

# A NEW WAR POET == CONAN DOYLE TRIES TO RIVAL RUDYARD KIPLING AS A WRITER OF VERSES OF ACTION.



DR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

DR. CONAN DOYLE, the novelist and story writer, the creator of Sherlock Holmes and "The White Company," is about to make his first appearance as a poet.

His book of poems, under the title of "Songs of Action," will be published in this country by Doubleday & McClure. The Sunday Journal has been favored with advance sheets of the work.

Dr. Doyle's poems inevitably invite comparison with those of Rudyard Kipling. The former shows the influence of the latter very strongly. Doyle and Kipling have the same qualities of manliness, vigor, love of sport and fighting and fervent patriotism. In many cases they deal with identical subjects.

As a poet Conan Doyle seems likely to enjoy a popularity almost equal to that which he gained as a story writer. His strong, simple, musical verse will be widely appreciated.

It will be found interesting to compare some verses of Kipling and Doyle. The former's "Recessional" and the latter's "Frontier Line" are excellent examples of each in a serious and patriotic mood.

Conan Doyle, like Rudyard Kipling, sings the praises of Tommy Atkins, the British

## THE LOFTIEST POETICAL CONCEPTIONS OF A. CONAN DOYLE AND RUDYARD KIPLING.

### THE FRONTIER LINE.

By A. Conan Doyle.

What marks the frontier line?  
Thou man of India, say!  
It is the Himalayas sheer,  
The rocks and valleys of Cashmere,  
Or Indus as she seeks the south  
From Attoch to the fivefold mouth?  
"Not that! Not that!"  
Then answer me, I pray!  
What marks the frontier line?  
What marks the frontier line?  
Thou Africander, say!  
Is it shown by Zulu kraal,  
By Drakensberg or winding Vaal,  
Or where the Shire waters seek  
Their outlet east at Mozambique?  
"Not that! Not that!"  
There is a surer way  
To mark the frontier line.

What marks the frontier line?  
Thou man of Egypt, tell!  
Is it traced on Luxor's sand,  
Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,  
Or where the river runs between  
The Ethiope and Bishreen?  
"Not that! Not that!"  
By neither stream nor well  
We mark the frontier line.

"But be it east or west,  
One common sign we bear,  
The tongue may change, the soil, the  
sky,  
But where your British brothers lie,  
The lonely cairn, the nameless grave,  
Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave.  
'Tis that! 'Tis where  
THEY lie—the men who placed it  
there,  
That marks the frontier line."

And here's to her soldier son!  
For the hard bit north has sent him  
forth—  
The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?  
A lad from a Midland shire.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
He comes from an English sire.  
Here's a glass to a Midland lass,

And each can choose the one,  
But east and west we claim the best  
For the man that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?  
A lad from London town.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
The stuff that never backs down.  
He has learned to joke at the powder  
smoke,

For he is the fogs-moke's son,  
And his heart is light and his pluck is  
right—  
The man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?  
A lad from the Emerald Isle.  
Then let him go, for well we know  
We've tried him many a while.  
We've tried him east, we've tried him

### RECESSIONAL.

By Rudyard Kipling.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart:  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in  
awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
Or lesser breeds without the law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to  
guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!



RUDYARD KIPLING.

west,  
We've tried him sea and land,  
But the man to beat old Erin's best  
Has never yet been planned.  
Here are some lines from one of the most  
popular of Kipling's "Barrack Room Bal-  
lads."

"FUZZY-WUZZY."  
(Soudan Expeditionary Force.)  
By Rudyard Kipling.

We've fought with many men across  
the seas,  
An' some of them was brave, an'  
some was not:  
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;  
But the Fuzzy was the finest of the  
lot.  
We never got a ha'porth's change of  
'im:  
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked  
our 'orses,  
'E cut our sentries up at Sua Kim,  
An' 'e played the cat an' bango with  
our forces.  
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at you  
'ome in the Sowdan;

You're a pore benighted 'athen, but a  
first-class fightin' man;  
We giv' you corfliskit, an' if you want  
it signed  
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you  
whenever you're inclined.

'E rushes at the smokes when we let  
drive,  
An' before we know, 'e's 'ack'd at our  
'ead;  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's  
dead.

'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lam'  
'E's a injin-rubber idiot on the spre  
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care  
damn  
For the regiment of British infantee.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your  
'ome in the Sowdan;  
You're a pore, benighted 'athen but a  
first-class fightin' man;  
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuz-  
'yrick 'ead of 'air--  
You 'ie, black, boundin' be  
you bruk a British squa-

## FIRST ACTUAL X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BROKEN KNEE, CAP WHICH HAS MADE THE HEIR TO THE BRITISH THRONE A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

By Andrew Edmund Murphy.

LONDON, July 27.—There is every assurance now that the Prince of Wales will never be a well man again.

There is no doubt that the heir to the British throne has been lamed for life.

These are statements that are whispered to-day in court circles in London.

Physicians and men of the world are at last convinced that the Prince of Wales will never again be able to walk erect, that he will hobble about on a crutch or stout walking stick, and that his days of activity are ended for all time.

And here is an X-ray photograph that shows the cause of all this and the result of the accident which he met with nine days ago when he fell down stairs while a guest of the Rothschilds at Waddesdon Manor.

Every effort is being made to prevent news of the permanent nature of his injuries from reaching the people. But already the opinion is becoming widespread in England that the accident is more serious than was at first represented by the newspapers.

A week ago it was announced that the Prince of Wales had injured his knee cap. He was hastily brought up to London, and the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in the kingdom were called to attend him at Marlborough House. These included Sir William MacCormac, Sir Thomas Smith and Sir Francis Laking. The first examination of the knee of the Prince of Wales, which he was unable to bend, and which caused him intense pain, revealed the fact that the fracture he had sustained was of the most serious character.

Then Lord Lister, the only member of the medical fraternity who has been raised to the peerage, was called in consultation. The four distinguished physicians and surgeons who have charge of the case have been meeting three or four times daily in consultation. A horde of trained nurses are in attendance, and carpenters, upholsterers and other workmen are busy about Marlborough House making special couches, beds, chairs and easy resting places for the royal sufferer.

The Prince of Wales has been lying flat on his back now for nine days. The first bulletin given out at Marlborough House stated that the accident was not of a serious nature, and that the Prince of Wales would be about as usual "in a week." The following day the statement was made that his "recovery would be slower than was at first expected," and that "two weeks" might elapse before he would be able to walk.

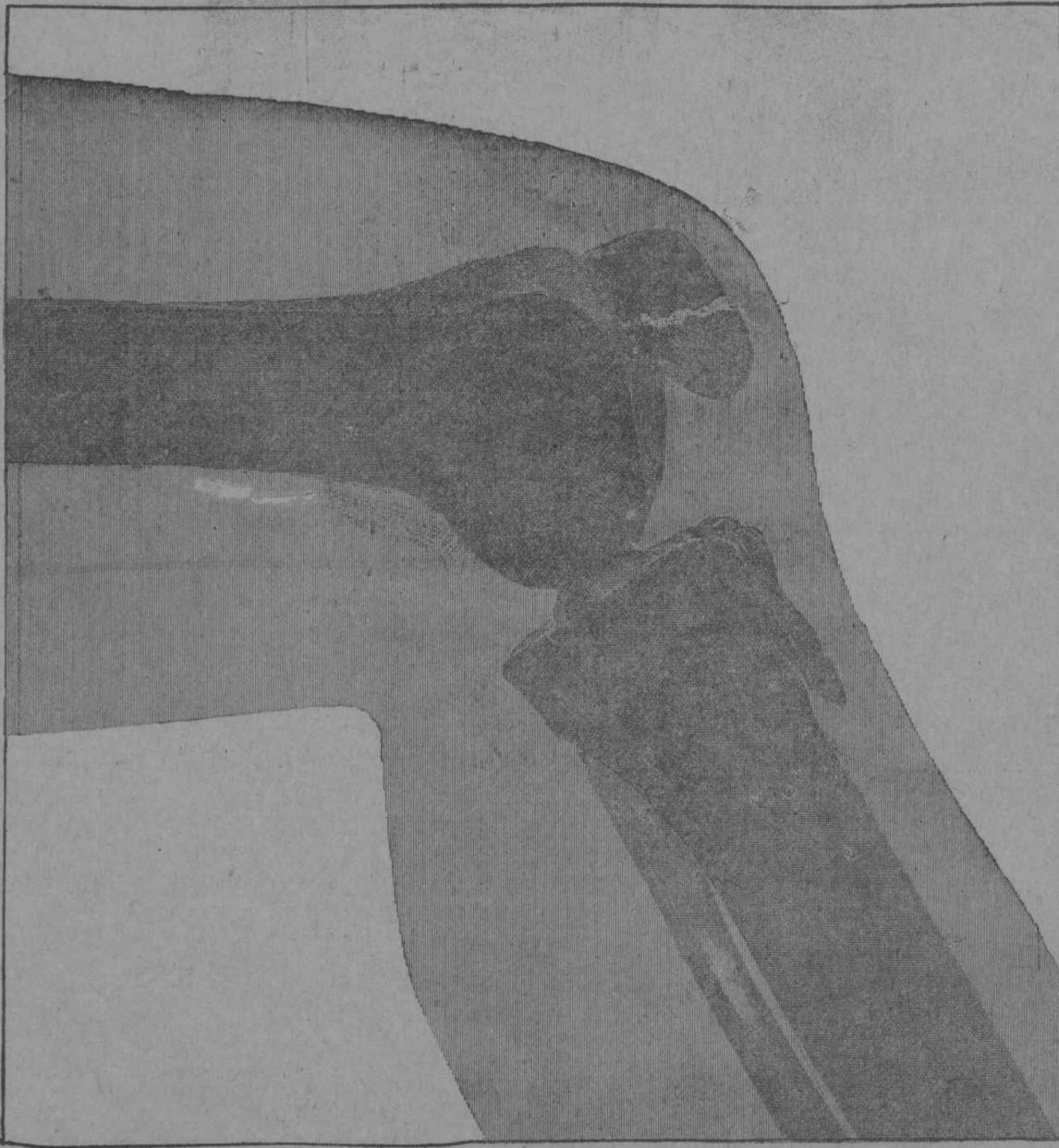
Since then all predictions in regard to the length of time before the Prince will be able to walk have been dropped. Nothing is now said in the bulletins coming from Marlborough House as to just when the Prince of Wales will be well again. Instead, the arrangements which are being made to take him to Cowes show from their elaborate character that he is lying absolutely helpless, and that his knee, instead of getting better, is worse than immediately after the accident.

Surgeons talk mysteriously of the necessity of an operation. They shake their heads ominously when asked as to the chance of the Prince of Wales recovering the entire use of his injured leg. Of this there appears to be little hope, and the proposition is dismissed as absurd by many London surgeons whose opinions are asked. It is not likely, though by no means impossible, that the Prince may have to have his leg amputated.

The best that is hoped for now in court circles in London is that at the end of a few months the Prince of Wales may be able to walk with the aid of a crutch. He will undoubtedly be a helpless invalid all through the Summer and Autumn, carried from place to place in a chair, attended by a host of surgeons and nurses solicitously watching to see that he does not receive the slightest jar, and incidentally suffering a lot of pain. There is a prospect, indeed, that this may become the permanent condition of the future King of England; that he will never again walk a step; never ride a horse; never stand erect, and will pass the remainder of his days a helpless, hopeless invalid.

The physical condition of the Prince of Wales, together with the life he has led, his age and his hereditary ailments are more responsible for this gloomy view of his future than the nature of the injury he has received.

A compound fracture of the knee cap, while undoubtedly serious, is by no means uncommon. Hundreds of men who have received injuries like those of the Prince of Wales are walking about New York to-day as well as ever they were. But these are men whose constitution was hardy and rugged and aided recovery. In the case of a person verging on old age, physically exhausted, weakened by a long life of luxury, and with a naturally delicate constitution to begin with, such a fracture is of the most serious character. The system is too weak to help recovery, and tends to aggravate rather than alleviate the initial injury.



SHOWING WHILE THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO BEND HIS KNEE—HIS LEG MUST ALWAYS REMAIN IN THIS POSITION.

Such is the case with the Prince of Wales to-day. He was never strong, and though he has had every attention from court physicians since early childhood, the life he has led has weakened his system to such an extent that those who meet him for the first time are surprised to find, not a young and healthy man, as they may have been led to expect, but a man with many of the symptoms of old age, and some of the fire of youth.

Lord Lister and the court physicians, of course, refuse to discuss the matter. But the fashionable doctors of the West End do not hesitate to say among their friends that from a professional point of view his case is almost hopeless.

The medical journals in England have discussed the case in its scientific aspects, but their remarks have been as guarded and as hopeful as those of the London daily papers, which up to the present time have given no hint of the serious condition of the Prince of Wales. The exact nature of his injury is as well known to the medical profession here almost as it is to the surgeons at Marlborough House.

The X-ray photographs which have been taken of the knee of the Prince of Wales show that the fracture is not of an ordinary form.

These photographs were taken from both sides, with the knee bent. This was the shape of the leg when the accident happened. The Prince slipped on the stairway of Waddesdon Manor and the weight of the body forcibly bent the knee. To prevent a fall the quadriceps extensor muscle in the front of the thigh made a sudden and violent contraction. The strain on the patella was too great, and the bone broke through the excessive energy of the muscular contraction. Immediately the patella gave way the continued action of the muscle drew the upper fragment away from the lower, and there was an obvious gap between the two pieces.

All power to extend the leg was at once lost, and the result of attempts to do so was to increase the distance between the fragments. Such a fracture always opens into the knee and permanent injury generally results. This is the case of the injury given by the Lance, which says: "Percutaneous weakness of the injured joint is not unlikely to result." The most that has yet been said in print in England about the Prince of Wales has been that the medical profession that the Prince of Wales has been lamed for life.

A special ambulance has been secured to take the Prince of Wales from Marlborough House next Saturday to the Victoria station on his way to Cowes. Sir Francis Laking, court physician, and Mr. Fripp, court surgeon, will sit in the ambulance with the Prince. The hour of departure will be concealed so that crowds may not gather at the station.

In a special carriage which is now being fitted up with spring couches the Prince will travel by special train to Portsmouth. There he will be taken aboard the royal yacht Osborne, the railway carriage being run out on a dock alongside the craft. A force of carpenters are now working on the royal yacht. The door of the cabin has been widened so that the Prince may be carried in on an invalid chair. In the stern there is a raised platform occupied by the wheel and binnacle.

Here the Prince will be placed when off Cowes so that he may view the yacht races. From the deck saloon to this platform a sloping way has been built and along this the Prince will be carried. The whole of the deck from the mainmast to the stern is being enclosed after the style of a pavilion. The roof is of timber and the sides of canvas lined with cretonne. By this arrangement the Prince of Wales can witness the progress of the races in the Solent without encountering the heat of the sun.

The crew of the Osborne, who are bluejackets of the Naval Reserve, are to-day rehearsing the carrying of a man up and down stairs.

Under the direction of experienced surgeons these men are learning how to handle a heavy man as delicately as a child. Here and among these surroundings the Prince will spend the month of August. He will be attending the whole of this time by a staff of physicians, six trained nurses. The Osborne will present the appearance of a hospital ship.

A great quantity of medicine, bandages and surgical instruments are being put on board. The diet of the Prince is to be strictly regulated. His allowance of spirituous liquors is to be cut down to a minimum. His smoking is to be reduced. Foods will be selected and cooked with a scientific eye to the slow work of recovery. Movement of the injured leg is impossible to the royal sufferer. He will be carried about like a child, and will be dependent upon his attendants for the slightest wants. Nobody knows now how to take him to get well.