

THE PAPER-KNIFE.

THE JUNGLE BOOK.

"The Jungle Book." By Rudyard Kipling, with Illustrations by J. L. Kipling, W. H. Drake and P. Frenzeny. London: Macmillan.

This is a book for big and little children, a book to have for one's very own, and to give to all one's friends, a book to be read in the fields, over the fire, or on the pillow, a book for all moods and all seasons. To sit and watch your friend's face as he turns over the leaves, is an occupation for a summer's afternoon—see how he chuckles, rubs his knees, and purrs, and think of what is in store for you.

It is about the childhood of Mowgli, the man's cub, the little Frog, the Mowgli of *Many Inventions*; how he "was entered into the wolf-pack for the price of a bull and on Baloo's good word" and "grew and grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat;" how he obeyed the law of the Jungle "strike first and then give tongue," and learnt the calls of all beasts; how he won the friendship of Bagheera the Black Panther, who "was born among men," but was hated of the others "because their eyes could not meet his;" how he was carried away by the chattering *Banderlog* (the Monkey-Folk, who live in tress and have no law), and rescued by Bagheera, Baloo, the old schoolmaster bear, and Kaa the mighty Python; how he was turned out of the pack for jealousy, and, having scouted his enemies with a fire-pot, returned to men and drove their herds until the time came for vengeance on Shere Khan, the old tiger who sought his life; how he was cast out by the man-pack, and "went away and hunted with the four cubs in the jungle from that day on. But he was not always alone, because, years afterwards, he became a man and married. But that is a story for grown-ups."

It is about Kotick, the white seal who was born at Novastoshnab, how he went to the killing grounds of the "holluschickie," or bachelor seals, and came back with "a very heavy little heart;" how "that Autumn he left the beach as soon as he could and set off alone because of a notion in his bullet head;" and how he followed all the creatures in the sea until he met with the bowing sea cows, who did not know how to talk, and found the "quiet sheltered beaches where he sits all summer through, getting bigger, and fatter, and stronger each year, while the holluschickie play round him, in that sea where no man ever comes."

It is about the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single handed through the bath room of the big bungalow in Segowlee cantonment. Darzee, the tailor bird, who was very like a man in some ways, helped him, and Chuchundra, the musk rat, who never comes into the middle of the floor, but always creeps round by the wall, gave him advice, but Rikki-tikki did the real fighting. Rikki-tikki was a mongoose "eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity," and his enemies were Nag, the Cobra, and Nagaina, his wicked wife.

It is about little Toomai, who saw the dance of the Elephants; how he talked with Petersen Sahib, the protector of the poor, and "wandered through the camp, unspeakably happy, in search of a tom-tom," how his forehead was marked with blood from the breast of a newly killed jungle-cock, to show that he "was a forester, initiated and free of all the jungles" because "he had seen what never man had seen before," and how he was called "Toomai of the Elephants."

It is about "Two-Tails" the camp Elephant who "knows just enough to be uncomfortable, and not enough to go on in spite of it" and who must not be confounded with "the most silent of all living things, the wild Elephant." It is about Billy "the breech-piece mule, of number two gun of the First Screw Battery," who hated references to his "family on the father's side" and insulted the troop-horse, Dick Cunliffe, by calling him "a big brown Brumby." It is about the "brothers from Ilapur" whose "father was a sacred bull of Shiva" and the camels who had horrid dreams.

Children of the Camp are we,
Serving each in his degree;
Children of the yoke and goad,
Pack and harness. pad and load.

There is no end to what it is about, and we would advise everyone to read it at once.

R. B. J.

THE YELLOW BOOK.

"The Yellow Book as the representative of English Literature and Art."

The Yellow Book has now been before the public for some time, but echoes of the laughter with which it was pretty generally greeted are still lingering on, and will in all probability continue to linger for some time to come. But after all, although the book has been laughed at, satirized and caricatured, it has been met with very little sober criticism or serious consideration. Many will say that it has met with its deserts, that it is unworthy of serious consideration, and that the best thing to be done in the case of such a production is to kill it by laughter. This may be true, but after all it must be remembered that this book pretends to be representative of the highest literary and artistic genius of the day; that it has come out more or less under the patronage of the president of the Royal Academy, and that another of its contributors was at one time pretty generally named as the probable successor to Tennyson in the Laureateship. This being the case, it might be argued with some justice that if the book is to be regarded as a mere matter for laughter, English literature and art must be in a very sorry case.

The truth is, that though the book contains much that is simply ridiculous, and certain things that are worse than ridiculous, yet after all, when all that is ridiculous and worthless is cut out, there still remains a considerable amount of matter well worthy of serious consideration. Though some of the pictures of Aubrey Beardsley are foolish and inartistic, others are certainly clever, though the contributions of Sickert are merely displeasing scrawls with nothing artistic about them, on the other hand those of Will Rothenstein are both clever and artistic, whilst the President's studies are far too good for the company in which they are placed. Again, whilst the verse of Le Gallienne is forced, unmusical and generally unsatisfying, and the sensuous jingle contributed by Symons is absolutely without merit, and would be enough in itself to damn any book that contained it, on the other hand the sonnets by the author of "Lacrymae Musarum" may be placed amongst his best work, whilst some other of the short poems included in the book (e.g. those of John Davidson) are of quite considerable merit.

The same thing may be said of the prose contents of the book. So much of it is worthless that we are liable to miss what is worth reading, merely because it so difficult to find. Though it is a mere waste of

