

travels had a confidential colloquy with him.

Kipling travelled in China, Japan, Africa and America and on January 18th, 1892, married an American, Miss Caroline Balestier, sister of Wolcott Balestier his friend and collaborator or the "Naulahka."

They visited her uncle in Vermont where a year later he built his home near Brattleboro. But even the beauties of Vermont scenery could not long retain in a foreign country the Poet Laureate of Great Britain, as Howells calls him, and he soon returned to Torquay, England, and thence to Rottingdean.

It is interesting to note that one whose knowledge of men and of the world in general is perhaps greater than that of any man of his age living and who has written so much about the vagaries and humor of drink is now a prohibitionist at least as regards the open sale of liquor. The latest tribute to his ability is his appointment to the Vice-Presidency of the British Navy League.

Kipling's work has many striking features chief among which are its variety, play of imagination, pathos, character-sketching, humor, manliness, power of describing heat, fever, floods and all elemental phenomena, and vivid presentation to the mind of the scenes depicted. After reading "Greenhow Hill" for example one would think he had been actually witnessing the scene rather than merely reading about it.

His "Recessional" reaches the sublime and contains a lesson that all nations may well learn.

There is too a welcome dearth of the sickly morbid sentimentality that pervades so much modern fiction.

Woman plays a minor part, but when he wishes, Kipling can delightfully portray a feminine figure, as in *Lispeth the Hill Girl*: "But she grew very lovely. When a Hill-girl grows lovely she is worth travelling over fifty miles of bad ground to look upon. *Lispeth* had a Greek face—one of

those faces people paint so often and see so seldom. She was of a pale ivory color and for her race extremely tall. You would meeting her on the hill-side unexpectedly have thought her the original *Diana* of the Romans out to slay."

In his latest publication "*The Day's Work*" we have a distinct departure from Kipling's previous writings, less than half the stories dealing with India. Personal attributes are here given to inanimate objects. In one tale the engines in a round-house hold an amusing conversation, while in another the various parts of a ship indulge in mutual recrimination. "*The Walking Delegate*" is a burlesque of that only too well known character the American labor agitator. In "*The Ship that Found Herself*" too much technicality detracts somewhat from the interest of the story. "*William the Conqueror*" is a realistic sketch of famine relief work in India. But the gem of the book is "*The Brushwood Boy*." It has a subtle charm that cannot be defined. Manliness pervades every page, and that self-mastery whose reward is the power of mastering others.

Kipling is still a young man and there is time for higher evolution, but of his work so far I think the following a fair criticism: "Kipling's place is not beside the great masters of imperishable fiction but high among those vivid, veracious, but fragmentary painters of life and manners by whose inestimable aid as *de Caylus* aptly says '*on sait vivre sans avoir vécu*.'"

H. W. GUNBY.



Primary Schools in Germany,

THE school system of any country is largely the outcome of circumstances and we must not suppose for a moment that the system of any one country may be transferred, *in toto*, to any other. A study of the various systems, how-