

KIPLING AT WORK.

THE AUTHOR POET SEEN IN HIS DEN.

Dr. Leon Kellner, the Historian, Accorded the Privilege of an Interview with the Celebrated Character—Dis-trustful of Himself.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's objection to being interviewed is known to all the world. But the rule which Mr. Kipling has laid down for himself with regard to the Anglo-Saxon world seems to be relaxed when due approaches are made by foreigners. Perhaps Mr. Kipling is of the well-known view that foreign opinion is a sort of contemporary posterity. At any rate, he has been interviewed by Dr. Leon Kellner, who is on a prolonged visit to England to collect materials for his proposed "History," on which he has been engaged for the last ten years. Dr. Kellner naturally desired to learn something about the most prominent figure in English literature at the end of the era—his aims, his method of work, and the factors which have gone to create so remarkable a phenomenon—and with Teutonic directness he applied to the distinguished author himself. The result was an interview which appeared recently as a feuilleton in a Viennese journal—the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt"—doubtless with Mr. Kipling's permission. What appears to have struck Dr. Kellner most in the personality of his

owe to them." Kipling's father was an artist, holding an official position in India, and lives now in retirement in the neighborhood of his son, for with such a globe-trotter, Wiltshire is regarded as quite near Sussex. Happy father and happy son! Of his mother he naturally does not speak to strangers, but it is sufficient to hear a man say "my mother," to understand the relations that exist between them.

The impression of all this happiness was so strong upon Dr. Kellner that after his interview he said to himself: "Today I have seen happiness face to face."

The first impression produced by Mr. Kipling on the interviewer was striking in its diversity. "Whenever Mr. Kipling speaks and turns his face full upon you you would think you had before you a very wide awake, lively and harmless child, but the profile shows a strong man who has not grown up in the atmosphere of the study. "I have seldom," adds the interviewer, "received two such different impressions from one and the same fact. The work room is of surprising simplicity, the north wall is covered with books, half its height over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones (Mr. Kipling's uncle), to the right, near the window, stands a plain table—not a writing table—on which lie a couple of pages containing verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no knick-knacks, the unadorned room, simple and earnest, like a Puritan chapel.

"I much fear," began the interviewer, "that I have come too early, and

STATUE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.



Paul W. Bartlett's statue of Michael Angelo, which, when complete, will occupy a place in the second story of the great rotunda in the congressional library at Washington, will be one of the most remarkable works of art in that collection, because the artist has refrained from idealizing his subject and has portrayed him in keeping with the descriptions of the great sculptor

subject was the air of happiness which surrounded him. "All that fate—Kipling would call it 'the good God'—has to bestow of real worth has been granted to this wonderful child of fortune; love, domesticity, independence, fame, and power, in the vigor of youth (he is only 32) and sound health, and, above all, the capacity of enjoying his good fortune.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

He has known how by wise economy to obtain full independence; he has for many years been placed in such a position that he can withstand all the temptations of publishers and editors, and in his creative work need only respond to the inner call and his literary conscience. Literary creation is, for him, the highest joy, and the calling of a writer the noblest pursuit. Nor is that all; Kipling has the happiest fortune which can happen to a man when he has attained the highest aims, his father and mother are still alive, and he can and does say with proudest modesty, "All that I am I

which have come to the present generation. He is represented as contemplating one of his works. The position of the head makes some people who have seen the model think that the completed work will have to be viewed from its own level to be seen at its best, and that it will be less effective from the main floor of the rotunda, from which point it will receive the most attention.

that I have disturbed you in your work." "No, no," interrupted Kipling, "I have done my daily task."

I looked astonished at him. The late lamented Trollope came to my mind, who under all circumstances wrote his twenty pages every day, but Trollope and Kipling! He guessed at once what had astonished me. "I do my daily task conscientiously, but not all that I write is printed; most of it goes there." The waste paper basket under the table here received a vigorous kick and a mass of torn-up papers rolled out on the ground. Kipling's movements are quick and lively, and, perhaps, somewhat nervous; a thoroughly southern temperament.

Distraught as he is about himself, he is without bounds in his recognition of others. He admires Stevenson warmly, delights in Henley's poetry. He expressed himself in high praise of the latest work of Leonard Merrick, "The Actor-Manager." He interests himself in all the literary work of the day, and is at home in all the chief movements and side currents in the spiritual life of England. When discussing the "Literary History of England," which Dr. Kellner has in hand, Mr. Kipling said:

"If I had your book to write I would attempt in a final chapter to discover the path which may lead from the present chaotic condition of our literature and that of the twentieth century. I would call the chapter 'Between the Epochs.' I feel that we are between ebb and flood. It is now just what sailors call 'slack tide'; we are waiting for the great personality which will unite all the minor tendencies of the time and collect all the partial and petty forces into one power that will give a new and adequate expression to the new time."

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Fairy Pearl, or the Story of the Princess Zilka—One That Our Youthful Readers Should Not Fail to Read and Then Tell to Others.

Public School 1841.
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Bang it in, slam it in,
Siam it in, Jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Etiology and history,
Etymology and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
What are the teachers paid for
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are children made for
Ancient archeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinicology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics,
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rob it in, club it in,
All there is of learning:
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quench their childish yearning
For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brook,
Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the children that they are
Not machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in,
That their heads are hollow.

Soil it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow,
Fences plucked, and pale,
Tell the same unending tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals unatoned, studies deep,
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow, will tell to you,
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crushed it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in, and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

The Fairy Pearl.
The little Princess Zilka lived a long time ago—in the days when princesses were far more plentiful than they are at present, and when every fairly good child was at least on speaking terms with the fairies. The little Princess Zilka was more than a fairly good child; she was sweet and unselfish, so she knew many of the fairies very intimately, and she would have been perfectly happy but for the three troubles which occasionally distressed her.

Her first trouble was that her dear mother had died when Zilka was a tiny baby. When the little princess was ill or lonesome for any reason her heart ached for her mother, just as your heart or mine would ache if our dear mother were not near to comfort us. And she never saw a little girl out walking with her mother but a queer feeling came into her heart and tears into her eyes.

The second trouble of the little princess was that she did not grow faster. She was but a tiny creature, in spite of all the care taken of her, and it often worried her to think how very small she by and by would look in the queenly robes she would have to wear when she grew to womanhood.

And her third trouble was that she was never allowed to play outside the palace gardens. The little princess always felt that the children who had all the world to play in must be happier than she, even if some of them were very poor.

But Zilka was as happy as it is possible for any girl to be who thinks much and often about herself, for in addition to her three troubles she had three great and continual pleasures with which to offset them.

The little rag doll which her mother had made for her before leaving her baby to the care of others made the first of these pleasures for the little princess. It was a homely little doll, dull colored, shabby, and with the most awkward hands and feet in the world, but it was far dearer to the little princess than any of the regal dolls that had real jewels in their hair and around their waists, and she loved it the best of all her countless doll babies.

Next to this dollie in the list of the princess's pleasures came the joy of walking up and down the palace lawn barefooted. She was allowed to do this upon her birthday, upon the birthday of her father, the king, and on similar special days. When these special days came around the little princess played that she was a simple peasant's daughter, and had all the wide world to play in instead of just the palace gardens, and it was always very hard for her to give up this idea and make up her mind to being only a little princess again.

But the crowning joy in the life of the little princess was furnished by the small patch of wild garden which lay in a secluded corner of the great palace conservatory—off by itself in a corner where nobody else was allowed to go all the year round. The princess had once been taken for a walk in the woods, the real woods, not the narrow rim of forest which edged the palace gardens, and that night she had climbed upon the knee of the king, just as you or I would climb upon the knee of our father, and begged him for a little wild garden all of her own instead of the new jewels and the new wing of the palace which he had promised her. The king consented readily and the princess was very happy. The head gardener tended the garden very early in the morning, the flowers and ferns grew and flourished finely, and it became so beautiful that she soon found it very easy to forget the glass sides and roof which inclosed it.

She was sitting in the little wild garden the day before Christmas, when the fairy whom she loved best of them all fluttered softly down beside her. This was the fairy Tenderheart, who

spent all her time in making other people happy, and who was usually so busy about Christmas time that the little princess was surprised to see her. But Zilka beckoned Tenderheart to a big fern-pond beside her, and she kissed the tip of the fairy's delicate wings with real affection.

"Are you happy, little Zilka?" asked the fairy, whose lovely face looked very thoughtful. The little princess considered.

"I don't know," she said, softly, by and by. "Sometimes I think I am, because I can do everything I like except to play barefooted outside the palace gardens, and then—I don't believe I am happy, either, for there's something inside of me says 'no.'"

The tiny fairy smiled and slipped a wand as small as a wee butterfly's wing into the warm little hand of the princess.

"What do you want most of everything in the world, little Zilka?" she sang in the softest voice, "and what do you love best in the world?"

"To play barefooted outside of the palace gardens," cried the little princess, "and this little wild garden and my old rag doll."

"Out in the world," sang the fairy, "there are thousands of children who have no shoes to wear and who have never been happy at all, even for a moment. What would you give to make them so?"

"My jewels and my robes of state and my whole roomful of splendid dolls," said Zilka.

"They would be so easy to give," said the fairy, "and the Christmas gift which is to make people happy is usually something not easy to give. What will you give the little girl who is sorrowful because she has no mother?"

"I would give her—my old rag dollie!" exclaimed the princess.

"And the little boy who grieves because he has never grown at all since he was 3 years old?"

"He shall walk barefooted on the palace lawn instead of me when my birthday comes around!"

"And the hundreds of children who have never seen the country?"

"They shall come and sit in my little wild garden and share it with me," cried the princess, sympathetic tears in her eyes. The fairy slipped into her hand a lovely shining pearl.

"Here is your own Christmas gift, little Zilka," she said, kissing the little princess tenderly, "and it is the sweetest gift which I have. So long as it is kept brightly polished by constant use everybody near it, as well as yourself, will be glad and joyous. And you will always be perfectly happy so long as you keep and cherish it."

Then the little princess learned that the lovely shining pearl was known to humans by several names, Usefulness, Sympathy and Love for Others being some of them, and by its aid she grew up so far to look upon and so sweet to know that mortals and fairies alike loved her dearly. And never again after that blessed Christmas eve, when she shared all her good things with other children poorer than herself and became perfectly happy for the first time in her life, did she have cause to stop and wonder whether she was really happy or not.—Ethel Maud Colson.

Vadivelu's Little Sermon.
As in good King David's time, so now, people sneeringly ask a believer, "Where is your God?" What would you answer, young Christian? Here is the reply of Vadivelu, a servant boy, a converted Hindu: "My God can be seen by every one," said a Hindu who wanted to confuse and deride him; "for he is there at the end of the street. What is the use of a god you can't see?"

Then the boy asked a question in turn: "Have you ever seen the tax-collector?"

"Yes, often," said the Hindu.

"The governor?"

"Well, rarely."

"Have you ever seen the great queen empress?"

"No; how should a poor villager like me ever see her?"

"Ah!" rejoined Vadivelu, triumphantly. "The little people you can see any day, but the great people seldom or never. We can see your gods in street corners, because they are such little ones, but Christ, our God, the Great and True, is in the heavens. We can not see him now, but those who love him here shall see him hereafter."

An Iron Cemetery.
The city of Caracas, Venezuela, will soon have perhaps the most unique graveyard in the world. It will be made of iron and will have a capacity of 25,000 bodies. It will be built in the form of a Greek cross, will be on a ground level and will rise to a height of over 100 feet. From the center of this remarkable cemetery will rise a vast iron dome. The interior of the structure will be traversed with passageways, and will be otherwise arranged much after the manner of usual burial vaults. It will be made in the United States and shipped to Caracas in sections.

The Pope in America.
Few Americans can afford to go to Rome and visit the pope, the head of the Roman Catholic church. In order that these and others who wish to may see the face and observe the ways of the venerable prelate, biographic, or motion pictures have been taken of him and are on exhibition in the United States. These pictures show the pope in the act of giving the papal benediction. They are said to be so lifelike that many devout Roman Catholics view with reverential interest the moving presentations of the head of their church.

A DEMURE WOMAN.

SHREWDSNESS WAS CONCEALED BY BASHFUL MANNER.

Her Quaint, Quiet Ways Paid—How She Married the Proprietor of the Establishment, a Rich Old Bachelor—Had the Turban Made Right.

"This quaint-spoken, retiring, demure, old-fashioned girl that I'm going to tell you about," said a young woman who is employed by one of the big millinery houses in Chicago, and who stopped over in Washington a few days ago on her return trip from New York to visit some relatives here, according to the Washington Star, surely had, for all her apparent guilelessness, the most scientific method of keeping her own business to herself that I ever—but I've got to tell you about her first, so you'll understand.

"She got a place last spring in the establishment that has the distinction of utilizing my services. The head of the establishment is a bald-headed but otherwise very nice bachelor man about 40 years old. The business was left to him about ten years ago, on the death of his mother, who started it and became rich. He is rich—worth, I suppose, at a moderate estimate, about \$500,000, with one of the showiest residences on the south side, in which he lives all by himself, except the servants, and a pretty steam yacht and all kinds of horses and traps; everything; and yet he is very nice and he works as hard at the store as any of us. Mr.—well, I'll call him Mr. Robinson—always does his own employing. He wants to know who's working for him. He pays his employees better than millinery people are paid in any other millinery establishment in America, bar none, and treats them right, and they 'put in their best licks' for him, as the boys say, for these reasons.

"Well, last May he put an 'ad' in the Chicago papers for an apprentice saleswoman. About a thousand girls appeared in response to the 'ad,' and Mr. Robinson saw and talked with most of them. Finally he picked out a shy, bashful little thing—Annie Gaylor! He did to call her—and employed her.

"Now, new girls in a millinery establishment don't have an especially happy time of it at first. On the contrary—I admit it with reluctance, but it is, nevertheless, very true—the others are generally rather tart and mean to the new girl and impose upon her—I'm very, very sorry to say this, but it is true. And so this old-fashioned, quaint-spoken little thing—she was from Jackson, Mich., and shockingly new to the ways of city life—had a hard row to hoe at first. Her work consisted in putting away things after the saleswomen had exhibited them, and she surely had to work very hard. Now, if she had not been so extremely pretty—well, they might have been nicer to her. Really, she was 'bull-dozed' by most of the girls with whom she came into contact—not by me, I am glad to say, however, for I am a buyer and don't have much to do with many of the girls. She took it all uncomplainingly, never lost her temper, and did her work all right. After she had been with the establishment three months she was made a regular saleswoman—quick promotion, which the other saleswomen didn't understand, and turned up their noses over.

"Well, what do you think? About a month ago the old maiden forewoman of the sales department—little Annie, with her rosy, pretty face and rounded figure, was her pet aversion—came down to the store one morning and, all out of breath, announced to the astounded group of girls that surrounded her that, on the night before, she had seen little Annie at the theater with Mr. Robinson, the proprietor. You are here to imagine the chorus of ohs and ahs and dreadful creatures and unblushing young persons, and so on, that ensued. It was a terrific, if suppressed, clamor, surely it was. Little Annie's life was made miserable for her during that day by the old maiden forewoman of the sales department. She was glared at and stared at, but she ignored it all.

On the day after the dreadful discovery little Annie went back from the salesroom to the trimming department with a lot of materials for a hat in her hand. She approached the forewoman of the trimming department shyly, with evident trepidation. She deposited the hat materials on the forewoman's table, however, and began:

"This customer," she said, in a most respectful tone of voice to the forewoman—who, by the way, despised her—"this customer wants a gray velvet traveling turban, and I have brought you the materials. She wants to have it made, etc., and the retiring little thing started in to tell the forewoman just how the customer wanted the traveling turban to be made. She was snapped up almost at once by the forewoman.

"You don't know what you are talking about," said the latter. "You've forgotten how she said she wanted it made. You took the order wrong. I'm sure she doesn't want the feathers in front—she wants them at the side. I'm positive of it. Will you ever learn to get an order right?"

"Really," said the quaint, quiet little Annie, "she wants the feathers in front and not at the side. Really she does."

"I don't believe any such thing," sharply retorted the soured forewoman. "And the likes of you dictating to me, anyhow! As if you didn't need some one with sense to do a lot of dictating to you for your own good!"

"Nevertheless," replied timid little Annie, with an expression in her eyes that none of the girls had ever seen there before, "this customer desires to have these ostrich feathers attached to the front of her traveling turban, and not to the side."

"I am perfectly certain that you have got the order all mixed!" snapped the forewoman. "Who is this crazy customer, anyhow?"

"Demure little Annie walked close to her and looked her square in the eyes. "I am the customer," she said. "I order the turban. I am to wear it upon my wedding journey, which begins three weeks from today. Moreover, I want to have it made my own way. Furthermore, I intend to have it made the way I want to have it made. And, with all due respect to you, I think it will be the height of policy on your part to make the turban just precisely the way I tell you I want it to be made, and in no other way."

"And then, in the midst of the sensation, the bashful little thing walked out of the workroom and to the front of the store, where she remained for the rest of the day. But she didn't return to the store the next morning. The morning papers announced her approaching marriage to our bachelor proprietor. It will take place in a few days now. And I am so glad that I was always nice to little Annie, and that she really likes me!"

GAMES OF CHINESE CHILDREN.

Many of Them the Same as Those Played in America.

There are two theories in regard to those children's games that are found to be identical in different lands. One is that the games are borrowed by the younger people from the older; the other, that the games are of independent invention. Some light is shed on this question by passage from "A Corner of Cathay." "A game called 'the water demon seeking a den' is played by five persons, precisely like 'pues in the corner.' This is a native game, not an imported one, and no one knows whether Chinese and European children invented it independently or whether the knowledge of it was inherited by both from ancient, common ancestors. The same may be said of 'the cat's cradle,' which is made with a string and passed from one pair of hands to another, precisely as among children in America and Europe; but the Chinese call it 'sawing wood,' in reference to final act in the performance. A game involving much muscular exercise is called 'the lame chicken.' It is played by jumping on one foot between shoes that have been placed across a road at intervals of about ten inches. When the end of the line of shoes is reached the last shoe in the line is kicked away by the 'lame' foot, and then it is picked up and carried back over the route to the other end of the line, when a second shoe may be likewise kicked away and picked up before returning. Only one foot may touch the ground, and it must touch it only once in each interpace. No shoe may be touched except the ones which end the line, and the shoes kicked away must be picked up without putting the 'lame' foot upon the ground. When the chicken violates any of these rules he must at once give place to another performer. The shorter the line the more difficult it is to collect shoes, because each shoe taken involves turning around without using the 'lame' leg. The winner in the game is he who has at the end of it the greatest number of shoes."

The Sultan's Hobbies.
The estimated value of the Sultan's jewels is \$40,000,000. If his majesty has any hobby at all, it may be said to be the purchasing of jewels and witnessing private theatricals. No professional of note—be he actor, singer, or conjurer—passes through Constantinople without an invitation from the Sultan. He always pays for these performances in Bank of England notes.

RAMS' HORNS.
True religion boils up from the bottom. Cultivate the field of life clear up to the corners. The cry of the needy is the echo of the call of God. The Christian runs ahead of the commandments. Unbelief puts up the bars when truth goes hunting. The man who lives for self is not missed when he dies. A church race may be just as ungodly as any horse race. The wise preacher looks for most trouble where he finds most taffy. The man who does his own thinking becomes a focus for all the reflectors. There is no slave so sadly bound as the one who thinks he is free to serve his own lusts. What is the use of praying for the merchant when you make no effort to pay what you owe him. Don't build the ginger-bread house of cheap reputation on the ten-cent foundation of inexperience. We pray the Lord's prayer and then ask for things that would lead us into temptation and deliver us to the evil one.—Ram's Horn