

KIPLING A BARBARIAN.

There has been a recent rumor of Rudyard Kipling's ambition to enter higher politics in Great Britain. It is said that he aspires to be prime minister, and from that high place guide England's destiny as an empire. It must be admitted that there is nothing improbable nor impossible in his way, if he chose to seek such preferment. Not a single statesman nor a great company of statesmen in Great Britain can claim to have done as much in modern times to popularize the means of empire. He has given it a sentimental basis, and has clothed it in the garments of romance. What Peter the Hermit was to the Crusades, Kipling has been to the march of British power. He has quenched the scruples of mercy, has made cruelty seem kindness; greed has become benevolence under his touch, and selfishness has lost its cold calculation, and been made to appear as sacrifice.

Not only in Great Britain has his influence been potent. It has gone out into the world and changed or quelled the conscience of nations, until the strong are combined against the weak and pity makes no sign and mercy no protest. In this way he has done more for England than all her finished and astute diplomacy could accomplish. The only opposition she encounters is from the same motive that urges her aggressions. Of course that simply cements her people in the purpose to overrun and capture everything she can reach, because otherwise her neighbors will do the same thing, and by additions to their empire will more nearly equalize her power.

Perhaps no man who has reached the premiership has preceded his elevation with equal service to the British empire, therefore no one need wonder if Kipling should attain that position and administer it in the virile spirit which has made it possible for him to aspire.

The influence of Kipling upon the minds of men in the United States is hardly secondary to that upon Englishmen. He has popularized here reasons for public action which five years ago were utterly repugnant to the American mind. This fact has not escaped thoughtful attention in this country. Recently Mr. William M. Salter, in Chicago, made this public estimate of Kipling, which, while moderate in tone, is admonitory in its conclusions:

Kipling is a public influence. He stands along with statesmen in shaping the course of affairs—only his influence is subtler. He stirs the feelings, ambitions and ideals of men. The writer of the charming *Jungle Books* and of racy short stories is more—he is the poet of militant England and militant America, of a militant ethics and a militant religion. He never sings of liberty, he nowhere pleads for the oppressed. He is the complete antithesis of poets like Byron and Shelley, Lowell and Whittier.

He celebrates the soldier and war. He sneered at the Czar's proposal for peace among nations. His ideal is of British—or, at best, Anglo-Saxon—supremacy in the world. He summoned us to lay hold of the Philippines. He was one of the causes of the Boer war, making Cape Town years ago dream—

Of empire to the northward, Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line!

He anticipates further conquests. He urges Englishmen to stand together for the last great fight of all, Russia being evidently in mind, and nourishes racial suspicion and hatred to that end. His religion does not surpass his ethics. God is not the God of the human family, including the Russian and the Boer, but the God of the Anglo-Saxon race, the "Lord of our far-flung battleline." On the whole, and apart from his lighter and purely literary performances, Kipling represents the temporary recrudescence of barbarism among English-speaking peoples, and helps to create it. He stands for an expansion of dominion and a contraction of ideas—a withering of some of the best sentiments that have ever visited man's heart, and that had been supposed to be the special glory of the nineteenth century.

That estimate is true. None of the critics of Kipling has as keenly analyzed his style and purpose and the nature of his influence and its effect upon the world.

His nearest American representative is Governor Roosevelt, whose advocacy of "the strenuous life" is a complete crystallization of Kipling's ideas.

It is the fashion to blame the governments of countries like England and the United States for this lapse toward ideals that are associated with the crude and barbarous ages. But a calm philosophy will look behind government to the force which actuates it, and that force at present is the Anglo-Saxon appetite for power. It was the passion of the Vikings; it was the force that founded the power of the Northmen in Normandy and transferred it to the British Isles. It was always cruel, but had its historic justification in the founding of civil institutions as the result of conquest. But, as we have often contended, these institutions, like the passion for dominion which preceded them, are racial, and they can exist only where the race can perpetuate itself from generation to generation. This is left out of Kipling's philosophy. He recognizes no physical facts, and climatic characteristics do not enter into his calculations at all.

The race that he has inspired with the spirit of conquest acquired its virility, its thews and sinews, its distinctive character and its overcoming quality and hardy timber by survival of the fittest in a contest, ages long, with the cold and forbidden aspects of nature, in the unfriendly north. Whenever it has seated itself in the south it has degenerated, physically and morally. Nature

has forbidden it passage of the boundary she has set for the races of men. None can remove her landmark. Cancer and Capricorn cannot be conquered, and, until the zodiac changes, Anglo-Saxon thirst for dominion will be punished by extinction of the race between the tropics.—San Francisco Call.

A RIDE TO BLOEMFONTEIN.

I saw ahead of me a swarm of vultures soaring in as thick a cloud as if they had been moths. As I drew near I noticed that the bulk of each one's body was very great. On the ground, where there were two score waddling about, they seemed even larger.

They marked the outer edge of the great and horrid field of carnage. Many dead horses lay on the veldt, and these birds were eating some and perching on the backs of others.

They were to be my constant companions for three days. I was to see hundreds upon hundreds of them and never once by day fail to see them. Yet there were not enough of them to make away with all the food that war had given them.

Of all the pitiful, heart-rending sights I have ever seen, none has compared to this view of hundreds upon hundreds of dead and dying horses on this one hundred miles of war's promenade.

The poor beasts had done no man any harm—in fact, each one had been a man's reliance—and to see them shattered by shell and then ripped open by vultures, often before they were dead, was enough to snap the tenderest chords in one's breast. For some reason hundreds had dragged themselves to the main road and there had died either in the track of the wagons or by the side.

My companion used to turn and look back at these dying horses to find that they were still straining their sad eyes after the cart. Then he would say: "He is looking at us yet. Oh, it makes me sick. Look, he is staring at us like a guilty conscience."

For my part I would not look behind. Heaven knows it was bad ahead, where horses stumbled and fell from weakness while the horrible vultures swept in circles over them, eager to rend their living flesh.—Julian Ralph, in *Associated Press*.

A GIRL'S COLLEGE EDUCATION.

A graduate of Cornell University will tell in a carefully detailed article in the *August Ladies' Home Journal*, "How a Girl Can Work Her Way Through College." There are almost innumerable methods by which a girl can pay for her education while she is studying. Colleges and universities make most generous provision for young women and young men who are without money, but who have brains and energy. So no apt, worthy girl need be without a college education if she wants one and is determined to have it. This article will tell how it is to be obtained through personal effort.