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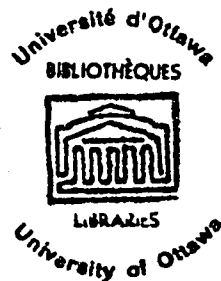
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K I P L I N G
AUTHOR AND IMPERIALIST

F. ROGER CAULEY

THESIS FOR THE MASTER OF ARTS DEGREE
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BIOGRAPHY

Rudyard Kipling, journalist, poet, writer of fiction, traveller, country gentleman, recluse and imperialistic Anglo-Indian was born in Bombay, India, the most cosmopolitan City of the Eastern world on December 30, 1865, and it was here that the first three years of his life were spent amid surroundings that left lasting impressions on his "blotting-paper" mind.

In the Spring of 1868, he was taken by his mother for a visit to England, and there in the same year his sister was born. The following year the mother returned to India with both her children, and their next two birthdays were passed in or near Bombay. Thus before he was three years old the future "poet of the Empire" had already travelled from her most populous centre to the seat of the power which meant so much to him in later life.

In 1871, both Kipling's father and mother along with their two children visited England, apparently with the intention of spending some time there and it is quite possible that the father had decided to try ^{to} find an outlet for his talents at home. However, in 1872 they returned to India and, as was the custom among employees of the government in India at that time, left their children "at home" in charge of relatives to mature on the soil of their forbears.

At this time, under ordinary circumstances, Kipling

would have been sent to one of those famous English boarding-schools, there to be moulded into^a/typical Englishman, the kind that John Bull loves to have around him, strong, silent men, unmoved by the cry of the crowd and who can be relied upon to do their duty blindly when the need arises. Fortunately or unfortunately, only the Fates can say, the health of our young friend was far from robust, with the result that it was not until he was 13 years old that he entered the United Services College at Westward Ho, an institution intended chiefly for the sons of those in the Indian Service, most of whom were looking forward to following the careers of their fathers as faithful, unquestioning servants of the Crown.

However, we must not for one minute imagine that until Rudyard entered college he did not receive any schooling. On the contrary, the very opposite is true; his education might even be described as very extensive. First, of all, as a child in India, much of his time was spent with ayahs-Indian servants to whose fond care, the English in India entrusted their children. From them he learned to speak one of the native languages, Hindustani,^{and} absorbed what he could of their stories, superstitions and habits by mingling in the bazaars.

Under his mother's guidance, he had mastered the art of reading and once that ability was acquired, his natural curiosity for knowledge drove him to read everything he could lay hands on. Common-place toys had never interested him

but any sort of instructive puzzle or game that required thought and intelligence appealed to him at once, and it is related that he found endless pleasure and pastime in them which explains why he became such a precocious reader. He had that desire to find out things to such an extent that he almost had to be forced to play like other children. Before the age of twelve, he had even studied and appreciated the writings of Chaucer, and in other ways had advanced far in his study of the writings of the great masters.

The five years which were spent with the wife of a retired naval officer in Portsmouth were filled with many unpleasant incidents for such a youth. Kipling was always the type that liked to wander off the beaten track; he hated conventionality as he knew it, and rebelled against it. The fact that he was in charge of strict puritans did not help to make his childhood by any means a happy one. They were the kind of people, who believed in a cruel, vengeful God, who shunned pleasures of all kinds, and generally made life an ordeal for themselves and those who happened to be under their care. Kipling was thus never spoiled by a mother's blind love, in fact so strange was it to him that once when his mother came to visit him, before he went to Westward Ho, he got the surprise of his young life when she kissed him instead of slapping him.

At Westward Ho, we are told that he was impulsive and

a fly-away. He desired and generally gained free movement and in "Stalky and Co." he relates many of the adventures which befell his "gang" and of the pranks which were played by them on the professors and students who happened to have spoiled their fun in any way.

However, in spite of his love of adventure during his school life, the desire to read came before everything else. His masters were quick to note this precociousness for English literature and the classics, but just the same they did everything in their power to make him follow the regular course of studies and found it next to impossible to force him to study mathematics in particular, a subject for which he displayed intense dislike.

As young Kipling advanced in school, he devoted more and more time to original composition and verse -- these verses were quite frequently meant for the amusement of his fellow students at the expense of the teachers, and it is noted that the wit which he displayed was both original and of the most stinging type. Finally his writing ability found an outlet when the headmaster of the college asked him to bring back to life "The United Service's College Chronicle" and to take over the editorship of the paper. In this magazine many bright verses and articles appeared over his signature.

At school Kipling took little part in organized sport. The reason being his defected eyesight caused by overstrain

when he was only ten and which even with his thick-lensed glasses was never very good. His constant stumbling over obstacles won for him the nickname of "beetle", after the insect which runs blindly into everything in its path. This name was used interchangeably with that of "bookworm" which he had acquired soon after entering school because of his insatiable love for big musty volumes of classical literature which his fellow students had no use for whatsoever.

In his studies, Kipling was never outstanding. He was good in English literature and once won a gold medal but apart from that, his scholastic laurels were very limited. In fact, we are told that people actually sympathized with his father and could not explain how he came to have such a stupid son. However, Kipling was far from backward. The truth is that he spent as little time as he could on his studies and spent the rest on things which he considered of more importance to him, namely, preparing himself for a literary career.

In the autumn of 1882, Kipling had completed his course at Westward Ho. Most of his fellow students, as was the custom, joined the army, but because of his eyesight, this career was out of the question for our young friend. He was given the choice by his parents of returning to India or going on to University. Kipling jumped at the former and a position was obtained for him on the staff of the Civil and Military Gazette, published at Lahore in India. Delighted then he

sailed immediately to find under the Indian skies inspiration and fame which every young writer dreams of and generally toils long years to obtain. Thus it was that "the Poet of the Empire" was launched on his career as a writer, a career which is noteworthy for its success.

His adaptability for newspaper work was apparent from the moment he began the simple drudgery that constitutes the lot of a cub reporter. He shirked nothing. The editor-in-chief a somewhat grim man who believed in snubbing his subordinates was quick to note the talents of his "clever pup" as he called young Kipling, and while allowing him liberal space for his contributions, he did not spoil him by letting him shirk the routine work which would be thrust on any young man beginning work in a newspaper office.

Kipling got his start as a poet by writing verses as a filler in the Civil and Military Gazette. Naturally many of these were very short, but in a very short time his works had become so popular that he decided to publish them in the form of a book because people from all parts of the Empire started writing for back numbers of the papers in which they had appeared. The author set most of the type himself did his own binding and in 1886, his first book "Departmental Ditties" was published in India.

After remaining on the Gazette nearly five years, Kipling was sent to Allahabad to become at twenty-two, assistant

editor of the Pioneer, a newspaper published under the same management as the Gazette, and at that time considered the foremost journal in the Indian Empire. His contributions to both the daily and weekly editions were greatly in demand by the editors, although the latter managed to keep him from realizing his full worth, believing that his promising future might be injured should his head be turned by too much early success. In fact, he was once told that he was never cut out to be a writer, but apparently Kipling had different views himself for he paid no attention to this advice which he received gratis.

When Kipling left India, in 1889 his first port of call was Japan, and from there note-book in hand, he visited San Francisco and Yellowstone Park, then on to Salt Lake City, Chicago, Buffalo and New York. He fished for salmon in the Clackamas, he watched the evolution of the United States army, and studied rural America at Musquash on the Monongahela. His impressions were published in the Pioneer under title of "Letters of Marque" and "From Sea to Sea", and have been described as the most bitterly satiric picture of American society which the world has seen since the publication of Dicken's American notes in 1842. However, apparently, the Americans didn't give a damn, as Stephen Leacock would say, for a few years later they welcomed him with outstretched arms.

In the autumn of 1889, we find Kipling established in

London at No.19, Embankment Chambers, near Charing Cross, fighting for recognition from the public. He lived in three small rooms on the fifth floor, overlooking the Embankment Gardens, Gatti's old Music Hall referred to in "My Great and Only", the river Thames mirroring the moods and expressions of London, and away in the distance St. Paul's "irrelevant beautiful and altogether remote". Here he wrote "The Light that Failed " and caught the undercurrents, unrest and brutality of London's East End's low life which finds such peculiar expression in "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" and other stories. In all he shows that he had studied London as he did India, and knows not only his own class but also the poor, the rascally and the down-trodden and the ordinary hard-working toiler, but unlike many others who would quite naturally be appalled at such conditions and proceed to launch a crusade of social reform, the Kipling reaction sees spots of beauty, heroism, uncanny vision and humour.

Kipling, however, never had any real love for London. He never took her to his heart as he did the British Tommy, but only tolerated her and used her as a ladder to reach literary fame which was the one ambition of his life. True, recognition came suddenly and within a couple of years, and London was generous when it did find him, but it was hard for him to forget the first months during which people refused to take him seriously and disregarded his stories. Then came

the break which he needed, a favourable review in the great London Times. Over-night he became not only the literary hero of the hour but widely sought after in social circles. "Plain Tales from the Hills" not only won him success in England, but was equally well-received in America. Reprints of his Indian stories, even to "Departmental Ditties" together with new tales and poems that showed the wide range of his creative genius followed. Each volume was a fresh success, each extended the circle of the author's admirers, and almost before he realized it, he was the most widely known writer in England.

In 1892 Kipling again toured America after visiting South Africa, Australia and Ceylon and upon his return to England in the same year married Miss Caroline Starr Balestier, sister of Wolcott Balestier with whom he collaborated in "Naulahka". They went to Japan on their honeymoon and returned to settle at Brattleboro, Vermont, in a little cottage on the family estate of Mrs. Kipling. It was here that their two children were born and that some poems of "Seven Seas" were written, that "Many Inventions" was completed and that the "Jungle Book Stories" were began. In the study of Naulahka, the only house they ever built for themselves, many of his finest poems and short stories were written, as well as the whole of the Gloucester Fish Tale "Captains Courageous". In 1896 they left Vermont and after spending the winter in South Africa decided to make their permanent home in England.

The period between 1890 and 1900 brought Kipling to the height of his power. Before his was thirty, he had made a place for himself in English Literature, reached a degree of perfection never before equalled by any writer, and set for himself a pace which forced him to his limit to follow in after years. Never has literature furnished us with an example of a genius blossoming forth at such an early age, yet Kipling took it all in his stride and continued unspoiled, the literary success which he coveted. "I want to give good work", he said to a reporter, "that is my only concern in life", and how well he lived up to it.

On January 18, 1936, a hush fell over the world, and literary men joined with statesmen in expressing a deep sense of loss and sorrow at the passing of one of the greatest figures who has ever left his mark on the pages of literature. News of Kipling's death suddenly recalled to the minds of millions of readers, the contribution he had made to literature, the tremendous influence he had been in cementing the British Empire together, and finally his philosophy of fidelity, courage, humour and action, which will never be old-fashioned.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Few can read Kipling's stories, poems and speeches without admiring the philosophy behind them, that message which makes one feel that life is still worth living, that makes the reader want to aspire to all that is noble and good, that makes him forget his own selfish interests and the bored outlook on life that has permeated to the very roots of a decaying civilization. He is inspired in somewhat the same manner as the crusaders of old were, because as Kipling expresses his philosophy of life, it is almost a clarion call to all men to stand shoulder to shoulder and in a great brotherhood go marching on to a fuller and happier life.

This is the way that Kipling's more representative works strike many attentive and sympathetic readers, and why? It strikes them this way for the simple reason that when they pick up his works they forget their own outlook on life, their past reverses, their disappointments and sorrows and instead are guided by an intangible urge to sacrifice themselves to duty surrounded by a romanticism, so attractive and appealing that resistance is unthought of. They know then that real joy in living is not in the searching for unusual sensations but rather in doing their duty no matter what may be their positions in life. ✓

This is certainly an admirable philosophy in many ways, and one can safely say that the peace and prosperity

of a nation is in direct proportion to the extent its people are inspired by this ideal. Kipling's heroes are never thinking of their own fame and fortune but are almost possessed with a burning desire to serve their king and country. Those that are not, he deals with in a manner which shows them for what they are, selfish and grasping parasites, with no respect for the rights of their fellow-men, and totally lacking in any virtue. Such treatment seems almost intolerant and too severe, but selfishness seems to be the cause of too many of the evils which not only today but all down through history has made life miserable for the people of all nations. How much better a place this world would be to live in if people who have the means and power were inspired if not by the love of God, at least then, by love of country to seek the welfare of their brothers as Kipling would have them do.

To those who can sing only one song "The Rights of Man" such an outlook on life as Kipling had and instilled ^{into} in the hearts of his readers, would probably be classed as childish, and unworthy of serious study. However, if we really understand and compare the effects of those schools of thought on humanity, we can arrive at only one conclusion namely; that for the advancement and happiness of any nation or group of nations, the former can only lead to discontent

and warfare, the latter to understanding and good-will. Kipling's ideals then will never be out of date. As long as human feet tread this earth or human bodies speed ⁷ through the stratosphere, just as long as human nature remains the same, people are going to be led by ideals, and there is no reason why a man who knew the world as Kipling knew it and had studied human nature and portrayed it in so many different lights should not have a philosophy of life which is not only worth studying but also worth putting into practice in some respects.

The first point of Kipling's philosophy of life is discipline. No writer more than Kipling had the same experience with the abuse and the effective use of discipline. His religious upbringing, Puritan from the very beginning, added the faith necessary, but at the same time did not prevent him from seeing how harsh and unreasonable it could be when applied by an irresponsible guardian. In "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" he tells us of his own childhood, not as a tale full of bitterness, but a simple story of the tragedy of how miserable a child's life can be made by a person in whom there seems to be an utter lack of understanding and sympathy. In this instance, if he reaped the advantages of discipline, its value to him in later life must have been seriously undermined for he tells us of how Aunt Rosa introduced him to God and the Bible

in the following words:-

"had been introduced by Aunt Rosa to two very impressive things - an abstraction called God, the intimate friend and ally of Aunt Rosa, generally believed to live behind the kitchen-range because it was not there - "and a dirty brown book filled with unintelligible dots and marks".

and later on - "Afterwards he learned to know God as the only thing in the world more awful than Aunt Rosa - as a creature that stood in the background and counted the strokes"

Apparently, however, he sees through the letter written by his mother to his father, that this upbringing was far from what it should have been, but was by no means an isolated case in such homes -

She says- "Don't you remember our own upbringing dear, when the fear of the Lord was so often the beginning of falsehood".

Kipling however did his best to overcome the handicaps of his early experiences but in the concluding paragraph of this short story, he realizes that try as he may, it will leave its scars on him for life. These are his words :-

"Not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light; and teach faith where no faith was".

Kipling's idea of discipline is certainly not that enforced by fear of the Lord; it is rather a laying down of a rule by some one capable and responsible, and if that command is broken, then the breaker should be chastised not by some one intoxicated with his power but by one who realizes that it is his duty. In "A School Song" he praises his former masters at Westward Ho ! for the training which he and his "two hundred brothers" received at those "Twelve bleak houses by the shore". He realizes that these famous men "sacrificed themselves in order that the school might turn out real men who knew that it was -

"Safest, easiest and best -
Expeditious, wise and best -
To obey your orders",

even if this had to be impressed upon young minds by daily punishment. It certainly seems strange that after this amount of discipline - and Kipling got his share of it - that he didn't rebel against such "cruelty" and become an exponent of some of the modern schools of thought which profess an un-dying belief in the right of "self-assertion", but instead of that he sings in praise of such men in words that are meant to be impressive and to carry conviction -

"Bless and praise we famous men -
Men of little showing -
For their work continueth
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing !".

Kipling knew only too well that it is only when we have learned to obey that we can be trusted to command ourselves and others, and develop a will that is unbending, a purpose that is steadfast, self-control in all things, and a sense of duty which all men should have, or in his own words from "The Children's Song" -

"Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the nations live."

In his poem "If" which John Masefield says is probably the most popular poem now in the world, Kipling strikes a note which not only appeals at once to the sentiments of all but gives in the simplest language how to win success in this world and be a man. The whole poem is meant to show that the man who has learned how to discipline himself is the one who has attained a high degree of human perfection. Such a poem is surely worth quoting:-

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream -- and not make dreams your master;
If you can think -- and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings -- nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And -- which is more -- you'll be a Man, my son!

This, briefly, is Kipling's idea of discipline and of its value. To him it is something which we must spend our younger years becoming accustomed to, in order that we may possess all its attributes for use later on in life - these attributes which have made England great among the nations of the world and which have almost become national characteristics. Only too well Kipling knew that just so long as these ideals appeal to the race to which he belongs, it has nothing to fear

and for that reason he never fails in his works to surround them with an enchanting veil - they are often in forms that are almost hidden, but nevertheless an indelible impression is conveyed often unknown to the reader.

Discipline alone, however, is not the part of Kipling's philosophy which keeps pushing itself to the front and we can certainly be thankful that he knows its place and keeps it there. Kipling's whole religious background was Puritan and from it he took much of his philosophy but he added much as well. Puritanism aims at developing strong men and women, who see only evil in pleasure, and who are unmoved by many of the finer things of life. Kipling, on the other hand, although he sings his praises of such men and women, sees no evil in healthy fun, and fairly overflows in pouring out his enthusiasm for la joie de vivre. In his humour then, Kipling adds that touch to the dark picture of puritanic philosophy which makes it much brighter and more life-like.

This humour of Kipling's is not always easy to perceive and sometimes we may miss it entirely, but a study of even one of his stories or poems which seems bereft of it and in which it would seem to be out of place will show that almost always our interest and enjoyment comes from the hidden humour of which we are unconscious. In "The Man Who Would be King" one's impression of the story is probably

that it is just a pathetic tale, but there is that element of humour, probably in the absurdity of it, from beginning to end. That these two good-for-nothing tramps could go into a strange country, fired with a zeal to carve out an empire for Her Majesty the Queen, and by a strange course of events succeed in a large measure, only to lose all because the leader decided he had to have one of the natives for his queen, would be a tragedy if it wasn't for the absurdity of the whole thing.

In "The Puzzler" we see a type of humour which must certainly be the envy of any writer who seeks fame, but which at the same time is not written to be amusing alone. In this poem, he presents a picture of the cautious and sullen Englishman, and at the same time pays him a tribute for being on the job when the work is to be done. These sullen Englishmen must have felt a wave of indignation and then relaxed and slapped themselves on the back when they read this stanza :-

"Their psychology is bovine, their outlook crude
and raw,
They abandon vital matters to be tickled with a
straw,
But the straw that they were tickled with - the
chaff that they were fed with -
They convert into a weaver's beam to break the
foeman's head with".

Kipling must have enjoyed writing it too, besides saying a lot which he knew was true, but which at the same time was

not to be ashamed of when looked at in the right way.

Kipling's sense of humour in its simpler form found its first expression in his escapades with his masters and fellow students at Westward Ho! and later in the antics of such characters as the British Tommy in India, the Irish soldier - giant, Krishna Mulvaney, Mrs. Haukshee, and the countless other characters that he has immortalized in his short stories and poems. Not only in his writings but also in his conversation, we are told his simple humour refreshing and wholesome made him an ideal and entertaining companion. Sir Edward Burne - Jones, his uncle writes something as follows "I am tired of this London life, and want to laugh again", when telling Kipling that he is going down to visit him. His employer on "The Pioneer" at Allahabad in describing their days together says that Kipling tackled his work each day with a cheerfulness that was contagious and that made them forget to dwell on the hardships under which they laboured.

Shaw says of Kipling "He is a great story teller who never grew up" admitting that he was great but adding a qualifying phrase to take as much of the praise as possible out of his statement. Of course, this is just what may be expected of Shaw, but unconsciously Shaw was paying tribute to that childish and simple joy which Kipling found in life

and which has made him great in a world grown tired of cynicism and cheap intellectualism.

One of the most cheerful writers of the present period, G.K.Chesterton, and one whose outlook on life is always refreshing and filled with the "loud, loud laughter of a Knight", who has himself been criticized for his naivete', in paying tribute to the genius of Rudyard Kipling spoke these words: "Kipling takes pleasure in trivial little objects and customs of rustic life - those simple things that are best of all". If this was how Kipling impressed Chesterton, how well then he must have been guided by these lines which he wrote in "The Children's Song" -

"Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;"

No student of Kipling can imagine him dissatisfied with life; in none of his works does he show the least trace of boredom with a world which has driven other writers to despair. The reason is evident, either consciously or unconsciously, he came to the conclusion that it was full of interesting and amusing objects and that if it had its sorrows, it also had its joys. This is why most of his short stories and poems though concerning the ordinary doings of people whose life would seem dull, in Kipling's eyes suddenly become enlivened with a breezy humour and surrounded by

a blaze of romanticism. How can anyone experience any other feeling than that of admiration for a man whose outlook on this world is so unsoiled, and who passes over its dreary aspects to find almost a childish pleasure in those trivial happenings and expressions that to the majority of people pass unseen.

"I like the men who do things" confesses William the Conquerer in one of Kipling's poems and so does Kipling himself. If there is one strain in his short stories and poems that reflects more than any other his philosophy of life it is this never-ceasing emphasis on men, women, animals and even machinery that do things. Even his children are masters of the art of doing things. Wee Willie Winkie , a child of six, is the means of saving a young lady from the hands of the fierce tribes that live across the river and Kim though considerably older seems to cram his days and nights with action on action. Kipling would certainly never argue against the saw "work never killed anyone yet". To him, anyone, even a child who didn't work and do things would be farther ahead if something did kill them for there was no place for them in his idea of things.

"Hushie, Hushie, or the Black Douglas will get yee" is a song which has been sung by more than one mother as she

puts her child to bed causing him to forget those childish pranks which he would take delight in, and seek protection in his mother's arms from the dangers without. Childish imaginations have visualized the terror of the Black Douglas and created fantasies beyond the comprehension of mature minds and only a child can visualize the reactions which would follow hearing the following lines from "How the Camel Got his Hump" which appeared in "Just So Stories" -

The Camel's hump is an ugly hump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump -
Cameelious hump -
The hump that is black and blue.

We climb out of bed with a grouzly head
And a snarly - yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
When we get the hump -
Cameelious hump -
The hump that is black and blue !

The cure for this ill is not to set still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
Have lifted the hump -
The horrible hump -
The hump that is black and blue.

I get it as well as you-oo-oo -
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo !
We all get hump -
Cameelious hump -
Kiddies and grown-ups too !

The message however is quite clear, and shows that Kipling even in his stories for children, has in his most effective manner brought home to every child who might hear it the danger of not having something to do, something which will keep him from getting that hump which is even uglier than that of the poor unfortunate camel.

Kipling is one writer who is always sincere and who has always adhered to his convictions ; his idea of what is worth while and what can be left by the wayside. This is just as true when we speak of his doctrine of action. The people he admires, the ones he writes about, and loves to associate with, are all men and women of action, men and women who are not disgusting parasites living on the toil of others. For the long-haired creatures of the studios, for spineless, indolent men who take their ideas from books, for social events, teas and the like, he has absolutely no use whatever. He prefers rather to go for a long walk across the downs, to search through the bazaars for adventure, to climb into his car for a drive along some unknown backroad, or with the Indian army brave the dangers of an expedition through passes alive with enemies. Such tastes are certainly more in keeping with man's

natural inclinations than many of the cultivated and artificial ones under which the most of us must go through life today, and which would soon cease to bore people if they would read some of Kipling and then wake up and live as their Creator intended them to live.

Kipling's emphasis on action certainly is a study in itself. It is hard to explain when one knows his background why he should have become such an exponent of action. His love of action is certainly not that of a sick man or a cripple who is prevented from taking any form of exercise, but who longs with all his heart and soul to be able to do things and go places like those more fortunate than he, who dreams night and day while on the sick bed or in the chair of all those things which he will do when he has recovered, only to return to his former habits when his health is restored. It can hardly be traced to his family surroundings and his childhood spent with Aunt Rosa, because certainly his parents belonged to the cultured middle class who most probably found more pleasure in the artistic things of life than in meeting those virile characters whom their son paraded before the readers of the world, whilst Aunt Rosa's chief mission in life seems to have been to enforce her own will. Then too, India, where Kipling spent his young manhood, cannot be said to have an invigorating climate which would make a person want to do things.

His doctrine of action can probably be traced to a reaction against the lethargy and languor of the Indian Civil Service, a result of his own study of different outlooks on life, and his own abundance of energy finding an outlet in his actions and thus in his philosophy of life. Kipling saw at first hand what a hot climate and work which kills ambition by its deadly routine can do to the most promising young man, and turned away from it determined that such would never be his fate. He also was even while still very young, familiar with the writings of the masters and their philosophies, had travelled a great deal and had come in contact with all kinds of people, so that he was able to reach the well-founded conclusion, that "if one doesn't wear out, he will rust out", and of the two the first was certainly the more attractive. Thus, Kipling's naturally healthy energy, his love of adventure, and a desire to see and experience everything left him little time for brooding, so that we find him continually active himself, admiring those who do things, and reflecting this in every phrase and rhyme of his innumerable works.

A devotion to duty, a sense of humour and joy in work for work's sake are a combination of maxims which will help anyone to go through life with a care-free smile and at the end of his days still feel that "life is good", but these

alone would not constitute a complete philosophy. Man has another life to prepare for, a higher Being on whom he is dependent and to whom he must bring "no maimed or worthless sacrifice", as Kipling has said, and it is this Higher Being, a God both terrible and loving whom Kipling, more than most other writers of his period, is proud to acknowledge as the first cause of all things.

In "Natural Theology" he preaches a sermon to those who, when fortune smiles on them and the world is at their feet, forget their God and the instant that they meet misfortune throw curses at Him. In this poem, he shows that people of all ages echo the same cry, "How could the Lord allow such a thing to happen", instead of searching for the real cause of their trouble. Few theologians could have pointed out so effectively that - "This was none of the good Lord's pleasure", and fewer leaders in our literary world would have gone on to say -

"For the Spirit He breathed in Man is free;
But what comes after is measure for measure
And not a God that afflicteth thee.
As was the sowing so the reaping
Is now and evermore shall be.
Thou art delivered to thine own keeping,
Only Thyself hath afflicted thee!"

Such a sound philosophy of life is conspicuous by its absence and it is certainly to Kipling's credit that he had the

courage to write an enlightening poem like this on a subject about which there is so much controversy.

Although Kipling did not blame God for misfortunes, he believed that He would help us if we asked Him to. Many of his poems could almost be classed as prayers for help and guidance - evidence of his belief that such help would be forthcoming if the Lord saw fit. "The Children's Song" for instance is a prayer for children asking God to teach them those qualities that He would want them to have. The "Recessional" is a hymn to the Lord beseeching Him to remain with the English people so that they will never forget Him. In "Hymn Before Action" he appeals to "Jehovah of the Thunders" and "Mary, pierced with sorrow" for victory in battle and for mercy on the souls "that come tomorrow". Thus, Kipling not only believed in God, but also believed in the efficacy of prayer and the power of Mary in interceding for those who needed help.

It is also interesting to note the attributes which Kipling applies to God. To the Puritan mind, God was angry, vengeful, unmerciful, who frowned on the happiness of His creatures, but to Kipling He is in one of his poems a "Father in Heaven who lovest all". However, Kipling remained always Puritan in many respects and in the "Recessional" he says -

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.

In the rest of the poem he seems to shake with fear at what would happen if the Lord is displeased and beseeches Him to always remain with the English people so that they will never incur His wrath, and if they do offend, he asks for pardon. "Jehovah of the Thunders" and "Lord God of Battles" are other expressions which he uses in addressing God showing that as a rule he believes God's power over man lies to a large extent in the fear which He instils rather than in the love which He inspires. A certain critic has said "Kipling's God is the God of the Old Norse Sea Kings, the fighting God, the Lord of the Hosts of Cromwell, a terrible real and awful Deity, who, nevertheless, can sympathize with a first-rate fighting man, and will in the end see that justice is done".

Some day a topsy turvy world is going to have to put itself in order again; some day, people will realize that they are on the wrong road in their search for a way of life, and when that day comes if Kipling's works are not included among the reference books, then many will be surprised because Kipling in his literary masterpieces reflects an outlook on life that is refreshing, commendable and to a large extent in accordance with man's nature and the welfare of society as

a whole.

Certain aspects of Kipling's philosophy of life may be condemned as the product of expediency rather than of a careful study of man's nature and his purpose in this life, but, nevertheless, it has been to a large extent the inspiration for the Boy Scout movement and of much that is admirable. In fact, whoever wrote the following Catholic Youth Organization Creed had many points in common with Kipling :-

"The C.Y.O. program of activities portrays to youth not a selfish desire for wealth or influence but a desire to express, always, faith unwavering in God and Country; not a desire for famous deeds but only unrelaxed efforts for good - striving to express, always, an unquenchable love for right - not to have great strength but to observe in life steady discipline - to always preserve a service of holding on - of absolute and obstinate refusal to lose heart - constantly hoping for success but independent and humble in it - constantly fighting failure - undismayed by it - fighting on and wearing it down - thriving upon difficulties and monotony because they give scope for the faith and effort of an unending siege, ready and resolute when summoned - on the alert though not called upon - with a heart for the impossible - yet content to play the part of a stop-gap. Nothing too big - no duty too mean - for each the same minute attention - the same inexhaustible patience - the same inflexible courage - every task marked with the same golden tenacity."

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS
OF HIS WORKS

The most outstanding characteristic of Rudyard Kipling's works is that they do not possess one quality alone but almost all those qualities which could possibly be found in the works of several great writers combined. Not only has he proved himself to be the greatest short story writer in English literature, but he has excelled in the writing of electrically exciting poetry, songs which have retained their popularity even to this day, and hymns like the "Recessional", all of which bear the stamp of a master craftsman in truth of a genius. No wonder Lord Tweedsmuir, a great writer and a scholar himself has more than once said, "Rudyard Kipling seems to me the greatest figure in English Literature in our time and to have written much which is assured of immortality". Tribute such as this, arrived at in the cold light of reason rather than by a burst of enthusiastic admiration is paid only to a writer whose works possess sound literary qualities and not to one who has simply caught the fancy of the populace for the time being as so many critics have prophesied concerning Kipling's works.

The first characteristic of Kipling's short stories and poems which impress the student is their popular appeal - that appeal which attracted and held the attention of high and low, cultured and uncouth, literate and illiterate.

Works to possess this quality to the extent that Kipling's did must have all the good qualities characteristic of literary masterpieces plus something which will make them the common property of all. Right from the start, Kipling's works possessed this quality. His first book "Departmental Ditties" was prompted by the demand for back copies of the newspaper in which his different poems appeared and every copy was sold within a few weeks. "Plain Tales from the Hills" his first volume of prose which he wrote just to show his father he could write, not only won universal applause but astonished the world. In the same year, 1888, "Soldiers Three", "The Gadsbys", "In Black and White", "Under the Deodars", "The Phantom Rickshaw" and "Wee Willie Winkie" appeared as little paper covered pamphlets and immediately became widely circulated throughout India and enabled their author to go on a trip around the world by way of Japan and the United States to England.

When Kipling landed in England, he at once set out to make himself a literary figure not by following the conventions of the time in literature but by experimenting with what to him was real literature. This period in English literature before the advent of Kipling seemed characterized by a lack of virility, a super-abundance of refinement, and a degree of introspection, which combined with other traits

to give the whole an air that today would be considered most unnatural, yet this was what the critics applauded and what the people had to read. Kipling changed all this. In every way his stories and poems were the direct opposite of what people had called great works. They possessed a free-swinging, hearty quality and simplicity which won instant acclaim from the people, aroused the enmity of other writers and left the critics puzzled for the next forty years. Poem after poem, and story after story flowed from his pen, all characterized by the same qualities which only he possessed. He wrote about things which people were not supposed to be interested in, yet everybody rushed to read about them; his philosophy was called out-of-date, yet people found in it a healthy stimulus and turned to it with joy; everything possible was done to drive him from the limelight, yet he held it through merit alone amid the increasing loyalty of his followers right up until his death. It would almost seem that he had found what was needed in literature and then set out to fill that need. At any rate, his popularity throughout the whole world is evidenced of his having filled a demand for something in a manner which leaves little doubt as to its completeness and to the satisfaction of his readers. Even John Masefield, the present Poet Laureate, admits that he took the world by storm and for a whole generation remained

the most popular writer using our tongue.

It takes many qualities to make a great writer, but it takes originality in some respect to make him stand out from the crowd and win distinction and popular support, and in few cases is this more true than in the case of Kipling. In every way, his writings are different from those of other great writers. The style, the spirit, the subject-matter, and even the language which he uses, are unique and belong to him alone. Although few writers have enjoyed a greater familiarity with the classics, no writer has relied less on them for inspiration. Today, his short stories are generally recognized as masterpieces when it is a question of form and style, yet when they first began to appear most critics were so sceptical of them as to deny that they possessed either and were dumbfounded that any person would have conceit enough to expect that they would ever achieve popularity, leave alone immortality.

The spirit of his works in particular struck the people favorably because of its originality. Too long they had been depressed by the pessimistic and bored outlook on life of writers and intellectuals. Too long they had been forced to submit to the soporific influences of sentimental idiots and had searched in vain for a real leader

who could offer them an encouraging view of the world. Kipling, the star from the East, was the answer to their prayer. He brought them a new outlook on life, one in which the future was bright, doubts were unknown and made them feel that "life is good and joy runs high 'neath English earth and sky". His writings had a rollicking, bounding swing, such as had never before appeared in English Literature. People read them, enjoyed them, and the soul of the man who wrote them became part of their own. He made the sullen Englishman emotional, showed him that life was one big adventure and that the world was far from at a standstill, and sent him marching and singing onward with blind enthusiasm but with faith in what lay ahead.

When it comes to subject-matter, Kipling stands out, not only on account of his originality, but also because of the scope of his writings. He wrote about people, places and things that no other writer ever thought of writing about and endowed the commonest actions and objects with sheer poetry. One would search in vain to find another writer who has seen so much of the world and its people as Kipling has. His natural curiosity and sympathy for people who do things combined with an active memory to enable him to portray accurately every character and surrounding with which he came in contact. He wrote about the life, clothes

and language of the soldiers in the British Army in a realistic manner because he had spent considerable time in their company and had travelled with them, not only in India, but also in South Africa and knew exactly what they had to endure and the spirit which pervaded the regiments. To many people Kipling is "The Great Interpreter" of India and the British Army, and this is to a large extent true. Before his time, few people in England knew much about India, and those who did have a knowledge of that country, had derived it largely from statistics and government reports, but Kipling, Indian-born and largely influenced by the country, reached his greatest heights when he was writing about its people, their superstitions and religious practices, and the English society which was scattered over the length and breadth of the country. The four years which he spent writing and studying in the United States resulted in several works concerning its people and in his great story of the New England fishermen "Captains Courageous". Others of his works about the sea, the fleet, London, the English country-side were equally the product of first-hand observation, and give vivid and striking pictures of things and characters in a manner known only to Kipling. Thus, Kipling in the subjects which he has adorned with his pen, and in the wholesome treatment of his characters from every walk of life, from Supi-yaw-lat to the

Widow of Windsor and from Gunga Din to the Viceroy has shown a refreshing originality which all can appreciate.

Kipling's originality in regard to language is particularly striking. His first works, more so than his later ones, show an effective use of barrack room slang, of dialects and of words foreign to the English tongue which at first seems to have turned many against him, some, in fact, forever, because they did not realize that the best way of depicting a character is to give him a chance to speak. His use of sea-going language is exceptionally clever because of the accuracy of the words and the natural arrangement of them in his writings. In the use of technical words in the description of everything from wireless to the workings of the great engines which drive the passenger boats across the oceans, he has shown an originality and preciseness which has been the envy of thousands of writers. When a person realizes that Kipling included in his field, all kinds of machines and scientific subjects, and that so far no error has ever been found, though he, himself, admits that there is at least one, the genius of the man cannot but impress itself upon the most sceptical of his critics.

Kipling was not only a firm believer in God, but was also an earnest reader of the Bible and drew on it for much of his work. This fact not only influenced the contents of his writings, but gave many of them almost the spirit of that book -

the expression of a fervid soul. Some of his poems in particular have a real biblical flavour. In the simplicity of his language, he is not completely original, but few writers since Shakespeare have approached him in the use of words, almost entirely English in origin and monosyllabic as a result. Whole stanzas and paragraphs could be quoted containing astonishing few words of more than one or two syllables, illustrating that a great writer can attain vividness, express himself clearly and effectively, and produce literary masterpieces without recourse to words of foreign origin and of many syllables. No writer today more than Kipling has followed with greater success the rule "Never use a big word, when a small one will do", and no writer has excelled Kipling as a master of the whole of the English language. He was one of the first to show that technical words did not belong to scientific treatises alone, that the Bible could be used in literature without appearing to moralize too much and that for clearness and power words of English origin could be used with success. Who will say now that Kipling did not make an enormous contribution to English Literature?

As a descriptive writer, Kipling is in a class by himself. No one can deny that he is one of the greatest painters in words who has ever written in our language. True he does not take whole paragraphs and stanzas in an attempt

to picture to the reader every little detail of a scene like Tennyson or the Pre-Raphaelites. His method is much more effective because instead of tiring the imagination of the reader with a wealth of descriptive details, he draws a line here and another one there and immediately the reader feels that he is seated before the real thing, supplying with his own imagination what even books could not begin to describe. If Kipling were a painter with oils instead of with words, he would be classed as belonging to the impressionistic school because he seems to be able always to pick out two or three of the details of a picture and in that way suggests the whole in such a way that one feels he knows it accurately. The fact that most of his stories and poems are filled with descriptions of colourful places, the bazaars of India, the English country-side, the seas, shops of all kinds and also of the most picturesque characters, makes one realize how great his art really is. To convey to the reader, who has probably not the faintest idea of some of these, a picture perfect in every respect requires not only the most sensitive powers of perception but also ability to find the word which expresses that sensation perfectly. In no way can Kipling be criticized for imperfections in this regard, and in reading his works one cannot help feeling that the words which he uses in his descriptions are so

precisely accurate that no other word could possibly be used quite so effectively. He seems to not only use the right word but the best one in each case. In fact, one critic has said that Kipling seems to say "Give me one adjective, and I will do more than you could do with a portfolio of them; but you must let me choose the adjective".

Kipling's powers of description in their simplest form can be illustrated in many different ways. For instance, take the phrase "crystal evening air" or "diamond air" and the reader immediately recalls some time when he has felt that the air was exactly like this, cool and invigorating. Another instance of his keen sense of perception and of his powers in expressing it is shown by the following lines from "Piet" -

"Ah there, Piet! whose time 'as come to die,
'Is carcase past rebellion, but 'is eyes inquirin' why".

In these few words, Kipling gives us a picture of a dying soldier in such a graphic manner that it leaves a lasting impression on the mind of the reader. When it comes to adding a pleasant aspect, the following words "a great rose-grown gate in a red wall" would cause most people to recall some beautiful garden filled with blooming flowers of every shade and over against one wall a well-kept rose bush. Kipling, however, can add the eerie touch just as well. "City of dreadful Night", "the silence of a great city asleep", "across the

street, blank shutters flung back the gaslight in cold smears" are excellent examples of his skill in this respect and would certainly give even the most hard-boiled a feeling that ghosts are not far away. Thus, it is seen, how Kipling by strange and wonderful words, achieves powers of description which few have equalled.

There is another aspect to Kipling's power of description which cannot be overlooked, namely his use of figurative language. In fact, he has been called the greatest master of metaphor since Shakespeare and that includes quite a space of time and no small number of great writers. However, it is only natural that such should be the case because Kipling never had the disadvantage of having to ponder over abstract theories and expressions. Nearly all his knowledge was the product of first-hand observation, of contact with concrete things and actual happenings. These were so numerous that he had a wealth of experiences to fall back on in his writings and like Shakespeare he uses a metaphor whenever he wants to be particularly impressive in what he says or finds it hard to describe his feelings in any other way.

Such metaphors as the following are not only easily understood but are also accurate and it would be hard to think of better ones to describe what the author has in mind; "Little by little, very softly and pleasantly, she began to take the

conceit out of Pluffles, as they take the ribs out of an umbrella before recovering it" (The Rescue of Pluffles); "The lightening spattered the sky as a thrown egg spatters a barn door" (The Return of Imray); "The grass-stems held the heat exactly as boiler tubes do" (The Bubbling Well Road); "Dick delivered himself of the saga of his doings, with all the arrogance of a young man speaking to a woman"; "From the beginning he told the tale, the I - I - I's flashing through the records as telegraph poles fly past the traveller". In describing what remains after a river flood, which swept all barriers before it, Kipling says "the piers of the Earhive Bridge showed like broken teeth in the jaw of an old man".

Few writers have had the same interest in their fellow-men as Kipling has had and this finds expression in his descriptive powers in the form of personification. This is, of course, true of all imaginative writers to a certain extent but in Kipling's writings it deserves special note. In his story "Below the Mill Dam" this characteristic takes both a descriptive and narrative aspect. The waters, the old mill wheel, the cat and the rat converse with one another about things which concern them in a very realistic manner and throughout the whole story the action of the waters and the wheel are given vividness by a continuous flow of phrases as "the labouring stones", "the waters answered together,

leaping down on the buckets" and "The mocking waters leaped one over the other, chuckling and chattering profanely". Even in describing landscapes, he adds life by transferring the activities of men and women to his descriptions in such a way that one cannot help being impressed. We hear of the seawaters "choking and chuckling", of the winds "herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows", of "the kiss of rain", of the earth "breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals", of "the thunder chattering overhead", of "the trees thrashing each other". Thus we see how Kipling makes the less familiar known to all and by means of concrete images and words achieves powers of description equal to the best descriptive writers.

When it comes to a study of Kipling's powers of characterization, there is plenty of room for discussion. Most critics say that this is his weakest point and to a certain extent it is. However, before really arriving at any conclusion in this respect, one must first bear in mind that Kipling's forte was the short story and poem, neither of which allow much scope for the development of a character. His few attempts at writing book-length stories have not been outstanding successes, mainly because he is not able to show the evolution of a character from what he is at the beginning of the story to a different one at the end. "Kim" for instance

is his best long story, yet many critics go out of their way to show that the Kim presented at the start of the story is, after all his training and experiences, the same Kim at the end. This fact, however, does not seem to detract in any way from the book because in Kim, Kipling has created a character which one cannot forget. Another reason why people claim Kipling has not created any outstanding characters is the fact that he has written so many short stories which as a rule are more easily forgotten than a book by the reader. In other words, he has created so many different ones, none very great that, when one thinks of him in this regard, several characters are called to mind. He has, however, succeeded admirably in presenting men, women and even children who do things, while at the same time showing that those who don't or cannot do things are out-of-place in this world. In presenting fixed or simple characters then Kipling leaves little more to be desired, but in describing a changing or complex character, he is not quite so successful because he cannot analyse the subtle changes that take place in the heart and soul of a person under varying influences and in different circumstances.

There is one element of Kipling's characterization that cannot be overlooked and that is the humour with which it seems to be saturated. A person can read almost any of

his short stories and early ballads and in every one of them there is a character made lovable by his wit or that can be laughed at because of his actions. Even in his later stories there is always an element of fun which is but a reflection of the soul of the author, himself. In fact, one could not expect a person with the wholesome outlook on life which Kipling had to write a story without this characteristic. It is no exaggeration to say that Kipling owes more of his popularity to this element of humour than to any other quality which his writings possess, because people like to be amused and the kind that appeals to the majority is just the type that is found in Kipling's characterization.

Most people today are inclined to be very sceptical whenever they hear of a person who pretends to be able to tell what the future has in store, but a study of some of Kipling's works would certainly shake their faith in such a belief. Kipling, of course, was no prophet, no matter what his followers may say, but it does seem strange that he was able to foresee what was coming so clearly. However, after a study of Kipling and his works, a person must conclude that this so-called prophecy is largely due to his amazing powers of observation and his ability to arrive at a logical conclusion from a study of what he has observed which is

all the more to his credit and makes his writings all the more interesting as works of literature.

One of his most interesting works from this point of view is "With the Night Mail", a story of 2000 A.D. which was written in 1905. In this story he describes in detail and with a preciseness which is amazing, a regular night trip across the Atlantic Ocean from one of the G.P.O. outward mail towers to Quebec. He starts by giving a description of the notice-board in the Captain's room on which there are about twenty pulsing arrows and indicators which register the progress of as many homeward-bound packets. This must have sounded fantastical in 1905 when aeroplanes were almost unknown and the wireless was unheard of, yet today with the increased use of the radio beam in aerial navigation and aeroplanes running on regular schedules, it strikes one as very modern. His description of the "packet" as he calls it, reminds us of what today we know as streamlining and the engines and rudder are very up-to-date from an engineering point of view, so that Kipling was about sixty years behind the times if he thought that these would not be in use until 2000 A.D.

Most imaginative writers also like to picture a world at peace and it is interesting to note that in the conversation which the writer of the story carries on with

the Captain of the "packet", the Captain in referring to the inventor of the rudder of the dirigible philosophises in the following words and makes the interesting observation that war is a thing of the past - "Magniac invented his rudder to help war boats ram each other; and war went out of fashion and Magniac he went out of his mind because he said he couldn't serve his country any more. I wonder if any of us ever know what we're doing".

The whole story is filled with such conversation as well as a description of the trip together with a wealth of technical comments. In 2000 A.D. according to this story, the air is going to be used to such an extent as a means of transportation, that for safety, different levels will be assigned to "packets" travelling in different directions and at different speeds. Today in 1938, four-laned highways are the nearest we have come to this, but of course we still have over sixty years to go. However, when he starts describing the General Communication system which enables the packets to communicate with each other and with their home bases, Kipling's story does not amaze us quite so much. Today most of our mail is sorted on moving trains in mail coaches but on this packet, travelling at two hundred miles per hour over the Atlantic, mail is being sorted into the Winnipeg, Calgary, and Medicine Hat bags by the mail clerks.

In 2000 A.D., according to the writer, giant dirigibles will haul wheat from Canada part of the year and will spend the rest of it transporting timber from Siberia. People will live to be at least thirty years older than they do now, and here is a good hint for some ambitious fellow to get into the life insurance business. Fresh fruits will be rushed from the south to sanatoria built in Greenland for the sick which is not altogether impossible. However, the most interesting observation of all is that the packet first sights land at Trinity Bay in Newfoundland and in 1919 when the first dirigible the H.M.A. "R 3y" crossed the Atlantic from East to West it also, strange as it may seem, caught its first glimpse of the New World at the same place. Commodore E.M.Maitland who was on board this dirigible during the crossing says that he has read "With the Night Mail" fifty times and each time was amazed at the exactness of Kipling's description of the experiences one would encounter and at his technical comments. Even a Wells or a Verne have yet to approach accuracy such as this in looking into the future, yet Kipling foresaw it all and even went so far as to try to interest people in dirigibles and aeroplanes, so that this story can hardly be called purely an excursion into the realm of fancy, but is, in reality a scientific study of the future.

Kipling, however, was a statesman as well as a scientist and his observations in this respect are just as interesting. Twenty years before the Great War took place he felt that some terrible catastrophe was going to shake the world, and fifteen years before Germany and the British Empire were engaged in a fight to the finish, he was warning England to guard her heritage and to be prepared to defend it against Germany. So convinced was he that Germany was England's most dangerous foe, he refused to be shaken from this belief even when he received a get-well telegram from the Kaiser in 1899 and when British statesmen proclaimed, as late as 1914, that relations between the two nations were of the friendliest kind. Kipling saw that England stood in Germany's way if she was to realize her ambition, and he knew that the strategy of Germany was to catch the Empire unprepared. That she nearly succeeded, is common knowledge today but Kipling, in trying to make the English conscious of this danger, was laughed at on every side and considered more or less mentally unbalanced. A few statesmen, like Kipling, in the British Cabinet might have either prevented the war or would have been prepared for it when it did come, and so have saved the world from much of the misery which is found today as a result of that Armageddon.

One critic has said of Kipling that his vices have

been stressed too much, and in one respect, at least, this seems to be only too true, namely, in his attitude towards women. No one can deny that in Kipling's earlier works he has shown a lack of genuine chivalry, and women will never forgive him for writing, "And a woman is only a woman, but a good Cigar is a Smoke", or for using the words, "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" in "The Vampire", even if he was describing "the woman who did not care". His poem "The Ladies" has been studied time and again with the one purpose to prove that he was most callous towards women, and "Mary, Pity Women" has been used to show that Kipling had no criticism for a man who heartlessly deserts a woman whom he has brought to shame, and who, in spite of her pleadings, dismisses her as though she were nothing more than a plaything. However, there seems to be another point of view which is well worth considering, and that is the reader's reaction to these poems. In "Mary Pity Women" for instance the reaction is naturally one of disgust for this type of man and in "The Ladies" one is made to realize that a person pays, and pays dearly for his follies and that experience sometimes takes away far more than it gives. If Kipling has committed indiscretions in some of his works by introducing characters who have not the respect for womankind which is her birthright, if he has failed at times to recognize the nobleness of their mission,

"(a) Mother O' Mine" for its sentiments and pure grandeur as poetry more than makes amends for his failings in this respect. Any critic who can read this poem and still maintain that Kipling deserves the enmity of womankind is leaving himself open to being accused of just what he finds wrong in Kipling.

(a) Mother O' Mine.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine !
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine !
If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

One of the most interesting characters of Kipling's writings is his simple natural treatment of nature. Practically all of his works have to do with the out-of-door, but he never looks at it in the same manner as a Keats, a Shelley, or a Tennyson would, in fact, such a treatment would be incompatible with the energetic strain and emphasis on physical prowess and endurance which is the most outstanding characteristic of his works. He does not write poems to the flowers, the trees, or the stars, but he does picture them as they really are, as the

ordinary human being sees them, and even though he constantly personifies natural phenomena for descriptive purposes, he never for one instant forgets that they are in a class by themselves, with the result that their place in his writings is secondary and only as a background for human activity. Nevertheless, nature plays a most prominent part in all of his writings. No matter how short the poem or story, or exciting the action, he seems to be able to pause for a while and take time to colour it with a dash of the natural surroundings while many of his more recent stories consist to a large extent of a plot woven around local scenery. Kipling thus appreciated and enjoyed being in contact with the great out-of-door and because it was a healthy one he expresses it in that manner in his writings. It is also interesting to note that the greater part of his days were spent in Sussex and the extent to which he became a part of the background may be judged from these lines from "A Three - Part Song" -

I'm just in love with all these three,
The weald and the Marsh and the Down countree,
Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white Chalk coast!

I've buried my heart in a ferny hill,
Twix' a liddle low shaw an a great high gill
Oh hop-bine yaller an' wood-smoke blue,
I reckon you'll keep her middling true!

Much has been written about Kipling's style and the excellence of his various writings so that a brief study here will suffice to impress upon the reader the merits of his stories and poems in this respect. There is no doubt among fair-minded critics that Kipling has succeeded as no writer before or since his time, in adapting the short story to English Literature. "Mrs Bathurst", "An Habitation Enforced", "Without Benefit of Clergy", "The Phantom Rickshaw", "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and "The Man Who Would be King" are stories which are enjoyed and which leave a lasting impression on the reader. Besides over one hundred and fifty of these short stories, Kipling's "Beast Stories" simple and childish in every respect have won for him universal applause because of their flawless character. All his stories have a spontaneity, a concentration of action without loss of effectiveness, and a snappy finish at just the right moment which leaves a favourable impression on the reader and makes him want to read another one.

The merits of Kipling's poetry can be judged both by its universal popularity and by the number of imitators. His rhythm is not only varied but is natural and seems to always suit the particular effect which he desires to produce, whether it be a description of the rolling seas, a picture of the English country-side, the tramp of marching men, or the

arousing of an intense patriotism in the hearts of the un-emotional English. He has written every type of poetry from the solemn dignity of the "Recessional" to the light and entertaining "The Song of the Banjo". In all he has shown perfection in the use of tonic accents and a degree of verbal music which appeals to everyone. Kipling not only had a message, but he had a way of saying it which possessed to the highest degree all the qualities which are found in literary masterpieces.

Even this brief survey cannot but impress upon the reader the genius of Kipling as shown in his numerous works. His prose and poetry have practically become the common property of the whole English-speaking world. In addition, his works have been translated into over a dozen foreign languages and in France he ranked with the French writers in popularity, in fact, he became almost a cult. In every way, his writings show all the qualities of greatness plus a refreshing originality because they are the reflection of the soul of a man who saw nothing common on this earth, who loved his country because he thought he should, and who praised his God because he realized His Goodness. Kipling's poems, for instance, are much more than mere beautiful forms. Into each he has put a spirit, a message, an added something which makes a person realize that here is real poetry. In his short stories

he has not only shown his command of every part of the English language, but he has made an immense contribution to literature. He has written love stories that are filled with common sense instead of sentimental rubbish, detective stories without murderers and ordinary stories in which miracles take place. It is only when one realizes Kipling's greatness that he understands what prompted the following lines which appeared in a New York paper :-

"Then 'ere's to you Mr. Kipling, and Columbia avers,
You're a pore benighted Briton but the prince of
 raconteurs;
You may scathe us and may leave us, still in our hearts
 will stay
The man who made Mulvaney and the Road to Mandalay."

KIPLING'S IMPERIALISM

To be identified with some school of thought or action is of course not a necessity for a great literary figure, but, nevertheless, the pages of literature show, that the most outstanding men of letters of all nations usually become associated with some movement or philosophy into which they put their whole heart and soul. In some cases, this has been the cause of their greatness rather than an attribute of it, but in the majority of cases no clear line can be drawn, and Kipling is no exception to this general rule. There is no doubt but that he was a great literary figure, that he was a craftsman in words, that he could paint, play and sing with them, and that his writings are great in themselves, but there is also plenty of evidence to show that many are meant to serve a definite purpose namely, the popularization of Imperialism and the rousing of a nation, and these alone have made him immortal..

The part which Kipling played in this movement can only be appreciated when one has studied some of the historical background and realizes that it was he, more than any other man, writer or statesman, who introduced the idea of Empire and developed it into a great force, the power of

which no one can judge in uniting the scattered and selfish members under the British Flag into the Empire which fought the Great War and which today is known as "The British Commonwealth of Nations".

The first question which must be settled is, "How did Kipling's Empire Develop?" Did the British people, inspired by the glory of the Roman Empire or some other empire equally great in history, consciously build up a British Empire, or did they allow it to evolve haphazardly? History seems to indicate that, strange as it may seem, the latter is the case.

In India a few trading posts were established under the East India Company, but the French and Dutch were also there. Trouble with the natives forced her to keep extending her rule in order to protect what she already held, and the jealousy of the foreign companies forced her to rid the country of them. India was, therefore, practically forced on her; she had to expand or get out, and that bulldog tenacity would not permit her to withdraw. In the case of Canada, one of the main reasons for the conquest was to remove an ever present danger to the American Colonies, rather than the desire to acquire wealth and power. True, she went to war later to keep both the American Colonies and Canada under her control, but in the first instance, the issue at stake was one of

authority, whereas, in the second, the people showed a pronounced inclination to remain under the Union Jack and fought for that privilege. The point is that the Empire, as Kipling knew it, was not the result of planned action, but rather of maintaining the prestige of the nation, and for that reason, at no time in history do we find the people really conscious of their country's true greatness. In fact, the British Empire meant so little to some of her statesmen, especially those subscribing to the "Manchester School" in English politics that they considered her vast possessions a source of weakness, could see no future in them, and even advocated the disowning of them. There were two reasons at least for such a policy being followed; first, the prevalence of the idea that as soon as a colony obtained self-government, it would drift away from the Mother Country and finally become an independent nation and secondly, English statesmen, particularly after the middle of the nineteenth century, were committed to a policy of free trade. This meant that she obtained raw supplies wherever they could be purchased the cheapest and sold her manufactured goods to every nation of the world.

This policy continued for some time, and caused the growth of a feeling of mutual indifference among the different parts under the British flag. Each went its own way. The Colonies felt that they should receive some trade preference

when it came to supplying raw materials and foodstuffs to the Mother Country, but she felt that if she did this, it would decrease her prosperity and raise the cost of living for the working man. The Colonies decided then to foster their own manufactures and with the help of tariffs directed largely against British goods, were becoming independent in this respect along many lines. Thus, we see, where a far-sighted policy of Empire development should have been followed, a short-sighted one was causing disintegration and jealousy among people who had everything in common.

In 1884, the first step was taken to combat disaster. An Imperial Federation League was founded in that year with the avowed object of bringing about a federation, and a sort of colonial conference was also held in the same year. In 1887, the first of many Imperial conferences was held when representatives of many of the colonies came to London to confer with English statesmen and with each other to discuss matters of common interest. This movement was kept alive by the vigorous administration of the Colonial office under Joseph Chamberlain who was one of the few statesmen to see that the future of the British Empire lay in the rapprochement of the different parts of it for the purposes of defence and commerce. However, to the majority of people, the idea of Empire and the spirit of Imperialism dates back

to Kipling so that from now on the study of it is largely the study of Kipling and his works.

In order to appreciate the part which Kipling played in making England conscious of Imperialism, one must bear in mind; first that his short stories and poems were read not only by those with literary tastes, but were also read and enjoyed by the average Englishman, and secondly that he wrote about people and places which he knew. Few writers have enjoyed the same audience as Kipling, in fact he has conquered three classes, namely, the literary class who read a piece because of its style, the average reader who wants to be amused and the non-readers who enjoy Kipling's works because of his familiarity with the various trades and professions. Not only is this true of England alone, but it is also true of the rest of the English speaking world. Then too, Kipling by writing about soldiers, sailors, engineers, doctors and others serving England, particularly in India, and about the different parts of the Empire brought before the minds of the people who read his works, activities which before his time they had not even the vaguest notion about, and made them conscious of how far-flung the Empire was.

Kipling's Imperialism can be said to date right

back to the eighties when he went out to India to do newspaper work on periodicals intended chiefly to inform and amuse those members of the India Army and the Civil Service who realized the part England played in their lives and in the government of India. Kipling thus spent the most impressionable years of his life in the society of empire-builders who exerted such a tremendous influence on the young genius that he became "the poet of the Empire".

The initial step in his Imperialism is evident in his books "Departmental Ditties", "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Plain Tales from the Hills". No abstract doctrine is presented in the poems and short stories which appear at this time, but no one can read them without becoming conscious of the extent and might of the Empire. Governors - "electro-plated figure-heads of a golden administration", their wives, members of the council, Mrs. Haukshee, the three musketeers - Mulvaney, Ortheris, Learoyd and far down the line to the little native genius - Muhammad Din, all contribute to stirring up the reader's interest in and liking for the characters themselves and what they represent. Through them, also, the reader learns of the mysticism of India, the superstitions of its religions, the simple life of the natives and much about the country in descriptive lines which carry him from one society to another and from

the mountains to the bazaars.

By means of simple effective stories, perfect in form, interesting and always varied in plot, Kipling succeeds in keeping the reader's interest from wandering and once one starts one of these stories, he not only reads it, but re-reads it, always finding something fresh and invigorating in the romance of service in India, the humour which is always present, while at the same time he feels an admiration for and a longing to serve in India under the English flag. He may even go so far as to picture himself leading a victorious army against some villainous outlaw, sacrificing his own life to duty, or helping to build up a new country which will be part of a great empire.

These were the kind of stories and poems that spurred the English in India on to new achievements, new sacrifices, and a new devotion to duty, that made them realize the importance of their work and the necessity of seeing that it was done properly. These were the stories that people in England turned to with relief in place of the sophisticated whisperings and intellectualism which they had been forced to endure. These were the stories that made history and India, realities instead of vague dreams and whose hearty vulgarity - there was nothing sinful in it - appealed to youth when everyone else was saying that there was nothing

left for them. They showed the young people that there were still new worlds to conquer, and although not all would have the privilege of adventure in India, nevertheless young and old alike must have felt that the Empire was something really alive and all must have been filled with a patriotic pride in the thought that they were a part of it, and that people of their own blood were accomplishing great things.

In the summer of 1889, after a visit to the United States, Kipling felt more than ever the need of a poet who would give the English a song symbolizing their history and greatness. He writes as follows :-

"There must be born a poet who shall give the English the song of their own country - which is to say, of about half the world. Remains then to compose the greatest song of all - the Saga of the Anglo-Saxon all around the earth - a paean that shall combine the terrible slow swing of the Battle Hymn of the Republic (which, if you know not, get chanted to you) with "Britannia needs no Bulwark", the skirl of the "British Grenadiers" with that perfect quickstep, "Marching through Georgia", and at the end, the wail of the "Dead March". For we, even we, who share the earth between us as no gods have ever shared it, we also are mortal in the matter of our single selves. Will anyone take the contract?" When Kipling wrote these lines, he must have had the conviction of a convert in

the greatness of the English race, so that it is not surprising that he, himself, should undertake to perform a task that he felt was imperative.

From 1890 up to the Boer War, Kipling felt the greatness of the Empire and expressed it more and more clearly until finally the long struggle with the brave little Republic brought him to a realization that something more was needed. Before that, Kipling by such poems as "The Native-Born", "Our Lady of the Snows", "The House" and in his works glorifying the English Tommy and all those contributing to the building up of the Empire, had done everything he could to arouse the national pride of his people. By so doing, he made consciousness of the Empire part of the everyday life of the people and hoped that in this way they would have a stronger feeling of unity and thus be as one man when faced by the enemy. Everything was favourable to the growth of this Imperialistic feeling. Queen Victoria was the object of almost religious veneration from people of all classes and creeds who saw in her a symbol of all that was noble and good. In fact, the prestige of the Crown throughout the whole Empire was never higher and homage never more spontaneous. England was also fairly prosperous, her institutions had not been seriously challenged and there was no voice of criticism raised to stir discontent among the masses. Taken all in all

Kipling's poetry of Imperialism, in the sense that it glorified the Empire's achievements and praised the Lord for favouring His chosen people, fitted perfectly into such an age. No time could have been better chosen to make the English and the world realize what England had accomplished.

The twentieth century ushered in a new era, and with it new problems to be solved, re-building to be done in English souls, as well as the combatting of destructive philosophies threatening those very institutions which meant so much to Kipling. The Boer War had not only turned the whole world against England, but worse than that, it had threatened to disrupt the national unity of the country itself. Kipling's conscience probably troubled him at what seemed the rape of a brave people, and his humanitarianism possibly was jolted by what happened, but if England was to maintain her prestige, she could hardly endure indefinitely the threatening gestures from some of the Boer leaders, especially when they were inspired by Germany.

Like a true national poet Kipling threw himself into the struggle to maintain unity at home and to encourage and inspire the soldiers on the veldt, and when the war was won, in "The Settler" he calls on the people to forget the past and think of the great future they have before them. In "The Lesson" he shows that no excuses should be made for the

inefficient manner in which the war was conducted, but they should study the "forty million reasons for failure" and concludes with these lines "We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an Empire yet!" . Kipling thus felt that the Empire should have learned from this war that it was far from invincible and should take steps to guard its future.

England's future at this time seemed far from a happy one. Germany, a new industrial nation, was rapidly growing and threatening England's monopoly of world trade. She was also building up a strong navy and a well-trained army with the avowed intention of becoming a first-rate power. Few English statesmen and fewer literary figures realized this danger and while the Germans were fitting themselves for war, the English were disarming, and those qualities which had made her great seemed to be conspicuous by their absence. Kipling's voice was like one crying in the wilderness as he beseeched them to prepare themselves before it would be too late, warned them time and again of their danger and tried to stir them to action by stinging arrows feathered with insults. "The City of Brass", "The Old Man" and "The Islanders", contained jabs directed wherever the people seemed to be most sensitive, even to recalling their blunders during the Boer War. In "The Islanders" he criticizes them for not giving their children to

the army for at least a year or so. He says they take all kinds of pains and time in training their professional athletes, but when it comes to a soldier they will take "Sons of the sheltered city - unmade, unhandled, unmeet -" as they did for the Boer War, that they even train and feed their horses and dogs better than their soldiers. The following lines must have opened old wounds:-

"And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye flaunted your
iron pride,
Ere- ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men who could
shoot and ride ! "

and he goes on to reproach them for not profiting from this experience but,-

"Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at
the goals."

which was a reference to the part that organized professional sport was taking in their lives. Kipling was certainly opposed to the people watching games instead of playing them or he would not have written these lines.

He goes on to warn them that the country is practically defenceless and that instead of preparing for war, they keep hoping that something will happen, that there will be some saving "sign" -

"Idle - except for your boasting - and what is
your boasting worth! "
If ye grudge a year of service to the lordliest
life on earth ".

Apparently Kipling felt the army was no longer looked upon as one of the noblest careers which a young man could follow, that people no longer felt that service to one's country was something of which to be proud. He relates then that if they are to preserve their heritage, they must begin to train for war in the same manner as they would to become great cricket players, that they must always keep in condition so that they will be ready for their foes when they decide to strike -

"So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall leap
Forthright, accoutred, accepting - alert from the wells of sleep.
So at the threat ye shall summon - so at the need ye shall send
Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught to the end;
Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacrifice.....".

According to Kipling instead of waking up and doing something, the English people refused to be moved and replied "It will mar our comfort" and "It will minish our trade" if they devoted their energies to saving their country. This arouses Kipling to the point where he lashes out in biting sarcasm, attacking that which has always been considered an English characteristic - the love of sport.

"Will ye pitch some white pavillon, and lustily even the odds,
With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets, and bats and
rods?
Will the rabbit war with your foemen - the red deer horn
them for hire?
Your kept cock-pheasant keep you? - he is master of many
a shire."

He continues in the same vein, trying his best to make them see that the things they are concerning themselves with now, will never save them when they are attacked, and ends the poem with these lines -

"No doubt but ye are the People - absolute, strong and wise;
Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld from
your eyes.
On your heads, in your hands, the sin and the saving lies ! "

This poem was written in 1902 when England should not have needed such a stinging reproof especially after the Boer War which showed how glaring her weaknesses were, as well as how unfriendly were her neighbours. However, it seems that she was not greatly disturbed and felt that nothing could harm her, and continued to follow a course which to Kipling could only lead to disaster. But he did not give up. In "The Rowers" for instance, he does his utmost to show the English that by sending their Navy to help Germany collect a debt from Venezuela, they are not only consorting with an open foe who prayed for their defeat in the South African War, but are, in a sense mocking those brave soldiers who so recently gave their lives for their country. Thus, while English statesmen felt that Germany was her friend, and as late as 1914 laughed at the idea of arming against her, Kipling saw that Germany's plans called

for one thing, to catch England unprepared and in that way, bring the English people to their knees.

However, Kipling was not an isolationist by any means. He saw that when the war would come and Germany would strike, no single nation, not even England could stop her and so he conceived of an alliance between England and France, a country which would seem to have very little in common with Kipling, whose patriotism almost drove him to denounce democracy, who loved his God as few men have and who had absolutely no use for the newer social and economic theories. Kipling's love for France was not the selfish kind most people would suppose; the kind that lasts only as long as it serves immediate purposes and ceases when no longer of use. France first won Kipling's admiration and sympathy when he saw it overrun by the Germans in 1870, and then watched it struggle against fearful odds to right itself again. In none of his poems or short stories has he said anything insulting about its people, and in his poem "France" he recalls the past to the glory and shame of both England and France and is unstinting in his praises of the latter. In this poem, he actually essays the role of a diplomat who is hiding nothing and saying that the two countries, England and France should be friends because of what they have in

common.

Right up until the Great War, Kipling's patriotism drove him to become more and more outspoken as he bitterly denounced the politicians who seemed unmindful of their responsibility, the people themselves for having placed in office such individuals, and the so-called reformers who were wrecking the country which he loved so dearly. In more than one instance he does not hesitate to call the servants of the people liars and traitors and wonders what judgment the Lord will pass on them for not doing their duty. He passes from them to those reformers who without giving thought to the country's defense, attempt all kinds of upheavals in the nation itself and do their best to dismember the Empire. To a romantic tory and imperialist, such as Kipling, this was the limit. In "The City of Brass", radicals, disarmament, socialism, and the subversive doctrines of that day are held up to most effective ridicule. Lines such as these -

"They said , 'Who is eaten by sloth? Whose unthrift has
destroyed him?

He shall levy a tribute from all because none have
employed him !

They said , " Who hath toiled, Who hath striven, and
gathered possessions?

Let him be spoiled, He hath given full proof of transgression."

from "The City of Brass" illustrate the manner in which he showed the lack of logic in the policy which was being pursued in England at that time.

The question now is "What was the extent of Kipling's influence?" "Did he do anything to strengthen England and prepare her for the Great War?" George Bernard Shaw says "Kipling never changed any person's life". If Shaw was speaking for himself and the narrow-minded conceited intellectuals who surrounded him, his statement is partly correct but most people seem to believe that Kipling's efforts were not entirely in vain, and that he was a force not only in the country before the war, but also during it. True, his poems are meant to stir up hatred for the enemy who are pictured as a nation studying means of torture and destruction, but when war comes the first casualty is usually truth, and when a nation is fighting for its life, it requires hatred of the enemy, as well as love of home, to save it from "a crazed and driven foe".

However, no apology can be offered for Kipling's attitude towards the German people when victory was finally assured. He did not offer the forgiving hand to the enemy as he did after the South African war, or say as he did in "France" after relating that country's struggle with England that "We have learned by keenest use to know each other's

mind" and so to understand one another. In "Justice" he calls for vengeance on -

"A People and their King
Through ancient sin grown strong,
Because they feared no reckoning
Would set no bound to wrong;"

in no uncertain words -

"That, till the end of time
Their remnant shall recall
Their fathers' old, confederate crime
Availed them not at all;"

Bitterness such as this shows lack of understanding, tolerance, and those qualities necessary for the proper relationship between individuals and nations. This was the policy that was followed with respect to Germany and it is certainly not in harmony with the general aspect of Kipling's Imperialism, no matter how much one may be opposed to it.

So far, no study has been devoted to Kipling's imperialism in the abstract. Most of the quotations and conclusions arrived at from his works are meant to show his imperialism as well as his patriotism in action rather than the real doctrine itself. Many of these very works have been used to distort his ideas and to throw an unfavourable light on a cause which whatever may have been its defects had many commendable qualities. Some parts of his works almost border on jingoism, and these to any but the most ardent patriot and firm believer in the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon would be obnoxious. Chesterton doesn't like these parts because they remind him of the bluffing of a man

with a weak heart who looks back on better days and the truth is that the Empire although outwardly it appeared at the height of its strength was really weak and a blow at the right moment would have sent it on the road to oblivion. It was basking in the glory of the achievements of its past, enjoying the present, but giving no thought to the future. Kipling saw quite clearly what was needed; he had to make the people not only conscious of the past but had to show them their present greatness was caused by the sacrifices of their ancestors who were God-fearing people of sound character, otherwise they would not have prepared such a heritage for their descendants and the Lord would not have made them his chosen people. He also felt it his duty to remind them that if their descendants were to be blessed in the same manner, it was entirely up to them and naturally he had to play on their emotions rather than their reason to accomplish his mission because it is only when one is inspired by an ideal that great odds can be overcome. This is one of the reasons why his works found no sympathy from the hard-headed liberals of his day and why his imperialism was often treated as childish.

However, Kipling's imperialism is far from such, and it is only today that statesmen throughout the British

Commonwealth of Nations are really approaching the kind of imperialism which would have been Kipling's policy if he had sat in the seats of the mighty. Many a time within the last few years the name of God has been heard in the utterances of statesmen of the different countries of the Commonwealth. They are beginning to realize now that religion is not playing the part in people's lives that it should, that few today ever think of how good the Lord has been to them, yet, in 1893 in "A Song of the English", Kipling devotes a whole poem to these very points showing how goodly is their heritage and warning the people to hold the Faith and keep the Law. There are reasons for disliking this poem, but one cannot condemn the message in it. Today, churchmen in England are dumbfounded at the growth of irreligion, and can see only disaster ahead, yet Kipling over forty years ago made Religion and God the first plank in his platform of imperialism because he knew that without a God-fearing people, no nation can be great because justice and charity and law and order will be lacking. Kipling's dream of an empire was not one held together by force, but rather by true friendship. He felt that the English speaking people had much in common, and for that reason should always be on the best of terms with one another. In "The House" a song to the Dominions he sings his praises of this relationship in the following line:-

"Twixt my house and thy house the pathway is broad"

By which he means that between the different parts of the Empire, there are no weak connections, no narrow trails dangerous to tread. He goes on to point out the interdependence of the different parts of the Empire saying that when the hour of danger comes the only real allies that they will have will be each other and warns the Dominions - he is speaking as though he were England - that so closely are they linked together that if one falls, they all will. In the last stanza of this poem, he says that there can be no question of one exercising any control over the other for they are equal in every respect and like true friends consider the welfare of the different parts, their own welfare without asking anything in return. Thus, in this poem, Kipling pleads for understanding among the Dominions so that they will be as one in the face of danger. He does not call for conquest, but only says what cannot be denied that the welfare of the Empire and the welfare of each Dominion in it depends on a closer union of the different parts. Nor does he use selfishness, alone, as a reason for their remaining together for he wants each to feel that it should have the welfare of the others at heart. Of course, such a plan is most idealistic, but no one can deny that it is based on "Thou shall love thy neighbour as thyself", although neighbour is

used in a restricted sense. In this poem, it must be admitted Kipling formulates the only true basis of unity among a number of democratic nations - a basis which today has found expression in trade preferences and common plans for defence among the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

In considering Kipling's Imperialism, his poem "The White Man's Burden" cannot be overlooked. Some critics have praised it as the only truly moral basis for an empire - if there is one, it is certainly brought forward here, but by what right can Kipling set England up as the one nation possessing those qualities. A man cannot be criticized for arousing patriotic pride, for making a nation conscious of its imperial greatness, or for trying to preserve that Empire on a lasting basis, but he can be criticized when he thinks that his race has such a monopoly of virtue and is such a paragon of justice that it can be trusted to fulfil a mission in this world so noble and unselfish as to do justice to the Saints themselves.

Such a poem as this is, however, well worth studying and reflecting upon. The first thing that strikes one about it, is the unselfishness of it and one cannot help believing that Kipling is absolutely sincere in what he says. The service which he advocates and calls upon Englishmen to

emulate is one which would certainly appeal to young people because young people are naturally idealistic and take delight in serving without thought of a reward. Older people and those who have seen cases of the uselessness of sacrifice would, of course, laugh at "The White Man's Burden," and Kipling himself says that those who answer the call will receive in return only :-

"The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard -
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly) toward the light -
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
"Our loved Egyptian night?"

Kipling thus warns those who answer the call that no matter how well they do their work, there is no hope of either material reward or appreciation from those whom they have helped. Individuals might find something irresistible in this kind of service, and no doubt many would welcome the opportunity of such devotion to duty, but one would have to be very innocent to believe that even England is so unselfish as -

"To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain."

Of course, it is possible to interpret this poem in another sense, and it may be that Kipling himself meant it

this way, because, although he has written much about soldiers and war, one cannot say that he could not visualize the nations of the world working together in harmony to make it a happier place in which to live. He may have been calling upon the white people as a whole to take up the cause of humanitarianism in order that those less fortunate might benefit from what they have accomplished. Of course, the kind of civilization that Kipling would expect to be taught to these "new-caught, sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child" would probably be the kind that no white race would recognize anyway, so that one cannot very well hope for the realization of this poem by the white nations of the world. If realization of such a mission ever comes to pass, it will be when human beings and nations have a far greater devotion to all that is noble and self-sacrificing than they have ever had in the past. Kipling's ideal may never, therefore, be attained, and "The White Man's Burden" may continue to be the subject of admiration mixed with cynicism, but whatever its defects, it is, in its own way, the expression of the faith of a man in his own race, if not in the whole white race. In an age, when people and nations are always suspicious of another's intentions or sincerity, it is hard to judge a poem such as this at its worth, but one has to

admit that by being lenient in this case, "The White Man's Burden" appeals to the best in man, those qualities which Kipling himself admired.

Another aspect of Kipling's imperialism is his belief in the superiority of the English and of the white races over the other races. Such a belief is, of course, very distasteful to the coloured races who firmly believe that though they may not have the same characteristics as the whites, they, nevertheless, are not their inferiors. The whites, for instance, may excel in one thing, but the coloured probably are superior to the whites in something else is their belief and one must admit it is a logical one. Kipling, therefore, was hardly logical here, but in this respect at least, he seems to have been far too harshly criticized. A little understanding and study would temper the zeal of his opponents and cause them to look on him in a different light. If Kipling did write about the superiority of the English, are there not two very good reasons. First of all his parents were typical English people, in a strange land, and it would be only natural for them to impress on young Kipling the virtues of their native land and of its people so that he would feel towards England, in the same way as everyone does towards his home that "There's no

place like home". Such sentiments in this case found particular expression in his works as a man. The second reason for emphasizing the superiority of his race lies more in the realm of psychology. Teachers, for instance, know that one of the best ways to encourage a child to do better is to praise him when he is doing good work and tell him that if he keeps it up he will accomplish great things some day. The child feels then that he is doing something worth-while; is not disturbed by distractions and has confidence in himself which is an immense help in itself. Kipling was no fool, and it is only logical to suppose that he followed this plan in his more patriotic works. Hitlers and Mussolinis are following it today in a way that makes Kipling seem insignificant, so that as a means of increasing the strength of a nation it must have its merits. It seems unfair, therefore, to condemn too strongly a man who wanted to make his country strong, but who at the same time wrote such poems as "General Joubert", "Fuzzy Wuzzy", "Gunga Din" and countless others which show that he respected a brave foe and was unstinting in his praise, no matter what the colour, as long as they were men.

From what has been said, one cannot help being impressed by the part which Kipling played in making the Empire conscious of what is known as Imperialism. His ideas of Imperialism may not be acceptable to everyone and may be out of place under certain circumstances, but as a general rule, they are these of a brilliant and patriotic man who is seeking the prosperity and peace of the parts under the British flag and who wants to preserve a sense of unity among these different parts. The British Empire is, of course, a thing of the past. In its place, there exists today the British Commonwealth of Nations, a number of independent states under the same King, but equal in every respect, and one cannot help thinking that Kipling himself would feel that this was a forward step in the growth and shaping of his Empire.

An Appreciation

In paying tribute to the genius of Kipling, one of the first questions which must be considered is "Why was he never appointed Poet Laureate?" Surely a man who was a great force in strengthening his country by arousing a feeling of patriotism among the people within it and sense of unity throughout the Empire deserved to be honoured in some way. The reason for his not receiving this title of recognition can hardly be traced to any lack of ability because he was the first Englishman to be awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Besides this, he also received the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Literature in 1926. Of course, the Nobel prize was awarded him for his story "Kim" which is not poetry, but just the same, many people feel that his poetical works are equal in every way to his prose and that he should have received the title of Poet Laureate.

A study, however, of the three occasions during Kipling's life when this title was without a holder will answer any doubts as to his right to receive it on at least two of the occasions in question and show the real reason why he was passed over. The first chance Kipling had to receive this honour was in 1892 when Tennyson, who was the Poet Laureate at that time, died. However, Kipling, although he had already made a name for himself in literature, seems to have been considered too immature and

for another thing in one of his poems he had called Queen Victoria, "the Widow of Windsor". It is said that she resented this although nothing is really known for certain. Until 1896 England got along quite well without an official Poet Laureate. In that year the honour was bestowed upon Alfred Austin. He was a poet who, although his works had an open-air flavour and were good in themselves, never was very popular and who generally blundered whenever he tried to fill his position as Poet Laureate. Kipling, on the other hand, seemed to produce the right poem at the right time.

In 1913 Austin died and Robert Bridges was appointed Poet Laureate by the government of Mr. Asquith. This was when Kipling should have received the honour but he had made the mistake of identifying himself with the Conservative party and had in many of his writings ridiculed the Liberals. He had expressed his contempt for their colonial policy in South Africa, had defended the House of Lords against the onslaught of the Commons at this time and had shown his disapproval of the labour policy of the Liberal party. The Liberals on the other hand considered Kipling too much of a reactionary so that they felt justified in refusing him what by now had become merely a political appointment with merit of only secondary importance.

In 1930 the position was again vacant, but by this time Kipling had, in a way, lost his hold on the public of England. Although he still wrote, he was considered a relic of the past, rather than a contemporary. Then too, the Labour Party representing the radical view in English politics held the reins of power so that in keeping with what they felt was the spirit of the period, the honour of Poet Laureate was conferred on John Masefield "the poet of democracy", the man who proclaimed himself as the champion of "the dust and scum of the earth" but who as a national poet has never reached the same heights or caught so completely the spirit of the Empire as did Kipling, "the poet of the Empire", in a great many of his works.

There is a saying that "the experts are usually wrong" which in the case of Kipling might very easily be changed to "the critics are usually wrong". Strange as it may seem, Kipling was slighted by too many of these so-called judges. This may not have been intentional, but just the same one would search in vain to find one good reason why they should refuse to acknowledge Kipling as a great literary figure. They might claim that he did not have "the right ideas" but they might at least have had the tolerance to give him credit for a sane, cheerful outlook on life. They might not consider his use of the dialects of those who know little about books but much about life, or

his portrayal of low life enjoying itself as very commendable. They might even pick out the worst of his works to prove how bad he was but still they cannot justify their undying opposition to one of the greatest masters of the English language. K.F. Gerould in an article on Kipling gives us an idea of the attitude of men of letters and critics to Kipling in the following words:-

"I remember trying once in England to borrow a particular book of Kipling's from a certain man of letters who, with a great store of learning and taste, has given most of his life to the delicate appreciation of English style. I recall his shocked reply - "Why I wouldn't have a volume of Kipling in the house!" That was in 1908. Kim was published in 1900*.

Of course, this does not mean that Kipling was not appreciated by literary men of his day, because he certainly had many admirers among this class. Some, in fact, almost worshipped him but the majority either ignored him or tried to dismiss him as merely a popular author whose works possessed none of the qualities of true greatness. Nothing could be further from the truth because today when one studies Kipling's works in an impartial manner, he cannot but realize that great as Kipling's popularity was, his works are literary masterpieces in themselves. No matter what means one takes to judge them, one conclusion alone can safely be held, that even apart from the ideas and spirit of his writings, they are in a class by themselves and must be considered as great works in the

literary world.

Kipling, however, as we have already seen was more than a great literary figure. His works have a message which makes him "a priest in spite of himself" and which will cause him to live forever in the hearts of all his readers. He looked on life, not unlike Chesterton or Belloc, as a wonderful adventure. With a keen sense of values, he warned against the mad scramble for wealth, and pointed out that if man was to save his soul, he should think first of all of his true purpose in life. Quite often he delights in showing that the saint is sometimes not all saint, and the sinner has something of the saint about him, but in none of his works does vice ever triumph over virtue. He pictures a world in which success depends on initiative and character, and by stirring the emotions he directs the will along paths that can only bring out that which is noble and honest in man. Even his imperialism which has so often been attacked has as its basis only the preservation of the British Commonwealth of Nations on such terms as will cause each member to seek the welfare of the whole. His works on patriotism have been criticized as showing a lack of tolerance and of universality which is supposed to be the mark of a great writer. To those who really lack both these qualities, some of Kipling's works on this subject might be obnoxious, but surely a certain love for one's native land and a feeling that there is no other country like it, are

qualities which if cultivated properly would make any land a much better place in which to live. A sense of duty is what Kipling preached and he meant it to apply to each and every individual from the cottage to the manor and to every nation under the British flag without any exception. Kipling felt that a person should give his best and he would be well rewarded, no matter how small his contribution might be. Kipling may not have been everything that could be desired, but just the same one cannot say that he abused his influence as a writer by sponsoring unsocial doctrines or by directing attention to himself like Shaw for instance. One criterion alone can be used to judge a man and that is his contribution to the happiness of his fellowmen. Kipling, like Chesterton, was a writer who by a healthy, optimistic outlook on life filled the hearts of his readers with a new courage and showed them a new joy in living.

The following quotation from a study of Kipling by Sir Edmund Gosse leaves little to be desired as an appreciation of Kipling and his works and it would be hard to find a better way to conclude this study :-

"He (Kipling) is vehement and sweeps us away with him. He plays upon a strange and seductive pipe, and we follow him like children. As I write these sentences, I feel how futile is the attempt to analyze his gifts, and how greatly I should prefer to throw this paper to the winds and listen to the magician himself."

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