

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
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of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 3

OCTOBER 1927

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 3

OCTOBER, 1927

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News and Notes.

Members are indebted to Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, of St. John's Wood, for the glossary of Hindustani printed in this issue. "If," writes Mr. Maitland, "I have omitted any words I must crave forgiveness, for I have found it no light task and may have easily missed a word here and there. Again, if I have translated a word, the meaning of which Kipling has himself supplied, it is because the word appears more than once"

x x x x x

The President has identified some of the boys who appear in the photographic group which was reproduced in the last issue of the *Kipling Journal* (facing page 26). The boy at the apex is Saulez, and below him, with his hand on Kipling's shoulder, is S. H. Powell, now a Colonel in the Royal Engineers. The boy between Kipling's knees is Marsh, but General Dunsterville cannot recall the names of any of the other boys sitting in the front row. The boy in the straw hat in the second row is Saunders, and next to him is

A. Pearse minor, leaning his head on his hand. On the left hand is Beadon (with a book), and next to him is Young, minor. That leaves five to be identified.

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On July 27, Messrs. Sotheby & Co. sold by auction a copy of " Schoolboy Lyrics " for £450. A copy of " Echoes " realised £355.

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There was an interesting item in a catalogue of books and autograph letters and M.S.S. offered for sale by Messrs. Hodgson & Co. on July 22. It was entered as :

576 KIPLING (RUDYARD) HOLOGRAPH TRANSCRIPT OF THE MEMORABLE POEM, " A LESSON," specially and most carefully COPIED our BY THE AUTHOR (in Indian ink) FOR PRESENTATION, With all ADDITIONAL AND UNPUBLISHED SIXTH STANZA, MAKING EIGHT IN ALL, *on one sheet (8½in. by 5½ in.), signed in full, and dated, "In Memory—Naval Manœuvres, 1901," framed and glazed,* with the covering letter also in the Author's own hand, referring directly to the additional verse, and using, as a quotation, part of one of the lines twice used in the poem, i p.. 8vo., *signed and dated Sept. 6, 1901.*

In a note by the auctioneers it was claimed that this manuscript was of exceptional interest. The poem first appeared in *The Times* on July 29, 1901, and was included in " The Five Nations," the version there printed being different to the extent of about a dozen words from the above MS., notably in the use of the word " lesson " for the more colloquial " licking." This interesting Kipling item realised £210.

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The publishers of *Country Life* have included in "English Homes" Period III., Vol. IL, a description of Batemans, Mr. Kipling's residence at Burwash. It is finely illustrated and reveals the fact that the gardens and interior are even more interesting than the fine front which which photographs previously published have made the public familiar. The date on the porch is 1634.

x x x x x

We have to thank Mr. E. W. Richardson, of 2, Queen Square, London, W.C.I, for the poem printed on page 3. Captain Laursen is a friend of our correspondent, who explains: that

Ringkjobing is a lonely little port in West Jutland. Thereby many wrecks occur, and his friend salves them. "To think that he should be a disciple of the Master," writes Mr. Richardson, "is wonderful. Capt. Laursen is the only Dane I know to be interested in and influenced by Kipling." The poem was written in English and dated May of the present year.

x x x x x

It may be remembered that at the end of last year the *Strand Magazine* announced a new series of Kipling stories, but these never appeared. We learn that these are actually in the hands of the Editor, and that formalities connected with the American publication have caused delay. Members will do well to keep an eye on the *Strand Magazine* where Mr. Kipling's next stories are likely to appear, let us hope at a not too distant date. Messrs. Macmillan included in their autumn announcements the "Book of Words" by Rudyard Kipling, but that we understand now will not be published this year.

To Rudyard Kipling

LINES FROM A DANISH SAILOR TO AN ENGLISH POET.

Brother, the night was dark,
Threatening black, the sky ;
Seeking his way to the rock of faith,
A lonely wanderer went by.

Weary from seeking in vain,
Tired from the chains of law,
I, the wanderer in darkness,
Lifted my head, and saw—

Saw, with wondering eyes,
The sought and promised land,
And a lonely man on the rock of faith,
A flaming torch in his hand.

Brother, Oh ! lift your torch
High in the threat'ning night,
That men, who were lost, may find their way,
Led by its beaming light.

ALFRED HOLM LAURSEN of Ringkjobing.

Uncollected Kipling Items.

G.M.H. asks whether one of the "Stalky & Co." stories, which originally appeared in the *Windsor Magazine*, was omitted from the book? Can we give the date when it appeared and the title? *Reply*.—The story opened the series in the *Windsor Magazine*, and was entitled "Stalky." It was preceded by a stanza from *Kinmont Willie*, and was illustrated by L. Raven Hill with seven wash drawings. The date was December, 1898. It appeared simultaneously in *McClure's Magazine*, with the Raven Hill pictures, which were reproduced, however, on a scale different from the *Windsor*. The legends also differed to some extent. The story is not an uncollected item. It was included in "Land and Sea Tales" in 1923 with an explanatory foreword, and a number of revisions, not the least interesting being the change in Stalky's name from Arthur Lane Corkran to Arthur Lionel Corkran. The longest addition occurs after a reference to house-caps: "These dainty confections of primary colours were not issued, as some believe, to encourage House-pride or esprit-de-corps, but for purposes of identification from afar," and more to that effect. We quote from the American edition of "Land and Sea Tales."—EDITOR.

The Livingston Bibliography.

BIBLIOGRAPHY of the Works of Rudyard Kipling by Flora V. Livingston, Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Brown cloth, back lettered in gilt, gilt top.

Collation: XVIII leaves, pp. 523.—Fore-title, blank page, title with copyright notice on verso and an intimation that the book was "Printed at the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A." Chronological List, 1879—1926. Sub-title with explanatory note of the location of each article and poem, if previously printed, and on verso a facsimile of manuscript of an early draft of *After (Recessional)* now in Harvard College Library. Inset title pages in text. Index pp. 461—523.

Published at £2 12s. 6d., New York, Edgar H. Wells and Company, 1927.

There is but one other publication with which Mrs. Livingston's can be compared, namely, Capt. E. W. Martindell's second and larger bibliography published in 1923. In the four intervening years Mr.

Kipling's work has been the subject of close scrutiny, and a goodly number of doubtful points have been cleared up, what time fresh items have come to light and new titles have been added to the already long list of prose and verse. So long as Mr. Kipling continues to write—and may that be a spell even longer than that of the Poet Seer of Dorchester—the compilers of bibliographies must " Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the Trail that is always new ! " and they will gladly follow it. Mrs. Livingston's book is not entirely free from errors, and there have not been wanting those who think that it has been marred by lapses which those who practice bibliography pure and simple regard as heretical. The majority, however, will find the book a comprehensive and up-to-date guide to the elusive writings of an author whose work has appeared originally in magazines and journals published in many cities. Mr. Norman Croom-Johnson, a keen follower of the quest, has compiled a list of errata which he has placed at our disposal. From internal evidence Mr. Croom-Johnson assumes that the book was in type before *Debits and Credits*, was published last year, at any rate the references to the stories are confined to copyright and magazine publication, and in some cases there is no more than an entry in the index -nothing whatever in the body of the book. It follows that the bibliography lacks also records of some of the verse printed between the stories in Mr. Kipling's latest volume.

The Kipling Examination Paper.

THE response to the paper printed on p. 6 of No. 2 was smaller than we expected it to be. A. P. W. (Durrington) sent in a good set of answers, but failed to find *d* and *e* in No. 2, or answer *b* and *c* in No. 9. G.H.S. (Stirling) answered all the questions. His references to Abana and Pharpar in "The Eye of Allah " and in " The Education of Otis Yeere " show care, and he scores when he reminds us that in " The Dog Hervey " R.K. waived his right to a pup because he " was already owned by Malachi," full brother to the pup's mother. He has also claimed to have detected three split infinitives in " From Sea to Sea " (Letters of Marque No. XVII), " To perpetually fail." (No. IV.) " To wisely obliterate," and (No. XXXII.) " To feebly try." G.H.S. does not mention the edition, and it is only right to add that we have failed to find any one of the three in the Uniform Edition. G.M.H. has

kindly supplied the answers to his questions, and intimates that where a page number is given the reference is to the Uniform Edition.

(1) Rossignol ("M'Andrew's Hymn " The Seven Seas).

(2) (a) The Navvy in " My Sunday at Home " (The Day's Work).
 (b) Lord Lundie (" The Puzzler"—Actions and Reactions, p. 211).
 (c) The Lama (Kim, p. 103). (d) Mary Postgate (A Diversity of
 Creatures, p. 438). (e) The Mugger ("The Undertakers"—The
 Second Jungle Book, p. 134).

(3) Brook Green, Hammersmith (" Brugglesmith " — Many
 Inventions, p. 260).

(4) Eustace Cleever ("A Conference of the Powers"—Many
 Inventions, p. 25).

(5) Because "a tow's a tow, but a derelict's big salvage"
 (" Bread upon the Waters"—The Day's Work).

(6) (a) The passenger on the ship coming home, who kissed the
 Brushwood Boy while he slept (" The Brushwood Boy"—The Day's
 Work). (b) McRimmon's dog (" Bread upon the Waters "). (c)
 The elephant in " My Lord the Elephant " (Many Inventions, p. 67).
 (d) Harrison and Craye (Stalky & Co., p. 136). (e) The Mogul
 Locomotive ("007"—The Day's Work) (f) Father of 'Liza in
 "On Greenhow Hill" (Life's Handicap, p. 79). (g) Kipling's dog
 in "The Dog Hervey " (A Diversity of Creatures, p. 131). (h) The
 real-estate man from Portland, Oregon (From Sea to Sea, II,
 p. 26). (i) McGoggin in "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin "
 (Plain Tales from the Hills), (j) Mr. Prout (Stalky & Co., p. 16).

(7) (a) When his bath in a Japanese Hotel was interrupted
 (From Sea to Sea, Vol. I, p. 353). (b) When the bees got loose in
 "The Vortex" (A Diversity of Creatures, p. 390). (c) In "With
 the Night Mail " (Actions and Reactions, p. 127). (d) When he
 changed with Ortheris ("The Madness of Private Ortheris"—
 Soldier Tales).

(8) (a) In Pycroft's Uncle's shop ("The Horse Marines"—A
 Diversity of Creatures, p. 304). (b) When he called on Mark
 Twain (From Sea to Sea, Vol. II, p. 193). (c) "An Habitation
 Enforced " (Actions and Reactions, p. 30, line 5). The phrase runs:
 " to effectively block."

(9) Because there was an elm-tree in the way and " We ain't
 goin' to lay any axe-iron to coffin-wood . . ." (" An Habitation
 Enforced"—Actions and Reactions, p. 42).

The Letter Bag.

I notice in No. 2 of the Kipling Journal that a correspondent refers to a letter entitled " Empire Building " as having been first published in the Salvation Army British Empire Exhibition Handbook 1924. That is not the case. The letter in question, which is dated from Burwash, September 5, 1908, was addressed to Colonel Lamb, of the Salvation Army Emigration Department, and was first published in a pamphlet issued in 1909 by the Salvation Army, and entitled "The Surplus," I have this, and also a revised edition of this Pamphlet with the title " Census Surplus and Empire." It must have been published some time in 1913, for it contains a foreword by General Bramwell Booth dated March 29 of that year. The Kipling letter is reprinted at pp. 94 and 95 with a new title " Giving the Second Eleven a Chance." Except for the letter heading, date, the first sentence, and the concluding paragraph, this is a verbatim reprint. Finally comes the Salvation Army British Empire Booklet to which the Rev. W. A. Kirkman refers. This was issued in 1924 in which the Kipling letter re appears at pages 17 and 18 It is now called "Empire Building," and is an exact reprint of the 1913 reprint with the exception that the first paragraph of the former is not reproduced. Mrs. Luther Livingston records the first and third issues in her bibliography, but apparently had not seen the second of 1913. *Norman Croom-Johnson, London.*

Is it possible to clear up the mystery of " The Heart of a Maid," a novel written by Mr. Kipling's sister. G. F. Monkshood mentions that Mrs. Fleming is the author of two novels, and—with her mother—joint author of a book of poems. There is a copy of " Hand in Hand " in the Bodleian, and " A Pinchbeck Goddess," though (I believe) out of print, is easily obtainable at the London Library. Of the other I can find no trace—apparently it was not copyrighted as it is neither in the British Museum nor the Bodleian Libraries. *G. Farbman, St. John's Wood.*

The Membership.

THE Hon. Secretary apologises for certain mistakes in the list of members published in the *Kipling Journal* No. 2. The use of block letters on application forms would reduce the risk of

mistakes to a negligible quantity. Will members when they invite their friends to join please take notice.

114 "Miss E. Leaton, Chester," should read—"Miss I. M. Leaton, Chester."

137 "A. Newell, Bearsden," should read "A Newall, Bearsden."

174 "Mrs. Pollock, London," should read—"W. P. H. Pollock, London."

178 "W. Whittaker, London," should read -" J. T. Whittaker, London."

207 "R. Hazell, Elam," should read—"R. Hazell, Elham."

236 "Maj-Gen. J. McLachlen, London," should read—"Maj.-Oen. J. McLachlan, London."

242 "Mrs. L. Graeme, London," should read—"Mrs. L. Graeme, Peterborough."

244 "Rev. R. Bellamy, Edgbaston," should read—"Rev. R. Bellamy, Harrogate."

250 "W. Power, London," should read—William R. Power, Stamford Hill."

300 "F. W. Smith, London," should read—"E. Woodhead Smith, London."

The list of names in this number brings the Roll of Membership up to 450, and 500 is well within attainment before the Society's first anniversary comes round. Proof if it were needed—that the Society provides a link between those at home and the other and smaller section settled "beyond the Ranges," is to be found in the following list of places overseas in which members live.

Vienna	Malaya	Colombia
Oporto	Bombay	Delhi
Neutral Bay	Valparaiso	Chicago
Barcelona	Baltimore	Fiji
Crawford Bay	Johannesburg	Sydney
Philadelphia	S. Rhodesia	New York (several)
Allahabad	Kansas	Nova Scotia
Champan	Punta Arenas	Kenya
San Francisco	Vermont	Buffalo
Delaware	Toronto	Buluwayo
Iowa	Tennessee	Honolulu
Penrith, N.S.W.	East London	Massachusetts
Jamaica	Persian Gulf	Penang
Cairo	Vancouver	Baluchistan
	Senegal	

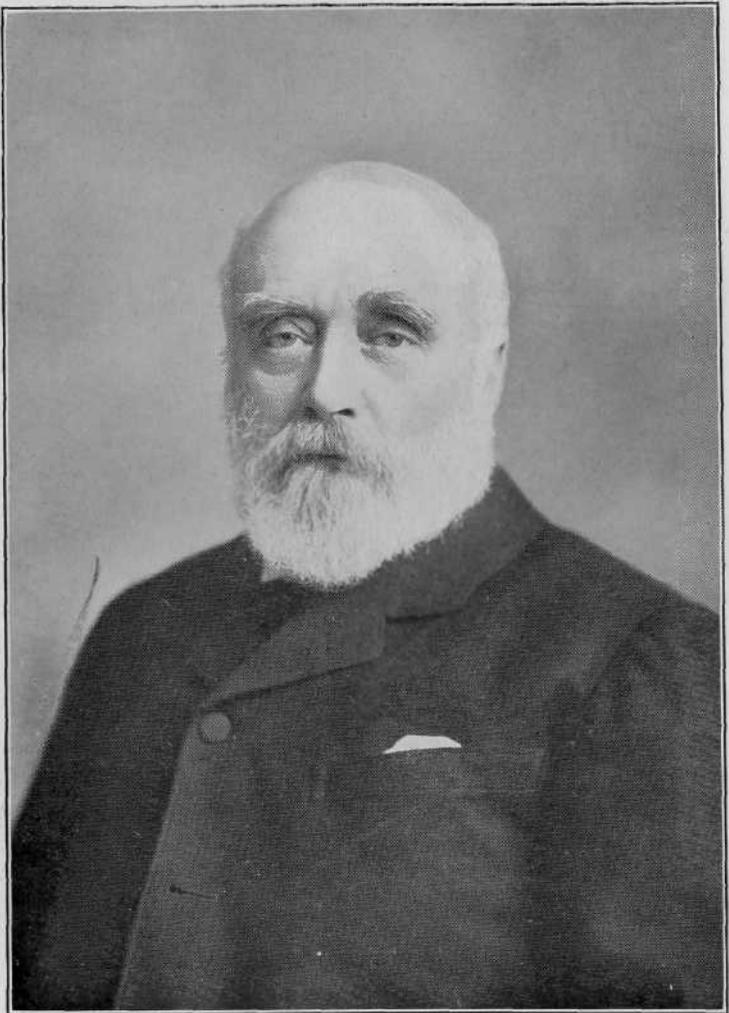


Photo by Elliot & Fry, Ltd.

THE LATE JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING, C.I.E.

Lockwood Kipling and the Bombay School of Art.

BY CAPT. W. E. GLADSTONE SOLOMAN.

The present Principal of the Sir J.J. School of Art, Bombay.
Author of " The Charm of Indian Art" " The Ajanta Caves," etc.

THE name of the late Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling C.I.E. is inseparably connected with that of the Sir Jamsetji Jijibhai School of Art, as the handsome building which stands just opposite the busy centre of Bombay's crowded thoroughfares—Crawford Market—is designated. Mr. Lockwood Kipling's association with the School dates back fully thirteen years before the completion of the present structure, which is so notable a feature in a city renowned for its fine edifices. He was in fact one of those pioneers who landed in Bombay in 1865, and laid with splendid thoroughness the artistic foundations of what is now the largest and most comprehensive School of Arts and Crafts in India, and, indeed, one of the largest in the world.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling's colleagues in this first constructive effort in art education in India were Mr. Higgins, an art metal-worker, and Mr. John Griffiths, the author of the standard work on the celebrated frescoes of the Ajanta Caves. The arrival of these experts marked the end of the first stage in the history of the first of the Indian Art Schools. Previously the Bombay School of Art had consisted of classes in drawing and wood-engraving held in the house lent by its patron—the late Sir Jamsetji Jijibhai, first baronet—in Sheik Abdul Rahaman Street. These classes had been conducted by Mr. Terry (in one locality of Bombay or another) since 1857, and now a great extension of these young activities was to take place.

The large area, thick with tropical palms and flowering trees which borders gratefully upon the dusty—or muddy!—skirts of Hornby Road, is converted in May and June by the Gold Mohur into a flamboyant jungle. It was then, as it is now, the central point of artistic industry. Mr. Cecil Burns, a recent Principal of the School of Art, writes :—

" It may be mentioned incidentally, that while Mr. Lockwood Kipling held the post of Modelling Professor in Bombay, his son, Rudyard Kipling the well-known writer, was born in a small house in the compound in which the school now stands.

The Drawing School was still carried on in the quarters provided for it in Sheik Abdul Rahaman Street, but as there was insufficient room for the new studios upon the same site, the Government provided temporary buildings for the work of the Applied Arts, upon the Esplanade, upon the site of the present School.

It was not until 1871 (after the death of Mr. Higgins) that the studios were all "amalgamated into an Institution under the superintendence of Mr. Terry. In 1878 the main building was completed. In 1880, Mr. Kipling was appointed Principal of the School of Art, Lahore.

Thus far we have followed recorded history. But history in India is more often written in terms as fugitive as those wonderful pictures which Hindu women draw upon the surface of the water ! The written records available are scanty, but India knows well how to supplement them by the use of the longest memory extant ! The writer has talked with many of those who *know*—men who cherish their personal recollections of Mr Lockwood Kipling and his inspiring work in Bombay. To these his departure for Lahore, to found the School of Art there, was a sad uprooting of the ties of affection and the buds of hope.

Some idea of the attraction which drew even the painting students into the *atelier* of the Professor of Modelling may be gleaned from the souvenirs of Mr. Pestonjee Bomanjee, the veteran Parsee artist of Bombay, happily still with us. Mr. Pestonjee Bomanjee says that he attended the drawing classes of the School of Art from 1864, won prizes and certificates, and attained to the status of a student of the Decorative Painting Class—"which was under the guidance of Mr. John Griffiths." Then he continues " I joined the Modelling Class under Mr. J. L. Kipling. At the first trial he gave me a small rosette to be modelled in clay. Though I did not study modelling before this I modelled that rosette so beautifully that Mr. Kipling undertook to make me a sculptor ; but to my great disappointment he was transferred to Lahore." So Mr. Pestonjee Bomanjee reluctantly "joined the Painting Class again," and what a fine painter he became is amply demonstrated for Bombay by a picture, " The Leisure Hour," which hangs in the Prince of Wales Museum. Yet the thoughts of this *doyen* of Indian painters constantly hark back to his old Professor of Modelling, and he speaks of Mr. Lockwood Kipling with all the

perspicuity of vigorous age allied to wisdom. He has clear memories too of the son of his old mentor—the boy who has since become the famous author, who he believes actually put him into a book ! He remembers the boy very well, and will recount with great gusto of an occasion when Kipling was surprised by his Father within the forbidden precincts of the Modelling Class where he was relieving the tedium of things by throwing pellets of clay at the students. He was firmly expelled from the temple of art, which he had thus profaned, by his scandalised parent. Mr. Pestonjee Bomnaje's age, and eminent capacities as an artist, make him a most interesting link with the subject of these reminiscences. His shrewd and penetrating eye, keen sense of humour, and somewhat caustic wisdom are engaging characteristics. It would be interesting to know if he really occupies a niche in the Pantheon of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's creations as he certainly believes.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling combined in a high degree the draftsman's and sculptor's arts, a faculty highly appreciated in Western India where Indian Artists hold to the Renaissance tradition that an artist ought to be an all round man. He had his own students in drawing, and the father of Mr. E. R. Fern, the present superintendent of the School of Art, was indebted to him for his training in drawing, and often alludes to the fact. Not long ago an old Hindu woman—Sarabai by name—was still living in the School of Art's compound, who had acted as a labourer in the Pottery Department of the School, which has now been closed, and frequently posed as a model for Mr Lockwood Kipling when he was executing some of the sculptures which perpetuate his art in Bombay.

Mr. M. V. Dhurandhar, the present Principal's personal assistant, who has been closely connected with the School of Art for more than thirty years, has many reminiscences of the old *régime*. Among his European friends was a Mr. Bennett, the Superintendent of Crawford Market, who was wont to visit the Kipling's in their home. Mr. Dhurandhar recalls stories of the household with the vividness of one for whom the school and its associations focused the chief interests of life. To him Mr. Bennett used to narrate how at dinner time, in the bungalow, young Rudyard Kipling would listen keenly while his elders talked, and how the boy would eagerly interrupt a discussion—a reflective frown upon his face—with an " I don't agree to that," or " I don't think so,"—although such precocity regularly insured for him a rebuke from his elders !

Mr. Dhurandhar remembers Mr. Lockwood Kipling's farewell visit to the Bombay School of Art on his way to England—and on his retirement—in 1894. Mr. Griffiths, then the Principal, took his former colleague over the classes, and young Dhurandhar, who was about 21 years of age, was picked out by his Principal for the honour of being introduced to the distinguished visitor. After 34 years, Mr. Dhurandhar speaks with feeling of the tall man of grave appearance and kindly manner, who noticed that young student and his work with such genial words of encouragement. It is pleasant to linger on these and similar impressions of a notable personality.

To the wider Public of Bombay Mr. Lockwood Kipling is best known as the creator of ornamental sculptures embodied in those stately buildings, the Victoria Terminus, the Courts of Justice, the Secretariat, and the University. These works were commenced under the supervision of Mr. Kipling and were completed in the time of Mr Griffiths. The plaster of Paris models for these had to be executed to the full size of the finished works by Mr. Kipling and his students, so as to give the Indian stone carvers a correct idea of Gothic ornament; for previously they had only worked on the approved Indian plan. And in these days of controversies over the School of Art and its work it is only fair to the memory of Mr. Lockwood Kipling to mention that the designs for these works are said to have been supplied to the School by the architects concerned. Oral tradition of this kind when based on what is almost an apostolic succession of masters in an Indian Art School is not the least reliable of the sources of history! Many of the facts herein mentioned, and many others like them, were well known to the late Mr. Bapuji Dinanath, an assistant master in the School until 1882. It was from his lips the members of the present staff of the School used to hear endless stories of Mr. Lockwood Kipling, his work, and his winning personality.

To-day the school, with its numerous buildings and its five hundred and seventy Indian students, marks a definite oasis in one of the most commerce-ridden but beautiful cities of the world! The dreams of Mr. Lockwood Kipling and his colleagues had not been completely realised, but they are manifest—and not to Bombay alone. When the understanding visitor turns from the hot kaleidoscopic colours of the Indian city into the shady palm

embroidered drive ; when he has followed its windings towards the bungalow half hidden among green lawns, blossoming trees, velvety crotons, ferns, and scarlet hibiscus, he will view with something more than the ordinary interest of the ordinary sight-seer the circular bronze tablet with its wreath of laurel on which are inscribed the words :—

RUDYARD KIPLING
 son of
 LOCKWOOD KIPLING
 first principal of
 THE BOMBAY SCHOOL OF ART
 was born here
 30-12-1865.

The Characters of Kipling.

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

II. *The White Cobra in " The King's Ankus " speaks*

I am the guard of treasuries
 Reft from immemorable mines.
 I hold the wealth of seven seas
 And all your craft in jewelled signs.
 The tiar which dead Rajah's wore,
 The rare gems for which races died,
 The graven gold and runic lore,
 The emblems of unbridled pride.
 I watch o'er rubies red as hate,
 And emeralds as bright as mirth,
 I hold the pawns which change your fate
 And feed the Asuras on earth.
 Blood lies upon each shining crown,
 Each gem is an entombing stone :
 For gain and greed the wise stoop down
 And on their hoards I lie alone.
 I, a White Cobra, old and lean,
 With hissing tongue and coiled rings,
 Slip my scaled body in between
 And gloat upon the wealth of Kings.

Some Less-known Kipling Writings.

AN ABSTRACT OF A PAPER READ BY CAPT. E. W. MARTINDELL AT THE MEETING HELD AT THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB, ON APRIL 28.

I PROPOSE drawing your attention this afternoon to only a very few of the less familiar writings in prose and verse of Rudyard Kipling, and shall commence with a short poem intended for *The Scribbler*, a little paper got up among the younger members of the families of Burne-Jones and William Morris. The poem is entitled "Job's Wife," and was written about 1878 or 1879. The opening lines are as follows :—

" Curse now thy God and die, for all is done
Thy bitter cup is filled up to the brim.
In all mankind their liveth not a one
That careth for thee.
From hope thou art departed.
Thou canst but choose twixt Death and Misery.
O ! Life is sad and Death is sweet indeed
To such as thou, if thou believest it."

In " Schoolboy Lyrics " published in 1881 there appeared a poem " The Night Before " written about the same time as " Job's Wife," also for *The Scribbler*. It purports to describe the thoughts of a felon awaiting execution. A few lines may be quoted :—

" Will it never be dawn in the cold grey skies,
The great red sun, will he never arise,
Thrusting his rays in my iron-barred cell,
And lighting the city I know so well ?
Will the tick-tock
Of the great jail clock,
Beat for ever through brain and heart
Till the tortured soul from the body part ? "

Both these poems were written when Kipling was only thirteen. In a copy of " Echoes "—published at Lahore in 1884—which he gave to his mother, he subscribed some verses of which the following are the first two stanzas :—

"Who is the Public I write for ?
Men 'neath an Indian sky,

Cynical, seedy and dry—
 Are these then the people I write for ?
 No not I.

How should they know whom I write for
 Papers that praise me or scoff ?
 More than six thousand miles off
 Lives the dear Public I write for
 Under an English sky."

In the copy of "Echoes" that he presented to the Common Room of his old school, Kipling inscribed five verses which were reproduced in the *United Services College Chronicle*:—Therein he referred to the days

" When half-a-dozen rules,
 Smashed at one stroke, broke down your patience, too,
 And left me, in the silence of the schools,
 With ' lines to do.' "

And appealed to " My very noble and approved good masters " for their ' verdict on the latest stuff sent by this rhymer ? "

"*Placetere, Domini?*—'neath India's sky
 I wait your answer, laymen and divines ;
 And as of old, upon your table I
 ' Show up my lines.' "

Two of Kipling's Departmental Ditties, published in 1886, originally appeared as part of a series of " Bungalow Ballads," four of which latter have never been collected. The first of the " Bungalow Ballads," entitled "The Tale of Two Suits" tells us that

" Rattleton Traplegh was pretty and pink,
 Rattleton Traplegh was (only think !)
 Sadly afflicted to flirting with
 Mrs. Saphira Wallabie Smith."

The remainder of the story was very much in the D.D. style and describes Rattleton Traplegh's indiscretion, the nature of which may be guessed from the last verse :—

" Now for the moral. Never walk
 By night with a rickshaw, and never talk
 In a way you shouldn't. At least take care
 To look in the rickshaw and see who's there."

Kipling has more than once emphasized the undeniable truth contained in his poem "The Ballad of East and West," that "never the twain shall meet," and in a sketch "East and West" which he contributed to *The Civil and Military Gazette* in 1885 he purports to give the views of an Afghan fellow-traveller encountered on a railway journey from Ajmir. It is not uninteresting to read his description of this Afghan :—

" My friend Sinbad the traveller entered, and with him a mountain of luggage. He was not exactly a blood relation, or even connected by race, being a Peshawari and a Kazi to boot. Still he came from the Punjab, and was therefore welcome. My friend Sinbad and I fell a-talking. But here let me describe him—this Afghan, who dressed like an Englishman, and travelled after the English fashion, and used soap and shoehorns and corkscrews, nail scissors, and English of the first water. They lie who say that the Afghans are not the Tribes who went astray. My friend Sinbad had the head of a Rabbi, such as men put in paintings So English was he that I could discuss many things without—visibly at least—wounding his feelings. ' You are a queer people,' said he. ' Why do you try to make us like you ? ' ' We are all mad, we English, from our birth up,' said I. ' It is our custom.' My friend Sinbad laughed and the windows rattled : ' That is a joke, but there is much truth in it. Well I will tell you the truth. In many ways you are a good Government, but in many ways you are great—you are, yes, you are awful fools. You have two fools of parties in your country. Is it not so ? Every five years one party does one thing, and the next five years the other party comes and undoes it You are one country, why do you not be sensible and have one party ? When you have only one party and that party lasts for ever, there will be no Government on earth like yours ! Later he branched off on to a discourse on the comparative morality of nations. ' What I say is this, and this I do not say to ail Englishmen. God made us different—you and I, and your fathers and my fathers. For one thing we have not the same notions of honesty and of speaking the truth And look what you do. You come and judge us by your own standard of morality that morality which is the

outcome of your climate and your education and your tradition. You are, of course, too hard on us Who are we to have your morals, or you to have ours ? And yet you think we are to be judged by your morals. It is a mistake.' My friend Sinbad and I agreed cordially on this point. God made us—East and West—widely different. We could not adopt each other's clothes or customs. Why insist upon uniformity in morals ? The train rattled into that Zag-a-Zig in the desert—Bandakin—and our roads were divided. 'You change here ?' said my friend Sinbad. 'I am sorry. You have talked with me and smoked with me and eaten with me like a man. Shall I say as a compliment that you are almost worthy to be an Afghan ?' 'And you Sinbad to be an Englishman, but,'—'Ah, yes my friend. It is true. But God has made us different for always. Is it not so ?' And methought that Sinbad had stumbled upon a great truth."

Three years later in the poem "One Viceroy Resigns" Kipling makes Lord Dufferin say to Lord Lansdowne :—

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did, it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada,
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East.
And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

The series of stories forming "Plain Tales from the Hills," as it originally appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, consisted of 39 titles, but 29 only were used in the book. Of the remainder, two are to be found in Volume 1 of the Edition de Luxe, the corresponding volume in the "Outward Bound" Edition, as well as in the Swastika Edition; eight have never been reprinted. Their titles are "Love-in-a-Mist," "How it Happened," "Love : A Miss," "A Straight Flush," "A Pinchbeck Goddess," "A Scrap of Paper," "Our Theatricals" and "A Little Learning."

Kipling's interest in the British Soldier is proverbial. In July 1887 a theatrical performance was given at Simla in aid of the fund for providing summer homes in the hills for the Nursing Sisters, who were, under Lady Roberts' scheme, to be brought out to the military hospitals in India. Kipling wrote a prologue which was spoken by his sister Beatrice. This contained the following fine lines :—

" You know, who know the Army, first of those
 Strong lines that wall the Empire from her foes
 Stands—' to attention ' ready for the sign—
 One Thomas Atkins, Private of the Line.
 His business is—well never mind the rest ;
 You men who lead him know his business best :
 But ere that work begins, 'neath Indian skies
 Too oft alas ! our faithful warder dies.

Cut down upon the threshold of Life's Gate
 Who might have lived, but that help came too late.

Fight Death with money—money that can buy
 The soft cool soothing touch, the sleepless eye,
 The woman's art that coaxes and commands
 The fevered mouth and weak and trembling hands.
 But these—for all the healing lore men know
 Fails, lacking these to bind the soul below.
 Help us herein who strive in some small measure
 To weave a purpose in the threads of Pleasure—
 To meet both Simla's and the Soldier's needs
 And make light Mirth the handmaid of kind Deeds."

Years later, in October, 1908, Kipling delivered an address to the Students of the Middlesex Hospital entitled " Doctors," which was sold for the benefit of that Hospital, and more recently still in July, 1917, he wrote some lines to aid King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill. In this fugitive verse the following appeal is made ;—

" Our children give themselves that we may live
 Unhurt behind the thunder of the guns.
 Is it so great a thing that we should give
 A little from our store to save our sons ? "

Letters written to the *Pioneer* on his journey from India to England *via* Japan and the United States in 1889 were included in the two volumes of " From Sea to Sea," published in 1889 in America and in 1900 in England, but not all of them. Letters XVII, an unnumbered letter of December 7, 1889, and letters XXIX XXXIX were omitted, and about a third of the original matter contained in the published letters was suppressed.

In the *Pioneer Mail* of November 20, 1890, appeared a poem, not by Kipling, entitled " American Critics." At the head of this

poem is this quotation from the *New York Herald* : — " The most forcible impression which is left on the average mind by Mr. Kipling's works is the dismalness, insincerity, brutality and utter worthlessness of all classes of British humanity in India." I should like to read you a few of the lines of this parody :—

"We are ' insincere' they tell us,
 ' Brutal ' are we, ' dismal,' ' worthless,'
 So our cousins very plainly
 Shout across the western water
 From their land where all are candid,
 Gay, sincere and very worthy
 With a worth which knows its value.

Rudyard Kipling too has told us
 As from sea to sea he journeyed
 Of the happy gracious manners
 Of the Land of Minehaha,
 Of the land of laughing water.
 Very grave in our demeanour,
 But we sometimes yield to laughter,
 Gay, sincere, if brutal laughter,
 When America rebukes us,
 From the very mouth of Kipling,
 From the mouth of Rudyard Kipling
 For the very sins we cherish :
 And quite candidly are proud of,
 For brutality, moroseness,
 Insincerity and so on ;
 Then indeed we ache with laughter."

Many will remember how Kipling's poem "The Absent-Minded Beggar" gave driving force to the patriotic efforts on behalf of "the gentlemen in Khaki" during the Boer War, but how many recollect two sketches entitled respectively "With Number Three" and "Surgical and Medical," which appeared serially in the *Daily Mail* during April and May, 1900? These two sketches were written by Kipling when he was out in South Africa at the time of the Boer War, of which for a time he was an eye-witness—indeed an active war correspondent. Not only did he act for a short time as one of the editors of *The Friend*, Bloemfontein, but, in company with the late Mr. Bennet Burleigh, he was under fire.

What, then, was "Number Three?" "Number Three" was a Hospital Train—the hardworking Red Cross Hospital train—"jackalling" behind the army as it worked its way from Capetown on a six-hundred mile run to pick up the men wounded in Lord Roberts' advance to Bloemfontein. Those human wrecks of whom Kipling wrote :—

" All the world over, nursing their scars,
Sit the poor fighting men broke in our wars."

Most realistically does he record the adventures of "Number Three" and describe the men with whom he came in contact. To quote his own words : " So I just sat joyously on the rear platform while Number Three ran the links of Empire through my hands. English of the Midlands, Cockney, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, African-born, Queenslander Victorian and Canadian, one after another, we picked them up and dropped them with a flying word."

It was at the time of Paardeberg that Number Three with Kipling aboard reached the Modder River, and here it waited for its human freight. Then after boarding up, came the return journey southward in a blinding thunderstorm. Kipling vividly portrays the patients on the train, who are eventually conveyed in ambulances to the base Hospitals on their arrival at Capetown. He concludes with these words:—"In an hour Number Three stands empty and stripped. Blankets, sheets and bedding must be renewed ; a hundred of things go to the wash ; and they swish and swill the floors. To-morrow night her work begins."

"Surgical and Medical" is mainly a record of the types of patients and others at the base Hospital at Wynberg, with whom Kipling came into contact and conversed. " Surgical and Medical " also contains a plea for inducements to be offered to likely colonists to settle in South Africa, where there was room for thousands, instead of letting them drift back overseas. " Truly," wrote Kipling, " we are the most wasteful as we are the most idle nation under heaven !" If he said that in 1900 what can his opinion of the nation be to-day in this year of Grace 1927 ?

In the same year that these sketches appeared in the *Daily Mail* there was published at Santiago de Chile by the firm of Hume & Co a book in brown wrappers called " With Number Three, Surgical and Medical and New Poems by Rudyard Kipling ;

also Letters from Julian Ralph, Charles E. Hands and Douglas Story." How, then, did these sketches come to be reproduced so far away as at Santiago de Chile? Was it by arrangement with Kipling and the proprietors of the *Daily Mail*, or was it a case of "piracy?" To this question the *London Mercury* has obtained the answer, and we learn that it was a case of "piracy" in a good cause. The story is recorded in a letter received from a gentleman in Valparaiso. Apparently the proprietor of the chief book-store in Santiago was an ardent admirer of Kipling and, in his desire to do good service to the British cause, he decided to publish some of Kipling's poems and articles written during the Boer War. His venture, however, was not crowned with success, as most of the stock remained unsold in 1910; so, when a year later the re-organisation of the store took place, the space occupied by the unsold copies of "With Number Three, Surgical and Medical, etc." was required for something more saleable, and, on the advice of the gentleman from Valparaiso, the whole stock was sold as waste paper at five cents a kilo! By this action a Kipling "rarity" was created; but one can imagine the annoyance of the "perpetrator" of this rarity when he read some ten years later that a single copy of this book realised £128 at Sotheby's sale-room in London!

Shortly after Kipling sailed from Capetown in 1900, a concert was given at Bloemfontein in aid of the Free State and London Widows' and Orphans' Fund, at which a song was sung by Miss Fraser, written by Mr. Kipling. The song, sometimes known as "A New Auld Lang Syne," bade those present:—

" Be welcome to our hearts tonight our Kinsmen from afar
 Brothers in an Empire's fight, and comrades of our war.
 For Auld Lang Syne, my lads, and the fight of Auld Lang
 Syne,
 We drink our cup of fellowship to the fights of Auld Lang Syne.
 The shamrock, thistle, leek and rose with health and wattle
 twine,
 And maple from Canadian snows, for the sake of Auld Lang
 Syne,
 For Auld Lang Syne take hands from London to the Line
 Good luck to those who toiled with us since the days of Auld
 Lang Syne."

The Memorial erected in Kimberley to those who fell during the siege has these words inscribed on it :—

"This for a charge to our children, in sign of the price we paid,
The price we paid for freedom, which comes unsoiled to our
hand,

Read, reverse and uncover—Here are the victors laid,
They who died for the city, being sons of the land."

This epitaph may fittingly be compared with Kipling's later one inscribed on the monument erected by the people of Sault St. Marie, Ontario, in 1924 to the memory of their dead who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918.

" From little towns in a far land we came
To save our honour and a world aflame ;
By little towns, in a far land we sleep
And trust those things we won to you to keep."

In 1909 there appeared a book, published in New York by B. W. Dodge & Co. called " Aaft the Funnel " ; it was issued in blue cloth, decorated on front cover and back and lettered in gold. The later copies were lettered in red and issued at a lower price. This was a " pirate " edition, and Kipling was compelled to bring out an Authorized Edition through Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., which was sold for 19 cents—or less than a shilling—in order to kill the sale of the " pirate " edition. The Author's note in the Authorised Version states: " Messrs. B. W. Dodge & Co., have issued without my knowledge or sanction the following odds and ends unearthed from newspaper files of twenty years ago, and therefore unprotected by copyright. I should never have reprinted them, but Messrs. Dodge's enterprise compels me to do so." Eighteen years earlier Kipling had had a similar experience when the pirate edition of " Mine Own People " was published in New York and he had to bring out an authorized edition in self defence.

Much has Kipling written for and about children from his early journalistic days in India, when " His Excellency " and " Wee Willie Winkie and other Child Stories " appeared, until " Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides " was published in 1923, and is not his masterpiece, " Kim," about a boy? These verses, however, that he sent to James Whitcomb Riley, the American author, in 1890, on receiving a copy of his book " Rhymes for Children," may not be widely known.

" Your trail runs to the westward,
 And mine to my own place ;
 There is water between our lodges
 And I have not seen your face.
 But since I have read your verses
 'Tis easy to guess the rest,
 Because in the hearts of the children
 There is neither East nor West.
 Born to a thousand fortunes
 Of good or evil hap,
 Once they were kings together,
 Throned in a mother's lap.
 Surely you know that secret—
 Yellow and black and white—
 When they meet as Kings together
 In the innocent dreams at night.
 By a moon they all can play with—
 Grubby and grimed and unshod—
 Very happy together,
 And very near to God.
 Your trail runs to the westward,
 And mine to my own place ;
 There is water between our lodges,
 And you cannot see my face.
 And that is well- for crying
 Should neither be written nor seen
 But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,
 I know you will know what I mean."

To the question why did not Kipling make his Inclusive Volume of Verse *really* inclusive, I suggest that he might refer his questioner to some verses written by him in 1893 as a prologue to a collection of magazine articles and poems of his in the possession of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

" Men say 'Tis wondrous strange to see
 Their children stand about their knee.
 But Stranger 'tis for such as rise
 Uncomforted by baby-eyes
 To see in stately order spread
 The lawless offspring of their head.

Repented some for lack of worth
 And some be Ishmaels from their Birth
 But all a friend will gather in,
 And all—ah woe !—be mine own kin.
 Say was there ever mortal sire
 Who wished his children to the fire ?
 Unfatherly I make reply
 To this my comrade's courtesy—
 Better is it these weaklings die
 There shall be worthier by-and-bye."

Time is on the wing, or I could have alluded to many another relatively unknown production from Kipling's pen in prose and verse. The uncollected matter consists of over 200 stories and sketches, and considerably over 100 poems. No complete collection of Kipling has ever been made by anyone, and there have been many exceedingly wealthy collectors in the field. To mention only a few : Messrs. Pierpont Morgan, Huntington and Ellis Ames Ballard in America—the last named has, I think, the most comprehensive collection in the world—and the late Mr. Roscoe Brunner, in England. Yet not one of them has ever had a complete set of the twelve "Turnovers" from the *Civil and Military Gazette*, to mention only one item. Only one copy exists, as far as is known, of the separate printing of "The Vision of Hamid Ali" and the complete poem "The Seven Nights of Creation." The cost of such a collection would be prohibitive. This very year a copy of "The Smith Administration" changed hands in America for 4,600 dollars, nearly £950, about the same price as a first folio Shakespeare, and the collector who gave that price for "The Smith Administration" this year, turned it down as being too dear when it was offered to him 25 years ago for 150 dollars !

Mr. Martindell's account of the Medicine Hat Incident is held over. We hope to find room for it in the next issue.—EDITOR.



G. C. BERESFORD.

" M'Turk " of " Stalky & Co. "

Kipling and Engineering.

BY THE HON. EDITOR.

MR. John Palmer in his all too brief critical study of Mr. Kipling's technique warns his readers that although :—"He writes of men who do visible and measurable things, . . . his theme has usually to do with the world's work, . . . and he gives his readers the impression that he has mastered many crafts . . . he is an extremely crafty, and careful man of letters. That is one craftsman's opinion of another craftsman's ability, and it should be kept steadily in mind by anyone who seeks—and it is a legitimate quest—to find in Mr. Kipling's work, light upon his own particular corner of the world's work.

The allusions to engineering in the poems entitled "The Mary Gloster," and "M'Andrew's Hymn," and the pictures, clear cut like cameos, of engineers in the short stories are a never failing joy to those who have anything to do with ships, locomotives, bridges, guns and aeroplanes. When one asks from what source does this spinner of yarns derive his so marvellously accurate details, one is driven to accept Mr. Palmer's explanation that they "come really out of the study of an expert craftsman using the tools of his craft with deliberate care."

Consider first the passages in "The Mary Gloster" that touch upon engineering matters. I am dubious about "the foundry" and some day I mean to look up that "steam lathe patent" at Southampton Buildings, for one does not usually associate forges with a foundry, and there seems to be something irregular about "armour-contracts," yet, in contrast, how sure are the observation and the insight shown in "M'Andrew's Hymn." There is no "miscallin' technicalities" here, and the line :

an' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves
is nothing short of inspiration, and if any of my readers doubts that, let him peep into the engine room from the next deck upon which he may find himself.

Or take "The Bridge Builders" and putting aside its spiritual significance, consider that passage which describes Hitchcock's "wild dash to London [to] put the fear of God into a man so great that he feared only Parliament and said so, till Hitchcock wrought with him across his own dinner table." That can be best described as an interior, wrought with a precision and economy of

words that recalls the methods of some Dutch painters ; and just as accurate in the same story is the description of the mishap on the Kashi Bridge due to the jamming of the new wire rope in the eye of the crane. And what shall be said of those other lines in " Bridge Guard in the Karroo ? "

. . . The click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold

And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise,
Framed through the iron arches —
Banded and barred by the ties.

The reference to the click is pure genius and would be reckoned one of the greatest passages in English poetry if only the high-brows could recognise its significance.

The poem was written in 1901, and about a year earlier Kipling had written for the *Daily Express* a short story entitled "The Outsider" which still remains to be collected. It hinges on the repairing of a bridge blown up by the Boers, and the fatuous interference, by a young lieutenant, with a plan organised by an irregular officer of the Royal Engineers, a man drawn from a Rand mine. A fourteen foot girder is being lowered into position by two Han derricks, by soldiers whose business it is to carry the load until all the rivets are driven home by Jerry Thrupp, a resourceful mechanic who might well claim blood relationship with that other and later mechanic, Henry Salt Hinchcliffe—a first class engine room artificer, of whom it is recorded that : " If you hand 'im a drum of oil an' leave 'im alone he can coax a stolen bicycle to do typewritin."

To get back to the South African story, Setton, the lieutenant, intervenes with an ill-considered order ; the rivets already in place are sheared ; the girder falls and is ruined by a fire caused by the rivet forge dropping among boxes and other debris in the dry river bed. A wonderful story, yet one that has been called in question by experts. Strange to say, when at last the centre span of the ill-fated Quebec Bridge was placed in position, Mr. Kipling's method was adopted with just but little difference—the huge members were raised from craft towed into the St. Lawrence, holes had to coincide and suitable pins were inserted in them.

Of the seagoing engineers McPhee is easily first in the roster. He appears in the first instance rather sketchily in "Brugglesmith," and his full-length portrait must be sought for in "Bread upon the Waters," which is a study of personality rather than a story of engineering. Yet McPhee is as surely limned by Kipling as M'Andrew is allowed to portray his own character in the famous hymn. It is worth while recalling here that when the poem first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, with illustrations by Howard Pyle, it was prefaced by what purported to be an extract from a private letter :

. . . . and the night we got in, sat up from
twelve to four with the Chief Engineer who could
not get to sleep either . . . said the engines
made him feel quite poetical at times, and told me
things about his past life. He seems a pious old
bird; but I wish I had known him earlier in the
voyage.

There remains to be mentioned among the men in this group, Mr. Wardrop, chief engineer of that craft with the much-to-many names whose engine room was neatly done in by a shell from a man-of-war of a foreign power. The *Haliotis*, as she then was, had been "caught out" pearl peaching. There is a good deal of engineering in "The Devil and the Deep Sea," but somehow we are not convinced that the repairs alleged to have been effected by the very efficient Mr. Wardrop were quite as successful as Mr. Kipling would have us believe.

Two of the short stories "The Ship that Found Herself" and "007"—one concerned with the first voyage of a boat and the other with the trial run of a locomotive—hardly come within the scope of this survey, because they are primarily parables and the moral's the thing. The men whose names occur in these stories are merely incidental to the lessons the author wishes to inculcate. An engineer who turns up twice is Laughton O. Zigler and again it is personality rather than "things as they are" that carries "The Captive" and more particularly "The Edge of the Evening," each to its dramatic conclusion. A gun in the one case, and in the other a lathe and an aeroplane engine are inventions of Zigler's and on their exploitations the stories turn, but their significance is as nothing compared with the two pictures Kipling has drawn of the versatile American.

*A Glossary of Hindustani Words to be found in
Rudyard Kipling's Works.*

A

Asti	slowly, gently
Admi	man, person
{ Achcha }	{ all right, good }
{ Bohùt-achacha ... }	{ very good }
Arré	Oh!

B

Baitoe	sit, or wait
Bât	speech, talk, lan- guage
Bap	father
Baja	musical instru- ment
Bhai	brother
Badmash	bad fellow, rascal
Belait	England
Belaiti	European
Bohin	sister
Bearer	personal servant
Boli	speech
Bukh	talk
Burra	big, great
Bundobast	arrangement, agreement
Bandar-log	monkey people
Burruf or Barf	ice
Bus	enough, finish
Bus hogia	finished
Bunnia	{moneylender {(also merchant)
Bundook	rifle, shotgun
Butcha	young, of animals
Bund	embankment, dam
Bund Karo	shut <i>{imperative}</i>

C

Charpoy	native bed
{ low caste (also	
Chamar }	{shoemaker}
Challan	consignment of goods
Choop, Chup.....	silent, still
Chick }	..
Chik }	sun blind
Chil	kite or vulture
Chitt	note or letter

Chandu	opium
Chor	thief
Chota	small, little
Chota Hazri	early morning tea
Chi-chi	half-caste, Eura- sian

Chabuk whip

D

Duftar	office
Dharzee.}	
Durzee. }	tailor
Dâk	post, mail, journey
Dâk-bungalow	rest house
Durwan	door or gate keeper
"Durwaza-bund"	"door shut," <i>i.e.</i> " not at home "
Dekko	look <i>{imperative}</i>
Dewanee	madness

Ekka carriage

Ek dum at once,
immediately

F

Ferao hyena

G

Ghora	horse
Ghur	house
Ghi	native butter
Guru	native priest
Gunga	colloquial for Ganges

H

{Hazur }	{Your Honour }
{ Huzoor }	{Your Excellency }
Hazri }	
Tiffin. }	midday meal
Hathi	elephant
Huka }	
Hookah. }	pipe
"Hookum hai"...	"it is an order"
Humara	my, mine
Hitherao	come here
Hubshi	negro

I

Izzut honour

J

Jao verb to go, or
simply "go!"

Jampannie ... palanquin carrier

Janwer animal

Jat caste, race

Jaghirdar ... landowner

Jehad holy war

Jehanum ... hell

Jheel or Jhil ... swamp or lake

Jezaile native made bullet

Jemada village headman

(police rank)

Jeldi or Juldi ... quickly

K

Kala black

Karo verb to do, to
make (par ex-
ample — Dur-
w a z a B u n d
Karo : Shut the
door)

Khana food, dinner

Khubber ... news

Khubber kharkuz newspaper

Khansamah ... cook or butler

Khitmatgar ... head servant

Khushi soft, nice, pleasant

Khud side of hill or
mountain

Khistwasti ? ... How is it? How?

Khoota dog

Kubbi never

Kutchra poor quality

Kubberdar ... take care, beware

Kench pull (*imperative*)Kos a distance, rough-
ly 2 miles

Kerani a writer

Ke-marfik ... in this manner, in
the manner of

L

Lakh 100,000

Lathi stick

Langur long haired mon-
key

Larai war, battle

Lao bring (*imperative*)

M

Maro strike, hit

Maidan park, open space

Mahseer a fish

Machan a bamboo plat-
form for shoot-
ing fromMehtur a sweeper, low
caste servant

Mistri carpenter, mason

Munhi prayer

Munshi clerk

Musth mad

Mut drunk

Mût don't

Muchli fish in general

N

Nat juggler

Nag snake

Nahin no

Nautch dance

Nickle-jao ... go quickly, get
out !!

O

Oont camel

"Om mane padmi
hum" part of prayer
meaning liter-
ally "The heart
of the Lotus
flower"

P

Pi-khoota ... pariah dog

Pân chewing paste

Peeni ka pani ... drink of water

Pani water

Pechi afterwards

Purdah curtain, veil

Q

"Qui Hai?" ... Who waits ?
Who is there ?

R

Raj-mistri ... head mason or
head carpenter

Raj rule

Rajah ruler

Ranee Queen, wife of
Rajah

S

Salaam	greetings
Samp.	snake
Sais	{
Syce.	{groom
Saree.	cloth worn by women
Shaitan	devil
Soor.	pig
Shroff	moneylender
Sirkar.	government
Sungars.	breastwork, trenches
Shikar.	hunt
Sambhur	large deer

Shabash !	well done, bravo
Sub chiz	everything
Simpkin.	champagne

T

Tamasha	a show, excite- ment
Thàna	jail, prison, police station
Thàno.	pull (<i>imperative</i>)
Tulwar.	large curved sword
Tumara	yours
Tum	thou, you
Ticca gharri	hired carnage

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