

LETTERS GIVE KIPLING'S VIEWS

Published in England After Appearance in Temps DECRIES GERMAN MACHINE

Thinks the Advantage in War is With a Democracy—Likes Germany to a Mad Dog

The Paris Temps has published in a French translation two letters written by Rudyard Kipling, addressed to a French friend, one in October, the other in January. Extracts from these letters, translated from the French journal, are now appearing in the London papers with every apology to the writer of the originals.

In the first Mr. Kipling writes:—"The new volunteer army which is being formed is splendid in point of physique, and the men are bursting with zeal. And so, for the first time in their life, we have officer instructors by the thousands of the men to train."

"There is in my neighborhood a camp of 20,000 men. I went to see it the other day, and I was struck by the mental outlook of every one in this world. Now that so many wounded have already come back to us, men are asking and eagerly gathering news of the ways and customs of the German."

"I marked an old paradox—the contrast between the men who come from the front and those who wait their turn to go. The latter are full of questions, pressing the desire to know the full measure of their enemy. The others say: 'Get the German away from the machine and he doesn't count.' 'Away from his trench the German isn't much good.'"

"After all, it's the rifle that settles wars. We shall have, I think, a million men by the spring, perhaps more. I met some Canadian officers yesterday at the Army and Navy Stores. They were most excellent people. What they were mainly anxious about was to assure me they had brought over all the guns and ammunition and horses—that their contingent was self-contained. I knew it beforehand. As to the Indians, I haven't seen them yet; they're over on your side."

Autocracy's Handicap

There follows this as to politics: "As to politics, alas! both countries suffer from a chronic indigestion. But if one must choose between two evils I am persuaded that a half corrupt and incompetent democracy can handle a weller of a war like this better than a great, huge, perfectly running machine, the working of which can be calculated in advance to the smallest detail and which, at the end of it all, is a machine."

"As a matter of fact, if—for the sake of argument—you or I had been ruled

by scientifically organized 'Kultur,' it is highly probable that neither of us would have had any say in the matter of the war, that the position would have been yielded, after calculation of the resources on both sides, without a single shot having been fired.

"Our national psychology is very curious. Up till the present we have no hatred for the Germans, as our comfort has not yet been disturbed. When that misfortune arrives you will see whether we shall hate them. It is three generations since the English had that feeling, and I am curious to see the effects of the awakening. Unless I am mistaken, it will be something remarkable."

"I tell everyone what everyone else tells me—that the war will last three years. But, personally, I can hardly believe it because there is more fire than wood to burn. Then I ask myself how far the Boche will hold good when war reaches that territory. What Boche newspapers write confirms me in the opinion. Their behaviour is not that with which a great people expresses ideas."

Such Numskulls

The psychology of the Germans has occupied part of Mr. Kipling's, as of most people's, meditations. Here is one of his conclusions: "I see they say now that Germany has always loved France, and all she wants is an understanding with France so that she may be able to settle accounts with England. They are a perpetual simple people, the Germans, at the root, painstaking in their wickedness, but such numskulls."

"It is gone, says Mr. Kipling, to live in times like these. 'I do many things, but some of them seem to me of any importance. There are times when one turns from ink with weeping. . . . I see odd things happening. One must be a philosopher of things when there is one. If you were here I'd tell you stories that would make you laugh, in your sadness, for I am sure you still laugh.'"

"Now I must stop and get back to my work. Let us take courage and rejoice it has been given to us to live in days like these. After the East Coast Raid

In the second letter, written in January, Mr. Kipling describes the bombardment of English towns as a good thing for many people who believed that their comfort ran no risk. He writes: "Like you, I have spent time that I could have used better in trying to understand Boche psychology. I am stupefied, never having believed the possibility of a whole nation in a state of frenzy. Through this mad horror there pierces something ridiculous and provincial to crown the horror. There is no civilization that cannot see the object of the German idea, unless it be to march with the goose step across a series of philosophically constructed bells with the purpose of self-adaptation at noise made by their own harness. At least the Arabs offered a choice between Islam and the sword, but the Boche has no philosophy but the sword. It is, as you say, a problem of the mad dog, and one sees no hope except in the death of the unhappy animal."

In his second letter, Mr. Kipling also tells an amusing story of a perplexed sailor. "The war is a cruel monotony, doubly so for us, who are non-combatants, who have nothing to do but think—always a dangerous amusement—and nobody to hit. It is with us here as with you. Our young men come back and report us for our great faces. The other day a sailor asked me quite simply if there was anything worrying me. He saw nothing funny in his question, and didn't understand why I should burst out laughing."

"I could write you at this moment," says Mr. Kipling later in his letter, "a poem. It would be about the mud, the damp, the food, and the tiles the wind is blowing off the roof, and it would bring the tears to your eyes." Instead he tells a story about a soldier:

"Spells the Shooting" "The tone of the English has altered. You who know them will draw your own conclusions from this story. A wounded soldier returned from the front was talking to some of a new draft going out. 'You mustn't get excited about the Germans,' he said. 'Then, after a long pause, you must not get excited about the Germans. It spells the shooting.' Which was received by them as wholly sound doctrine."

Mr. Kipling once wrote a poem in which he bade the world "Beware my country when my country grows polite." He notes the appearance of this ominous symptom in regard to the Germans.

"The tone of voice of men who come back from the front has become quieter. And their way of speaking about the Germans is more polite, which is a very sufficient indication."

He regrets, and everybody he knows, he says, does too, that the English newspapers "allowed themselves to speak so angrily about the Hartlepool, Whitby and Scarborough business. It was a good thing for lots of people who thought nothing could ever interfere with their comfort."

"May this year," he concludes, "bring us sight of the end. It is not a good thing for lots of people who thought nothing could ever interfere with their comfort."

His Fear "James, dear," said a careful mother to her 7-year-old insurgent, "your Uncle Edward will be here for dinner today. Be sure to wash your face and hands before coming to the table."

"Yes, mother," hesitatingly, "but—suppose he doesn't come?"

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SAYS ONLY 125 OF PRINCESS PATS LEFT OUT OF 1,100

Some idea of the way the ranks of the Princess Pats have been depleted by casualties and sickness is given in the following letter from Corporal S. Jerred, received by his wife in Toronto. Mrs. Jerred is going to France to take up nursing.

"My feet are quite well again and I am back with the regiment. Arnold from Cowan avenue station was wounded last week, but I think he will get over it. Major Pelly has gone to London on two months leave. He was not very strong and I think his nerves got shattered a lot. The time Martin was killed there were several wounded. Sgt-Major Smith was badly wounded at the same time. He has since died."

"We are back from the trenches for a few days' rest. We are getting more men joining us all the time. I really don't know half the men in my company now. That is not to be wondered at when we have only 125 of the original Princess Pats that left Ottawa with us last August. Rather a small number out of 1,100, although I expect we will get a few back again that went out with frozen feet, etc."

In a letter to Mrs. E. Morrison, Mrs. Jerred's mother, Corp. Jerred says: "Arnold was one of the best men and well liked by everybody. He was made a sergeant the day he was wounded. I don't know if he knew it or not. He was a man, absolutely fearless under fire, a great incentive to the men, and a credit to the city he came from and his regiment."

CHANGE TO WASH AFTER FIVE DAY WAIT

Private Charles E. C. Langstaffe, of the 48th Highlanders, who was married to Miss Ada Saville at Salisbury Plains, sends the following letter to Mrs. Fisher, of Toronto.

"We came out of the trenches after having a warm time; and when we put up in a barn we thought we were in for a rest, but a big move was ordered. During the night the English guns started to talk, and then the fun started. We had to get on the march by five o'clock in the morning, grabbing what grub we could before being it. We were more than pleased when we got to our position, with the English guns just behind us talking all day. We had a chance to wash today, after waiting for it for five days. We went into a farm house where the people had gone out. We were nice and comfortable and also had a slave I shared one of the boys who could not shave himself. It was a tough job, for every second the Germans would talk and shake the building almost down; the poor chap would jump, so I had to take a cut out of his face."

"I had my baptism of fire the first night we went into the trenches. I had laid down when one of our sergeants, one of the English regulars, and myself had to go out near the German barbed wire entanglements and listen. While we were getting there and while we were getting back the pills were flying all over us, but the Germans singing, talking and playing the mandolin. I did the same as the regular, and that was to lie on my back and take no notice. It wanted doing at first, but I have got used to it now. I don't give a rap for Fritz or his pills. The last lot of trenches we were in were seventy-five yards away from our friends, and of course we issued compliments to them, both wordy and otherwise. They must have become sore, for they started shelling us, and it was certainly warm until our guns started."

Joey—"Say, pa" Pa—"What is it?" Joey—"Can a rear-admiral go to the front?"

names of the forts have been eliminated by the censor.

"We were firing all we had across the straits, but I think it must not have been effective, as we left our position and went around and up into the straits, where we stood off and hammered away. When we got in close we were ordered below under cover to use the small batteries."

"I wish I could tell you more, but I can't. The country around here is wonderful. One has to be with the navy to see the sights of the world. Our ship is doing great work, and the gun fire has been terrific and very effective. Just imagine when all the 15-inchers are let go at once. You would think that the ship would keel over and sink. The roar from the guns is maddening. You would think we were blowing up the earth. Those 15-inch shells must work terrible havoc there they land. I wouldn't want to be within miles of the place where they strike. I tell you those 15-inch guns are beauties."

DADDY WILL NOT BE HOME FROM THE WAR

"Afraid to Tell the Kiddies," Says Toronto Wife on Receipt of Grim News From Battlefield

"I am afraid to tell the kiddies that their daddy is not coming home any more," said Mrs. James Doyle of 884 1/2 Queen street east, Toronto, to a Star reporter today. Her husband, Pte. James Doyle, of the Princess Pats is reported in the casualty list published from Ottawa to have been killed in action.

"I never thought Jim would be killed. Several of my women friends in the neighborhood whose husbands have gone to the front have asked me many times what I would do if Jim were killed. I told them that he would come home after the war to us. He was a fine husband and loved the children. He joined the Royal Fusiliers in England when the South African war broke out, when we were courting."

As soon as war was declared against Germany he came home that night and said: "Amy, you are going to lose your Jimmy. I am going to the front as soon as they will take me. The next day he went straight to the armories and enlisted. He was a fine healthy man, and when I heard of other men with him having their feet frozen I did not have any fears for Jim."

"He wrote me just a short time ago, and told me all was well with him, and I have never worried a moment. Now I don't know what I will do. He was a very quiet man and did not say much."

Pte. Doyle was a roofer. He was present at Tugela and the relief of Ladysmith in the South African war. Four children, John, aged 12; Chris, aged 9; Norah, aged 7; and Paul aged 5, survive with the widow.

HAS 277 STUDENTS

The registrations for the spring quarter at the University of Chicago, up to April 10, 1915, show a gratifying gain in practically all schools and departments.

In the Graduate Schools of Arts, Literature, and Science, 375 men and 183 women have registered, a total of 558; in the Senior and Junior College 900 men and 718 women, a total of 1,618.

In the professional schools there are registered for divinity courses 122 men and fourteen women, a total of 136; for courses in medicine, 153 men and seventeen women, a total of 170; for law courses, 184 men and six women, a total of 190; and for courses in the college of education nineteen men and 240 women, a total of 259.

The total number of students in arts, literature, and science is 2,154, and the total number in the professional schools is 755, making a grand total of 2,909 for the spring quarter.

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