LITERARY TREATMENT OF THE NEW MATERIAL
FURNISHED BY
THE LIFE OF THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL AGE
IN THE POETRY AND PROSE
OF
RUDYARD KIPLING

by

Lola Wilkin
B. A., University of Kansas, 1917

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Approved by:

[Signature]
Instructor in Charge

October, 1928

[Signature]
Chairman of Department
PREFACE

To those who have made this thesis possible, I desire to express my appreciation. In this group I include all those men and women in the Department of English Language and Literature, in the University of Kansas, from whom I have taken work since my earliest days at the University. I wish to express my deepest appreciation to Doctor William Savage Johnson for his time and advice given me. I wish also to thank those outside the University who have been of assistance to me. To Edna Osborne Whitcomb, I owe a debt of gratitude for the inspiration she gave me at the time I began work on the thesis. To Marie Stucky and others, I am indebted for assistance in the mechanical preparation of the work; and to my mother and the other members of my family I am deeply indebted for assistance of various kinds.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

**FOREWORD**

**PART I. KIPLING’S KNOWLEDGE OF THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL WORLD**

| Chapter I. Ships, Railroads and Railroading | 1 |
| Chapter II. Automobiles | 15 |
| Chapter III. Airplanes | 20 |
| Chapter IV. Wireless | 25 |
| Chapter V. Modern Inventions | 27 |
| Chapter VI. Manufacturing | 33 |

**PART II. KIPLING’S STYLISTIC USES OF THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL WORLD**

| Chapter I. Comparison | 54 |
| Chapter II. Personification | 63 |
| Chapter III. Industrial Words | 73 |

**PART III. KIPLING’S IDEAS ON THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL WORLD**

| Chapter I. Kipling’s Romantic View of the Modern Industrial World | 83 |
| Chapter II. Some of Kipling’s Ideas on Work and Life | 87 |
APPENDICES

Introduction 99

Appendix I. Trades and Professions Mentioned in the Works of Kipling 100

Appendix II. Parts of Ships Mentioned in the Works of Kipling 111

Appendix III. Weapons and Parts of Weapons Mentioned in the Works of Kipling 113

Appendix IV. Some of the Modern Implements Mentioned in the Works of Kipling 115

Appendix V. Newspapers Mentioned by Kipling 117

Appendix VI. A List of Some of the Comparisons Made in the Works of Kipling 118

BIBLIOGRAPHY 120
When one starts to write of the literary treatment of the new materials furnished by the life of the modern industrial age in the poetry and prose of Rudyard Kipling, he asks himself in what ways Kipling makes use of the age, in his works; and one is confronted with a wealth of material which fills twenty-seven volumes. Kipling is keenly alive to the progress the world is making in inventions and discoveries of new ways in which to use the materials of the world. In his letters of travel he often makes the remark—put into the mouth of some one else—that we are just at the beginning of things. In one or two of his stories he has even attempted to guess what that progress will be. Kipling is only one of the many modern writers who has made liberal use of the age as a source for his literary materials. It is to be expected that a writer should draw upon the materials that lie close at hand. That literature which reflects the age in which it is written will be the most valuable to posterity. Kipling is generally thought of as a writer of very wide knowledge of the industrial world of today. This opinion of his work has been wholly without scientific basis up to the present time; and the purpose underlying the preparation of this thesis has been to study the works of Kipling with a view to discovering whether his literary treatment of the new materials of this industrial age is such as to justify the common opinion. That he has a very wide knowledge of the modern industrial age is shown, first, by the amount he writes about modern machinery and
newly discovered appliances; second, by the figurative uses he
makes of them while writing of other matters; and lastly, by the
deeply imbedded convictions he expresses concerning them.

Throughout this thesis the references are to the volumes
of the Macmillan edition of Kipling, save for the additional recent
volume. This volume is referred to as number twenty-seven.
PART I

KIPLING'S KNOWLEDGE

OF

THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL WORLD
INTRODUCTION TO PART I
The amount that Kipling knows and writes about the machinery and processes which belong to the modern age of industry, goes far in establishing the fact that he is a spokesman of the age. For the purpose of treating the different things that Kipling writes of, I have separated them into several chapters, and as nearly as possible I have dealt with them one at a time. The breadth of Kipling's knowledge is shown by the fact that he writes of railroads, automobiles, wireless, airplanes, "movies", radio, telegraphs, telephones, newspapers, ships, manufacturing, and labor problems. His treatment of these differs widely. For instance, he discusses the processes of manufacturing with some unpleasant comments, laughs at automobile accidents, and does some forecasting in regard to the use of radio and airplanes.
Chapter I

Ships, Railroads and Railroading
Kipling writes more of ships I think, than of any other thing of the industrial world. The personification of them is extraordinarily common in his works. Nearly all the references to ships are personification; and because the greater part of the chapter on personification deals with ships, I shall not go into a discussion of them in this part of the thesis.

After ships, the thing of which Kipling writes most is the railroad. Kipling displays all the enthusiasm of a small boy for the railroad. He makes many uses of it in his works. He uses it in narration and description; he uses it both literally and figuratively. He uses it in his poetry and in his prose; in his fiction and in his non-fiction; in the stories for his juvenile audience and in the literature for his adult readers.

In looking over the mass of material which I have collected on railroads, I am tempted to say that there is nothing of railroads or railroading that Kipling has not written about. The order in which to treat these is difficult to determine, but to use narration first seems logical. However, there is less use of "what happened"—just straight narration—than any other type of utilization.

Kipling's most spectacular piece of narrative writing about railroads is the one telling of Cheyne's arrangement for a special train to the East, and of his trip to meet his son in Boston. The description of the almost instantaneous decision of
the secretary concerning the itinerary of the special train and of its connections with the New York Limited at Sixteenth Street in Chicago, is surpassed only by his orders for the detailed arrangements to carry out the plans of the trip. Everyone along the line was notified so that the "engines might be ready in their lonely roundhouses." This, incidentally, is just one more example of Kipling's almost unconscious use of personification. He might as well have said "so that the trainmen could have the engines ready." But personification adds force to the statement. Kipling makes the story vivid and at the same time more forceful by going into minute detail: "An engine, a combination-car with crew, and the great and gilded 'Constance' private car were to be 'expedited' over those two thousand three hundred and fifty miles between San Diego and Boston. The train would take precedence over one hundred and seventy others meeting and passing; despatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, sixteen engineers, sixteen firemen would be needed—each and every one the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines; three for watering and two for coaling." The details of the trip itself are so arranged and related by Kipling that they add to the idea of "hurry, hurry, hurry."

A constant succession of events gives the reader the feeling that

he himself is experiencing the events which Kipling describes. He shares the anxiety of the father and the mother, to whom the minutes seem hours. It is thus that he writes: "Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great lift from Albuquerque to Gloriotta and beyond Springer, up and up to Raton Tunnel, on the State line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw, and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once more from setting his watch an hour ahead."

Surely, reader, you will agree that Kipling has created an illusion of a real artist in making you enter into the spirit of what is taking place. No less powerful in its ability to show the hurry, is the next strictly narrative passage: "At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water-tank, and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp-steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear platform; now the solid crash of coal into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they fly past a waiting train. Now they looked into the great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scurr and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last

1. **Captains Courageous, Vol. XIV, p. 151**
came the true plains."

Kipling describes the trains and the railroads of several countries—of India, of Japan, of the United States, and of Great Britain—all encountered in the course of his travels. An Error in the Fourth Dimension deals not so much with railways themselves as with the comparative attitudes of the Americans and the British. The American regards the railway as an instrument for his use—a slave whom he can command, while an Englishman seems to look upon the same as a god that cannot be withdrawn from its routine for any cause.

Kipling also described a wreck, a private car, a station, the railroad in the mountains—laying special emphasis on the trestles, railway sleepers and the like. In Letters to the Family Kipling describes and tells of a private car. He seems to appreciate the luxury of having it, for he asks, before telling of having it, "What would you do with a magic carpet if one were lent you?" He says it was "a trifling affair, less than seventy foot long and thirty ton weight."

Another description of a private car is found in The Naulahka. In describing this he uses the method of the artist who paints the outline in bright colors, and allows the beholder to fill in the details of the picture. "The whole was a miracle of compactness and convenience; the decoration was of a spacious refinement. In the drawing-room was a smother of plushes, in hues

2. Letters to the Family in Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 327
3. Ibid., p. 327
of no kindred, a flicker of tortured nickel-work and a flash of mirrors. The studied soberness of the woodwork, in a more modern taste, heightened the high pitch of the rest."1

In this instance Kipling is attempting to show the modernness of things and the progress which has been made in the land; and it seems to me that his highly colored sketch of the private car has done much to further his purpose. In a second volume of essays he says that though many books have been written on the private car, it is hardly the best place from which to study a country, unless you have as he puts it "kept house and seen the seasons round under normal conditions on the same continent."2

It is in .007 that Kipling describes a wreck—caused "by one stray piglet." His ever-ready use of personification finds its way into this description: "The Flying Freight seemed to have flown in every direction, for the Mogul had mounted the rails and run diagonally a few hundred feet from right to left, taking with him such cars as cared to follow. Some had not. They broke the couplers and lay down, while rear cars frolicked over them. In that game they had ploughed up and removed and twisted a great deal of the left-hand track. The Mogul himself had waddled into a cornfield, and there he knelt———fantastic wreaths of green twisted round his crank-pins; his pilot covered with solid clods of field, on which corn nodded drunkenly; his fire put out with dirt (Evans had done that as soon as he recovered his senses); and his broken headlight half full of half-burnt moths. His tender had thrown coal all over

1. The Nmlahka, Vol. VI, p. 28
2. Letters of Travel, Vol. XXIV, p. 326
him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo who had tried to
callow in a general store. For there lay, scattered over the land-
scape, from the burst cars, typewriters, sewing-machines, bicycles
in crates, a consignment of silver-plated imported harness, French
dresses and gloves, a dozen finely moulded hard-wood mantles, a
fifteen-foot naptha-launch, with a solid brass bedstead crumpled
around her bows, a case of telescopes, two coffins, a case of very
best candies, some gilt-edged dairy produce, butter and eggs in an
omelette, a broken box of expensive toys, and a few hundred other
luxuries. A crew of tramps hurried up from nowhere and generously
volunteered to help the crew. So the brakemen, armed with coupler-
pins, walked up and down on one side, and the freight-conductor and
the fireman patrolled the other with their hands in their hip-pockets.
A long-bearded man came out of a house beyond the cornfield, and
told Evans that if the accident had happened a little later in the
year, all his corn would have been burned, and accused Evans of
carelessness. Then he ran away, for Evans was at his heels shriek-
ing, "'Twas his hog done it—his hog done it! Let me kill him!
Let me kill him!" Then the wrecking crew laughed; and the farmer
put his head out of a window and said that Evans was no gentleman."¹

The description of the wreck which Kipling thus records in
fiction is more detailed than that of the one found in From Tideway
to Tideway."² The cause of that wreck was that "one of the hillsides
moved a little in dreaming of the spring and caught a passing freight

1. 007, Vol.XXI, p. 226
2. From Tideway to Tideway, Vol. XXIV, p. 25
train." Kipling records the fact that the deceased engine was standing on its head in soft earth thirty or forty feet down the slide, and that two long cars loaded with shingles were dropped carelessly atop of it, and says that it looked so marvelously like a toy train flung aside by a child, that one is unable to realize what it means till a voice asks if there was anyone killed.1

Something of Kipling's power of minute observation and classification is displayed in his naming of the different kinds of cars in the story .007. We feel ready to join the ranks of .007, who found more cars than he ever dreamed existed. There were oil-cars, and hay-cars, and stock-cars, full of lowing beasts, and ore-cars, and potato-cars with stovopipe-ends sticking out in the middle; cold-storage and refrigerator cars dripping with ice-water on the tracks; ventilated fruit-and-milk-cars; flat-cars with truck-waggons full of market-stuff; flat-cars loaded with reapers and binders, all ready and green and gilt under the sizzling electric lights; flat-cars piled high with strong-scented hides, pleasant hemlock-plank, or bundles of shingles; flat-cars creaking to the weight of thirty-ton castings, angle-irons, and rivet-boxes for some new bridge; and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of box-cars loaded, locked and chalked.2 The picture is a good one; it is indeed a successful description.

Railway sleepers are referred to in two different works of Kipling's. In one place it is the long red fireä of the sleepers

1. From Tideway to Tideway, Vol. XXIV, p. 25
2. .007, Vol. XXI, p. 216
where they are burning their dead that is spoken of; in another it is of "a long line of piled railway sleepers white with the dust", that is one of the three things that stop the whirling dust-devil as it scuttered across the plain.

In the From Sea to Sea essays, Kipling describes some of the things which impress him most about the American railways— and criticizes not a few of them. He says that our railways are made of hair-pins and match-sticks. Can you think of a more emphatic manner to state that they are unsubstantial? He says that there is considerably too much guessing about this large nation. He agrees with the American who he thinks put it rather forcefully when he said, "We guess a trestle will stand forever, and we guess that we can patch up a washout on the track, and we guess the road's clear, and sometimes we guess ourselves into the depot, and sometimes we guess ourselves into Hell." Kipling's opinions are delightfully sprinkled among his descriptions. Usually the manner in which he describes things tells his readers what he thinks about them. The things which made Kipling reflect most about our railways, he tells us, was the trestles over which they crawled. But despite his dislike for some characteristics of the railway, he has

2. At the End of the Passage, Vol. XVIII, p. 166
3. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 165
4. Ibid., p. 71
5. Ibid., p. 71
6. Ibid., p. 71
faith in its ability—great faith, for he says that "an American train can climb the side of a house if need be", though he adds that it is not pleasant to sit in it while it performs the feat. An interesting description of what the tracks in the mountains are like follows: "The railway winds in and out among them with little inexplicable deviations and side-twists, such as a buck walks through a forest-glade, sidling and crossing uneasily in what appears to be a plain path. Only when the track has rounded another shoulder or two, a backward and upward glance at some menacing slope shows why the train did not take the easier-looking road on the other side of the gorge."2

Many of the facts—probably most of them—that Kipling tells us concerning the railways of America are not new to us—but it is probably because we recognize the pictures that he draws and realize that what he says is true, that we are willing to declare his essays successful. Many an American knows that "the Oakland railway terminus, whence all the main lines start, does not own anything approaching a platform." And no one is surprised to learn that the travellers laden with handbags skip merrily across the metals in search of their own trains. Nor is it news to him that women talk dress and babies under the very nose of the cow-catcher, and that little children dally with the moving car in a manner horrible to behold, any more than it is news that trains pull out through suburbs at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.3

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 71
2. Ibid., p. 373
3. Ibid., p. 66
These descriptions of the familiar American railways are just as interesting to us as are those of the unfamiliar foreign roads—though the latter hold their share of interest. We learn "that the Japanese cannot make their railway stations lovely, though they do their best. Their system of baggage-booking is borrowed from the Americans, their narrow-gauge lines, locos, and rolling-stock are English; their passenger-traffic is regulated with the precision of Gaul, and the uniforms of their officials come out of the nearest ragbag. The passengers themselves are altogether delightful."¹ The rate of the train is about fifteen miles an hour.²

In Kim Kipling gives the view of the uninitiated, on the railway stations—along with other things. Kim and the lama had entered the "fort-like railway station, black in the end of night; the electrics sizzling over the good yard where they handle the heavy Northern traffic. 'This is the work of devils', said the lama, recoiling from the echoing darkness."³ In contrast to the unusual picture in his consternation, we have a realistic picture of the life in the station when at three twenty-five in the morning the south-bound train roared in and "the sleepers sprang to life, and the station filled with clamour and shoutings, cries of water and sweetmeats vendors, shouts of native policemen, and yells of women gathering up their baskets, their families, and their husbands."⁴

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. I, p. 313
2. Ibid., p. 314
4. Ibid., p. 36
One of the principal ways that Kipling makes use of trains is the same way he often makes use of other modern machinery, that is by making comparisons by means of it. One of the most interesting uses Kipling makes of the train is to put it in a picture show, in a short story: "Then the Western mail came into Paddington on the big magic lantern sheet. First we saw the platform empty an' the porters standin' by. Then the engine come in, head on, an' the women in the front row jumped; she headed so straight. The doors opened and the passengers came out and the porters got the luggage—just like life. Only—only when they came down too far towards us that was watchin', they walked out o' the picture, so to speak." This is a double use of things of the modern industrial world.

Still another use of railroads and things connected with railroads that Kipling makes is one which I have ventured to call an incidental use. By this I mean his use of them to point out some place, to mark a certain time, or some related use. For example, he says of a boat, "She was just steaming out to sea as my train came in." Thus he designates the time at which an event occurs. There is a large number of references of one kind or another to denote place, distance, time or circumstance. In locating a place where a John Chinn was born Kipling says that it is, even today, eighty miles from the nearest railway, in the heart of a scrubby, tigerish country.

In telling where news traveled Kipling says it went from Florest to Bali, and Bali to Probolingo, "where the railway runs to

2. Ibid., p. 327
3. The Tomb of His Ancestors, Vol. XXI, p. 95
When Mowgli tells Gisborne that his mare has been stolen, he also tells him that she is being ridden "on the road that runs to the railway line." There is nothing new or startling about such uses and such references to the railroad; on the other hand it is just a touch of realism, one that the modern world—not too modern, perhaps—but the world of the Middle West, at least, can fully appreciate and comprehend.

In his essays From Sea to Sea, Kipling measures his own traveling distance by the time it takes to make the "run". It is in this way that he measures the distance between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, as a "railroad run of thirty-six hours." In one of his children's stories he uses the coming of the new railroad as a point from which to mark time, when he says—in the manner in which the children he was writing about might have said, "Mr. Sringett was so old he could remember when railways were being made in the southern counties of England." A less definite mark of time, but a very similar one, is found at the beginning of an essay, which starts off like a fairy tale with "once upon a time", and then qualifies the statement by adding, "that is to say when the British power was well established in the land and there were railways". Something of the same idea, yet with a slightly different turn—flavored somewhat more with the time element, is found in the reference which follows.

1. A Disturber of the Traffic, Vol. XXII, p. 15
2. In the Ruin, Vol. XXII, p. 198
3. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 65
4. Rewards and Fanes, Vol. XVI, p. 57
Speaking of the land of the Japanese, and telling through what a diversity of territory the railway traveled, he says of the railway itself that it "was still a new thing in that particular part of the world, for mothers held their babes up to see it." This, apparently, is the only evidence from which Kipling draws his conclusions. Certainly we should be willing to trust his logic in this matter. Not more than a superficial knowledge of psychology is needed to make one willing to believe that his conclusion is correct; the holding up of children to see a train is sufficient evidence of its novelty.

Two references to the early American railroad give one an idea of the manner of its coming. Speaking of Kate Sheriff in The Naulahka, telling of the life that she led, Kipling says: "She had advanced into the wilderness with the railroad. Until she had gone away to school she had never lived where the railroad ran both ways." To the pioneer who reads this story, or to the descendants of the pioneer who have heard stories of life in such places, this sentence tells a great deal.

Something concerning the rivalry of different companies, is told in an essay written sometime between 1892 and 1895, "when matters came very near to civil war between rival companies racing for the same canon." Once more he calls attention to the wildness of the country, by saying, "and the Amir brought with him a body-guard of eight hundred men and horses who had never seen a camp or

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. I, p. 345
2. The Naulahka, Vol. VI, p. 4
3. From Tideway to Tideway, Vol. XXIV, p. 11
a locomotive before in their lives."¹

A great deal of personification of railways and trains is used by Kipling. This is found in his essay material as well as in the fiction he writes. The sounds of trains are spoken of in a number of ways. As it rolled out across one of the railway bridges a certain train's thunder drowned for a minute the roar of the dull streets.² Another description tells of the almost continuous whistle of the locomotive which came from across the river.³

Of Kim we are told that he slept deeply. We know that he must have, for during one night now and again a great train roared along the metals within twenty feet of him; but he had all the Oriental's indifference to mere noise, and he did not even weave a dream through his slumbers.⁴ Speaking of the trains of the Great Buchonion Railway, Kipling says that their trains flew past almost continuously, with a bee-like drone in the day and a flutter of strong winds at night.⁵

In this chapter, many uses that Kipling makes of the railroad in his writings have been pointed out; his direct use of it in description and narration, his use of it in his prose and in his poetry, and his figurative as well as his literal uses. It is this figurative use which is responsible for much of the delightfulness of Kipling's work; and this has been pointed out throughout the chapter.

2. The Light That Failed, Vol. XIII, p. 122
3. The Bridge Builders, Vol. XXI, p. 16
5. An Error in the Fourth Dimension, Vol. XXI, p. 290
Chapter II

Automobiles
At the time that the greater part of Kipling's work was done, the automobile was either very new or entirely unknown. However, there are several references to automobiles in his writings. Sometimes he refers to them very casually, much as anyone might do today, as in the introduction to The Horse Marines. He tells of "my" getting home and being met by the newly overhauled car, which had, in addition to the new paint and varnish which had been ordered, "four brand-new tyres." Here we find ordinary, realistic use of the automobile. Another realistic use is made of it when there is "a brush with motor law." This has humor as well as realism in it. After being stopped by the policeman for exceeding the speed limit the driver and his friend who tells the story got into further trouble by forgetting themselves and reminding the policeman that he had his hand on the electric horn of the car—in language which that officer assured them would do them no good, either. The story of the appearance in court and the fines follows.

Written in 1904, long before the use of automobiles became common, They, which is considered by many Kipling's best short story, opens by telling of the trip across the country in an automobile. The fact that such a trip is unusual may be gathered from the beginning of the story. It opens thus: "One view called me to another; one hilltop to its fellow, half across the country, and

1. The Horse Marines, Vol. XXIII, pp. 273, 274
2. The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat, Vol. XXIII, p. 149
since I could answer at no more trouble than the snapping forward of a lever, I let the country flow under my wheels." In the first part of the story references to the working of the different parts of the car are frequently made. The unusualness of the appearance in the particular region to which it had gone is shown by the blind lady's statement, "Fancy a motor car coming into the garden!" The further statement that "it was a sacrilege to wake the dreaming house-front with the clatter of machinery", shows that motor cars must have been uncommon—for today there is hardly a corner of the earth too remote for a car's appearance to be an ordinary occurrence.

This use of motor car material is a kind of forecasting which Kipling has also done along other lines. Presaging the common use of the airship, The Night Mail does the same kind of thing that is done in They.

A reference to automobiles, which is made much later, is found in The Prophet and the Country. The experience related takes place north of London in 'The Midland'. Kipling says: "The car, without warning, sobbed and stopped. One does not expect the make-and-break of the magneto—that tiny two-inch spring of finest steel—to fracture, and by the time we found the trouble, night shut down on us." Two other automobiles come into the story. One is a "baker's van on a Ford chassis, lit with unusual extravagance", the

1. They, Vol. XXIX, p. 293
2. Ibid., p. 295
3. The Prophet and the Country, Vol. XXVII, p. 155
4. Ibid., p. 155
other, a "motor-hearse on its way to some early or distant funeral," which the narrator sees before he leaves his camping place and starts on his way to town to procure "a new magneto make-and-break—that tiny two-inch spring of finest steel, failure of which immobilizes any car."2

The other story from Credits and Debits in which a car plays a part is The Bull That Thought. In this story, as in The Prophet and the Country, there is mention of a straight road, one which motorists use for records. The rest I shall allow Kipling to tell in his own words:

"He said my chauffeur had told him that I contemplated an experiment. He was interested in cars—had admired mine—would, in short, be greatly indebted to me if I permitted him to assist as an observer. One could not well refuse; and knowing my Mr. Legatt, it occurred to me there might be also a bet in the background."

"He said little for the first five minutes of our trip, and nothing at all for the next ten—it being as Legatt had guessed, Esmeralda's night out. But when her indicator climbed to a certain figure and held there for three blundering kilometers, he expressed himself satisfied, and proposed that we should celebrate the event at the hotel."3 Once more Kipling has used personification to tell his story more effectively. He does not say that the car was in extraordinarily good running order, but instead that it was "Esmer-

1. The Prophet and the Country, Vol. XXVII, p. 170
2. Ibid., p. 170
3. The Bull That Thought, Vol. XXVII, p. 178
aldah's night out". Neither cars nor speeding are new; but it is by Kipling's method of handling that he is able to make a good story of the material.

Besides the other uses Kipling makes of the automobile, he has a great deal of sport in a number of poems which he groups under the title *The Muse among the Motors*. There are poems written in imitation of Horace, of Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Byron, Wordsworth, Fraed, Longfellow, Tennyson, Browning, Clough, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Emerson, Shakespeare, an unknown author, and one "in the manner of earlier English". As poetry these cannot be classed very high; in fact they are merely a group of parodies. Their purpose can be nothing more than to amuse.

Most of these poems depict accidents of one kind or another; most of them due to the "greenness" of the drivers. The assessment of fines is often part of the humor. *The Beginner* by 'Browning' is such. It follows:

Lo! What is this that I make—sudden, supreme, unrehearsed—
This that my clutch in the crowd pressed at a venture has raised?
Forward and onward I sprang when I thought (as I ought) I reversed,
And a cab like a martagon opes and I sit in the wreckage dazed.
And someone is taking my name, and the driver is rending the air
With cries for my blood and my gold, and a snickering newsboy brings
My cap, wheel-pushed from the kerb. I must run her home for repair,
Where she leers with her bonnet awry—flat on the nether springs!

In *Lady Geraldine's Hardship*, also by 'Browning', we have a smash-up, followed by a fine.

I turned—Heaven knows we women turn too much
To broken reeds, mistaken so for pine
That shame forbids confession—a handle I turned
(The wrong one said the agent afterwards)
And so flung clean across your English street
Through the shrill-tinkling glass of the shop-front—paused.
Artemis mazed mid gauds to catch a man,
And pitcous baby-caps and christening gowns
The worse for being worn on the radiator!

My cousin Romney judged me from the Bench:
Propounding one sleek forty-shilling law
That takes no count of woman's Oversoul.
I should have entered, purred he by the door,
But, since, I chose not, he—not he—could change
The man's rule, not the Woman's for the case.
Ten pounds or seven days . . . Just that . . .
I paid!

The *Dying Chauffeur* is another good parody.

Wheel me gently to the garage, since my car and I must part—
No more for me the record and the run.
That cursed left-hand cylinder the doctors call my heart
Is pinking past redemption—I am done!
They'll never strike a mixture that'll help me pull my load.
My gears are stripped—I cannot set my brakes.
I am entered for the finals down the timeless untimed Road
To the Maker of the makers of all makes?

The dying man uses the terms which apply to the automobile in describing his own condition.

Chapter III
Airplanes
In an issue of the Kansas City Star of September, 1927, appeared this item on the editorial page, copied from Transportation:

"If you wish to know the news of aviation read the advertisements. After you have done this get a copy of Kipling's *Actions and Reactions*, and read his fantastic story, *With the Night Mail*. This tale was written so long ago it seems almost in a class with Jules Verne, and other writings called prophetic.

"Kipling's classified column, taken, with the story, from an imaginary air travel magazine of 2000 A.D., and the advertising of the same kind in Western Flying for May, 1927, makes a reader wonder which is genuine. Truly, the news is in the ads. Here are two of the advertisements:


FOR SALE—One OX5 Jennie, Springfield job; D. H. wheels; square cell radiator; perfect condition; used only eight hours; $800. Bill Hunt, etc.

"The first copy was written by Kipling a good many years ago; the second piece was printed last month. Kipling was writing for a laugh. Bill Hunt had something to sell. Kipling's contribution, representing what he fancied might be published in the year 2000, seems far-fetched enough, but is it any more remarkable than the usual developments heralded to the complacent world by the modern air magazine of May, 1927?"
We are hardly able to agree with the idea that Kipling was writing merely for a laugh. In aviation as in many other lines, it seems to us that Kipling has been the prophet of his age. Without a doubt his "ad" did produce many a laugh at the time it was written. Most of Kipling's works have produced distinctive results in the form of reactions. People have shouted that he was right or that he was wrong, or that he was crazy.

The similarity of the two advertisements proves what a prophet Kipling has been. With the Night Mail, a story of 2000 A. D., written about 1905, contains much that is still in the future. Whether the things told here will ever come to pass is yet to be seen. But that in 1905, when airplanes were in their earliest infancy, such a story—even now called fantastic—should have been written and should have contained so many fancies that have materialized is the really astonishing thing. Kipling has been a prophet in this matter as he has been in many others. That an air mail department should be the one to be early developed in aviation was a prophecy indeed. One of the things which have not come to pass, but which does not seem impossible, is the locating of planes by a registry, described thus:

"On the notice-board in the Captain's Room the pulsing arrows of some twenty indicators register, degree by geographical degree, the progress of as many homeward-bound packets. The word 'Cape' rises across the face of a dial; a gong strikes: the South African mid-weekly mail is in at the Highgate Receiving Towers. That is all. It reminds one comically of the traitorous little bell which in pigeon-fanciers' lofts notifies the return of a
Throughout the story there are details, all imaginary at that time, and many of them imaginary yet today—but many of them having elements that have been realized. The radio on the plane is not a vain dream. Neither is the rate—an eighteen-second mile. That rate has been exceeded today.

With the Night Mail is twenty-eight pages of compressed romance—even more romantic when it was written than it is today—filled with the imaginary acts, problems and sights, experienced by the aviators. The report of the Aerial Board of Control is along the same line as With the Night Mail, but it is in the form of a matter-of-fact report, while the other is incorporated into a story. The names and numbers of the missing boats do not look very much different from the list of those missing in the summer of 1927, after their unsuccessful attempts to cross either the Atlantic or the Pacific; nor would the following notice necessarily be confined to the pages of fiction today:

"Ascension,—Mark Boat.—Wreck of unknown racing plane, Parden rudder, wire-stiffened xylonite vanes, and Harliss engine-seatin-, sighted and salved 7° 20' S. 18° 41' W. Dec. 15th. Photos at all A. E. C. offices." The same "magazine" which contains these articles already mentioned has an advertising section, a section devoted to answering questions on aviation troubles, a review of Aeronautics, and a section devoted to advertisements of airplanes and airplane parts and accessories.

1. With the Night Mail, Vol. XX, p. 104
2. Aerial Board of Control, Vol. XX, p. 134
More fantasy, of a type a little harder to comprehend, is as easy as A. B. C. It looks forward a hundred and fifty years. Like With the Night Mail it deals with long flights and great speeds of airplanes in addition to some other matters, purely mechanical. There are no implements or anything of the kind mentioned. Obviously, it would be futile to mention many new things, as the names of them would be unintelligible to the reader. But, by a method unexplained, the use of the ground circuit is demonstrated. By means of it the operator is enabled to impede the movements of persons within the range of the circuit over which he has control. The use of electricity for this novel purpose, is the only noticeable advance over the modern day.

A war story, Mary Postgate, written in 1915 deals realistically with warfare by airplanes during the World War. The story concerns the death of a nephew, preceded by the story of his joining the Flying Corps and followed by the death of a German aviator who had bombed a village and killed a child. Airplanes are mentioned, but are not discussed in detail. The unusualness of the story lies in Kipling's handling of the characters; there is nothing unusual about the airplanes. But it is because of the introduction of the airplanes into it that the story is possible at all.

Kipling cleverly disposes of two murdered men by airplane in The Edge of the Evening; certainly a novel idea is worked out here. The men had descended to a golf course, drawn pistols

1. Mary Postgate, Vol. XXIII, p. 381
on men there, who had promptly defended themselves and killed the aviators. Being accustomed to airplanes themselves, the murderers had placed the bodies in the plane and started it on its way. They supposed the plane fell into the channel as there was nothing in the papers about it. This use of airplanes to dispose of troublesome bodies, is, so far as I know, an innovation in literature. In only one place in his letters or essays does Kipling make any reference to aviation. That is in an essay called The Face of the Desert. He says of a man of the desert that he was deeply moved by the account of a new aerial route which the French were laying out somewhere in the Sahara over a waterless stretch of four-hundred miles, where, if the aeroplane is disabled between stations the pilot will most likely die and dry up beside it. A description of a pseudo-aeroplane-raid is found in A Friend of the Family.

1. The Edge of the Evening, Vol. XXIII, p. 267
2. The Face of the Desert, from Egypt of the Magicians, Vol. XXIV, p. 240
Chapter IV

Wireless
Wireless, published in 1902, is, contrary to what one might guess, a story of metempsychosis. True, it deals with genuine wireless, and goes into some details concerning its workings; but the mysterious element of it is what Kipling works into the story. Wireless was still in the experimental stage at the time the story was written, as is shown by a statement near the opening of the story: "He told me that the last time they experimented they put the pole on the roof of one of the hotels here."

How true, how trite, now, is the answer to the question, "But what is it? Electricity is out of my beat altogether."

"Ah, if you knew that you'd know something nobody knows. It's just it --- what we call Electricity, but the magic --- the manifestations --- the Hertzian waves --- are all revealed by this. The coherer, we call it."

Today, a quarter of a century after this answer was written, Electricity still remains it. The magic manifestations increase steadily, but as yet we do not know any more concerning what it is. The way in which Kipling handles the comparison between the wireless and the mysterious workings of the subconscious mind, is the thing in my opinion which makes this story noteworthy. The consumptive writes the lines of Keats.

2. Ibid., p. 212
The man whom Kipling represents as watching the phenomenon, says that it is "the identical bacillus, or Hertzian wave of tuberculosis, plus Fanny Brand and the professional status which, in conjunction with the main-stream of subconscious thought common to all mankind, had thrown up a temporarily induced Keats."

One is almost at a loss to know whether Kipling is more interested in real wireless or 'wireless'; but concludes that he is trying to explain the marvel of the physical by the marvel of the subconscious. No one would think of accusing Kipling of some of the beliefs held by Conan Doyle, but it is interesting to note that he does make some use of the mysterious, subconscious mind.

The man who is waiting for the wireless message expresses what we feel sure is Kipling's own idea when he says, "Induction is rather hard to explain untechnically. But the long and short of it is that when a current of electricity passes through a wire there's a lot of magnetism present round that wire; and if you put another wire parallel to, and within what we call its magnetic field — why then, the second wire will also become charged with electricity."

1. 'Wireless', Vol. XIX, p. 223
2. Ibid, p. 217
Chapter V

Modern Inventions
Besides the mechanical things which I have already discussed there are several others that Kipling writes of. Some of the things that are dealt with are inventions and patents, 1 a suspension bridge, 2 cable cars, 3 steam trams, 4 a mowing machine, 5 the press, journalism, and things related to journalism, devices of modern warfare including bombs, 6 camouflage-screens, 7 and machine guns. 8 The use of the telephone and telegraph, the dynamo and electricity, and the "movies" and the radio also occur. All these things are used in much the same way as are the other mechanical things. Some of them are used figuratively and others are merely a part of the story itself. Sometimes forecasting is done, as in the case of the use of the radio in With the Night Mail.

Much descriptive material relating to the modern industrial world is found in the essays of Kipling. This is true of journalism as well as of other things. A detailed description of

1. H'Andrew's Rynn, Vol. XXVI, pp. 204, 205, and
   The Mother Hive, Vol. XX, p. 63
2. The Bridge-Builders, Vol. XXI, p. 10
3. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 32
5. Letters of Travel, On One Side Only, Vol. XXIV, p. 83
7. The Janites, Vol. XXVII, p. 151
of Canadian newspapers is found in *Letters to the Family,* and a reference is made to the standardization of them — Kipling says: "Canadian newspapers are as standardized as the railways" — in another volume of essays. In the same volume is found a characterization of an American newspaper — not the city newspaper but the one "we could pick up" at "a big town." The fact that impressed Kipling was that such a newspaper was filled with the prices of stocks, notices of improved reaping and binding machines and the like. In one of his short stories, *The Man Who Was,* Kipling refers to a man who was a correspondent for a Russian newspaper; and in the story he gives us a description and characterization of Russian newspapers in 1890. Since Kipling has been a journalist his discussions and pictures of journalistic work impress us greatly. In one story there is the man who is staying up late waiting for the latest news for the paper; in another is pictured a newspaper man at work on the train. In the latter story is an account of a real incident's being used as fiction. The incident related was such an unusual one that no one would have believed it had it been related as truth.

1. *Letters to the Family,* *Newspapers and Democracy,* Vol. XXIV, p. 139
2. *From Sea to Sea,* Vol. II, p. 341
3. Ibid, p. 69.
7. Ibid, p. 166
One wonders if the bit of poetry that follows expresses Kipling’s true idea concerning journalistic work. Of a journalist he says:

"Whose mode of earning money was a low and shameful one.
He wrote for divers papers, which everybody knows,
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows."

A humorous version of life as seen by a Sub-Editor is well expressed in The Files. The power of the press in the world today is summed up in a poem, The Press:

"The soldier may forget his sword,
The Sailorman the sea.
The Mason may forget the Word
And the Priest his litany.
The maid may forget both jewel and gem,
And the bride her wedding-dress
But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem
Ere we forget the press.

"Who once has stood through the loaded hour
Ere, roaring like the gale,
The Harrild and the Hoe devour
Their league-long paper bale,
And has lit his pipe in the morning calm
That follows the midnight stress
He has sold his heart to the old Black Art
We call the daily Press."

2. The Files, Vol. XXVI, p. 98
"Who once has dealt in the wildest game
That all of a man can play,
No late love, no larger fame
Will lure him long away.
As the war-horse smelleth the battle afar,
The entered Soul, no less,
He saith: 'Hai! Hai!' where the trumpets are
And the thunders of the Press.

"Canst thou number the days that we fulfil,
Or the Times that we bring forth?
Canst thou send the lightnings to do thy will,
And cause them to reign on earth?
Hast thou given a peacock goodly wings
To please his foolishness?
Sit down at the heart of men and things,
Companion of the Press;

"The Pope may launch his Interdict,
The Union its decree,
But the bubble is blown and the bubble is pricked
By Us and such as We.
Remember the battle and stand aside
While Thrones and Powers confess
That King over all the children of pride
Is the Press — the Press — the Press;

Kipling mentions methods of communication frequently in
his works. As with almost all other materials of the modern indus-
trial world he has developed these in many different ways. While the
number of times the telephone is mentioned are not many there are
found both the matter of fact and figurative uses. Twice almost
identical statements are made, of hearing a hard trail telephone a
horse's feet. The more recent stories, in the volume entitled
A Diversity of Creatures has more references to the telephone than
all of Kipling's other stories put together.

2. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 358
It seems best to treat the telephone and the telegraph at the same time. Sometimes joint references are made to the two, as for example in the description of a new city, Kipling says: "Overhead the drunken telegraph, telephone, and electric-light wires tangled on the tottering posts whose butts were half whittled through by the knife of the loafer." The telegraph and the telephone are used in the same ways that most of the other things have been used by Kipling. There are comparisons, there are examples of personification, and there are the ordinary straightforward uses. There is the comparison of a horse, that was as "tough as a telegraph wire." Probably the best example of personification of the telegraph is the one in The Letters of Marque; the "clerk --- tells in stilted English the story of his official life, while the telegraph gibbers like a maniac once in an hour and then is quiet." Then there is the figurative use of telegraphing, meaning simply telling another something without speaking. In William the Conqueror Mrs. Jim "was telegraphing" Mr. Jim, and according to the domestic code the message ran: 'A clear case. Look at them." Even the sea cow --- that "cannot talk" does something very similar, for "he has an extra joint in his fore flipper, and by waving it up and down and about he makes a sort of telegraphic code."

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 91
2. The Broken Link Handicap, Vol. III, p. 149
4. William the Conqueror, Vol. XXI, p. 190
An ordinary reference to a telegraph office in

a public telephone in heaven in On the Gate. There is also

mention of a wireless in heaven in the same story. Kipling

notes the fact in one of his essays that Japanese art — at

least the pictures and fans in the shop windows, are faithful

reproductions of the changed life; on them are telegraph poles

and conventionalized tram-lines.

Practically all the references to telephoning are just

matter of fact references. The following are typical of what

one finds: "A telephone bell rang imperiously." "The telephone

presently reassured him." "There was a noise. Then the telephone

rang." "Telephone for the doctor." "There's a girl in Jersey

City who works on the telephone."

1. The Naulahka, Vol. VI, p. 70
2. On the Gate, Vol. XXVII, p. 282
3. Ibid, p. 293
5. The Army of a Dream, Vol. XIX, p. 269
6. The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat, Vol. XXIII, p. 174
7. The Honours of War, Vol. XXIII, p. 117
8. 'Swept and Garnished', Vol. XXIII, p. 370
In the whole of Kipling's works there are about a hundred references to telegraphing and telegrams. These are found in half the volumes; in the others there are no references made to the telegraph. Such statements as the ones that follow are typical of the way in which telegraphing and telegrams are used: "There was never a word from Scott in the Khandad district, away to the southeast, except the regular telegraphic report to Hawkins." "A telegram was put into Hitchcock's hands." "Let's go to the telegraph office and cable." "Often the hand-to-hand nature of the fighting allowed of miraculous escapes which were telegraphed home at eighteen pence the word." "Then they went to Disko's house together as the dawn was breaking; and until the telegraph office was open and he could wire to his folk, Harvey Chynne was perhaps the loneliest boy in all America." "He was given three days to reconsider himself, and the Head of the establishment, after some telegraphings, said that it was a most unusual step." "Get a man to wire to Strickland, and beg him to come down and pull us through."

6. *In the Pride of His Youth*, Vol. III, p. 199
The use of the telegraph to denote place — at least the type of place — is exemplified by such a statement as "we live at the end of the telegraph" or "I'm always at the end of a telegraph wire," or "Mottram was forty miles from the nearest telegraph."

The usefulness of the telegraph in time of war, and the harm that the enemy may do it is recognized in Sappers in these lines:

"We make 'em their bridges, their wells, an' their huts, And the telegraph wire the enemy cuts."  

Another use of the telegraph — that is of the wire — is celebrated in the Ballad of Boh da Thone:

"Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph wire Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire."

The dynamo and electricity hold their share of interest for Kipling. In speaking of the progress of a town he says: "Parsons was getting a new dynamo for the city's electric light plant." The newness of electricity is recognized several times. In a story which deals with an old mill we find the statement that there is talk of "increasing the plant — and running the saw-mill by electricity." In the same story the fact is

1. William the Conqueror, Vol. XXI, p. 178
2. The Head of the District, Vol. XVIII, p. 116
3. At the End of the Passage, Vol. XVIII, p. 186
5. Ballad of Boh da Thone, Vol. XXVI, p. 250
6. The Naulahka, Vol. VI, p. 102
7. Below the Mill Dam, Vol. XIX, p. 366
noted that electric lights had been installed in the mill. The changing of a searchlight calls for the comment that "we seemed to be better equipped with electricity than most of our class."

A somewhat exaggerated idea of the scientific world is gleaned from one of the pages of "Kim". It reads: "Nine men out of ten would flee from a Royal Society soiree in extremity of boredom; but Creighton was the tenth, and at times his soul yearned for the crowded rooms in easy London where silver-haired, bald-headed gentlemen who know nothing of the Army move among spectroscopic experiments, the lesser plants of the frozen tundras, electric flight-measuring machines, and apparatus for slicing into fractional millimeters the left eye of the female mosquito." An allusion to an old theory is made in one of Kipling's newest stories; in a description he speaks of "the steady dynamo-like hum of the nearer planets."

There are just two stories throughout Kipling's works in which he refers to the "movies". The first one is an early story in the life of the "movie". The character who is telling about the show says, "The pictures were the real thing — alive an' movin'. Then the Western Mail came into Paddington on the big magic lantern sheet. First we saw the platform empty an' the women in the front row jumped: she headed so straight." The second story is one

2. Kim, Vol. V, p. 228
3. On the Gate, Vol. XXVII, p. 302
that was written recently; it tells of a man who had an exaggerated idea of his own importance in the world, thinking he had a message for his native land, America. He says that he had reasoned out that there was just one way for him to convey it, and that was through the "Movies". 1

There is a talking machine in Kim, 2 and another, a very interesting one in The Letters of Travel. It is in a story of Sudan, and gives the reader a glimpse of the backwardness and peculiarities of the people there. In full the story runs: "To the great bazaars of Omdurman, where all things are sold, came a young man from the uttermost deserts of somewhere or other and heard a gramophone. Life was of no value to him till he bought the creature. He took it back to his village, and at twilight set it going among his ravished friends. His father, sheik of the village, came also, listened to the loud shoutings without breath, the strong music lacking musicians, and said, justly enough: 'This thing is the devil. You must not bring devils into my village. Lock it up.'

"They waited until he had gone away and then began another tune. A second time the sheik came, repeated the command, and added that if the singing box was heard again, he would slay the buyer. But their curiosity and joy defied even this, and for the third time (late at night) they slipped in pin and record and let the djinn rave. So the sheik, with his rifle, shot his son as he promised, and the English judge before whom he eventually came had

1. The Prophet and His Country, Vol. XXVII, p. 159
all the trouble in the world to save that earnest gray head from the gallows.\textsuperscript{1}
Chapter VI

Manufacturing
Besides making many references to manufacturing, Kipling gives us several detailed descriptions and discussions of modern methods used in manufacturing. Kipling describes the cotton-press of the city of Amber in such a manner as to set it forth in contrast to the other things that he finds there: "The Englishman went down through the palace and the scores of venomous and suggestive little rooms, to the elephant in the courtyard, and was taken back in due time to the Nineteenth Century in the shape of His Highness the Maharaja's Cotton-Press, returning a profit of twenty-seven percent, and fitted with two engines, of fifty horse-power each, an hydraulic press, capable of exerting a pressure of three tons per square inch, and everything else to correspond. It stood under a neat corrugated iron roof close to Jeypore Railway Station, and was in most perfect order, but somehow it did not taste well after Amber. There was aggressiveness about the engines and the smell of raw cotton. The modern side of Jeypore must not be mixed with the ancient."

The last statement is more interesting, I believe, than the statements he makes about a modern cotton-press, for it shows clearly that he recognizes the wide gap between the types of interest that one has in things of the industrial world of today, and the things of the ancient world.

During Kipling's travels he visited a salmon cannery, and was greatly impressed by the marvelousness of the whole procedure.

In order that a reader may understand Kipling's enthusiasm and point of view it is necessary for him to read the whole of the sketch describing the cannery: "I have lived! The American Continent may now sink under the sea, for I have taken the best that it yields, and the best was neither dollars, love, nor real estate. Hear now, gentlemen of the Punjab Fishing Club, who whip the reaches of the Tavi, and you who painfully import trout to Cotacamund, and I will tell you how 'old man California' and I went fishing, and you shall envy. We returned from The Dalles to Portland by the way we had come, the steamer stopping en route to pick up a night's catch of one of the salmon wheels on the river, and to deliver it at a cannery downstream. When the proprietor of the wheel announced that his take was two thousand two hundred and thirty pounds weight of fish, 'and not a heavy catch, neither', I thought he lied. But he sent the boxes aboard, and I counted the salmon by the hundred—huge fifty-pounders, hardly dead, scores of twenty and thirty-pounders, and a host of smaller fish.

"The steamer halted at a rude wooden warehouse built on piles in a lonely reach of the river, and sent in the fish, I followed them up a scale-strewn, fishy incline that led to the cannery. The crazy building was quivering with the machinery on its floors, and a glittering bank of tin-scrap twenty feet high showed where the waste was thrown after the cans had been punched. Only Chinamen were employed on the work, and they looked like blood-besmeared yellow devils as they crossed the rifts of sunlight that lay upon the floor. When our consignment arrived, the rough wooden boxes broke of themselves as they were dumped down under a jet of water,
and the salmon burst out in a stream of quicksilver. A Chinaman jerked up a twenty-pounder, beheaded and de-tailed it with two swift strokes of a knife, flicked out its internal arrangements with a third, and cast it into a blood-dyed tank. The headless fish leaped from under his hands as though they were facing a rapid. Other Chinamen pulled them from the vat and thrust them under a thing like a chaff-cutter, which, descending, hewed them into unseemly red gobbets fit for the can. More Chinamen with yellow, crooked fingers jammed the stuff into the cans, which slid down some marvellous machine forthwith, soldering their own tops as they passed. Each can was hastily tested for flaws, and then sunk, with a hundred companions, into a vat of boiling water, there to be half cooked for a few minutes. The cans bulged slightly after the operation, and were therefore slidden along by the trolleyful to men with needles and soldering irons, who vented them, and soldered the aperture. Except for the label, the 'finest Columbia salmon' was ready for the market. I was impressed, not so much with the speed of the manufacture as the character of the factory. Inside, on a floor ninety by forty, the most civilised and murderous of machinery. Outside, three footsteps, the thick-growing pines and the immense solitude of the hills. Our steamer stayed only twenty minutes at that place, but I counted two hundred and forty finished cans, made from the catch of the previous night, ere I left the slippery, blood-stained, scale-spangled, oily floors, and the offal-smeared Chinamen.¹

¹ From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, pp. 80, 81, 82
This factory, like the cotton factory, is impressive because of the contrast it presents to its surroundings.

Allow me to repeat Kipling's words setting forth this contrast:

"Inside, on a floor ninety by forty, the most civilised and murderous machinery. Outside, three footsteps, the thick-growing pines and the immense solitude of the hills."

The very setting of the place makes it seem strange that one should find a factory here. It was this characteristic of the factory we have noted that impressed Kipling even more than the speed with which the work there was done.

Although one always has the impression that Kipling looks upon machinery as something to be admired, we find that he can get too much of a good thing—or at least that he did while he was in that great manufacturing city of Chicago. He resents even the American idea of progress:

"The papers tell their readers in language fitted to their comprehension that the snarling together of telegraph wires, the heaving up of houses, and the making of money is progress.

"I spent ten hours in that huge wilderness, wandering through scores of miles of these terrible streets, and jostling some few hundred thousand of these terrible people who talked money through their noses. The cabman left me; but after a while I picked up another man who was full of figures, and into my ears he poured them as occasion required or the big blank factories suggested. Here they turned out so many hundred thousand dollars' worth of such and such an article; there so many million other things; this house was
worth so many million dollars; that one so many million more or less. It was like listening to a child babbling of its hoard of shells. It was like watching a fool playing with buttons. But I was expected to do more than listen or watch. He demanded that I should admire; and the utmost that I could say was: 'Are these things so? Then I am very sorry for you.' That made him angry, and he said that insular envy made me unresponsive. So you see I could not make him understand."

Kipling draws a rather unpleasant comparison between the simple life as carried on in the village of Isser Jang and the life of Chicago:

"In the village of Isser Jang on the road to Montgomery there be four changar women who winnow corn—some seventy bushels a year. Beyond their hut lives Puran Dass, the money lender, who on good security lends as much as five thousand rupees in a year. Jowala Singh, the lohar, mends the village ploughs—some thirty, broken at the share, in three hundred and sixty-five days; and Rukam Chund, who is letter-writer and head of the little club under the travellers' tree, generally keeps the village posted in such gossip as the barber and the midwife have not yet made public property. Chicago husks and winnows her wheat by the million bushels, a hundred banks lend hundreds of millions of dollars in the year, and scores of factories turn out plough gear and machinery by steam. Scores of daily papers do work which Rukam Chund and the barber and the midwife perform, with due regard for public opinion, in the village of Isser Jang. So far as manufactures go, the difference between Chicago on the lake and

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 186
Isser Jang on the Montgomery road is one of degree only, and not of kind. As far as the understanding of the uses of life goes Isser Jang, for all its seasonal cholera, has the advantage over Chicago. Jowala Singh knows and takes care to avoid the three or four ghoul-haunted fields on the outskirts of the village; but he is not urged by millions of devils to run about all day in the sun and swear that his ploughshares are the best in the Punjab; nor does Puran Dass fly forth in a cart more than once or twice a year, and he knows, on a pinch, how to use the railway and the telegraph as well as any son of Israel in Chicago. But this is absurd. The East is not the West, and these men must continue to deal with the machinery of life, and to call it progress. Their very preachers dare not rebuke them.¹

The picture of the stock yards of Chicago, which follows this comparison, is a vivid one. The organization of human beings for the slaughter of dumb animals, and the methods by which they carry it on, leaves Kipling with a most unpleasant impression of that great enterprise:

"I went off to see cattle killed by way of clearing my head, which as you will perceive, was getting muddled. They say every Englishman goes to the Chicago stock-yards. You shall find them about six miles from the city; and once having seen them will never forget the sight. As far as the eye can reach stretches a township of cattle-pens, cunningly divided into blocks so that the animals of any pen can be speedily driven out close to an inclined timber path which leads to an elevated covered way straddling high

¹ From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 192
above the pens. These viaducts are two-storied. On the upper story tramp the doomed cattle, stolidly for the most part. On the lower, with a scuffling of sharp hooves and multitudinous yells, run the pigs. The same end is appointed for each. Thus you will see the gangs of cattle waiting their turn—as they wait sometimes for days; and they need not be distressed by the sight of their fellows running about in the fear of death. All they know is that a man on horseback causes their next door neighbours to move by means of a whip. Certain bars and fences are unshipped, and, behold, that crowd have gone up the mouth of a sloping tunnel and return no more. It is different with the pigs. They shriek back the news of the exodus to their friends, and a hundred pens skirl responsive. It was to the pigs I first addressed myself. Selecting a viaduct which was full of them, as I could hear though I could not see, I marked a sombre building where-to it ran, and went there, not unalarmed by stray cattle who had managed to escape from their proper quarters. A pleasant smell of brine warned me of what was coming. I entered the factory and found it full of pork in barrels, and on another story more pork unbarrelled, and in a huge room, the halves of swine for whose use great lumps of ice were being pitched in at the window. That was the mortuary chamber where the pigs lie for a little while in state ere they begin their progress through such passages as kings may sometimes travel. Turning a corner and not noting an overhead arrangement of greased rail, wheel, and pulley, I ran into the arms of four eviscerated carcasses, all pure white and of a human aspect, being pushed by a man clad in vehement red. When I leaped aside, the floor was slippery under me. There was a flavour of farmyard in my nostrils and the
shouting of a multitude in my ears. But there was no joy in that shouting. Twelve men stood in two lines—six-a-side. Between them and overhead ran the railway of death that had nearly shunted me through the window. Each man carried a knife, the sleeves of his shirt were cut off at the elbows, and from bosom to heel he was blood-red. The atmosphere was stifling as a night in the Reins, by reason of the steam and the crowd. I climbed to the beginning of things and, perched upon a narrow beam, overlooked very nearly all the pigs ever bred in Wisconsin. They had just been shot out of the mouth of the viaduct and huddled together in a large pen. Thence they were flicked persuasively, a few at a time, into a smaller chamber, and there a man fixed tackle on their hinder legs so that they rose in the air suspended from the railway of death. Oh! it was then they shrieked and called on their mothers and made promises of amendment till the tackleman punted them in their backs, and they slid head down into a brick-floored passage, very like a kitchen sink that was blood-red. There awaited them a red man with a knife which he passed jauntily through their throats, and the full-voiced shriek became a sputter, and then a fall as of heavy tropical rain.

The red man who was backed against the passage wall stood clear of the wildly kicking hooves and passed his hand over his eyes, not from any feeling of compassion, but because the spurted blood was in his eyes, and he had barely time to stick the next arrival. Then that first stuck swine dropped, still kicking, into a great vat of boiling water, and spoke no more words, but wallowed in obedience to some unseen machinery, and presently came forth at the lower end of the vat and was heaved on the blades of a blunt paddle-wheel-thing.
which said, 'Hough! Hough! Hough!' and skelped all the hair off him except what little a couple of men with knives could remove. Then he was again hitched by the heels to that sad railway and passed down the line of the twelve men—each man with a knife—leaving with each man a certain amount of his individuality which was taken away in a wheel-barrow, and when he reached the last man he was very beautiful to behold, but immensely unstuffed and limp. Preponderance of individuality was ever a bar to foreign travel. That pig could have been in no case to visit you in India had he not parted with some of his most cherished notions.

"The dissecting part impressed me not so much as the slaying. They were so excessively alive, these pigs. And then they were so excessively dead, and the man in the dripping, clammy, hot passage did not seem to care, and ere the blood of such an one had ceased to foam on the floor, such another, and four friends with him, had shrieked and died. But a pig is only the Unclean animal—forbidden by the Prophet.

"I was destined to make rather a queer discovery when I went over to the cattle-slaughter. All the buildings here were on a much larger scale, and there was no sound of trouble, but I could smell the salt reek of blood directly through the viaduct as the pigs had done. They debouched into a yard by the hundred, and they were big red brutes carrying much flesh. In the center of that yard stood a red Texan steer with a headstall on his wicked head. No man controlled him. He was, so to speak, picking his teeth and whistling in an open byre of his own when the cattle arrived. As soon as the first one had fearfully quitted the viaduct, this red devil put his
hands in his pockets and slouched across the yard, no man guiding him. Then he lowed something to the effect that he was the regularly appointed guide of the establishment and would show them round. They were country folk, but they knew how to behave; and so they followed Judas, some hundred strong, patiently, and with a look of bland wonder in their faces. I saw his broad back jogging in advance of them, up a lime-washed incline where I was forbidden to follow. Then a door shut, and in a minute back came Judas with the air of a virtuous plough-bullock and took up his place in his byre. Somebody laughed across the yard, but I heard no sound of cattle from the big brick building into which the mob had disappeared. Only Judas chewed the cud with a malignant satisfaction, and so I knew there was trouble, and ran round to the front of the factory and so entered and stood aghast.

"Who takes count of the prejudices which we absorb through the skin by way of our surroundings? It was not the spectacle that impressed me. The first thought that almost spoke itself aloud was: 'They are killing kine'; and it was a shock. The pigs were nobody's concern, but cattle—the brothers of the Cow, the Sacred Cow—were quite otherwise. The next time an M. P. tells me that India either Sultanises or Brahminises a man, I shall believe about half what he says. It is unpleasant to watch the slaughter of cattle when one has laughed at the notion for a few years. I could not see actually what was done in the first instance, because the row of stalls in which they lay was separated from me by fifty impassable feet of butchers and slung carcasses. All I know is that men swung open the doors of a stall as occasion required, and there lay two steers
already stunned, and breathing heavily. These two they pole-axed, and half raising them by tackle they cut their throats. Two men skinned each carcass, somebody cut off the head, and in half a minute more the overhead rail carried two sides of beef in their appointed place. There was clamour enough in the operating-room, but from the waiting cattle, invisible on the other side of the line of pens, never a word. They went to their death, trusting Judas, without a word. They were slain at the rate of five a minute, and if the pig men were splattered with blood, the cow butchers were bathed in it. The blood ran in muttering gutters. There was no place for hand or foot that was not coated with thicknesses of dried blood, and the stench of it in the nostrils bred fear. Kipling's review of the whole slaughtering processes shows plainly that his distaste for the sight far outweighs his admiration for the marvelousness of this organized industry, and the speed with which the work is done.

Something of modern methods used in hunting and disposing of whales is brought out in Kipling's recital of the subject as presented by a shareholder in a whalery: "We've a contract with a Scotch firm for every barrel of oil we can deliver for years ahead. It's reckoned the best for harness-dressing."

"He went on to tell me how a swift ship goes hunting whales with a bomb-gun and explodes shells into their insides so that they perish at once.

"'All the harpoon and boat business would take till the cows come home. We kill 'em right off.'

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, pp. 193-197
"And how d'you strip 'em?"

"It seemed that the expeditious ship carried also a large air-pump, and pumped up a carcass to float roundly till she could attend to it. At the end of her day's kill she would return, towing sometimes as many as four inflated whales to the whalery, which is a factory full of modern appliances. The whales are hauled up inclined planes like logs to a saw mill, and as much of them as will not make oil for the Scotch leather-dresser, or cannot be dried for the Japanese market, is converted into patent manure.

"No manure can touch ours", said the shareholder. 'It's so rich in bone, d'you see. The only thing that has beat us up to date is their hides; but we've fixed up a patent process now for turning 'em into floorcloth."

A short description of the method by which tea is prepared for the market, is found in a volume of essays.

"There is no overtime or eight-hours' baby-talk in tea. Yonder are the ships; here is the stuff, and behind all is the American market. The rest is your own affair.

"The narrow streets are blocked with the wains bringing down, in boxes of every shape and size, the up country rough leaf. Some one must take delivery of these things, find room for them in the packed warehouse, and sample them before they are blended and go to the firing.

"More than half the elaborate processes are 'lost work' so far as the quality of the stuff goes; but the markets insist on a good-looking leaf, with polish, face and curl to it, and in this,

1. Letters of Travel, Vol. XXIV, pp. 176, 177
as in other business, the call of the markets is the law. The factory floors are made slippery with the tread of bare-footed coolies, who shout as the tea whirls through its transformations. The over-note to the clamour—an uncanny thing too—is the soft rustle-down of the tea itself—stacked in heaps, carried in baskets, dumped through chutes, rising and falling in the long trough where it is polished, and disappearing at last into the heart of the firing machine—always this insistent whisper of moving dead leaves. Steam-sieves sift it into grades, with jarrings and thumpings that make the floor quiver, and the thunder of steam-gear is always at its heels; but it continues to mutter unabashed till it is riddled down into the big, foil-lined boxes and lies at peace.¹

It is partly Kipling's preference for machinery, probably, which causes him to enjoy the sight of a tea factory more than some of the other sights that he has told of. Besides these long descriptions of factories and their working, Kipling makes many allusions to factories and manufacturing. A jocular one is this: "It is a winter calf, and Buck Davis is going to sell it for one dollar to the Boston Market where it will be burned into potted chicken."² A casual reference to canned things is made in The Captive in which the speaker says that he was fed canned beef and biscuit.³ A joke of a different kind is one about the Mint (in Japan) which Kipling says he looked at, and adds: "This was only a common place of

1. Letters of Travel, Vol. XXIV, pp. 54, 55
2. Letters from a Winter Note-Book. From Tideway to Tideway, Vol. XXIV, p. 104
3. The Captive, Vol. XIX, p. 15
solid granite where they turned out dollars and rubbish of that kind."1 A man relating his experiences and telling that he was a machinist in Waterbury, does not forget to add that that is "where dollar watches come from."2 A joking reference to modern conveniences is made by saying: 

"We are going to hitch our horses and dig for a house of our own, with gas and water connections, and steam heat to the top."3

In a story written since the World War, and one referring to that event, the modern method of cleaning comes to take its place in literature, in the following manner: The one who is telling the story relates the fact that he sat down to his task on an organ-bench, whose purple velvet cushion was being vacuum-cleaned on the floor below.4 A reference to one method of disposing of horses' bodies and a sly thrust at the democratic theory of equality is brought to light in a discussion two horses are taking part in. The one asks,

"But can it be possible that with your experience, and at your time of life, you do not believe that all horses are free and equal?"

And the reply is,

"Not till they're dead--an' den it depends on de gross to-
tal o' buttons an' macilage dey gits outer youse at Barron Island."5

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. I, p. 322
2. The Captive, Vol. XIX, p. 20
3. An Imperial Rescript, Vol. XXV, p. 285
4. The Jeneites, Vol. XXVII, p. 125
5. A Walking Delegate, Vol. XXI, p. 59
The fact that the manufacturing of ice has not always been its only manner of production is referred to in one of the Jungle Books, where the statement is made that something or other happened in the days before Calcutta made her ice by machinery. ¹

A munition factory² and a torpedo factory³ are also mentioned in the course of events.

1. The Second Jungle Book, Vol. XII, p. 103
2. The Gardener, Vol. XXVII, p. 345
3. The Bonds of Discipline, Vol. XIX, p. 40
PART II

KIPLING'S STYLISTIC USES

OF

THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL WORLD
INTRODUCTION TO PART II
After one has discovered that Kipling does make use of the modern industrial world to a great extent in most of his works, the next thing for investigation is how he uses the material. Objects of the modern industrial world are so thoroughly imbedded in Kipling's subconscious mind that personifying them, using them in comparisons, and transferring words of industry to other uses seem to be perfectly natural processes. I have found that these three are the principal ways that he uses the materials figuratively.
Chapter I

Comparison
Probably the most common figurative use Kipling makes of things of the modern industrial world is comparison. Kipling is very fond of comparisons and uses them many times and in many different ways. Sometimes his comparisons are direct, and sometimes they are indirect. The comparison of things to railroads, trains and the properties of railroads is a very common one. It seems rather uncomplimentary to the singer when his voice is compared to the coming in of an underground train. On the occasion of a traveler's beginning a journey, Kipling says that "the roar of the world he had left still rang in his ears, as the roar of a tunnel rings long after the train has passed through." Still another sound is compared to a train in speaking of the seal-nurseries, which also sounded as loud as the roar of a train in a tunnel. These comparisons are both found in the *Jungle Books.* There are two other comparisons to the sounds of trains in the same books: "A gale broke with a shriek of a wind like the shriek of a train." "The Sea Cow waddled in, his moustache on end, blowing like a locomotive." Then there is the lama who was "talking at railway speed." There is a supposition advanced

concerning the "March of Progress" and of the possibility of its being brought to a standstill, "as a locomotive is stopped by heated bearings."¹

The telegraph and telephone, and other similar instruments are often used for purposes of comparison. Discussing the manner of expression of the English Kipling uses "telegraphic sentences" to convey the idea of brevity, saying:

"Being void of self-expression they confide their views to none, but sometimes, in a smoking-room, one learns why things are done. In telegraphic sentences, half muttered to their friends, They hint at matter's inwardness—and there the matter ends."²

The station-master is said, when answering a passenger's questions, to have sent his speech abroad with an air of detachment, irresponsibly, like the phonograph.³ The cook of the fishing boat used English that "was not thick, but all clear cut, as though it came from a gramophone."⁴ Of the young author, Kipling has his fatherly friend say that he came to him time after time, as useless as a surcharged phonograph—drunk on Byron, Shelley, or Keats.⁵ Several times in his fiction Kipling uses the word telegraph in a figurative sense. While Mr. Pyecroft was lying under the car and looking upward into the pipes, his companion says that he "telegraphed him a question." And he got an answer. It was: "Not in the least."⁶

1. From Tideway to Tideway, Vol. XXIV, p. 90
2. The Puzzler, Vol. XX, p. 209
3. The Naulahka, Vol. VI, p. 52
5. The Finest Story in the World, Vol. XXII, p. 93
6. Steam Tactics, Vol. XIX, p. 175
a certain situation a husband became aware "Mrs. Jim was telegraphing to him, and according to the domestic code the message ran: 'A clear case. Look at them!'" Just a little later, she telegraphed again, this time "a hundred word message", informing Jim that she had carried William off and that she would take care of her.¹ A different use of the word telegraph, though still used figuratively, is found in a story in which a visitor says that as he had become a little depressed he began to whistle, and adds, "And it was just then that I was aware of a little gray shadow, as it might have been a snowflake seen against the light, floating at an immense distance in the background of my brain. It annoyed me, and I shook my head to get rid of it. Then my brain telegraphed that it was the forerunner of a swift-striding gloom which there was yet time to escape if I would force my thoughts away from it, as a man leaping for life forces his body forward and away from the fall of a wall."²

In one of Kipling's novels, The Light That Failed, when Dick's friends suspected that there was a girl in the background they feared that she might "throw him out of gear and knock his work to pieces for awhile."³

The actions of animals are compared to mechanical things of various kinds. Kaa, the snake in the Jungle stories, "rolled slowly in the water like a steamer in a beam sea."⁴ At another time

1. William the Conqueror, Vol. XXI, p. 190
2. The Home Surgeon, Vol. XX, p. 249
3. The Light That Failed, Vol. XIII, p. 78
she gathered herself together like a watch-spring. And when during a bull fight, the boy in the ring apparently slipped, dropped sobbing, "Apis halted like a car with four brakes." Tietjens was a dog that belonged to a certain Strickland. Encamped outside her host's window, instead of sleeping, she was standing, with "her feet anchored as tensely as the drawn wire-rope of a suspension bridge." Telling of a runaway elephant, Kipling says: "Then the branches closed over his head, again, and Kala Nag began to go down into the valley, not quietly this time, but as a runaway gun goes down a steep bank—in one rush. The huge limbs moved as steadily as pistons, eight feet to a stride, and the wrinkled skin of the elbow points rustled." The two Jungle Books, being devoted to animals, have more comparisons of animals to machinery than all the other works of Kipling put together. Seal Catch was a gray fur-seal. Sea Catch knew that "Novastoshmah Beach has the finest accommodations for seals of any place in all the world—and every spring would swim from whatever place he happened to be in—would swim like a torpedo-boat straight for Navastoshmah, and spend a month fighting with his companions for a good place on the rocks as close to the sea as possible." The course which a torpedo-boat would take is a very definite one; therefore the figure carries real meaning with it. Though Kotick, the baby seal of Sea Catch, did

2. The Bull That Thought, Vol. XXVII, p. 192
3. The Return of Imry, Vol. XVIII, p. 238
5. Ibid., p. 94
not at first know how to swim, his mother, Malakah, "taught him to follow the cod and the halibut along the under-sea banks, and wrench the rockling out of his hole among the weeds; how to skirt the wrecks lying a hundred fathoms below water, and dart like a rifle bullet in at one port hole and out at another as the fishes ran," in addition to a large number of other things.\(^1\) Comparisons are plentiful in the paragraph concerning the man-eater Mugger. As the Jackal was speaking there "was a soft grating sound, as though a boat had just touched in shoal water. The jackal spun round quickly and faced it (it is always best to face) the creature he had been talking about. It was a twenty-four-foot crocodile, cased in what looked like a treble-riveted boiler-plate, studded and keeled and crested; the yellow points of his upper teeth just overhanging his beautifully fluted lower jaw. It was the blunt-nosed Mugger of Mugger-Chaut, older than any man in the village; the demon of the ford before the railway bridge came—murderer, man-eater, and local fetish in one. He lay with his chin in the shallows, keeping his place by an almost invisible rippling of his tail, and well the Jackal knew that one stroke of that same tail in the water would carry the Mugger up the bank with the rush of a steam-engine.\(^2\)

In describing a review of the troops Kipling says: "The rain began to fall again, and for awhile it was too misty to see what the troops were doing. They had made a big half-circle across the plain, and were spreading out in a line. That line grew and


grew till it was three-quarters of a mile long from wing to wing—one solid wall of horses, men, and guns. Then it came on straight toward the Viceroy and the Amir, and as it got nearer, the ground began to shake, like the deck of a steamer when the engines are going fast. Comparing the trembling to the shaking deck of a steamer, gives a more accurate condition than could easily be given in any other manner by the author.

One of the most comprehensive uses of comparison and at the same time one of the most sweeping statements Kipling makes, is concerning Canada and its spirit. He says, in part: "But there is no mistaking the spirit of sane and realized nationality, which fills the land from end to end precisely as the joyous hum of a big dynamo well settled to its load makes a background to all the other shop noises." Again he makes a comparison to the dynamo; this time it is "a little dynamo like buzzin'," that is spoken of.

Two comparisons—rather complicated ones—one of an engine and one concerning an engineer and his boilers, deal with the army and the government respectively. The first is: "The regiment, the engine that once you feel its grip, moves you forward whether you will or won't, was daily coming closer to the enemy." The other is: "But their leaders need their votes in England, as they need their outrages and discomforts to help them in their own municipal and Parliamentary careers. No engineer lowers steam in his own boilers."

Government not only has an engineer to look after its boilers, but there is also other machinery connected with it according to Kipling. He says in *The Devil and the Deep Sea*: "Somewhere deep in the hull of the ship of State there is machinery which more or less accurately takes charge of foreign affairs. That machinery began to revolve."

In another story he tells of the man who was "Scott's successor—another cog in the machinery" that moved forward.

Some of Kipling's comparisons are exceedingly simple and direct, such as "They could hear the old lady's tongue clack as steadily as a rice husker," or "The views shifted and changed like a kalkidoscope." The comparison of the I's flashing through the record as the telegraph poles fly past the traveller, is another simple one.

Other comparisons are numerous and varied. After Miss Honchil had been told that she was blamed for a condition that existed, "she leaned forward and collapsed, as Conroy told her afterwards, like a factory chimney." This is a graphic description of a swoon. A friend meets Mr. Tigler, who after getting the friend into the car, "settled himself on the deep dove-colour pneumatic cushions, and his smile was like the turning on of all the electrics. His teeth were whiter than the ivory fittings." Still other comparisons are: "He

6. *In the Same Boat*, Vol. XXIII, p. 91
talked like—like the *Ladies' Home Journal.* "The plates opened like a furnace door." "Again and again I went round this treadmill of thought." "You've been going through a pretty severe mill." "Still the song... shook the reinforced concrete... as the steam pile drivers shake the flanks of a dock." "For a stove pipe seen through the closing mist, it shows like a four-inch gun." "Then a piece of mica... will flash like a heliograph." "Shackles... tough as telegraph wire." There is also a comparison to a telegraph, given thus: "The plastic mind of the bank-clerk had been overlaid, coloured, and distorted by that which he had read, and the result as delivered was a confused tangle of other voices most like the mutter and hum through a city telephone in the busiest part of the day." Even the sound of a steam-organ comes in for its share of attention, for people, "could hear above the thud-thud of the gorged flood gates, shrieks in two keys as monotonous as a steam-organ." But the prize for all comparisons is taken by the metaphor which dubs a man "the

electro-plated figurehead of a golden administration.\footnote{1}

\footnote{1}{A Gunn-Destroyer, Vol. III, p. 112}
Chapter II

Personification
There are many things that Kipling personifies. The principal ones from the modern industrial world are ships, and parts of ships, trains, engines, automobiles, trestles, rifles, pumps, telegrams, telegraph, telephone and electric light poles, wheels, coast lights, sea cables, and the bell-buoy.

In personifying ships Kipling has done nothing unique. In the popular language of today ships are feminine gender—whether the average person feels that there is life in ships is another matter. Certainly one has every reason to believe that Kipling feels that they are alive. If he did not feel that there was a heart and a soul in the ship that found herself, why did he pretend? He is very un-emotional and matter-of-fact about Miss Frazier's cracking a bottle of champagne over the straight bow, but he waxes warm to his subject when the piston goes up savagely, and chocks, "Help! Oiler! Fitter! Stoker! Help! I'm choking."¹

Who has not, either in his childhood or even in his later life, listened to some piece of machinery at work, and heard its admonition, "Hurry up, you'll be late, yes you will," or a thousand other terse sentences, often repeated? Kipling's imagination carries him farther. In The Ship That Found Herself he takes us through the whole process of getting her parts coordinated and working in such a manner that there will be no more trouble between them. A bit of philosophy in pulling together may be gleaned from the pages of this

¹. The Ship That Found Herself, Vol. XXI, p. 73
story. The stringers, the deck-beams, the frames, and the bow plates, along with the cylinders, each find that the others are great helps. Kipling tells us that we may hear hundreds of little voices "thrilling and buzzing and whispering and popping, and gurgling and sobbing and squeaking," if we but lay our ear to the side of a steamer cabin. While wooden ships shriek and growl and grunt, the iron vessels throb and quiver. Every piece of a ship, we are told, has its own separate voice in exact proportion to the amount of trouble spent upon it. While cast-iron talks very little, the steel plates and wrought iron that have been bent and welded and riveted, talk continuously.

Kipling makes use of personification both in his prose and in his poetry. In The Liner She's a Lady, the Liner, the Man-o'-war, and the cargo boats are all given the attributes of human beings. The following lines probably condense the personification of all three better than any others of the poem:

"The Liner she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried; The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps beside; But, oh, the little cargo-boats that 'aven't any man, They've got to go their business first, and make the most they can!"

In an entirely different vein is The Derelict. From internal evidence and from the note which precedes the poem, we believe that the Margaret Pollock met disaster by storm at sea. The fourth stanza is a representative one:

1. The Ship That Found Herself, Vol. XXI, pp. 87, 88
2. Ibid., Vol. XXI, p. 75
3. The Liner She's a Lady, Vol. XXVI, p. 236
"For life that crammed me full,
Gangs of the prying gull
That shriek and scrabble on the riven hatches!"

For roar that dumbed the gale,
My haeze-pipe's guttering wail,
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches!"1

The derelict recites nine such stanzas bewailing her fate.

From the Anchor Song come these tuneful lines:

"And she's snorting and she's snatching for a breath of open sea."

then:

"Wheel, full and by; but she'll smell her road alone tonight.
Sick she is and harbour sick—O sick to clear the land!"2

The Merchantmen is another poem in which the ships do all the speaking. They tell where they have been, what they have seen, and what they have done.3

The things that the big steamers tell that they are doing make the reader feel with the poet that there is certainly life in them:

"Oh, where are you going to all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?
'We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter'
'Your beef, pork, mutton, eggs, apples, and cheese'

"For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
They're brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers,
And if anyone hinders our coming you'll starve."4

In contrast to these poems in which the ships are the subject all the way through, there are many poems in which only a few references, or only one, are made to a ship that is personified, as:

1. The Derelict, Vol. XXVI, p. 229
2. Anchor Song, Vol. XXVI, p. 242
4. Big Steamers, Vol. XXV, p. 254
"Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul."\(^1\)

In addition to personifying the ships themselves, Kipling personifies some part or parts of ships. For example he says:

"They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship bells toll."\(^2\)

One is reminded of the ship that found herself by Kipling's description of the "orchestra sublime" in which

"the tall rods mark the time.  
The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed pump sobs an' heaves,  
An' now the main eccentrics start the quarrel on the sheaves;  
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head hides,  
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whirings glimmerin' through the guides.  
They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes  
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.  
Interdependance absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,  
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.  
Fra' skylight-lift to furnace bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,  
An' singin' like the Mornin' stars for joy that they are made;  
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:  
"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise."\(^3\)

The Ship That Found Herself is the one outstanding example of sustained personification in prose; but there are many examples throughout Kipling's other prose of his personification of ships. He mentions "the ship you can trust,"\(^4\) says that a "cruiser winced as though some one had pinched her,"\(^5\) and mentions the cargo-boat, who, anxious to make her northing, waddled through.\(^6\)

1. The Ballad of the 'Bolivar', Vol. XXV, p. 250  
2. The English Flag, Vol. XXV, p. 277  
3. H'Andrew's Hymn, Vol. XXVI, p. 206  
4. The Bonds of Discipling, Vol. XIX, p. 44  
5. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 247  
6. The Disturber of the Traffic, Vol. XXII, p. 11
There are a number of other instances of Kipling's use of personification of ships. Here are a few:

"The two had an air of bristling hog-back ferocity, out of keeping with the normal reserve of a man-of-war."

"And so I followed—and poor old Ethel without a dry rag on her."

He speaks of ships that do not think it worth their while to come off from the shore to see the few visitors, of the steamer that groaned and grunted because she was so damp and miserable, of the one that was peevish because the "Agathites" was scratching her paint, and says of any ship that if she attempted to dress on her service allowance of paint, in three months she would be as disreputable as a battery or regiment which kept its mess or band on the strict military footing.

This sketch by no means includes all the examples of Kipling's personification of ships; but this thesis does not attempt to be all inclusive, rather the attempt is to show how Kipling uses the material, and to give in a general way, the extent of such uses.

The railroads are another favorite field of Kipling's for personification. A superb example of such personification is found in . He says:

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 269
2. Sea Constables, Vol. XXVII, p. 26
3. From Sea to Sea, Vol. I, p. 203
4. Ibid., p. 240
5. 'Their Lawful Occasions', Vol. XIX, p. 136
"A locomotive is, next to a marine engine, the most sensitive thing man ever made."¹ One pictures .007 as he was run into the round-house after his trial, and he subconsciously compares him to a small boy who is entering a new school. The engine stands to be inspected by the other engines in much the same way that the small boy is given the "once over" by the others. Ripping succeeds in making his readers believe that the scornful hisses were those of contempt, and that .007 would gladly have given a month's oil for leave to crawl through his own driving wheels into the ash pit beneath him.² The story as a whole is not merely a jumble of uninteresting facts about trains, or facts interesting only to the juvenile reader, but instead it is a live one which the adult pursues because he wants to know "what happened". Rivalry, very similar to that displayed by automobile owners of the present day, is manifested by these different makes of locomotives. The Consolidation boasts that they never have hot boxes on the Pennsylvania. The Mogul advises him to go home on a ferry-boat, and slightly refers to the fact that the Pennsylvania uses worse grades than their road would allow. Before the departure of the Mogul, he calls .007 a pea-green swivellin' coffee pot, and boasts that he is perishable—fragile—immediate.³ The next time the two meet, .007 is on his way to haul the Mogul in after a wreck.⁴ And .007 drops a bit of valuable philosophy, saying that anyone can be ditched, he guesses.⁵ Then he discusses the rates with others and

1. .007, Vol. XXI, p. 209
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid., p. 214
4. Ibid., p. 224
5. Ibid., p. 229
listens to some of their advice.

There are strong reasons for the contending that Kipling really feels that the things he personifies have life. He uses personification almost unconsciously. We learn that in the days when railroads were new in Canada they "rubbed their hands and cried, like the Afrites of old, "Shall we make a city where no city is; or render flourishing a city that is desolate." Kipling tells of the train that crept to keep its heart up, of the one that lost patience and came in to see what was the matter. In one place he says:

"By great luck the evil minded train, already delayed twelve hours by a burnt bridge, brought me to the city on a Saturday by way of that valley which the Mormons over their efforts had caused to blossom like the rose." In another place in the same collection he says: "A lapia-lazuli colored locomotive, which, by accident, had a mixed train attached to it, happened to loaf up to the platform just then," and then adds the information that the train is allowed to go as fast as fifteen miles an hour and to play at the stations all along the line. Again, Kipling tells us that "the train crept to keep its heart up, through the winding gateways of the hills, till it presented itself, very humbly, before the true mountains, the not so Little Brothers to the Himalayas." Once we find an expression of

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 323
2. Ibid., p. 327
3. The Vortex, Vol. XXIII, p. 359
5. From Sea to Sea, Vol. I, p. 314
wonder for the railways mixed with personification of them. "But
the railways, the wonderful railways—told the winter's tale most
emphatically. The thirty ton coal cars were moaning over three
thousand miles of track. They grunted and lurched against each
other or thumped past steadily at midnight on their way to provident
housekeepers of the prairie towns." An engine—especially a switch
ing—coughs to herself in the yards, and the little oil engine
in Egypt coughs behind its hands as it turns out electricity to
light the faces of dead Pharaohs, a hundred feet underground.

Personification of trains in Kipling's poetry is rare; but twice in The Wet Litany he uses it:

"When the Engine's hated pulse
Scarcey thrills the nosing bulls;"

and

"When her siren's frightened whine
Shows her sheering out of line."

To me all these seem happy uses of personification.
Kipling is telling something—telling it each time in a fascinat-
ing way. There is no evidence of forced use of figurative language.

The Song of the Dynamo is probably Kipling's latest sus-
tained example of personification. According to the Kansas City
Star, the inspiration for the poem was a gigantic power house near

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 321
2. Captains Courageous, Vol. XIV, p. 140
3. Egypt of the Magicians, Vol. XXIV, p. 234
5. Ibid., p. 253
Santos, Brazil, which the author visited recently. The poem follows:

"How do I know what order brings
Me into being?
I only know if you do certain things,
I must become your Hearing and your Seeing;
Also your Strength, to make great wheels go round,
And save your sons from toil, while I am bound!

"What do I care how you dispose
The Powers that move me?
I only know that I am one with those
True Powers which rend the firmament above me,
And harrying earth would save me at the last—
But that your coward foresight holds me fast!"¹

Other things that Kipling personifies are coastwise lights, in a poem telling what "we" do,² the deep sea cables in a poem telling what they do,³ the bell-buoy in another similar poem,⁴ the telegraph, which "gibbers like a maniac once in an hour,"⁵ the drunken telegraph, telephone and electric-light poles. What a picture Kipling is able to draw by the use of that one word, drunken! Here he has used personification to describe. He refers to the noises of machinery as "impatient cries."⁶ Sometimes one pumping engine throbbed faithfully,⁷ while other engines sobbed and panted.⁸ Rifles speak,⁹ trestles groan, ¹⁰ mill wheels sing or carry on lengthy conversations with

¹ Kansas City Star, Jan. 23, 1928
² The Coastwise Lights, Vol. XXVI, p. 177
³ The Deep Sea Cables, Vol. XXVI, p. 182
⁴ The Bell Buoy, Vol. XXVI, p. 7
⁵ Letters of Marque, Vol. I, p. 75
⁶ The Fortunate Towns in Letters to the Family, Vol. XXIV, p. 53
⁷ At Twenty-two, Vol. IV, p. 264
⁸ Ibid., p. 269
⁹ Rhyme of the Three Sealers, Vol. XXVI, p. 221
¹⁰ The Song of the Banjo, Vol. XXVI, p. 234
friends, concerning the strange things going on around them. Automobiles have many powers which might have been unsuspected by the owners before they became intimately acquainted with them —before realizing of a car that "she's a terror—a whistlin' lunatic." Perhaps after all it is just one of the "little surprises that she has up her dainty sleeve."
Chapter III

Industrial Words
It is probably Kipling's great familiarity with the industrial world and his love for the mechanical things of it that has caused him to borrow its words for expressing his thoughts about other things. It makes little difference what he is talking about, he is able to find a word from the industrial world to present his idea. Mechanically is the word of which he makes most use. As used by Kipling, doing a thing mechanically, seems to mean doing it without giving a thought to the performance of the act—whatever the act may be.

Describing a battle, Kipling says: "The Company Commanders peered helplessly through the smoke, the more nervous mechanically trying to fan it away with their helmets." Kim is one who mechanically does some things. One would be able to discover the fact that Kim is superstitious by reading a few pages about him, but how deep rooted is his superstition is shown when "Kim snapped his fingers mechanically to avert whatever evil—Mahbub, he knew, meditated none—might have crept in through Buncofa’s ministrations." A bit of Kipling’s humor is found in: "Kim turned about, pointed his toes, stretched, and felt mechanically for the moustache that was just beginning." The lama whom Kim took under his wing is said likewise to do things mechanically. "The girl looked up at the lama, who had

1. Drums of the Fore and Aft, Vol. XVII, p. 327
3. Ibid., p. 223
mechanically followed Kim to the platform. To me this sentence conveys a world of meaning; it means that even in the short time the lama had had Kim as his guide and guardian—for the reference is one early in the story—he had come to lean upon him to the extent that when Kim moved from one place to another the lama moved also. The manner in which one ordinarily responds to an extended hand is well shown in the paragraph in which Kim tells an Asiatic friend good-bye. "'Next time,' Kim went on, 'you must not be so sure of your heathen priests. Now I say good-bye.' He held out his hand English-fashion. She took it mechanically. 'Good-bye, my dear.'"

Woman's coquetry is brought to light by Kipling when he says of a certain Mrs. Mutrie, as she was viewing the show sights of the Grand Canon of the Arkansas: "Her light nature was controlled and subdued by the spectacle as it might have been silenced by the presence of death; she used her little arts and coquettres on Tarvin mechanically and half-heartedly, until they were finally out of the canon, when she gave a gasp of relief, taking petulant possession of him, made him return with her to the chairs they had left in the drawing-room." To Tarvin, who is "the man in the case" in the above quotation, mechanical actions are not foreign, as one might conclude from the number of times he performs them. "When he left the King's side, Tarvin's first impulse was to set the Foxhall colt into a gallop, and forthwith depart in search of the Maulahka. He mechani-

ally drove his heels home, and shortened his rein under the impulse of the thought; but the colt's leap beneath him recalled him to his senses, and he restrained himself and his mount with the same motion."

He had a horse because "like other men of the West, he reckoned a horse a necessity before all other necessities, and had purchased one mechanically immediately upon his arrival." One day while riding on his horse, Tarvin had gone to see the Maharajah, and waited in the open that the Maharajah might understand the urgency of his visit. "In a few minutes there crept out of the stillness a sound like the far off rustle of wind across a wheat-field on a still autumn day. It came from behind the green shutters, and with its coming Tarvin mechanically straightened himself in the saddle." His life in the West with the training it had given him stood by him, when at another time, "in the stillness of the morning, Tarvin heard the sound made by bringing up the end cartridge of a repeating rifle. Mechanically he slipped from the saddle, and was on the other side of the horse as the rifle spoke, and a puff of smoke drifted up and hung motionless above the camel."

"A man, old, crippled, and all but naked" is another who as he "came through the high grass leading a little kid", was calling me mechanically from time to time. 'Ao, Bhai! Ao! Come, brother!"

1. The Naulakha, Vol. VI, p. 139
2. Ibid, p. 142
3. Ibid, p. 200
4. Ibid, p. 227
This is not the only time that someone says a thing mechanically. A young woman discovering a monkey had died suddenly after eating some fruit, said, "The fruit is not quite good, I'm afraid, Lalji. As she spoke she tossed into the garden, through the open window, the uneaten fragment of the banana that Motie had clasped so closely to his wicked little breast."

"A parrot swooped down on the morsel instantly from the trees, and took it back to his perch in the branches. It was done before Kate, still unsteadied, could make a motion to stop it, and a moment later a little ball of green feathers fell from the covert of leaves, and the parrot also lay dead on the ground."

"'No, the fruit is not good', she said mechanically, her eyes wide with terror, and her face blanched."

There is the boy whose "eye had been caught by a split reed screen that hung on a slew between the veranda pillars", and who "mechanically" had tweaked the edge to set it level. The same young man's father, Chinn by name, "pushed forward the hilt of his sword as a sign of service, which is an honour paid only to viceroys, governors, or the little children whom one loves dearly. Chinn touched the hilt mechanically with three fingers, muttering he knew not what."

One evening Chinn "dropped into a deep wicker

chair, over which was thrown his first tiger-skin, and his weight on the cushions flapped the clawed paws over his shoulders. He laid hold of them mechanically as he spoke, drawing the hide, clock-fashion, about him."

An action that we all agree is purely mechanical is told of as follows:

"The navvy was asleep, empty to the lowest notch; yet his hand clutched still the doctor's collar, and at the lightest movement (the doctor was really very cramped) tightened mechanically, as the hand of a sick woman tightens on that of the watcher." After a chair had fallen to the floor, the man who is telling of the occurrence says, "Mechanically, I stopped to recover it." Another says, "I was roused by the fall of a log, and I mechanically rose to put it back." There is the instance of Suddhoo's putting "out an arm mechanically to Janoo's huqua", and sliding it across the floor with her foot.

The word mechanical is used in a way similar to the way in which mechanically is used. "He had so trained his mind that it would hold fast to the mechanical routine of the day."

Automatically is a word that is closely related to mechanically; it is also used by Kipling in a figurative manner. Preceding the

1. The Tomb of His Ancestors, Vol. XXI, p. 114
3. 'Wireless', Vol. XIX, p. 228
first example I shall give, Kipling, writing fictitiously of real happenings, gives an excellent explanation of his use of the word:

"It appeared that there was some sort of narrow convention in the Army against mentioning a woman's name at Mess. We were much surprised at this — - Stalky would not let me express my surprise — but we took it from Mr. Wontner, who said we might, that it was so. Next he touched on Colonels of the old school, and their cognizance of tactics. Not that he himself pretended any skill in tactics, but after three years at the 'Varsity — none of us had a 'Varsity education — a man insensibly contracted the habit of clear thinking. At least, he could automatically coordinate his ideas, and the jealousy of these middle-headed Colonels was inconceivable."

Listening to a "yarn" of events in which the narrator takes part, one discovers that, "from there on the situation developed like a motion-picture in Hall. The man on the nigh side of the machine whirls round, pulls his gun and fires into Mankeltow's face. I laid him out with my cleek automatically. Any one who shoots a friend of mine gets what's comin' to him if I'm within reach."

Relating the accomplishments of the fisherman's son, in Captains Courageous, Kipling says: "Dan could bait up his trawl or lay his hand on any rope in the dark; and at a pinch, when Uncle Salters had a gurry-sore on his palm, could dress-down by sense of touch. He could steer in anything short of half a gale from the feel of the wind on his face, humouring the 'We're Here' just when she needed it. These

1. The Honours of War, Vol. XXIII, p. 103
2. The Edge of the Evening, Vol. XXIII, p. 261
things he did as automatically as he skipped about the rigging, or made his dory a part of his own will and body." The statement which follows all this revelation throws some important light on things that are done "automatically." It is: "But he could not communicate his knowledge to Harvey."

Since the actions of people are performed automatically it should cause no surprise to find that there is an "automatic side" of the "brain", which sets itself "at work on some shadow of a word or phrase that keeps itself out of memory's reach as a cat sits just beyond a dog's jump."

Manufactured, used to mean merely made, is found within the pages of Kipling's works. Such is the use in the following: "But the biggest trouble Fluffles ever manufactured came about at Simla --- some years ago, when he was four-and-twenty." Some observations on life and people as well as a common figurative use of the word manufactured is contained in the following: "You may have noticed that many religious people are deeply suspicious. They seem --- for purely religious purposes, of course --- to know more about iniquity than the Unregenerate. Perhaps they were especially bad before they became converted. At any rate, in the imputation of things evil, and in putting the worst construction on things innocent, a certain type of good people may be trusted to surpass all others. The Colonel and his Wife were of that type. But the Colonel's Wife was the worst. She manufactured the Station scandal, and --- talked to her ayah."

1. Captains Courageous, Vol. XIV, p. 91
2. The Dog Harvey, Vol. XXIII, p. 123
Another use of the same word with a slightly different meaning is found in *The Mutiny of the Mavericks*. It is: "Excellent as a subordinate Dan failed altogether as a commander-in-chief — possibly because he was swayed by the advice of the only man in the regiment who could manufacture more than one kind of handwriting."

An interesting use of a scientific term is found in the telling of Imray's disappearance. Very small is translated into microscopical, thus: "Upon a day he was alive, well, happy, and in great evidence among the billiard-tables at his club. Upon a morning he was not, and no manner of search could make out where he might be. He had stepped out of his place; he had not appeared at his office at the proper time, and his dogcart was not upon the public road. For these reasons and because he was hampering, in a microscopical degree, the administration of the Indian Empire, that Empire paused for one microscopical moment to make inquiry into the fate of Imray." The telescope is not forgotten, for Chil the Kite "rose up till he looked no bigger than a speck of dust, and there he hung watching with his telescope eyes the swaying of the tree-tops as Howligi's escort whirled along."

Electrified carries the intended meaning well in the statement that the "Sepoy came that way to the cool hills on leave from his regiment, and electrified the villagers with tales of service and glory under the government." Retalled, with the meaning, not of selling but of giving out in very small portions, is found in a description of the "mixed corps" which was "zealous or hysterical, faint-hearted

or only wearied of battle against misery, according to their lights. The most part was consumed with small rivalries and personal jealousies, to be retailed confidentially to their own tiny cliques in the pauses between wrestling with death for the body of a moribund laundress, or scheming for further mission grants to resole a consumptive compositor's very consumptive boots." Use is made of one of the later inventions, the radio, by the narrator's saying that he was disappointed in the story of a fellow traveller because somehow he had tuned himself to listen to tales of other things."

1. The Record of Badalia Herdsfoot, Vol. XXII, p. 270
PART III

KIPLING'S IDEAS

ON

THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL WORLD
INTRODUCTION TO PART III
One of the most fascinating studies in the preparation of this thesis was in drawing the conclusions concerning Kipling's beliefs and feelings toward the modern industrial world. These I have tried to summarize and explain in the chapters which follow.
Chapter I

Kipling's Romantic View of the Modern Industrial World
After studying carefully the works of Kipling, one is able to discern what his attitude toward the age is. First of all Kipling saw romance in the modern phases of the world about him. He realizes that most people believe that with the passing of old days, romance has vanished. Every age looks upon the one preceding it as the age of romance. In *The King*, Kipling tells of the Cave-men who regret that romance has vanished before their day; then in turn he tells of the Soldier's, of the Trader's and of the Skipper's all meaning because romance has vanished.

"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;
'With bone well carved he went away,
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
And jasper tips the spear today.
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance;
And he with these. Farewell, Romance!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Lake-folk sighed;
'We lift the weight of flatting years;
The caravans of the mountain-side.
Hold him who scorches our huddled piers.
Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,
Guard ye his rest. Romance, Farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;
'By sleight of sword we may not win
But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke
Of arquebus and culverin.
Honour is lost and none may tell
Who paid good blows. Romance, Farewell!"
"Farewell, Romance!" the Traders cried;
"Our keels have lain with every sea;
The dull-returning wind and tide
Have up the wharf where we would be;
The known and noted breezes swell
Our trudging sail. Romance, Farewell!*

"Goodbye, Romance!" the Skipper said;
"He vanished with the coal we burn;
Our dial marks full steam ahead,
Our speed is timed to half a turn.
Sure as the ferried barge we ply
"Twixt port and port. Romance, Good-bye!*

"Romance!" the seasons-tickets mourn;
"He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn —
And left the local —— late again!*
Confound Romance! ......... .......

But Kipling had a different idea of romance from that of these men, and he expresses his own idea when he says:

"And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen." 1

and adds:

"His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His fog horn cut the reeking Banks;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still!" 2

The whole of The King is a comment, and criticism, on the attitude that the world has taken toward the vanishing of Romance.
The capital letter is Kipling's own. In M'Andrew's Hymn, a doubter asks, "Mister M'Andrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"
The answer, without a doubt is Kipling's own idea. It is:

1. The King, Vol. XXVI, p. 315
2. Ibid., p. 215
"Romance! Those first class passengers they like it very well, printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell? I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns -- the loves an' doves they dream.

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song O' Steam!"

In The Beauty of Battle Ships he says: "Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both. A modern man-of-war photographed in severe profile is not engaging; but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell." That is the keynote to much of Kipling's work -- he sees a machine with the life hot in her.

To him machinery has beauty and life.

Although Kipling feels that he is incompetent "to sing the Song O' Steam" he at least tells of romance in modern things. In His Letters of Travel he says: "Five minutes after the traveller is on the C. P. R. train at Vancouver there is no romance of blue water, but another kind -- the life of the train into which he comes to grow as into life aboard ship. A week on wheels turns a man into a part of the machine. He knows when the train will stop for water, wait for news of the trestle ahead, drop the dining car, slip into a sliding to let the West-bound mail go by, or yell through the thick night for an engine to help push up the bank. The snort, the snap and the whine of air-brakes have a meaning for him, and he learns to distinguish between noises -- between the rattle of a loose lamp and the ugly rattle of small stones.

1. McAndrew's Hymn, Vol. XXVI, p. 206
2. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 302
on a scraped embankment — between the 'Hoot! toot! ' that scares wandering cows from the line, and the dry roar of the engine at the distance signal." No one can doubt that Kipling sees romance in the train after reading this passage. Romance in a ship is not new, but romance in a train is.

Although Kipling has made, as we see, few statements concerning his romantic view of the world, those which he has made are so definite and so strong that no one who reads them can be at a loss to know what his view is.

1. From Tideway to Tideway, "Captains Courageous", Vol. XXIV, p. 72
Chapter II

Some of Kipling's Ideas on Work and Life
Kipling's ideas of life and the world about him are found throughout his works. We find that Kipling is greatly interested not only in the mechanical things of industry but also in problems which pertain to industry; and also that many of his deeper philosophical ideas seemingly have their roots in the industrial world of which he is so fond. Kipling is like the old chief engineer of whom Chevrillon says he writes. This man, on watch in the midst of his machinery was one "to whose exacting conscience everything spoke of duty and effort, everything repeats the lesson he has learnt from his Bible: Law, Order, Duty, and restraint, Obedience, Discipline — the rule to which his life has been subdued." Kipling, too, in the midst of machinery, in a figurative way at least, hears it speak to him of these same things.

One might be misled as to the stand Kipling takes concerning the importance of work if he read only the words of the doctor in The Phantom Rickshaw. He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies. But Kipling's ideas are more fully brought out by other passages from his works — both from the fiction and the non-fiction. "Yes," says the little German who has poor command of English order, but who took his missionary work to heart, "they shall be good and shall with their hands to work learn."

For all good Christians must work."


2. At the Judgment of Dungara, Vol. 4, p. 227
Of Canada he says that the land suspends all judgment on men till it has seen them work. Thereafter as may be, but work they must, because there is a very great deal to be done. A direct admonition which he gives is: "Do your work with your heart's blood, but no need to let it show."

Moonshood, in Rudyard Kipling, An Attempt at Appreciation, quotes some of Kipling's philosophy of work which he found in The Light That Failed: "If we sit down quietly to work we may, or we may not, do something that isn't bad. A great deal depends on being master of the bricks and mortar of the trade. But the instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work -- to play with one eye on the gallery -- we lose power and touch of everything else." He seemed to believe that men should go about their work as machinery goes about its work; that they should perform their duty without thinking of the impression that it will make upon others. It seems to me that there are more allusions to work in Kipling's poetry than there are in his prose. The one that follows, from The Mary Gloster, shows the value of sticking to a duty and obeying orders:

"I didn't begin with askings. I took my job and I stuck; And I took the chances they wouldn't, an' now they're calling it luck. Lord, what boats I've handled -- rotten and leaky and old! Run 'em, or -- opened the bilge-cock, precisely as I was told. Grub that 'ud bind you crazy, and screws that 'ud turn you gray And a big fat lump of insurance to cover the risk of the way. The others they dursn't do it; they said they valued their life (They've served me since as skippers). I went and I took my wife."

1. From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, pp. 328 and 329
2. Rewards and Fairies, Vol. XVI, p. 68
3. P. F. Moonshood, Rudyard Kipling, An Attempt at Appreciation, p. 161
4. The Mary Gloster, Vol. XXVI, p. 273
Besides such allusions to duty there are whole poems dealing with that subject. Kipling sees about him not a world of shirkers, but a world with many conscientious workers. These are found in various fields. The work of those who handle the screw-guns is well told in a poem bearing their name. The extreme difficulties which the men must endure — or die — is told thus:

"Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool, I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my brown mule, With seventy gunners behind me, an' never a beggar forgets It's only the pick of the army that handles the dear little pets — 'Tse! 'Tse!

For you all love the screw-guns — the screw guns they all love you!

So when you call round with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do — hoo! hoo!

Just send in your Chief an' surrender — it's worse if you fights or you runs:

You can go where you please, you can skid up the trees, but you don't get away from the guns!

"They send us along where the roads are, but mostly we go at where they ain't:

We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' thrust to the stick o' the paint:

We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give the Afreedeeman fits,

For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns that are built in two bits — 'Tse! 'Tse!

For you all love the screw guns . . . .

"If a man don't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches 'im 'ow to behave;

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles 'im into 'is grave.

You've got to stand up to our business an' spring without snatchin' or fuss.

D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns? By God, you must lather with us — 'Tse! 'Tse!

For you all love the screw-guns . . . .
"The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-moanin' below,
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out on
the rocks an' the snow,
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries away
to the plains.
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules -- the jinglety-
'stick o' the chains -- *Tss!* *Tss!*
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

"There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a wheel
on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a
beggar can spit:
With the sweet runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an' the
sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old gun in
'er place -- *Tss!* *Tss!*
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

"Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,
I climb in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule.
The monkey can say what our road was -- the wild-goat 'e knows
where we passed.
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-ropes!
With shrapnel! Hold fast -- *Tss!* *Tss!* For you all love the screw-guns the screw guns
they all love you!
So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course
you will know what to do -- hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender -- it's worse
if you fights or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your
graves, but you can't get away from the
guns!"

The difficult work of the runner for the Overland Mail is
told about in the greater part of the poem having that name:

"With a jingle of bells as dusk gathers in,
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the hill --
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waistbelt, the Post Office bill: --
*Despatched on this date, as received from the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail!"
"Is the torrent inspate? He must ford it or swim,
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry halt? What are tempests to him?
The service admits not a 'but' or an 'if'.
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

"From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brawny brown chest,
From rail to ravine -- to the peak from the vale --
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

"There's a speck on the hill-side a dot on the road --
A jingle of bells on the foot-path below --
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode --
The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the call:
'In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!'" 1

A little different view of devotion to duty and the importance
of work is set forth in The Glory of the Garden. In that poem it is
not duty that is extremely difficult to perform that is told of. Rather
the importance of doing the menial tasks is emphasized. In this poem
Kipling is singing the glory of England and telling how each English
subject may contribute to that glory. After all, however, the things
that he says applies to many undertakings:

"Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

"Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God Who made him sees
That half a gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished and you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away;
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!" 2

1. The Overland Mail, Vol. XXV, p. 57
A forceful statement of how much more work can be accomplished by cooperation is found in *Together*:

"When Crew and Captain understand each other to the core,
It takes a gale and more than a gale to put their ship ashore;
For the one will do what the other commands, although they are chilled to the bone,
And both together can live through weather that neither could face alone." 1

Andre' Chevrillon says of Kipling: "In many famous stories he has shown us how strong is the idea of professional duty here, how true the loyalty of the man to the task and his team, how steadfast the sentiment that devotes an administrator to his struggle against famine, a doctor to his struggle against disease, a journalist to his newspaper, an officer to his regiment, a sailor to his ship. He has shown us effort to exhaustion, to the breaking point, and a sacrifice culminating in death, the threat of which is never far distant in times of cholera or in summer, when 'the well is dry beneath the village tree, the river but a belt of blinding sand, and the earth is iron, and the skies are brass.' And the significant trait in these stories is that the faithfulness to one's task is taken for granted; no extraordinary events occur in which the idea of duty is heightened. Simply the man must do what he must do."

"What this voluntary submission to strict discipline should be, the poem which bears as title the little word *If* tells us. It is an exact and rigorous code, in the simplest language, of the laws a man must obey if he would be strong against the world and against himself:


2. *Three Studies in English Literature: Kipling, Galsworthy, Shakespeare* by Andre' Chevrillon, from the French by Florence Simmons, p. 83
"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 second's 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!"

Kipling's training in the performance of duty began very early in life. It must have been a strictly mechanical process, for he says of his teachers in A School Song:

"Let us now praise famous men—
Men of little showing—"

He says of himself and those with whom he went to school:

"Each degree of Latitude
Strung about Creation
Seeth one or more of us
(Of one master each of us),
Diligent in that he does,
Keen in his vocation.

1. Three Studies in English Literature: Kipling, Galsworthy, Shakespeare by André Chevrillon, from the French by Florence Simmons, p. 70
"This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed in daily work,
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong his daily work—
And without excuses.

"This we learned from famous men
Teaching in our borders,
Who declared it was best,
Safest, easiest, and best—
Expeditions, wise, and best—
To obey your orders."

Though Kipling finally believes in the performance of duty, he recognizes that the world is divided into those who serve and those who are served. Those who serve he calls the "sons of Martha". In a poem, also called The Sons of Martha, he says:

"The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited
that good part;
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the careful
soul and troubled heart.
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was
rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without end,
reprieve, or rest.

"It is their care in all ages to take the buffet and
 cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care
that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their
care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by
land and main.

"They finger death at their gloves' end where they piece
and repiece the living wires.
He rears against the gates they tend: they feed him
hungry behind their fires.
Early at dawn, ere men could see clear, they stumble into
his terrible stall,
And hale him forth with a halted steer, and goad and turn
him till evenfall.

"They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose.
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work when they damn-well choose.
As in the throned and the lighted ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may be long in the land."¹

However much Kipling may believe in the wholesomeness and necessity of work, he must think there is a limit, for he says:
"Work's the essence of life; but to expend precious unreturning vitality and real labour against imaginary danger, that is heart-breaking absurd."²

Kipling says that
"A man o' four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a trade--
Beside 'Reserve' agin him--'d'd better be never made."³

But Kipling seems to have the idea that the trade that one might be successfully trained to depends largely upon his heredity. Of the Hindus he says: "The well-wishing people of small discernment give them words or pitifully attempt in schools to turn them into craftsmen, weavers, or builders, of whom there be more than enough. Yet they have not the wisdom to look at the hands of the taught, whereon a man's craft and that of his father is written by the hand of God and necessity. They believe that the son of a drunkard shall drive a straight chisel end the charioteer do plaster-work."⁴

1. The Sons of Martha, Vol. VIII, pp. 53, 59
2. The Mother Hive, Vol. XX, p. 80
3. 'Back to the Army Again', Vol. XXVI, p. 297
4. One View of the Question, Vol. XXII, p. 75
Kipling's interest in trade unions and the labor problems connected with them are closely allied to his interests in work and duty. To perform one's duty in simple situations may be easy enough, but the complexity of the modern world has brought about many complications. Kipling fully understands that a person is not always certain where his duty lies; he is aware that a real labor problem exists. In an essay two pages in length he deals with the labor troubles of Canada. He discusses the Chinese and the Japanese and the general effect they have upon the labor situation in the Western Hemisphere. Problems connected with trade unions, Kipling deals with at some length. He tells of the man who came to him privately and discussed business with him; the man said if those confidences were disclosed his business would suffer. In refutation of Kipling's assumption that Labor wants a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, the man replied that though they might do that in the Old Country, here they meant to boss the country.¹

One of the labor problems of the western world, Kipling says, is caused by the high cost of Chinese labor. To that he attributes a real evil, saying: "This is said to be one of the reasons why overworked white women die or go off their heads; and why in new cities you can see blocks of flats being built to minimize the inconveniences of housekeeping without help." He draws a daring conclusion by next stating that the birth rate will fall later in exact proportion to those flats.²

1. Letters to the Family, Labour, Vol. XXIV, pp. 151, 153
2. Ibid., p. 147
That at last there comes a day in one's life when his work in this world is completed, is brought out in one of the children's stories, *Puck of Pook's Hill*. The supposed Richard had finished telling two children about his and Henry's guarding the coast, Henry's crossing to Normandy, and some of the men's sailing from Povensey to that war; and of their lying in one chamber and drinking together. Then the little girl, Una, asks him what he did afterwards. He answers that they "talked together of times past." And he concludes the speech by adding, "That is all men can do when they grow old, little maid."¹

Kipling's writings do not stop with the work and duty of the present life, but they give us a glimpse of what Kipling believes the future one will be like. A summary of much that he believes about the world to come is condensed into a short poem of twelve lines. In it he discusses rest, virtue, happiness, work, appreciation, finance and fame. In *L'Envoi* he says:

"When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew!

"And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-loose canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!"

¹ *Puck of Pook's Hill*, Vol. XV, p. 107
"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are!"\(^{1}\)

INTRODUCTION TO APPENDICES
Moonkshood says of Kipling:

"He knows each fine gradation 'twixt the General and the sub."  

This, it seems to me, is only a fair illustration of the fine gradations that he knows in many walks of life. These appendices that follow, of trades and professions, parts of ships and the like certainly show how wide is Kipling's knowledge of such matters and how great is his familiarity with them.

All references in the appendices are made either to the Mandalay Edition of the Works of Kipling, published by Doubleday Page and Company, 1925, or to the recent volume, Debits and Credits, published by Doubleday Page and Company 1926. Debits and Credits is referred to as volume twenty-seven.

1. *Rudyard Kipling, an Attempt at Appreciation*, by G. F. Moonkshood, p. 14
APPENDIX I

Trades and Professions Mentioned in the Works of Kipling
Accountants, 
Acting District Superintendent of Police, 
Actress, 
Adjudant, 
Agent for auctioneer, 
Ambulance orderly, 
Apothecary, 
Architect, 
Artist, 
Assessors, 
Assistant collector and agent in charge, 
Assistant District Superintendent of Police, 
Assistant engineer, 
Assistant to a juggler, 
Astrologer, 
Auctioneer, 
Bagman, 
Ballet-dancer, 
Bandmaster, 
Bandman, 
Bank-clerk, 
Banker, 
Barmaid, 
Barkeeper, 
Barrack servants, 
Barrack-sweeper, 
Barrister, 
Bathing machine proprietor, 
Bearer, 
Beaters (to drive deer near the king) 
Bee-boy, 
Bee Master, 
Bimbaishi (of Egyptian Army) 
Bill collectors, 
Blacksmith, 
Blower-boy (behind an organ) 
Boarding house-keeper, 
Boat builders, 
Boatswain, 
Boiler-fitters, 
Boiler-maker, 
Boiler-riveter, 
Bombay cotton-brokers, 
Booking clerk, 
Brakeman, 

XIX, 31; XXVI, 320
XXI, 169
XII, 173
X, 244; XVIII, 98
XVIII, 303
XVIII, 213
XVIII, 170; XTI, 174; XVI, 154
II, 92; XVI, 53; XIII, 176
XIII, 13
IV, 225
IV, 517
XVIII, 166
V, 165
VII, 161
XVIII, 303; I, 326; XX, 246; XXVI, 153
I, 101
XXI, 211
XVII, 303
XIII, 174
XXII, 100
V, 9; V 50
XVII, 61
XX, 8
V, 130
XXII, 239
XXII, 239; I, 100
XIX, 107
XIX, 77
XVI, 293
XX, 209
XX, 95
X, 161
VI, 65
IV, 282; XV, 19
XVI, 213
XIV, 176
XIV, 182
XVII, 350; XXI, 138
XVII, 139
XXII, 193
XXII, 251
XXII, 325
XXIV, 61
III, 12
XXIV, 4; plu., XXI, 231
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Page References</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brass-fitters</td>
<td>XXII, 213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bricklayer</td>
<td>XVII, 94; XVIII, 354; I, 336; XVI, 53; XXIII, 315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>plu., XIX, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXI, 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I, 280; XVI, 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>plu., I, 199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVI, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXV, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>IV, 246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVIII, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Business of collecting orchids and ethnological specimens</td>
<td>XVIII, 270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dust-maker</td>
<td>III, 260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butcher</td>
<td>IV, 79; XVI, 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XIII, 111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVIII, 145; XXII, 168; XIX, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II, 185; XII, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXVII, 211; plu., I, 317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVI, 149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>XVI, 139</td>
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<td>XIX, 145</td>
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<td>XVIII, 168</td>
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<td>VI, 251</td>
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<td>V, 126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VIII, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVIII, 306; XXV, 223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>X, 88; IV, 351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I, 332; XVI, 93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>V, 7; XIX, 156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>plu., VII, 109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXVII, 293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II, 134; XVI, 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVI, 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>V, 190</td>
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<td></td>
<td>XIV, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVI, 54; VII, 109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>X, 135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>V, 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVIII, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXI, 164; XIII, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XIX, 309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XIX, 104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XX, 248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXIV, 206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I, 327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVII, 154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XIV, 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XV, 205; plu., XIX, 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occupation</td>
<td>Page Numbers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clerk in Banking Office</td>
<td>XVII, 276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloth dealers</td>
<td>XXII, 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloth merchants</td>
<td>XXI, 172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coachman</td>
<td>X, 160; I, 108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coastguard</td>
<td>XVI, 144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cobbler</td>
<td>XIII, 111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee-planter</td>
<td>XVIII, 318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collector for auctioneer</td>
<td>XVIII, 503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colonel</td>
<td>X, 228; XVIII, 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colour Sergeant</td>
<td>XVII, 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commercial traveller</td>
<td>II, 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commissariat</td>
<td>XXVI, 350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commissioner</td>
<td>XVII, 91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company commander</td>
<td>XVII, 300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composer</td>
<td>X, 200; XVII, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comprador</td>
<td>XIII, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conductor</td>
<td>XXIII, 173; XXIV, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constable</td>
<td>XXII, 169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contractor</td>
<td>IV, 22; XVI, 57;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XIV, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVIII, 256; XXII, 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook</td>
<td>XIV, 229; XVIII, 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVII, 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coopers</td>
<td>XVII, 189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copper-Smith</td>
<td>XXII, 283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn-cutter</td>
<td>XXI, 168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>XVIII, 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Correspondants</td>
<td>XVII, 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Correspondants of newspapers</td>
<td>V, 286; plu., XVIII, 340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Costermonger</td>
<td>I, 392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cotton-planter</td>
<td>XVII, 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cotton-spinners</td>
<td>I, 284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counter-jumper</td>
<td>V, 37; plu., XVIII, 121; XXII, 340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cow boys</td>
<td>V, 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowherd</td>
<td>I, 284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coxswain</td>
<td>V, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cultivator</td>
<td>IV, 284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I, 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curators</td>
<td>V, 37; plu., XVIII, 121; XXII, 340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curio-dealers</td>
<td>II, 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curio-venders</td>
<td>V, 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curriers</td>
<td>XXII, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Customs official</td>
<td>I, 284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancing girl</td>
<td>V, 95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancing master</td>
<td>XVII, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debt-collector</td>
<td>XXIV, 191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deck-hand</td>
<td>XIV, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decorator-man</td>
<td>XXIV, 237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drummer-boy</td>
<td>IV, 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditcher</td>
<td>XXI, 291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>District Officers</td>
<td>I, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dist. Supt. of Police</td>
<td>XVIII, 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divorce-court lawyer</td>
<td>XXVII, 127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occupation</td>
<td>Reference(s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doctor</td>
<td>X, 160; XVIII, 166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dog-boy</td>
<td>XXI, 351; XX, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donkey-drivers</td>
<td>XXI, 38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draftsmen</td>
<td>XXIV, 255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draper</td>
<td>XXIV, 237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draughtsmen</td>
<td>XXVI, 143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drivers (from the hackstand)</td>
<td>XVIII, 533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drover-work</td>
<td>XXII, 60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drug-vender</td>
<td>XIV, 282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drummer</td>
<td>XVI, 309; VI, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>III, 28; plu., XXI, 172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dyer</td>
<td>X, 222; XVII, 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth-carriers</td>
<td>V, 81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editor</td>
<td>X, 231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editor of a newspaper</td>
<td>XVIII, 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Electrician</td>
<td>XIX, 243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elephant-catcher</td>
<td>XI, 151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embalmer</td>
<td>XVII, 136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engine-drivers</td>
<td>XVII, 193; sing., XXI, 181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineer</td>
<td>XVII, 40; XVI, 176; plu., XIX, 251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Executioner</td>
<td>XXV, 111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Executive Engineers</td>
<td>I, 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explosive Expert</td>
<td>XXVII, 273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farm-hand</td>
<td>XXIV, 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farmer</td>
<td>XV, 19; V, 253; plu., V, 303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feather-sellers</td>
<td>XV, 121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fencing-masters</td>
<td>XVI, 179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pochin' trade</td>
<td>XVI, 272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fireman</td>
<td>XXI, 224; plu., XXII, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire-wood dealers</td>
<td>V, 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Firework-maker</td>
<td>V, 163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Firm of gun makers</td>
<td>V, 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fishwife</td>
<td>II, 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fisher</td>
<td>XXV, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fisherman</td>
<td>X, 13; VIII, 93; plu., XVI, 292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fishmonger</td>
<td>XVII, 97; Fam., XIX, 130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitter</td>
<td>XXI, 78; plu., XXI, 6; XIV, 132; XXIV, 255; XIX, 261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flag-men</td>
<td>I, 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flint-worker</td>
<td>XVI, 120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floor-walkers</td>
<td>XX, 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreman-bricklayer</td>
<td>XVI, 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occupation</td>
<td>Pages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest officer</td>
<td>XXII, 185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest Ranger</td>
<td>XVIII, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortune-teller</td>
<td>V, 63; plu., XV, 121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth class postmaster in Arkansas</td>
<td>XIX, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit-farming</td>
<td>XIII, 283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gang-foreman</td>
<td>V, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardener</td>
<td>XXI, 327; XIX, 297; XVI, 126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garnetmen</td>
<td>I, 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilders</td>
<td>XVI, 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goatherd</td>
<td>XXV, 222; plu., II, 97; VI, 251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold-smiths</td>
<td>XV, 121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold-traders</td>
<td>XV, 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold-washers</td>
<td>III, 203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Government House Grooms</td>
<td>III, 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Government Sniper</td>
<td>XVIII, 290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grain-dealer</td>
<td>XVIII, 335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grain-merchants</td>
<td>I, 86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grain-seller</td>
<td>XVIII, 316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grass-cutter</td>
<td>XIX, 61; plu., I, 169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grocers</td>
<td>V, 190; XXV, 115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grog-seller</td>
<td>XXV, 178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groom</td>
<td>XVII, 156; XXVI, 126; XXV, 81; XII, 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>X, 183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunner</td>
<td>X, 158; plu., XVIII, 213; XXVI, 137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunnery-lieutenant</td>
<td>XXI, 143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hair-cutter</td>
<td>I, 260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hair-dresser</td>
<td>XXVII, 124; plu., XVI, 179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harpers</td>
<td>XV, 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatter</td>
<td>XVII, 123; XIII, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raillage-contractor</td>
<td>XXVII, 276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Headmen</td>
<td>XVIII, 342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Health Officer</td>
<td>XXIII, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hekka-driver</td>
<td>III, 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helmman</td>
<td>XXII, 94; XXVI, 178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herder</td>
<td>XXVI, 235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horsmen</td>
<td>XVI, 227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hide-dresser</td>
<td>III, 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hide-seller</td>
<td>IV, 254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pop-pickers</td>
<td>XV, 211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse-boy</td>
<td>IV, 213; plu., V, 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse-coper</td>
<td>XIII, 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse-dealer</td>
<td>XVII, 193; V, 29; plu., II, 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orse guard</td>
<td>XXVI, 137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orse Gunnery</td>
<td>XXVI, 323</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Horsetrader, .................................................. V, 25
Hospital Orderly, ............................................. XVII, 104
Hotel keeper, .................................................... II, 120; XIX, 161
Hotel-men, ...................................................... II, 213
Housekeeper, ..................................................... X, 12; XVIII, 342; XXI, 327
House-maid, ..................................................... XVIII, 340; plu., XXV, 190

Indian administrator, ......................................... XVII, 12
Inspector of Police, ........................................ XVIII, 354
Insurance-agent, ............................................. II, 73
Jromasters, ..................................................... XV, 189
Iron workers, ................................................... XVI, 65
Junior, ............................................................ XVIII, 330; VI, 21
Jeweller, .......................................................... III, 53; XII, 177; plu., XVI, 65
Jockey, ............................................................ XVII, 158
Joiner, ............................................................. XVI, 93
Jouneaux, ........................................................ XV, 89
Journalist, ..................................................... XXII, 150; XIV, 176
Journeyman-printer, ........................................... II, 225
Juggler, ........................................................... V, 165

Keeper of the door, ........................................... IV, 243
Kitchen-maid, ................................................... XVII, 100
Khansarai (Butler), .......................................... XVII, 150; XXVI, 322
Labour-contractors, .......................................... XXII, 6
Lacquer-workers, ............................................. I, 363
Lady Doctor, .................................................... XVII, 117
Landholder, ...................................................... IV, 246
Land surveyor, ................................................ II, 205
Laundress, ...................................................... XXII, 270
Lawyer, ........................................................... IV, 36; plu., X, 157; III, 226

Leather-breechesmaker, ...................................... XVI, 133
Leather-workers, ............................................. XII, 70
Leather-dressers, ............................................ XII, 80
Letter-writer, ................................................ -IV, 254; V, 130
Leach, ............................................................. -IV, 246
Lieutenant of Engineers, .................................. -X, 157
Lord High Warden, .......................................... XVII, 22
Lumbardens, ................................................... -II, 84
Lumpers, .......................................................... -XIV, 182

Mace-bearers, .................................................. VI, 190
Machine (in Waterbury), ................................... XIX, 20
Machine-gunner, ............................................. XVII, 207
Mehajuns, ........................................................ I, 159
Makouts of elephants, ....................................... I, 159
Mail-carrier, .................................................... VI, 144
Mail-runner, ----------------- XXV, 57; XXV, 234
Major, ----------------- XVII, 40-70
Linkew of boots and harness, ----------------- XXII, 80
Market gardener, ----------------- XXVII, 265
Market-girls, ----------------- XXVI, 232
Mariner, ----------------- XIV, 12
Mason, ----------------- XV, 194; XVI, 53
Massage woman, ----------------- XIV, 143
Master-Gunner, ----------------- VIII, 24
Master-Fisherman, ----------------- XIV, 167
Master for the Horses, ----------------- XVIII, 332
Mat-weaver, ----------------- XIX, 241; plu., XVII, 325

Mendicants, ----------------- XVIII, 1
Merchant, ----------------- XXVI, 72; plu., XV, 121

Mess-contractors, ----------------- XVIII, 101
Mess-scullion, ----------------- V, 109
Mess-sergeant, ----------------- XVIII, 96
Midwives, ----------------- XXII, 67
Milk woman, ----------------- V, 13
Milliner, ----------------- XXIII, 115
Miners, ----------------- XVIII, 72
Miners for salt, ----------------- XVIII, 121
Mine-sweeper, ----------------- XXVII, 27
Ministers, ----------------- XIX, 83
Missionaries, ----------------- V, 5
Money-changer, ----------------- XVI, 113
Money-lender, ----------------- X, 157; XVII, 154; XVIII, 295; XXII, 78; V, 57

Monographers, ----------------- XXI, 232
Mulesteer, ----------------- XIII, 20
Mutton-Butchers, ----------------- IV, 299

Nautical (workin' out how long civilians had to live), ----------------- XXVII, 123
Naval lieutenant, ----------------- XVI, 141
Navigator, ----------------- XIX, 53
Newsboy, ----------------- XXIV, 4; plu., II, 190

Newspaper-boy, ----------------- III, 67
Night-picket, ----------------- XII, 166
Night watchman, ----------------- XVII, 144
Nurse, ----------------- III, 4; XII, 327; XVI, 243; VI, 5; plu., XXIII, 134

Nursemaid, ----------------- V, 3

Officers of Customs, ----------------- I, 63
Oilier, ----------------- XXI, 78; XXVI, 205
Oilman, (tell), ----------------- V, 168
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oil-men,</td>
<td>I, 139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oil-pressers,</td>
<td>XVIII, 315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oil-sellers,</td>
<td>V, 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old-arms seller,</td>
<td>I, 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orchid-hunters,</td>
<td>XXI, 292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orderly,</td>
<td>X, 243; plu., XXIV, 206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organ-grinder,</td>
<td>XIV, 107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organist,</td>
<td>XVI, 228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parcels-clerk, (\text{cum-parcels-clerk}),</td>
<td>I, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parson,</td>
<td>XV, 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pastry cook,</td>
<td>V, 7; X, 157; X, 136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paymaster,</td>
<td>II, 250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pearl-merchant,</td>
<td>IV, 296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pedlars,</td>
<td>XV, 41; 89; XXIV, 206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petty contractors,</td>
<td>XVII, 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photographer,</td>
<td>XVII, 193; XXVII, 191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Physician-astrologer,</td>
<td>XVI, 244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picador,</td>
<td>II, 187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilots,</td>
<td>I, 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pipe-tenders,</td>
<td>V, 221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitman,</td>
<td>IV, 253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Planters,</td>
<td>III, 37; V, 160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plasterer,</td>
<td>XVI, 61; plu., XIX, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Platelayer,</td>
<td>XVII, 218; III, 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ploughman,</td>
<td>XVI, 227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plough-mender,</td>
<td>XVIII, 122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plumber,</td>
<td>XXIX, 248; plu., XIX, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plumbyers,</td>
<td>XVI, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pointsmen,</td>
<td>I, 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Policemen,</td>
<td>V, 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Politician,</td>
<td>XIV, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Porter, (R. R.),</td>
<td>XXIII, 59; II, 66; XXIV, 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postmaster,</td>
<td>VI, 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postmaster and confectioner, (combined),</td>
<td>X, 177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postmistress,</td>
<td>XVI, 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postrunner,</td>
<td>XVII, 104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pot-boilers,</td>
<td>XVIII, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potter,</td>
<td>XI, 72; VI, 203; plu., XVIII, 119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preceptress,</td>
<td>XV, 161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Priest,</td>
<td>XVII, 198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Priests,</td>
<td>XVIII, 6 of preface</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byragis</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faquirs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mullahs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nihanghs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sadhus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunnyasis</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occupation</td>
<td>Page Numbers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printer</td>
<td>XXIII, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pro-consul</td>
<td>IV, 128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professional mesmerist</td>
<td>XXII, 111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professional story tellers</td>
<td>XVII, 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proof-reader</td>
<td>XVII, 190; 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Publisher</td>
<td>II, 216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pullman-car conductor</td>
<td>XXIV, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pumpkin-seller</td>
<td>XIX, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarrymen</td>
<td>XXVII, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quartermaster</td>
<td>XIX, 60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Real-estate agent</td>
<td>XIV, 176; plu., II, 92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Realtor&quot;</td>
<td>XXVII, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Regimental Roman Catholic Chaplain</td>
<td>XVIII, 197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Regimental Surgeon</td>
<td>XVII, 107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Registrar</td>
<td>I, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reporter</td>
<td>XIV, 187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riding-boys</td>
<td>I, 128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riggers</td>
<td>XIV, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riveters</td>
<td>XXI, 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Road-master</td>
<td>XX, 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ropers</td>
<td>III, 135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rum seller</td>
<td>XIV, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sago-dealers</td>
<td>XXVI, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saisses</td>
<td>XXIV, 206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailor</td>
<td>XVII, 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seals</td>
<td>I, 159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salters</td>
<td>XIV, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanitary engineer</td>
<td>XVI, 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scribe</td>
<td>V, 370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schoolmaster</td>
<td>XVIII, 256; V, 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seal-cutter</td>
<td>III, 135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sealers</td>
<td>XI, 117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seamen-gunnners</td>
<td>XIX, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>XIV, 144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary of State for war</td>
<td>XXIII, 273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seller of toys</td>
<td>XXI, 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seller of arms</td>
<td>I, 86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sellers of bottles</td>
<td>XXII, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sentinel</td>
<td>VIII, 102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sentry</td>
<td>V, 121; XIX, 49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sergeant Instructor of Machine Guns</td>
<td>XXVII, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sergeant-Major</td>
<td>XVII, 107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sexton</td>
<td>XXVI, 99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shepherd</td>
<td>II, 114; XVI, 115; XIX, 156; plu., XXI, 292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipbuilder</td>
<td>XVI, 272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipwright</td>
<td>XIV, 187; plu., XXI, 76; XVI, 79</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Shikarris, .................................................. V, 319
Shoe seller, .............................................. XVIII, 4 of preface
Shopkeeper, .............................................. XIX, 159
Signaller, ................................................ XVIII, 126; XIX, 124
Signallman ................................................ II, 230
Silk-merchant, ........................................ I, 370
Silver lam, (priest), .................................. XVIII, 224
Skin dressing, .......................................... XVI, 138
Skipper, .................................................. XVII, 95; II, 137
Smack, ..................................................... XVI, 166
Soldier, ................................................. XVII, 193
Solicitor, ................................................ XXIII, 283
Spy, ....................................................... VIII, 63
Squadron Commander, .................................. X, 159
Stable-boy, .............................................. IV, 173
Stall-keepers, ........................................... I, 204
Station master, ......................................... XVIII, 126; VI, 52
Steevedores, ........................................... XIII, 121
Steward, .................................................. XIV, 5
Stewardess, ............................................. I, 236; XIV, 5
Stoker, ................................................... XIII, 119; XVII, 309;
Streets cleaners, ........................................ XVII, 193
Street preacher, ....................................... XVIII, 97
Subaltern, ................................................ XVIII, 171
Sub-contractor, ......................................... XVII, 146
Sub-Deputy Assistant, ................................. X, 159
Submarine Miner, ....................................... 
Surgeon-Major, ......................................... XVII, 107
Surveyors, ............................................... XVII, 107
Supts. of the Mint, ...................................... XVII, 255
Supt. of the workhouse, ................................ I, 63
Supervisor of Dolees, .................................. II, 222
Sutler, .................................................. X, 159
Sweeper, ................................................ XV, 121
Sweeper, (one of Lizard men), ......................... V, 130; XVIII, 115;
Sweeps, ................................................ XV, 121
Sweet-meat seller, ..................................... XVI, 171
Sweet-seller, ............................................ IV, 254
Tailor, .................................................... XIV, 193
Tally-man, ................................................ XXV, 233
Tamara, .................................................. III, 206
Tax-men, .................................................. XVIII, 169
Teacher, .................................................. V, 22
Tea Planter's Assistant, ............................... III, 119
Telegraph clerk, ......................................... III, 127; XIII, 19
Telegraph employees, .................................. XXIV, 255
Telegraphist, ........................................... XIV, 144; XX, 7
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Page Numbers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Telegraph-master</td>
<td>XVII, 160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegraph-peon</td>
<td>III, 291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegraph operator and postmaster general</td>
<td>VI, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegraph Signaller</td>
<td>III, 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone-man</td>
<td>II, 213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Texas mile tender</td>
<td>XIX, 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ticket collectors</td>
<td>I, 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Tiffies&quot;</td>
<td>XIX, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tillers</td>
<td>XXV, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilledhurzie, (hired-tailor)</td>
<td>XVIII, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tinker</td>
<td>VIII, 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacconist</td>
<td>XXVII, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacconist's assistant</td>
<td>XXII, 124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco seller</td>
<td>V, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonga-driver</td>
<td>III, 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toxicologists</td>
<td>XXI, 292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trainer, (horse)</td>
<td>I, 127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Train-hand</td>
<td>XIV, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trimmers</td>
<td>XXIII, 233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troop-Sergeant-Major</td>
<td>X, 177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truck-farmer</td>
<td>XX, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truckman</td>
<td>XXI, 219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tug-master</td>
<td>XVII, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typewriter</td>
<td>XIV, 144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typewriter girl</td>
<td>II, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under-keeper</td>
<td>XXI, 351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undertaker</td>
<td>XXV, 111; XXVII, 136; plu., II, 181; XVIII, 232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaccinator</td>
<td>XXI, 117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valet</td>
<td>II, 145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetable-seller</td>
<td>V, 19; plu., XIX, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vet</td>
<td>XXIII, 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veterinary</td>
<td>XVI, 243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volunteer-sergeant</td>
<td>I, 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiter</td>
<td>XXIII, 117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiter, negro</td>
<td>II, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War-correspondents</td>
<td>XIII, 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warden, (of a salt lick)</td>
<td>XVIII, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washerwoman</td>
<td>XXI, 202; plu., XVIII, 350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watchmen</td>
<td>VIII, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water-carrier</td>
<td>XXII, 166; V, 6; VIII, 102; plu., XXIV, 206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Way-inspector</td>
<td>I, 84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weaver</td>
<td>IV, 257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well-sweeps</td>
<td>I, 315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whaler</td>
<td>XIV, 189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheat-growers</td>
<td>XXIV, 180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood cutters</td>
<td>XXIV, 180; V, 503; XXVII, 178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worker in overall factory</td>
<td>XIV, 108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yard-master</td>
<td>XXI, 217</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPENDIX II

Parts of Ships Mentioned in the
Works of Kipling
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sea-valve</td>
<td>XXI, 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smoking room</td>
<td>XIV, 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay-sail</td>
<td>XIV, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starboard</td>
<td>XXI, 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State-room</td>
<td>XIV, 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steam-pipes</td>
<td>XXI, 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stern</td>
<td>XVIII, 283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stoke-hole</td>
<td>XXI, 161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Straight bow</td>
<td>XXI, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supporting column</td>
<td>XXI, 140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teeth of cogs</td>
<td>XXI, 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrust-block</td>
<td>XXI, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trawler</td>
<td>XIX, 129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twin propellers</td>
<td>XIX, 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upper-deck stringers</td>
<td>XXI, 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valve-spindles</td>
<td>XI, 145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Web-frames</td>
<td>XI, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Windlass</td>
<td>XIV, 87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wire-stays</td>
<td>XXI, 81</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPENDIX III

Weapons and Parts of Weapons
Mentioned in the Works of Kipling
Barrel-- -------------- XIII, 64
Barrels of shot-gun-- -------------- XVIII, 223
Bayonet-- -------------- XIII, 27
Begian revolver-- -------------- XIII, 24
Blimbuss-- -------------- XXV, 232
Breech (of rifle)-- -------------- XVIII, 210
Breech-blocks-- -------------- XVII, 95
Breechloaders-- -------------- XVII, 223
Breech-pin -- -------------- IV, 97
Dutars (swords) -------------- I, 52

Camel guns -------------- XIII, 24
Cannon -------------- XIII, 60
Carbine-- -------------- XXII, 177
Cartridge-- -------------- XVIII, 245
Cartridge-cases-- -------------- XVII, 95
Colt automatic -------------- XIX, 5

Doll-head bolt of the grip -------------- XVIII, 181
Double barrelled shell gun for tigers XXII, 67
Duck-gun-- -------------- XVIII, 254

Express-- -------------- XVIII, 181
.360 Express -------------- XVIII, 245
.500 Express -------------- I, 70
Express rifle-- -------------- VI, 85

Fowling piece-- -------------- XXII, 67

Getling gun-- -------------- VI, 53
Grooms -------------- VI, 123
Gun-case -------------- XVIII, 245

Halbred-- -------------- V, 194

Khondas (swords) -------------- I, 52

Laughtlite (a new explosive) -- -- -- XIX, 5
Laughton-Zigler-- -------------- XIX, 5
Lee-Metford-- -------------- XIX, 156
Lever -- -------------- XVIII, 131
Lock -- -------------- XIII, 64
Long rifle -------------- XVIII, 92

Machine-guns -------------- I, 76
Matchlocks -------------- XVII, 223
Martin-Henry carbines-- -------------- XVIII, 92
Muzzle -- -------------- XVIII, 213
Muzzle loading fowling-piece -- -------------- XVIII, 253

Nipples-- -------------- XVIII, 131

Pump gun -- -------------- XXII, 67
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Page References</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Revolver</td>
<td>XVIII, 181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rifles</td>
<td>X, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Sallies&quot;</td>
<td>X, 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saloon pistols</td>
<td>X, 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Screw-guns</td>
<td>XVII, 337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stock</td>
<td>XIII, 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springfield carbine</td>
<td>II, 128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swivel-gun</td>
<td>I, 76; XVI, 233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tulwars (swords)</td>
<td>I, 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turncock</td>
<td>X, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelve-bore rifle</td>
<td>XVIII, 181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zigler automatic</td>
<td>XXIII, 249</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPENDIX IV

Some of the Modern Implements Mentioned in the Works of Kipling
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ambulance</td>
<td>XXII 228; XVIII, 207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bayonet</td>
<td>XVII, 323; XVIII, 212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Binders</td>
<td>XXIV, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bugle</td>
<td>XVIII, 212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbine</td>
<td>XVII, 358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Card-case</td>
<td>XVII, 139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chandelier</td>
<td>XVII, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cutters</td>
<td>XXI, 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cigarette-case</td>
<td>XVIII, 181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crane</td>
<td>XI, 146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steam-crane</td>
<td>XI, 146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Differential blocks</td>
<td>XXI, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drop-bolts</td>
<td>XVII, 116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Field-glasses</td>
<td>XVII, 331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish-slicers - Electro-plated</td>
<td>I, 144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flogging hammer</td>
<td>XXI, 145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forge</td>
<td>XXI, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heliograph</td>
<td>XVII, 340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helmet</td>
<td>XVII, 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaleidoscope</td>
<td>I, 270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kit</td>
<td>XVII, 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kodak camera</td>
<td>XVIII, 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamps</td>
<td>XVII, 147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lance</td>
<td>XVII, 338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanterns</td>
<td>XVII, 106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sulphur match</td>
<td>XVII, 161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mechanical engines</td>
<td>I, 114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mechanical toys</td>
<td>V, 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mowing machine</td>
<td>XXIV, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oil press</td>
<td>XVIII, 315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opera-glasses</td>
<td>XXI, 43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paper-cutter</td>
<td>XVII, 226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patent lever keys</td>
<td>XVII, 177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patent self-reapers</td>
<td>XXIV, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tortoise shell handled penknife</td>
<td>XVII, 177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phonographs</td>
<td>V, 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shiny pistol</td>
<td>XVII, 238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fliers</td>
<td>XXI, 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powder shops</td>
<td>XVII, 215</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Recapping machine .......................... XXI, 187
Riveting-machine .......................... XXI, 15
Rivets .................................. XXI, 15
Ramrod ................................ XVII, 313
Clanin' rod ................................ IV, 97
Rubber typed bath chair .................. XXIII, 509

Screw-guns ................................ XVII, 327
Screw-jacks ................................ XXI, 164
Sewing-machine .......................... XXIII, 509
Sheoing tools ........................... XV, 23

Hammer
Pinchers
Rasps
Side-saddle ................................ XVII, 31
Silver soap box .......................... XVII, 235
Spurs ................................... XVII, 156
Stirrup ................................ XVII, 104
Stop-watch .............................. XVIII, 285;
 ................................ XVII, 339
Sugar tongs ................................ XVII, 31
Sword ................................ XVII, 238

Tank engine ................................ XVII, 211
Telephone-bell .......................... XVII, 190
Thermometer ............................. XVIII, 165;
 ................................ XVIII, 178
Ticket punch .............................. XXI, 325

Valise ................................ XVIII, 205
Vices ................................ XXI, 155

Water bottle ............................. XVII, 332
Waterbury watch ........................ III, 79
APPENDIX V

Newspapers Mentioned by Kipling
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Newspaper/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Issue</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>American Tyler</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asiatic Quarterly Review</td>
<td>V</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calcutta Mercantile Advertiser</td>
<td></td>
<td>III, 102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melbourne's Argus</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Country Life</td>
<td>XX</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Examiner</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Field</td>
<td>XX</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gazette of India</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graphic</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harper's</td>
<td>XIX</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerrold's Weekly</td>
<td>XIX</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ladies' Home Journal</td>
<td>XIX</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M'Clure's</td>
<td>XIX</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melbourne 'Argus'</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York 'World'</td>
<td>XXII</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer</td>
<td>III</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scientific American</td>
<td>XIX</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sydney 'Morning Herald'</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Times</td>
<td>XXII</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Viceroy's Excellence Gazette</td>
<td>XVIII, 114</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tokyo Public Opinion</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Topaz Telegram</td>
<td>VI</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPENDIX VI

A List of Some of the Comparisons

Made in the Works of Kipling
Sea Catch. . . . . . . would swim like a torpedo-boat; XI, 94
Dog's feet . . . . . . anchored as tensely as the drawn wire-rope of a suspension bridge; XVIII, 253
Seal . . . . . . . . . . . . Darts like a rifle-bullet in at one hole and out at another; XI, 100
Apis . . . . . . . . . . . . halted like a car with four brakes; XXVII, 192
Lady . . . . . . . . . . . . collapsed like a factory chimney; XXIII, 91
Spirit of nationality. . . fills the air precisely as the joy-our hum of a big dynamo well settled to its load makes a background to all the other shop noises; II, 394
Plates (in ship) . . . . . opened like a furnace door; XXI, 85
English was...clear out. . . as though it came from a gramophone; XIV, 71
Piece of mica. . . . . . will flash like a heliograph; XII, 55
Smile. . . . . . . . . . . . like the turning on of all the electrics. His teeth were whiter than the ivory fittings; XXIII, 249
Views. . . . . . . . . . . . shifted and changed like a kaleidoscope; I, 270

He sent his speech abroad with an air of detachment, irresponsibly . . like the phonograph; VI, 52
As useless . . . . . . . . . as a surcharged phonograph; XXII, 98
Huge limbs (of elephant). moved as steadily as pistons; XI, 160
March of Progress brought to a standstill . . . . . . as a locomotive is stopped by heated bearings; XXIV, 90
Sea Cow...blowing . . . . . like a locomotive; XI, 115
Roar of the seal nurseries sounded as loud . . . . . . as the roar of a train in a tunnel; XI, 103

Roar of the world rang in his ears as . . . . . . the roar of a tunnel rings long after the train has passed through; XII, 35
Gale broke with a shriek . . like the shriek of a train; XII, 167
Singer's voice . . . . . . like the coming in of an underground train; XVII, 16
Railways wind in and out . . much as a buck walks through a forest glade; II, 373
Old lady's tongue clacked, as steadily as a rice husker; V, 98
Line (in the army) began to shake . . . . . . like the deck of a steamer when the engines are going fast; XI, 191
Snake rolled slowly in the water. like a steamer in a beam sea; XII, 191
Floor. like the quarter deck of a battleship on the eve of a ball; XXVII, 124
Shrieks, in two keys as monotonous as a steam-organ; XXIII, 330
Song shook the reinforced concrete. as steam pile-drivers shake the flanks of a dock; XXIII, 173
Result delivered was a confused tangle of other voices. most like the mutter and hum through a city telephone in the busiest part of the day; XXII, 100
It's flashing through the record. as telegraph poles fly past the traveller; XIII, 63
Shackles tough as telegraph wire; III, 149
Snake gathered herself together. like a watch-spring; XI, 137
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