully understand and none dares to disobey.

Dr. Edwin C. Anderson, a fellow of the Royal Society of London, has been making investigations in the sub-Himalayan countries, studying the natural history of the wolf tribes of India and making inquiry into the stories of wolf nurses. He promises after some time a book which shall summarize all proven facts in this matter and elucidate the fiction that has found its way into previous accounts of this—one of the strangest phenomena of animal life.—Chicago Chronicle.

"WHEN THE RUDYARDS CEASE FROM KIPLING."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Can you find for me some humorous verses that were written about Kipling, in which is this line: "When the Rudyards cease from Kipling?"

L. D. GRIEVE.

Thomasville, Ga., Oct. 10, 1899.

The verses are called "Lapsus Calami," and were written by James Kenneth Stephen, (1859-1892,) author of "International Law and International Relations," 1885; "Lapsus Calami," 1891, and "Quo Musa, Tendis?" 1891.

LAPSUS CALAMI.

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse;
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass?

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens;
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute beside a muzzled bore;
When the Rudyards cease from kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more?

We have known for some time what Dr. Robertson Nicoll thinks of Mr. Kipling, and we know what is thought of him by the superintendent of a certain Western Sunday-school; but now we know what a colored barber in a neighboring State thinks of the popular author. It is a terrible arraignment. The writer of "Recessional" is, we are told, untidy, addicted to the use of tobacco in three forms, and a difficult subject for the razor! "Brer Johnsing's" criticism only goes to prove again that no man is a hero to his valet. I have been requested by the friend who sends me the clipping from her local paper not to name names:

"B—— F—— Pa., Aug. 18, '99.

"Editor Tribune—Having read an article in your paper some time ago relating to some of the habits of Rudyard Kipling, the noted author, it prompted me to write a few lines concerning him, as I knew him ten or twelve years ago, at which time he was visiting Dr. ——, President of —— College. At that time I was janitor and general utility man at the college and had the pleasure of waiting upon young Kipling many times. He occupied two rooms in the college building, —a bedroom and sitting-room,—both of which were swept, dusted, and kept in proper order by me. I shall not forget the condition of the sitting-room every morning when I went to dust and put it in proper order. Mr. Kipling was an excessive smoker in those days and he kept several kinds of tobacco, two or three pipes, and a number of cigars strewn about the room in a most untidy manner.

"After Mr. Kipling had left —— I was sweeping the room he had occupied when Dr. —— entered it just in time to glance behind a large sofa, back of and under which had not been dusted for some time. To the surprise of the doctor, but not to me, there lay tobacco ashes an inch deep on a strip of moulding nearly the full length of that piece of furniture. Mrs. ——, who was near by, was called to witness the sight, and on her appearing the doctor said, 'What kind of a man is he?' and laughed sarcastically. It was evident that Mr. Kipling had, while sitting or lying on the sofa, dumped his pipe or the ashes from his cigar behind the piece of furniture, as it was the most convenient place for him to do so without trouble. Dr. —— detested tobacco in any form, and he could tell the moment one used it about the building. I will not say Kipling was one of the President's favorite young men, as he (Kipling) was much of a dude in those days and it did not seem as though he was paving the way to where he is to-day. In a way all dudes looked alike to Dr. ——.

"A peculiar thing about this young man was that while lying in bed he got shaved nearly every morning during his visit at the college. He would not even rise up to make the work easier for the barber, and when one side of his face was shaved the *tonsorial artist*, with main strength, would force the other side into the proper position. This work was carried on without one word being uttered by Kipling. Indeed he did not speak to the barber but once or twice during the twelve or fifteen times the latter shaved him. All of Kipling's business arrangements had been made by a member of the family with whom he was stopping.

"When Mr. Kipling left —— he left intentionally two or three good white shirts, three white linen suits, the kind he had worn in India, and a quantity of tobacco. I became heir to these articles. I wore out the shirts, used the tobacco, and gave away the suits. I am *real sorry* now that I have not one of these articles as a memento of him who is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, *composers of this day*."

Well may this "tonsorial artist" be "real sorry," for had he those suits and shirts to-day he might sell them for a good price to some enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Kipling. The moral of this tale is that when you find a young man who drops his cigar ashes behind the sofa, who when the barber shaves him on one cheek will not turn the other, who forgets to take his pajamas away with him—look out for a genius, and hold on to the pajamas.

Critic Nov 99

19. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses, Thacker, 12mo, Calcutta 1890
[4th edition, 2 poems omitted and 10 added.]
20. Courting of Dinah Shadd, 12mo, New York 1890
[Introduction by A. Lang.]
21. Smith Administrations, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1891
[Rigidly suppressed. Only 3 copies known.]
22. Departmental Ditties, 12mo, Calcutta 1891
[Fifth edition, exact reprint of the 4th, with title-page slightly changed.]
23. The Light That Failed, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1891
24. City of Dreadful Night, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad 1891
[2nd edition, omitting material in 1st.]
25. Departmental Ditties, Thacker, 12mo, Calcutta 1891
[6th edition, with glossary added.]
26. Life's Handicap, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1891
27. Letters of Marque, Wheeler, 8vo, Allahabad 1891
[Rigidly suppressed.]
28. Barrack-Room Ballads, Methuen, 12mo, London 1892
29. The Naulahka, Heinemann, 12mo, London 1892
[A new edition, with rhymed chapter headings, was issued the same year.]
30. Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads, Macmillan, 12mo, New York 1892
31. Detroit Free Press, Christmas Number, 4to, London [1893]
[Not issued in America.]
32. Many Inventions, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1893
33. Steve Brown's Bunyip, Remington, 12mo, London 1893
[Contributed introduction in verse.]
34. Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads, Macmillan, 12mo, New York 1893
[4 poems added.]
35. My First Book, Chatto & Windus, 12mo, London 1894
[Contribution.]
36. The Jungle Book, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1894
37. The Second Jungle Book, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1894 1896
38. The Seven Seas, Methuen, 12mo, London 1897
39. Captains Courageous, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1897
40. An Almanac of Twelve Sports, Heinemann, 4to, London 1897
41. The Day's Work, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1898
42. A Fleet in Being, Macmillan, 12mo, London 1898

Ernest Dressel North.

WOMAN

I

AMBITION

To have enriched his life by one sweet hour;
By one glad hope to have o'ergilt his gray;
Chased but one darkening shadow from his day;
To his long winter given one single flower;
And bride-like to have brought him but the dower
Of one brief moment's bliss, which would not stay,
But even as he clasped it fled away,
And left behind not e'en a memory's power;
To know that once, through me, he drained delight;
That once, because of me, his earth was heaven;
And in the compass of one day or night,
By gift of mine was infinite rapture given.
O crowned reward! O rich indemnity!
Paying life, death, and all eternity.

II

THE QUESTION

Could I forget if I had given
So greatly and so tenderly;
If I had been the world to thee;
With thee had entered Love's high heaven;
In perfect glad surrender free
Had given thy lips their will of me,
In thine arms touched Love's mystery—
Oh! if life's self had thus been riven,
Could I forget?
Forget!—when lips with lips had striven
For passionate supremacy;
When souls had mingled bodily—
Oh, not till bitterest death had driven
Life, life itself from memory,
Could I forget!

III

PREVISION

Some night—God knows when we its grace shall see!—
I shall lie long awake while thine eyes sleep,
And from my own the happy tears will creep
Softly to hide them where the kisses be,
Among the curls my lips touch tenderly.
I shall feel them stir with each deep-throbbing leap
My heart gives feeling them, and I shall weep
And tremble tenfold more for ecstasy,
Because that after years apart
And desolating doubt, this end should be—
Thy kisses on my lips—(how the tears start!)—
Thou wearied out with joy upon my heart,
And I too weak and faint with bliss to move,
An hour since made a wife—thy wife, O love!

IV

CONSUMMATION

Now let earth fade—it is but earth;
Let heaven prove a lie—
'Tis only heaven; let life, let birth
Be dead; let death too die!
For I have outlived earth and heaven,
Outvanquished death and life,
Whose lips the immortal kiss have given
That seals the woman—wife.

Love made me mistress, bride and wife
To his divinity.
Mother I shall be (Love gives life)
To immortality.

—From "Sea Drift: Poems by Grace Ellery Channing." By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

THE CRITERION.

Rudyard Kipling on the Stage.

From a bundle of long sealed-up papers that has traveled over a great part of the world a little playbill comes to light, bearing a name among the cast which has become extraordinarily famous—that of Rudyard Kipling, author, journalist, and, as will be seen, upon at least one occasion, an amateur player.

Twice every year at the Christmas and midsummer breaking-up of the United Service College, at what in the United States would be termed the commencement exercises, but which at Westward Ho were called the pastimes, the masters and students produced, in the intervals of speechmaking and the distribution of prizes, one or two plays for the entertainment of the personal friends of the boys and the residents of the neighborhood invited to be present.

It was at the pastimes of the 20th of December, 1881, that Sheridan's famous play, "The Rivals," was produced, with no less a personage in the cast than the future distinguished litérateur, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, taking the part of *Sir Anthony Absolute*. At the moment a particular interest attaches to the cast of that production, in that it may be noticed that the part of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* was taken by Mr. G. C. Beresford and that of *Mrs. Malaprop* by L. C. Dunsterville, the originals of the *Stalky* and *McTurk*, respectively, of the series of Kipling schoolboy stories lately appearing in "McClure's Magazine." It was these two boys who were Kipling's great chums at Westward Ho. In the cast also, as *Captain Absolute*, was Mr. Cyril Harrison, who subsequently entered the dramatic profession and became well known on the English stage. So familiar is the name of Rudyard Kipling, standing, as it were, with remarkable emphasis of its own, that it may interest some of the author's admirers to notice that in this little playbill he is accredited with the further initial of J., standing for John—the real full name of Mr. Kipling therefore being John Rudyard Kipling.—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

Oct 99

r. Kipling has returned to his home at Rotting- after spending the Summer, or, rather, the latter f it, in Scotland. He has been very fortunate, for onth of August was simply unendurable in the of England. He is reported to be looking ex- y fit, but he has not yet resumed work. Prob- e will seek some genial climate this Winter, and all then have more of those poems and stories ave done so much to make the end of the century ightest period of British literature. Of course well aware that some people do not share my f Kipling, but I do not see that I can be com- to change it, even if several Methodist min- publish their opinion that Kipling's writings not have a place in the library of any Christian A library made up wholly of books which, in nion of the ministers aforesaid, are distinctly o Christian men, would be a curiosity, though hardly be called an interesting one.

My Times Oct 14/99

We have known for some tin
Mr. Kipling, and we know what
of a certain Western Sunday-scl
barber in a neighboring State t
terrible arraignment. The write
untidy, addicted to the use of t
subject for the razor! "Brer
prove again that no man is a hero
by the friend who sends me the
name names:

"EDITOR TRIBUNE—Having
time ago relating to some of the
author, it prompted me to write
him ten or twelve years ago, at w
President of ——— College. A
utility man at the college and ha
Kipling many times. He occup
—a bedroom and sitting-room,—
kept in proper order by me. I
sitting-room every morning whe
order. Mr. Kipling was an exce
several kinds of tobacco, two o
strewn about the room in a most

"After Mr. Kipling had lef
had occupied when Dr. ——— e
a large sofa, back of and under
time. To the surprise of the do
ashes an inch deep on a strip of
piece of furniture. Mrs. ———
witness the sight, and on her a
of a man is he?' and laughed s
Kipling had, while sitting or lyi
ashes from his cigar behind the
convenient place for him to do so
tobacco in any form, and he cou
the building. I will not say Kip
young men, as he (Kipling) was
did not seem as though he was
In a way all dudes looked alike

"A peculiar thing about this

he got shaved nearly every mor
would not even rise up to mal
when one side of his face wa
strength, would force the othe
work was carried on without on
deed he did not speak to the ba
or fifteen times the latter sh
arrangements had been made b
was stopping.

"When Mr. Kipling left —
good white shirts, three white
India, and a quantity of tobac
wore out the shirts, used the to
real sorry now that I have not
him who is one of the greatest, i

Well may this "tonsorial ar
suits and shirts to-day he mig
enthusiastic admirer of Mr. K
when you find a young man wh
who when the barber shaves hi
who forgets to take his pajamas
and hold on to the pajamas.

Critic Dec 99

Book Buyer Dec 99

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

IN M. Taine's essay on Napoleon he comments at length on the various aspects of the Emperor presented by his numerous biographers, one group viewing him as a military hero, one as a despicable tyrant, while others present him as a combination of the two. A still larger group, made up mainly of later writers, shows his faults and his virtues with unvarnished accuracy. Summing up these various opinions, he says: "When all is said about him, for and against, Napoleon was a tremendous fact." One has some such feeling about Rudyard Kipling. He may not be a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Wordsworth, nor a Tennyson, as some of his admirers would make him; but one thing is certain: if he never writes another line, he is a tremendous fact in our literature. It is interesting to note how he is to be regarded by the collector of to-day. We know what the great mass of readers think about him, and even the critics have been pronouncing their own judgments with more certainty than when he first appeared before their astonished eyes. But questions of his literary standing do not concern us here. How is he regarded by the collector of to-day? Dare we prophesy what the collector will think of him to-morrow? Will his early books continue to sell at the high prices they are bringing to-day, or are they to fall? Is his prominence among his contemporaries to be maintained, or is it only temporary? Will his early writings bring as high prices in the auction-rooms as those of Thackeray, Dickens, Shelley, Keats and other writers whose place of honor in literature seems forever established, or will they fall far below these writers?

These and similar queries come to the mind of the collector with more or less persistence, and we cannot undertake to prophesy about the honor of this prophet. One thing is sure: Kipling is not a writer who is easily put out of mind by a collector or anybody else. His strong personality and the hurricane of his popularity bring him ever before the collector's mind as a "tremendous fact."

In the September number of THE BOOK BUYER, in 1895, an attempt was made to provide the collector with all the definite information then available about this writer. No sooner was this fragile bark launched upon the sea of other people's knowledge than it encountered high waves of criticism. No allowance was made for the fact that the compiler called it an "Attempt at a Bibliography." At the time it was issued some of Kipling's writings were unknown to the collector altogether, and who shall dare to say that there is none still to be discovered?

We called attention in the last April number to the discovery of a little volume of verse called "Echoes," and in June to the "School-Boy Lyrics"; and now we have to record the discovery of two more rarities unknown at the time. The first is the paper to which he contributed when at school, and of which he was the editor for a time. It is called "The United Services College Chronicle," and ran from 1881 to 1894. Kipling entered the school in January, 1878, and was, therefore, only thirteen years old when he began his literary career. The other discovery is "Turn-Overs," from the *Civil and Military Gazette*, published at Lahore. So far only three volumes have come to light, but they are most interesting, as containing many of his stories published first in that form, and in some cases not reprinted. The first includes selections from July to September, 1889; the second from October to December, 1889, and the third from October to December, 1890. We append a check list of Kipling's writings in first editions, embodying all our knowledge up to date, and will gladly incorporate any additions or corrections unknown at the present writing:

A CHECK LIST
OF FIRST EDITIONS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

1. The United Services College Chronicle, 4to, 1881-1894
[30 original contributions.]
2. School-Boy Lyrics, 18mo, Lahore 1881
3. Echoes By Two Writers, 18mo, Lahore 1884
4. Quartette. The Christmas Annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 8vo, Lahore 1885
5. Departmental Ditties, oblong 8vo, Lahore [1886]
6. Departmental Ditties, 12mo, Lahore 1886
[2nd edition, with 6 new poems.]
7. Departmental Ditties, 12mo, Lahore 1888
[3rd edition, 10 new poems.]
8. Plain Tales from the Hills. Thacker, 12mo, Calcutta 1888
9. Soldiers Three, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
10. Story of the Gadsbys, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
11. In Black and White, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
12. Under the Deodars, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
13. Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
14. Wee Willie Winkie, Wheeler, 12mo, Allahabad [1888]
15. Turn-Overs. From the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 12mo, Lahore 1889
[From July to September, 7 contributions.]
16. Turn-Overs. From the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 12mo, Lahore 1889
[From October to December, 3 contributions.]
17. Turn-Overs. From the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 12mo, Lahore 1890
[From October to December, 5 contributions.]
18. City of Dreadful Night and Other Sketches, Wheeler, 8vo, Allahabad 1890
[Rigidly suppressed. Contains some matter never reprinted.]

Dec 99

THE CRITERION.

Rudyard Kipling on the Stage.

From a bundle of long sealed-up papers that has traveled over a great part of the world a little playbill comes to light, bearing a name among the cast which has become extraordinarily famous—that of Rudyard Kipling, author, journalist, and, as will be seen, upon at least one occasion, an amateur player.

Twice every year at the Christmas and midsummer breaking-up of the United Service College, at what in the United States would be termed the commencement exercises, but which at Westward Ho were called the pastimes, the masters and students produced, in the intervals of speechmaking and the distribution of prizes, one or two plays for the entertainment of the personal friends of the boys and the residents of the neighborhood invited to be present.

It was at the pastimes of the 20th of December, 1881, that Sheridan's famous play, "The Rivals," was produced, with no less a personage in the cast than the future distinguished litérateur, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, taking the part of *Sir Anthony Absolute*. At the moment a particular interest attaches to the cast of that production, in that it may be noticed that the part of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* was taken by Mr. G. C. Beresford and that of *Mrs. Malaprop* by L. C. Dunsterville, the originals of the *Stalky* and *McTurk*, respectively, of the series of Kipling schoolboy stories lately appearing in "McClure's Magazine." It was these two boys who were Kipling's great chums at Westward Ho. In the cast also, as *Captain Absolute*, was Mr. Cyril Harrison, who subsequently entered the dramatic profession and became well known on the English stage. So familiar is the name of Rudyard Kipling, standing, as it were, with remarkable emphasis of its own, that it may interest some of the author's admirers to notice that in this little playbill he is accredited with the further initial of J.. standing for John—the real full name of Mr. Kipling therefore being John Rudyard Kipling.—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

Mr. Kipling has returned to his home at Rottingdean after spending the Summer, or, rather, the latter part of it, in Scotland. He has been very fortunate, for the month of August was simply unendurable in the South of England. He is reported to be looking extremely fit, but he has not yet resumed work. Probably he will seek some genial climate this Winter, and we shall then have more of those poems and stories that have done so much to make the end of the century the brightest period of British literature. Of course I am well aware that some people do not share my view of Kipling, but I do not see that I can be compelled to change it, even if several Methodist ministers publish their opinion that Kipling's writings should not have a place in the library of any Christian man. A library made up wholly of books which, in the opinion of the ministers aforesaid, are distinctly suited to Christian men, would be a curiosity, though it could hardly be called an interesting one.

My Times Oct 14/99

Oct. 99

The Youngster Kipling and the Belated Markham.

A Parallel and a Contrast.

KIPLING'S "Schoolboy Lyrics" were "printed for private circulation only," in 1881, before he had reached his sixteenth year. The lyrics number twenty-three, and, with the exception of one piece (which his fond parents should have destroyed), they are worthy of being incorporated, with slight metrical and grammatical revision, in his collected works. The majority of the pieces may be very favorably compared with many of the ballads and ditties and "other verses" of a later date. Numerous faults of construction are found in them, however, and either the youngster or the printer played nine-pins with the rules of punctuation. These defects may detract from the merits of some of the pieces, but, as a whole, the "Lyrics" are a wonderful gathering together of conceptions. Of course, such early writing must reveal the crudities of youthful thought; but these crudities are also evident in many of the youngster's later writings, for Kipling has not yet evidenced any great intellectual grasp of things, that is, intellectual as distinct from imaginative. None the less, some of these "Schoolboy Lyrics" will always be appreciated.

But I must refrain from a consideration of the "Lyrics" as a whole, because a more immediate consideration has been holding my mind for some time. I have in mind the remarkable parallel and contrast, in both thought and expression, between the youngster Kipling's most ambitious conception, "The Fragment of a Projected Poem," and Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe."

It will be well to bear in mind in this consideration the disparity of age between Kipling and Markham. The latter is old enough to have sired a youngster of the age of Kipling when he wrote the "Lyrics."

Those who have studied Markham's poem are aware that the subject of it was suggested by a sight of Millet's famous painting, "The Man with the Hoe." This man, "bowed by the weight of centuries," brutal-looking, soulless, terrible in shape, the blame for which is, presumably, on the heads of the "masters, lords and rulers of all lands," is pointed out by Markham, and discussed from the standpoint of a humanitarian lecturer. "The Man with the Hoe"—the original—is a man-mockery, though a God created being. Others before Markham have moaned this threnody—the Californian has simply attached the hoe to the man and threnodied his subject. He has done it nobly. He has, with poetic brevity, lucidly, yet strongly, depicted the greed and the brutality of soulless society. But the story is, of course, as old as the pyramids, and, so long as there is a row to hoe, so long will the threnody be chanted in one form or another.

Kipling's "Fragment" is supposed to be the utterance of the Devil on gazing at a certain creation of his handiwork. Preceding the "Fragment" is the following:

"ARGUMENT
Of a
Projected Poem to Be Called
'The Seven Nights of Creation.'

"The Devil, each night of the seven days of Creation, works in emulation of the Creator, and produces baneful things, fogs, poisonous plants, venomous creatures, etc., and at last tries to make a man in imitation of Adam. He fails, recognizes his failure, and is obliged to own that his power cannot rival that of the Creator, and that evil is less powerful than good."

When I first perused the "Fragment" I was quite charmed with the loftiness of the youngster's imagery. I may remark that I had read the most of the "Lyrics" before I tackled the "Fragment," and that I should have been prepared for any unexpected (or expected) cynicism that might possibly be lurking in it, for almost every page of the little book is permeated with Kipling cynicism and suspicion of all human motives—this is his greatest defect.

When, however, I was perusing the "Fragment" (which contains thirty-six lines) I had not the faintest suspicion as to the exact nature of the creature the Devil was addressing; and when I reached the last line, thus abruptly sentenced—

"Depart, O Ape, depart and leave me foiled"—

I could not restrain my laughter, and I muttered, "The young devil!" A brighter wit than my own, I will confess, would have seen at the first glance that the Devil had created a monkey in his vain endeavor to create a man. The opening lines are as follows:

"Lo! what is this I make? Are these his limbs
Bent inward, tottering with the body's weight?"

Had Markham chosen God for his mouthpiece, as Kipling chose the Devil for his, a closer parallel and contrast would have been found between the two pieces. However, the foregoing two lines are closely parallel in thought and expression to these of Markham:

"Is this the thing the Lord God made
To have dominion over sea and land?"

In the following lines from the "Fragment," the alliance is even more apparent:

. . . . "Lo! the wrinkled palms
Are stretched forth helplessly and beat the dark.
So did not my great foe when he was made.
I saw his eye grow with a sense of power;
I saw all wild things crouch beneath his eye;
God gave him great dominion over all
And blessed him."

The last lines of Markham's third verse read:

"Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy."

These last two lines are closely reflective of the Devil's despair in the "Fragment":

. . . . "Let me be!
The piteous visage puckers with its woe,
The strange black lips all working with a cry—
A cry and protest."

Remember, this is a youngster of sixteen who is in the lists with Markham, and you will, undoubtedly, hold your breath in astonishment. There are, without question, geniuses that are cradled as such—Kipling is one of these—they mostly die young on account of a too-early development. Others become geniuses by slow development. I will not say that Markham is one of these—he has produced a noble threnody; this, however, should be accounted to humanitarian impulses rather than to intellect. Markham, nevertheless, will hold his own in the crowd of minor singers clamoring for recognition. Kipling stands with the Popes, the Byrons, the Keatses, the Poes, the Hartes; Markham stands, or may stand, with the Miltons, the Drydens, the Shakespeares, the Cowpers, the Emersons, the Thoreaus—the better and the more intellectual division of the two. We are charmed, astonished at youthful precocity; but it teaches nothing; 'tis from the steady, studious growth of intellect that all lasting benefits come. Hence—to our "Fragment."

The Devil, after his kind, goes on bewailing. He moans:

. . . Can the thing speak?
Stay, thing, and thank me for thy quickening.
The great eyes roll. my meaning is not there
Reflected as God's word was in the man's.
I, maker, bid thee speak, if speak thou canst!
Lo! what is this? My labor is in vain
. . . . . .
He hears me not. Oh, would the dawn delay,
That I might rise and perfect that I make,
Or rise and build again. . . . . .

. . . There he sits
Helpless, uprooting grass, while all the world
Is thick with life renewed that fills my ears.
My last and greatest work is—mockery!
Depart, O Ape! depart and leave me foiled."

"The Man with the Hoe" is

"A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the Ox,"

or, rather, to the Ape, for the following lines are more representative of the Devil's conception than of the God-made ox:

"Who lowered and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back the brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?"

With very slight changes of words the "Fragment" would well be captioned "The Man with the Hoe," and *vice versa*.

I would suggest to the student that he take Markham's poem as a whole, and compare it with what has been given of the "Fragment." He will, no doubt, find many smaller resemblances that I have not been able to suggest.

I may add, however, that, in my opinion, the "Fragment" surpasses "The Man with the Hoe" in imaginative conception, for it is purely imaginative. "The Man with the Hoe" surpasses the "Fragment" in nobility of thought, and, perhaps, in the command of words, but it is of the order of applied imagination, and, consequently, lacks the genius of pure conception.

R. Kirkpatrick Pick.

The Stalkingham Letters

Ordinarily Mr. Kipling puts poetry and prose side by side in his work as he puts humor and tragedy, coarseness and delicacy, with apparent delight in violent contrasts. But two of the three works written for and about boys are exceptions to this habit. There is little prose in the beautiful "Jungle Books," and in "Stalky & Co." there is certainly little poetry. Taken together, they might seem at first sight to represent the two extremes of young life, its blind romance and unspeakable charm, and its harsh audacity and pitilessness and savagery.

Stalky's career at school is that of a ringleader, Beetle and McTurk following him gayly in the evil inventions by which he punishes the sins of his superior officers. No one can say that he has much about him to command the respect of an unimaginative person. He prefers not to tell a downright lie, but he spends much of his time and a fine talent in accomplishing deceit. He is insolent and to those whom he dislikes nonchalantly cruel. Law to him, as to Aaron Burr, consists of "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." If he can get his own way and shift the blame, he has gained his chief object, and it is very hard, indeed, to get the better of his ingenuity. His two satellites have slightly superior, or, from his point of view, inferior, tastes. Beetle reads Browning, whose "quarter-comprehended verses live and eat with him," and McTurk studies Ruskin until he develops infinite contempt for the decorations of the House Master's room. But Stalky himself is a man of constructive intellect, whose strategic operations command his entire mind. It is not surprising at the end of the book to find him managing Sikhs and trying his sophistries with the Home Government, with the success, brilliancy, and impudence that have marked his school campaigns.

The histories of his individual experiences are disjointed as they should be to represent the stages of unconsecutive youth. And in describing "things as he sees them for the God of things as they are," Mr. Kipling finds use for a large number of words and details that seem to belong much more to the jungle than to polite society. The episode of the cat, for example, is unsavory, indeed, and not especially amusing, except to the grisly tastes of sweet sixteen, and the gory atrocity of the chapter called "The Moral Reformers" is far from reassuring to a certain type of mind—the maternal type, we will say, seeking literature for its young. It is appalling, certainly, to think of the average boy attempting to migrate into the character of "his Uncle Stalky," and striving to compete with the working of that wise young brain in sowing strife and confusion. Why, then, is Stalky, as Mr. Kipling introduces him, a safer companion for his kind and a more attractive subject for adult consideration than such a prototype as Tom Sawyer, for example? Precisely because Mr. Kipling has what a French critic has recently reproached him with lacking—the moral vision, that is. His Stalky is in one sense Mowgli over again, a Western Mowgli, threading his devious way through a jungle, in which the crude, fierce, reckless instincts of the wild beasts are regulated by certain laws—"and many and mighty are they"—which find curiously shabby counterfeits in the conventions of the civilized code. Like the "Man Cub," he works his way gradually out of the free primitive life toward manhood and the "Cage." At his least promising moments his recognition of authority and respect for superior intelligence and fair dealing rule him as Mowgli's voice ruled Bagheera when the fever of the Spring running was upon him. When the Head gives him six stripes because he has cleverly involved the House Master in difficulty without discovering a flaw in his own character, his heart goes out to his chastener for discerning what he deserves and giving it to him. Nor do we need Mr. Kipling's verses to know the spirit with which he will look back from the scenes of his manoeuvres among the Pathans and Malôts upon his school days and the "famous men" who

With toil of their to-day
Bought for us to-morrow.

Despite the fact that Mr. Kipling has shown his defects without a word of palliation or excuse, a sympathetic reader will part from him reflecting, not merely upon his abnormal acuteness and masterly command of difficult situations, but also upon the fact that his vengeance fell upon singularly irritating individuals whose manners and morals undeniably needed the correction he faithfully attempted. His contempt for the meaner vices, for toadying, flattering, posing, and misnaming technicalities; his joy in courage, in adequacy, and in a humorous point of view, remain in the mind after the glory of his iniquities is dimmed. Yet we doubt if Stalky, vital as he seems, is entirely a boy's boy. Mr. Kipling does not pretend that he represents the average pupil in the public schools of England. On the contrary, he takes pains to set him apart from his fellows and above them in mental gifts. It is possible that he, together with Beetle and McTurk, is intended as a composite photograph of a boy remembered by Mr. Kipling in the early seventies. But the memory or imagination presents, after all, a boy as he looks through a man's eyes, enriched by a man's experience, and expressed by a man's interpretation. In the matter of language alone, he betrays his maturity. We all know that the attitude of sixteen toward its elders is one of exquisite irony, but many added years are needed before that irony can find such voice as Stalky and company are fluent with. The chapter of the book that most clearly shows Mr. Kipling's power and insight and serious penetrating sincerity is the second chapter of "Slaves of the Lamp," in which the boys are men of ripened lives, in which the dominant traits of their youth persist as shaping and determining influences. It is this chapter that gives to the book as a whole the point and weight that make it so satisfactory a product of a genius from which we have learned to expect so much.

N.Y Times 10/21/99

FIELD OF BOYHOOD

Kipling is Not the Discoverer of That Land.

DANIEL DE FOE THE COLUMBUS.

THE MODERN WRITER, HOWEVER, IS AN ORIGINAL EXPLORER.

HIS "STALKY AND COMPANY."

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It has been remarked elsewhere that Mr. Kipling has discovered three worlds for English literature to rejoice itself in: The world of the native Hindu, the world of the brute beast, and the world of the modern machine. He now publishes a book, "Stalky & Co." (Doubleday & McClure), which shows him to have exploited a fourth field, almost as little known, the field of boyhood. He is not the discoverer of this land, little known as it is, in the sense in which he was the discoverer of the others, or in which Columbus was the discoverer of our new world. Daniel De Foe showed long ago that he knew enough of the boy to tell the story of a young man that never failed to interest the boy; and in more recent times Thomas Hughes, in his "Tom Brown at Rugby," Thomas Bailey Aldrich in his "Story of a Bad Boy," and Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Treasure Island" and his "Kidnapped" all showed that sympathy with average boys which have made their respective works at once classic and solitary among their kind. But Kipling, if not the discoverer of this new world, is an original explorer within the bounds ascertained by others, and brings to our view great tracts of it with a fauna and flora, so to speak, quite undreamed of before.

Reading "Stalky & Co.," most of it for the second and third time, with the keenest delight, it yet seems certain that it is bound to be the least popular of all the recent writings of its author. It has, for example, the tremendous disadvantage of being the first of his recent works to appear after the illness of last winter, which not only testified to the immense favor in which Mr. Kipling is held, but raised the expectations of his admirers—many of whom then met him for the first time through the medium of his books—to a pitch quite unreasonable. Some disappointment is bound to follow a story told in such circumstances, whatever its merit. Quite beyond that, however, are a number of difficulties inherent in the tale itself, which may be dwelt upon for a moment to show what it really is that the author has done.

We all know that the story is in part autobiographical. As a lad Mr. Kipling was educated at the United Services College, at Westward Ho, in North Devon, England, and the "Beetle" of the story here is himself, little discolored by time or changed by the spectacles with which square-toed age is accustomed to view irrepressible youth. It is to be learned from the book that the college is not an ancient foundation, of the class which the English call a public school, but rather a stock company enterprise without endowment or special buildings, without settled traditions or an atmosphere of its own, without even the generosity of manner which devotion to the classics is supposed to bestow, or the odor of sanctity which might follow from a school in the hands of the ancient Church of England. Its object is to prepare young men to enter at Sandhurst or Woolwich, the military training schools of England, and it made rather a point of taking young fellows with whom the professional "crammers," who do nothing but fit for such schools, had failed. It will be seen immediately that Mr. Kipling was dealing with a school and with a class of boys and young men equally without representation in America.

Fitting schools of many sorts we have, with and without endowment, but neither West Point nor Annapolis has requirements warranting a school which makes special preparation for them or either of them; while with the usual American military school with its pseudo-military discipline and drill the school here has nothing whatever in common. Nor is it, on the other hand, an institution like Eton or Harrow or Winchester or Rugby—this last raised to undue prominence in the American mind by Thomas Hughes' book—with customs which can be studied from the works of others. Yet it has taken on a portion of the apparatus of these, the perfect system, the heads of houses, fagging, captain of the school, cricket, association foot ball, and all the varied interests of many kinds which set us and the British so many miles apart in school life. To the average American there is nothing held in common with the boys in the book, with their sadly harassed teachers, with the methods of discipline, with the environment, by which he can come to a full and rounded comprehension of what it is all about.

When it comes to the boys themselves, the astute Stalky, the curious Turkey, the spectacled Beetle, the average American father is even farther away—he knows nothing of such surroundings as the boys are in, and he knows nothing of the sort of boys these boys are for the reason already abundantly stated. These boys are mischievous boys, of a type less rare than we elders imagine. They do not care particularly for athletic sports, though they are good runners and in fine health. They smoke—and are made woefully sick by it, a thing which no grown man holds as a joyful reminiscence unless the years have carried with them a most unearthly glamour. They are boys who have little reverence for "governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, masters, and betters."

They are not boys who make any professions of goodness, open or otherwise. They are fond of food and fond of beer. They are not averse to what is sweepingly included in the term "low company." Upon occasion they deceive; rules are made only for them to break, brutality is theirs in good share, such standards as they have are quite their own, they rejoice in getting one of their enemies against another—they are, in short, such boys as many of us were in reality, however much we may spend our later lives in trying to convince ourselves we were not. They have a sort of patter, a dialect of their own—so had we, but we have forgotten it. And however much we may seek to hold ourselves as little prigs in our joyful days, the accusing faces of the unillusioned Stalky, Turkey, and Beetle will not permit us to be such cattle.

On every account it would seem, therefore, that Mr. Kipling had written a wonderfully true book, which few men will admit to be true, and no woman can realize for truth. As compared with those lucubrations of Canon Farrar, "St. Winifred's" and "Eric; or, Little by Little," which are held up for scorn by the unregenerate trio here, there is a marvelous gain in truth and a dire falling off in morals. Boys should like the book, but it is doubtful if their parents wish them to; parents will not like the book, much as they can learn from it; but critics who realize the truth, and the mastery of the boyish mind displayed here, will hold "Stalky & Co." to be among the most notable of Mr. Kipling's many and diverse achievements.—Chicago Evening Post.

STEVENSON ON KIPLING.

Scribner's Magazine.

Vailima, Apia, Samoa, Dec. 29, 1890.

My Dear Henry James: * * * Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowment. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands "and draw up all his strength and sweetness in one ball." ("Draw all his strength and all his sweetness up into ball"? I cannot remember Marvel's words.) So the critics have been saying to me; but I was never capable of—and surely never guilty of—such a debauch of production. At this rate his works will soon fill the habitable globe; and surely he was armed for better conflicts than these succinct sketches and flying leaves of verse?

I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature I am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me I could have a pyramid.

Well, we begin to be the old fogies now; and it was high time something rose to take our places. Certainly Kipling has the gifts; the fair godmothers were all there at his christening; what will he do with them? * * * Yours affectionately,

R. L. S.

Literary Review Nov. 99

It is said that Rudyard Kipling and Ernest Seton-Thompson met last winter, and spent an evening telling each other animal stories. The interpreter of the Jungle wanted a story of a grizzly bear. Mr. Thompson had one ready for him. It took an hour to tell it. When he had finished, Mr. Kipling exclaimed: "That's fine, Thompson; why don't you write it?" Mr. Thompson has since written it, under the title of *The Biography of a Grizzly*, and its publication will be begun in the November number of *The Century Magazine*. It is the first long story by the author of *Wild Animals I Have Known*. Needless to say he will illustrate it himself. The decorative arrangement of the pages will be the work of his wife.

Leader 10/27/99

KIPLING, according to the Boston *Literary World*, has chosen Rottingdean as his place of, at least temporary, abode, and his homestead in Vermont is offered for sale. The house at Rottingdean is walled in so that only its gables and upper windows are visible. It stands facing the village pond, hard by the churchyard gate, perhaps not more than a hundred yards from Mr. Black's grave.

C. KEGAN PAUL, head of the well-known

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168 **KINGSLEY (Chas). Hypatia;** or, New Foes with an Old Face. 2 vols., post 8vo., *in the original brown cloth*, uncut. London, 1853. $17.50.
Fine clean copy of the first edition, scarce.

169 **KINGSLEY (Chas). Hereward the Wake.** "Last of the English," 2 vols., post 8vo., *in the original red cloth*, uncut. London, 1866. $9.00.
Fine copy of the First Edition, very scarce.

170 **KINGSLEY (Chas). The Roman and the Teuton.** A series of lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge, large 8vo., *cloth*, uncut. London, 1864. $4.00.
FIRST EDITION. Nice clean uncut copy.

171 **KINGSLEY (Chas).** Three lectures delivered at the Royal Institute, in the **Ancien Regime** as it existed on the continent before the French Revolution, 12mo., *in the original red cloth, gilt top*, uncut. London, 1867. $2.50.
FIRST EDITION.

RARE FIRST EDITION.

172 **KIPLING (Rudyard). Departmental Ditties,** and other verses. Oblong 8vo., *printed on one side of paper only, in original quaint envelope-like wrapper, lettered* "No. 1 of 1886, On Her Majesty's Service only. To all Heads of Departments and all Anglo-Indians, etc.," *in imitation of a public document;* OF EXTREME RARITY. *Lahore*, 1886. $110.00.
FIRST EDITION. A good copy in a dark olive green morocco sliding case by RIVIERE. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

MOST INTERESTING COPY.

173 **KIPLING (Rudyard). "In Black and White."** *Wheeler & Co. Allahabad*, 1889, 8vo., *original illustrated wrapper*. $160.00.
A MOST INTERESTING COPY of the Second India Edition, being the ORIGINAL COPY sent home by Mr. Kipling for the English Edition to be printed from. WITH NUMEROUS AUTOGRAPH CORRECTIONS AND ALTERATIONS IN HIS HANDWRITING.

174 **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. Fine clean copy of the genuine First Edition. *Allahabad*, 1888. $75.00.
No. 1 of the Railway Library, and the rarest of the series.

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

By Rudyard Kipling.

(Copyright, 1899, by the London Daily Mail.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

KIPLING'S POEM BRINGS SILVER IN SHOWERS.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's Nightly Recital of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" a Mint for the Soldiers' Fund.

London, Nov. 4.—Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is nightly reciting Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Absent Minded Beggar," at the Palace Music Hall, receiving $500 a week for her services and contributing this to the Soldiers' Fund.

On Thursday night her plea, "Pay—Pay—Pay," met with such a warm response that she was almost driven from the stage by the hail of silver thrown by the enthusiastic audience.

It is the fate of a successful author to have his private affairs made public property, but nowhere is this more shamelessly carried out than in the United States. We have just come across an article in a San Francisco paper which discusses at great length Mr. Rudyard Kipling's supposed financial position. With an effrontery that dazzles us the writer gives the annual sum which he supposes Mr. Kipling to make from his literary work. As we have some regard for the writer in question we refrain from placing a weapon in the hands of the rapacious collector of income-tax which might conceivably be used against him. There is also the vulgarity of the thing to be considered. Why should an author's income be discussed in this way any more than a lawyer's or a doctor's?

Under the title of 'From Sea to Sea,' Messrs. Maclure and Doubleday are about to publish a volume of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letters and papers of travel, which date back as far as 1889. The work is a selection from another, which was prepared under the title of 'The Book of the Forty-Five Mornings,' but was never published.

Literary World April 22/99

'Rome from the Inside; or, The Priests'

A Rare Kipling Autograph.

"A friend of mine in Memphis," said a New Orleans book lover, "has a beautiful set of Kipling's works, which he has 'extended' into thirty-five volumes, more than double the original number. Extended, you know, means the insertion of extra matter, relating to the subject of the book or to the author—portraits, letters, maps, photographs, magazine clippings and so on. He began only about three years ago, and says he expects to have 200 or 300 volumes before he gets through. In my opinion, one of the most interesting things in the collection is an autograph on the back of an old business card. The name 'Rudyard Kipling' is written in queer, zig-zag characters that do not in the least resemble the ordinary penmanship of the author, and in one corner of the card is a grimy thumb mark. The history of the souvenir is rather odd. One afternoon, some years ago, my friend met Mr. Kipling on the train, returning to his home at Brattleboro, Vt., after a trip to Boston, and could not resist asking him for his autograph. 'Oh! all right,' said Kipling, good naturedly, 'have you got a bit of paper about you?' My friend searched his pockets hastily, and all he could find was an old card, upon which the author proceeded to scratch his name with a scrap of lead pencil. The train was tearing along at the rate of at least fifty miles an hour, and, as a natural consequence, the handwriting was almost indecipherable. 'You'll never get anybody to believe that is genuine,' said Kipling, grinning, and the autograph fiend went away a little chopfallen. Later on he noticed that in holding the card against the car seat to steady it while writing Kipling had pressed down very hard with his thumb and left a distinct mark, which is the very best means of identification known to science. Needless to say, he was delighted. Since then an English magazine has printed a photo-engraving of the famous novelist's thumb mark, and the two, placed side by side, are as like as a couple of peas. It is really the one Kipling autograph about which there can never be any doubt."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A copy of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Schoolboy Lyrics,' which was printed for private circulation only at Lahore in 1881, was sold at Sotheby's on Monday to an American second-hand bookseller for £135.

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle of April 9 prints two long columns of 'Poems about Kipling,' selected from a very large number of verses published in all sorts of papers throughout the Union. Many of these 'poems' are written in imitation of Kipling's own verses, as in the following, which may be taken as a specimen of the best:

NEWS FROM A MISSING LINER—TO A CONVALESCENT.

Crawling back to port again, half her cargo shifted;
Just enough of fuel left to steam her to the pier;
Plunging through an icy gale when the fog has lifted,
Battered by the breakers, but her lights a-burning clear!

Hope almost abandoned—days and nights she floundered—
Nights when not a star was out, and no sea-lights were near;
All the world believed her lost; men despaired, but wondered
How the liner could be wrecked and Kipling there to steer!

Now she makes her harbour-lights, glides through seas enchanted—
Whistles shrieking gaily, and thousands at the pier;
On the bridge the Captain, pale and worn—undaunted!
'Welcome back to life again!' Hear the people cheer!

Literary World April 28/99

ESSAYS.

Essays in Modernity. By Francis Adams. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Mr. Francis Adams used to enjoy himself heartily at the expense of the popular idols in the literary world. If he had lived long enough for his powers to ripen he would most likely have developed into a critic of uncommon penetration, though it is doubtful whether his fiery spirit would not always have interfered to an important extent with his verdicts. In this volume there are reprinted from the Reviews several essays which caused no small amount of amusement and annoyance when first they appeared. Bystanders chuckled when Mr. Adams flung his copious vocabulary in the face of this, that, or the other favourite poet or novelist, for the critic disdained half-measures with every atom of his virility. As for the idols who were attacked in this noisy and impetuous manner, they doubtless envied the calm possessed by the casual onlooker. But the attacks of Mr. Adams suffered from their extravagance; his critical weapons were too clumsy. We feel quite sure that from among his readers very few took him seriously. And yet he deserved more attention than he obtained, for mixed with his chaff there was plenty of good grain. That what he wrote in his greener years would have to-day found favour in his eyes we do not for a moment believe, and doubtless those of his friends who are responsible for reprinting these articles are in complete agreement with us. Still, as a merry compound made up of hard knocks, youthful conceit, thoughtfulness, and occasional flashes of excellent expression, these papers are welcome whatever their blemishes may be. We have already described the author as an iconoclast. The first great writer to suffer at his hands is Tennyson. Mr. Adams sets about the late Laureate in rousing style, giving a hundred and one reasons for his hostility, and pausing infrequently—too infrequently—to pour a little oil into the poet's wounds. It is impossible not to smile at the whole performance. That Lord Tennyson should have changed Malory's King Arthur into a prig of the first water—this was the one outrage more than any other which caused Mr. Adams to raise his crest. We agree with him that in this respect Tennyson made the chief artistic mistake of his life.

Turning from the author of 'The Idylls of the King,' the essayist next devotes his pages to an examination of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's prose. In this he finds plenty to praise and much to blame. From among admirable examples of this writer's work he picks out 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft,' 'At the Pit's Mouth,' and 'The Courting of Dinah Shadd' as pieces to which emphatic honour is due, while he abuses with all the vehemence at his command 'The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney,' 'Namgay Doola,' and 'The Lang Men o' Larut.' But when he proceeds to criticise Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verse the essayist becomes less and less the master of his vocabulary. Bigoted admirers of the Anglo-Indian author had better give Mr. Adams a wide berth. With the mention of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Kipling the catalogue of assaulted idols is by no means complete, for some very hard things are said about Mr. Swinburne both as singer and critic. Moreover, Mr. Adams plays the schoolmaster to Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Thomas Hardy. And not a single one of them ever was, or ever will be, a penny the worse. The smallest of small successes is the lot of that critic who hastens to attack idols before he is triumphantly fitted for the task. Truth to tell, the very English in some of these papers stands in urgent need of revision. The kettle must not blame the pot for being black. Both the dialogues, which are entitled respectively 'The Hunt for Happiness' and 'Democracy,' are interesting.

Literary World May 12/99

Mr. Robert Buchanan's onslaught on Mr. Kipling in the December number of the *Contemporary Review* has brought forth a reply, in the same quarter, from Sir Walter Besant. Mr. Buchanan, it will be remembered, suggested that Mr. Kipling was a literary hooligan, who is leading this generation away from the humanitarian teaching of forty years ago. The term "hooligan" was most offensive, and we are not surprised that Sir Walter Besant's knightly solicitude for the dignity of literature has been stirred to its depths. His reply to Mr. Buchanan takes the form of a confession of his own love for the writings of Mr. Kipling, in whom he sees a fine "enthusiasm for humanity."

Always, in every character, he presents a man: not an actor: a man with the passions, emotions, weaknesses and instincts of humanity. It is perhaps one of the Soldiers Three: or it is the Man who went into the mountains because he would be a King: or the man who sat in the lonely lighthouse till he saw streaks: always the real man whom the reader sees beneath the uniform and behind the drink and the blackguardism. It is the humanity in the writer which makes his voice tremulous at times with unspoken pity and silent sympathy: it is the tremor of his voice which touches the heart of his audience.

Of course neither Mr. Buchanan's attack nor Sir Walter Besant's defence belong to the domain of cool literary criticism. Indeed, it seems to us that Sir Walter misunderstands the case when he treats it as an abhorrent attack of one author on another author. At bottom the quarrel is political rather than literary. Mr. Buchanan sees in Mr. Kipling a misleader of the nation, and in that character he attacks him with the rancour and fury which are still not wholly banished from political controversy. No doubt the literary element is bound up with the social. Still, Mr. Buchanan did not storm and rage on a question of style, or a school of fiction, or a point of academics; he made it a question of social politics and of religion—subjects on which strong feeling is natural. Mr. Buchanan may be wrong, but we have no doubt that he is sincere, and we are sure that he is courageous.

"BROTHER JOE" KIPLING.

"It's Rudyard This and Kipling That With Any Writing Dodge."

Kipling's first name, it may not be generally remembered, is Joseph John Rudyard Kipling, says the Chicago Times-Herald. In his literary work he has dropped the first two names, greatly to the orthoepic advantage of the remnant, thus proving, what was sometimes a paradox, that the part is greater than the whole. As Joseph J. R. Kipling it is doubtful whether the Anglo-Indian poet-romancer would have arrested such immediate attention as he did under the unusual and striking and euphonious collocation of syllables represented by his two last names standing alone. Napoleon Bonaparte attributed part of his success in life to the splendid resonance of the name that was his by baptism and birthright. Other people less fortunate in fathers and godfathers have been forced to complete renunciation of patronymic handicaps in the struggle for popular success. Thus John Broddripp and John Rollands became respectively Henry Irving and Henry M. Stanley. Others again, like Mr. Kipling, needed only the dropping of the first name and the use of the second in full to rise from the commonplace to the dignified and distinctive. James B. Taylor and James B. Matthews are not names to capture the ear of fame through any virtue of their own. But Bayard Taylor and Brander Matthews are almost as satisfying as Rudyard Kipling.

When, however, Mr. Kipling recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic lodge he allowed himself to be enrolled as Brother Joseph J. R. Kipling. This fact prompted the following lines in the London Academy, which may be copied with all the more satisfaction that the author affixes thereto the assurance, "This poem is not copyright."

BROTHER "JOE."

I chanced to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;
"What ho!" I said, "my Rudyard." But his look was cold as snow;
"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."
O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems, tales, and such.
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be known too much.
O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any writing dodge,
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a blooming lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you need?"
"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's done."
"Go on!" he said. "You're having me. Joe Kip? There isn't one!"
O, it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are out,
And knives and forks are busy and the bottle goes about.
It's "Brother Joe frmo India" where'er the Masons throng,
But it's Rudyard Kipling only when he writes a blooming song.

TOLD OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

Facts About the Poems of the Anglo-Indian, Some of Which Are New.

In the "Kipling Guide Book," by William Robertson, are the following paragraphs about the poems of the Anglo-Indian-American:

Mr. Kipling published two fine poems last year, "For Remembrance" and "Kitchener's School," the latter being apropos of an appeal the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, was making for money to build a college at Khartoum for the Soudanese. The poem is supposed to embody the thoughts of a Mohammedan schoolmaster on hearing of the Sirdar's design. The following is a characteristic stanza:

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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.

Mr. Robertson thinks the fact that Kipling arrived in New York last winter while the war excitement was still in the air and the trouble in the Philippines going on was the reason for the writing of "The White Man's Burden," which was first published in McClure's for February, containing, as it does, "a direct appeal to the United States to enter upon a 'forward' colonial policy."

Several pages of the little book are taken up by an account of Mr. Kipling's severe illness, the whole including a poem, supposed to be written by "Thomas Atkins," consisting of three stanzas, the verses being signed "J. O. C., West Derby, Liverpool, March 6, 1899," which were originally published in the London Times, the first verse being as follows:

There's a regular run on papers since
we 'eard that you was ill;
An' you might be in a 'ospital, the bar-
ricks 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;
"Oh Gawd, don't take 'im yet;
Just let 'im stop and 'elp us
An' warn, 'Lest we forget.'"

The second is a beautiful little poem by Canon Rawnsley, which appeared in the Westminster Gazette a few days after the death of Kipling's little daughter, which is, in its way, so touching one is tempted to give it in full:

IN MEMORIAM.

Josephine Kipling—New York, March 6.

Let him not wake from dream,
For in his dream a child
With sweet, angelic face,
His eldest born,
Did more ethereal seem;
With lovelier grace
She looked on him and smiled
From heaven this morn.

Sleep on, for sleep is kind;
Why should the dreamer wake,
Seeing his flower is dead,
The nestling gone?
And if he wake to find
His darling fled,
His harp, his heart, must break;
Let him dream on!
—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Kipling, on the contrary, is a vigorous supporter of the measures of the Government. His recent poem in The Times has been widely read, and he declined to preserve the copyright of it. This naturally gave occasion to The Daily Chronicle, which is the organ of the Little Englanders, to sneer at Kipling as a man who wishes to influence his fellow-Britors. Why it should be a crime for a poet to desire to influence men to be patriotic, while it is not a crime for a daily newspaper to encourage the enemies of the country, does not seem particularly plain. Mr. Kipling was announced to speak at a political meeting at Brighton the other night, to the great surprise of his friends, who knew his delicate state of health and his unwillingness to exhibit himself in public. The announcement, however, turned out to be a mistake. Mr. Kipling had signed the call for the meeting, but he never entertained the most remote idea of making a speech.

"Stalky & Co." is selling like wildfire. "David Harum" is steadily making its way into the affections of the British public; and Mr. Dooley is making a decided success with his contributions to The Westminster Gazette. Mr. Kipling is, so it is said, about to seek refuge from the Winter fogs by going to a Southern climate. Whether he will find it possible to keep away from the Cape, now that war has broken out, remains to be seen. I should not be surprised to learn any day that he had taken passage for Cape Town. W. L. ALDEN.

U.S. Times Nov 11/99

Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" to be Sold.

On Jan. 15 and 16 Bangs & Co. will sell a remarkably choice collection of modern English and American authors, including Tennyson's rare "The Cup," printed for the author in 1881, (the copy that fetched £46 in London last November;) Tennyson's "Carmen Saeculare," 1887, (the copy that sold for £31 in November,) and a long set of Kipling first editions, among them a fine copy of "Schoolboy Lyrics," 1881, in the original wrappers. The latter is probably the copy that brought the sum of £90 in London last July. Other copies have fetched £135, £76, £100, £100, £29, £41, and £46.

A copy of "Quartette," 1885, in half calf, with original wrappers and advertisements bound in, will be sold next week. This is the one that realized £7 10s. in the sale of Nov. 20-26, 1890. Thirty-three numbers of "The Week's News," Allahabad, Jan. 7-Sept. 15, 1888, will also be sold. This very full set, lacking only three numbers out of thirty-six, will doubtless excite much competition. The same set fetched £20 at the sale of last November.

No other copies of the two Tennyson books, or of "Schoolboy Lyrics," "Quartette," or "The Week's News" have ever been sold here at auction, and the sale of next week is important on that account.

Times July 13/1900

LONDON LITERARY LETTER

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW by

William L. Alden.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," has made a sensation. It is nightly recited by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and it has been copied in nearly all the papers, except The Daily Chronicle, which, as the organ of the Little Englanders, has a very low opinion of all patriotic poetry. The poem, with its splendid swing, its burning patriotism, and its earnest appeal for help for the families of the men of the reserve, has gone straight to the popular heart. Mr. Kipling gave the £250 which he received for the poem to the Reservist Fund, and, stimulated by his example as well as by his verse, the public has poured its shillings into the fund.

Once more Mr. Kipling has shown that he is the voice of the empire. That the amiable Mr. Austin should be the nominal poet laureate, instead of Mr. Kipling, seems more absurd to-day than ever before. Mr. Kipling, the uncrowned laureate, is a power in politics as well as literature. He has done more to weld Greater Britain into one compact empire than has any statesman or soldier of them all. By this single poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," he does more in behalf of the British soldier than the Government could dream of doing. Mr. Swinburne's hysterics and Mr. Austin's platitudes fall on dull ears after the blast of Kipling's trumpet has been heard. Fate has placed Mr. Austin in a very painful position. When Lord Salisbury, who knows rather less about poetry than does the average Scotch mathematician, appointed him Poet Laureate, he could hardly do otherwise than accept. Had not Mr. Kipling been living, the public would have accepted the appointment with resignation, on the ground that a worse one might have been made. But now that Mr. Kipling is universally recognized as the rightful heir—the one man in the whole empire who should have been made Poet Laureate—what is Mr. Austin to do? He cannot resign, for in so doing he would be treating the Government, which appointed him, with a lack of respect. He cannot continue to hold the place without feeling that his laurels ought of right to belong to another man. No blame can be attached to him for this state of things, but he is certainly greatly to be pitied. The public, recognizing the fact that Mr. Austin is in the wrong place, shows a tendency to ridicule even his best work, and no matter what he may write, it will never be judged fairly so long as he is the Poet Laureate. Lord Salisbury meant to do him a kindness, but he has done him the worst injury that he could have devised.

Times Nov 21/99

Mr. Melville's "Life of Th[illegible]

tion, a sleeping village has suddenly grown into a town, and this summer it was officially advanced to the station of "city" with full privileges.

The word Vladivostok signifies in Russian "The Glad Far East," but, alas! I found that its glory had departed. Three years ago the government at St. Petersburg was appropriating millions upon millions for the improvement of the port. A granite pier nearly a mile long was constructed. Immense floating dry-docks have just been completed at an enormous outlay; and last winter colossal ice-breakers kept a channel to the port free from ice, so that Vladivostok for the first time in her history was not shut off from the outside world during the coldest months. Speculations in real estate reached fever heat. Then came the acquisition of Port Arthur, and in a twinkling, officially, Vladivostok was deserted. Side-tracked, she became a secondary port, a mere military outpost. The fleet sailed away to occupy Port Arthur, the railway offices were removed to Chulanchen, and are now located at Harbin. The supremacy of Vladivostok has vanished, but around her is springing up a population that may yet redeem her withered hopes. So near is the completion of the railroad that connects her with Europe, that rates for passenger travel have already been established. They will be extremely low—$102 from St. Petersburg to the Pacific, first-class fare, with third-class fare much less. At present the fare by rail and camel, or *troika*, is advertised as $160 for the entire distance from ocean to ocean. One of the possibilities of the closing days of the Paris Exposition next year is a half-Cossack, half-gendarme guard, who will call out at the railway station, "This way for trains from Paris to Port Arthur"—a distance bordering on 10,000 miles, through France, Germany, across European Russia *via* Moscow and the road now building to Perm, where the great trans-Siberian road may be said to really commence. One change of cars would probably be necessary, for the Russian and trans-Siberian roads have a gauge of five feet, which is, with one exception, the widest in the world. But for this, it will be a ride straight through—and a ride of what novelty and wonder in landscape and products and people!

THE KING.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Seven Seas," "Stalky & Co.," etc.

ALL we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago;
Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and gray-goose wing
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King;
Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.
Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,
Suffer not the old King: for we know the breed!

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining, "He is weak and far:" crying, "Time shall cure."
(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.
Suffer not the old King here or overseas;
They that beg us barter—wait his yielding mood—
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our brother's blood.

Nov. 99

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There's a regular run on papers since
we 'eard that you was ill;
An' you might be in a 'ospital, the barricks is so still;
We 'ave all been mighty anxious since
we 'eard it on parade;
An' we ain't no cowards, neither, but I
own we was afraid.
An' we all prayed 'ard and earnest;
"Oh Gawd, don't take 'im yet;
Just let 'im stop and 'elp us
An' warn, 'Lest we forget.' "

The second is a beautiful little poem by Canon Rawnsley, which appeared in the Westminster Gazette a few days after the death of Kipling's little daughter, which is, in its way, so touching one is tempted to give it in full:

IN MEMORIAM.

Josephine Kipling—New York, March 6.

Let him not wake from dream,
For in his dream a child
With sweet, angelic face,
His eldest born,
Did more ethereal seem;
With lovelier grace
She looked on him and smiled
From heaven this morn.

Sleep on, for sleep is kind;
Why should the dreamer wake,
Seeing his flower is dead,
The nestling gone?
And if he wake to find
His darling fled,
His harp, his heart, must break;
Let him dream on!

—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Kipling, on the contrary, is a vigorous supporter of the measures of the Government. His recent poem in The Times has been widely read, and he declined to preserve the copyright of it. This naturally gave occasion to The Daily Chronicle, which is the organ of the Little Englanders, to sneer at Kipling as a man who wishes to influence his fellow-Britons. Why it should be a crime for a poet to desire to influence men to be patriotic, while it is not a crime for a daily newspaper to encourage the enemies of the country, does not seem particularly plain. Mr. Kipling was announced to speak at a political meeting at Brighton the other night, to the great surprise of his friends, who knew his delicate state of health and his unwillingness to exhibit himself in public. The announcement, however, turned out to be a mistake. Mr. Kipling had signed the call for the meeting, but he never entertained the most remote idea of making a speech.

"Stalky & Co." is selling like wildfire. "David Harum" is steadily making its way into the affections of the British public; and Mr. Dooley is making a decided success with his contributions to The Westminster Gazette. Mr. Kipling is, so it is said, about to seek refuge from the Winter fogs by going to a Southern climate. Whether he will find it possible to keep away from the Cape, now that war has broken out, remains to be seen. I should not be surprised to learn any day that he had taken passage for Cape Town. W. L. ALDEN.

N.Y. Times Nov 11/99

Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" to be Sold.

On Jan. 15 and 16 Bangs & Co. will sell a remarkably choice collection of modern English and American authors, including Tennyson's rare "The Cup," printed for the author in 1881, (the copy that fetched £46 in London last November;) Tennyson's "Carmen Saeculare," 1887, (the copy that sold for £31 in November,) and a long set of Kipling first editions, among them a fine copy of "Schoolboy Lyrics," 1881, in the original wrappers. The latter is probably the copy that brought the sum of £90 in London last July. Other copies have fetched £135, £76, £100, £100, £29, £41, and £46.

A copy of "Quartette," 1885, in half calf, with original wrappers and advertisements bound in, will be sold next week. This is the one that realized £7 10s. in the sale of Nov. 20-26, 1899. Thirty-three numbers of "The Week's News," Allahabad, Jan. 7-Sept. 15, 1888, will also be sold. This very full set, lacking only three numbers out of thirty-six, will doubtless excite much competition. The same set fetched £20 at the sale of last November.

No other copies of the two Tennyson books, or of "Schoolboy Lyrics," "Quartette," or "The Week's News" have ever been sold here at auction, and the sale of next week is important on that account.

Times Jany 13/1900

THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

over it to enter Port Arthur during the war. Each half-stripped man carries two small open baskets suspended from either end of a pole which he bears on his shoulders. Nature has prepared the little rocks with which the baskets are laden—the hills are literally composed of them—and they are used to fill in the low ground behind the breakwaters which are being constructed day and night by this line of two miles of humanity. Each jostling the man in front of him and the one behind, they can be seen marching over the

MR. SERGEY FRIEDE.

mountain eternally. In the crevasses of these hills, made by summer rain, these coolies are also building their villages—of either flint rocks, picked up everywhere, or sun-dried mud bricks of native manufacture. The square, one-storied houses rise up on the sides of the ravines in terraces, the roof of one serving as the veranda of the one above, or as the roadway for a village street. And in all this mass of humanity a woman's face is never seen. Even in the homes of the officials of the railway the sight of a woman's face is rare; indeed, so rare that among all the 20,000 workers and as many soldiers in Port Arthur, it is doubtful if there are two-score women.

Everything gives first place to commercial progress: there is not a temple of any kind in the city; the Chinese joss houses have been turned into offices for the employees of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the Russo-Chinese Bank; and the pretty little Greek church, lately built, stood dull and unlighted during the gay Eastertide (the first Eastertide, by the way, ever celebrated in this thousand-year-old town), because the engineer could not spare any of his 20,000 workmen from the railroad, to put on the finishing touches. In addition to the 20,000 at work building fortifications and fi low ground where massive stone pi being constructed, there is another a 20,000 stationed here—Cossacks, enc in the various walled barracks that a ye were Mandarin palaces. And in the are a score of warships; and there are a few hundred sailors ashore for a sp

It was in June of this year that I t on the first locomotive to turn wheel completed section of the Port Arthu of the trans-continental railroad. where were great changes. It was a can locomotive, as were the rails an ties over which it ran, while o piece of construction material lyin was to be seen the trade-mark of terprising Yankee. In the cab, t the engineer was the American brought this marvel to pass. Mr. Fr again in Manchuria, an honored pass the first train to start from the terminus of the longest railroad in t

We had started out for Chulanci inally the central meeting-point o trans-continental systems; but upo there we discovered that the city abolished several months previous extremely low water in the Sunga last summer a year ago prevented t steamers from making their way to chen. So the engineers decided to city to the steamboats; and machin round-houses, offices, banks, and re were moved thirty miles down the deep water, and the new location ch Harbin. It is not to be found on any map, yet Harbin is destined to beco Chicago of northern Asia. Already city of magnificent offices and dwel say nothing of broad avenues lit by city by night, and patrolled during by American steam rollers, crushing building asphalted roads. A Ya ported ice plant is now being erec everywhere about the railroad is seen dence of American commercial supr

The trip down the Sungari and Am again revealed the wonderful revolut methods of Russia's mighty hand years ago the trip was possible only nese junks, and weeks were consume now palace steamers run regularly fo 2,000 miles to Khabarovka, where dir road communication with Vladivostok tained the year round. At Nikolsk miles north of Vladivostok, where the Eastern Railroad to Harbin makes

Howso' great their clamor, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name!
Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.
It is written what shall fall, if the King return.

He shall mark our goings; question whence we came;
Set his guards about us, all in Freedom's name.
He shall take his tribute, toll of all our ware.
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may not bear.

He shall break his Judges, if they cross his word:
He shall rule above the Law, calling on the Lord.
He shall heed our whispers, for the night shall bring
Watchers 'neath our window lest we mock the King.

Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;
Money pourcd in secret, carrion-breeding flies.
Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,
These shall deal our Justice: sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonor, we shall eat abuse
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.
We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.
Here is nought at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.

Here is nought unproven, here is nothing hid:
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings did!
Step by step and word by word: who is ruled may read.
Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—
All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, *suffer not this King!*

McClure Nov. 99

MONSIEUR BIBI'S BOOM-BOOM.

By H. J. W. Dam.

THE sun burned hot on the Channel. It was a warm morning in June. The yachts at anchor off St. Milicent's-on-Sea were like snowy carvings set in green and dancing diamonds.

Monsieur Bibi stepped from the perfect dining-room of his perfect new hotel upon the cool green lawn, where the breakfast tables were set under the blue and white striped awning. Monsieur Bibi was a broad, short, and very stout Alsatian, with a big, waxed mustache like the third Napoleon's, and large, projecting, melancholy eyes like a pug dog's. He was immaculately dressed in a black frock coat, an expansive white waistcoat which increased his abdominal rotundity, and a Piccadilly scarf with a diamond pin. He wore other things too, of course; but these do not matter.

He frowned at a fly which had placed itself on a menu without the cook's order.

A NEFARIOUS project for taking advantage of the absence of international copyright has just been exposed by the chairman of the Society of Authors. It seems that there exists in New York a concern, known as the Associated International Press, for trafficking in the early writings of Mr. Kipling. The Associated International Press, presuming on Mr. Kipling's popularity and want of protection, has collected together eighty-one of his effusions, some of them dating back to his boyhood, others belonging to his journalistic career in India, and all being such as he would not reprint himself, and, without a word to the author on the matter, is offering them for serial publication in American papers. Academy Oct 21/99

Rudyard Kipling.

Although standing almost alone among the critics, the writer in the ACADEMY seems to me to have pronounced a true and sound verdict upon *Stalky & Co.* One hopes that it is an illusion, and yet the thought comes again and again that Mr. Kipling's later productions are by no means equal to the earlier work which made him famous. With the gain of vitality has he not lost in a serious degree his admirable art of self-restraint? Compare, for instance, these rough, ragged, almost formless sketches of boy life, with their wearying waste of dialogue leading practically nowhere, and the crisp, artistic reticence which made *Plain Tales from the Hills* almost perfect models of short stories.

Is it a fancy, too, that Mr. Kipling's humanity has waned? Where is now the kindly heart-power which one found so moving in *The Light that Failed*? Despite the brilliant technical knowledge displayed in *The Day's Work*, one sighed for a little human nature—something more spiritually satisfying than the superficial mention of things. [Mr. Jamieson forgets "William the Conqueror."] And Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle strike one as too clever to be real, far too heartless to be convincing. Surely no boys' brains ever scintillated like theirs, and no boys' tongues ever framed such unceasing reams of slang!

HERBERT JAMIESON.

Academy Oct 21/99

SINCE our last number three poems on the war, signed by honoured names, have been made public. Dr. Alexander, the Archbishop of Armagh, contributed to the *Times* a copy of stately verses embodying the argument that "the ascending earthquake dust of battle frames God's pictures in the skies." It is an assurance of which many persons were in need. Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, is less admirable in some heroic couplets of comment upon England's fortitude under her reverse. The sentiments are correct, but they come two days late. An elaboration of a fact of this kind should follow immediately upon the disaster calling it forth. The poem by Mr. Kipling, which, we are delighted to see, is bringing such large sums to the Reservists' Fund, was called "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and is in the poet's Barrack Room manner. It deals with Mr. Thomas Atkins's proneness to leave his wife unprovided for. "The Absent-Minded Beggar" is probably destined to live long.

Academy Nov 4/99

THE Proprietor of the ACADEMY has offered to the *Daily Mail*, in aid of the wives and children of British soldiers in South Africa, the sum of One Hundred Guineas for the original manuscript of Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar"; and the sum of Fifty Guineas for the original drawing by Mr. W. Caton Woodville of "Tommy." As everyone knows, the manuscript of Mr. Kipling's poem is offered by the *Daily Mail* to the highest bidder—the proceeds to go to the Lord Mayor's fund.

BROTHER JOE.

[Mr. Kipling has recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic Lodge. His style there is Brother Joseph Rudyard Kipling.—*Daily Papers.*]

I CHANCED to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;
"What ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was cold as snow:
"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."

O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems, tales, and such,
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be known too much.
O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any writing dodge,
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a blooming Lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you need?"
"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's done."
"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kip? there isn't one!"

O it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are out
And knives and forks are busy and the bottle goes about.
It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons throng,
But it's Rudyard Kipling only, when he writes a blooming song.

(*This poem is not copyright.*)

Academy Oct 21/99

LAST week Mr. Kipling rhymed in the *Times* on the Transvaal crisis, and this week Mr. Swinburne has contributed to the same paper his word on the situation, in the form of a rather difficult sonnet with no break between octave and sestet. Mr. Kipling, it will be remembered, neglected, until the day after, to declare his poem free from copyright in this country, and other editors, bearing in mind, perhaps, the strict views on copyright which the *Times* has lately shown itself to cherish, neglected even then to take advantage of the offer. Profiting by Mr. Kipling's delay, Mr. Swinburne, on the day of issue, labelled his sonnet not copyright. It was quoted to a small extent; but a sonnet is not, of course, the way to reach the people. The people are reached by ballad or song.

Academy Oct 14/99

MR. SWINBURNE'S sonnet, indeed, would have been better unprinted. This is not a time for vilifying our enemies in terms of which right-thinking Englishmen must feel ashamed. Moreover, as patriotic verse the thing is nought. Patriotic verse should be straight, virile, and should leap to the understanding. Look at the concluding lines:

Scarce we hear
Foul tongues that blacken God's dishonoured name
With prayers turned curses and with praise found shame
Defy the truth whose witness now draws near
To scourge these dogs, agape with jaws afoam,
Down out of life. Strike, England, and strike home.

We ask, are the Boers dogs? Are their jaws agape with foam? Are they not rather resolute men who have set their teeth to defend their country—though mistaken, if you like? Mr. Swinburne's sonnet is not patriotic poetry; it is not poetry of any kind; it is hysteria.

THE "Kipling Kalendar for 1900," for which many persons have been waiting, is an imposing work of art. The Kalendar itself is merely the ordinary tear-off packet of three hundred and sixty-five slips of paper each containing a sentence from the works. This is faced by a reproduction of the Hon. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Kipling. The background to the Kalendar is a design in brass tinfoil, by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, representing Jungle animals and Mowgli. At the top is a portrait of Mr. Kipling and his swastika between two elephants' heads. This portrait is the weak spot, for it is much more like Mr. Alfred Austin than our unofficial Laureate. The price of the Kalendar is half-a-guinea, for which sum one may buy *The Day's Work*, *The Seven Seas*, and two copies of *A Fleet in Being*.

Ac. Nov 11/99

THE *Blackwood* critic who deals out judgment "Under the Beard of Buchanan" allows no half measures in praise of *Stalky & Co.* Of Mr. Kipling's work he says: "The prose and poet laureate of the empire, he has interpreted for us alien peoples and foreign countries; he has fathomed the inmost traditions of our army and navy; he has wrested even its secret from the jungle. But harder than all this is the work of retrospection involved in the effort to portray school-life in a manner at once true to fact and at the same time recognisable as literature. That Mr. Kipling has succeeded triumphantly we confidently affirm." This is to say that *Stalky & Co.* is a greater feat than the *Jungle Books*. Maga's detailed proofs of this contention would be very interesting. In the same *Blackwood*, by the way, will be found a charming account of "A South Sea Arcady," by Mrs. A. S. Boyd, the wife of the artist who illustrated Stevenson's "Lowden Sabbath Morn."

Ac. Nov 11/99

Academy Nov 25/99

THE prices for early editions of Mr. Kipling's writings still keep very high. At Sotheby's, this week, the following books and papers were sold: "The Seven Nights of Creation," a poem on four pages, privately printed, without date or place of printing, £13 15s. (Denham); three copies of *Schoolboy Lyrics*, 1881, realised £29, £41, and £46 respectively; *Echoes, by Two Writers*, 1884, £18 (Denham); *Departmental Ditties*, 1886, inscribed "The Common Room, U.S. College, with the compliments of the author," £18 10s. (A. H. Walker); the *Week's News*, published at Allahabad, a set from January 7 to September 16, 1888, complete with the exception of three numbers—each number of this paper containing a complete story by Mr. Kipling, some of which have never been reprinted—£20 (Denham); and "Turnovers" from the *Civil and Military Gazette*, January to June, 1888, £10 15s. (Cordeant). The buyer of the copy of *Departmental Ditties* is the present Head Master of the United Services College at Westward Ho! It seems hard that the book should ever have found its way from the Common Room of the school to Sotheby's. Mr. Walker showed genuine zeal to win it back again.

AT a public library in the north of London (writes a correspondent), the management, whose policy of enterprise has won recognition in many quarters, seems of late to have developed an over-anxious solicitude for the moral welfare of its clients—or at least for such of them as have reached years of indiscretion. The malice and wickedness of Messrs. Stalky & Co., for instance, are hidden from the unwise and imprudent adult, that they may be revealed to babes. My ticket, I was told, would not avail me: the book had been assigned to the "Juvenile Department."

Ac. 17-vi/99

Things Seen.

Ac. Dec 1/99

The Higher Patriotism.

"They had shouted 'Rule Britannia,' they had sung 'God Save the Queen.'"

SOMEBODY had recited the poem from which the above line is quoted. The "little tambourine" had gone round to the accompaniment of a cheerful clink of coin and full-throated cries expressive of entire confidence in the present Government. The young men of the "Literary and Debating Club" were all agreeably stirred to a sense of their own patriotism. Certainly, it had been a most successful meeting; but, once the "Absent-Minded Beggar" had been recited, all felt that the great moment had come and gone; and the last item on the programme, vaguely described as "Poem XXV.," excited but languid interest. The smart young shopmen, who formed the bulk of the club, prepared to listen politely, but coldly, to the stranger who was mounting the improvised platform.

He had a fine voice, this stranger; at his first words, the languid audience leant forward with that common instinct of suddenly aroused interest that runs through a crowd:

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?

As the strenuous lines rolled out, the young faces, so flushed and triumphant a moment before, grew grave and somewhat pale. But for the brave voice speaking brave words, the hush was intense—absolute. "Poem XXV." ended—still silence for a full minute! Then applause, rapturous and long, but differing in some subtle, intangible fashion from what had preceded it.

They all trooped out, and I—firmly wedged in the crowd behind two especially resplendent youths, who spent a large part of their day in suggesting wants to undecided women—heard this: "It's all very well to fling one's shilling in a 'at, but that last chap . . . I don't know that I quite liked it—it makes one so jolly discontented; but . . . I wish I could do something for—for . . . ."

MR. FREDERIC MINES writes: "I have just received from Genoa the local newspaper, *Caffaro*, in which is a beautiful translation of Mr. Kipling's popular war-poem. The title is rendered 'Il mendicante distratto.' Passing over the adjective, which is a curious enough translation of 'absent-minded,' what are we to think of 'mendicante'—mendicant, or literally 'beggar'? The poor translator is evidently not well versed in English colloquialisms. And what will Italians think of our soldiers, and of our opinion of our soldiers, that we should consider them distracted mendicants? There are many funny things in the translation; I will trouble you with only one more. Against 'Son of a Lambeth publican' ('Figlio d'un liquorista di Lambeth') there is an asterisk, denoting an explanatory footnote, which is—would you believe it?—'Krüger.'"

IT may be worth while pointing out, that while the sum of £775, which is the total sum paid for Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," is very large, it is not the greatest ever given for a piece of verse. For example, James Smith, one of the authors of the famous *Rejected Addresses*, happened to meet Mr. Strachan, the King's printer, at a dinner party, and found him suffering much from gout. In spite of this the old gentleman enjoyed Smith's brilliant conversation extremely, and they parted with many good wishes. Next day the author sent Strachan a *jeu d'esprit* of eight lines, which so pleased the recipient that he added a codicil to his will the same day, leaving the author the sum of £3,000. A brief calculation will show that this payment is at the rate of £375 a line.

Ac. Dec 1/99

unique was that of the late George du Maurier. Probably no single novel ever created so wide a furore, and yet to-day, a bare five years after its appearance, *Trilby*, if not forgotten, is at least an ignored book. Who will venture to say that twenty-four months hence Mr. Kipling's prose and verse will not be relegated to the upper shelves to lie there neglected by all but really serious lovers of books?

❧

In a recent number of THE BOOKMAN we called attention to the generally ignored fact that the full name of the creator of Mulvaney and his comrades is Joseph Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic Lodge, and the London *Academy* cleverly alludes to his Masonic name of Brother Joseph Rudyard Kipling in the following lines:

I chanced to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;
"What, ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was cold as snow;
"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."

O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that,
with poems, tales and such,
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be known too much.
O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that,
with any writing dodge,
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a blooming Lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you need?"
"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's done."
"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kip? there isn't one!"

O, it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are out,
And knives and forks are busy, and the bottle goes about.
It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons throng,
But it's Rudyard Kipling only when he writes a blooming song.

It is a bold statement to say that Mr. Kipling is "done for" as completely and unquestionably as Becky Sharp was "done for" after Rawdon's unexpected return from the sponging house. But this statement might come very near to being the flat truth. The author of *The Man Who Would be King* and *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* may "find himself" anew and give the world a series of great novels that shall treat of the life of the early part of the twentieth century as human life has never been treated before. There are many who so think, but it would be absurd to deny that with one or two notable exceptions Mr. Kipling in his prose and verse has given during the past twelve or eighteen months the impression of being "all gone," and a slight feeling of this is gradually taking hold of men's minds. It is no longer literary sacrilege to question the inspiration of *The Day's Work* or to express the opinion that *Stalky & Co.* is a flat failure and an unutterable bore.

❧

"I yield to no one in appreciation of the best in Mr. Kipling," Dr. Robertson Nicoll recently said. "His two Jungle Books, were there nothing but these, are sufficient to immortalise him. Nothing that he has written as yet will take its place in the great enduring literature of the world, but he will always have his readers, and that is a great deal to say. It is true of him, as it is true of Stevenson, that no matter how small the sale of their books may come to be in a hundred years, the old copies in existence will be steadily finding purchasers who will turn into delighted readers. While granting all this, it must be admitted that Mr. Kipling has even more of a mixture than the average man. What is black in him is very black. He sometimes allows his worst self to write nearly the whole book, though never quite the whole. *Stalky & Co.* is perhaps better than *Captains Courageous* and *The Day's Work*. It is, of course, enormously clever. But I venture to say that if Mr. Kipling had published nothing but these three books, he would have been among our clever second-rate writers and far away from the front.

❧

"The note of *Stalky & Co.* is the note of all that is bad in Mr. Kipling's writing, the note, I mean, of a boisterous, riotous, roystering vulgarity. *Stalky & Co.* describes Mr. Kipling's experiences and performances at a school at Westward Ho, where he was a pupil for years. There is no attempt to disguise the realism of the stories. Mr. Kipling describes himself as Beetle, a boy ready to back any of his companions in their escapades, but not prominent as a leader, obliged to wear spectacles, and fond of books. The volume tells us at considerable length how Stalky and Beetle and McTurk triumph over their masters and their schoolfellows. They were what Scotch people would call 'nickums,' always in mischief, always ready to retaliate upon their foes.

❧

A small boy has written to the School Board of London complaining of the prize he received in his school. He states that it is "Rigid Kipling's Jumble Book. It is a dream about snakes, and father says it is only suitable for a man who drinks."

Those odd people who find delight in writing to newspapers to say that they like or dislike certain books, have been enjoying themselves over Mr. Kipling's "Stalky" stories. Some of them think that Mr. Kipling's boys are not true to life, and others insist that they are absolutely truthful portraits. In fact, the number of men who are now understood to have been the originals of McTurk and Stalky is not only large, but is constantly increasing. Those who think that Mr. Kipling cannot draw boys truthfully simply mean that they have never met precisely the same sort of boys whom Mr. Kipling knew. It does not seem to have occurred to any one that whether the "Stalky" stories are truthful portraits of British boys, or whether they are not, is not of the slightest consequence. They are boys created by Kipling, and they are extremely interesting boys. They are quite as much alive as the average boys of an English school, and they are much more entertaining as acquaintances. Why should we require Mr. Kipling to paint the boy precisely as he is? When Zola paints the French peasant as he is we cry out that his book is an outrage on good taste. The faithful portrait of the average boy could undoubtedly be painted by Zola; but that the result would be half so edifying as the portraits that Kipling has given us no one will seriously maintain. W. L. ALDEN.

Times 9/30/93

"The Absent Minded Beggar" in Italian.

A recent number of Caffaro of Genoa contains a curiously literal rendering in Italian of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar." It is entitled "Il Mendicante Distratto." It will be seen that even in the title the spirit of the words has been lost, for although "distratto" is good enough for "absent-minded," "mendicante" signifies "beggar" in the most literal sense—a mere taker of alms. There are other funny things in the body of the poem itself. "Son of a Lambeth publican" is translated "Figlio d'un liquorista di Lambeth," while an asterisk referring to a note at the foot of the poem tells us that the liquor dealer's son is no other than "Paolo Krüger" himself.

There is some dispute among London literary journals as to whether the sum (£775) paid Mr Kipling for the poem was the greatest ever given for a piece of verse. In a sort of indirect way the largest sum paid for a single poem was £3,000, given for a jeu d'esprit of eight lines written by James Smith, one of the authors of the famous "Rejected Addresses" Smith happened to meet Mr. Strachan, the King's printer, at a dinner party, and found him suffering from gout. In spite of this, the old gentleman enjoyed Smith's brilliant conversation extremely. Next day the author sent eight lines of verse to Strachan, who was so pleased with them that he added a codicil to his will the same day, leaving the author the sum of £3,000. Of course, this is at the rate of £375 a line. Times, 9/30/93

48 HUNT (Leigh). The ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS (Song of Pretended Fairies going to Rob an Orchard, 3 verses; and, Thanksgiving of the Fairies returning Triumphant from the Orchard, 2 verses). 12 50

*The two poems are accompanied by the Latin "originals" from which they are supposed to be translated, and by some philological footnotes attributed to Porson and other eminent scholars, all in Leigh Hunt's autograph.

49 JERROLD (Douglas). Story of a Feather. *Front and vignette title by Leech.* London, 1844. 12mo, cloth. 12 50

*FIRST EDITION. PRESENTATION COPY "To Miss Camilla Toulmin, with Douglas Jerrold's best wishes."

50 KINGSLEY (C.) Alton Locke: Tailor and Poet. London, 1852. Cr. 8vo, cloth. 10 00

*Presentation Copy to "E. Capern with the Rev. C. Kingsley's kind regards. Bideford, Feb. 5, '55." The gift was peculiarly appropriate, as Capern was the "Postman-Poet of Devonshire."

51 KELMSCOTT PRESS. Brilliant PROOF IMPRESSION ON VELLUM of the last page of the great CHAUCER, *containing a large and beautiful woodcut design* by BURNE-JONES, *and surrounded by a wide elaborate ornamental border* by WILLIAM MORRIS. 45 00

*An additional interest is lent to this magnificent specimen by its containing the *imprint of the Kelmscott Press*, worked into the ornamental border. Attention is called to the fact that the "Specimen Leaf" on vellum of the projected Kelmscott "*Froissart*," issued at 21s., now sells for upwards of $50. 150 copies of that item were issued, but we know of no other example of the vellum proof described above.

52 KELMSCOTT PRESS. Two Specimen Leaves from the great CHAUCER, containing *a half-page woodcut design by Burne-Jones, surrounded by a border by William Morris, initial letters, etc. Rare.* 12 00

unique was that of the late George du Maurier. Probably no single novel ever created so wide a furore, and yet to-day, a bare five years after its appearance, *Trilby*, if not forgotten, is at least an ignored book. Who will venture to say that twenty-four months hence Mr. Kipling's prose and verse will not be relegated to the upper shelves to lie there neglected by all but really serious lovers of books?

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53 KIPLING (Rudyard). THE UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE CHRONICLE, containing Original Contributions, etc., by Rudyard Kipling. Bideford, England, 1878–1894. 42 numbers in 1 vol., sm. 4to, handsomely bound in crushed levant morocco extra, gilt top, uncut (*by Riviere*). 850 00

*A volume containing 19 numbers of this excessively rare school periodical sold at Sotheby's in July for £101, and a series of 31 number has since then changed hands at over £150.

THE PRESENT SET COMPRISES 42 NUMBERS AND CONTAINS ABSOLUTELY EVERY NUMBER CONTRIBUTED TO BY KIPLING OR OF KIPLING INTEREST. A specially printed title-page and list of Kipling's contributions, etc., accompany the set.

HIS CONTRIBUTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE NUMBER UPWARDS OF 40, of which only 6 have been reprinted.

THE REMAINDER—INCLUDING NOT ONLY SOME OF HIS EARLIEST KNOWN PROSE AND VERSE, BUT ALSO MANY POEMS AND ARTICLES WRITTEN LONG AFTER HE HAD LEFT THE COLLEGE—HAS NEVER APPEARED ELSEWHERE.

The three long stories and the three poems, comprising the six republished contributions referred to above, were reprinted only in such exceedingly rare items as *Schoolboy Lyrics, Civil and Millitary Gazette, etc.*, Only a few verses of one of the three poems (A Legend of Devonshire) were reprinted, and the text of another (Follicular Tonsilitis) differs somewhat from the version printed under the title of "The Song of the Sufferer" in *Schoolboy Lyrics*.

Kipling entered "The United Services College," at Bideford, North Devon, in January 1878, and left for India in July 1882. He joined the staff of "The Civil and Military Gazette," the chief journal of Northwestern India, in the autumn, but continued for years to come to contribute to the pages of "The Chronicle." Six months after Kipling entered the College the first number of the paper appeared. This no. 1 and nos. 2–3 (issued in Oct. 1878 and Feb. 1879 respectively), contain little more than a diary of college events and local news, and it does not appear that he contributed to their pages. After the appearance of No. 3 the Chronicle seems to have been abandoned, to spring into fresh and more vigorous life with the issue of No. 4 in June 1881, under the editorship of Kipling, assisted by Mr. Cormell Price, the Head-Master. The paper's new policy is outlined, and original contributions are solicited. Kipling sets an example by contributing, besides his editorial, a clever prose article in Biblical English ("Concerning Swaggers") and three long poems, which are presumably his earliest printed productions. He continued to edit the paper until he left for India, after the issue of the tenth number.

Not only is The Chronicle of great interest and value on account of Rudyard Kipling's contributions and his connection with its issue, but it is especially interesting as illustrating the autobiographical and biographical character of the "Stalky" stories.

Kipling was called "Beetle" or "Gigs" indifferently at the College; "Stalky" and "Mac Turk" may be identified as L. C. Dunstervill and G. C. Beresford respectively. The college career of the three boys may be followed step by step in the pages of the Chronicle. The "Head" is of course Mr. Cormell Price, to whom "Stalky & Co." is dedicated; and the various Masters, and others connected with the College, may be easily identified with their respective prototypes in the book. The names of some of the local tradesmen suffer no change in the stories, and even "Rabbit's Eggs"—he who "rocked" King—is referred to in The Chronicle. The doings of the Natural History Society, and of the Debating Society (of which all three were prominent members), are chronicled; while the acting of the trio in "The Rivals" is criticized at length. Etc. Etc.

The limits of a catalogue permit only a passing reference to the upwards of 40 poems and stories from Kipling's pen. Of the very early contributions, very few—perhaps three or four—could be recognized as Juvenilia. Of the later ones, contributed from India, there is no need to speak.

There are of course many references to Kipling in the volume, and articles relating to him and his works. The three column contemporary criticism of "Echoes" in No. 28 is especially interesting. And so is the article "Rudyard Kipling" in No. 44: ("Of course *we* have all known Kipling's merits long ago: these pages, during his co-editorship less than a decade ago, used to testify to coming distinction," etc.)

The earlier numbers of the periodical are of course the most rare, as is nearly always the case. But in this instance a strong reason for their not having been preserved is found in the extreme irregularity of their issue, the time elapsing between the appearance of the earlier numbers ranging from a month or so to considerably over two years.

This set has every number from the excessively rare No. 1 to No. 35 inclusive, forming, with the Appendix, a complete volume. The Appendix (of 43 pages) is devoted to *Tarrass Boolba: a Story translated from the Russian* (*by Cormell Price*). To these 36 numbers have been added the "List

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of Contents to Vol. I," which was printed at a later period, and also everyone of the later numbers which contains contributions by Kipling or matter relating to him, viz: Nos. 36, 39, 41, 44, 50 and 58.

The volume bears the Autograph of the Chaplain of the College (the Rev. George Willes), who figures as "the Rev. John Gillett," or more familiarly as "The Padre," in "Stalky & Co."

A copy of the First English Edition of that book accompanies the set.

53* KIPLING. A. L. s., 1 page, to John Lane. July 10, '94. "Very many thanks for the book. There's but one fault to it—I can't abide uncut leaves and this volume has to be cut most carefully. I'm in your debt for a most delightful end of an evening." 15 00

54 KIPLING. Printed for private circulation only. SCHOOLBOY LYRICS, by RUDYARD KIPLING. Lahore: *Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press*, 1881. Square 12mo, in the original wrappers.

* A very fine copy of KIPLING'S FIRST BOOK, in the original wrappers, as issued. 50 copies of *Schoolboy Lyrics* were printed in India during the time that the author, who was then sixteen years old, was studying in England. The book was circulated only among the intimate friends of the family.

The 48 pages of the book contain 23 poems, only two of which ("The Song of the Sufferer" and "A Legend of Devonshire") appear elsewhere.

A copy recently sold at auction in England for £135.

55 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, in the original wrappers, with the advertisements.

* Very fine copy, as fresh as when issued. Copies like the above, with both covers, and with all of the 14 pages of advertisements are exceedingly rare. A copy lacking one cover and some of the leaves of advertisements sold at Sotheby's for £12.

56 KIPLING. Departmental Ditties and Other Verses. *First Edition.* Lahore: *"Civil and Military Gazette" Press*,

1886. Narrow 8vo, original stiff paper cover, WITH THE FLAP. In morocco case. 100 00

*A remarkable copy in fine fresh state. Copies seldom occur with the printed envelope flap.

57 KIPLING. Plain Tales from the Hills. Calcutta, 1888. Post 8vo, original yellow pictured cloth. 37 50

* The earliest issue of the FIRST EDITION, the advertisements being dated 1887.

58 KIPLING. Plain Tales from the Hill. Calcutta, 1889. Stout cr. 8vo, cloth. 4 50

* The Second Edition. Rare.

59 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. 8vo, original pictorial wrappers. 65 00

* Fine copy of the genuine FIRST INDIAN EDITION, with the wrappers and advertisements.

60 KIPLING. Cleared. (Reprinted from the Scots' Observer). Edinburgh, *Scots' Observer Office*, 1889. 37 50

* ORIGINAL ISSUE, in fine state, of this exceedingly rare quarto leaflet. The poem was reprinted, with verbal alterations, in *Barrack Room Ballads*, 1892 (pp. 180–187).

61 KIPLING. In Black and White. Allahabad: *Wheeler's Indian Railway Library*, n. d. 8vo, original illustrated wrappers. 20 00

* Very fine copy of the genuine FIRST INDIAN ISSUE, as fresh and clean as when published.

62 KIPLING. Under the Deodars. Allahabad: *Wheeler's Indian Railway Library*, n. d. 8vo, original illustrated wrappers. 20 00

* Very fine copy of the genuine FIRST INDIAN ISSUE, as fresh and clean as when published.

62* KIPLING. Wee Willie Winkie, and other Child Stories. Allahabad: *Wheeler's Indian Railway Library*, n. d. 8vo, original illustrated wrappers. 95 00

* The genuine FIRST INDIAN ISSUE, WITH NUMEROUS INTERESTING

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MANUSCRIPT ALTERATIONS, CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR. This copy was sent to England, and from it the English Edition was printed.

A copy of the *second* Indian edition of *In Black and White*, described as "having numerous corrections for the English Press," sold at Sotheby's in July for £20.

63 KIPLING. City of Dreadful Night and Other Places. Allahabad: *Wheeler's Indian Railway Library*, 1891. 8vo, original illustrated wrappers. 25 00
* Very fine copy of the genuine FIRST INDIAN ISSUE of this suppressed book.

64 KIPLING. Letters of Marque. Allahabad, *Wheeler*, 1891. 8vo, original red and blue cloth. 45 00
* Fine copy of the FIRST EDITION. Suppressed and rare.

65 KIPLING. Barrack Room Ballads, and other Verses. London, 1892. Cr. 8vo, cloth. *First Edition.* 5 00

66 KIPLING. The Second Jungle Book. *Illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling.* London, 1895. Cr. 8vo, cloth. *First Edition.* 4 00

67 KIPLING. Out of India. New York, 1895. Thick cr. 8vo, cloth, with the linen wrapper. 7 50
* ORIGINAL EDITION. A copy of this suppressed work recently sold at auction for $12.

68 KIPLING. The Seven Seas. London, 1896. Cr. 8vo, cloth. *First Edition.* 3 00

69 KIPLING. The Horsmonden School Budget. *Illustrations, including caricature of Rudyard Kipling by Max Beerbohm, etc.* Horsmonden, 1898. 2 nos., 12mo, original pink covers, as issued. 12 50
* The two very rare "Kipling Numbers," containing his contribution to the Magazine, etc. Issued by the boys at Horsmonden School, Kent, England, for strictly local circulation. The text is lithographed throughout.

70 KIPLING. A Fleet in Being. London, 1898. 8vo, wrappers. 1 50
* FIRST EDITION. Later issues were bound in cloth.

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Time 9/30/93

Kipling and Newman.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

There is not a more thankless task than the attempt to prove that some gem of poetry or prose is, after all, nothing more than a clever plagiarism. That task shall never be mine. I am quite in accord with the philosophic view of Lowell:

Though old the thought and oft expressed,
'Tis his at last who says it best.

It is always profitable, however, to study what the Germans call the "sources" of an author or of a poem or idea that promises to be immortal. Many efforts have been made recently to convict Rudyard Kipling of having stolen some of the best lines in his "Recessional," but I think that all these attempts have failed. They have not established any theft of ideas, nor have they even shown the probable "sources" of this exquisite hymn of national humility in a time of much vainglory.

The true source of Kipling's "Recessional" may be found, I think, in the short poem by Cardinal John Henry Newman called "England," which I give below. Any one who will carefully compare these two poems, similar in verse structure, in theme, in matter, in phrase, and in spirit, must inevitably come, I think, to two conclusions: one, that Newman's poem suggested—consciously or sub-consciously—Kipling's "Recessional," and the other, that Kipling's poem is infinitely superior to Newman's. The palm is certainly borne off by the younger and more virile singer. But it should also be remembered that this suggestion of Newman dims to that extent the glory of the "Recessional." To be absolutely great, it should not remind us of any similar poem, save by way of contrast, as "Adonais" and "In Memoriam" remind us of "Lycidas," though each has its own splendid originality. Emerson truly says that "he is great who is what he is from nature and who never reminds us of others."

Some of Kipling's phrases have the same ring as Newman's. Compare, for instance,

If drunk with sight of power, we lose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,

with

But should vain tongues the Bride of Heaven defy.

The Cardinal makes England place her trust "in crafty fort" and "rock renowned, earned upon hostile ground," while Kipling puts it "in reeking tube and iron shard." But the main point of similarity is in the spirit that informs both poems. This is exactly identical, and their very flesh and blood are the same; only each poet has thrown over the form his own garment of words—Newman clothing his in sackcloth, Kipling investing his in royal purple. Newman's poem follows:

ENGLAND.

Tyre of the West, and glorying in the name
More than in Faith's pure fame!
O trust not crafty fort nor rock renown'd
Earn'd upon hostile ground;
Wielding Trade's masterkeys, at thy proud will
To lock or lose its waters, England! trust not still.

Dread thine own power! Since haughty Babel's prime
High towers have been man's crime.
Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay bare,
Strongholds have been man's snare.

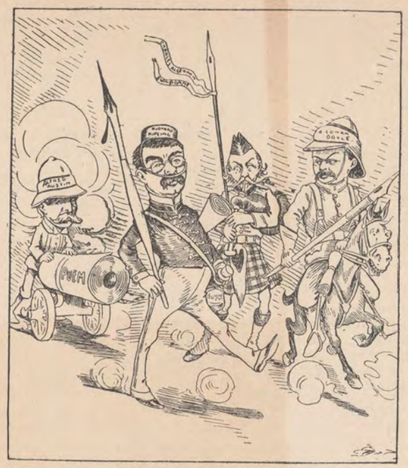
Thy nest is in the crags; ah, refuge frail!
Mad counsel in its hour, or traitors, will prevail.

He who scann'd Sodom for his righteous men
Still spares thee for thy ten;
But, should vain tongues the Bride of Heaven defy,
He will not pass thee by;
For, as earth's Kings welcome their spotless guest,
So gives he them by turn, to suffer or be blest.

STANHOPE SAMS.

New York, Dec. 10, 1899.

A MINNEAPOLIS caricaturist offers the accompanying drawing, which we reproduce from the *Literary Digest*,



THE POETS' GOOSE-STEP.
From the "Minneapolis Journal."

in proof that the pen is mightier than the sword. The proof is not established.

ONE of the audience at the Navy League meeting Rottingdean, at which Mr. Kipling made a speech, sends us the following interesting description of the novelist as orator: "When he showed face in the schoolroom—it was crowded—his Rottingdean neighbours cheered him mightily, and he blushed like a great kid. When he got up on the platform to speak he was as white as a ghost. His voice rather reminded me of Charles Hawtrey's, but it's not so strong and rather more refined. He had evidently learnt his little speech off by heart, and spun it out at a terrific rate. Of course, that was nervousness. It struck me that he felt if he were to hesitate he would be lost. The Big Englanders will never get Kipling as a platform spouter. He'd collapse at the end of his third meeting. After he had done speaking he jumped off the platform, and for five minutes or so sat fidgeting in a chair; then suddenly he picked up his overcoat, slung it on his arm, and bolted from the schoolroom as if somebody had yelled: 'The roof's giving way!' So he never heard the professional Navy League lecturer—and he didn't miss much. I should mention that, while making his speech, Kipling gazed fixedly over the heads of the audience at a lantern stuck on the wall, and never moved either his head or hands. He spent the afternoon decorating the schoolroom with flags, bunting, &c., but I can't say much for his decorative taste; the stuff was strung across and across in the crudest way. The Rottingdean folk seem to be very fond of him." Academy Dec 16/99

Kipling's Attempt to Speak.

I once heard the poet Longfellow deplore his inability to make a speech, remarks a writer in the New York Mail and Express. "I have often tried to," he said, "but the result has always been a failure." It seems that Rudyard Kipling resembles Longfellow in this particular—he isn't as handy with his tongue as he is with his pen. Here is a description, which we take from the London Academy, of the circumstances attending the delivery of a speech or two which he made at meetings of the Navy League at Rottingdean:

"When Kipling showed face in the school room—it was crowded—his Rottingdean neighbors cheered him mightily and he blushed like a great kid. When he got up on the platform to speak he was as white as a ghost. His voice rather reminded me of Charles Hawtrey's, but it's not so strong and rather more refined. He had evidently learnt his little speech off by heart, and spun it out at a terrific rate. Of course, that was nervousness. It struck me that he felt if he were to hesitate he would be lost. After he had done speaking he jumped off the platform, and for five minutes or so sat fidgeting in a chair; then suddenly he picked up his overcoat, slung it on his arm, and bolted from the school room as if somebody had yelled: 'The roof's giving way!' So he never heard the professional Navy League lecturer—and he didn't miss much. I should mention that, while making his speech, Kipling gazed fixedly over the heads of the audience at a lantern stuck on the wall, and never moved either his head or hands."

George ...

Correspondence.

Our "Gifted Correspondent."

SIR,—As I am the person referred to as a "professional Navy League lecturer" by your anonymous correspondent at Rottingdean, in his comment, published in your issue of the 16th inst., upon a brief address given by Mr. Rudyard Kipling at a Navy League meeting held at that village on the 24th of last month, I should like to be kindly allowed space for a very few observations.

Of these, the first is that, in a fairly wide experience of reporters' efforts, I have never seen a description so ludicrously at variance with fact as is your correspondent's account of Mr. Kipling's demeanour on the occasion in question. Even that exquisite literary figure, that Mr. Kipling "blushed like a great kid," has its justification wholly and solely in your correspondent's mysterious inner consciousness. Your Little England member of the audience is wrong in saying that Mr. Kipling was pale, wrong in saying that he appeared nervous, wrong in saying that he spoke at a terrific rate. As for his early departure, the necessity for this had been previously explained to those concerned.

With your correspondent's estimate of my own lecture I have not the least quarrel, but if his appreciation, or depreciation, of my own humble efforts be not more correct than his account of Mr. Kipling's behaviour, I confess to a haunting doubt as to whether it is worth much.

I do not quite know, by the way, what your anonymous friend means by applying the epithet "professional" to his description of myself. If he means to imply that lecturing is my sole vocation, he is wrong again, as I happen to be an individual actively occupied with my own private affairs. If he merely wishes to convey that I was paid for the task which I had the privilege to fulfil at Rottingdean, and which was to me veritably a labour of love, he is once more in error.

I fear, however, that I am, after all, doing your gifted correspondent an injustice, as I have a deep inward conviction that his real purpose in writing to you was to ascertain how many mistakes, misstatements, and misdescriptions he could get into twenty-six lines.—I am, &c.,

H. F. WYATT.

United University Club, Pall Mall.

[We regret that our correspondent should have called Mr. Wyatt a professional lecturer. Mr. Wyatt clearly is no more a professional than our correspondent is a Little Englander. We have entire confidence in our correspondent's judgment and observation.] Spectator 23/12/99

At last accounts Mr. Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar" had made nearly $100,000 for the British soldiers' relief fund. Talk about the endless chain; that once successful means of raising money has been put to the blush by Mr. Kipling. The first $1250 was paid for the poem by the *Daily Mail* and the money at once applied to the fund by the poet. Then every paper that copied it paid $25 to the same fund, while Mrs. Tree has earned $500 a week and more for the cause by reciting the lines at a London music-hall.

Critic Jany 1900

The price paid for Mr. Kipling's "School-Boy Lyrics" at Messrs. Sotheby's recent sale showed a falling off in the value of that rare book. In April last a copy of this pamphlet sold in London for $675. Three copies were sold in November by Messrs. Sotheby, and fetched $145, $205, and $230; good prices enough, but small by comparison. I wonder what the man who paid $675 for his copy thinks about it.

Kipling's Verse.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

In your interesting editorial of Jan. 20 the idea you evidently mean to convey is that Rudyard Kipling's place as a poet is that of a general exponent of public literary taste. To a certain extent I admire Kipling's verses, one of their chief recommendations to me being that, not requiring much thought, they are easily understood, and I am thankful he appeared to cause a reaction in the Browningesque wave that threatened to engulf the minor verse manufacturers; but do you not think in these days, when the general level of education and refinement is far higher than at any other period of the world's history, "our highest admiration and praise should be awarded to a man whose style is not only not academic," as you mildly express it, but extremely slangy? How many people who, after reading Kipling's verses once or twice, feel that they have found a friend? Is the volume loved and cherished? Does it appeal to the heart, or does it simply fire the imagination? I think the majority of people who study Kipling will be found among school girls' and boys who dearly love a stirring, bombastic declamation—others are careful to read his verses as regularly as they appear, but few quote him as a friend.

The gods that the present generation enthrone will possibly be torn down by those that come after, only the fittest surviving—will Rudyard Kipling bear the wear and tear of time? If so, then is he truly great.

IRENE CARTER.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 29, 1900.

Kipling's Verses.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I write to take exceptions to what Miss Irene Carter says in regard to "Kipling's Verses," in your issue of Feb. 10, 1900, and I hope you may be able to find space for this in your valuable paper.

First of all, I do not believe that any one can admire Kipling's verses to a certain extent, because they are heart poems, and the feelings of the heart cannot be diversified. I realize that Kipling is not academic, but finding nothing low or vulgar in his verses, I fail to see that he is "extremely slangy," although his language may be unauthorized. As to Kipling's bombastic proclivities, can you tell me of anything less turgid or freer from vain ostentation than his charming little poem "Mandalay"? How many people reading any one's poems once or twice would feel that they had found a friend? How many people, after meeting a certain individual once or twice, would perceive the friend? I dare say very few, for these are sensations that only time and contact can bring about. I venture that the majority of Kipling's admirers will be found among the mature, the cultured, those of the individuate school of criticism, rather than with "school girls and boys" whose opinions are as yet unformed.

Kipling is great and Kipling's poetry will live.

J. MACDONALD STONE.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 12, 1900.

Times 2/17-1900

Kipling is going to Cape Town with his family, and there will be great curiosity among his admirers and all interested in literature to see whether or not he will take the field as a war correspondent or for any purpose will watch his beloved "Tommy Atkins" in the field, under the strain and stress of war. In recent years some of the most popular writers of the times have tried their hand at describing the battles and incidents of war. Kipling has shown so much interest, all through his career, in the British soldier that it has been a source of wonder to many that he has not followed the fortunes of at least one campaign. Now he is going near a very deadly and stubborn war, and if he does not give his imagination the stimulus of some of the terrible scenes of the battle and the hospital it will be surprising. The world would like to see what so brilliant and original a genius would do with the thrilling material of war, seen at first hand and under the exciting influence of a desperate campaign.

1900

The authorities of ...

Kipling is generally supposed to have gone to the Cape in order to write letters for The Times. He went solely in search of a warm climate. After his illness of last year he was forbidden by the doctors to spend another Winter in England, and he would have left England some time ago had he not been detained by a tedious attack of influenza. Probably he will write a few letters, but he has not gone to the Cape as a correspondent.

Times 2/27/90

... send-off as they ... ports Ariosto, Kinfauns Castle, and Gaul.

Southampton, January 20.—The transport Kinfauns Castle, with the Duke of Marlborough, Rudyard Kipling, Baroness Burdett Coutts, Admiral Frederick a Maxse, and a number of army officers on board, bound for South Africa, sailed to-day. She was enthusiastically cheered by the large crowds of people, who, in spite of the fact that it was raining heavily, lined the quays.

Literary Gossip.

athenaeum Jany 27 1900

THREE uncommonly interesting Kipling lots will come up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's on the 2nd of March, all three being the property of the writer's mother, Mrs. Alice Kipling. The rarest of all is the copy of 'Schoolboy Lyrics,' 1881, in the original wrapper, which is decorated with two pen-and-ink drawings of flowers, &c. The second lot is a copy of the 'Echoes by Two Writers,' 1881, in the original wrapper, with the autograph of Mrs. Kipling: at the beginning and end of some of the pieces there are inscriptions in pencil. The third lot is a copy of the rare first edition of the 'Departmental Ditties,' 1886. In the same day's sale, but another property, there is a second copy of the 'Schoolboy Lyrics,' which seems to be uncommonly plentiful for a "probably unique" book, as the copy that first came up for sale was described.

HOME OF KIPLING

Leader 1/AN/14/1900

It is in an Ancient and Typical Sussex Hamlet.

HIS PRESENT DWELLING.

IT IS A QUEER AND CRAZY OLD STRUCTURE.

THE INTERIOR IS DARK,

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SEVERAL ROOMS ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

The Children of the Family, and the Beach Where They Delight to Play—The Author's Favorite Recreations.

Rottingdean is one of the quaintest villages in all England. In its time it has been the home of more than one celebrity despite its remoteness; but today, being the home of the man who wrote "The Recessional," it is distinguished almost solely as "Kipling's village."

Away back, thousands of years ago, nature cut a crease in the long cliff which marks the termination of the South Downs of England. The crease has been broadened by the elements until it is large enough to hold Rottingdean—almost but not quite, for a few houses have been crowded out and stand on the abrupt slope of the hills. At the mouth of the crease the cliffs have fallen away enough to form a little basin, on the shores of which the waves of the English Channel break ceaselessly. Gently they break in summer, but in winter they dash against the great chalk cliff with such fury that tons of it are yearly washed away. And, at times, the tide forces its way far enough to leave foaming back water at the foot of the main road.

It must have been a long time ago

THAT KIPLING'S VILLIAGE

was hollowed out, for the little stone church in the place was begun over five hundred years ago. It stands across the way from Kipling's house and is one of the most interesting spots in a place where nearly every stone has its history and where the lover

WEE WILLY WINKIE ON THE BEACH.

can find something to admire at every turn.

The walls which surround the dwellings are reminders of the troublous times in Sussex when every man's house was indeed his castle. These walls protected the lives of many of the original inhabitants from the pikes and swords of mailed freebooters. History records more than one conflict in the little hamlet between vassals of opposing lords, and mayhap Kipling will one day give the world a tale based on some of the legendary scraps one still hears in the neighborhood. The stones in the walls were taken from the beach, and are rounded and polished by the action of the waves. Many of them are of flint. They are set in regular rows with a precision that would make a modern bricklayer nervous. The builders knew well the secret of compounding cement, for the walls still hold together as compactly as if cut out of blocks of solid material. Arches were left for heavily-ironed gates, mostly of oak, and fastened by ponderous bolts or locks with huge keys.

KIPLING'S QUAINT OLD HOUSE.

Of such a pattern is the side gate to Kipling's house—the one commonly used. The double entrance in front, it is supposed, was made to allow a troop of horses to enter if necessary when the owner needed the protection of his friends. But to pass from the romantic past to the commonplace present, it must be admitted that the broken glass which now is strewn along most of the walls is intended as a protection against the modern small boy instead of the knight or man-at-arms, for the boy well knows the taste of the fruit in the Rottingdean gardens and only the glass prevents many an attack on their treasures. Flowers as well as fruit are to be found in the Kipling yard and garden, in the season, while one so fortunate as to get beyond the walls will see many a bed or artistic corner, the pride of the gardener.

THE KIPLING HOME

remains nearly as when built hundreds of years ago, with its small windows, high roof, now much the worse for wear, and its antique entrance. The bell connecting the front gate with the house is, perhaps, the principal innovation. About the place is the air of carelessness generally attributed to literary people. A great gap shows in the rear part of the wall. It was there a century before the present owner was born. The interior of the house is dark and gloomy except two or three rooms on the second floor. The huge wall is overhung by a grove of trees which keeps out much of the daylight from the parlor and dining-room, while the stable at one corner and the cowshed at the other further obstruct the light.

Some of the furniture is antique, as, for instance, a beautifully carved mahogany table and sideboard. But the author has installed in his English home many articles of American make which seem "painfully modern" to some persons. A stuffed leather easy chair and a long library table littered about with writing material, ashes, pipes, and a big jar of tobacco, show that the jungle story man is one of us after all.

THE GRAVELY BEACH.

It's but five minutes through Kipling's village to the spot where the channel waves rise and fall. They call it the beach, but it is a mere mass of gravel.

The Kipling children long ago deserted the village green for the beach and Noank. Noank is a Rottingdean celebrity. He has lived here all his life—sixty odd years; but his claim to fame is that he is a great friend of Kipling and the Kipling children, particularly "We Willy Winkie." Imagine John Bull as drawn by a modern artist, put an old straw hat on him and you have Noank. In summer he hires out boats and bathing cars. In the winter he enjoys himself much of the time at the "Black Horse" tavern over a tankard of "'alf and 'alf," talking politics or exchanging gossip with Mine Host. Noank has read most of the Kipling stories, but he doesn't think much of the Indian tales and says so frankly. He likes "Captains Courageous" better, and will talk by the hour with a Yankee visitor about the brave fisherman of the banks. For Noank, when younger, did quite a bit of channel fishing himself.

Go down to the beach almost any pleasant morning in spring or summer and you will find Kipling sprawling on the gravel talking with his own or a half-dozen of the village children playing about, while nearby will be Noank, sitting on the edge of a boat, all ears and eyes.

Strolling on the beach is one of Kipling's main recreations. If the children or any one with him will make a fort he will join in trying to knock it down, but he won't worry over the building of it. Indeed, every one takes a hand at destroying the forts the children rear—Kipling, the children, the ladies of the Burne-Jones family, and sometimes even Mrs. Kipling.

KIPLING DOES NOT SHOOT,

seldom takes a surf bath, cares nothing for fishing. He occasionally plays lawn tennis, for about one game, but takes no interest in cricket. When not working he simply loafs. He dislikes attention and positively dreads the notice of strangers. Perhaps this is one reason he selected a home so strongly fortified, and why he generally is conspicuously absent from church. He feels ill at ease except when among his few chosen friends or with children. Children take to him as naturally as if he were the father of the whole village. He dislikes to get up until late in the morning, and his irregular hours sometimes vex his active, sunny little wife, who is fond of regularity.

To see the famous writer sauntering along one of the streets of "Kipling's village" you would mistake the man every time. As he walks he sometimes tries to hum a tune, but he has little perception of melody and, as one of his friends says, "when Kipling tries to sing he buzzes."

THE KIPLING CHILDREN.

The two Kipling children are thin, nervous little bodies with restless, piecing black eyes. They do not care much for other children. When their sister was alive, the three "flocked by themselves," so to speak, and managed to get their share of amusement and pleasure even though somewhat exclusive. In features they resemble their mother more than their father, although the Kipling part of the family is very perceptible, especially in their shyness when strangers are present.

MR. KIPLING'S STUDY.

Occasionally you may see Kipling walking along the cliff, looking at the water nearly a hundred feet below, or sitting on the turf at the edge of the precipice. But this is only occasionally. He cares little about driving and will not exert himself to ride a bicycle. The limit of his walk is generally "The Black Horse Tavern."

It and its landlord are much in favor with Kipling. Sometimes of an evening in winter one will find the author and the landlord and possibly Noank in the cosy dining room before the big glowing fire, each with his glass and pipe. The landlord does the most of the talking, and his guests the most of the listening. The subjects cover a decidedly wide range, but usually end in a discussion of politics. The landlord is an extreme Radical, while Kipling leans to the Conservative side. They will get into an argument of half an hour, the landlord growing white hot, while even Kipling will become much wrought up. Then glasses are drained, the guest departs and perhaps by the time he reaches his gate has forgotten all that was said, or even where he has been.

Kipling's Secret.

The difficulty with journalism is not that it deals with passing things, but that it deals with them in a passing way, says Gerald Stanley Lee in the February Atlantic. Kipling is an artist because he catches the glimmer of the eternal joy upon it and will not let it pass. It is not in spite of being a reporter that J. M. Barrie is an artist, but it is because he is so much more of a reporter that he can report an out-of-the-way town like Thrums, and make it as famous as London. The world will look through a window anywhere, if it belongs to a man who sees things from it. The real difference between Barrie and the host of journalists to which he belongs is not that he could make Thrums as famous as London, but that he wanted to. No one else would have thought that Thrums would pay. Barrie did not. He delighted in it. Nine reporters out of ten, once finding themselves in Kipling's place, world have been too worldly wise to have written as Kipling did. Who would have supposed that the whole civilized world from its great complacent continents would ever come pouring out in crowds to the jungles of India? It was because Kipling delighted in the jungle, could not help writing about it, whether anybody wanted it or not, that we find the whole reading world to-day crowding jungleward across the seas, spending its time in that fever-stricken district, that Indian-haunted, Mulvaney-memoried wilderness, as if it blossomed as the rose. "Nobody cares about this jungle of yours. Why don't you write on something that people care to read about?" said the English publisher distinguished for rejecting Mr. Kipling's work. Mr. Kipling's secret is that he took hold of something that nobody wanted him to do, and did it better than any one wanted him to do it. He owes his success to the fact that he has never done anything except to please himself, and he holds it because no one can get him to do it now.

The Poet and the Poet Laureate

AS A RULE, the English demand the worth of their money, and they are very unhappy until they get it. There is no more impressive spectacle in the world than the Britisher who has arrived at a realization of robbery. The fall of the Roman Empire or the eruption of Vesuvius is a dime show in comparison with it. When this Britisher suspects extortion he can rise to a point of grandeur; he storms like a brigade of heroes, and the neighborhood quakes; but when he has to admit defeat he is as a monarch dethroned.

In many respects he is the biggest national figure, and he naturally wants big things—big dinners, big functions, big

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

navies, big armies, big victories, big poems, for after all is said and done a really great poem that celebrates a historical event is about the greatest thing that mankind can offer to immortality; it is the greatest greatness built on a great deed. How many to-day would recall the charge of the Light Brigade—magnificently heroic as it was—if Tennyson had not written his undying lines? The British nation has not retrograded; the British people are not less brave or less noble; they have done some wonderful things since the Six Hundred stormed the hills at Balaklava.

In the line of leadership, England instituted the office of Poet Laureate. It was an evolution of the court singer. At first this gentleman received the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars a year. Then Chaucer held the post for an allowance of wine—judging from his spelling he must have written his poems after absorbing his income—and then, as the office went on, the pay was increased to five hundred dollars a year and an annual tierce of Canary wine from the Royal cellars. However large or small this may be, it is quite certain that Mr. Alfred Austin, who was put into the place because he was a good Tory, is not earning his salary. It may be because it is not the same kind of wine that Tennyson drank. They may have changed the cask on him, giving him an inferior article. At any rate, the British taxpayers do not appear to be getting the worth of their money. It does not seem to be exactly right that a young gentleman from India—one Kipling—has to do all the heroic versifying for the nation without a salary, or even a glass of the stimulant. Yet that is the fact. He is writing more than his share of the English poetry that gains the world's attention. It is true his verses do not always wear Court dress, but as songs that delight the people's souls and exalt the people's pride they have undoubtedly succeeded.

This is not all. Not only does Mr. Kipling get no pay for this service, but where money is given for his patriotic work he turns it over to patriotic uses. For instance, when he wrote those swinging verses about the private soldiers, calling on the people to support their families while they were fighting for the flag, the thousand and odd dollars which the papers paid him were at once turned over to those for whom he plead, and then other dollars followed swiftly from the public until they have passed the hundred thousand mark.

It does not seem exactly right for Poet Austin to be failing in his efforts and drawing the wine and the stipend while Poet Kipling is doing the real work. Still, the people do not complain, and as Poet Kipling is not in want of the necessities of life, and as his copyrights are yielding more than a Prime Minister's salary, it is quite certain that he will not complain either. Of course there are those who would like to see him the Poet Laureate—but fancy Mulvaney drinking Canary wine!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Jan 21/1900

Kipling's First Book Brings $260.

The first copy of Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics," his first book, printed in 1881, has been sold here at auction and fetched $260 at a sale held by Bangs & Co., Jan. 15 and 16. It was probably the copy that brought £90 on July 28, 1899, at Sotheby's, London. Other quotations are as follows: April, 1899, £135; July 9, 1899, £76, £100, and £100; Nov. 20, 1899, £29, £41, and £46. George D. Smith, who paid $260 for the copy sold Tuesday, also secured the following Kipling items: "Echoes," 1884, wrappers, $107; "Quartette," 1885, half calf, $39 (the copy that fetched £7 10s. in London Nov. 20, 1899); "Departmental Ditties," 1886, wrappers, $60; "The Week's News," Jan. 7 to Sept. 15, 1888, lacking three numbers, $90.75 (the copy that brought £20 Nov. 20, 1899); "Plain Tales from the Hills," 1888, cloth, $23; "Soldiers Three," 1888, wrappers, $40; "Under the Deodars," n. d., wrappers, $13.50; "In Black and White," n. d., wrappers, $15; "Wee Willie Winkie," n. d., wrappers, $14.50; "City of Dreadful Night," n. d., wrappers, $17.50, and "Letters of Marque," 1891, cloth, $27. All these, save the last, were first editions, and the prices realized compared favorably with the sums paid at present in London auction rooms. The "Echoes," which fetched $107, brought £17 10s. and £18 in London, Nov. 20, 1899, and "Departmental Ditties," which brought $60, sold for £8 and £7 15s. at the November sale.

Next to Kipling, interest in the sale of Monday and Tuesday centred in Dickens and Tennyson. For "Pickwick Papers," 1836-7, in parts, original green wrappers, with the "Addresses" in Parts 10 and 15, (but not with the "Addresses" also to Parts 2 and 3, as was the case with the Wright copy, which fetched £85 last June,) Charles Scribner's Sons paid $60, while "The Village Coquettes," 1836, original sheets, went to George D. Smith for $18.50, the same buyer securing, for Harry B. Smith, Dickens's own copy, with signature and notes, of Bulwer's comedy, "Not So Bad as We Seem," 1851, in the private performance of which Dickens played the part of Lord Wilmot. The price paid for this most interesting item was $150. George D. Smith also purchased for $280 Tennyson's "The Cup," 1881, privately printed edition, (the copy that had fetched £46 in London Nov. 20,) and for $138 Tennyson's "Carmine Saeculare," privately printed in 1887. The latter is the copy that fetched £31 in London Nov. 20. Other prices were as follows:

Aldrich's "Poems," 1882, the edition illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club, green morocco, by Stikeman, with autograph letter and manuscript poem, $20. Bought by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Andrews's "Prospect of the Colledges in Cambridge, in New England," 1897, $13. Bought by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Audubon's "Birds," New York and Philadelphia, 1844, seven volumes, clair copy, $176.75. Bought by Mr. Browning.

Boccaccio's "Decameron," Venice, 1542, new olive morocco, $70. Bought by Mr. Palmer.

Dante's "Divine Comedy," Venice, 1536, new olive morocco, $50. Bought by "City."

Goldsmith's' "Good-Natured Man," 1780, red morocco, first edition, $24. Bought by Mr. Palmer; "Deserted Village, 1770, red morocco, first edition, quarto, (the first issue was in octavo,) $90. Bought by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Bury's "Philobiblon," Grolier Club, 1889, three volumes, $79.50. Bought by George D. Smith; Bradford's "Laws," Grolier Club, 1894, $30. Bought by "Statute."

Lyly's "Euphues," (1597,) olive morocco, $50. Bought by George D. Smith. Lyly's "Euphaes and His England," 1597, title page in fac simile, olive morocco, $38. Bought by George D. Richmond & Son.

Meredith's "Poems," London, 1851, cloth, first edition, $69. Bought by "Duke."

Stevenson's "Black Canyon," Davos Platz, $20. Bought by "Edward." "A Martial Clergy," Davos Platz, $13.50. Bought by George D. Smith. "Travels With a Donkey," 1879, $17. Bought by George D. Smith. "Father Damien," Edinburgh, 1890, $17. Bought by "Edward." "A Familiar Epistle," 1896, $14.50. Bought by "Edward."

Symonds's "Renaissance of Modern Europe," 1872, unbound, $18. Bought by "Edward."

Virgil's "Works," London, 1649, translated by John Ogilby, calf, $48. Bought by "City."

Tany 1900

More Kipling Technicalities.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Mr. Kipling's apparently inexhaustible supply of technicalities is a constant surprise and interest to his admirers, but I must admit that it is a cause of wonder to me that he should be so appreciated in this country, seeing how many of his phrases must be absolutely unintelligible to the majority of Americans. Take his schoolboy stories, for example. Though an English public school boy myself, there is much of the language of Stalky & Co. that is dead letter to me. Nearly every school in England has a distinctive dialect, which is its individual patent and copyright. As an old Carthusian, I claim that the word "advertise" as employed by Mr. Kipling in his last poem on Lord Roberts is primarily a Charterhouse expression.

"Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—"

When the elated "new-bug" who has just passed the entrance examination for that ancient foundation of learning emerges from the examination hall, the first greeting he receives at the hands of his future confrères is "Don't advertise"—"take off that side." To the mysteries of these and of sundry similar expressions he is speedily initiated.

Perhaps it may interest your readers to hear some of the curious lingo employed by the leading English public schools. A boy who would be accused of "advertising" at Charterhouse would be said "to have a roll on," at Shrewsbury, and to "swagger" at most other schools. To "snork" (Shrewsbury) is to do the whole paper in an "exam." A "skew" (Harrow) is a dunce or "crock." To "sap," to "groute," and to "hash," all mean to work hard. When a fellow is said to be "sick" at Charterhouse it does not follow that he is unwell any more than the term "mad" in America of necessity suggests aberration of intelect; it merely implies that he is "in a bait" (Winchester.) A "hag" is the ungracious epithet applied to a matron. The "tuck-shops" of books are in real life known as "guttle shops" at Rugby, "crown" at Charterhouse, and "sock shops" at Eton. The verb to "sock" is used of giving a present at Eton, but of hitting hard at cricket at Winchester, and at other schools giving some one "socks," "beans," "snuff," means to beat or otherwise inconvenience the person under consideration. The Newcombe-renowned "adsum" of Charterhouse is known as "absence" at Eton, and plain "roll call" at other schools. To "tolly up" (Charterhouse) is to keep a candle lit after lights out. This offense is generally visited at Winchester by a "tunding," or official chastisement by a prefect with single sticks or other instruments adapted to that purpose.

Kipling and Buchanan.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Let me express my pleasure in the editorial comment in THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW on Mr. Buchanan's article in The Contemporary. It was to be hoped we should have to seek far for such a lack of fine feeling as is shown, for example, in Mr. Buchanan's allusion to the "Dedication" to the "Ballads." If Mr. Kipling lacks deep feeling, where among living writers may we hope to find it? You quote as an example of his strong feeling the envoi to the "Departmental Ditties." Let me suggest another, the verses beginning:

And they were stronger hands than mine.
That digged the ruby from the earth.

It would give me pleasure to see in your columns a word of protest against the lightly assumed attitude of depreciation which certain reviewers have adopted toward what Mr. Kipling has published within the year. Whether or not he has touched his highest level, is the tone of this criticism kindly or even discriminating? Mr. Kipling's work can assuredly stand or fall on its own merits, but is this attitude quite creditable to the American people, and will not its chief effect be to suggest the worthlessness of an interest so quickly changed to ill-considered condemnation? H. M.

New York, Jan. 23, 1900.

The current number of Harper's Bazar contains an article on Miss Mary E. Wilkins, with portrait, by Margaret Hamilton Welch.

Jimes-1-27-1900

Kipling is on his way home from Africa, and before this reaches you will undoubtedly have landed. He is reported as being in excellent health and spirits. His new novel has been sold for serial publication at a price which is not mentioned, but which is said to be far in excess of any similar payment ever before made in England. No one has yet found out the subject of the novel. I hope that it will prove to be the novel hinted at in the story of the drunken English renegade. However, we shall all know what it is before very long, and that is something to live for.

W. L. ALDEN.

Tany 1900

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

KIPLING's long-expected novel will be entitled "Kim of the Rishti." It will first make its appearance in *McClure's Magazine*.

TO KIPLING: ENGLAND'S UNOFFICIAL LAUREATE.

Suggested by the Editorial Article, "Kipling and an Old Assistant," in THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW of Jan. 20.

There's meaning in his method
And music in his mirth;
A purpose in his poems,
With promise in their birth.
There's magic in his singing,
A daintiness of choice,
With grace-notes in the setting
That warble in his voice.

Free as the wind—there cometh
His message 'cross the sea;
With pathos and with passion
He strikes a minor key.
As tender oft as brilliant,
As quietsome as strong,
This song bird of young England
In virile sea-set song.

Life moves in all its phases,
With thought in every theme;
Swift to its mark it flieth,
Without a halt between.
He sways us to his singing
By the genius in his soul.
He lifts us in his soaring
Till we reach the poet's goal.

BLANCHE WOODYEAR.

1-27-1900 Times

THE BUGLER IN THE REAR.

THE question has been discussed in *The Clarion* and elsewhere whether Rudyard Kipling is, or is not, a genuine poet. No one can deny anyhow that he can write stirring martial verses. His verses are the jingo's joy. They stir to white heat the unintelligent patriotism of the music halls. He sings no song of peace and conciliation, but a song of expansive imperialism. The following verses give us Ernest Howard Crosby's view of Kipling. According to Crosby, Kipling is one who might be a poet but is not yet worthy to be called a poet, because the note he still sounds summons men back to the jungle rather than forward into true civilisation.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

STRONG bugler, whose deep-chested strain
Has cheered the march of man
From Simla to the coast of Maine,
From Cork to Kordofan,
Oh, tell me, while your rhythmic flow
Still fascinates my ear,
Why is it that you choose to blow
Your bugle in the rear?

For clarion notes like yours should sound
The order to advance—
The prophet's thunder-words profound
That voice the prophet's glance—
The prophet's glance that first beholds
The new-born day appear:
You spy not what the future holds
A-bugling in the rear.

Your bugle-note is that which calls
Rameses to the fight,
Sculptured on Karnac's crumbling walls
At twenty times his height.
Again you blow his ancient horn,
That pigmy tribes may fear,
You're harking back to times out-worn,
A-bugling in the rear.

Like you, the narrow Jew looked down
Upon the Gentile bands;
Like you, proud Romans used to frown
On broad "barbarian" lands;
And Attila and Genghis Khan
Knew well your bugle bold;
For pagan, Jew, and Mussulman
Have heard its blare of old.

And so the Norman, when he came
Across the narrow wave,
And made the Anglo-Saxon name
The synonym for "slave;"
And so the Corsican who hurled
His bolts like hell unpent,
And won the hatred of the world
To soothe his banishment:

These, all of these, from times remote,
In every land and clime,
Have heard your ancient bugle-note
Of war and waste sublime;
And ere man's footsteps ever fell
On mountain, plain, or shore,
It echoed in the tiger's yell
And in the lion's roar,

Know then, that man shall not return
And seek the brutish past,
The Jungle he has left—to learn
To scale the heights at last.
And this shall ever be the sign
To mark the leader true:
The poet is the man divine
Who tells us something new;—

The man who tells us something new,
And points the road ahead;
Whose tent is with the forward few,
And not among the dead.
Then come, strong bugler of the rear,
And lead us in the van.
And blow this blast, as pioneer,
"The Brotherhood of Man!"

Ernest H. Crosby, in the "Coming Nation."

Stalky & Co. is a militant sort of book, but we did not dream that it would lead to a libel action. Yet it is announced that an action has been brought by the *Cambridge Magazine* against the *Cantab*, for stating that four articles which appeared in the first-named paper, and purported to be written by McTurk of *Stalky & Co.*, were not written by McTurk. Mr. Kipling has been summoned to give evidence at the trial, which will take place shortly at Cambridge Assizes, Mr. Justice Ridley presiding.

Oct. 12th 1900

How Kipling Viewed His Work.

Sir Edward Russell's rambling book of reminiscences, "That Reminds Me," recently published in London, contains a striking account of an interview he had with Rudyard Kipling, says the Boston Advertiser. The "short but celebrated piece" referred to in the course of the conversational was the "Recessional."

"A little while ago," Sir Edward begins, "I had a long talk with a great English writer on the subject of Cecil Rhodes. This was not what I meant to talk to him about. My seeing him was owing to a matter of business which I soon disposed of. Then I meant to talk to this great writer about his writings. I praised one of them—a short but celebrated piece—with a devout heart and a glowing tongue and a kindling face. I remembered how it seized me when it appeared; how it startled all the world; how it was just what was wanted—just the cogent, lyrical, rhythmical appeal to conscience called for by a certain almost debauch of national sentiment quite excusable, but become very fatulent; also how this great writer had seemed to me about the last man to be 'among the prophets.' So he seemed now—a practical, spruce, athletic little figure—not an Amos or an Isaiah. But he was reasonably pleased to have his great serious success recalled in terms of honor. 'Yes,' said he, 'it was just at the right time. And that's all the battle. It's not what you write, but when.' I confess that this matter-of-fact tone puzzled me. I could hardly understand the man who could write such a composition speaking of it in this way."

Writing the 'Absent-Minded Beggar'

Every barrel organ in Florence is grinding out the monotonous ding-dong of Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar," says a correspondent of the Chicago News. When we remember the circumstances of its creation it becomes touching. Kipling was dining with a lot of friends in Piccadilly one evening just as the first troops were being sent to Table Bay, and, of course, war was the topic. Some of the men were generals and some were war correspondents bound for the Transvaal, and every one was doing or was about to do his part. Some one laughingly turned to Kipling and said: "Well, Kipling, you, who have always stuck by Tommy Atkins, what are you going to do for him, now that he has gone to fight? Don't you think you had better give him a send-off?" Kipling said he thought he had, but so many people were looking after Tommy that he could think of nothing to do for him. Then his face brightened and he said: "After all, perhaps I can do something for him." Kipling then left the table for a time. Presently he returned just as the toasts were being made, and when it came to his turn he rose and delivered the "Absent-Minded Beggar." From the instant it was finished the guineas rolled in, and they are flowing still. So when one thinks of the bad rhyme and the doggerel verse it is best to remember that it at least has accomplished the purpose for which it was written.

Leader 7/8/1900

Cat. 1090-1899

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676 **KIPLING (RUDYARD)** LETTERS OF MARQUE, FIRST EDITION, 8vo, original red and blue cloth as issued, £6

Wheeler, Allahabad, 1891

677 —— DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES and Other Verses (with a Glossary) SIXTH EDITION, cr 8vo, cloth as issued, 18s *Calcutta*, 1891

678 —— THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW, and other Eerie, FIRST LONDON EDITION, 8vo, original wrappers, 6s N D (1890)

679 —— UNDER THE DEODARS, 8vo, wrappers, 3s N D (1890)

680 —— THE STORY OF THE GADSBYS, 8vo, wrappers, 3s N D (1893)

680* —— A. L. S. *(in full)*, Addressed to a friend, thanking him for a book, which has "but one fault to it—I can't abide uncut leaves. I'm in your debit for a most delightful end of an evening," dated from Brown's Hotel, Dover St., July, 1894, 3s6

A GREAT ACQUISITION!

681 —— AUTOGRAPH POEM AND LETTER, (*a*) *Autograph Letter Signed*, to the Editor of "The Pall Mall Magazine," dated from "Naulakha, Brattleboro, Vermont; Aug. 18, 1894," Enclosing "Head-lines for the 4th Jungle Tale, published with you, called 'Letting in the Jungle,'"—and asking for proof of the Poem, along with the proof of the Tale.

(*b*) The *Five six-lined stanzas of the Poem entitled "Letting in the Jungle"*; ENTIRELY IN THE AUTOGRAPH *of Rudyard Kipling*. The fair copy finally written out for press; containing one line materially altered, evidently at the last moment.

(*c*) The Poem cut out from the Magazine. This shews Five Differences between MS. and Printed Text.

The three inseparable items, preserved beneath glass, in a frame, price £30

The above is possessed of the greatest interest. The poem is a fine and spirited composition, foretelling the desolation as the wild luxuriance of the Jungle-growth creeps onward, covering the land with ruin. The discrepancies noted above are curious, and it would be intere-ting to know whether they are all due to Mr. Kipling's own corrected proof, or are merely printers' *improvements* (?)

EXCEPTIONALLY DESIRABLE!

681* AUTOGRAPH-CORRECTED PROOF of a Tale in "The Jungle Book"—"HOW FEAR CAME TO THE JUNGLE," *three long slips of galley-proof* (the complete tale), *positively* FULL *of important alterations, and* ADDITIONS TO THE EXTENT OF MANY LINES, £30 [1894]

This veritable treasure contains about 475 lines of printed matter, submitted by the printers to Mr. Kipling for his corrections. Being in the form of "galley-proof," *i.e.*, previous to the "matter" being made up into pages, it is, undoubtedly, the earliest proof in existence. One or two criticasters seem to be of opinion with regard to Mr. Kipling, that he simply sits down in front of a few quires of paper, and—*writes!* A sight of this proof would correct these gentlemen's estimate. Every word is evidently studied, and the altered passages positively abound, while the additions in the author's particularly neat and legible autograph are not only frequent, judicious, and copious, but furnish further proof of the patient care the true genius loves to bestow upon all his work.

Libraries Purchased to

Why Kipling Succeeds.

The difficulty with journalism is not that it deals with passing things, but that it deals with them in a passing way, says the Atlantic Monthly. Kipling is an artist because he respects the passing thing, because he catches the glimmer of the eternal joy upon it and will not let it pass. * * * Nine reporters out of ten, once finding themselves in Kipling's place, would have been too worldly wise to have written as Kipling did. Who would have supposed that the whole civilized world from its great complacent continents would ever come pouring out in crowds to the jungles of India? It was because Kipling delighted in the jungle, could not help writing about it, whether anybody wanted it or not, that we find the whole reading world to-day crowding jungle-ward across the seas, spending its time in that fever-stricken district, that Indian-haunted, Mulvaney-memoried wilderness, as if it blossomed as the rose.

Kipling owes his success to the fact that he has never done anything except to please himself, and he holds it because no one can get him to do it now.

An Example of "Kiplingmania."

The most extraordinary symptom of Kiplingmania that I have ever seen, says a London writer in the Book Buyer, is the £30 which an Oxford street bookseller asks for the galley proof of "How Fear Came to the Jungle," corrected in the author's handwriting. The catalogue remarks: "One or two criticasters seem to be of opinion with regard to Mr. Kipling that he simply sits down in front of a few quires of paper and—writes! A sight of this proof (which is 475 lines long) would correct these gentlemen's estimate. Every word is evidently studied, and the altered passages positively abound, while the additions in the author's peculiarly neat and legible autograph, are not only frequent, judicious, and copious, but furnish further proof of the patient care the true genius loves to bestow upon all his work." Another £30 is asked for one letter to the editor of the Pall Mall Magazine (about a proof!), the manuscript of the five six-lined stanzas entitled "Letting in the Jungle," and the same poem cut from the magazine.

Single Fast.

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW by

William L. Alden.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—Now that an officer of the army has written to a daily paper complaining that Mr. Kipling insulted the British soldier when he called him an "absent-minded beggar" there is actually a controversy over the question whether or not Mr. Kipling's way of speaking of the soldier is insulting. Of course, Mr. Buchanan considers that it is, but then Mr. Buchanan is a Scotchman of the type that seems utterly incapable of understanding anything but the most prosaic prose, and, besides, no one cares a straw for Mr. Buchanan's opinion as to anything. It is plain, however, that there are other persons who think that Mr. Kipling has treated the soldier very cruelly by calling him a "beggar," and by asserting that he is ever absent-minded. They gravely assert that the British soldier never begs and therefore cannot be a beggar, and that there is no reason to suppose that he is more absent-minded than the average man. They remind me of a boy of my acquaintance who mistranslated the Latin fable of the mice and the cats, and defended himself by asserting that it would be an impossibility for mice to tie a bell to a cat's tail, and that it was therefore impossible that the Latin text could have been intended to convey any such meaning.

Mr. Kipling has actually succeeded in revolutionizing public sentiment as to the British soldier. Before he wrote "The Barrack Room Ballads" it was taken as a matter of course that the soldier should be treated as an outcast, unfit to drink at a bar with drunken civilians, or to sit with them in a theatre. Now the publican who should treat Tommy Atkins with incivility would find himself boycotted. And this change of opinion runs throughout everything. The soldier is no longer regarded as low and despicable, and the uniform is no longer a disgrace. This change is due to Mr. Kipling and to no one else, and yet when he writes a poem that brings thousands of pounds to the relief of the families of soldiers people can be found who gravely accuse him of having insulted the army. Such people make Gen. Mercier and his views of the honor of the French Army comprehensible. It would be extremely interesting to examine their bumps. After all, this sort of criticism of Mr. Kipling probably has its origin in unconscious jealousy. The wonderful success that so young a man has obtained is irritating to a certain type of commonplace mind. Therefore the effect is made to belittle Kipling's reputation, and Mr. Buchanan, who has written a reply to Sir Walter Besant's rebuke, is clearly of the opinion that he will succeed in belittling it if he perseveres. Time will show what is the decision of the public in any controversy between Kipling and Buchanan.

***

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The latest reports from New York indicate that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has got over the crisis of his disease, and is making satisfactory progress towards recovery. Not since the death of Tennyson has there been such a popular outburst of sympathy as over Mr. Kipling's illness. Now that he is practically out of danger, the people of two continents rejoice.

***

AMONG recent parodies we have enjoyed an imitation of Mr. Kipling by the "Arbiter"—a creation of the fertile H. B. The "Arbiter" is giving his views from week to week in the *Speaker*.

It is my custom when I deal with the Arbiter to ask set questions as though he were a book and I were a prig. It goes against the grain, but I notice that all the Arbiter's circle do it, especially John Doughty, the man with the wooden head. So I asked the Arbiter very solemnly: "What do you think was the chief mark of the nineteenth century; now past?"

A good thick question in the middle-class manner has the same effect on the Arbiter that a glass of cold water has on a sleeping man. He seemed to change his whole being, and replied in a very constrained fashion, "I should say it was sham. The attempt to seem more learned than you are especially, and hence the allusive style. . . .

"What's the allusive style?" I asked.

The Arbiter, with the gesture of an overfed lion aroused from deep slumber, uncoiled from his easy chair, and fetched down one of the prose works of the Bard of Empire (if, indeed, such a poet can be said to write prose at all).

"Listen to this," he said.

"'The king-bolt flew through the massy grease-choke till the pivot caught the eccentric just under the pin-wheel. McArthur watched with his eyes trundling from his head like Dagawharri berries. "My——" he screamed, "—— * * * * ??? My —— —— —— in ——. It can't hold!" Then the sob of a young teething child escaped him, and I saw the thyroid process coupling on the ganglion in his great throat, and he sobbed gingerly as the *Gentle Sarah* took it over on the port, and settled to the swing of the water!' That's the allusive style," he said simply.

"Well, I call it very fine," said I. "I'm told that was read to an optician and an analyst, and they both cried, it was so accurate."

"Don't you worry," said the Arbiter, "He got it all out of the Technical Dictionary. Do you suppose he'd know the meaning of any of those words if you woke him up in the middle of the night and taxed him with it? Why he'd cry for mercy!"

THE following entries appear in the catalogue of a book sale which Messrs. Sotheby will hold at their rooms during five days, beginning on the 26th:

The Property of Mrs. Alice Kipling.

1043 KIPLING (RUDYARD) SCHOOLBOY LYRICS, *in the original wrapper, which is decorated with two pen and ink drawings of flowers, &c. (printed for private circulation only).*

Lahore, printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press, 1881.

*** EXCESSIVELY RARE. Printed when the author was only 16 years of age.

1044 KIPLING (RUDYARD) ECHOES, BY TWO WRITERS, *in the original wrapper, with the autograph of Alice Kipling (R. Kipling's Mother)* *ib.* (1884)

*** One of the scarcest of Kipling's writings privately printed while he was a young man on the staff of the "Civil and Military Gazette." There are the following inscriptions in pencil at the beginning and end of some of the poems: "J. L. K." "Swinburne, R. K." "Amorphous Modern Poet-aster, R. K." "Joaquin Miller's Arizonian, R. K." and "Written at School, R.K."

1045 KIPLING (RUDYARD) DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, and other Verses, *the extremely rare* FIRST EDITION, *printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press, Lahore, fine copy in the original wrapper, with the front flap; on the front of cover is the inscription "Mrs. Kipling."* (*no.* 1 *of* 1886)

Mr. Beresford, who is generally supposed to be the McTurk of "Stalky & Co.," has had a difference of opinion with the editor of The Cambridge Magazine. Mr. Beresford says that he furnished the editor with certain reminiscences of his own and Kipling's school days, and that the editor edited them out of all resemblance to the original copy. This having also been said in effect by The Cantab, a rival of The Cambridge Magazine, a libel suit followed. The editor of The Cambridge Magazine admits that he edited Mr. Beresford's manuscript, and from the specimen of the latter which he published in reply to Mr. Beresford's accusation the manuscript evidently needed a great deal of editing. The matter is not a very important one except as a precedent. If all the people who fancy that they recognize their portraits in Mr. Kipling's stories should rush into print with their extended autobiographies the result would hardly be a benefit to the public. More than one person has claimed to be the original of Mulvaney, and it is not impossible that some discharged soldier who is both an Irishman and a drunkard may favor us with what he may claim to be the real facts of the life of Mulvaney.

"Stalky & Co." continues to have an immense sale, but from time to time some one writes to the daily papers complaining that the book is everything that it should not be. This merely means that Mr. Kipling's popularity does not please some people. It is a mild reaction and protest against the tremendous success that Kipling has attained. It can do him no harm, for even if it be granted that "Stalky & Co." is not as good as some of his other books his fame rests on too solid a foundation to be shaken.

* * *

When Kipling Had 'Em.

Here is a Kipling snake story that is true—which is more than can be said of most snake or Kipling stories that are floating about on the journalistic seas, remarks a London correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post. Odd figures sometimes give a better idea of the extent of the British empire than even a map of the world would. So here, before really beginning the Kipling snake story, be it told that last year more than twenty-five thousand of our fellow subjects in India lost their lives by being killed by wild animals. Snake bites account for a large proportion of that twenty-five thousand. As a consequence of the frequency with which venomous snakes are met with Anglo-Indians spend the whole of their life in thinking of their lives and watching out for snakes. When Mr. Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers street, Strand, up two flights of stairs. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Rudyard Kipling's sitting-room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fire-place "smashed to smithereens."

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face.

"I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half-waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake! flashed across my sleepy brain; I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck the mirror I realized that I was in London, and not in India."

PS 3/12/1900

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

From Sea to Sea, and other Sketches, by Rudyard Kipling, in two volumes (Macmillan & Co.), consists mainly of letters of travel written for Indian papers during 1887–9. The preface explains that the author has been forced to republish this journalism 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 are glad to have Mr. Kipling's travel notes on India, Burmah, Japan, and America, though they are oppressively smart at times, and show signs of haste in writing as well as travelling. They are nothing like so new in effect as they would have been if published ten years ago, for since then Mr. Steevens has written in much the same brilliant fashion, and of India too. Mr. Kipling as a literary globe-trotter shows marked resemblances with him, and also with Mark Twain. He is less of a scholar than Mr. Steevens, less assiduously pointed than the American; but he has the superior qualifications of both—the eye for colour and contrast, and the freshness of view, the inquiring readiness which is reasonably unabashed in all company. The desire to pluck out the heart of every mystery shows itself strongly in these pages. Notable also is Mr. Kipling's fondness for Tommy Atkins and Tennyson. The former we knew, the latter we suspected from some of his earlier poetry. There are several brilliant pieces of description, and several bold venturesin phraseology. Notall these words, we opine, will get into Dr. Murray's big 'Dictionary.' Thus we have a "bungaloathsome" hotel, "opticalness," "coolth," "thermantidote," and "to Gladstone," for inconclusive, non-committing verbiage. "The Englishman," as Mr. Kipling calls himself, realizing like Erasmus the relief of the third person in a narrative, was confronted at Chitor with an elephant at large, like the Crystal Palace people. But "a little breechless boy" passed, and told him to hit her on the feet, which he did, and made her venerable fifty-one years yield to his authority. Mr. Kipling knows and jeers at the insufficiency of the globe-trotter's notes. "It grieves me," he says, "that I cannot account for the ideas of a few hundred million men in a few hours." He is delighted with the girls of Burmah and Japan, and severe on the American people. What surprises one is that as this journalism has been reprinted as part of the 'Works' it has not been carefully corrected. It was not "the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come" (vol. i. p. 4), as a look at Odyssey xix. or Æneid vi. at the end will show. *Gnomon* is γνώμων, and its plural is not "gnoma" (p. 40). Tartarin was not "of Tarescon" (pp 15 and 76). There are at least four mistakes in the quotation from 'Hamlet' (p. 186); and that from Tennyson's 'Vivien' is spoilt by giving the words in the wrong order twice. "Vereschaguin" and "Geisler's cap" (pp. 23 and 35) are also odd. Pollock did not write 'The Course of Time' (ii. 148). Surely Mr. Kipling or his publishers might have taken the trouble to go over the proofs and correct some of these things; or perhaps they represent the American literary standard, and are reproduced over here without further trouble.

Athenæum March 31/1900

Kipling's Unappreciative Daughter.

Mr. Kipling's recent voyage from England to South Africa recalls some quaint and pathetic anecdotes of a similar voyage made two or three years ago, says a writer in the Bookman. Then little Josephine Kipling, whose death in New York a year ago this month caused a great universal throb of pity, was the spirit and life of the Kipling family. The exquisite sympathy existing between the child and her father was noted with keen interest by passengers on that trip. On shipboard the two were constant companions. Day after day as the vessel crept sluggishly through the placid equatorial seas the great story-teller devoted his mind and heart to the child's entertainment, pouring into her little ears the wonder tales that all the world was eager to hear. There came a day, however, when Josephine failed in appreciation, yawning and shutting her eyes and saying she was tired. Her father laughed through his deep chagrin, and declared that it was the worst and most effectual snub he had ever received. But for this he was in a measure compensated by his daughter's implicit belief. One day Mrs. Kipling found Josephine leaning over the side of the vessel on the point of throwing her best doll to the mermaids whom she had learned to know in her father's tales. She was at length persuaded by her mother to substitute an old doll on the representation that the recipients of the gift, down in their dark homes in the depths of the sea, would appreciate one as much as the other.

EULOGIZES STEEVENS.

Rudyard Kipling Writes a Stanza on the Death of the War Correspondent.

Associated Press Cable.

LONDON, March 26.—A Bloemfontein correspondent of the Daily Mail, telegraphing Saturday, says that Rudyard Kipling, who is hard at work assisting to edit the newspaper, Friend, conducted by the war correspondents, has contributed to it the following four lines on the death at Ladysmith of G. W. Steevens, the famous representative of the Daily Mail:

"Through war and pestilence, red siege and fire,
Silent and self-contained he drew his breath,
Brave not for show of courage, his desire
Truth, as he saw it, even to the death."

24 February, 1900. The A

ments, from the *Daily News* report. A comparison of the two versions leaves us in no particular wonder that Lord Rosebery has taken this course.

THE first number of the *Universal Magazine* (Horace Marshall & Son) contains a vociferous article by Miss Corelli, entitled "Patriotism—or Self-Advertisement?" We confess to some inability to read this article owing to the portentous length of Miss Corelli's paragraphs, which spread like prairies over the pages, relieved only by a scrub of italics. Miss Corelli is of those who consider that Mr. Kipling ought to have written finer war verses than the "Absent-Minded Beggar."

> A real poem pushed vigorously down the public throat would have made the public voice sweeter and stronger. A real poem would not only have built up a Fund, but a Fame. Instead of degrading "Tommy," it might have improved and dignified his whole position. . . . "The Absent-Minded Beggar" stanzas will mark Mr. Kipling's name with a fatal persistency as long as he lives, cropping up with an infinite tedium and an exasperating sameness at every fresh thing he writes; and let him be wise as Solon, classic as Virgil, and strong as Samson, he shall never escape it. Like another sort of "Raven," he shall see it "sitting, never flitting," on every "bust of Pallas," or new work he offers to the public; he shall demand of it, "Take thy beak from out my heart and thy form from off my door!" and its reply shall be the one monotonous devil's croak of "Nevermore!"

Topics of the Week.

Mr. Kipling's first piece of sustained work since his illness proves to be a series of animal stories, described as of a ridiculously droll character. These stories have been in Mr. Kipling's mind for several years, and when his physicians gave him permission to resume his literary work, he turned with zest to writing them. They are said to show the author at his very best and strongest. He has given the entire series to The Ladies' Home Journal, and in the April issue of that magazine the first story will be printed. It is called "The Elephant's Child," and tells, as Mr. Kipling says, how it happened that the elephant got his trunk. The second story relates "The Beginning of the Armadillos," and this is said to be one of the drollest stories Kipling has ever written. In the third, which is called "The Sing Song of Old Man Kangaroo," there is told the story of how the kangaroo got his long legs, since, as Mr. Kipling tells, there was a time in the beginning of things when the kangaroo did not have such long legs as he has now. Mr. Kipling is at work while in South Africa on other stories in the series for the Philadelphia magazine. Mr. Frank Ver Beck has been chosen the illustrator for the stories.

AN inquiry of some literary interest concerns boys and girls. The following question, among others, was put to a large number of school children, and their answers, which were given in writing, have been examined and compared: "Which man or woman of whom you have ever heard would you most wish to be, and why?" The list of answers includes Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Mr. Kipling. The boy who wanted to be Kipling gave the sensible reason: "Because he writes about soldiers who fight now, and not historical pieces like Shakespeare and Scott."

THE adventures of a story. In the New York *Literary Life* of January appears the following paragraph:

> KIPLING.—During Kipling's illness Henry James was one night riding home in a cab from his club in London. The news had just come that the crisis was passed, and the great writer on the road to recovery. As he stepped out on the sidewalk, Mr. James handed the paper he had bought to the cabman. "Kipling's all right," he said. The cabman took the paper, and leaned down with a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to know the name o' the 'awse," he said.

Our readers will remember that this story first appeared in the ACADEMY. But the incident did not happen to Mr. Henry James. It was the personal experience of one of our staff—quite a humble person. The story flew to the ends of the earth—the New York version is a mere ricochet. Academy 3/10-1900

TO-MORROW (Saturday) the *Daily Mail* will print the first of a series of South African letters from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The sum collected by the *Daily Mail's* clever working of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" poem exceeds £97,000. This is at the rate of £2,000 a line.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has in hand a new series of animal stories on the lines of the "Just So" stories. He was moved to write them by the receipt of a letter from the seven-year-old son of Mr. Doubleday, his American publisher. Little Nelson Doubleday demanded to be told "How the Elephant Got His Trunk," "How the Giraffe Got His Rubber Neck," and "How the Kangaroo Got His Long Legs." Mr. Kipling has done his best to oblige, and the story of the elephant and his trunk has already appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Academy 7/1/1900

THE eagerness of Americans to read new novels can only be described as astonishing. Hardly a month passes but a new candidate leaps into favour, and into a circulation that must rouse pangs in the breasts of many British authors. The latest recruit is *The Gentleman from Indiana*, by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Its growth in popular favour is tabulated in one of the leading American weekly papers thus:

> 4,667 copies were sold by November 1.

ae. 3-17-1900

Mr. Kipling and Mark Twain.

THE interview with Mark Twain which Mr. Kipling enjoyed in 1889, and which is described in *From Sea to Sea* (reviewed elsewhere in this number), is in some respects the best interview that we have ever read. Historically the meeting was of the highest importance, for, as we have before remarked in the ACADEMY, Mark Twain was the greatest factor in the literary education of the younger man, and the younger man's homage suggests that he knew it.

> The thing that struck me first was that he was an elderly man; yet, after a minute's thought, I perceived that it was otherwise, and in five minutes, the eyes looking at me, I saw that the grey hair was an accident of the most trivial. He was quite young. I was shaking his hand. I was smoking his cigar, and I was hearing him talk—this man I had learned to love and admire fourteen thousand miles away.
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> Reading his books, I had striven to get an idea of his personality, and all my preconceived notions were wrong and beneath the reality. Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer. That was a moment to be remembered; the landing of a twelve-pound salmon was nothing to it. I had hooked Mark Twain, and he was treating me as though under certain circumstances I might be an equal.

That was how Mr. Kipling felt. And he wrote to the *Pioneer*: "You are a contemptible lot, over yonder. Some of you are Commissioners, and some Lieutenant-Governors, and some have the V.C., and a few are privileged to walk about the Mall arm in arm with the Viceroy; but *I* have seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar—no, two cigars—with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed, I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downward." It must sometimes occur to the author of this interview, not without sadness, that there is now no one of whom he can write like this. Youth has its compensations—and, indeed, hero-worship is by no means the least of them.

For a while copyright was the subject of talk. And then the younger man asked if Tom Sawyer married Judge Thatcher's daughter. The question was not answered, but this is how Mark Twain spoke of that immortal boy:

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> "I think so. Isn't it what you call Kismet?"
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> "Yes; but don't give him two joggles and show the result, because he isn't your property any more. He belongs to us."

Then came humorous words on autobiography, truth-telling, and conscience, and anon Mark Twain dropped into autobiography himself. Says his companion and observer:

> He spoke always through his eyes, a light under the heavy eyebrows; anon crossing the room with a step as light as a girl's, to show me some book or other; then resuming his walk up and down the room, puffing at the cob pipe. I would have given much for nerve enough to demand the gift of that pipe—value, five cents when new. I understood why certain savage tribes ardently desired the liver of brave men slain in combat. That pipe would have given me, perhaps, a hint of his keen insight into the souls of men. But he never laid it aside within stealing reach.
>
> Once, indeed, he put his hand on my shoulder. It was an investiture of the Star of India, blue silk, trumpets, and diamond-studded jewel, all complete. If hereafter, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, I fall to cureless ruin, I will tell the superintendent of the work-house that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder; and he shall give me a room to myself and a double allowance of paupers' tobacco.

So, to a large extent, may young men to-day feel also about Mr. Kipling, for if any man may be said to have succeeded Mark Twain, it is he. Not that Mark Twain's sway is done, by any means, nor that Mr. Kipling has given us a *Huckleberry Finn*; but the American is read less than he was a dozen years ago and the Anglo-Indian reigns at this moment over the male Anglo-Saxon intellect.

MR. KIPLING has nearly completed a long story, the scene of which is laid in India. The opening chapter will be published in *McClure's Magazine* towards the end of this year.

IT is often hinted that Tommy Atkins does not know his Kipling as Mr. Kipling knows Tommy. But a Highlander in Roodebosch Hospital was able to tell Mr. Kipling that he knew by heart several of the *Barrack Room Ballads* and also several pieces in the *Seven Seas*. Poet and reader were mightily pleased with each other, and the wounded hero writes thus to his friends:

> How often have I read and admired Kipling without ever a thought of seeing him, let alone my having such a long talk with him. I recognised him at once from his photo. He has eyes that make you smile when you look into them. His utterance is very rapid and very distinct, and struck me as being decidedly Scotch. I wish he had stayed longer; I could have talked with him all day. I believe he is gathering material for his book.

We believe so too.

ae 3-17-1900

Mr. Le Gallienne's Kipling.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Richard Le Gallienne has, indeed, sown dragons' teeth when he made the astonishing statement in his criticism of Rudyard Kipling that the stories of that master of terse English "elude the memory." The present writer has a poor memory, but the titles of seventy-four of Kipling's stories that are at hand were sufficient to conjure up the salient features of a majority of the stories, and to bring out the characteristics of half a dozen babies—that are not supposed to have marked traits—as clear cut and individual as the figures on a piece of wedgwood. Truly, that wild statement is enough to rouse the suspicions of the least credulous and lead them to look with doubt on every assertion that follows. To judge of Mr. Le Gallienne's criticism of Kipling from the able review in your SATURDAY REVIEW, we can but agree with the estimate "Mr. Punch" puts into "R-ch-rd Le G-ll-nne's" mouth regarding his own writings: "When I read some of the awful rot that I have undoubtedly written, I find myself wondering if I am quite responsible for my literary actions."

AGNES E. BLANCHARD.

South Norwalk, Conn., May 21, 1900.

the Camera

Book Notes
March 1900

THE WHITE WOMAN'S BURDEN.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
Go bid your wars to cease—
Bring back your sons from exile,
Restore your land to peace.
"While seeking other's profit
And working other's gain"—
A woman's heart is breaking
Her hopes are all in vain.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
Go mark the pale, wan face
Of white-haired, feeble mother,
And in her features trace,
The burden she is bearing
Since he has left her side—
The son she loved and cherished;
Her comforter and pride.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
The wife of a Soldier brave;
That soldier fights to conquer,
Or finds an early grave.
He marches bravely onward
Scarce thinks of her alone;
Oh God, and man, have mercy,
And heed her prayerful moan.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
The sweet-heart once so gay
Who was but contemplating
Approaching wedding day.
She keeps a lonely vigil;
Her heart is filled with dread
For fear 'mid dead or dying
Her lover's name is read.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
Pale woman, mother, wife—
And dry the sad tears falling
E're grief shall claim her life.
Go comfort sweet-heart, sister,
Go bring them happy cheer;
Those sad-browed, burdened women,
Who wait and watch and fear.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
She sanctified with tears,
The trail of civilization,
E'en since the by-gone years.
Yea, since the world's first battles,
Of Thymbrg or Marathon
She sacrificed and suffered
And still must suffer on.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
Oh you that have the power,
And stay the arm of battle
Before the fatal hour.
Those Isles you ne'er shall conquer,
Those souls you ne'er shall claim,
Why strive to claim, to conquer
'Neath guise of Freedom's Name.

Take up the White Woman's burden—
'Tis hard to yield the fights.
Ah no—trust not ambition
But look to God and right.
Go stand 'neath Freedom's Banner,
Her stars will tell to you,
A thousand truths unwritten
And bid you to be true.

Reno, Nevada.

CHRISTINA L. CLARK.

WORK OF LATER YEARS.

Cases in Which the Novel Has Been the Work of Maturity.

r. Kipling has expressed the opin- that, though short stories may be ten in youth, the novel must be the k of maturity, and he has prom- to give us his own long novel n he shall be ripe for it, says the ago News. There are undoubtedly t examples to cite in support of view. Richardson wrote "Clarissa lowe" when he was near sixty; ding, "Tom Jones," at forty-two; dsmith, "The Vicar of Wakefield," thirty-eight; and Sterne, "Tristram ndy," after forty-five. Cervantes lished the first part of "Don Quix- " at fifty-eight and the second at y-eight; Defoe his "Robinson Cru- " at fifty-eight; Bunyan his "Pil- n's Progress" at fifty; and Addison going on forty when he created Roger.

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Critic June 1900

Ac. 3-17-1902

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estimate "Mr. Punch" puts into "R-ch-rd

Tues 9x

BEN-HUR.

GEN. LEW WALLACE.

(Author of Ben-Hur.)

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger's production of *Ben-Hur*,(*) now running at the Broadway Theatre, has proved the greatest hit in American theatrical records. When one sees this remarkable dramatic spectacle, one ceases to wonder at its extraordinary success. It deserves it, for it is in every sense an artistic achievement which cannot but reflect lasting credit on the enterprising managers who lavished their money on it and put into it not only their own best intellectual resources, but also the most expert assistance liberal compensation could employ.

Ben-Hur has exalted stage art in America as no other production ever made here has done. In scenery, costumes and mechanical effects it surpasses anything ever see this country, and, very prob abroad. The company which pears in it is adequate in e character, and in addition to large dramatic organization the employed an auxiliary compar over 300 people, among them ac singers and dancers.

The appeal to the eye which required in a faithful dramatic sentation of *Ben-Hur*, has, perh somewhat eclipsed the merit of play as a literary effort in minds of many who have see and have been carried away b picturesque and artistic beau but notwithstanding the excell of the staging of the piece, the is in itself a strong drama, w would be received as a success

(*) **Ben-Hur.** 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.08. By mail, $1.23.

WORK OF LATER YEARS.

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Nor are the women much more precocious, in spite of the wonderful Jane Austen, who wrote "Pride and Prejudice" as soon as she was of age. She at all events already knew her world, but her world was undeniably rather a small one. Little Fanny Burney, too, knew her world early and published "Evelina" at twenty-six. As for the Brontes, critics, whether for praise or blame, agree that they had to draw on their imagination for their worldly knowledge. On the other hand, George Eliot did not begin till she was nearing forty, nor did Mrs. Gaskell; Miss Mitford began "Our Village" at thirty-eight and Mrs. Oliphant her "Chronicles of Carlingford" at forty-two or forty-three, while Miss Edgeworth published "Castle Rackrent" at thirty-five.

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Tues 9x

Mr. Rudyard's Kipling's letters on the war, which are appearing in The Daily Mail, will enable the latter to bear with complacency the success of its new rival. In them it seems to me that we see Mr. Kipling at his best. Not only does he describe what he has seen in South Africa with that wonderful vividness and that inspiration of epithet which always characterize his work, but he shows a breadth of statesmanship that would be in its right place in the Cabinet. Can it be that Mr. Kipling is to add to his laurels as poet, and romancer, and journalist, the crown of statesmanship? There are certainly thousands of men who are reading his letters to-day who would decidedly prefer that the rule of the empire should be intrusted to him, rather than to half a dozen of the leaders on both sides of the House of Commons.

***

SCHOOL HINTS BY RUDYARD KIPLING—contributed to *The School Budget*.—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 plough land. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

6. If it is necessary to take other peoples' 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*.

Book Buyer. No 506, Vol 13, June 1896

KIPLING WHACKS THE YANKEES.

Author's Contemptuous Analysis of the New England Conscience.

Vermont did not "tackle kindly" to Kipling, and Kipling is returning the compliment. From the day he had his brother-in-law arrested for threatening him with personal violence until now the creator of Mulvaney has had little use for New England. In Harper's Magazine he "gets square" with the entire New England race by attacking one of their most cherished institutions, the "New England Conscience." He says:

"Now, in the big silence of the snow is born, perhaps, not a little of New England conscience which her children write about. There is much time to think, and thinking is a highly dangerous business. Conscience, fear, undigested reading, and, it may be, not too well cooked food have full swing. A man, and more particularly a woman, can easily hear strange voices—the word of the Lord rolling between the dead hills; may see visions and dream dreams; get revelations and an outpouring of the spirit, and end (such things have been) lamentably enough in those big houses by the Connecticut river, which have been tenderly rechristened the Retreat. Hate breeds as well as religion—the deep, instriking hate between neighbors, that is born of a hundred little things added up, brooded over and hatched by the stove, when two or three talk together in the long evenings. It would be very interesting to get the statistics of revivals and murders, and find how many of them have been committed in the spring."

So it seems that it is saleratus bread and snowstorms, and not conscience at all, that the New Englanders have been bragging about.

NS June 17/1904

KIPLING RUNS AN ERRAND.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING telegraphed to

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In writing about the war one can arcely refrain from mentioning the me of Rudyard Kipling. Evidently e American edition of the Bookman inks likewise, for it recently proeded to recount one of the prettiest ecdotes that was ever "tagged-on" that distinguished author. Referring Kipling's presence in South Africa e Bookman pathetically declared that was hounded by the proofs of his rthcoming novel. These, so I read, folwed him from camp to camp, dogging e course of his military advance, and manding correction under trying and turesque conditions. The mere wanring of these proofs is a story in elf, but—and I hate to say it—Kipg's novel has not yet been put into e publisher's hands. Not a line of it yet in print. Thus, however picturque the wanderings of the proofs, it ly existed in an imagination a trifle ener than that of Kipling himself. one in the world would be better ased than the author of the forthning novel were it in such shape t he could trust it to type.

The Land of Lorna Doone.

Reader 4/24/1904

find Joy scrambling among some old illustrated magazines under the bureau. He certainly did not wear the air of a happy wooer; anybody could see that. Yet he did not take a perverse pleasure in defying the neighborhood school-ma'ams that it seemed had thronged his father's house all his days. His manner was prompted by a natural indifference. When he had found the books that Joy had been struggling for, and scattered them over the floor for her disorderly pleasure, he returned to the group, carelessly sat down and dropped into conversation.

"Let's pop some corn!" Joy's little voice broke in like the sharp crackle of a match.

"It's way up over the dinin'-room stairs. This year's crop hasn't been gathered yet," Aunt Millie discouraged her by saying.

"I'll get it," said Cousin Les, "anything to please the children." Taking a paper taper from the gilt china-vase on the mantel, he lighted the candle. "Come along."

"Oh, it's too soon after supper; I wouldn't stir a step!" Miss Bettie Sue's habit of control would crop out. "And you asked me to play 'Maiden's Prayer' for you. I brought the music this time."

"Joy, will you wait till morning?" Cousin Les asked, as Miss Betty Sue made as if to blow out the candle.

Joy peeped fearfully out of the corners of her pretty blue eyes at the portly school-teacher and without venturing a word, reached her hand appealingly toward him. It was enough.

"Well, it won't take a minute. Run along, Joy, and then we'll have the music afterward."

As the door closed behind them, Miss Betty Sue clenched her hand. Her mouth drooped in a petulent curve.

"How he does spoil her!" Aunt Millie's comments were always accompanied by a certain tenderness.

"He's so fond of children I wonder that he's never married." Here was at least an opportunity to put a question Miss Bettie Sue had long, long waited a chance to ask.

"He says he's waitin' for Joy."

In spite of Aunt Millie's smile, the suggestion stirred the woman beside her, who gasped as if cold water had been thrown in her face. "Well," she snapped, "he'll have to pay for it if he does. She's as bad a little limb as I ever saw unhung! I'd just like to have the runnin' of her about a year!"

The sharp tones sent a throb of real pain to Aunt Millie's heart. "She is spoiled, but I know you wouldn't say that if you knew her mother—poor Marion! She's been sick all of Joy's life, and the child has just had to raise herself. The dear soul isn't long for this world, I'm afraid. Les is goin' to take Joy then." Her voice ended in a sigh.

Miss Betty Sue's face betrayed no sign of softening, but her answer was spared by the entrance of Cousin Les and Joy. During the corn-popping her face was blank. It was not until an "I'm sleepy" from Joy's weary lips her eyes flashed at Cousin Les' instant acquiescence.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Rudyard's Kipling's letters
war, which are appearing in Th
Mail, will enable the latter to b
complacency the success of its ne
In them it seems to me that we
Kipling at his best. Not only doe
scribe what he has seen in South
with that wonderful vividness and
spiration of epithet which always
terize his work, but he shows a
of statesmanship that would be in
place in the Cabinet. Can it be t
Kipling is to add to his laurels a
and romancer, and journalist, the
of statesmanship? There are c
thousands of men who are reading
ters to-day who would decidedly
that the rule of the empire should
trusted to him, rather than to
dozen of the leaders on both sides
House of Commons.

***

Mr. Theodore Cook

SCHOOL HINTS BY RUDYARD KIPLING

buted to *The School Budget*.—1. If you
doubts about a quantity, *cough*. In three
of five this will save you being asked t
again."

2. The two most useful boys in a fo
the master's favourite *pro tem*, (*b*) his pet
With a little judicious management *a*
him talking through the first half of the
and *b* can take up the running for the r
time. *N.B.*—A syndicate should arrang
imposts in return for this service.

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

4. Never shirk a master out of bou
him with an abstracted eye, and at the
pull out a letter and study it earnestly
think it is a commission for some one el

5. When pursued by the native far
take to the nearest plough land. M
furrows that boys can run over.

6. If it is necessary to take oth
apples do it on a Sunday. You ca
them inside your topper, which is
trying to button them into a tight *Eton*

KIPLING WHACKS THE YANKEE

**Author's Contemptuous Analysis
The New England Conscience.**

Vermont did not "tackle kindly" to Kip
ling, and Kipling is returning the compl
ment. From the day he had his brother
in-law arrested for threatening him wit
personal violence until now the creato
of Mulvaney has had little use for Ne
England. In Harper's Magazine he "get
square" with the entire New England rac
by attacking one of their most cherishe
institutions, the "New England Con
science." He says

"Now, in the big silence of the snow i
born, perhaps, not a little of New Englan
conscience which her children write about
There is much time to think, and thinkin
is a highly dangerous business. Conscience
fear, undigested reading, and, it may be
not too well cooked food have full swing
A man, and more particularly a woman
can easily hear strange voices—the wor
of the Lord rolling between the dead hills
may see visions and dream dreams; ge
revelations and an outpouring of the spirit
and end (such things have been) lamenta
bly enough in those big houses by the Con
necticut river, which have been tenderly
rechristened the Retreat. Hate breed
as well as religion—the deep, instriking
hate between neighbors, that is born of a
hundred little things added up, brooded
over and hatched by the stove, when two
or three talk together in the long even
ings. It would be very interesting to get
the statistics of revivals and murders, and
find how many of them have been commit
ted in the spring."

So it seems that it is saleratus bread and
snowstorms, and not conscience at all, that
the New Englanders have been bragging
about.

Book Notes March 1900

THE THOUGHTFUL-MINDED BEGGAR.

A reflection on Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar."

MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE DEGENERATES."

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when
you've sung "God Save the Queen,"
When your patriot ardor cools at last;
Let your thoughts, e'en though an instant, dwell
upon a battle scene,
Where the shot and shell are flying thick and
fast.
Hear you not the cries and moanings of the
wounded soldiers dying?
(Brave men fallen from a foeman's deadly
aim.)
Hear you not within, your conscience, to your
anthem now replying,
As it murmurs "For this mis'ry you're to
blame."

CHORUS.

Duke's son, burgher's son, son of the human race,
Their blood stains from hist'ry you cannot erase.
What is "empire," what is power, Britons say?
Tell us, do you think this war will pay, pay, pay?

There's the girl he left behind him, with the
tear-stains on her cheek;
For her lover to return she waits in vain.
They had planned a little wedding, they had
set the day and week;
Can you tell her he will never come again?

Can you tell her he has fallen, on a battle-field
he lies
'Neath the hoofs of frantic horses in the dust?
Can you then sing "Rule Britannia" when you
gaze into her eyes?
When you know that all her suffering is un-
just?

Duke's son, burgher's son, son of the human race,
(A war that's unjust is a war of disgrace.)
They are wounded, they are dying day by day,
Tell us, do you think this war will pay, pay, pay?

There's the wife he left behind him, with the
children by her side,
When she hears that he has fallen in the war,
There's no time for tears of sorrow, for her
babes she must provide;
She must keep the wolf of hunger from the
door.
There's the father old and feeble with the mort-
gage he must pay;
And the mother patient, hopeful through the
years.
They have waited for his coming, now their last
hope fades away
Can you shout your "Rule Britannia" when
you gaze upon their tears?

Father's son, mother's son, son of the human race,
They are gone and there's none can e'er take their
place.
The hearts that are broken will thus ever stay,
So we ask in God's name, does it pay, pay, pay?

Men of Britain! Anglo-Saxons, let your anger
now subside,
Give the hand of love and mercy to your foe.
Love and mercy, that is sweeter than a nation's
boastful pride;
Yea, 'tis sweeter than the flush of vict'ry's
glow.
So cease this war of conquest; call your army
from abroad,
You can spare the lives of thousands if you
will.
As we laud Great Britain's valor; so her mercy
we'll applaud,
And the world will love and honor Britain still.

Duke's son, burgher's son, son of the human race,
Spare their lives for there are none can ever take
their place.
The hearts that are broken will wounded thus stay
So we ask in God's name, does it pay, pay, pay?

CARL FREDERICK WILLIAM HEGERT.

KIPLING RUNS AN ERRAND.

A Cape Town Yarn of a Pair of Boots and an Unimpressed Sentry.

"I walked over to the infantry camp at Sea Point the other morning with Mr. Rudyard Kipling," says a Cape Town correspondent. "As we neared the camp we overtook a private carrying in his hand a large pair of boots.

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling asked if we were on the right road and the man said, 'Yes! Are yer goin' there? Then you can tike these boots. I 'av to entrine at 12 o'clock, and I in't goin' ter miss it for no blessed boots. 'Ere, tike 'old,' he continued, thrusting the boots into Mr. Kipling's hand, 'and give 'em to Private ——, —— company.'

"Mr. Kipling promised faithfully and gave a receipt, which he signed, but the man did not notice the name. 'My friend,' said Mr. Kipling, 'you'll get your head chaffed off when you get back to the guard room.' 'What for?' vainly asked the man, and departed.

"No sooner were we inside the railings than Mr. Kipling was accosted by a military policeman. 'What are you doing here? You must get out of here, you know—sharp!'

"'I'm taking these boots to Private ——,' said Mr. Kipling. 'Well, you ought to take them to the guard tent and not go wandering about the camp like this. Out of it now!'

"Now, Mr. Kipling has a pass from the commander-in-chief to go wherever he pleases in south Africa, and, besides that, he is Rudyard Kipling, whom private soldiers call their brother and father.

"Just then a police sergeant rode up and said: 'Please, sir, I lived ten years with the man as you get your tobacco from in Brighton. Anything I can do for you?'

"'Yes,' said Kipling, 'I want this man taken away and killed!'

"So Private —— had his boots."

AN amusing correspondence recently passed between Rudyard Kipling and a London publishing house that deals extensively in American works. A letter was addressed to the author in care of this firm and by it forwarded to him at Rollingdean, with the following note:

"The enclosed letter has just reached us from America, and you will see that we had to pay a letter fine of threepence on it. Your obedient servants, G—— B——"

Here is Mr. Kipling's reply:

"DEAR SIR.—Mr. Rudyard Kipling desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 30. The letter that you enclose was from a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific slope, and Mr. Kipling is glad to learn that you are only out of pocket threepence by it. Faithfully yours,
"S. ANDERSON."

Then came the last of the correspondence:

"In forwarding you the letter from America addressed in our care, we thought we were doing a courteous act. We did not know from whom it came, but because it was from 'a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific slope,' your secretary reports that you are glad to learn that we are only threepence out of pocket by it. This strikes us as the action of an 'absent-minded beggar.' Yours faithfully, G—— B——. P. S.—Kindly put the threepence in the tambourine."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING telegraphed to the *Times* a poem of twelve lines on the death of General Joubert. We quote the first stanza:

With those that bred, with those that loosed, the strife
He had no part whose hands were clean of gain;
But, subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause and knew the gift was vain.

In *A Kipling Primer*, the author, Mr. Knowles, remarks that the lines addressed to Wolcott Balestier beginning—

Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter dark-
ness hurled—

"touch almost the high-water mark of Kipling's work." Mr. Knowles does not seem to be aware that the poem in question is but an adaptation, shorn and changed, of a longer poem called "The Blind Bug," contributed some years before by Mr. Kipling to the *National Observer*. There's husbandry in poets.

THE *Publishers' Circular* understands that for the serial rights of his new novel Mr. Rudyard Kipling is receiving the highest price ever paid to an English writer of fiction. The sum is said to be equal to the annual salary of a Cabinet Minister.

Academy April 7-1900

KIPLING'S POEM ON JOUBERT.

New York, April 3.—The next issue of Harper's Weekly will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling on General Joubert, which was sent by cable from South Africa. Two of three verses follow:

(Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,
He had no part whose hands were clean of gain;
But subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,
Telling old battles over without hate.
Noblest his name shall pass from sire to son.

Critic.

Kipling Popular Among Wounded.

Kipling, the author, has been making himself popular among the wounded at the Rondesboch Hospital. An officer's wife writes of him there: "He settled among all in a tent, just like an old familiar friend. As such the soldiers quickly recognized him, and in a second all tongues were loosed. The fact is that, while he did not know them individually before, Kipling has spoken with them all in a sense for years through the power of his writing. Yes, and he has thought with them, felt with them, knowing all they cared for and wanted to a T; in a word, he loves them all alike, and they know it in a minute before even he has as much as crossed words with them. So when they talk to him there is no shyness or suspicion, no picking or choosing of their words, nothing withheld. They just prattle away as hard as ever they can, and Kipling rattles, too, appreciating their humor to the full, and throwing in a dash of his own incomparable wit and sparkle occasionally, which they are just as quick as anyone to see and recognize."

Ready June 10-1900

The Land of Lorna Doone.

In writing about the war one can scarcely refrain from mentioning the name of Rudyard Kipling. Evidently the American edition of the Bookman thinks likewise, for it recently proceeded to recount one of the prettiest anecdotes that was ever "tagged-on" to that distinguished author. Referring to Kipling's presence in South Africa the Bookman pathetically declared that he was hounded by the proofs of his forthcoming novel. These, so I read, followed him from camp to camp, dogging the course of his military advance, and demanding correction under trying and picturesque conditions. The mere wandering of these proofs is a story in itself, but—and I hate to say it—Kipling's novel has not yet been put into the publisher's hands. Not a line of it is yet in print. Thus, however picturesque the wanderings of the proofs, it only existed in an imagination a trifle keener than that of Kipling himself. No one in the world would be better pleased than the author of the forthcoming novel were it in such shape that he could trust it to type.

Reader 4/24/1900

"there are too many deadheads there!" ...farious handles, so the audience in ...

London Cyril Maybrick

WHEN THEY GROW OLD.

No. 4.—Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

but his look | I'm not faint with ...

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW by

William L. Alden.

LONDON, May 20.—Mr. Le Gallienne's criticism of Kipling is on the whole the worst thing of the kind that has yet been written. It was put together with the pastepot. If it were proper to dignify it with the name of "writing," it would of course be pre-eminent in badness, but as it is, that pre-eminence belongs to Mr. Le Gallienne's performance. It is not a criticism in any proper sense, for it is simply a collection of what the author imagines to be smart and beautiful sentences, apropos of Kipling and his works. Mr. Le Gallienne mentions several things that Kipling has written which Mr. Le Gallienne likes, and several other things written by the same author which Mr. Le Gallienne does not like. But it is not generally thought that Mr. Le Gallienne's likes and dislikes are matters of supreme interest. There is abundant room for a dispassionate, intelligent criticism of Kipling's prose and verse, but to put together silly sentiment and sillier abuse of so-called Philistinism; to mix these with the sort of "beautiful language" that would charm a Vassar girl; with praise which is impertinence because it is without judgment, and with condemnation, which is worse than impertinence when we remember who Mr. Kipling is and who Mr. Le Gallienne is, and then to call the result "A Criticism," is little short of exasperating. The book will probably be read and admired in young ladies' schools, but it is absolutely worthless as a contribution to literature. Mr. Le Gallienne has already undertaken to tell us what he would do "if he were God." Now that he has shown us what he can do as a critic, it will be the opinion of most people that he is as pronounced a failure in one capacity as he would be in the other.

I cannot find out when Mr. Kipling's new novel is to be published. I doubt if it sees the light, in book form at least, this year. His letters from the Cape will naturally be republished before the end of the war, and he is too wise a man to permit the simultaneous publication of two books of his own. According to one of the weekly papers, the scene of the story is laid in Burmah, but I doubt the accuracy of this statement. Mr. Kipling can keep his own secrets, and so can his publishers. I am greatly in hopes that this will turn out to be the novel hinted at in his story of the drunken English renegade "McIntosh." I have waited for that story for several years, and I want to read it before I leave the world of books.

***

Mr. Le Gallienne does not seem to impress the literary weeklies with either admiration or awe. There is a general agreement that Mr. Le Gallienne can write very prettily, but I fancy that most of the critics share my own opinion that he is the last person in the world to write of Kipling. What does he know of Kipling who knows only Le Gallienne? To appreciate Kipling's work one must have some points in common with him. Mr. Kipling might possibly admire something that Mr. Le Gallienne has written, but that Mr. Le Gallienne should like the most that Kipling has written is an impossibility.

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Literary World

May 18, 1900.

so light. We are not referring to the quality of the literature now, but to the quality of the paper. The number consists of about a dozen stories, which make pleasant enough reading for a railway journey. There are no illustrations. There is life and movement in the stories.

Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism.

By Richard Le Gallienne. Delivered as a popular lecture, Mr. Le Gallienne's three chapters would no doubt score a success. Regarded as criticism they rank somewhat on a level with Mr. Robert Buchanan's recent article, 'The Voice of the Hooligan,' which so roused the ire of Sir Walter Besant. Not that Mr. Le Gallienne condemns utterly or fails to see any merit in Mr. Kipling; he only damns persistently with faint praise. Of 'Departmental Ditties' he remarks that, 'from a literary, or any serious, point of view, they are hardly more important than Mr. Kipling's first sailor hat.' What, we wonder, would be Mr. Kipling's opinion of the importance of Mr. Le Gallienne's criticism? Out of 'Barrack Room Ballads' there are 'perhaps not more than seven that one cares about reading again.' 'The "Other Verses" are mainly interesting as showing what Mr. Kipling cannot do.' 'Tomlinson,' which so many swear by, does not please our critic, or at least 'once having been introduced to him, we have no further desire to read his letter of introduction.' It is curious to find that Mr. Le Gallienne considers 'Mary, Pity Women,' in 'The Seven Seas,' 'supreme beyond the others' in that volume, and that he has nothing but praise for 'The Shut-eye Sentry,' 'The Ladies,' 'The Men that Fought at Minden,' and 'Soldier and Sailor Too.' Mr. Le Gallienne's likes and dislikes—chiefly the latter—are with similar frankness expressed with regard to many of the prose works, and he sums up his judgment in the words: 'As a writer Mr. Kipling is a delight; as an influence he is a danger.' That may be a good judgment or not, but one wonders rather that Mr. Le Gallienne should dare to write as follows: 'It is Mr. Kipling and his followers who are the true end-of-the-century *decadents*, for it would seem to be their aim to begin the twentieth century by throwing behind them all that the nineteenth century has won.' Mr. Le Gallienne writes smartly, but with exaggeration. We cannot accept him as an impartial critic, the character in which he is here posing. Mr. John Lane's bibliography at the end of the volume strikes us as being of more lasting service than the earlier criticism. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

**** The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the custody or return of unsolicited contributions, even when stamps are sent.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. KIPLING AND SCHOOLBOYS.

SIR,—Mr. Rudyard Kipling is paying the penalty of popularity by having his books discussed in the daily press, and now in the last issue of your valuable journal I see that, under the heading 'Mr. Kipling and Schoolboys,' a correspondent pours forth a volume of adverse criticism against one of Mr. Kipling's latest stories. The story in question was one of a series, which appear simultaneously in *Pearson's* and *The Windsor* magazines. Your correspondent objects, firstly, to the types of boys Mr. Kipling makes his heroes—the boys who are always up to mischief, who are seldom found out and who smoke; this last rankles particularly in your correspondent's mind, so much so that he protests. Having protested, he goes on to object to the fact that the heroes never come to grief, like the bad boys of old who went skating on Sundays, or even, when it appears that they are going to be thrashed, the 'head' lets them off with a slight caning. Perhaps a vivid description of a brutal flogging would have found more favour in Mr. Bleackley's eyes. He should turn to 'Struwelpeter,' where he will find solace in contemplating the direct fate which overtakes 'Little Johnny Head in the Air,' or the sad punishment which is meted out to the youth who refused to eat soup. Mr. Kipling's story, one can see, is taken from life models, and is evidently the result of personal experience, and as for the statement that the story is devoid of humour, the only conclusion I can draw is that your correspondent must be a Scotchman. Let Mr. Bleackley, then, continue to read Eden Philpotts, and let Mr. Kipling continue to give us more of the adventures of his delightful trio.—Yours truly,

ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

Sir,—If you would be so good as to accord me space in your paper, I should like to reply to Mr. Bleackley's letter in which he questions the taste of Mr. Kipling in writing such stories as 'In Ambush.' He protests against the idea that boys should spend their '*half-holidays*' in smoking, and while impeaching their morals for indulging in that more healthy form 'the pipe,' he does not condemn their adopting that more pernicious form, the cigarette, during *their vacation*. Such reasoning is illogical and obscure; indeed, it is only in harmony with the egotism displayed by your correspondent in stating what '*he*' did at school so many years ago.

He writes: '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.' What effects does he suppose would follow? The German schoolboys, and their predecessors from time immemorial, have been guilty of 'that vice of smoking,' and such a state of affairs has not been considered, even by those most qualified to judge, to have led to their degeneracy. It would be a good thing if Mr. Bleackley took facts like this into consideration before coming to conclusions. Mr. Kipling is taxed with the offence that he has not been even humorous in his school tale. Is Mr. Bleackley conceiving the idea of teaching Mr. Kipling how to write humorous stories, or is Mr. Bleackley himself utterly devoid of humour? Mr. Kipling's style, no matter in what strain or form he may write, will always gain the praise of competent critics, as it has done in the past. His stories can only be 'obscure' to those who tread on the blind path of ignorance.—Yours truly,

JOHN J. VERDON.

Sir,—I was pleased to see in your issue of December 30th the letter from Horace Bleackley, as it shows us the danger to which we are exposed by hanging too much upon a name without considering what there is attached to the teaching inspired by that name. Mr. Kipling may be a good name to conjure with, but I have to learn wherein the unqualified cause lies. As your correspondent shows, there is a great evil in making the boy characters of a story 'smoke like Red Indians,' especially when it is to be supposed that it is a representation of life. And then to make it appear as though those heroes are clever through the doing it is a point which would make moralists like Dr. Johnson storm about, and rightly too. There certainly does not need any stimulus to the boys of to-day to run into such a vice as this, and the least that we could expect would be that writers of such great influence would have preferred silence. I agree with the writer that it is more than a shame that such ruffians should be glorified in a popular magazine. And then fancy that for such extreme indulgence in a vice of this kind they get chastised lightly! I ask where the merits of the heroes come in, and where does the master's fitness for such a position show itself? Whatever else may be said, we may ask to be saved from such edification as this and that of Tommy Atkins. Even Tommy is disgusted with it, and generally he can withstand a lot of questionable sentiment. The question once again presents itself—'Should tales point morals?' And if it be so, as I think it should, then we ask, wherein does the moral lie in such a story as above referred to? In your footnote, Mr. Editor, you say that facts show that Mr. Kipling's style is popular among schoolboys. I do not wish to doubt the facts, but I would question the good results likely to spring from such a choice. There is a more important side to the story even than a large circulation, and that is its influence for good or evil.—Yours truly,

JOHN JEFRY.

Bristol

To a correspondent of an Australian newspaper Mr. Rudyard Kipling recently outlined the work which he has in hand for the immediate future. "I am going back to London," he said, "to fight the people who will say 'The Boers fought for freedom; give them back their country.' I want to fight all of that sort of nonsense." The charms of anti-imperialism evidently do not appeal to Rudyard even yet. Perhaps Mr. Atkinson ought to write him a letter.

This Australian interviewer gave an interesting glimpse of Mr. Kipling. He described him as a little, squat-figured, sturdy man of about forty, says Edward Boltwood, in the Pittsburg Dispatch. His face has been made familiar by portraits, but no protograph gives any hint of his quick, nervous energy. "His talk is a gabble, a chatter, a constant jumping from one point to another. In manner he is more like a business man than a literary celebrity. There is nothing of the dreamer about him."

The novelist's idea of the future of South Africa is significant. He is strongly of the opinion that there will soon be there the greatest demand for skilled labor which the world has ever seen. His story, "The Outsider," is in line with this conviction, and is a most excellent story besides.

Another

Scotsman 9/16/1900

Rudyard Kipling's First Appearance in America.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I have recently picked up a book by Rudyard Kipling that I believe marks his first published appearance in America. Possibly some of your readers can tell me if this be so. The title reads:

"In Black and White," by Rudyard Kipling. Published by A. H. Wheeler & Co., Allahabad; Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, Limited; St. Durstan's House, Fetter Lane, London, E. C.

The gray paper cover is apparently from an engraved block, (signed Lahore,) and with the addition of "A. H. Wheeler's No. 3 One Rupee Indian Railway Library. Price, 1 shilling; and also New York: Bromfield & Co., 658 Broadway." Now, the book is certainly in the original sheets, although not dated, but whether printed in England or India, I would not undertake to say, and the probability is that Bromfield & Co. imprinted a small edition with their imprint. The first American appearance of anything of Kipling's is given in The Book Buyer Bibliography as "The Courting of Dinah Shadd, New York, Harper & Brothers, 1890," while the first English edition of "In Black and White" is London, 1888. This being the case and there being simultaneous issues (apparently) of the book of Allahabad, London and New York, isn't it safe to assume that we must make an addition to the bibliography? There is an interesting difference in the paging of my copy, the collation in The Book Buyer being given as 106 pages, and dedication 2 pages, while mine has 94 pages and the dedication pages 95 and 96.

It is, at all events, a mighty interesting book, with the introduction by Kadin Bakar, Khitmatgar; the dedication "To My Most Deare Father," and the following table of contents: "Dray Wara Yow Dee," "The Judgment of Dungara," "At Howli Thana, Gemini," "At Twenty-two," "In Flood Time," "The Sending of Dana Da," and "On the City Wall."

GEORGE P. HUMPHREY.

Rochester, N. Y., May 8, 1900.

T mes 5/19/1900

I read the other day in The Review of the Week, which is in the main cleverly written, that Rudyard Kipling had never written any poetry, and that "The Recessional" was altogether commonplace and worthless. I do not give the critic's precise words, but such was the meaning of what he wrote. A little while earlier I had read in the New York Bookman an article written by a gentleman who is supposed to be a precisian in the use of the English language, in which he spoke of the "fizzling out" of Mr. Kipling, and maintained that for some time Kipling's work has been steadily deteriorating. This sort of thing inclines me more than ever to believe that criticism is little more than the expression of individual impressions. I need hardly say that I utterly disagree with The Review of the Week and with The Bookman, but how can I demonstrate that what they say of Kipling is absolutely untrue? If criticism were an exact science, this would be an easy task, but as it is, all that I might say would amount to this, that whereas The Review of the Week and The Bookman think Kipling is a failure, I think precisely the opposite. It would hardly be worth while to take so much trouble to say so little. My opponents would retort with perfect truth that they had the same right to their opinion that I had to mine, and there would be a hopeless "no thoroughfare" at the end of our discussion.

My Times *** 4/8/1900

STALKY & CO.'S SCHOOL.

A Visit to Westward Ho, on the North Devon Coast, and a Talk With the Little Red Sergeant Whom Rudyard Kipling Has Made Immortal as "Foxibus"—What the Old Soldier Says of the Famous Author.

(By Helen Dawes Brown.)

"Yiss," says my Devonshire driver, "yiss, yonder's wheer Kipling surruved his toime." He pointed his whip toward a "terrace" of bow-windowed houses, and kept on pointing till I read aloud for his satisfaction the words upon the front: "United Services College."

"Yes," I repeated, "that is where Stalky & Co. served their time, too."

The buildings were commonplace, brownish-grayish in color, and insignificant in architecture. They stood high above the road, with a noble command of the sea. For this was Westward Ho, on the North Devon coast, and I had driven over from Bideford partly in honor of Charles Kingsley, chiefly in honor of Rudyard Kipling. Westward Ho is that dismalest of spots, an unsuccessful watering place; and Kingsley College, next neighbor to Stalky's, is that forlornest of ruins, an abandoned school.

My visit fell in the dead vast and middle of the summer vacation. A school in summer has a silence of its own—silence audible, like darkness visible. To my imagination the place was filled with the absence of the school boys there, and rank with the silence of their war drum. I followed the graveled path to the door, but hardly expected to enter, for I am the deprecating, retreating American when on my travels. At the entrance appeared a little man, red-haired, red-faced, very straight in the back, stiffened from head to foot with authority.

"Would it be possible for me to step inside the door?" said I, turning away.

He thought not. I quite understood, and drew back from the doorway.

"I could show you 'is study, at the top o' the stair," said the man of authority. "Number five 'e called it. Number three hit is. That was the way 'e changed things. That door was Mr. Prout's, 'is name not bein' Prout, however, though beginnin' with a P. He changed every name except the cook's. He put us all in."

"And you, too, are in the book?"

"Yiss," he answered shyly; "I'm—well, I'm the little red sergeant. They called me Foxibus. 'E's put me in 'is stories three times. I wrote 'im a letter; I said 'e'd better take me hoff the stage, and 'e answered me a letter—I've it in my pocket now. I couldn't read it to you, though I'd like to, it bein' so hintimate."

Could Beetle but have seen the proud, fond touch Foxibus gave his letter!

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It was a study that had seen service. Indeed, from end to end, Stalky's school was as ink-bespattered a place of education as I have ever visited.

There was not much to see in study No. 5; there was a great deal to think. The little red sergeant's reminiscences of Beetle shall wait till Mr. Kippling's biography is written—may the day be far distant.

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"I'm 'avin' to wear spectacles made it awkward in a fight"; and up rose before me the poet Beetle, spectacles mended with an old boot lace, as on page forty-six.

Foxibus, unbent, tried no more discipline upon me, but led me over the house with great geniality and thoroughness, even throwing open the bath room door that I might see where "the lads showed each their wales"; and [illegible] me to Richard's sanctum, where that worthy blacked the boots.

"And 'ere's where I drilled 'em," showing the gymnasium scene of "The Flag of Their Country."

"And 'ere's where the cat—"

"Yes, I remember that," I said quickly.

"I could tell you the truth of that story—"

But I made an immediate remark about the sea, which filled every window with blue expanse.

Foxibus led me through form rooms, dormitories, dining rooms, wholesome with the bright, keen ocean air, and cheerful with their wide, free outlook. All was plain and simple to bareness, a preparation for camps and barracks. Here and there one saw pictures of military heroes, Lord Kitchener conspicuous among them.

"And there's where 'e sat at table, as I can just remember 'im, a little lad."

"Stalky & Co.," I think, is not so good a book for boys as for their teachers and their maiden aunts. The trio are, in many respects, boys of the Stone Age, as I believe some one in the book suggests. They answer to Plato's famous definition: "Of all animals, the boy is the most unmanageable, inasmuch as he has the fountain of reason in him not yet regulated; he is the most insidious, sharp-witted, and insubordinate of animals." "It's not brutality," says the tutor, Hartopp; "it's boy, only boy."

In the head, the chaplain, and "little Hartopp," the book has a saving remnant of human teachers; but the chaplain remarks: "Never again will I forget that a master is not a man." In "Stalky & Co." it is the teacher as dunce who takes his turn. This shriveled man is pathetic, belittled by living continually with his inferiors—the man who has taught Latin so long that he talks like a translation of Cicero. King addresses Beetle: "Come forth, thou inky buffoon. You supply, I presume, the doggerel for this entertainment. Esteem yourself to be, as it were, a poet?" (That quasi is delightful.)

The autobiographical bits are interesting: Beetle taking to books in the library of the Head, who "would read here a verse and here another of these poets, opening up avenues"; Beetle editing the school paper; Beetle, the laureate of the school, their songster and spokesman; his pen of torment of the masters—"You see I can always make him hop with some more poetry."

"'E was always writin'," says Foxibus; "sometimes it was for the Bideford paper, all unbeknown. You couldn't keep him from writin' then no more than now."

Everywhere the little red sergeant seemed bewildered as to his own identity, perplexed to find himself both inside and outside a book at the same time. The old soldier had been twenty years in the army school at Westward Ho, but plainly the most wonderful experience of his career had been the entertaining and discipline of a genius unawares. To be years after introduced to the world by this troublesome lad, such was the romance of Foxibus, the little red sergeant.

"'Tis immortal fame the gintleman's goin' to give us," says Mr. Kipling's Mulvaney.

Kipling's Highlander.

In the issue of March 31, THE SATURDAY REVIEW told of the meeting of Rudyard Kipling with a Highlander whom he asked the way to the Canadian Sisters. An interesting conversation ensued between the author and the soldier, in which the latter said his name was Stewart, and Kipling laughingly remarked that he was a Macdonald on his mother's side, and had therefore been taught to hate a Campbell. Kipling nevertheless gave the soldier a package of cigarettes, and a conversation ensued, of which the soldier said: "I wish he had staid longer; I could have talked with him all day."

It now appears that the soldier was Malcolm Stewart, a brother of Grant Stewart, the actor and playwright, and in a recent letter from Boston he refers to a letter from his brother, dated from the hospital in Naauwport, on March 17, in which Corp. Stewart, writing to his mother in Toronto, speaks of the very incidents above set forth. Mr. Stewart adds the following sketch of his brother:

Malcolm Stewart, who has just completed five years' service with the Northwestern Mounted Police, retiring with a splendid record, and having won the "Crossed Revolver" for marksmanship, was the first volunteer accepted in Canada for the Transvaal war. He enlisted in the C Company (Toronto Company) of the Royal Canadian Infantry, and soon after arriving at the front was given his "stripes" as Corporal. He fought in the battles of Douglas and Paardeburg, being wounded in the right shoulder at the latter battle by an explosive bullet, which shattered the spinal scapula.

In his letter he mentioned that the nurse at the hospital presented him with a toothbrush, his own having been smashed by the aforesaid bullet. He speaks in glowing terms of the treatment he received at the hospital, saying: "I have a spring bed with plenty of fresh linen, and the best of meat, beer, and fresh vegetables. Good old Britannia knows how to look after her wounded." In an earlier letter, Stewart pays tribute to Tommy Atkins, saying: "All our fellows are stuck on Tommy—he is a decent, quiet, civil, sociable chap, who will share up anything he's got."

Stewart was born in England, and is an old public school boy, having been educated in St. Paul's. He came out to Canada ten years ago. He is reported to be progressing favorably, and no doubt is entertained of his ultimate recovery.

N.Y. Times June 3 1900

[illegible] Roman history.

Kipling Was Hungry.

Here is an amusing story which is told of Kipling by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, says a writer in Mainly About People. After the siege of Kimberley they were both staying at a beautiful little Dutch farm, the home of one of Mr. Rhodes' managers. One morning early the flag was hauled down from the flagstaff, probably by some rebels, and the manager was so afraid lest Rhodes' keen eye should notice it, that he hurriedly begged the privilege of showing him round the fruit farms before breakfast. Mr. Kipling, who was in a dreamy mood, stayed behind. But dreaminess presently gave place to hunger as time went on, the flag was hoisted, and Mr. Rhodes did not appear. On their way home Mr. Rhodes and the manager were surprised to come across, on every tree they passed, big placards bearing in bold, black letters, such sentences as "Famine; We are Starving; Feed Us," and this sort of thing went on until they got to the front door, where they found written in still more startling type:

For the Human Race.
Breakfast.
Purifies the Mind—Invigorates the System
It has Sustained Thousands; It will Sustain You. See that You Get It."

And inside, too, on every available wall and door there were placards getting stronger until they came to, "Why Die When a Little Breakfast Prolongs Life?" "It is Late." "It is Still Later." Until at last they came to the little room where Kipling sat waiting for his breakfast, innocent, but hungry. It was, of course, the characteristic work of the author of "Stalky & Co."

Leader 8-19-1900

Leader June 24/1900

Book Magazine, May 1900

THE ABSINTHE-MINDED BEGGAR.*

WHEN you've shouted "Mort au traitre," and you've shouted "Vive l' Armee,"
And you've got back Alsace-Loraine in your mind.
When you've "Conspued les Juifs," have forgotten Boulanger,
And have washed the stains that Dreyfus left behind;
Then you absinthe-minded beggar, in your muddle-headed pate,
Turn around for something fresh to kick and hit at,
But we'll give you timely warning, which, we hope won't come too late,
That the British Lion's not the chap to spit at.

King's son, duke's son, son of a hundred cooks;
Hundred and fifty thousand men at Metz gave up the day.
The enemy far smaller, yet they struck you off the books,
But did we laugh and jeer at you? Now, say, say, say.

When you lay besieged in Paris by the foeman's iron grasp;
Starvation grim a-staring you in the face;
Who was it gave you victuals, gave your hand a friendly clasp?
Why, the British, whom you're trying to disgrace.
But, of course, it's all forgotten now the danger's past and gone,
For an absinthe-minded beggar all will find you.
But if you go too far we must put the stopper on;
And, by George, we'll take the trouble to remind you.

*Americans in Paris write that, despite the Exposition, the feeling against English and American visitors runs very high. The Americans are classed with the English in one common jealous hatred, which manifests itself in the true Gallic way of cowardly attack. Of course in Paris, no woman without an escort is safe from insult. To-day, if she be English or American, she runs the additional danger of bodily harm. The American or English gentleman fares somewhat better, for he has a straight from the shoulder method of asserting himself that the French blackguard has learned not to like. All this makes very readable this parody of Kipling's now famous poem, which has been sent us from a Canadian source, and is here reprinted.

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The Great Round Bale Movement 459

takes a smaller room in the warehouse. Being far safer, the insurance is lower. There is no waste, no loose nor exposed cotton in the bales, in the warehouses nor on shipboard.

Summed up in dollars and cents, with conservative estimates, it has been calculated that the savings which would accrue from the marketing of a

tive "shiploading density" of 27.2 pounds per cubic foot. In theory, the waste space in the storing of compressed square bales without screwing is 21.4 per cent.; if screwed until the bands touch, it is 14 per cent.. but in practice the result is an average density of 16.6 pounds per cubic foot. Thus about one-third the space is saved in the storing of cotton in round bales in the ship's hold.

10,000,000 bale cotton crop, including the economies at the mill, would amount to $4.50 a bale, or $45,000,000.

Carrying these economies into other fields, where the new type of round bale press undoubtedly will be employed, the influence of the series of inventions beginning with Bessonette and ending with Fuller cannot fail to play a dominant part in the transportation and other commercial problems of the next decade. The great round bale movement reduces the cost of transporting every staple that can be pressed into any sort of package. To that large extent it touches and benefits all quarters of the globe.

DILAPIDATED CONDITION OF OLD-FASHIONED BALES AFTER A VOYAGE

Cook's son, duke's son, son of an aristocrat:
Son of a sea cook, son of a gun, old or young or gay;
Each of them hunting about for himself in search of a sewer rat;
Wasn't it thus till we sent you help? Now, say, say, say.

Though we visited your country in a friendly sort of way;
Though we've freely spent our cash in every town;
Yet now you darkly murmur: "Every dog must have his day—
Let's try and bite the Lion when he's down."
You're an absinthe minded beggar or by now you'd realize
That the British Lion's far from being flurried.
You surely will regret it if when Leo sleeping lies
With impunity you think he can be worried.

Cad's voice, sneak's voice, voice of a snivelling cur.
True enough the adage runs: "Each dog must have its day."
But till yours dawns wear asses' skins—don't covet the lion's fur.
Slink back into your kennel, quick, and stay, stay, stay.

If you're anxious to revile us, why, then do so to our face,
It's a method that we very much prefer.
But, for God's sake, keep your insults from the head of all our race,
For we can't stand much of that applied to Her.
You're an absinthe-minded beggar and you may forget this, too,
That you quickly left Trafalgar, not to mention Waterloo,
In a hurry, with the British close behind you.

Cook's son, duke's son, son of a cuisiniere,
Though you make your country run with shouts of "Vive l' Armee,"
Empty boasts won't frighten us, in spite of your martial air,
Keep a civil tongue in your heads, or you'll pay, pay, pay.

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DILAPIDATED CONDITIO...

STUART ROBSON AS *OLIVER GOLDSMITH*

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATE...

Music and Drama

CONDUCTED BY J. K. ADAMS

Among the month's most notable plays is the dramatization of "Oliver Goldsmith," given by Stuart Robson at the Fifth Avenue Theater. In this presentation Mr. Robson assumed the title rôle, and the entire conception of the play shows an amount of accurate study and knowledge of the characters of *Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, Dr. Johnson* and his historian *Boswell* that is quite to be expected from an artist of Mr. Robson's training and intellectuality. Mr. Robson's playing of ... leading character is particularly ple... ing, and gives one a more personal ... terest in the writings of the author ... "The Vicar of Wakefield," both pr... and poetry. Second only in interes... Mr. Robson is Henry E. Dixey's ... ing in the part of *David Garrick*, ... actor. Dixey is without question ... of the most versatile members of ... profession, and in no case has ... showed his art more completely t... in his present engagement. He p...

THE SCHOOLBOY AS MAN OF LETTERS.*

Sound Morning Leader May 24 1900

This is an excellent piece of criticism. It is not written with equal care throughout, but it is just and sincere. The late Francis Adams and Mr. Robert Buchanan have preceded Mr. Le Gallienne in some of his points, but his is the most detailed analysis of Mr. Kipling's work which I have seen, and places the entire body of it in right proportions. I imagine that Mr. Le Gallienne has passed through much the same stages of opinion about Mr. Kipling as most of us have experienced. He has been a warm admirer; he is now comparatively cold. I cannot imagine a different process on the part of any critic of Mr. Kipling who loves literature, and perhaps I should add, cares for life. Children begin by preferring photographs to pictures. When they grow older they (one hopes) learn to prefer pictures, when they are good, to photographs. Mr. Kipling has aimed at the photographic effect—that is to say, he appears to present the essential truth about the thing represented, though in reality the necessary conditions of truthful representation are wanting. Literature as Mr. Kipling writes it is literature without ideas and without beauty.

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For it is clear that Mr. Kipling has grasped little that is vital concerning the characters he describes. Two types he has chosen for special admiration, the soldier and the Anglo-Indian official. The first he has in a way libelled, for the British army is not adequately sampled by the three amiable savages whose varieties of uncleanliness Mr. Kipling so slightly differentiates. But it is clear that Mr. Kipling plainly means us to admire Tommy Atkins and the Indian official with all our hearts and with all our minds. Let us grant that it was an excellent idea to describe these two types at all. But if Mr. Kipling had been something more than a journalist of genius, they would have lived in his pages as I predict they will not now live. Having described them, he should have seen all round them; he should have shown us the weak points as well as the strong ones, the faults that the war in South Africa and the Indian famine have developed so that all men's eyes can see them. Faults, indeed, Mr. Kipling shows in abundance, but I suspect that in his eyes they rank as virtues. "East of Suez," at all events, a man may be pretty well as he pleases, provided he is physically brave and loves his Queen and Empress. Very well; why should not he also be tactful in his dealings with races whom his country rules, patient, self-restrained, endeavoring to understand the world as it presents itself to him in the strange garb of the East? Clearly Mr. Kipling does not regard these things as necessary. What is British is to him good. What is not British is bad, or uninteresting. Again, I say you may make of this kind of thing excellent journalism for English readers. You will not make literature, which knows no climate, and speaks a universal language.

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As Mr. Kipling's ideas are at fault, so to my mind is his execution. Mulvaney, Mr. Le Gallienne thinks, is the one character by which Mr. Kipling's readers will remember him. Perhaps; but Mulvaney, after all, is a stage Irishman, a child of Lever and his school. He is not a new type, like the Irish-American Dooley. And there is more truth about the Irish character in a book of Miss Emily Lawless's than in all Mr. Kipling's Mulvaneyisms. The dialect is bad, for it is not natural. Nor does the Cockney slang, which is Mr. Kipling's favorite and best mode of expression, lend itself to anything more striking than the tinkling banjo effect that is his idea of melody in verse. Cockneyism is a languid and depraved mode of speech; it is impossible to imagine even a great satiric poem like "Holy Willie's Prayer" being written in it; and when Mr. Kipling comes near to real criticism of life, as in "Tomlinson," he has to abandon it. Only two notes of beautiful melody, or of deep and true pathos—"Mandalay," and the moaning voice of the returning Indian soldier as he leans over the transport's side—do I find in these scraping and whinings of Mr. Kipling to the endless accompaniment of the strings that I hear thrummed at Kew or on Yarmouth Sands.

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But, after all, the real objection to Mr. Kipling is not so much how he speaks, but what he has to say. What is the subject-matter of Mr. Kipling's muse? Compare, for a moment, Wordsworth's summary of the poet's themes—

> Of truth and grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
> And melancholy fear subdued by faith;
> Of blessed consolations in distress,
> Of intellectual strength and moral power,
> Of joy in widest commonalty spread—

with Mr. Kipling's story of the young officer's description of the delights of his profession:

> "You! Have you shot a man? . . . And have *you*, too?
> "Think so," said Nevin sweetly.
> "Good heavens! And how did you feel afterwards?"
> "Thirsty. I wanted a smoke, too."

There is a touch in this which seems to be neither quite English nor quite European. It is negroid. Mr. Kipling's love of the banjo, his delight in deeds of blood, his fits of sentimental religiosity, are no doubt part of the imaginative boy's temperament that has never left him, never given place to the larger sympathies and more disciplined fancies of the grown man. But now and then, as when Mr. Kipling suggests a "smelling-out" campaign for traitors lurking in the hotels and offices of Cape Town, these combined tastes assume what I should call a West African turn, and one thinks of the Rev. John Creedy bounding back into his native woods and taking his long vacant place round the shrine of the Goddess Kali.

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No doubt things are not so serious as this with our "people's laureate," and if he is a savage, it is only as Tom Brown or Harry East is a savage. But, after all, the message of literature to men's hearts and minds, while it can never be without something of the child's pleasure in the outward world—a pleasure which one often gleans from Mr. Kipling's work, and not least from his delight in the mechanical toys with which we amuse or serve ourselves—speaks also of the riper experience, the more subtle, and also the more temperate, vision of the grown man. These Mr. Kipling does not, in my view, possess. He has, therefore, nothing to tell us; not even of war, of which he has written so much.† He has, as Mr. Le Gallienne says, done much against progress; but he has done nothing for letters.

H. W. MASSINGHAM,

* "Rudyard Kipling; a Criticism." By Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane.

† Compare all that Mr. Kipling has written about war with Tolstoy's "Sevastopol."

Mr. Kipling's New Business

"I am probably the only living author," says Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "who is not going to write a book on the war. I think of applying for a V. C. on the strength of it." Yet the war is Mr. Kipling's chief interest, almost his only interest at the moment. He has no writing in hand and is planning none. He sits tight in his little village of Rottingdean in Sussex, with one eye on South Africa and the other on the rifle range which the local volunteer company is trying to secure. Mr. Kipling is very busy in all manner of ways connected with the volunteers, and as he goes through the village in his brown knickerbocker suit and his broad-brimmed brown felt hat, he is consulted by the humblest butcher's boy, if necessary, on any military subject, from the number of hours they ought to drill a week to the merits of Morris tubes used for practice in Lee-Metford rifles.

Rottingdean is an enthusiastically patriotic little hamlet, and on the day when Baden-Powell's little force was relieved it went "mafficking," as they now term it in England, along with the rest of the country. The village decked itself with flags and bunting, no house more gayly than the Kiplings'. The volunteers wasted several rounds of ammunition in *a feu de joie*, and there was a procession through the one street which only failed of complete success because almost every one was in it and almost no one was left to watch it. Mr. Kipling's gardener beat a drum, and beat it hard, while Mr. Kipling himself went gayly behind, and on the edge of the cliffs Mrs. Kipling touched off a yacht's cannon. It is not related whether or not the Kipling children marched in the procession, but it may be supposed that they did, as most surely did the rest of the village children.

Where Mr. Kipling Lives

Rottingdean is a tiny and primitive place, a mere hamlet nestling in a small hollow in the downs on the edge of the sea, about four miles away from the enormous and fashionable town of Brighton. The original village lay about an eighth of a mile from the sea, out of the wind and in the sun—the south coast of England is a fairly bright region. It consisted of a few houses and an ancient little stone church, clustered about a small green with a tiny pond in it. One of these houses, a simple and unpretentious one, belongs to Mr. Kipling, another, across the green, to his cousin, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, son of the celebrated painter. The original village supported itself nominally by agriculture, actually by smuggling; and all the old houses have cellars bigger than the houses themselves. Now the village has crept down to the very edge of the sea by the addition of some rather ugly modern cottages which have occasional lodgers when Brighton grows too full and overflows into the neighboring hamlets. There is now an omnibus line between the city and Rottingdean, and on Sundays and holidays come a good many "trippers," a great part of whom are attracted doubtless by the prospect of seeing "where Kipling lives."

The Burne-Jones-Kipling Split

MR. KIPLING may, perhaps, have voiced the sentiments of the great majority of the British nation on the war, but it is somewhat amusing to note that he did not entirely succeed in converting his own immediate family to his views. His aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, the widow of the celebrated painter, has been an active member of the "Conciliation Committee," which is popularly termed pro-Boer, in England, and the other day was prominent in organizing a women's mass meeting to protest against the annexation of the South African Republics, a policy which Mr. Kipling advocates heart and soul.

S. E. Post July 28/1900

Richard Hovey's Famous Line

Few men of letters were more versatile and many-sided than the late Richard Hovey, who died last spring, just as he was beginning to be recognized as a writer with a brilliant future. Critic, translator, opera singer, divinity student and college professor, successively, he was ever a poet with a true poet's unswerving loyalty to his art. Some of the most charming of Mr. Hovey's verse may be found in Songs from Vagabondia and More Songs from Vagabondia—two little volumes of light-hearted song which he wrote in conjunction with Mr. Bliss Carman. Examples of his more serious work are to be found in Along the Trail and in his Arthurian masques and dramas.

Mr. Hovey's admirers make up in loyalty for what they lack in numbers; but perhaps they do not go too far in saying that his death was a severe blow to American letters. Whether or not Mr. Hovey's verse shall live, his name will go down through the years in a footnote to history which will record the fact that it was he who gave the nation the famous slogan, "Remember the Maine." The phrase occurs thus in a poem written the day after the destruction of the battleship:

> "Ye who remembered the Alamo, remember the Maine,
> Ye who unfettered the slave, break a free people's chain."

Only a little while before his death Mr. Hovey wrote for The Saturday Evening Post the following lines addressed to Mr. Kipling which are now printed for the first time:

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

What need have you of praising? Could I find
Some lonely poet no one praises yet,
I rather would choose him, that he might know
A fellow-craftsman knew him, marked him, loved.
But you—the whole world praises you. What need
Have you of any speech I have to give?
Yet for the craft's sake I must not be dumb;
And for the craft's sake you will pardon me.
But I had rather meet you face to face,
And talk of other and indifferent things,
And say no word of all that I would say
(Praise and thanksgiving for your splendid song,
Praise and the pride of the Empires of the Blood),
But leave you, silent, as we English do—
And you would know, and you would understand.
—RICHARD HOVEY.

S. E. Post July 28/1900

RUDYARD KIPLING has written for the London *Daily Express* a series of stories based upon his experiences during his recent visit to South Africa. These stories will present, under the guise of fiction, phases of the administration and the actual conduct of the war which Mr. Kipling felt he could not embody in the letters which he sent home.

Mr. Kipling is making up for time lost during his period of convalescence. In addition to the completion of his new novel, he has written since last Autumn his striking South African letter to The Daily Mail, his charming "Just So" stories for an American paper, and a series of African stories for The Daily Express, the first one of which is to be published on the 12th of June. Besides this, he has written several other magazine stories, not to mention his "Absent-Minded Beggar." There could be no clearer proof of his complete restoration to health than is afforded by this remarkable fertility. For it should be remembered that Mr. Kipling sends out nothing that has been written rapidly and carelessly. He is a most laborious and painstaking writer, and probably puts more work into a page of manuscript than any other contemporaneous writer puts into a whole story.

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Spontaneous Verse.*

The brief legend on the title page of a small volume of poems that is before us perhaps intimates better than anything else would why it is published—"Obiit, Dec. 13, 1899." The volume is called "The Optimist and Other Verses," by Hilda Johnson Wise. Many persons, particularly Americans, write poems that are never intended to be seen by the public eye. It is doubtful if Mrs. Wise had lived whether her verses would have been accessible to the public. Her work is mostly in occasional verse, and always spontaneous. Spontaneous poets are invariably modest. Mrs. Wise wrote probably because she could not help it, and we fancy that her poems will appeal to many who are fond of intimate, unpretentious verse. Here is one entitled "Mañana," dated July, 1898:

> Old Spain, procrastination's prey,
> Sees, all too late, with bitter sorrow,
> Her empire wane, her powers decay,
> Cursed by the fatal word
> "To-morrow!"
> But we who clutch Time's forelock gray
> The pestilential proverb borrow,
> To Santiago press, and say,
> With courage and with hope,
> "To Morro!"

Several of the poems were evidently written to accompany gifts. Others in acknowledgment of gifts. Some are personal. Here is the last stanza of one addressed to Carolyn Wells in which the poet bewails the fact that she and her friend have not the genius of two well-known authors:

> But I'm not J. M. Barrie,
> And you're not Rudyard K.
> Our wits must stay unplighted,
> Nor Thames by us be lighted,
> But let's be literary,
> And get there anyway;
> Though I'm not J. M. Barrie,
> And you're not Rudyard K.

*THE OPTIMIST, and Other Verses. By Hilda Johnson Wise. Sold by Charles Scribner's Sons and John Wanamaker.

Topics of the Week.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is just putting the finishing touches to a novel upon which he has been at work for the last eight years. It is to be entitled "Kim of the Rishti," and is the story of a Llama priest and his young disciple, "little friend of another world." It will be published in book form in the Autumn of 1901 by Doubleday, Page & Co. The same house will issue this Autumn a new library edition, recently revised by Mr. Kipling and copyrighted, of "The Light That Failed," "Under the Deodars," "Soldiers Three," "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "Life's Handicap." These volumes were first published in their original form by the Macmillan Company. It is reported that "Kim of the Rishti" will first appear as a serial in an American and two or three foreign magazines. Times July 14/1900

A couple of short stories by Rudyard Kipling will make their first appearance in this country early in July. He has just completed a set of stories of the South African war. One of them, a tale of the veldt, "Folly Bridge," will first see light in the Fourth of July number of Collier's Weekly. The second, entitled "The Outsider," will appear in McClure's Magazine for July. The latter introduces a young British subaltern, who is detailed to the command of a remote station and becomes entangled in very embarrassing relations with a certain Jerry Thrupp of the "Railway Pioneers," and cuts a ridiculous figure. Mr. Kipling in this story returns once more to the immortal Tommy Atkins, whom we associate with his earliest success.

... other day I saw in an American paper that the title of Mr. Kipling's new novel is to be a combination of alleged Hindustani words, the meaning of which no one who does not know Hindustani would understand, and I doubt if even the Queen's Hindustani teacher would understand them. I do not say that the title was not given correctly, for it is a matter concerning which I know nothing. Only I remember that about six months ago another American paper announced the title of the same novel, and asserted that it was a combination of alleged Hindustani words quite different from those given by the last paper. In the circumstances I think it would be well to wait until either Mr. Kipling or his publishers announce the name of the book. The joke of inventing a name for it which looks like Hindustani will pall after a time. N.Y. Times 8-18-1900

The London literary journals are waxing mournful over the fact that Kipling literariae are rapidly depreciating in value. The way that a few of Mr. Kipling's early works were knocked down at Sotheby's, in London, the other day, has called forth a chorus of "I told you so's" from all those who prophesied that the absurd prices paid during the last few years for certain very early works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's could not possibly last. The first copy of "Schoolboy Lyrics," 1881, to appear in the market realized £135 in April of last year. It has been on the down grade ever since, and a fortnight ago a copy was sold at Sotheby's for £3 5s. The series of the United Service's College Chronicle, from 1878 to 1894, with contributions by Mr. Kipling, has declined from £29 in April last to £5 7s. 6d. N.Y. Times 3/18/1900

It was, we believe, an American genius who said, "Never prophesy unless you know." Those who prophesied that the absurd prices paid during the last few years for certain very early works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling could not possibly last may fairly claim to be not without honour in their own country. The first copy of 'Schoolboy Lyrics' (1881) to appear in the market realized 135*l.* in April of last year. It has been on the down grade ever since, and on Friday in last week a copy was sold at Sotheby's for 3*l.* 5*s.* The series of the *United Services College Chronicle*, 1878–94, with contributions by Mr. Kipling, has declined from 29*l.* in April last to 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Athenaeum July 14, 1900

NY Times 8/18/1900

Kipling and Matthew Lyon.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Your recent review of the biography of Matthew Lyon, in which is mentioned his frequent exclamation, "By the bulls that redeemed me," brings to my mind a fact, little known and yet perhaps of interest to your readers, that connects the Kipling of to-day with the wild and patriotic Irishman of a century ago.

Mowgli, as will be remembered, frequently uses the expression "By the bull that bought me," and it is an instance of Kipling's keen sense of literary value that he incorporated and naturalized into an Indian tale this expression of a Vermont Irishman. Kipling got it from the accounts of "Matt" Lyon, (as he is still known in Vermont,) as given him by his friend and physician, Dr. James Conland of Brattleborough, a gentleman who, to his high professional attainments, adds a fine literary sense and knowledge of early Vermont history, and to whom Kipling has dedicated "Captains Courageous"—Conland himself figuring as the ship's boy of that tale, as an acknowledgment of his obligations to the latter for the knowledge of the ways and doings of the fishermen of the Grand Banks, of which Conland in his early youth was himself one. X.

New York, Aug. 15, 1900.

Mr. McLaughlin, the author of "Matthew Lyon," himself cites the connection between Kipling and Col. Lyon's favorite expression, "By the bulls that redeemed me." "Rudyard Kipling," he says, "has paraphrased in one of his stories, this expression into 'By the bulls that bought me,' an imprecation employed by Lyon to signify his pride instead of shame in the circumstance that he was once bought by a Connecticut Yankee for a pair of two-year-old stags. He came to America as a redemptioner, and in the scarcity of money the bulls became a part of the consideration for his services. From this humble beginning he rose to an honorable station in society, and cast the momentous vote in Congress which made Jefferson President of the United States."

Haunt Kipling's Hotel.

The hotel where Rudyard Kipling so long lay dangerously ill is still haunted by his admirers, says a New York correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. Only this week a young English woman called there and asked the proprietor for permission to see Kipling's name on the register. It was no little trouble to get out the old register of nearly two years ago, but it was done, and the young woman studied the signature long and closely. This was a request rather out of the ordinary at this late date, the majority of the Kipling enthusiasts asking merely to see the room he occupied, particularly the one that was his sick room.

Leader 9/16/1900

Hall Caine Confesses.

NY Times aug 25/1900

Kipling and the Ladies.

HARLEMIA, New York, writes: "The letter signed 'Riverside' in your issue of Saturday, Aug. 11, contains the following remark: 'In my time I have known but three women who knew or cared much for Kipling.'

"This lack of appreciation among women for Rudyard Kipling's work must have been noticed by us all. Perhaps few could name as many as three women who knew or cared for Kipling. Why is it?

"True, Kipling's women (they can hardly be called heroines) are not attractive, and the love story is his weakest point. But what of that? Women nowadays read so much besides love stories. Is it because they are afraid to appreciate him? Because one cannot lay down 'Soldiers Three' or 'The Light That Failed' and go calmly about the daily round of the average woman's life—making up the menu, looking for a laundress, buying silk or gingham or kitchen utensils, or doing any other of the thousand and one little duties connected with homemaking?

"It is the feeling that Dick had in the days of his blindness, when his friends had been discussing their plans before him.

"'What's the matter?' said Torpenhow as he saw Dick's head fall when the last of the regiment had departed.

"'Nothing. I feel a little bit out of the running—that's all.'

"That's all! A woman is so decidedly 'out of the running' of barrack-room talk and war correspondents' plans. The fact that she would not enjoy it has nothing to do with her yearning for it all; she does not realize (for that is Kipling's charm) that she could not fraternize with Mulvaney and Ortheris, nor yet with Torpenhow and the Nilghar; that they would disgust her feminine way of looking at things. She forms no definite wish to be a man, perhaps, but she is filled with a vague longing for such chances and experiences. If she could but march with the regiment, hear the stories of the mess, make love to Mrs. Hauksbee, and to Ameera, be distinguished for service to the Government, or the newspaper, or—and then she smells the potatoes burning, and while she runs to the rescue she reflects that after all Kipling has no true understanding of women or he would not have drawn some of them in such a contemptible light, and perhaps the lines rankle just a little:

"'For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.'"

Mrs. H. A., Troy, N. Y., also writes: "I, too, have found it true that women seldom appreciate Kipling, and being such an ardent admirer of him myself, I read everything written about or by him that I am fortunate enough to procure.

"Is it because his stories are singularly void of sentimental love scenes, in which so many women delight? Surely no love could be more strongly or effectively described than that of 'Badalia Herodsfoot.' How simply he pictures that peculiar but divine quality in a woman's enduring love which will cling to and defend a drunken brute of a husband, even while being trampled unto death by him. Does not such love, so told, touch women's hearts more than any more romantic and more sentimentally related? And all the pathetic story of her class which we read between the lines hints at more than he tells us. I think this true of much that Kipling writes.

"I have heard some women declare Kipling coarse. He is not coarse, but looks things squarely in the face and describes them as he truly sees them, without gloss or polish, and not as we would have them. His books are profitable reading, for they cause us thought and reflection, and as he is a deep student of human nature in all stations of life, he sets us thinking about things most reflective minds care about—about the things that count."

"E. F. P.," New York, on the contrary, says: "I as well as your correspondent 'Riverside,' want to express my pleasure with the article 'Kipling Again,' signed 'May Harris,' but would like to say I fear his knowledge of women who read Kipling, and take much delight thereby, rather limited. I, whose sphere is not a large one, know of many women, not only English and Canadian, but 'the native born,' who read his works over and over again, poems and prose; who know how to read them, too.

"Who of to-day writes with so much truth, pathos, and masterly knowledge, handling his subjects with so much ease one wonders how and when he gets to the bottom of them? For instance, his poem 'The Destroyers', how fine it was! and as correct in detail as though he had built torpedoes himself, I am told by those who are closely connected with the mechanism of these messengers of death.

"I cannot take off my hat to the man who wrote 'The Sestina of the Tramp Royal,' but I would like to thank the man who wrote 'Gunga Din,' 'Mandalay,' the prelude to 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' 'The Seven Seas,' 'The Recessional,' 'A Day's Work,' 'In the Matter of One Compass,' for so many hours of pleasure in these and many others, too numerous to mention. I also love them all, and not only in the library, but in every room, I would have some of the few it is my good fortune to possess. We have good evidence of the truth in remarks by May Harris on the populace; poets and heroes share the same sad fate."

The Optimist is a well-printed, attractive-looking little magazine, of which the first number of the first volume, that for September, has just appeared from the Nevernod Press, Boone, Iowa. The little magazine has a most attractive cover in black and red on a yellow ground, the book cover containing a well-known quotation from Emerson referring to optimism. The contents of this little monthly, which contains about sixty pages, are remarkably good, as are also its type and mechanical make-up, which the publisher hopes to materially improve in subsequent issues. Its opening article is a charmingly written sketch by Ernest Ingersoll, "The Yellow-Throat's Garden." Lee Fairchild contributes a prose article on "The Republic" and a good quatrain, "Time's Ocean." Another charming bit of verse is "A Sprig of Lavender," by Ella Kingsbury Vincent, while Johnson Brigham has a very interesting article on "Kipling as a World Prophet," to mention a few only of the articles therein contained. An extract from the Kipling article will show its great interest: "One more world poem as great in suggestion as 'The Recessional,' 'The White Man's Burden,' or 'The Truce of the Bear,' would establish forever the fame of Rudyard Kipling as the world prophet of our time. May we look for another? The many doubt—the many always doubt. The few are saying, 'Wait; in his silence to-day there's promise for to-morrow.' * * * Is Rudyard Kipling the man of the hour, the world prophet for whom the world waits? The least that we can say is that in him lie more possibilities for world service than in any other poet of our time." This little journal of "criticism, review, and inspiration," which is published by H. S. Kneedler, Boone, Iowa, at $1 per annum, or 10 cents per copy, is distinctly interesting, if one can judge from its first number.

NY Times 9/15/1900

Of editio...

Kipling and Doyle in Africa

Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle were the two popular men of letters at the front—or rather in South Africa. Both of them were writers on warlike subjects. Then was their chance, but unfortunately neither could really avail himself of it because it involved the sometimes common duties of the regular war correspondent. Even Mr. Richard Harding Davis felt qualms about soiling his pen with routine cables and obeying foolish press censors. Obviously, Mr. Kipling could not be at the mercy of any subaltern who might mutilate his best passages.

Doctor Doyle solved the problem by joining the forces as a doctor, and in that capacity he not only worked like a Trojan but incidentally managed to see a lot of real fighting on the long march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria.

Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, could not seriously take up another profession, because he has not, like Doctor Doyle, two callings. Besides, his health would not permit him the arduous life of the veldt. He contented himself with doing what he could to cheer the wounded soldiers at Cape Town or on the hospital train, and they all adored him.

Generally he was recognized, but not always. His little figure in khaki was more reminiscent of the army chaplain than of anything else.

On the subject of writing he declared himself adamant. Editors and sub-editors buzzed around him like bees, but to all he gave the same answer—at first. For when Cronje was captured he grew restless, and when Ladysmith was relieved he became desperate.

"I shall have to come to it," he used to say. "The old Adam of the journalist is getting too strong for me."

And to relieve his feelings he would go off to the cable office and telegraph to his favorite newspapers in both hemispheres.

Then he wrote to the London Times about The Sin of Witchcraft, and, after that, descent was easy. The representative of the London Daily Mail, who had been watching him carefully for weeks, found that time and opportunity were his and got several articles for his paper, and then the Daily Express secured his services.

As far as the war went, Mr. Kipling could see very little of it. A little action at Karee was his one experience of real war, yet he will doubtless give to the world a new romantic novel, based on South Africa. And one can be sure that his descriptions will be more exact than those of any eyewitness.

By the way, he possesses a unique document. It runs as follows:

"Pass Mr. Kipling anywhere at any time," and it is signed, "Roberts."

Probably Sir Alfred Milner himself had not so wide a latitude.

Saturday Evg. Post Sept 15/1900

A new story concerning Rudyard Kipling has just reached London from the author's country home and is going the rounds of the metropolitan and suburban press. It seems that one day a short time ago, when Mr. Kipling was at work in his study, a gentleman, evidently a school teacher, accompanied by two boys, opened the door. Here is the dialogue:

"Is this Rudyard Kipling?"
"Yes."
"Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling."
"And is this where you write?"
"Yes."
"Boys, this is where he writes."
"And," adds Mr. Kipling, "before I had time to ask them to take a seat, they were gone."

Such, to be sure, is one attribute of fame, and Mr. Kipling seems rather disappointed at the encounter. He should remember, however, that often he does not thus easily escape. He is human, and misses adoration even though he run the chance of encountering a bore in order to receive it.

NY Times 9/15/1900

Parker, ...

Mr. Kipling seems to have no Parliamentary ambition, but a provincial paper has nominated him for Town Councilor, apparently on the ground that he keeps a motor carriage, and could thus go to the meetings of the Council in state. If the possession of a motor carriage qualifies a man for holding the office of Town Councilor, perhaps a man would be qualified to represent a constituency in Parliament on the ground that he owned a canoe or a ten-tonner. Perhaps Mr. Jerome will ask to be elected because he owns a boat in which "Three Men" once made a memorable cruise. Certainly men have been elected for worse reasons than this.

Times 10/13 1900

How Mr. Dooley Surprised Kipling

Mr. Kipling was explaining a while ago to an interested visitor from America how quickness and intelligence of observation, and a kind of instinctive insight, sometimes enables the foreigner to know, in a short time, more of one's country than one does one's self. He pointed the remark by a reference to Mr. Peter Dunne's visit to England.

During it, Mr. Kipling met Mr. Dunne, and the conversation by some chance touched upon the London 'bus conductor, and anecdote and observation were exchanged.

"Here was Dunne," declares Mr. Kipling, "in London for only a short time, and already he knew the 'bus driver—knew him, mind you, and he's a most curious type and most characteristic—knew him better than most Londoners I have ever met."

The tribute to "Mr. Dooley's" acumen and penetrating observation was well deserved; how well deserved Mr. Kipling does not know. Mr. Dunne does know the London 'bus driver. But if any one in Chicago will catch Mr. Dunne during a moment of leisure and ask him how many times he rode on top of an omnibus, Mr. Dunne will be forced to admit that it was just once.

S. L. Post 9

Mr. Kipling's new story, *Kim of the Rishti*, is to appear serially in *Cassell's Magazine*. It is a curious indication of the modern attitude that the literary gossipper who records this fact should add: "The price is a large one, but if what I hear from an American friend is true, the book is worth it." The literary student of the future will be amazed at this bracketing of merit and price.

ac. 9-15-1900

Mr. Kipling's reward for the serial rights of his story, *Kim of the Rishti*, is nearly £5,000, and, says a chronicler, "the receipts from the sales in book form will certainly not be less than £6,000," adding: "The price is satisfactory, but Lord Beaconsfield received £10,000 for *Lothair*; and it must be remembered that the story was not published in serial form, and that there was no American copyright." Yes, but it must also be remembered that Lord Beaconsfield was the father of Kipling-imperialism.

ac. Sept 29-1900

This week's *Gentlewoman* gives us Maria Bashkirtseff's

There is a very readable "Life Story of Rudyard Kipling" in the current *Young Man*. We have not met with the following story before, and if we had we should be inclined to quote it just the same:

One day, when Mr. Kipling was at work in his study in London, a gentleman opened the door. He had with him two schoolboys. Dialogue:

"Is this Rudyard Kipling?"
"Yes."
"Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling."
"And is this where you write?"
"Yes."
"Boys, this is where he writes"
"And before I had time to ask them to take a seat," says Mr. Kipling, "they were gone."

That is fame—proof, hall-mark, and all.

Academy Sept 22/1900

The St. James Gazette relates the following incident: Mr. Barrie was one day at Waterloo station in a hurry to catch a train. He was hastening from the bookstall laden with papers, "a good many sixpenny ones among them," he dolefully relates, when, in rushing around a corner, he fell into the arms of Rudyard Kipling, equally in a tearing hurry. They turned on each other with scowling faces, then smiled in recognition, and asked each other whither he went. Then Kipling, exclaiming, "Lucky beggar, you've got papers," seized the bundle from Barrie, flung him some money and made off. "But you did not stop to pick up his dirty halfpence, did you?" queried one of Mr. Barrie's hearers, amusedly. "Didn't I, though!" returned Barrie, and added ruefully: "But he hadn't flung me half enough."

Mr. Kipling is at his Rottingdean home, where an American friend recently found him hard at work upon

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20,

some new animal stories. They are what the author calls his "Just-so Stories," three of which were published in The Ladies' Home Journal this year. The new stories will appear in the same periodical. "I have finished two already," said Mr. Kipling, "and in a month I'll send over a third." The author then explained that one of the stories was in reply to a little boy in the West, who liked his other "Just-so" stories, and told Mr. Kipling that he had a pussy of which he was very fond, and "would Mr. Kipling tell him something about pussy." "That rather tickled me," said the author, "and so I'm going to tell the little chap in one of the stories 'How Pussy Got Her Purr.'" The new stories begin in The Ladies' Home Journal early in the new year, and will run through several numbers.

Kipling's One Dread.

Novelist Fears His Big Brother-in-Law and Shuns Him.

It is said in the vicinity of Rudyard Kipling's home in Vermont that the reason the novelist did not visit that place on his recent trip to this country was the fear of meeting his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"Mr. Kipling is, of course, not afraid to come to New York," said a man who is familiar with the trouble between Mr. Kipling and Beatty Balestier. "But if he put foot on this country nothing would do but a trip to his Vermont home, Naulaka, near Brattleboro. He would not go there on his own account, although he loves the spot, and says he can work more there and turn out better stuff than anywhere in the world. The Brattleboro people admire Kipling and hate Balestier despite the fact that the farmer is one of their own kin, bred back a long way in the local history.

"These friends of Kipling, among whom are included many of his wife's and brother-in-law's relatives, would come to New York or wherever he happened to be and insist on his going to Vermont under their protection.

"This is what he dreads. The very sight of his brother-in-law makes the little tale-teller weak in the knees, and there is good authority in Brattleboro for the sprinting he has done down the road and through the pine woods. Balestier is a great big fellow, as strong as an ox, and when he goes to town and absorbs a few bags of peanuts and glasses of hard cider he is not the person Mr. Kipling wants to meet upon the highway alone.

"Balestier is not a bad fellow when he is out of peanuts and cider, but when he is in he simply goes out and waits on the side of the road for Kipling to come along. When the small Englishman passes by in his leisurely fashion, talking to the chipmunks and dreaming of the pines and the white birch, Balestier bobs from behind a bush, and right there Mr. Kipling loses all the inspiration lent by the scented woods and spreading green fields beyond. Generally Balestier needs more peanuts, and if Mr. Kipling has wandered out, as he is wont to do, without going down into Mrs. Kipling's pocketbook he may not be able to accommodate his petulant relative.

"If this is the case trouble follows, and when Mr. Kipling gets a good chance to break away from the conversation he makes for his East Indian-shaped cottage on the hilltop, with Mr. Balestier in hot pursuit.

"Why the brother-in-law has it in for the author is not known except to himself, and many do not believe Balestier knows himself. The first trouble arose when Mme. Balestier, mother of Kipling's mortal enemy and also mother of his wife, sold the poet a portion of the old Balestier estate, which is large enough for a dozen Kiplings, especially if they are all as modest as this one. Then her wayward son took a dislike to his talented brother-in-law and has since pursued him diligently whenever opportunity affords.

"For over two years the Kipling house has been closed and in the possession of a caretaker and two bob-tailed house cats. It is kept up to some extent, and Mr. Kipling and his wife evidently hope to be able to reside there again, but certainly not while this native relative has access to the town cider. It is a prohibition State, you know, and probably this is lucky for Kipling.

"He announced when he came back from Africa that he hoped to visit his country place this fall, and his friends there have anxiously awaited his return. Now that he has sent this huge deposition here to take the place of his verbal testimony they fear he has determined not to run any risks.

"Certainly nobobdy has accused him of cowardice, but there can be no mistaking his desire to steer clear of Mr. Balestier.

"If it came to the test there are many natives of Brattleboro who would fight for Kipling against his unruly brother-in-law, although he is their fellow townsman and is closely related to a large number of prominent and wealthy families in all parts of the State.

"So far as I know Kipling has never offended anyone in the town. On the contrary, he is liked by everyone, and if he ever comes back to this country his friends will try and get him to come back in spite of Balestier's unfriendliness and aggressive ways."

11/24/1900 Bos S.E.P

A Snub for Mr. Kipling

Some time ago, around the dinner-table in a literary household in London, a discussion was going on as to what would happen in England were it suddenly metamorphosed into a republic. "We should elect a president," said the hostess, "and I suppose it would be the most popular person in England. Now, who would it be?"

"Well," said a well-known novelist, "I suppose it would be Kipling, or," he added laughingly, "Miss Edna May."

And that for a time was certainly somewhere near the truth. But although Mr. Kipling's popularity came to some extent from his making literature a political force, and from his putting Imperialistic doctrines with such vigor that many people came to confound the traditional *vox populi, vox Dei* with the voice of Kipling, there are already signs that the public has a lingering feeling that the shoemaker should stick to his last and the novelist to his novels.

Mr. Kipling only meant to do a simple kindness when he wrote to the Chichester Town Council recommending Lance-Corporal George Harris, of the First Essex Regiment, as a candidate for the post of school attendance officer for the city. Mr. Kipling stated that he came down in the hospital train with Harris from Modder to Cape Town after the battle of Paardeberg, where he was severely wounded in the right arm. He had now taught himself to write with his left hand, and was well suited to the post. Mr. Kipling added: "My excuse for intruding is the placing and well-being of men who have suffered wounds and mutilation for their country."

There is not much to be said for the Chichester Town Council, which elected a local tradesman, formerly a councilor, to the post. But is it wholly unkind to Mr. Kipling to wonder whether the councilors resented a little the idea of a novelist's telling them what their duty was to the soldier back from the front?

Academy March 10/01

We are chary of mentioning Mr. Kipling in trivial connexions—the thing is so preposterously overdone—but we have just alighted on some interesting remarks which he made to Mr. F. T. Bullen when that writer asked him to contribute an introduction to *The Cruise of the "Cachalot."* The common wish of new writers to secure the patronage of an old writer has always seemed to us a sorry and ineffectual device, and this is what Mr. Kipling wrote: "Some rather interesting experiences have taught me that the best way of making a man hate me for life is to meddle in any way with his work. . . . If the book is good, it will go, and if not, nothing will make it stir. . . . All the men who want to stick a knife into me would stick it into *you* as soon as they saw my name prefacing your book. Bitter experience has taught me that that kind of thing doesn't pay. If a book stands by itself, it will stand

cademy.

10 November, 1900.

by itself; but if you use another chap's name to help it to a start, you will get all the whacks that the other chap would have got if he had written the book, in addition to a few whacks on your own merits." That is about the truth. The distinguished preface always arouses our suspicion, particularly, perhaps, when it is a preface by the Lord Bishop of Inkchester.

dc 10/6/1900

The Literary Week.

With a fine disregard of merit, possible only to a national paper, the *Times* prints, with easy impartiality, the lucubrations of the Poet Laureate and the stirring verses of Mr. Kipling. In "The Young Queen," which filled two-thirds of a column last Thursday, Mr. Kipling is not at his best; but the verses come at the psychological moment, and, although not to be compared with "The English Flag," have vigour and intuition. The poem takes the form of a dialogue between the new Commonwealth of Australia (the Young Queen) and the Mother Country.

Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still on her heel—
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold, and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to be crowned.

The Young Queen came to the Old Queen's presence "in the Hall of One Thousand Years," crying "Crown me, my mother!"

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West.

When the Young Queen "asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be," the Old Queen apostrophising her as "daughter no more but sister," makes reply:

"I have swayed troublous councils—I am wise in terrible things—
Father and son and grandson I have known the heart of the Kings.
Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom above?
Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love:
Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,
Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house—
God requite thee, my Sister, through the strenuous years to be,
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

To us the poem seems in parts a little too reminiscent of "Dagonet." The *Daily Chronicle*, a journal not often given to phrases, finds the first stanza we have quoted "crammed with the somewhat hypertrophied muscularity of the uncrowned laureate."

The War Correspondent of To-day

BY JULIAN RALPH

Although newspaper correspondents were no new factor in the South-African war, some were of a sort to persist until they produced two great changes—one in the relations of correspondents and the military, and the other in the manner in which wars are to be reported. The war correspondent may be "the curse of modern armies," as Lord Wolseley has declared, but he will endure in British armies so long as Great Britain and her people are as wholly free and republican as at present. That he will do a different work in future and must be drawn from a different grade in journalism is very evident. With the "war expert" or military specialist in the editorial rooms at home, writing with a broader view of the field of war than any single reporter at the front can possibly obtain, we see one reason why the hidebound, old-fashioned war correspondent must quickly step aside.

There are men who are made welcome at the mess tables of the commanders and to the intimate companionship of the brightest men in the armies. Only think what that means to the newspapers who employ such men and to the readers of those presses! Possibly a selection of censors for their fitness will follow—but one opens up a very wide subject when appointments for fitness are suggested in some armies.

With this new method for satisfying the largest public must come the respect of the army for the correspondents, instead of its reluctantly granted tolerance.

Whether this anti-Boer war has been peculiar in respect of the social and intellectual weight of the men sent from England to report it, I do not know, but I do know that too many of the correspondents were, intellectually, as easy to beat as an egg—and too many were otherwise lacking.

The attitude towards the press of some censors, in the dreary days before Lord Roberts took command of all the forces, was such as to make the best journalistic work impossible, and the status of the correspondents insupportable to any who took pride in their calling or in their self-respect.

We have no hesitation in repeating that to a large degree this was because so many correspondents were not such men as should have been sent to represent the great newspapers; therefore the editors who sent them were responsible for the difficulties which all the correspondents encountered. It is the editors who need to be educated and reformed, rather than the military men. Of all the armies in the world, the British, as it is at present constituted, is the one to be the most particular with in this regard.

To send men whom it was impossible for the officers to regard as comrades, and men who would not hesitate to break the rules of the guild unless they were certain of severe punishment, was a crime against the honor of the profession. It was to govern such men that the strictest of the censorship rules had to be made. The result was that the representatives of the dignity and honor of the profession were beset with limitations which carried with them both reproach and distrust, as well as crippled their work. To put the case in another way, there were correspondents at the front who would have been trusted to write whatever they desired to, had it not been that there were other correspondents whose poor judgment, worse taste, and careless treatment of facts dragged the entire corps down to the level of an infant class at school.

It is certain that the mere reporters of battles and military movements are now outclassed and antiquated.

Men of broader grasp and more human and varied interests are to report the next British wars. To obtain the reports which the public demands will ensure the appointment of correspondents who will insist upon respectful treatment and liberal regulations by the censors. Thus we shall have a pen-and-ink millennium automatically produced. The public will cease to be bored by accounts of troops forever being "moved two miles to the northeast of the enemy's right flank"; the more sagacious editors will see their readers multiply by leaps and bounds, the correspondents will be liberated from an odious bondage, and the military mind will broaden until the army echoes the words of the great Lord Roberts, "The more you criticise, the more I shall learn of what mistakes are being made."

I cannot help thinking that the broad attitude of the field-marshal must have much to do with bringing about this millennium. He gave all liberty and no license to the newspaper writers, only insisting that they should submit to censorship whatever they meant to telegraph. This was wise and necessary because there might be "leakages" all along the wires, and, again, whatever was cabled to England was certain to be cabled back to the Boers if it was news of importance to them. "Go where you please," said he, "write what you like, criticise whenever you feel like it, because the more you criticise, the more I shall learn," etc. To put trust in, and responsibility upon, men in that way was certain to increase their self-respect, and to have it understood that instant expulsion would follow any flagrant breach of decorum or the rules of the censor was quickly seen to have a good effect upon those who had leaned towards offensiveness in various ways.

Certain correspondents were complimented as perhaps no others have been in any previous war or by any other general. These four were Mr. Percival Landon of the *Times*, Mr. H. A. Gwynne of Reuter's Agency, Mr. F. W. Buxton of the Boer-suppressed Johannesburg *Star*, and myself. We were asked to undertake (as a committee of the war correspondents) the editorship and control of all the departments of a daily newspaper for such time as the army remained in Bloemfontein.

The ultra-Boer organ, the Bloemfontein *Express*, had been stopped, and we continued the issues of its rival, then known as "the Friend" of the Free State, but whose name was at once simplified as *The Friend*.

There never was, within my knowledge, a newspaper so full of typographical errors and of poetry—either real or so-called poetry. Our Boer compositors contributed the mistakes and Tommy Atkins sent us the rhymes. In the case with which he pumped his muse and the abundance of the results, we early came to know that the British army is an organized host of poets—or at least of aspirants who are in the condition of the tiny little child to whom the magistrate exclaimed, "Is it possible that you are already a thief?" and who modestly replied, "No, your worship, but I 'opes to be." So deeply has Mr. Kipling stirred the Tommy's hearts with those verses which treat of or appeal to the soldier that—not to exaggerate ridiculously—one fancies that every tenth man in the ranks aspires to be regarded as a disciple of the master of this inspired and inspiring work. The ordinary Tommy poem was one thing when it came to us, a better thing sometimes when it left us—in the hands of Kruger, the office boy—and still another thing when the "proof" came back from the hands of the Boer typesetters.

Despite its whimsicalities *The Friend* was a dignified newspaper and very nearly a complete one. The largest daily circulation of any Bloemfontein newspaper had been 400 copies, but we regularly sold 5000 to 5500 copies daily. Had we known that we should conduct the paper during an entire month (March 16 to April 16, 1900), we could have sold at least ten thousand copies a day by sending the papers in carts to the outer camps on the veldt. We published Reuter's telegrams from all over the world, and the Cape Town *Argus's* tidings of what went on in South Africa. Mr. Gwynne contributed a notable series of articles on the military lessons of the war, and these provoked other articles by professional experts. We were permitted to act as spokesmen for Great Britain and the army—using our own ideas and language—in explaining to the Boers the future policy of their conquerors and in cautioning them not to overstrain the imperial inclination to magnanimity for the enemy and leniency toward the rebels. Rudyard Kipling made the paper indispensable and all but priceless to those who collect his first editions. He wrote several poems, a series of "Fables for the Staff," and some very delightful "Kopje-book Maxims"—to which last Mr. Landon contributed. Dr. Conan Doyle wrote for us, and so did Lord Stanley, who came every day to visé our proofs, the while we frolicked and caused him to marvel how and when and where we did that work in "proofs" of which we buried him arms-deep. James Barnes, another American correspondent, was a contributor, and on one day when all the editors rode off to see a battle he most kindly remained behind and got out the paper. Mortimer Menpes and W. B. Wollen, the artists, General Sir Henry E. Colville, Lionel James, and Bennett Burleigh, also contributed, and we were proud to introduce to our particular public two uncommonly clever writers, Captain Cecil Lowther, of the Scots Guards, and A. B. Patterson, an Australian journalist—both humorists, one in prose and the other in verse.

Rudyard Kipling an Editor

It has probably been the dream of many an up-to-date magazine publisher to get Mr. Rudyard Kipling for an editor. But since his early days in India Mr. Kipling has always been contributor instead of editor. Very few people know that at the time the Idler was founded in London there was a possibility of seeing what he could make of a magazine. The story is Mr. Robert Barr's, as was the idea of the magazine. While "Luke Sharp," of the Detroit Free Press, was fairly well known to British readers, it was feared that they would not recognize him under his real name of Robert Barr.

About this time Mr. Barr ran across Mr. Kipling, to whom he propounded his notion of a magazine dealing almost exclusively with that lighter literature which had come to be known in England as "American humor," and Mr. Kipling consented to edit it. He went so far as to draw up a design for the cover with his own hand. That would make an interesting relic for some admirer of the novelist. Later, finding himself in rather bad health, Mr. Kipling reluctantly broke off the arrangement. Mr. Barr then went to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and shortly afterward the Idler appeared.

S.E. Post Nov 3/1900

Doctor Mitchell's Compliment

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.

FIFTH FRAGMENT.

1. . . . . now in those days, in the land of Rūl-baredányah

2. which from the Azhur-méhn by command did arise,

3. where dwelt the Nephar-nephar-nephars, ruled over by waverers,

4. (the Sessil-minestreh)

5. great scribes did flourish . . . . . .

6. . . . . Rûdiyád-'Omer-Khiblin

7. the singer of war-songs, the maker of tablets,

8. the *djoggah* of memories forgetful of Empire,

9. who sprang from his cradle, and searchingly studied

10. by the aid of a night-light

11. the mechanical details, of the *rok-kaz-et-setrah*

12. and half-filled his note-book

13. with technical terms—in the bedstead-department.

14. Then rising at day-break

15. he wrote leading-articles, and soul-stirring epics

17. in the Pánjáb vernacular, whatever

18. you call it . . . . . .

19. Then did he

20. the Rikki-távis, the Namgeh-Dhóclahs,

21. the Krishna-mulvénihs,

22. the Mem-sahibs, and the Imréhs, and the Gungha-Dîns,

23. the Subadhars, the Deodars, and the Jemadhars,

24. the Jin-riki-shas, and the Musumés,

25. and other strange wild-fowl

26. from the Hills bring down,

27. quite new to the language,

28. and their plain tails did he spread abroad.

29 . . . . . And the walls of the Bárâks did he level with the ground,

30. and their inmost recesses did he lay bare

31. and the Tomis and the Khaki-Tûniks forth into the light of day did he bring, and

32. as grist to the mill, and as spoil did he count them.

33. And when he had slaked their thirst,

34. and for all they were worth had he drawn them out,

35. into the hands of the Pábli-shahs and

36. of Mūdiz did he deliver them bound . . . .

37. who did jump at them and VEND them and scatter them broadcast.

38. And into the homes of peaceful *sabhskri-bahs* did they convey them.

39. And their language expressive, unwonted in drawing-rooms. . . . . .

40. (Here follow several *Cursive Characters* wholly unknown to the Translator of these Tablets) . . . . made quite a sensation

41. and elderly ladies, unable to breathe

42. in *sulphurik-ethur*

43. swooned away on the sofa (not far from the *kúrit*) and withdrew their *sabhskrib-shâns*.

44. . . . . and when to the wars the Tomis departed

45. forgetful of Er of the ruddy complexion,

46. (suggestive of scrubbing), with the locket of silver,

47. whom they cherished on Sundays,

48. and similar details—forgetting, in fact, all their normal surroundings (according to Khiblin)

49. Did he put forth a tablet, and Arthaz-ul-ivan did set it to music,

50. and it got on the organs, and the butcher's assistant,

51. and likewise the grocer's, the slaves of Pépehpeh, got it after a fashion

52. and whistled like sirens, while they pedalled their *go-karts* . . . . until they turned purple. [Lívvrih,

53. . . . . Alphr-ed-orstin, the poet in

54. who wrote things to order,

55. the wearer of laurels, "by special appointment,"

56. who gets half a cygnet, or a haunch of a unicorn, somewhere about *Krismuz*

57. as some slight acknowledgment of his loyal endeavours

58. to be in at the birth and to say something pretty

59. to coincide in arrival with the first tin of Mhéllin;

60. and attend at the weddings, with his harp in the vestry,

61. and when it was over, on his *Bardik-Pegássuz* (from the Mūz at the Palace)

62. by the mane did he clamber

63. trotting after the carriage, throwing lyrical slippers

64. and metrical rice-grain.

65. . . . . was as green as his laurels, a *verdhigriz* colour,

66. with envy of Rûdiyád. E. T. R.

(Special Correspondence of the Leader.)

New York, December 1.—The first installment of the most heralded piece of fiction in recent years has just appeared. In many ways it is a very important event, for on the complete publication of his novel will depend, to a large extent, the future feeling of the great English reading public toward the author.

"Kim of the Rishi" is not an ephemeral piece of work, if we are to believe the statement that it was begun several years ago, and that it has had the long labor of many revisions at Mr. Kipling's hand. The story was born many months before Mr. Kipling's visit to this country two years ago, for at that time the novel was all but completed, and was awaiting what was then supposed to be the final revision before it should be placed in the publisher's hands. The long illness and recovery postponed the finishing touches, and the manuscript went back to England with the author. Just how far the labor of rewriting was carried before the South African war began is not known.

It was not completed, we know, because, when Mr. Kipling sailed for Cape Town last winter, the manuscript went with him, and it was only received by the publishers two or three months ago.

For some reasons, not easy to state without entering into the controversy over the "posterity" possibilities of Mr. Kipling, many creditable people, both here and in England, have fallen into the habit of discrediting Kipling, calling him "a genius but not a gentleman," and indulging in the faint praise that seems to indicate no hope for anything further from his pen to equal what he has already done. These readers are looking forward as eagerly to the new novel as the Kipling enthusiasts. They want to see whether their theories are to be proven, and it may be fairly assumed that Kipling will not escape attack from every possible side.

It is encouraging, however, to note that the enthusiasts who have seen "Kim" are more enthusiastic and the harsh critics more gentle already. Sidney Colvin, who is entitled to a high rank on the side of the enthusiasts, says that "Kim" is the greatest thing that Kipling ever wrote, that Kipling is the only Englishman who could have written about the very heart of India as he has done here, and that if "Kipling should die now, his future fame would rest on the authorship of Kim."

We can scarcely imagine more glowing praise than this, and all of us, whether we have been disappointed before or not, will be very glad if we can agree to what Mr. Colvin says about the book. At any rate, we have something out of the ordinary to look forward to.

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Leader Dec 2/1900

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Rudyard Reviewed

When the last year of the nineteenth century shall have come to a close and the last book of this prolific year shall have left the press, among the few unique volumes produced by American authors will be found a small volume entitled "Rudyard Reviewed," a review of Rudyard Kipling's "American Notes," "Seven Seas," "Barrack Room Ballads," "Departmental Ditties," and "Other Verses," by W. J. Peddicord, of Portland, Oregon. The book is unique in that it replies at length, and often with a warmth and earnestness born of patriotism, to Mr. Kipling's satire on the American people. It is unique in that a chapter is devoted to the origin of the Briton's conceit and his prejudice against Americans, their customs and institutions, a chapter handled adroitly, tempered so kindly that not even the haughtiest islander could fairly take offense. The book will be found unique, too, in that while it does not pose as "a scholarly, orderly, systematic criticism after the manner and learning of 'the schools'", yet several chapters are devoted to a plain common-sense analysis of many representative selections of Mr. Kipling's verses, indulging in parody, burlesque, and other humor, only where the production criticised is beneath the dignity of serious criticism.

The three principle objects of the book are, according to the author himself, "to expose the sham pretensions to excellence of the metrical writings of the very distinguished author reviewed; to plead with our youthful countrymen contemplating the field of letters as a profession to aid in maintaining a high standard of clean

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literature, the priceless heritage of a Puritan ancestry; and lastly, though not the least meritorious object, to discourage extravagant adverse criticism of American institutions, customs and manners by supercilious foreign tyros."

Among the correlative subjects treated of in the book as bearing either directly or indirectly on the three principle objects as set forth in the Preface, we find chapters on the several subjects: "Two Englishmen—An American and a Briton"; "Kipling's Originality"; "Kipling's Unexampled Popularity"; "Cordelias or 'Delilahs'—Which?" being Kipling's estimate of womanhood as seen from the standpoint of his muse; and also a brief chapter on "The Origin and Transmission of Low Taste Among English Poets—A Contrast."

Want of space forbids more than a partial list of contents, as follows:

The author's claim on your attention—Kipling's early fame due to satire—Two strong British characteristics—Hawthorne and Dr. Collyer in evidence—Ridicule of Americans regularly observed by British authors—Rudyard in San Francisco—What he sees and fails to see—His celebrated salmon fishing on the Clackamas—Thinks our nation "temptingly spankable"—Lampoons our ministry—Patterns somewhat after Dickens in some of his reflections—Why Kipling should never have written his "American Notes"—Dean Milman on Macaulay's fascinating style—Kipling's an odious contrast—Elements of the great literary productions that are wanting in Kipling's verse—Force and originality not all that poetry demands of her muse—What it is that passes for originality in Kipling—Two incomparable tributes from two gifted pens—Numerous tributes from eminent sources to Mr. Kipling—Why a great poet need not be looked for from the age to which Kip-

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ling belongs—Sismondi, Draper, and Richardson in evidence—A lesson from Byron for Kipling—Macaulay's way of accounting for the passing popularity of some authors—By whom Kipling's rank as a poet is to be finally assigned him—"The Song of the English"—Most affectionate Lord Clive, and what Kipling, Mills and Macaulay say of him—"McAndrew's Hymn"—"The Mary Gloster"—Kipling's "bloom of freshness"—His estimate of himself correct—"Christmas in India"—"The Plea of the Simla Dancers"—"Conundrum of the Workshop"—"Recessional"—"Women in Pink Dominoes"—"Anne of Austria"—"The Ladies"—"Mary, Pity Women"—Holland's and Emerson's tributes to women versus Kipling's—No apology for low taste in the present age—The case of Dryden, Byron, Burns—Early Puritan literature—Emerson's definition of literature—A place in the economy of our being for the beautiful, tender thoughts and feelings of many writers unknown to fame—Examples given—Our nation preparing for a grander epic than the world has yet seen.

To give one an adequate idea of the book by descriptive circular is impossible. Nothing short of reading the book itself will suffice. We, however, submit a few extracts. In his "American Notes" Mr. Kipling has unsparingly scoffed at our coast defenses and ridiculed our army. To this the author of "Rudyard Reviewed" replies:

"To nations whose jealousy and hereditary feuds render mighty armies and navies a necessary burden to their own people and a constant menace to the peace of neighboring empires, if not to themselves, our visible defenses in time of peace may seem a fit theme for ridicule. But while some satirical poet-soldier like Archillycus, who threw away his sword in battle, may "roll his eyes in fine frenzy" and jeer at our helplessness, there is one aspersion with which

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the powers of the Old World can never upbraid us in the eyes of posterity. We heard the cry of an alien people and in the name of humanity hastened to drive the bloody Spaniard from his work of butchery and desolation; and, in justice to hundreds of thousands of our brave boys on both land and sea, we solemnly affirm that it is our belief that no devilish Turk could long have waged his fiendish warfare on helpless women and children, had Crete been Cuba, though our standing army had not contained one soldier, our coasts a solitary gun, or our navy a single battleship when we first heard their piteous cries. And, differ as we may about how armies should be disposed, or fed, camped and moved, differ as we may about our policy towards the peoples rescued from Spanish thralldom and degradation, we all feel that every loyal heart in the land to-day, save those only in homes made desolate by war, where sorrow broods over the loss of the loved one never to return, is palpitating with joy over the imperishable work of our rescuing army, our country's Salvation Army that went forth to preach to the haughty Spaniard a gospel that gave sight to their blind, made their deaf to hear, and their dumb to understand, though their eyes had waxed fat with blinding pride, and their hearts hard as the insensate adamant. Like the war for the preservation of our National Union, their achievements will be appreciated more and more as the years roll by. Time will allay all criticisms at home, and heal the scars of war in the ravaged land wrenched from the grasp of tyranny; then will appear the lasting fruits of a better civilization; then will the achievements of our army and navy be magnified with noblest praise."

On the subject of "Kipling's Originality," the author says:

"Admitting, however, that Kipling's poetry

bears every mark of originality, will his enthusiastic admirers cite us to their favorite productions of his genius, and show wherein lies their superior merit? Are we to look for the wisdom, invention, and sagacity of Shakespeare? The great learning and versatility of 'Rare Ben Johnson'? Are we to look for the simplicity, feeling and passion to be found, nay, never to be wanting, in Burns? Or the imagination, intuition, simplicity of expression of Wordsworth? The philosophy of Byron? The humor of Holmes? The refinement of Longfellow? What are we to look for? Something we can compare in some of its poetic features with Childe Harold? Don Juan? Essay on Man? Lycidas? Cotter's Saturday Night? Lady of the Lake? Merchant of Venice? Evangeline? The Children's Hour? The Barefoot Boy? We have given you no carefully selected list, but just such as occurred to our mind as we rapidly jotted them down, yet each poem awakens in our memory superior merits wholly wanting in anything we have so far read from Mr. Kipling's pen. Who has not wept over the sad lot of Enoch Arden, as so beautifully told by Tennyson? Who has not been moved to tears as he listened to the romantic story of the Acadians, as told in the chaste thought and language of Longfellow? And how pure the heroine of the story! But how is it when you read of 'Anne of Austria,' 'Mary, Pity Women,' or 'Aggie de Castrer?' Can it be said of them, as of Evangeline, 'It it is like the ceasing of exquisite music' when they pass?"

From his chapter on "Kipling's Unexampled Popularity", which occupies some thirty pages, we take a couple of extracts, while omitting many others equally as striking:

"To-day two nations vie with each other in paying homage to a living Kipling, with words of praise as plentiful as bread. During the last

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Leeds Mercury

(Special Correspondence of the Leader.)

New York, December 1.—The first instalment of the most heralded piece of fiction in recent years has just appeared. In many ways it is a very important event, for on the complete publication of this novel will depend, to a large extent, the future feeling of the great English reading public toward the author.

"Kim of the Right" is not an ephemeral piece of work, if we are to believe the statement that it was begun several years ago, and that it has had the long labor of many revisions at Mr. Kipling's hand. The story was born many months before Mr. Kipling's visit to this country two years ago, for at that time the novel was all but completed, and was awaiting what was then supposed to be the final revision before it should be placed in the publisher's hands. The long illness and recovery postponed the finishing touches, and the manuscript went back to Englan
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"Take the first stanza in the above song:

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

"The very trite figure is very readily recognized as a comparison between Moses leading the Jews out of captivity to the Pharaohs, and the various migrations and settlement of the English all over the world. Now to anyone acquainted with the motives of the East India Company in the settling of India, Clive's dealing with the nabobs of the Carnatic, or Warren Hasting's treasonable treatment of the Begums of Oude; to any one at all acquainted with the persecution that drove the Puritans from Holland to America; to any one recalling the fact that Canada and Australia were first turned by England to the unhallowed purpose of places for banished convicts; to any one acquainted with the many indefensible methods of English policy in spreading her dominions and commerce, whether we contemplate her in 'unhappy Ireland,' 'darkest Africa,' in India, or America, the idea that "this is the Lord's doings' seems most preposterous. The pathway has been smitten by the English and for England, but how could Kipling turn so blind to many of the unrighteous methods of our ancestors as to impute it to the Lord? 'Paradise will be found in the shadow of the crossing of swords,' said Mohammed, and we suppose Musselmen poets have sung of pathways made by Allah.

While as a specimen of a more critical analysis we add the following brief comment taken from among many on the same poem:

Again:

"That roving merchant ships should be called 'gipsies of the Horn' and 'swift shuttles of an Empire's loom' are a couple of magnificent figures to come together in a single breath,—in one sentence. We would suggest that gypsies are not so much associated with Cape Horn in the popular mind as are the Patigonian Indians. Moreover, if the 'gipsies of the Horn' are no more spirited than other gipsies, they are certainly not very 'swift shuttles of an Empire's loom.'

In the chapter on "Departmental Ditties," we find a stanza from "The Plea of the Simla Dancers" and its very appropriate criticism:

"'To-night the moon that watched our lightsome wiles—
That beamed upon us through the deodars—
Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.'

"In personifying inanimate objects we may, with perfect propriety, ascribe to them some of the appetites, traits and emotions of persons, but not all. Many things may disgust individuals; but to say 'desecrating desks disgust the stars,' is no more appropriate figure than to speak of desecrating stars disgusting the desks."

We give one more selection. It is taken from the chapter on "Cordelias or 'Delilahs'—Which?" a chapter designed to show the low estate assigned women by the poet, we take the following:

"'Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?

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Leader, Feb. 21, 1901

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A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear
the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first
sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse!'

"How does this low estimate compare with Holland's idea of women, or with Wordsworth's as expressed in 'She was a Phantom of Delight,' or with Dryden's 'Mrs. Killigrew?'"

"What poet has written so much and yet has celebrated so little of all that is good and beautiful and true and noble in the sex? Certainly not Byron, or Burns, or Dryden, or Chaucer, who, notwithstanding they celebrated in needless verse much to woman's shame, nevertheless paid her virtues, her graces, her crowning glories, many beautiful tributes. We feel that the women of America at least, who are so generally, so devotedly engaged in all manner of Christian benevolence to relieve the distressed, to lessen vice, crime and misery, and to forward with a zeal that knows no flagging, with a devotion that smiles derisively at failures, every worthy enterprise that may hasten the world toward the dawning of a better day for all, will fail to discover the faintest compliment to their sacrifices and devotion in Mr. Kipling's celebrations in ribald verse of almost solely the basest elements of their sex."

Although the book is just coming from the press, many flattering comments could be submitted already. The Sunday Oregonian, a very scholarly paper, heads its review of the book, "A Roast of Kipling." The New York Times Saturday Review, devoted principally to book reviews, heads its "criticism" "Demolition of Kipling." But the following testimonial in full

from the pen of a ripe old classical scholar and pulpit orator is deemed a sufficient supplement to the partial table of contents and extracts from the book already given:

♠ ♠ ♠

Letter of Prof. B. J. Hoadley ...

I have examined Mr. W. J. Peddicord's "Rudyard Reviewed" and am compelled to recognize the justice of the strictures Mr. Peddicord makes concerning the work performed by the noted Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Peddicord is an American through and through, and knows how to express clear-cut thought in welcome English, meeting the requirements of English composition, as the review portrays in every page. Mr. Peddicord has thought deeply, read widely, and is possessed of a literary turn of mind. The book he has written will do much to give the public a correct estimate of Mr. Kipling.

B. J. HOADLEY,
Former Professor of English Literature, Portland University.

Letter of Prof. F. H. Grubbs ...

[From the Sunday Oregonian of July 8, 1900.]

The following is a letter by F. H. Grubbs, A. M., a teacher of twenty-five years' experience, formerly principal of Academic Department of Willamette University:

Portland, July 6th, 1900.

To the Editor:

The New York Times on "Rudyard Reviewed":

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Reviewed," with the result that he fails to apprehend the design of the work and the spirit in which it was written, misquotes and garbles the text, and dismisses the topic by declaring that the difficulty has been to make the chord of an Englishman's sentimentality to vibrate; yet, "certainly this Rudyard Kipling has found that precise place, the emotional centre in the stolid English being."

Among the misstatements we note the following: "Mr. Peddicord thinks that all that Mr. Kipling has written must pass into oblivion to be classed with 'old court calendars, and sermons printed at the request of congregations.' What Mr. Peddicord says, is that, "as a specimen of versification, as a means of conserving good English, as a source of numerous innocent diversions, we conscientiously declare the great body of Kipling's verses" will be relegated to that limbo.

Again, the critic states that the author of "Rudyard Reviewed" "scarcely admits that Kipling has talent even of a mediocre kind." This is what Mr. Peddicord has written: "We do not say that none of Mr. Kipling's poetry has any merit, far from it. A certain species of merit may be found even in his ballads and ditties." Also, "There is no comparison between Kipling's verses and those of Palmer Cox." Mr. Peddicord's words are: "The fact that 'Barrack-Room Ballads' and 'Departmental Ditties' are written for dignified men and women, and the 'Brownies' for manly and womanly boys and girls, is in no wise confusing to their respective merits. The fact that the one deals mainly with grotesque, coarse, sensual men and women for the edification of adults, and the other with grotesque imaginary beings for the amusement of children, is no bar to their comparative literary merits."

Again, says the Times, "Umbrage is taken

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because when San Francisco was described no mention is made of Senator Baker's tomb, which overlooks the Pacific." "Why should Mr. Kipling have told of a street fight which he saw?" etc., etc. In the chapter entitled "American Notes," Mr. Peddicord writes: "Instead of giving his countrymen at home a just, fair and impartial idea of the city's best, most intelligent and noblest citizenship, not a line concerning her great men, past or present, not a line concerning our eloquent Senator E. D. Baker, whose tomb at Laurel Hill overlooks the Pacific. On the contrary, he mingles with her ward politicians to pick up pioneer stories and catch lewd jokes, attends the Bohemian Club for the same purpose, and dubs the oratory of his entertainers 'blatherskitism.'"

The merits of Mr. Peddicord's work are not reached by thus skimming over the surface. The purpose of the author is to inculcate a pure style, and cultivate a better taste in literature, both of which Mr. Kipling grossly violates in much of his versification, for which there is no apology at the present day.

As an index to the genius of Mr. Peddicord's work, we quote this passage: "We have seen that Emerson calls literature 'The record of the best thoughts'; while Sismondi styles poetry 'a happy union of the two fine arts, which has borrowed its harmonies from music and its images from painting.' Now when the literary world shall insist upon the union of these high standards—best thoughts, with harmonies borrowed from music, and images from painting, as their definition of poetry,—then will the vulgar and libertine cease to expose for sale to a decent public the products of their diseased imaginations and perverted tastes."

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51. and likewise the grocer's, the slaves of Pépehpeh, got it after a fashion
52. and whistled like sirens, while they pedalled their *go-karts* . . . . until they turned purple. [Lívvrih,
53. . . . . Alphr-ed-orstin, the poet in
54. who wrote things to order,
55. the wearer of laurels, "by special appointment,"
56. who gets half a cygnet, or a haunch of a unicorn, somewhere about *Krismuz*
57. as some slight acknowledgment of his loyal endeavours
58. to be in at the birth and to say something pretty
59. to coincide in arrival with the first tin of Mhéllin;
60. and attend at the weddings, with his harp in the vestry,
61. and when it was over, on his *Bardik-Pegássuz* (from the Mūz at the Palace)
62. by the mane did he clamber
63. trotting after the carriage, throwing lyrical slippers
64. and metrical rice-grain.
65. . . . . was as green as his laurels, a *verdhigriz* colour,
66. with envy of Rûdiyád. E. T. R.

(Special Correspondence of the Leader.)

New York, December 1.—The first installment of the most heralded piece of fiction in recent years has just appeared. In many ways it is a very important event, for on the complete publication of this novel will depend, to a large extent, the future feeling of the great English reading public toward the author.

"Kim of the Rishi" is not an ephemeral piece of work, if we are to believe the statement that it was begun several years ago, and that it has had the long labor of many revisions at Mr. Kipling's hand. The story was born many months before Mr. Kipling's visit to this country two years ago, for at that time the novel was all but completed, and was awaiting what was then supposed to be the final revision before it should be placed in the publisher's hands. The long illness and recovery postponed the finishing touches, and the manuscript went back to England with the author. Just how far the labor of rewriting was carried before the South African war began is not known.

It was not completed, we know, because, when Mr. Kipling sailed for Cape Town last winter, the manuscript went with him, and it was only received by the publishers two or three months ago.

For some reasons, not easy to state without entering into the controversy over the "posterity" possibilities of Mr. Kipling, many creditable people, both here and in England, have fallen into the habit of discrediting Kipling, calling him "a genius but not a gentleman," and indulging in the faint praise that seems to indicate no hope for anything further from his pen to equal what he has already done. These readers are looking forward as eagerly to the new novel as the Kipling enthusiasts. They want to see whether their theories are to be proven, and it may be fairly assumed that Kipling will not escape attack from every possible side.

It is encouraging, however, to note that the enthusiasts who have seen "Kim" are more enthusiastic and the harsh critics more gentle already. Sidney Colvin, who is entitled to a high rank on the side of the enthusiasts, says that "Kim" is the greatest thing that Kipling ever wrote, that Kipling is the only Englishman who could have written about the very heart of India as he has done here, and that if "Kipling should die now, his future fame would rest on the authorship of Kim."

We can scarcely imagine more glowing praise than this, and all of us, whether we have been disappointed before or not, will be very glad if we can agree to what Mr. Colvin says about the book. At any rate, we have something out of the ordinary to look forward to.

feller rink at 1 o'clock, about ... being seated.

UNIVERSAL PEACE A DUTY.

Edward Everett Hale Impressed it Upon Students of Ohio State University.

COLUMBUS, O., June 19.—Edward Everett Hale delivered the annual address a the Ohio State university commencemen today. His subject was, "The Duties o the New Century." Among other thing he said:

"Will the twentieth century see th American Indian, the negro, the Asiat and white races living as one nation be tween the Atlantic and Pacific? Ho shall the black and white races be broug in accord and harmony? As the childre of God, if we choose to elect this duty w have the power to effect this union of th races and our Anglo-Saxon blood will as sert itself in a union of one people, with love for freedom.

"The accomplishment of this ideal re quires permanent peace among the nation of the world. The fifty-one nations of th world must agree to submit all their dis putes to one supreme court or the follie of the last 1,600 years will be continue Educated people give too little attentio to the 200 years of peace early in th Christian era, for to that we owe the civ ilization of today. It is the duty and op portunity of the young people of the coun try today to bring about universal peace.

Mr. Hale was so feeble that he had to b being seated.

LIABILITY OF EMPLOYE...

HEARING ON MR. COST... GIV...

...TS FOR APRIL WEAR.

A COLLEGE STUDENT.

...ael Gifford White, a Classmate.

...counters, it was a custom of some of the boys of the United Service College to collect as many "scalps" or caps of the boys belonging to the other college as they could snatch from the heads of the vanquished. So when Kipling and his chums decided upon particularly hazardous adventure they simply wore the other college caps, which in the event of pursuit they flung in the path of the farmer to confound him in any subsequent attempt at identification.

Thus when the farmer wrathfully presented the caps to Kipling's headmaster as evidence of the trespass of his scholars, he was politely referred to the headmaster of the other college, when doubtless some totally innocent youths were, for a time, placed in a most embarrassing situation.

While displaying little enthusiasm for field games, of which golf on the well-known Northham Burrows was one of chief, Kipling, if not the inventor, ...e an expert player at an indoor ...ation of the pastime. By making ...ture clubs and balls, and laying out ...through the class rooms, tournaments ... held, with pots of jam, tins of sar... , and consolidated milk for the ... In these contests "Giggs," by ... sobriquet Kipling was familiarly ... gav... to his classmates, often came out ...lyma...tor, subsequently with good fellow... upo... dividing his edible prizes after the ...usetts had been ... it in the dorm... ...n thi... ... naturally be... it wa... ... meanor, turn... rpora... ... lings artistic, ... an old lady ... Bideford who

who were in the secret.

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As it is not long since that the only known complete edition of the paper sold in London for $500, those of Kipling's classmates who could have obtained as many copies of the paper as they required for ten cents a number must now reflect with regret upon their want of foresight in not laying in a large stock.

Apart from these published writings, Kipling often jotted down during class hours verses and skits that were intended to fall into the hands of the presiding master, and which were not infrequently aimed at that personage himself. Their readily appreciated brightness, however, was generally recognized as being an excuse for the offense and an otherwise condign punishment withheld.

For its system of work the college was divided into the modern and classical sides. Throughout his college career, Kipling remained on the classical side, interesting himself in geology so far as to gain permission to ramble at free will along the cliffs for the ostensible purpose of collecting fossils, but for the real one of capturing young jackdaws and ravens—a dangerous pursuit, when it is considered that the birds as a rule ...nderneath an overhanging ledge, ...reached only by a rope from ... with a sheer drop of two or three ... feet to the rocks below.

...mistry. "Giggs" developed such ...ude for compounding elements ...p at inopportune moments ...bership of that class was ...uration. Indeed, his pres... classes must undoubtedly ...il to nervous masters. ...ite sure how to regard ...ften interspersed with ...ensely humorous re... his companions into ...ghter.

Kipling's later life in ...f him as being cov... ...ch was the case in ... With a pen behind ...

HINTS FROM THE MAIL BAG

Surrounding Tommy's Death.

Improbabilities

H. H. GOODWIN, New York City, writes to THE NEW YORK SATURDAY REVIEW of New York: I find in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of ... a letter complaining about the ... I have not read Mr. ... Eleanor ... Dec. ...

How the "Recessional" Was Accepted.

Since the first appearance of Kipling's great poem, "Recessional," in the columns of The London Times, there have been many stories circulated both in this country and in England regarding the circumstances which surrounded its publication. One story said that the author received as high as a sovereign a line. We now have it on "the very best authority" that after it on "the very best authority" that after it on the old conditions, that I can use it if I want it later in book form. The sooner it's in print the better. I don't want any proof. Couldn't you run it to-night, so as to end the week plously?

"If it's not your line, please drop me a wire. Ever yours sincerely,

R. K."

KIPLING ON THE SHELF.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Kipling, too, seems to have been forgotten in the rush after the "historical novel" and the "love letters" of various people. At a Chicago book store, where his works are being sold at reduced prices, a salesman when asked how they were going, held up his hands despairingly and said:

"Kipling's dead! We're loaded up with his books and can hardly give them away. About the only hope we have now is to get a little something back by breaking the sets and selling the jungle stories, which still have a fair sale when they are offered alone."

Of course this state of things will not last long. There is a very large percentage of the people. Most of them will take it for granted that he got rich while he was in high favor, and, being rich, what more—as they look at it—could he desire?

HOW THE KEY WAS LOST.

Portland Oregonian.

In these days of lightning canceling machines should be very careful what

RUDYARD KIPLING

MAY AGAIN RETURN TO UNITED STATES—BOUGHT A SUMMER HOME.

Concord, N. H., March 27.—Information has been received here which leads to the belief that Rudyard Kipling will return to the United States and become a summer resident, at least, of New Hampshire.

Last week a large real estate owner in Chesterfield, this State, sold a building on the shores of Spofford Lake, at Chesterfield, and the deed was made out to Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.

We hear that the redoubtable Major Pond has been trying to induce the equally redoubtable Mr. Kipling to come over here to lecture. The first attempt was made several years ago. Evidently the Major believes that sufficient time has elapsed for Mr. Kipling to change his mind. He set forth his reasons magnificently in his first letter to Major Pond, a passage of which reads as follows: "There is such a thing as paying a hundred and twenty-five cents for a dollar, and, though I suppose there is money in the lecture business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I have seen a few men who lived through the fight, but they did not look happy."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling altered the title of his story, "Kim of the Rishti," almost at the last minute, and it is now entitled simply "Kim." Publishers believe so much in short titles that the change must be considered a wise one. It is scarcely possible that this fine story will not greatly enhance Mr. Kipling's reputation. The "colour" of it is everywhere most fascinating, and, while it moves slowly, there is a winning fascination of the characters which grows with every page. Kim, the Anglo-Indian boy, is a delightful creature. The llama for whom Kim becomes "beggar" in the journey where the river of life is sought is one of the most powerful and original of all Mr. Kipling's creations. But the predominating charm of the book remains its power of insight where all that pertains to Eastern ways of thought and Eastern creeds is concerned. Here is an exposition of Buddhism which even the man in the street can understand. And while the whole book will appeal to scholars with rare force, the charm of Kim and his llama must win a genuine popular success.

Bookman Dec 1904

KIPLING'S COLOR WORK

Kipling is never vague; he always gives us the sensuous effect perfect and complete. Take a single instance—"Jan Chinn's Tiger": "Lastly as a gorged snake he dragged himself out of the cave and stood yawning and blinking at the entrance. The sunlight fell upon his flat right side, and Chinn wondered. He had no seen a tiger marked after this fashion. Except for his head, which was starringly barred, he was dappled—not striped, but dapped like a child's rocking horse, in richest shades of smoky black on red gold. That portion of his belly and throat which should have been white was orange, and his tail and paws were black." says Charles Johnston in Literary Era.

The thing is as vivid as life; it is painter's work; the colors are carefully selected, black on gold, orange on white; a blotch of sunlight on one side, a cave as a setting.

His description is simply the strongest color painting; it is only when we come to count his colors that we see how wonderful his handling is; here is the palette list of the Delal moonlight scene: Silver, brown, gray, ash-color, yellow, silver, and steel-gray.

Neil Gwynn will appear on the stage in three or four plays, now built about one of these plays, Kim.

The Bridge Guard in the Karroo.

(Rudyard Kipling in London Times.)

"and will supply details to guard the Bloem-fontein line."

District orders—Lines of communication.
Sudden the desert changes—
Thirty-mile stages softens and clings,
Till the aching Outdshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
'Twix the sky line's belting beryl
And the wine dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and dun of roses,
Cinnamon, umber and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The sentries challenge the picket
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line).

We slip through the broken panel
Led forth by the ganger's shed—
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead:

We stumble on refuse of rations—
We take over the aloe-fenced bus—
We take our appointed stations
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders
Far-shepherding past to the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A sound of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we hear the far track humming,
And we see her headlight pale,
And we gather and line her coming—
The wonderful north bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely
Where the white car windows shine—
No, not comfortable—only
Details guarding the line).

Quick, ere the gift escape us,
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week old papers
And a mouthful of human speech!

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
And the earth allows again,
Meetings, greetings and voices
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,
As out on the bridge she rolls;
And the darkness covers our faces,
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely
Where the lessening tail lights shine.
Now—not combatants—only
Details guarding the line!

KIPLING AS A COLLEGE STUDENT.

By Michael Gifford White, a Classmate.

The announcement of a new novel by Rudyard Kipling will again draw attention to the career of that distinguished writer, of which no part is of more significance than the days of his youth and education spent in England.

To the multitude of those who, entering upon various professions, anticipate a hard struggle before any recognized position is reached, the early stages of the road by which a great man has traveled reach the goal of his ambition must always remain a matter of considerable interest.

In the eyes of those who associated intimate terms with Rudyard Kipling during his college days, no trait of his character was perhaps more emphasized than that he was a thorough boy in his ideas—a boy full of amusing though harmless pranks that constantly placed him in strained relations with the authorities; a student, it seemed, rather from when the occasion required than from any keen desire for mental improvement; a boy, in fact, who was quite ready to discard Horace and Virgil for a strictly prohibited adventure on the lofty, frowning cliffs of North Devon's coast.

To his mind, it would seem that rules and regulations were only made for the purpose of being evaded or broken. For instance, it was sufficient for the headmaster to post a notice that "disorderly conduct in the streets of Appledore was strictly out of bounds, for Kipling and his two chums—the originals of Stalky, Mc'Turk and Beetle—to immediately resolve to explore every nook and cranny of the place. As one result there would almost invariably ensue a bitter feud between the college boys and the "cads" or hoodlums, culminating in desperate wayside encounters, in which, not only flats and stones were freely used, but the Queen's highway became a terror to peaceful farmers by reason of the discharge of firearms.

More than once on a summer evening, when darkness was slowly falling, upon the college buildings, and the bell was furiously ringing for roll-call, three dusty figures might be seen, Indian fashion, cautiously descending the hill at the back of the long, terrace-like structure; while from another direction a countryman would paint in hot haste up to the headmaster's door, to a complaint of some bird-nesting outrage, and with college caps in his possession as a means to identify Kipling and his companions.

But they were not by any means to be so easily detected; for it was the farmer himself who had been ingeniously led astray. In point of fact there had been established at Westward Ho another college—an institution, of course, beneath contempt in comparison with the one in which Kipling was educated, but its existence was made to well screen his actions in such adventures as the one mentioned.

As trophies of victory in personal encounters, it was a custom of some of the boys of the United Service College to collect as many "scalps" or caps of the boys belonging to the other college as they could snatch from the heads of the vanquished. So when Kipling and his chums decided upon particularly perilous deeds to venture they simply wore the other college caps, which in the event of pursuit they flung in the path of the farmer to confound him in any subsequent attempt at identification.

Thus when the farmer wrathfully presented the caps to Kipling's headmaster as evidence of the trespass of his scholars, he was politely referred to the headmaster of the other college, when doubtless some totally innocent youths were, for a time, placed in a most embarrassing situation.

While displaying little enthusiasm for field games, of which golf on the well-known Northam Burrows was one of the chief, Kipling, if not the inventor, became an expert player at an indoor substitution of the pastime. By making miniature clubs and balls, and laying out links through the class rooms, tournaments were held, with pots of jam, tins of sardines, and consolidated milk for the prizes. In these contests "Giggs," by which sobriquet Kipling was familiarly known to his classmates, often came out a victor, subsequently with good fellowship dividing his edible prizes after the lights had been turned out in the dormitories.

As Kipling grew older he naturally became more sedate in his demeanor, turning his interest toward things artistic, by frequenting the shop of an old lady in the neighboring town of Bideford who dealt in second-hand clothes and bric-a-brac. It was the period when a wave of aestheticism swept over English society; so to be in the prevailing fashion, Kipling decorated the walls of his study with a stork dado, brewed tea in an ancient but spoutless pot, and carried his bread and butter from the hall table so that he might eat toast from off other than the earthly but durable college porcelain.

Of his early literary productions, the college journal and the Bideford Gazette were the first to print his contributions. His work on the college paper having been noticed by the editor of the Gazette, that individual commissioned "Giggs" to write weekly articles at the munificent salary of $2.50 a month, to combat a drainage scheme of the powers that were in control of the local board of works, and of which the president was the college headmaster. Undaunted at the distinct personal penalty which the discovery of the identity of the writer would have entailed, Kipling denounced the contemplated action of the board in such vigorous language that the project was finally abandoned. So far as is known, these articles have never been reprinted, but that they were unusually bright is borne out by the fact that they caused a temporary sensation in the district, and afforded intense amusement for those who were in the secret.

In due course being promoted to the editorial chair of the college paper, for a year and a half nearly the whole of the contents of that tri-monthly publication was composed of Kipling's work. The boys were ready enough to read Kipling's verse and stories, but for some unexplained reason, in spite of frantic editorial appeals, held aloof from sending in contributions.

As it is not long since that the only known complete edition of the paper sold in London for $600, those of Kipling's classmates who could have obtained as many copies of the paper as they required for ten cents a number must now reflect with regret upon their want of foresight in not laying in a large stock.

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For its system of work the college was divided into the modern and classical sides. Kipling, during his college career, remained on the classical side, interesting himself in geology so far as to gain permission to ramble at free will along the cliffs for the ostensible purpose of collecting fossils, but for the real one of capturing young jackdaws and other dangerous pursuit, when it is considered that the birds as a rule build underneath an overhanging ledge, to be reached only by a rope from above, with a sheer drop of two or three hundred feet to the rocks below.

In chemistry "Giggs" developed such an aptitude for compounding elements which blew up at inopportune moments that his membership of that class was not of long duration. Indeed, his prominence in many classes must undoubtedly have been a trial to nervous masters who were not quite sure how to regard his recitations, often interspersed with relevant but intensely humorous remarks, that sent his companions into convulsions of laughter.

A writer describing Kipling's later life in India has spoken of him as being covered with ink. Such was the case in his school days. With a pen behind each ear, his pockets filled with stubs of pencils and odd scraps of paper, and his face and hands smeared with ink, his future career was surely indicated, and was undoubtedly a writer by nature.

Even in those early days of his life a feature of his character was made plain to his companions, as it has since been done to the rest of the world, that whatever Kipling said or did was done in a manner peculiarly his own and remarkable for its originality.

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for The New York Times Saturday Review by
W. L. Alden.

LONDON, May 5.—There is no dearth of portraits of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, but of them all the most notable are the Collier portrait and the new etching by W. Strang. The latter is attracting a great deal of attention, and I am not sure whether the admirers of Mr. Kipling should be pleased or displeased thereat. It is certainly a powerful work, considered merely as a picture. In conception and treatment it is wholly fresh, and in so far as it is an allegory it is wonderfully clever. The attitude and the expression of the face which the artist has given to his distinguished sitter at once compel our admiration. I am not sure that even if we had never heard the name of Kipling, we should not have regarded Mr. Strang's work as an incontestible proof of genius. Still, when all this is said it does not follow that the etching is a good likeness of the real Kipling, however perfect it may be as a likeness of the ideal Kipling. To my mind it does Mr. Kipling injustice. The peculiar poise of the head gives the effect of a retreating forehead, and Mr. Kipling's forehead is not of that type. Then it is the portrait of a man of say fifty years, and Mr. Kipling carries with him now, and will carry with him to the end—incarnated youth. I am convinced that few of Mr. Kipling's friends will admit that Mr. Strang has made a faithful portrait. It may be, and I rather think that it is, a portrait of the mind of Kipling, but not of his body. I am quite aware that the foregoing sentence sounds very much like "stuff," but after all it is the only explanation that I am able to form of the reason why the Strang etching is at one and the same time like and unlike Kipling. It is the face of a man who can dream gigantic dreams, and we all know that Mr. Kipling can do that, but it is not the bright, youthful, kindly face of the Kipling whom his friends love.

***

The recent publication in Literature of the sales which the several works of Mr. Kipling have had in England will surprise many who have fancied that the best work of an author would sell better than his other work. Why should 17,000 more copies have been sold of the first "Jungle Book" than were sold of the second? Surely there was no falling off in the merit of the stories, and one would naturally have supposed that the success of the first "Jungle Book" would have acted as an advertisement to stimulate the sale of the second. Then, again, why should "Many Inventions" have proved less sought after by the public than was "Life's Handicap"? There is probably nothing to choose between the two books, so far as their merit is concerned, though, for my own part, if I could have but one of them, I should choose the former. And why should "The Day's Work" have sold more copies than were sold of any other of Kipling's writings? That "From Sea to Sea" should have had a smaller sale than any preceding Kipling book was to have been expected, since Mr. Kipling published the book against his own desire, and only to protect himself in some measure against piracy. That is easily understood, but that "Stalky & Co." should have sold 6,000 more copies than "Captains Courageous" is a surprise to me, and probably will be to many others.

I am rather surprised, too, at finding that Mr. Kipling's books have not had as large a sale in England as I supposed that they had enjoyed. I was in the habit of assuming that the public must necessarily admire the books nearly as much as I admire them, and that would insure a sale of at least 500,000 copies of everything that Mr. Kipling has written. However, when we come to add the American to the English sales, perhaps we shall approach something near to that figure. If the American and English people have not bought that many copies they will, some of these days, be heartily ashamed of themselves.

An Etymologist Struggles With Rudyard.

From the London Daily News.

The name of this ubiquitous and versatile Anglo-Indian author has become, even among our brave soldiers themselves, almost as veritably a part of the hag-and-baggage of our prolonged struggle in this unequal war as to have become at length "as familiar in our ears as household words." Even the very etymology of his name is fraught with interest, and may be worth placing on record. It is a Hollandish word, and is derived from the ancient Teutonic language, the parent of so many of the languages of northern Europe.

It is made up of two Teutonic words—Hrood, "counsel," or "counsel," and Gjerd, "a fence" or "inclosure," and it hence carries the meaning "council-guard" or "the inclosure of a conclave." The word "kiplyard" has its primal form in the Norwegian "Raadgjerd." The former part of it is found in the German forms "Rudd" and "Rath," in the old English word "Rede," in the Anglo-Saxon "Reeds," and the Gothic "Raads"—all embodying the idea of "speech," and specifically, "good speech," "salutary advice"; hence "counsel." The German Parliament is called "Reichstath" (pronounced "Roit"), and the Dutch Parliament the "Raad" (pronounced "Royth-raht") is "the Council." The English words "yard," "guard" and "gard" are all forms of these derived from that same Teutonic original. The Irish race, in strict conservatism of the original sound, continue to pronounce "guard" and "gard" as "garden," and "guardian" as "tyardyan."

"I do not presume to put forward this etymology of the poet's first name as anything unassailable, for the poet's first name as such can be proved but it may hold the ground until it has been grounded. I well remember Kipling playing about the Indian roads with other lads, at a time when neither of us could have dreamed of the distinguished career of the one before him in the near future. I have, therefore, a peculiar interest in the present attempt to trace out the derivation of his somewhat out-of-the-way name.

Something akin to the etymology of "Rudyard" is the etymology of another name distinguished in the war—the name "Bedever." By "that," as Kipling might say, "is another story."

I am, sir, &c.,
D. Bath.
Folkestone.

LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Written for The New York Times Saturday Review by
William L. Alden.

LONDON, June 2.—Mr. Kipling's new novel, is to begin in the January number of Cassell's Magazine, and already, as I am told, the forces of the subscription list of the magazine testifies to Mr. Kipling's undiminished popularity. "Kim" is the longest story that Mr. Kipling has so far written, and it is to be hoped that it will satisfy those curious people who insist that a story writer cannot take the rank which may be due him until he has shown whether or not he can write a successful long story. This is much the same as it would be to claim that a portrait painter like Mr. Sargent must not be seriously considered unless he paints a large landscape or a ten by six historical painting. An author's genius ought not to be judged by the length of his writings. If Mr. Kipling must needs write a novel of at least a hundred thousand words before being admitted into the ranks of great writers, then Mr. Yeats should not be regarded as a poet until he has written an epic. A short story may be as much a proof of the highest genius as a novel as long as "Clarissa." Mr. Kipling has no need to write a long novel in order to be sure of his place in English literature. All the same, I shall look forward eagerly to "Kim," and the longer it is the better I shall be pleased, for the simple reason that my pleasure will last longer than it does when I read one of Mr. Kipling's short stories.

***

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN, New York, referring to the discussion in The New York Times Saturday Review of Kipling's "Kim," writes: "Kim is clearly an Anglo-Indian Huckleberry Finn. Just as in Mark Twain's plotless masterpiece, Huck and Nigger Jim float down the great southern highway of the Mississippi, reading little chapters out of the life stories of connected families and communities, so Kim and the Lama have been drifting along the great highway of Hindooism affording the author the opportunity of again delighting us with his wonderful knowledge of native life and thought.

Kipling is confessedly, and most creditably, a great admirer of Mark Twain's rambling novel, and in adopting its method he has paid the American author the highest possible compliment. This is in no sense an imputation against Kipling's bountiful originality—that is simply indisputable—and, in fact, one of the most charming manifestations of that originality lies in the absolute frankness with which the author can borrow and adapt on occasion, without giving his predecessors or contemporaries the slightest ground for complaint.

When 'Gmer amote 'is bloomin' eye, and 'Ell 'ard men sing by land an' sea;

An' what he thought 'e might require, 'E went an' took—the same as me!

In this respect, Kipling's originality is simply Shakespearian—or Homeric, as he himself implies.

Kipling hardly ever imitates plot or subject-matter—that terrible tale, 'Iml,' so reminiscent of Poe's 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' being a rare exception—but he seasons with any spice box that happens to be handy, nor hesitates an instant to let the reader perceive the property label on the under from behind which he was firing at the enemy. The helmet was untouched, but a bullet had got him in the shoulder. He took the helmet down, saying, "That comes of cursed pride and nothing else." Some droll mistakes occurred due to the removal of all badges of rank from the officers. One subaltern took a detachment of the old New York favorite, 'The Mulligan Guards.'

"These, of course, are minor touches, but they may be fairly regarded as entrop-lings of a deeper influence; conditions are absolutely novel, and distinct from those extant in Europe, gave birth in this country to a new, daring, and unfettered order of literature, best typified in Bret Harte and Mark Twain's earlier sketches. Conditions equally novel, coupled with the influence of our own literary masters, are at work in Canada, India, Australia, and South Africa, to produce great and characteristic works, fated, perhaps, to be classified in the text books of the future as of the American or English-colonial school."

Bookman Dec 1904

"THE FRIEND."

AN EPISODE IN SOUTH AFRICAN JOURNALISM.

WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE. The Story of "The Friend" Newspaper, Edited by the Correspondents with Lord Roberts's Forces, March-April, 1900. By Julian Ralph (one of the Editors). With Contributions from A. Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, and others, and a Letter from Earl Roberts. With Fifteen Illustrations. Octavo, pp. xvii, 471. D. Appleton & Co.

This is the memorial of an interesting enterprise undertaken at the instance of Lord Roberts when he entered Bloemfontein in March, 1900. He sent Lord Stanley to inform four of the journalists on the scene that he would like them to produce a daily newspaper for the entertainment and information of the army. The lucky men were Percival Landon, of "The London Times"; H. A. Gwynne, of Reuter's Agency; F. W. Buxton, of "The Johannesburg Star," and Julian Ralph, the American correspondent representing "The London Daily Mail," and, at the moment, laid up with an injured leg. Arrangements were made with the proprietor of one of the two local papers, the "Friend of the Free State," and his plant was put into the hands of the four editors. The other sheet having been suppressed, "The Friend," as the offspring of Lord Roberts's initiative was promptly christened, took proud possession of the entire field. Twenty-seven numbers were published before the four members of the staff found it expedient to hand the paper over to other conductors. In the brief period of their management of its fortunes they made it amusing to their pretty large public, and had no end of fun themselves. Mr. Ralph has selected in "War's Brighter Side" an appropriate title for his book about the episode, a book made up partly of notes on the way in which the paper was carried on, and partly of prose and verse taken from its columns.

"The Friend" appears to have been a decidedly miscellaneous affair. The editors wrote leaders and divers other articles. Lord Roberts published in their pages his proclamations and orders. Officers and men contributed articles, letters, anecdotes and rhymes. When Mr. Kipling appeared—to be welcomed in an editorial as "the great poet and well-writer who has contributed more than any one, perhaps, toward the consolidation of the British Empire"—he joyously took a hand in the game, wrote "fables" and verse, made himself special editor of the poetry contributions, in want of quantities by Tommy Atkins, and did, in short, a great deal to make "The Friend" readable. The things quoted from him in this book are characteristically pointed and amusing, though in no case at all remarkable. The admirers of Kipling will be solicitude as to their fortune, as shown by the copyright notice affixed to these trifles—even including a birthday greeting of eight entirely unimportant lines—and probably provokes a smile of surprise at his taking them so seriously. By way of pleasant contrast we may venture to cite—as, for some incomprehensible reason, no copyright line is attached to his reply to the gentleman who said when he met him, "Is it possible that I have the honor to meet the author of 'The Absent Minded Beggar'?" "Yes," answered Mr. Kipling. "I have heard that piece played on a barrel organ, and I would shoot the man who wrote it if it would not be suicide."

There were, of course, many humorous incidents gleaned by observers of the life in camp and in the field. These are preserved in Mr. Ralph's book, and make some of his best material. There is the story of the private at Paardeberg who contemplated his shattered limbs with bland contentment, and was overheard remarking: "Well, you ain't done me badly after all. You 'elped to carry me 'ere, and now you've got me a life pension and free baccy from the parson." Another private who wished to take a bullet ridden helmet home after the war exposed his flawless headgear on the bowlder from behind which he was firing at the enemy. The helmet was untouched, but a bullet had got him in the shoulder. He took the helmet down, saying, "That comes of cursed pride and nothing else." Some droll mistakes occurred due to the removal of all badges of rank from the officers. One subaltern took a detachment of the old New York favorite, 'The Mulligan Guards.'

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