

a lovable Irishman of humorous tongue—the immortal Mulvaney; a phlegmatic Yorkshireman named Learoyd; and Ortheris, a peppery cockney. These men are comrades and fast friends, and their characters are as clearly differentiated as, and their adventures more interesting, than Dumas' "Three Musketeers." Each man keeps to his native vernacular and the barrack-room talk is faithfully re-produced. They stand shoulder to shoulder in many perils and adventures, and the sum total forms a wonderfully realistic presentation of soldier life in India. So far good, but the half has not been told. Mulvaney is Kipling's greatest creation; he is the greatest Irishman in literature, Lever and Lover notwithstanding—an unmistakable Irishman. How fascinating he is with all his contrasts of nature; his blackguardism, his chivalry, his gallantry, his folly, his wisdom, his never-failing humor, and his ever-lurking melancholy. Richard Le Galliene says that someone should make a "Book of Wisdom" from the sayings of Terence Mulvaney. It would take a high place in such literature.

Mulvaney's is that effortless life which belongs to all really great and vital creations in fiction. It is Kipling's greatest achievement in prose. All of the human wit and pathos are concerned with the general heart of mankind. It is futile and stupid to find fault with his style. I acknowledge the broken and jagged sentences here and there, the occasional cheap irony of the satires on society, the crudity of a young writer in some of his earlier stories. But this said the major fact remains that Kipling captures his readers; very few can remain indifferent to his charm. As Gosse truly says, he plays upon a strange and seductive pipe and we follow him like children. We want to hear more and more. We wish to wander down all those by-paths that we have seen disappear in the brushwood. If we lay very still and low by the watch-fire, in the hollow of Ortheris's greatcoat, one might learn more and more of the inextinguishable sorrows of Mulvaney. One might be told more and more of what happened, out of the moonlight, in the blackness of Amir Nath's Gully. We want to know how the palanquin came into Dearsley's possession, and what became of Kheni Singh, and whether the seal-cutter did really die in the House of Suddhoo. We want to know who it is who dances in the Halli-Hukk, and how, and why, and where. We want to know too, what happened at Jagadhri, when the Death Bull was painted. And finally we want to know all the things that Kipling does not like to tell—to see the devils of the East, rioting as the stallions riot in spring. It is the strength of this story-teller that he re-awakens in us the primitive emotions of curiosity, mystery and romance in action. He is the master of a terrible and fascinating peep-show, and we crowd around him begging for "just one more look." When a writer excites and tantalizes us in this way it seems more than idle to criticise and condemn his style. Let pedants say then, as some of them do, that Kipling has no style; yet if so, how shall we characterize such passages as this, frequent enough among his more exotic stories?:

"Come back with me to the north and be among men once more. Come back when this matter is accomplished and I call for thee. The bloom of the peach orchards is upon all the valley, and here is only dust and a great stink. There is a pleasant wind among the mulberry trees, and the streams are bright with snow water, and the caravans go up and the caravans go down, and a hundred fires sparkle in the gut of the pass, and tent peg answers hammer-nose, and pony squeals to pony across the drift-smoke of the evening. It is good