

THE NEW BOOK THE LITERARY WORLD OF OTHER RECEIVED VOLUMES OF INTEREST

By Prof. H. B. Lathrop, Stanford University.

"Stalky & Co." Rudyard Kipling's new book of stories, appear many of the fine qualities which we have learned to expect in Rudyard Kipling's work; energy, ingenuity, inventiveness, vivacity, brilliancy. The book affords another example of the completeness with which Mr. Kipling has entered into the subject with which he deals, or rather of the completeness with which it has entered into him. His mind seems as it were, to be saturated with the life he pictures, so that everything is done with an unconscious rightness and appropriateness to the circumstances. Not only is it the case that the dialect sounds absolutely in character, that the action fits the surroundings, but the unconscious pre-eminence of the habits of thought, the little touches of association are conveyed as by accident and casually, as if they were a part of the author's mind. In brief, Stalky & Co. has the "volcanic texture," the higher consistency, which is the mark of the truly creative imagination. In whatever material it works, the material in this case is the life in an English school where boys are fitted for the military college, and for entering on the Indian Civil Service. The heroes are three boys instead of "Soldiers Three," with a chief hero, "Stalky," in place of Mulvaney. They are extraordinary, not to say abnormal youths, quite too artificially successful in the jokes on the masters and others which constitute the plots of the little tales. The book is an amusing one, and would be read with unsuspecting enjoyment if Mr. Kipling would only leave his readers alone with the idea that it is meant for fun. No rational man need worry himself about Kipling's limitations and imperfections unless he must. He is good in his way; why concern ourselves with his exaggerations, his hardness, his lack of delicacy and tenderness? We can find in others what he lacks, and we can find in him what others lack. We need not take him as an apostle.

But Mr. Kipling insists on being an apostle. He begins his tales of schoolboys with a solemn moralizing poem; he ends with a story in which one of the characters plays a heroic part on the Afghan wars. Mr. Kipling preaches, he avows that he preaches, he insinuates preaching into the minor crevices of his narrative. Now if a man sets up to preach, he must expect to be criticized as a preacher. And if it is through works of fiction that he tries to teach a moral lesson, the whole spirit and tendency of his writing must be carefully scrutinized—the more rigidly the more effective his writing may be.

What, then, is the philosophy of life which Mr. Kipling put forward? His fundamental principle is the glorification of action which produces tangible results. His models of human perfection are men who do definite, palpable things—soldiers, engineers, above all soldiers. The man of thought, the student as such, appears to Mr. Kipling as a man to be scorned. At school he is pale, high-browed, ineffective; in the business of life he is contemptuously put aside by the man of action, or is secretly envious of him. Mr. Kipling has no laurels for the man of ideas or for the scholar as such; for the philosopher, the antiquarian, the historian, the scientist. Less contemptible are newspaper reporters, novelists and poets of action, who are at least attached to the army of doers, though only as camp-followers. But the only real heroes are the men who perform tangible, measurable, definite achievements—if with a good deal of physical activity, so much the better. Mr. Kipling's ethics are as naive as those of an old Norse or Anglo-Saxon poet. His glorification of achievement, of physical activity, of the man of action, is a glorification of abstract ideas, differs in nothing from the same things in primitive writers, who sing of the sea and of battle, and who pray for a "head and death, a priest's death, a cow's death."

This faith in action for its own sake is associated closely with the peculiarities of Kipling's style, which make it somehow questionable in spite of its brilliancy. Kipling's style is more than normally sharp in its definiteness, it is exaggerated, it shows an indifference to the means by which the effect is gained, it is slangy, it is often grotesque. Very clear and simple ideas are gained by suppressing all modifications and limitations by having one point of view, by seeing only one side of a question or one thing at a time. The neglect of all phases of an idea or impression, the fact that at the moment essential is the source of Kipling's whole-hearted force, but it implies a limitation of mind and a habit of exaggeration. It is plain that a man in love with action will find such a style natural. A limitation, limitation, balancing between a fiction, limitation, less, produces hesitation; it may sometimes produce an unreadiness to act at all in the style of a man who follows the exact truth, to limit, to suggest associations, to shadow forth ideas not easily to be apprehended, but to certain relationship to the typical scholar's frequent unreadiness in speech and action. Both come in for Mr. Kipling's contempt. His incisive style is another phase of his delight in action.

Further, he is not satisfied with the exaggeration, suppressing tones and shades of feeling, but he exaggerates directly and boldly. He wants decided effects, an insistence on salient points, distinct contrasts. The result is grotesque-

ness of situation and phrase. The grotesque contrast, for instance, between a lofty and delicate sentiment, and the expression of it in rough slang, or between the habitual vulgarity of a common fellow and his nobility on occasions, are sources of fascinated interest to Mr. Kipling. It would seem that a noble sentiment nobly phrased would be repellent to him, a style is part of life; it tinges and colors

he takes his place in the lower rank of literary artists, those who like Bert Harte and Dickens are at their best only in the abnormal; not with the higher type of balanced and sane artists, like Fielding or Thackeray.

What claim has this worship of action and this style, devoid of the highest sanity and nobleness, as ideals of life? It demands the spice of oddity. Therefore,

the whole character. No claim, Kipling's moral teachings, direct and indirect, rather foster the weaknesses to which Americans and English are liable, that give them a true ideal. The worship of action and achievement, the vulgarity of the falsely named "practical spirit," the absence of distinction in manners and speech, are recognized sins of ours. These tendencies have helped Mr. Kipling's mar-

velous talent in the attainment of his great popularity. No one need grudge him the least trifle of his fame; but we should all be careful not to take him too seriously as a moral force, and should be on our guard against his encouragement of our narrowness and our commonness.

The truth is that most of us need more to believe in ideas than in facts. We need to recognize the even the material conditions of modern life—machinery, railroads, telegraphs—are due to an idea, a way of thinking, the scientific spirit. We need to be convinced that laws and customs, governments and states, are ideas, created by thought. Newton and Helmholtz, Locke, Rousseau and Mill, and thousands of unknown and silent workers, are the makers of our modern world. The United States is not made by an act, but by an idea. Civilization is a set of ideas. The advance of civilization is the advance of the ideas of men of points of view more and more closely approximately accurate, and of ideas more and more completely covering the phenomena of human experience. It is the despised, persistent, ineffective scholar who teaches the world and who leads the march of ideas.

The demand for action, above everything else, the logic of which is the worship of war—is inimical to the highest civilization; and the influence of Mr. Kipling's work is perceptibly injurious in lowering the ideals of those who are most affected by his writings.

These ungracious comments on an author entitled to love and honor very far this side ideology have been written from a feeling of respect for the author's judicious insistence on his own narrow and inadequate view of life. A clear recast of his work, and of the somewhat extravagant character of his art need not interfere with the fullest delight in his abounding energy and his spontaneous mastery of the pen. Doubleday and McClure Company, New York, \$1.50.

"Kiplingiana" is a scrap book about Rudyard Kipling. It contains a brief biography, many anecdotes, little bits of information, fac-similes of the frontispieces and title pages of Mr. Kipling's early books, a bibliography, prefaces and dedications, quotations from reviews, portraits and caricatures, and, in short, all the kinds of desultory information of interest to Mr. Kipling's readers. Much of the compilation is amusing, and not a little is valuable. It is a book to be read through. Its value is diminished by the absence of dates, and by the imperfections of the index. For example, we are not told when Mr. Kipling sent regrets to the Yale Club, or wrote to the "Cantab" and contributed to the London School Budget. The origin of the name "Rudyard" is indexed only by the title, "A Kipling Romance," and Mr. Kipling's change of feeling as to the regulation of the traffic in drink appears under the heading of "Alcohol." The name of Andre Chevalier's criticism in the Revue de Paris is indexed merely as "A French Opinion," and is not dated. These are grave faults, but in spite of them and of a little padding, the book is well worth its price to a lover or critical student of Mr. Kipling's work. (Mansfield & Westley, New York, \$1.25).

"Quant Corners of Ancient Empires" by M. M. Shoemaker, whirled along with the dizzying rapidity of an actual journey from Rameswarum, off the coast of Ceylon, through Southern India and Burma, to Manila. The impressions of the hasty traveler are conveyed with vividness and in a very readable manner. With the help of the excellent photographic illustrations, a reader may obtain a distinct idea of the appearance of the vast continent of Rameswarum, the curious spire of the balance rock at Moulmein, or the



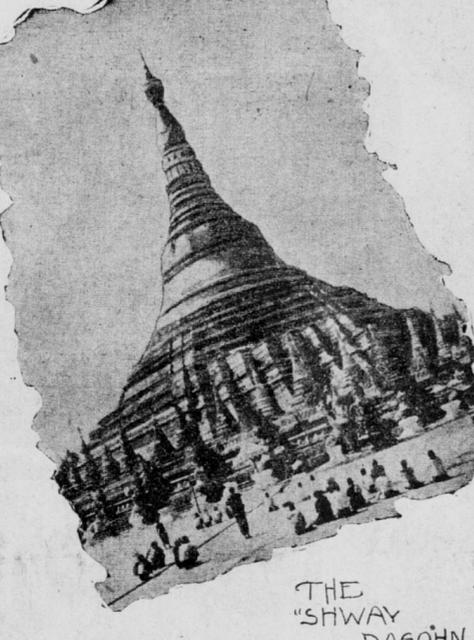
"KYAIK-HTEE-YOH" PAGODA MOULMEIN.



COURT OF THE DYING BUDDHA RANGOON.



STONE BULL MONOLITH TANJORE.



THE "SHWAY DAGOHN," RANGOON.

PERSONAL CHAT WITH BISHOP H. C. POTTER.

THE PRELATE DISCUSSES HIS EARLY LIFE, CHARITABLE PROJECTS, AND HIS EXPERIENCE OF THREE MONTHS LIVING IN THE SLUMS.

BISHOP POTTER sat upright in the caddy chair of the hotel parlor. The chair tempted, but he did not seem to relax tension, it seems.

He was gray of temple and gray of lip. The features of his face were as precise in outline as a young man's, but the face was very, very weary. It seemed so much trouble, always trouble.

But the voice rang clear and firm still. Its tone resounded, "Let us sweep away the trouble; let us bring cheer." The first impressions of those of any man who has seen both sides of many questions.

"You are still as busy as ever, Bishop Potter?"

"Why shouldn't I be? Rest has not yet been forced upon me. It will be hard enough to bear patiently when it is. At present I am granted the strength to work—not always, though. There's the pain that one must see. The pleasure is in the little that one can do to relieve it."

"Don't you think you have earned a rest after all these years of labor?"

"All these years? At least, I am in heart. Sometimes I find that I tire more easily than I used; that is all that makes me feel that I am partly a boy yet, I believe. Look at that muscle."

Behold, the prelate displayed his biceps. Verily, "partly a boy" he was. "What do you remember, Bishop Potter, of the time when you were all a boy?"

"I remember a roomy, sunny home in a New York State town, and a father who had the biggest and broadest shoulders that a youngster ever rode upon. After I got past the time for such things, I used to look enviously at the shoulders and wonder when mine would be as strong. That time has never come, although I could pull a pretty good car in my day."

"You come of an ecclesiastical family, do you not?"

"There have been many ministers among us. I am proud to claim relationship with some of my ancestors, although I never exceed theirs in virtue. I am glad for mine. A man's soul is his own."

"One thing I owe to those grandfathers of mine, and that is the habit of preaching. I began it before kiltz gave place to trousers. My pulpit was an empty stall in the barn and my congregation consisted of a duck, a few chickens and sometimes the hired man."

I used to do not only the preaching but likewise the singing of hymns, and I did it all in my own way. It was for three days before on illustrations of the text, and I meant what I said. None of those out notes that I preached without notes that I had now.

"My theological studies followed in natural sequence. My ministerial career seemed a matter of course and hardly to be questioned. But the material needs appealed strongly to me even when a theologian, and I felt deeply, even though that spiritual food is not all that a pastor should give to his flock. The contentment had grown with experience and observation."

"I began my work with the charge of a small church, and then I took a large one and so on. At last came the big one, and then the charge of the New York diocese. It was an honor which my church conferred upon me, and it was a heavy responsibility."

"There is much to be done everywhere—set there is everything to be done. But in New York the need is so bitter, so crying. To take away the trouble is like dipping to the ocean, but there is nothing for it but to keep on dipping. I have been wonderfully helped in my work. Of course I was powerless alone. The wealthiest people in the city held up my hands."

"Then the man's talents are two, I see. He can work yet; at least, I am in heart. Sometimes I find that I tire more easily than I used; that is all that makes me feel that I am partly a boy yet, I believe. Look at that muscle."

"Who have been some of your helpers?"

"I had taken all day to name a very small proportion. The Vanderbilts, the Astors, Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Seth Low are names that are familiar to you. They have given great aid as great blessings have been theirs. But there are other names that are not so familiar, and yet they stand written as proudly because they represent the widow's mite."

"The late Mrs. William Vanderbilt gave largely through you, did she not?"

"She was a woman of much charity, and she put annually into my hands \$100,000 to be used, not for asylums and charitable institutions, but to be bestowed personally. She was a woman of much charity, and she put annually into my hands \$100,000 to be used, not for asylums and charitable institutions, but to be bestowed personally. She was a woman of much charity, and she put annually into my hands \$100,000 to be used, not for asylums and charitable institutions, but to be bestowed personally."

ing. Ah, but Mrs. Vanderbilt was a thoughtful woman!"

"The Bishop fell to musing. It occurred to me that Mrs. Vanderbilt had not done all her thinking for herself. Who found out the old people and the tired clergy-men and the would-be teachers? Who did the planning?"

"You have heard of our loan bureau?"

"Yes, I have. It has been an odd experiment, some think, but it has lasted several years, and seems to be on a sure footing."

"I mean the charitable pawnshop?"

The Bishop apparently disliked the name. But he admitted that the Loan Bureau is that.

"The possibility of such a thing occurred to me one day when a woman told me that she had no money for her husband's wedding gift, a pair of earrings, and that she had tried to raise money on them to no avail. I thought about the matter, and the upshot was that I proposed my plan to Dr. Greer of St. Bartholomew's Church. The bureau has been established in connection with that church's mission, and it thrives. Good value is given, small interest demanded, and the borrowers are not deemed sharp on time they are held a little longer to give the owner a chance. So very few things are ever sold. They are usually redeemed sooner or later, but the owner does not feel like an object of charity."

"Is it true that you lived for three months in the slums of New York?"

"Yes, hesitatingly."

"What was your object in so doing? I understand that you did not carry tracts."

The Bishop has a sense of humor. It quivers in the corners of his mouth and makes merry in his light gray eyes.

"No, I did not carry tracts. As for my object—one must live among people in order to learn them, and one must learn them in order to help them. I went to a mission house where there could not be great, but I went among the homes and the sweatshops and I was one of those people as far as possible—I made friends among them and I learned their needs. When I went back among the fortunate ones I could tell them of the need and I found as one having authority."

"I have heard that your family were opposed to the experiment."

"Oh, they had a notion that I was getting old—I, at only 62. I am too old for pleasure, perhaps, but not for work. And my days of pleasure are not all over. I enjoy social little dinners-to-day, a would-be teacher to the necessary train-

KATHRYN MARCH.



Bishop Potter.

Books Received.

"Our Country (War)" by Murat Halstead. The United Subscription Book.

"The California Fruits" by E. J. Wickson. Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco, Third edition.

"Dionysus, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest" by Blanche W. Howland. Scribner's Sons, New York, Price, \$1.50.

"A Primer of Forestry," Part I.—The Forestry by Clifford B. Smith. United States Department of Agriculture.

"Honor of Thieves," by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. B. F. Fenno & Company, New York, Price, \$5.

"The House in the Hills" by Florence Warden. R. F. Fenno & Company, New York, Price, \$1.

"The Yellow Dancer," by M. P. Shiel. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, Price, \$1.

"Siren City," by Benjamin Swift. Doña, Mead & Co., New York, Price, \$1.50.

"The Chronicles of Aunt Maud Ann," by Joel Chandler Harris. C. Scribner's Sons, New York, Price, \$1.50.

"Home Study Circle," First Course in Mathematics, edited by Seymour Green. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, Price, \$1.00.

"Bright Up Boys," by Kate Upson Clarke. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, Price, 50c.

Napoleon was no epicure. He usually drank nothing but diluted Chamberlain, and was no judge of wine. He liked plain dishes—broiled or roast chicken, mutton chops, grilled neck of mutton, haricots beans or lentils. His table manners were not very refined. He would use his finger in lieu of fork or spoon and would dip his bread in the sauce, the dish being then passed round to guests, who had to dispense with squeamishness. The bread had to be particularly good. He ate fast, gutting the table in twelve minutes, and leaving Josephine and the company to take their time. When he dined alone he usually took only a slice or two minutes. Indigestion was the natural consequence of this speed, and he had sometimes to stretch himself at full length on a carpet till the pain abated. He detested physic and professed to disbelieve in it, a subject on which he consulted with his doctors. Constant never knew him to be obliged to keep his bed a whole day. He was very sensitive to cold and had fires and warm beds all the year.

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