

TWO POETS WHOSE WORK IS NOTED FOR VIRILITY

WILLIAM WATSON—RUDYARD KIPLING

THE supreme desire of the world is to discover a genius. This desire may or may not be avowed, but it exists and has persisted through the ages. Mediocrity may mock, the envious cavi, the ignorant ignore, but at the birth of a genius all mankind—at least all the better portion of mankind—rejoices.

While the world may have long since ceased to look for another Shakespeare, a Milton, a Homer, a Goethe or even a Dryden or a Pope, it has not given up the expectation of another Wordsworth, a Tennyson, a Longfellow or a Burns. Indeed, it entertains a hope of having found two of the latter group in the English poets who are the subjects of this article, William Watson and Rudyard Kipling. They are still young, though both have passed the age of Byron when he died, and their literary work has been in evidence less than a score of years, yet has been passed upon and approved by the severest critics of our time.

William Watson, the elder of the two, was born at Wharfedale, Yorkshire, England, in 1856. Inherited nothing of the literary tendency from his ancestors. His health being delicate as a boy, he was privately taught and spent a great deal of his time roaming the fields and woods in the country of Wordsworth, avowedly his master and his model. Nine years ago he passed through a severe mental affliction which gave rise to a report that he was crazy, but he rallied and has since done some of his best work.

It may be, as an English writer has said, that poets of great strength are rare today, but he is ranked as one of the strongest of recent writers, and his advent has been hailed as an omen of poetical renaissance. By his passionate and high souled poetry, it is said, and by his grip on the realities of life, he has established for himself an enviable eminence in literature and proved a popular aspirant for a niche in the hall of fame. While an admirer of Keats and Shelley, who exercised a great influence during the formative years of his youth, he has always been true to Wordsworth, whose pre-eminence he has acknowledged and characterized in the following lines:

The first voice, then the second, in their turns,
Had sung the captive. This voice set me free.

It was his "Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems," in fact, that first set upon him the seal of popular approval. This work was issued in 1896, but he had already appeared in print as a poet, first in 1890 in "The Prince's Quest," and again in 1894 with his "Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature." In the latter he showed the poet's true faculty for crystallizing much in single sentences and in directness, but his "Wordsworth" gave him immediate recognition as a great nature poet. There were in this work, it was declared, "both good workmanship and literary accomplishment, felicitous simile and metaphor, with frequent notes that recall the greater masters, as well as chaste, lucid and dignified expression and the true poetic command of epithet and imagery." In truth, he gave promise of still greater performance, and the reading public awaited his forthcoming work with pleasurable anticipation. It is in the elegiac and the sonnet form that Watson has proved himself a master, and after his "Wordsworth," as a theopneustic memorial, ranks his "Lachrymæ Musarum," a tribute to Tennyson, a stately and beautiful lyric, the immediate result of which was his securing the government pension of £200 attached to the position made vacant by the death of Tennyson. The Tennysonian lyric appeared in 1892, the same year in which his "Lyric Love" came out, and

several volumes followed in quick succession, as "The Eloping Angels" and "Excursions in Criticism." In 1892, "Odes and Other Poems," 1894, "The Father of the Forest," 1895, "The Purple East" and "The Year of Shame," 1896, "The Hope of the World," 1897, and "Collected Poems," 1898.

Watson has been accused of fishing for the position of poet laureate, but this accusation is not borne out by fact. In truth, no other poet of the time has so severely arraigned his country for its apathy in regard to the Armenian massacres, and some of his lines in "The Purple East" and "The Year of Shame" are terribly scathing. He held England up to the execration of the

subserviency to the politicians. He has shown himself a poet possessed of the courage of his convictions, a man of high ideals, an artist of undoubted talent, a singer of national significance, and with his age in mind, says an eminent critic, his future looks big with promise. "He writes verse that will

countrymen for their misdeeds or acts of aggression, Kipling is too thoroughly an Englishman, too blind to England's faults and too charitable to her lapses to utter other than complimentary things about the British government. Perhaps he, too, has an eye to the coveted laureateship, but his sturdy and

and of his 36 years nearly 20 have been devoted to hard work. Born in India, sent to school in England and educated all over the world, with the educational process still going on, Rudyard Kipling is in every sense cosmopolitan. He is shy and retiring like Watson, yet has an inborn love of travel which the lat-

alluding to its having first appeared bound and tied up as a government envelope. It sold for about 15 cents, but of late has become so scarce that a stray copy brought \$70 at an auction in London recently.

Kipling reminds one more of a grown up boy than a man who has achieved a worldwide reputation, says a German critic who was once favored with an interview, and when he speaks and turns his face you would think you had before you a very wide awake and harmless child. But his publishers know well that, notwithstanding his apparent youthfulness and disregard of money, he has the business sense very keenly developed, for he probably gets more from his books than any other author living.

How Kipling was drawn from India to London by his rising reputation and how he was tempted over to the United States by the offers of rival publishers is a story that has been told many times, as well as his winning an American wife and for a time taking up his residence in Vermont. At the time he was sick unto death with pneumonia in March, 1899, the whole world was moved with sympathy. "Were he an emperor," said a countryman of his at that time, "he could not have greater honor paid him than that now being shown by the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race. To England and the English he has made himself dear by his sagas of empire, soul stirring trumpet strains that rouse ambition and love of country in the hearts of the shoddiest little Englander of us all." How true this is has since been shown in the enthusiasm awakened by his "Absentminded Beggar" and his varied "Poems of the Seven Seas."

It was a work of supererogation to call attention to one of Kipling's poems or short stories, perhaps, so thoroughly has he become identified with the life of this century and the latter end of the one just closed. First brought in touch with the English speaking people through the human interest in his books, especially his inimitable short stories, Kipling has sustained and more than fulfilled the promise of his youth. Some of his characters, like Mulvaney, Leary and Ordor, that quaint trio of reckless soldiers, will live while books continue to be printed in our language, and into many a scene and character which would otherwise have still been nonexistent he has breathed the breath of life.

As a worker Kipling is indefatigable, though intermittent, and evidently believes, genius that he is, in Anthony Trollope's advice to get a ball of cobbler's wax and stick yourself to your seat if you wish to do much work. Cobbler's wax was what kept Trollope at work and made his fortune. But there is a vast difference between his books and Kipling's as to literary values. If there is any one thing that Kipling hates next to being interviewed, it is hypocrisy and sham. He uses good, strong Anglo-Saxon words in writing and sometimes strong, but not so good Anglo-Saxon words in his speech, especially when annoyed by people who intrude upon his privacy. It was this persistent intrusion upon his preserves, it is said, that caused him to leave his beautiful home near Brattleboro, which had cost him \$50,000, and flee to the quiet seclusion of his present English home at Rottingdean.

Asked if he had always a taste for writing, Kipling said: "What else was I born for? The inkpot was emptied into my veins and was bound to ooze out through my fingers. * * * But I want to give good work. That is my only concern in life."

To know Kipling, that honest eyed,

sturdy, squat figured man with evasive personality, his friends say, is to love him. To know his work, especially his short stories and his poems, is to be acquainted with the broadest things in literature, smacking of the soil, broad and vigorous. For years, beginning with the "Departmental Ditties" and extending through "Plain Tales From the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Phantom Rikshaw," "Barrack Room Ballads," "The Jungle Books," etc., there was a rollicking, darddevil vein that captivated all who read. Since the death of his little Josephine, however, in 1899, Kipling has done more serious if not finer work than before, as evidenced in his grand "Recessional" and perhaps in his latest short poem, "The Bridge Guard in the Karoo," with its opening verse:

Sudden the desert changes;
The raw glass falls and clings
Till the rising Outdoors ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings.

That was high praise bestowed by Tennyson when shortly before his death he wrote Kipling that his "Ballad of the East and West" was the finest thing of the kind in English verse.

It is a question whether, were it put to vote, Watson or Kipling would be the winner as the "unconquered laureate of the whole English speaking people," for while the former has shown his power in the higher forms of verse, in sustained fiction, the latter has come into closer contact with the people and has touched alike with his magic wand the springs of mirth and deepest sentiment.

ROGER P. BARNUM.

EXCITING CHASES AT SEA.

Blundering along without any proper lookout, a big Italian bark came crashing down upon a Grand Banks fishing schooner and cut her in two. The schooner's crew of five tumbled into their little dingy as their boat sank beneath them and yelled for a rope.

But, the big lull quickly covered up her name and, gripping a point off the wind, drove swiftly on in terror, lest her criminal carelessness should have to be paid for in hard cash. The ruined men might drown for all she cared. But others saw the crime. A little smack cracked on every bit of canvas and steered in pursuit of the cruel Italian. In vain the latter set every sail. The little fishing boat was too nimble and could not be overtaken. Mile after mile pursuer and pursued spun away on the Atlantic, and as the breeze slackened the smaller craft crept up and up until at last, an hour before dusk, she overhauled her big quarry and made sure of her identity. Her plucky chase was not in vain, for the Italian was forced to pay \$3,500 in damages.

The captain of the Esang, a British owned steam launch plying on the West river near Canton, had no idea that he had shipped a crew of pirates until they rose one morning, tied him in his cabin and turned the little steamer's head for Chanton-shan, the pirate refuge.

It so happened that on the same morning the revenue launch Fu-mantsoi was passing up the river. It saw the Esang and, suspecting something wrong, gave chase. Next the steamer Sai Kong from Hongkong turned and joined in the pursuit. All day long the three craft hung close together. But the Esang was a knot the fastest, and it was only the superior handling of the British man-of-war that kept them in sight of her.

The oily estuary boiled in long streaks of white foam, and a constant fusillade of rifle shots was exchanged between the revenue cutter and the pirate. Right out to sea the Esang steered and then turned toward the island refuge. The revenue launch was within 500 yards when the pirates reached the sand bar at the mouth of their creek, ran the stolen craft high and dry and jumped ashore without losing a man.

It sounds strange to talk of pirates on the coast of civilized England, yet only three years ago a Dutch sailing ship, starving and desperate, stole the 20 ton cutter Sibyl from her moorings at Scarborough and started home across the North sea.

It was three hours before the theft was discovered, and then the tug Mermaid went in pursuit. But the breeze was strong from the west, and the Sibyl was cutting the waves at ten knots an hour. It was 5 in the evening before the tug sighted the chase, and only two hours of daylight left. The Mermaid was lagging 12 miles by 6 she was close to the yacht, but her coal was almost gone. The owner of the Sibyl thereupon offered to make good any damage if the tug's skipper would use her fittings as fuel. At half past 7 a mere empty shell of iron, with redhot engines, drew abreast of the Sibyl, and her crew surrendered. The cost of the chase to Mr. Markham, the owner of the Sibyl, was under \$1,500, but it was well worth the money.

The Atlantic was the scene recently of the greatest race on record when the giant steamer Deutschland and the then record holder Kaiser Wilhelm met in a five days' contest.

The Kaiser Wilhelm left her pier in New York harbor at 10 o'clock in the morning. Before 11, when the newer craft left her berth, she was 23 knots out to sea, yet next morning the second vessel sighted the first. By 11:46 the two were neck and neck. By evening the passengers on the Kaiser could see but a trail of sooty vapor.

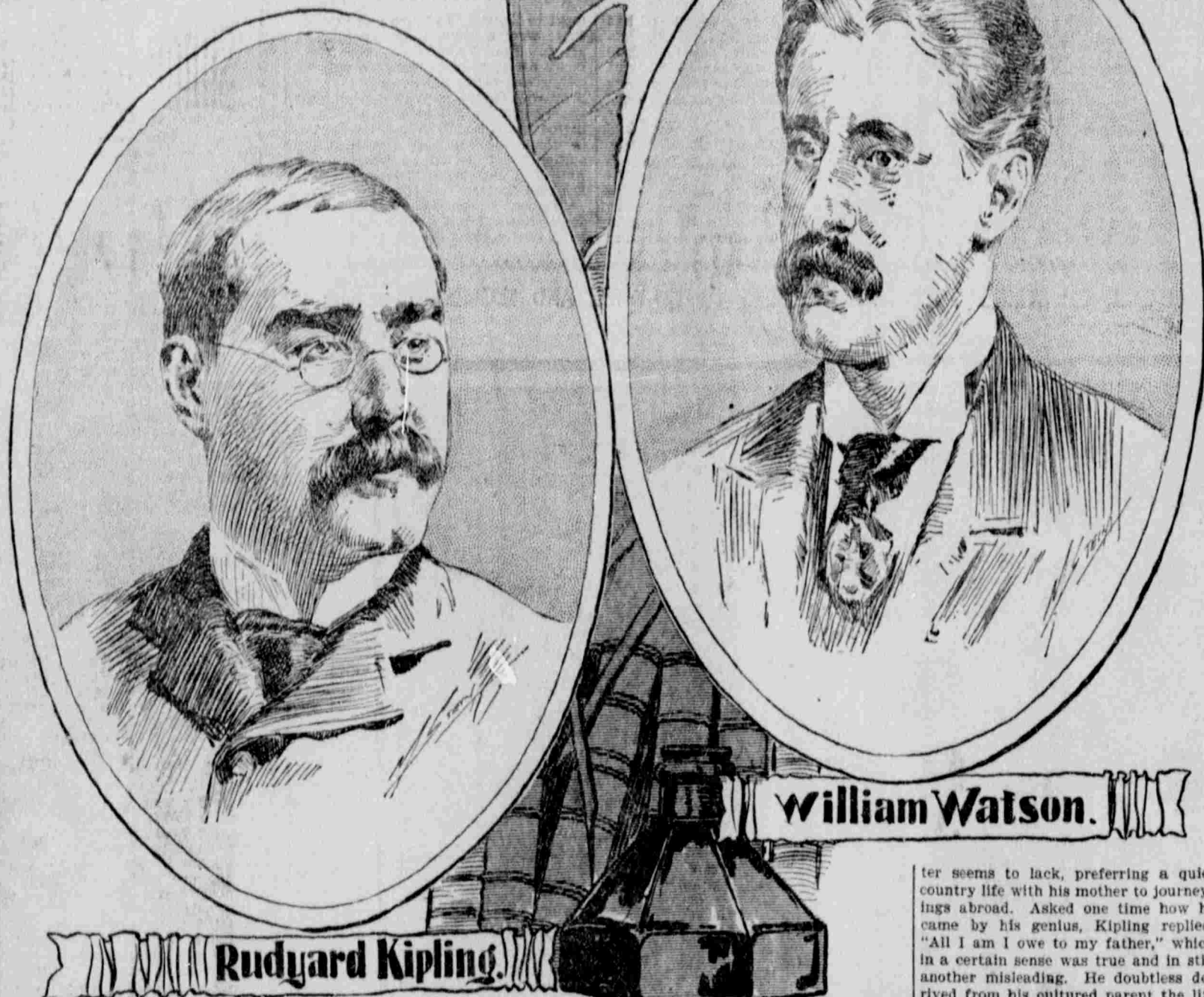
Panting men shoveled coal for dear life. Eventually the newer vessel reached Plymouth 7 hours and 17 minutes ahead of her rival, having burned 3,600 tons of coal and achieved a world's record of 588 miles in a single day, or 24 1/2 miles an hour.

CENTENARIAN FISHES.

There are some goldfish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last 50 years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Royal aquarium at St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old, and the age of the sacred fish in some of the ponds attached to the Buddhist temples in China is to be counted by centuries if we are to believe the priests.

A SLAUGHTER MISTRESS.

A woman has been appointed inspector of slaughter houses for the destruction of horses by the parish council of Langley, England. She will be paid by fees, and as Langley is the center of a wide and populous district the office is a lucrative one.



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Midget

of

Republics

SWITZERLAND

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Giant

of

Commerce

WHILE the city of Berne, from which I indite this letter, is famous as one of the finest places in Switzerland, with its beauty of location and attractive architecture, it was not so much to behold its many bridged stream, its arched streets, etc., to find a centrally located spot connected with other parts of the republic by rail in which I could observe the people and the workings of their commercial system that I came here. I had heard in Paris that this pigmy republic of Switzerland, which has an area only one-third that of the Empire State and a population less than that of New York city, is commercially speaking, the most highly developed portion of the world. Now, one would not be likely to think of Switzerland, with its inland, mountain inclosed situation, without ports and without fleets, with no commercial marine and no special connections with other countries, as likely to possess any great foreign commerce; yet the latest statistics bear out the statement that it can boast \$130 of foreign trade per capita—that is, every unit of Switzerland's 2,000,000 population is credited with that amount—which is said to exceed that of any other country on the globe, not even teeming, busy Belgium making such a favorable showing. Strictly speaking, the imports of this republic last year amounted to a little more than \$213,000,000 and the exports to about \$144,750,000, or a total foreign commerce somewhat under \$358,000,000. No matter what the exports and imports amount to, the public expenditures are always a little less, last year falling about \$80,000 below the receipts, for the frugal Swiss practice economy in public as well as in private life. Here in Berne they have almost reached the economic millennium, for the municipality owns such vast properties that its revenue not only suffices to defray all public expenses, but to supply all the honest citizens with their winter fuel and yield a surplus besides. In addition to pro-

viding for themselves, the inhabitants of Berne set aside ample provision for their bears, several live bears being kept here in honor of the name and figure of a bear which has been displayed for centuries on the armorial bearings of the town.

A curious feature of Swiss economics is that the imports are vastly in excess of the exports, and the country is almost wholly dependent upon its neighbors for a good deal of its foodstuffs as well as for other material. Thirty per cent of the importations are

foodstuffs, and more than 40 per cent are raw material. It is this raw material, however, worked up and exported

in the shape of manufactured goods, that turns the balance in favor of the Swiss. They can compete with the natives of the very countries from which they import the crude products, and this is owing to their practice of rigid economy.

A commendable feature of Swiss industries is that they do not aim so much to produce large quantities of cheap stuffs as at excellence in manufacture and a reputation for sending out the very best. This is so far as their textiles are concerned, in which cotton manufactures lead, closely followed by embroideries and silks. One of the most prominent industries, as all

the world knows, is that of metal, especially in watches, music boxes and minor articles of machinery. The export of watches alone amounts to about 3,000,000 annually, mostly of a cheap grade, but this has declined of late owing to pressing American competition. In fact, there has been on the whole a decline of trade as between Switzerland and the United States since the termination of the commercial treaty last November. American goods having been subjected to the general tariff of this republic. Some American manufactures, however, have shown a slight increase, as, for instance, bicycles, shoes and cast iron implements. Formerly the United States used to supply the country with breadstuffs in rather large amounts, and even now Switzerland takes flour and dried fruits in greater quantities than from any other country. The chief trade of this republic is with Germany, the United States ranking about fifth in this respect, with a total traffic of about \$26,000,000.

If patient attention were given to the question, it would probably be found that the apparent prosperity of Switzerland is owing to the family unit still being preserved, in which all the working members of a family are employed

in special industries or crafts in which they are skilled. In truth, frugality and industry are their watchwords, and the Swiss demand the same practices of economy in public as in private life.

Although it was my intention merely to call attention to the industrial features of an event which has some significance not only in this republic, but to the people of that larger republic across the ocean, the United States of America. On the last of August the Swiss celebrate the anniversary of their declaration of independence. The 1st of August, 1291, was the birthday of Swiss nationality, when the three mountain cantons of Uri, Schwytz and Unterwalden formed a perpetual league for protection. The covenant which they made is still preserved here in Berne and is one of the oldest documents of liberty extant, the historians know.

The history of Switzerland is known to all men, and its prolonged fight for freedom, which eventually won and received the recognition of Europe, constitutes a bright page in history. It is now governed by the constitution of 1848, which is that of 1845 revised and liberalized, and represents the concrete wisdom of 600 years. Under their liberal constitution the Swiss possess self government in its most democratic form, the people of the different cantons in mass meetings assembled electing their representative officials. The legislative power is vested in an assembly composed of two houses, a national council of 147 members and a council of states of 44 members, both chambers united being called the federal assembly. The executive power is exercised by a federal council of seven members, elected by the federal assembly, presided over by the president of the confederation.

Even in politics and in national affairs the economy idea is dominant, the republic being governed by the fewest officials possible and with the minimum of expenditure. The president of the republic, for example (who, by the way, is elected Dec. 21 each year for a one year's term), receives a salary of only \$2,700, and the vice president and members of the council only \$2,400 each. At the end of his term the president is usually succeeded by the vice president, and he, in turn, by some other member of the council. But no official, be he high or low, has the dispensing of extensive patronage and no incentive for prolonging his term of office except the honor of it.

JAMES W. ETHERTON.
Berne, Switzerland.

EMINENT MEN.

Daniel C. French, the New York sculptor, is already at work on the statue of General Lawton which has been ordered of him by the Lawton Memorial association, and will treat his subject very much in the spirit he brought into play in his statue of General Lewis Cass, now in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington.

Oliver Stevens of Boston has been

the county district attorney for 27 consecutive years. He is a Democrat, but has been twice re-elected by the Republicans.

W. K. Vanderbilt was the first to be elected of the nine Americans who are now members of the Automobile Club of France.

In the recent taking of the Austrian census the Emperor Francis Joseph filled

in the form with his own hand and answered every question, even to that asking the number of windows in his place of residence.

Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Skienkiewicz's novels, has returned from a trip abroad, which included a visit to the Polish author, who is now at work on a romance of the life of John Sobieski.

Rodin, the French sculptor, has just finished a statue of Victor Hugo. The

novelist is represented in Hellenic drapery.

Rev. R. D. Harlan of Rochester has not yet made public his decision as to the offer made him of the acting presidency of Lake Forest university.

Bishop Nicholson of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Wisconsin stopped a furious runaway team at Lacrosse recently and saved the lives of two children who were in the carriage.

George Washington, will hold a reunion at Keuka Park, N. Y., Aug. 27, 28 and 29. Washington was a cousin of the Virginia branch of the family.

General MacArthur will soon complete his thirty-ninth year of military service. When relieved of his commission, he will make a trip to South Africa and Europe.

Gerónimo, the notorious Indian, now really a prisoner at Fort Sill, was taken

to the Buffalo exposition the other day for exhibition purposes. He was delighted with the trip and showed throughout the route the pleasure of a child on its first railway ride.

Herbert Crombie Howe, for a number of years secretary to President Schurman of Cornell university, has been appointed professor of English at the University of Oregon.

General Fitz-Hugh Lee has decided that the business in which he has de-

termined to engage upon retiring into private life near Richmond, Va., will be that of an industrial chemist, "but beyond this he has refused to make any statement for publication."

Armand Charpentier, a French writer, has published a book with "Thirteen" in the title. It was set up by 13 printers, bound by 13 binders and published in 13 editions, beginning on June 13. Charpentier has apparently escaped consequences.

