

THE WRITINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE OF  
RUDYARD KIPLING

ACTIONS AND  
REACTIONS



NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
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## THE PUZZLER

THE Celt in all his variants from Builth, to Ballyhoo,  
His mental processes are plain—one knows what  
he will do,  
And can logically predicate his finish by his start:  
But the English—ah, the English!—they are quite  
a race apart.

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

For undemocratic reasons and for motives not of  
State,  
They arrive at their conclusions—largely inarticu-  
late.  
Being void of self-expression they confide their  
views to none;  
But sometimes, in a smoking-room, one learns why  
things were done.

## THE PUZZLER

In telegraphic sentences, half swallowed at the  
ends,

They hint a matter's inwardness—and there the  
matter ends.

And while the Celt is talking from Valencia to  
Kirkwall,

The English—ah, the English!—don't say any-  
thing at all!



SONGS  
FROM BOOKS

BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING


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to none ;  
But sometimes in a smoking-room, one learns why  
things were done.

Yes, sometimes in a smoking-room, through clouds  
of ‘ Ers ’ and ‘ Ums,’  
Obliquely and by inference illumination comes,  
On some step that they have taken, or some action  
they approve—  
Embellished with the *argot* of the Upper Fourth  
Remove.

In telegraphic sentences, half nodded to their friends,  
They hint a matter’s inwardness — and there the  
matter ends.  
And while the Celt is talking from Valencia to  
Kirkwall,  
The English—ah, the English!—don’t say anything  
at all !