

his temporary retirement from the centre of the stage and the focus of the lime-light. He is precocious still. He was the youngest lad in his classes at school. He cut his teeth early. He talked and walked at a very early period. He belongs to a rich, old New York Dutch family, which in itself is enough to make him the darling of that section of the world. He is president of this country at an age when most men are doing their best to get into congress. But notwithstanding his precocity, the circumstances of his birth and the regard of his countrymen, the President has few of the faults of the gifts and circumstances which would have spoiled a less sturdy, a less virile nature.

He is a sportsman through and through; and a sportsman has great virtues: bravery, grit, patience, marksmanship and love of fair play. As soon as he finished college young Roosevelt went west instead of staying in New York where on account of his family position, connections and his ability he could have had any sort of a snap he wanted. But he preferred to try his strength with other men without the advantage of a start. So he went to Wyoming and lived a rancher's life among people who had never heard of the Roosevelts or Kermits. For the same reason he resigned from an easy place in the naval department and organized the Rough Riders in the beginning of the Spanish war. There was fervid action in Cuba and almost any man could perform his duties in the naval department. The temperament of a Roosevelt can not endure what most men seek—a snap.

He loves the approval of an audience, the larger the better. But what of it? If he were a snob of the kind that Harvard graduates occasionally, he would not care for the favorable opinion of all sorts and conditions of men. President Roosevelt is a politician and a sportsman. The latter shoulders his gun, goes into the woods or the mountains, and spends a very happy day all by himself; or if he meet another hunter he shares with him his pouch or the secrets of good hunting spots, accepts from him or loans him a pipe full of tobacco and with good will to man and pheasant goes on his way. On the other hand, the politician, pure and simple, knows not the joy of isolation and the love of solitude. Crowds intoxicate him and encores are worth effort. The sportsman's habit, the message of mountain, swamp, wood and lake is excellent discipline for the politician who might otherwise forget the silent places of the earth, where a man is alone with his soul and translates the Bush. The President loves these places and he has loved them from his youth. Like Moses, when the clamors of a greedy and wandering people sound in his ears to distraction he takes the medicine of the mountains and enjoys the neighborhood of the fierce, wild animals. He takes his chances with them and kills them as a sportsman should, without trap or ambush. To succeed a man like McKinley tries the metal of the stoutest heart, but Roosevelt's heart is stout and his conscience is enlightened. All men, of whatever party, trust in his honesty. We have a chastened mind towards presidents just now, and we are not apt to make Roosevelt's duties too hard for him.

Rudyard Kipling.

A few years ago when Mr. Kipling was near death in New York the public almost decided that he was the greatest and most popular novelist as well as the coming poet. When he

recovered and picked up his cynical pen or began to tap his cynical typewriter, we felt foolish and convicted of too much gush. If he had died then, there would have been more gush and references to Chatterton and the loss which the world sustained in the death of so young and so promising a writer with his life work just begun, et cetera. He has lived to write Stalky & Co. some very bad poetry and one magnificent and all-human poem.

Charles E. Russell, in the October Cosmopolitan, disapproves of the Boer war and therefore concludes that Kipling did not believe what he said in the "Recessional." "Some distinction may be admitted between the animating spirits of a man's prose and of his poetry; but a man's poetry must speak his soul if it is to be poetry at all. Kipling has been an industrious versifier. What shall we think of his production? On any impartial survey it seems worse than his prose. Not technically; for he has an admirable and rare rhythmical sense, and, until lately, a singular gift of apt expression; but in its purpose and mission, there are the same manner and matter that in his tales make us so dissatisfied and uneasy. The themes are almost invariably such as make for no man's peace, for no man's stirring to nobler thoughts. "The Vampire" for instance. The subject artists have dealt with elsewhere; but never thus. Consider it as a fair example of his attitude. How coarse and pungent and hard it is. We know that a man has ruined himself for a woman, but there is no touch of the pity of his ruin, nor of the lesson of it, nor of compassion for the human weakness, nor of indignation.

There is no other line in English poetry so brutal as this: "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." Mr. Russell says: "When it is remembered that this war (the Boer war) for sheer plunder, was forced by a very strong upon a very weak people, it seems appropriate to inquire what it was we were invited in the Recessional not to forget."

Mr. Russell forgets that the English were forced into this war by the Boers and went into it with great reluctance after President Kruger had himself prematurely declared it.

A little Dutch patience on the part of the Boers, a corresponding patience to that conspicuously exhibited by the English at home and by the English uitlaenders settled in the Transvaal would have prevented the war. England has never entered upon a war which she was less anxious to wage and which she was more willing to settle peaceably. A publication of the correspondence and negotiations between the insensate Kruger and the English minister shows this.

Poets and novelists have a different method of teaching and of presenting truth. Kipling has one way and Ian MacLaren quite another. Ian MacLaren in "The Bonnie Briar-Bush" makes too much of pathos. He insists too much upon the sorrows and the simplicity of the inhabitants of a small Scotch village. They are homely, good people, but he will not let us glance at them and go our way. As an author he plays the part of a guide and points his finger at the particular virtues and sorrows he desires us to weep with him for. It is impolite to point the finger, however much the author may desire the travelers to see. Besides, we resent the author's striking the attitude of guide, philosopher and friend. Who made him our guide, our philosopher or our friend? He chose to write a book and we happen to read it; but it is an impertinence when he assumes these other func-

tions to which we have not elected him.

Mr. Kipling is never guilty of such banality. He assumes that his readers have taste and discrimination and are quite competent to find pathos or a moral or beauty in what he writes. If Mr. Russell had written "The Vampire" poem, (nobody but Kipling could have written it) he would have been the guide pointing a moral. Not that it matters, for nobody would have read it. I find great pathos and warning in the "Vampire," so great that a shuddering, a loathing and a strong resolve seizes upon the sinner who reads the poem. It is not more "sympathetic" than Dante in his description of the culprits in Hades, but the words and the wreck of life are tenacious. "The Vampire" carries well, as they say of a picture. No, certainly not; Mr. Kipling is not sympathetic. Like Dante he walks through the Inferno of human mistakes, and calmly and poetically relates the agony of immorality. He is never mawkish and he never asks all readers who are converted to stand up and announce it. He is as well bred and as tolerant as the old Florentine, and for one I am grateful and sure that no Philistine can ever bully him into the assumption of the revivalist manner.

That he is hard, brilliant and not sorry enough for the poor drunken brutes he chooses almost exclusively as his models is indisputable. He was a newspaper man long before he was a bookman, and only the cubs on a paper show any pity for the hard cases whose deaths or troubles it is their duty to chronicle. Newspaper men also acquire a respect for their readers. The counting room of a newspaper is so much nearer readers than the office of a book-publishing concern. It may have been in the newspaper business that Mr. Kipling learned to assume the intelligence, taste and discrimination of those who read what he writes. For respect for the public or reverence for anything is not temperamental with Kipling.

No man entirely without human sympathy could have written the story of the Gloucester fishermen. The captain of the smack, the mate and his brother-in-law are drawn in warm, tender tints. There is no aloofness and no hardness. In the chapters describing the dangers that a fleet of small schooners must encounter while fishing off the Banks, the sympathetic treatment is so successful that no one who has ever read it can forget the bravery of the poor fishermen, the storms of that tempestuous coast and the big liners that run the little vessels down in the mists.

Mr. Kipling's latest story, "Kim," lacks interest. His hero is a gamin, cold-blooded except for an unexplained devotion to an old Buddhist lama, who is wandering over India looking for a river of life and muttering about the "wheel." Mr. Kipling used to be able to tell stories of India so graphically that people who had never been there still read them understandingly. He has lost his magic. "Kim" is a series of dissolving views or rather a vibrating kinoscope of dusty roads, scolding, veiled old women, horse jockies, fakirs and soldiers. I can not see just why he wrote it. The purpose of the recital may be clearer to the Anglo-Indian who knows the country.

A Pension.

It is proposed that congress grant Mrs. McKinley five thousand dollars per annum. I hope that congress will pass this bill. Her husband did more than any man in the world to in-

crease the volume of business and facilitate its operation. Carnegie's or Rockefeller's millions are insignificant compared to the millions McKinley brought into the country and distributed over it. When he died he left his widow savings of fifty thousand dollars and a fifty thousand dollar life insurance policy. Why, Mr. Bryan made more than that by the two campaigns in which he was beaten by Mr. McKinley. It is no particular credit to a man to be poor, though some men afflicted with poverty, pretend to believe that it is. It is a credit to the chief executive, surrounded by the richest men in the world to refuse opportunities, apparently irreproachable, but offered to him because of his office. From his salary of fifty thousand dollars a year the President saved in six years fifty thousand dollars. Hailed everywhere as the promoter of prosperity, the friend of the rich as well as the protector and champion of all, he refused to avail himself of the constant opportunities offered him by these friends because they might not have been offered had he not been president. The dearest object of the President's life was Mrs. McKinley. He was killed because he was president. The five thousand dollars per annum to her is a small enough testimonial of our appreciation of McKinley's faithfulness, integrity and ability. Republics are ungrateful because a large number of people are apt to divide their obligations and trust that some one else will discharge them, and a grant of this sort is not often made. We are jealous, too, of each other; and there are those who will say that Mrs. McKinley is well enough off, that if they were receiving the income of one hundred thousand dollars they would be content. That of course has nothing to do with the pension of five thousand dollars a year to Mrs. McKinley in consideration of her husband's distinguished services to America. But if the bill is defeated it will be by such irrelevant and unworthy reasoning.

"Woman Explained."

The papers are printing some proverbs about women by an African chief who has had fifty-five wives. Solomon had seven hundred and he is credited with knowing more about women than any other biblical author. Mr. Howells, who is said to know about women and to have told it all, has but one wife; and is not Henry James a bachelor? The accuracy and value of a man's report of woman's character depend largely upon the discrimination of the witness, his sympathy and his understanding, and not upon the number of his wives.

Obndaga, the Sengalese chief who collected the result of his study of woman, may possess the qualities essential to the preparation of a reliable report on such a subject. The few extracts from his maxims which have appeared in print sound tritely familiar. A number concern the necessity of beating women in order to make permanent their loyalty and love. Some of the most outwardly civilized men still privately hold this belief. It is not more extinct than Voodooism and its superstitions among the negroes. In general the maxims contain warnings to men not to yield their physical supremacy but to assert it vigorously. The advice of the old black rascal has appealed to the newspaper publishers of the country, for many have copied it. Here are some of the maxims: "Wives are like weeds sometimes; unless you choke them they choke you; unless you cut them off they poison you." "When a woman weeps, pat her once."