



*The*  
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JOURNAL

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*of the*  
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SOCIETY

No. 11

OCTOBER, 1929



# The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

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QUARTERLY                      No.      11                      OCTOBER, 1929

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### News and Notes.

Our Frontispiece this Quarter is a reproduction, of the photograph, taken on the occasion of the Annual Meeting and Luncheon in London on June 12.

x                      x                      x                      x                      x

The abstract of a lecture delivered by Mr. Theodore D. Neal to Members of the Midland Circle of the Kipling Society at Great Alne, on July 18, 1929, and printed elsewhere in this issue is of special interest. Before beginning his Lecture, Mr. Neal explained that it was prepared and delivered thirty years ago. Mr. Neal declared he hardly felt competent to-day to address an audience well instructed in Kipling literature, but because it represented a young man's criticism of a young man, he hoped that it might still have some interest.

x                      x                      x                      x                      x

Mr. Kipling's publishers in America, Doubleday, Doran and Co. Inc. of Garden City, New York, have issued recently a brochure intended to introduce Mr. Kipling's books to a still wider circle of readers in America than heretofore. It has been edited by Miss Anice Page Cooper, who contributes an

introductory essay upon which, by the courtesy of Messrs. Doubleday, Doran and Co., we have been allowed to draw generously. Abstracts therefore will be found on pages 5 to 7. The booklet contains also the late Mr. Dixon Scott's essay from *Men of Letters* entitled "The Meekness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling," along with comments reprinted from the works of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. W. Lyon Phelps and M. André Chevrillon. The booklet is illustrated with sketches by three artists, namely W. Heath Robinson, Arthur Rackham, and Leo Bates.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

The prices current recorded in this and in previous issues need to be compared and read with discretion. Much depends on the condition of the copy, and it is not possible for the Hon. Editor to attend the sales and examine the books. It is worth bearing in mind that the condition of the blue cloth and the brilliancy of the external devices affect the value of *The Jungle Books*. Only a few weeks ago two copies of the re-issues of these books were offered to an acquaintance at £3 for the two volumes. Declining them at the price, the would-be vendor remarked, "The covers are worth the money for re-binding first editions."

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

According to a report which we found in the Paris Edition of the *Daily Mail*, Sir Edward Elgar, O.M., and Mr. Kipling have collaborated in the production of a work, "The March of Praise," an expression of joy and thanksgiving. It is to be included in a volume to be called "The King's Book," which will be published at half-a-crown in November as the nation's tribute to his Majesty, who has approved the scheme. At his Majesty's suggestion the proceeds of its sale will be devoted to the King Edward Hospital Fund. We have not seen a confirmation of this announcement, but members will watch for further news.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

Commenting upon the foregoing, the *Daily Herald* asked whether Sir Edward Elgar found his task easier than did Sir Arthur Sullivan when called on to fit a tune to "The Absent-minded Beggar and Recessional." With the former, Sullivan found the words so uninspiring that, but for the national fund it was designed to support, he would have given up in despair—

as he actually did with Recessional. After vainly seeking its musical equivalent, he returned the poem to the author, confessing that it had beaten him. In acknowledging the return, Kipling said he had written it to "a well known drone in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*"—and that since its publication scores of settings had been sent him, not one of which was suitable to the spirit of the words. The "drone" referred to was Dyke's tune to "Eternal Father," to which "Recessional" is often sung.

x            x            x            x            x

We have received from Mr. W. M. Carpenter, of Evanston, Ill., U.S.A., a copy of a privately printed booklet entitled *Kipling's College*. It contains the story of the finding of the author's copy of Euclid to which we referred in No. 9. We shall return to this in our next issue, and also to some exceptionally valuable notes on the chapter headings, by Captain L. ff. Chandler, of Washington, U.S.A.

x            x            x            x            x

Since publication of No. 10, the *London Magazine* has published two new stories by Mr. Kipling. That in the August issue is entitled, "The Church that was at Antioch," and is illustrated by a design for the title and two fine across-the-pages pictures by F. Matania, the black and white artist who illustrated the "Egypt of the Magicians" letters when they appeared originally in 1914 in *Nash's Magazine*. It opens with the verse from St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians which runs, "But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face because he was to be blamed." A story which introduces the two great apostles, a young Roman Soldier, and an older and subtly wise Prefect of Police, might so easily go astray and offend good taste, but here Mr. Kipling has achieved something fine and distinctive. The characters and motives of the two preachers are presented with sympathetic understanding.

x            x            x

The title of the story in the September number of our contemporary is, "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman." The illustrations are by a new man in the field of Kiplingiana—Mr. Stanley Lloyd, who seems hardly to have got Beetle into the proper focus. This rattling good story is an addition to the *Stalky & Co.* group and relates in an amusing way how the occupants of

Number Five Study with Dickson Quartus fought with "sallies" and cartridges loaded with dust shot, and how the honour of a gentleman golfer was satisfied by the downiness of the Prussian Bates. The *Morning Post* on September 6 published a poem by Kipling of fourteen stanzas, entitled "Hymn of the Triumphant Airman," a forecast of the time when men will be "Flying East to West at over 1,000 m.p.h."

x            x            x            x            x            x

Kipling items of interest occur in the most unexpected places. In a catalogue published by a London second-hand bookseller, we found recently particulars of some fore-edge paintings. The items were announced in this way:—POCKET EDITIONS OF HIS PROSE WORKS, post 8vo. *bound in maroon straight-grained morocco extra, g.e.*, each with a Water-Colour Drawing by Miss Currie, concealed beneath the gold of the fore-edges, *as follows*:—FROMSEA TO SEA, and other Sketches, 2 vol. in 1, with a view of Sursey-Ghaut, Cawnpore, £7 7s. LETTERS OF TRAVEL (1892-1913); and LAND AND SEA TALES 2 vols. in 1, with a view of the Town and Pass of Boodi in Rajpootana, £7 7s. SOLDIERS THREE; and PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS, 2 vols. in 1, with a view near Tonk in Rajpootana, £7 7s. All three illustrations were reproduced in half-tone.

x            x            x            x x

Mr. Bonamy Dobrée has collected the essay—we find now that it was one of a series of lectures delivered in Cairo—from which we quoted in No. 5 in a book of studies in six modern authors, to which he has given the title *The Lamp and the Lute*. This is published at 5s. net by the Clarendon Press. Mr. Kipling's associates on this occasion are Ibsen, Hardy, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot.

x            x            x            x            x            x

The house at Rottingdean formerly occupied by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has been purchased by Sir Roderick Jones, the managing director of Reuter's News Agency. Sir Roderick has for many years had as a country home in Rottingdean a house which formerly used to belong to Sir Edward Burne Jones, the artist, and Mr. Kipling's uncle.

*Kipling in America.*

BY ANICE PAGE COOPER.

*(See note on Page 1).*

Kipling revelled in the Vermont winters. During the big snows of 1895-96, he found good sport in helping the farm hands "plow out," and was often seen in town on a sled to which plows were attached and one or often two pairs of horses. In galoshes and long-legged stockings, he wallowed in the snow drifts until he looked more like a snow man than a human. No droll expressions or colloquialisms of the farmers escaped his notice, for he jotted them down on a bit of paper that was always in a convenient pocket.

These years were richly productive of published books and also of vivid material that he was to weave into many stories of his later works. Impressions of Philadelphia and its picturesque local history, Kipling filed away in his amazing memory to use fifteen years later in *Rewards and Fairies*. The three poems and two stories in this volume "Philadelphia" "Brother Square-toes" the tale of Pharaoh who with his inseparable fiddle came to the lilac-scented city of red brick houses and white door-steps on the ship Embuscade with Ambassador Genet, "If," "A St. Helena Lullaby," and "A Priest in Spite of Himself," the story of the great Tallyrand selling buttons on Drinker's Alley, were suggested by two interesting bits of source history.

*A Little History of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia* at the beginning of the last century supplied most of the characters that were needed in the tales, and when one got Redjacket, Toby Hirte, the Moravian connection and the legend that Talleyrand once sold buttons for a living in Philadelphia all mixed up together, you can see that the rest of the tale marched by itself, even if Providence had not sent me an old map of the American Colonies of 1774, or thereabouts, which gave me all the old trails and ferries that were required," Kipling explained. "There was really no reason why one should ever have stopped."

These Philadelphia tales based upon an old map and an obscure church history illustrate remarkably well Kipling's method of work. Facts, accurate knowledge of details, truth in atmosphere and characterisation are the basis of his most fantastic tales. He acquired the technical knowledge which enabled him to write of bridge-builders in terms of bridge-building and of railroad building in the lingo of construction

gangs, of ship-building and sailing and road-making, each in the distinctive vernacular of the trade, by the prosaic method of plowing through numbers of technical books upon the subject about which he was writing. A pioneer book dealer of New York in the 90's, S. F. McLean, whose shop used to be across from Cooper Union, had occasion to furnish Kipling with many books while he was in Vermont.

"One day," says Mr. McLean recalling his famous customers, "a man came into my shop and called for the poetical works of Dr. John Donne. I had never heard of Donne, and not having the book I offered to make a search for it and communicate with the customer if he would leave me his name and address. With fine penmanship he wrote on the back of the card that T handed him 'Rudyard Kipling, Brattleboro, Vermont.'" Mr. McLean promptly advertised for Dr. Doone's works and soon had several copies offered. He notified Kipling, and soon after received a letter from Mr. Kipling asking for information about all available books on ship-building, railroad construction, tunnel-boring, labour unions, and kindred activities. On receipt of the list, Mr. Kipling bought the books and asked for more.

"I often wondered," said the book dealer, "what interest such an author as Mr. Kipling could have in that line of stuff. For a while I thought it must be a hobby, a sort of side line. But I hadn't long to wait, for soon such stories as 'The Bridge Builders,' 'A Walking Delegate,' 'The Ship that Found Herself,' and others of the same type began to appear in the leading magazines."

In 1897 Kipling left America to make a journey to Africa. Although he has never returned to make his home in the United States, he has left such an impress on the American consciousness that villages are named after him from Louisville to Saskatchewan. There is a Kipling station in Saskatchewan—a Kipling in Ontario, Rudyard, Montana—Rudyard and Kipling, Michigan—Kipling, North Carolina—Rudyard, —Mississippi—Kipling, Louisiana. The Michigan Rudyard and Kipling were named by the President of the Soo Line Railroad who treasures an autograph poem by Kipling celebrating his two new children of the north.

Africa was to Kipling something like a home-coming, for it gleamed and breathed and smelled of the Orient, and was everywhere reminiscent of his own India. Port Said, "a perpetual

cinematograph show of excited, uneasy travellers—the Nile Himself, golden in sunshine, wrinkled under strong breezes"—the Soudan where one man to several thousand square miles kept order from the edges of Abyssinia to the swamps of the Equator—Pretoria—the veldt—he felt a keen delight in listening to the babel of tongues and seeing about him the kaleidoscopic life of the East. Several of the tales in "Traffics and Discoveries" bear record of his interest in the political and economic conditions that led to the Boer War.

So, living quietly in the most ancient and richly historical corner of that England of which he is such a vivid interpreter, Kipling has become one of the most venerated figures in the literature of our day. His lines have been quoted so often that they have lost all significance of authorship. Like Shakespeare, and the Bible, his phrases are a part of everyone's current speech. Legends have grown up about him and anecdotes without end have been attributed to him, some few **with** a foundation of fact, but many of them incorrect.

Numerous as the anecdotes, are the stories of the sprightly inscriptions that Kipling has written in books of his friends. Brander Matthews treasures one in playful mood that makes his copy of "Many Inventions" a joy to any true bibliophile. To begin with, the volume is bound by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the distinguished book binder, who refuses to waste his skill upon works which do not seem to him to be worthy of sumptuous attire. It is rarely that he consents to bind the books of contemporary authors, but he took pleasure in dressing "Many Inventions" in a back of blue morocco, sides of harmoniously marbled paper and vellum corners. Mr. Matthews was so delighted with the book that he asked Kipling to autograph it. Mr. Kipling wrote in reply that the blank pages in front of the text were very tempting, so he wrote in all of them. One was a parody of Browning, another a parody of James Whitcomb Riley in such perfect dialect that Howells was ready to accept it as the actual work of the Hoosier lyricist, and on a third the following quatrain:—

See my literary pants:  
I am bound in crushed levants.  
Brander Matthews did it, and a  
Very handsome thing of Branda.

*Rudyard Kipling.*

AN ABSTRACT FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MIDLAND CIRCLE.

(See note on Page 1).

I AM here tonight to consider with you for a brief space a notable man—described truthfully as a man of the hour, a man moreover inseparable *from* the hour. For, emphatically, Rudyard Kipling is modern—of our own time—he belongs to us, the living generation: he is new with a newness at times bordering on rawness. Today we find him high in popular favour. The English speaking people look to him with supreme confidence to utter for them their needs, their wants, their aspirations—even their tendencies, believing firmly and fully that he will respond in language and sentiment befitting: he again is continually focussing our national ideals and pointing with prophetic finger to their accomplishment in fact.

Upon the consideration of such a one, steeped in the knowledge of men, singing of the joy of the world with an incomparable vigour of expression, I do not think our time can be wasted—and if, during our study, we can discover some of the secret of his power and fix it in our minds, we shall have increased our earthly possessions and have quickened our interest in, and appreciation of, the work of Rudyard Kipling.

To his childhood spent in India he undoubtedly owes much, for, always an observant child, he picked up many things that fell from his elders. Again, it is well known that Indian natives, however, reserved and reticent they may be before adults, will talk freely and unconstrainedly to children committed to their charge. Kipling could not forget his India at his school where there would be constant relays of boys arriving and no doubt there would be many inquiries and much comparing of notes.

When Kipling was sixteen years of age, an Anglo-Indian friend of his father's came and visited him; and inquiring of Kipling what his intentions were, he found the lad in doubt. If the truth must be stated, he found a rather morose youth, scorning cricket, football and all outdoor sports which it is held do so much to mould the character and form the habits of the governing classes. Here was one who took his recreations rather in the byways of school life and literature.

Thus early in his career Kipling gives us a check—nay, almost a shock. "We should expect such an exponent of strength and

energy, the champion of Tommy Atkins, to emerge from his school at least cock of the playground; captain of the cricket eleven and football fifteen, with a reputation for dash and devilry. The man who was to write:—

I've a head like a concertina, I've a tongue like a button  
stick,

I've a mouth like an old potato and I'm more than a little  
sick,

But I've had my fun o' the Corporal's Guard, I've made the  
cinders fly

And I'm here in the clink for a thundering drink and  
blackening the Corporal's eye."

must, as a boy, have been surely strong and lusty. Nothing of the kind. The Anglo-Indian friend found a spectacled lad devoting much of his time to the composing of essays, stories, verses, epics and plays, eschewing the usual boyish pursuits, and, as yet, receiving none of the homage which was to be his so abundantly.

This friend of his father, however, looked over some of the lad's work and found it so good that he offered him a post on an Indian paper. It was accepted and once more Kipling found himself in India, where his progress was rapid. At seventeen years of age he was assistant editor, and for five or six years he was entirely engaged in journalistic work. During this time he went on missions all over India and among other things accompanied an expedition to Burma as a War Correspondent. He returned to England in 1889.

Already recognised in India as a keen observer of men and manners, and a clever writer, it was only on his return to England that his "boom" began, and it began with India, which be it remembered is the country that inspired our author. Kipling has rediscovered India for the British people; he has brought home to us in a manner never before attempted, the mystery and the magnificence, the vastness and the abundance of this most wonderful land. But he has done more. He has quickened our appreciation of the Indian Civil Service—he has portrayed it as a great and noble service to those who, before his time, rarely, if ever, bestowed a thought upon it. He has shown us daily, hourly, the heroism of its work. He has also done much to awaken within us a sense of our great responsibility of this mighty Indian Empire. A responsibility at once

a priceless privilege and an arduous duty. To be undertaken soberly and seriously, heroically, if need be, as part of the White Man's Burden.

Possibly we all think we know something of India. May it be the beginning of knowledge when we discover that we know nothing! As one has said "It is a land the natural features of which are gigantic, the history long and tangled, the civilisation complex in the extreme." It is a world of itself effectually cut off in the North from the rest of Asia by the mighty Himalayas, the importance of which as a rampart of defence it is difficult to over estimate. Starting from the heights covered with eternal snows, we first come down to the bare grey masses of the Southern slopes; further down are forest clad hills, while at their feet lies a damp belt of lowland covered with dense fever breeding jungle, inhabited by a few rude tribes and wild beasts. A second great district is known as the River Plains, watered by the Indus, Brahmaputra and Ganges. The former runs each for 1,800 miles, the latter, the Ganges, about 1,000. There is a third district in India known as the Deccan, a triangular tableland, one vast mass of ridges, peaks and forests broken by cultivated valleys.

India has a population of 290 millions, yet few large towns, most of the natives being tillers of the soil. The inhabitants indeed comprise the most deplorably ignorant as well as the eminently wise. Seventy-eight recognised languages are spoken. The religions are in themselves a life study, while in the contemplation of India's wealth and poverty, trackless jungles, mighty rivers, and inaccessible heights, we approach the limits of marvellous realities.

It was through this India that this young and imaginative writer journeyed, quick of perception, and appreciative at once of everything mysterious or wonderful. What a land for a story teller! Here Kipling found the destinies of teeming millions in the hands of the subaltern, and the civil service, the power and discipline of whose members hung mainly on the public school career. He found rulers of men raw from the playground, and yet, while publishing such a disturbing fact, he renewed the nation's confidence in these youngsters.

Kipling is gifted with the magic of the real story-teller. He attracts, fascinates and amuses, and in the construction of his stories, he reveals a perfect mastery of his art. But there is **little** repose in his work. Movement, actions and warfare are

his distinctive notes. His descriptive writings are vivid and stormy—he presents the powers and forces of nature rather than the peaceful calm in her portrayed by many other writers. Yet he is an adept at word painting, as, for example:—"At sunset the low hills turned to opal and wine red, and the brown dust flew up pure gold." Kipling himself wrote :—"Chiefly, I write of life and death, and men and women, and love and hate, according to the measure of my ability." A fairly comprehensive catalogue all will agree.

He has written of animal life as no other writer has ever done before, entering, so to speak, into the spirit of wild beasts, and describing them from their own point of view, and preserving unimpaired throughout the distinctive characteristics of each animal. Until Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books* were published, the man in the street did not know what a snake really was, nor an elephant—they neither appreciated their subtleness nor did they know the real value of animals to those who use them. He has made a hero of the camel, and has extolled the battery mule. To having increased our knowledge and appreciation of animals, is alone no slight achievement.

Mr. Kipling also writes of Child Life, particularly the Child Life of the Anglo-Indians, and here again, he inspires a sympathy and a pathos for those orphaned children that must help in extending to them still further sympathy and consideration. He also writes much of governments, and the morals of his stories, always forceful and to the point, are in praise of, and prayer for, strength; for the weakling, no matter where he finds him, Kipling has little sympathy—he will give him no toleration. His ideal for the governor is always the man who, in spite of all obstacles and difficulties, unceasingly and without rnrumer, sticks to his post—the more obscure his work, the more praise does Kipling lavish. For the blabber, the talker and the theoriser, he has no patience, and in this he is voicing the higher opinion of today. We are tired in these days with what a man says, believes, and pays for; we want to know what a man is, what a man does, and what his character is. And of the latter school Kipling is emphatically the champion.

Mr. Kipling is essentially and equally modern in his prose poems on machinery. I confess that in this respect I cannot competently follow him, as I have never myself been able perhaps to fully realise the beauties of machinery. Yet with Mr.

Kipling's descriptions, the truth is driven home that in every mechanical device there lives a poetical possibility. He hails the muse by the scruff of the neck into the room where a steamer's sweating engines are in labour, and he justifies to the full his unceremonious behaviour.

Witness also his treatment of society in India, and of natives and local customs, in which last named we find wonderful character sketches that proclaim Mr. Kipling as a master of his art. In some of these stories he has brought out in strong relief the divergence in the character of the East and West, and has given us the Spirit of the East, the very smell of it. Who can overlook his description of the Afghan, in whose eyes "neither life, property, law nor kingship are sacred, when his own lusts prompt him to rebel. He is a thief by instinct, a murderer by heredity and training, and frankly and bestially immoral by all three. None the less, he has his own crooked notions of honour, and his character is fascinating to study. On occasion he will fight without reason given, till he is hacked to pieces. On other occasions he will refuse to shew fight, till he is driven into a corner. Herein he is as unaccountable as the grey wolf, who is his blood brother."

So far, I seem to have been giving our author too much all-round praise, but, believe me, this is not because I am not conscious of Mr. Kipling's limitations. Poetry has been said to be the expression of the most beautiful thoughts in the most beautiful language. Mr. Kipling often expresses things which are far from beautiful in language remarkable more for its vigour than its beauty—yet I dare not say that Mr. Kipling is not a poet. Someone said of Dr. Johnson as a talker, that when his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt end of it. Mr. Kipling is rather apt to discharge his story or his ballad at you out of a blunderbuss—and, when he fails to kill, to belabour you with the stock. There is no denying the fact that, at times, Kipling can be coarse and brutal, although his later works are more free from this reproach. At times he descends to doggerel, and writes without sufficient inspiration, and his contempt, too, for the weakling is apt to be a little uncharitable. He is given to idealising strength and force at the expense of other things. This is noticeable in his ballad wherein the devil taunts Tomlinson for not having a soul of his own to sin with. Max Beerbohm, the caricaturist, did not mince matters when he wrote:—

Even the great B.P. is beginning to apologise for liking him. I look forward to the day when I shall meet Rudyard Kipling hurrying down Fleet Street with the stories under his arm that the Editor of the B.O.P. has just rejected. My dear Dick, he is a very vulgar, powerful writer, with no place in literature at all. He has compassed in himself all the smoke and beer of the Syndicate Halls. Already his day is passing, and the next popular writer will be distinguished for his religiosity as an antidote for Kipling's paganism.

I do not agree with that, although I am loath to confess I occasionally see in some of Kipling's earlier work some slight justification for it.

Let me endeavour to focus all these stray remarks and come to some conclusions. I hold it a sound opinion that Providence brings the right men into the world at the right time. Just at the time when the invention of machinery, cheap food and material prosperity were likely to intoxicate the British people, John Ruskin was born, and commenced his crusade against those very things, deriding and protesting even against the railways themselves. Again, when the masses became emancipated and conscious that, through the medium of the franchise, the ruling powers were placed in their hands, Thomas Carlyle arose and preached the gospel that the masses should be governed. And so, at the close of the nineteenth century, Society is over busy with new-fangled affectations and beliefs, surrounded at home by peace and prosperity, becoming more and more fat and sleek and indolent, clamouring for creature comforts, and in fact, enveloped by all the grosser sins of materialism, when the desire for money has become an overwhelming desire, Kipling bursts amongst us, and shows the contemptible nature of it all: and, in contrast, points at the poorly-paid younger son, struggling in the fever swamps of India, endeavouring to his utmost to uphold the Empire, and he makes us ashamed. To the painting of these pictures we owe much to Kipling. But above and beyond this, he has done a far greater service—he has elevated our ideas of Empire; he has done something to stay the arrogant self-seeking, gaudy Imperialist, and has shown us that only by force of character, heroism, hard work, humility and a deep sense of responsibility can we hope to maintain the Empire.

*Caught a Tartar!*

BY W. M. CARPENTER, OF EVANSTON, ILL., U.S.A.

**R**UDYARD Kipling has asserted somewhere that Devon is "the best county in England," and Kingsley that it is celebrated for handsome men and beautiful women. My less comprehensive experience not only confirms what both say but adds the additional testimony that the people are friendly and courteous. But every rule is alleged to have its exceptions. It has been my fortune to pursue the Kipling will-o'-the-wisp from HongKong through America to Burwash and Bideford. With one exception, the quest has met friendliness and courtesy, possibly because most of the people whom I meet think that they are talking with one who is not quite "all there." They smile and give help.

This is the tale of a new kind of an experience. In June, 1928, a Bideford bookseller gave me a lead and I started off on the instant to interview the wife of the veteran churchwarden. Climbing up the hill I met a new Bideford friend who asked "Whither, whence?" Having listened with interest to the account of my plan, he warned me kindly to tread softly, for the woman might be a bit "difficult." Probably puffed up by earlier experiences in such matters, I answered somewhat loftily I fear, that I had been dealing with "difficult" people for forty years. The other man smiled and left me to my fate. I hastened on, not realising that I was riding for a fall.

In the days when R.K. was at school at Westward Ho!, the postmaster and keeper of the tuck-shop there was Sergeant-Major Keyte. In *Chronicle* No. 4, the verse by R.K. entitled "Disappointment" ends thus:

"I don't feel quite the thing," said he,  
I've just been down to Keyte's."

The Sergeant had a daughter and she helped to carry on the tuck-shop. In Kipling's "An English School," published in the *Youth's Companion* in 1893, he says: "We hardly ever saw, and certainly never spoke to, anything in the nature of a woman from one year's end to another." It is to be assumed that peasants and shop-keepers did not count, for we know that the boys on occasion ate in Bideford, or sold their school books to an old lady who handled second-hand books.

At the end of a short climb I found the place and after some delay was greeted in chilling fashion by the wife of the

aforementioned V.C., to whom I told my errand. Possibly I had an air of assurance that did not produce the best effect on her—but at any rate the answer which I promptly got was that she knew R.K. well when he was at school in Westward Ho! and could tell me much about him if she choose to do so; but that she did not choose. She had heard and read so much about him that she was tired of the subject! Further, she explained, when R.K. re-visited Bideford a few years ago she understood that he planned to call to see her, but he did not do so. Perhaps that disappointment had made her peevish and I certainly did not improve my prospect with her when, hopelessly failing in tact, I rubbed salt into the wound which vanity had suffered, by reminding her that he had gone up to the old Wilson printing shop which he had frequented during the latter part of his school days.

Several times she emphasised the fact that she had a son in the Navy and that some of the boys who were involved in the incident about which I was hunting information were now high in the Army, and that she must "protect" them. What it was that she wanted to protect them from was not apparent, for I had no designs on either Army or Navy, but protect them she did; I hope they do not fail in appreciation of this heroic action. All that I could secure by the exertion of my most hypnotic appeal was to hold her attention for a very few minutes, long enough to tell her the story that had come to me, that:

She, the daughter of the tuck-shop keeper at Westward Ho! had lost a watch. Some College boy found it and, accompanied by several other boys, came to the shop and returned it. R.K. was the leader of the boys, presumably having been selected because he was the most competent for the impertinence that was contemplated. Receiving the watch at their hands, it is alleged that Miss Keyte asked what reward the boys expected, assuming that they would call for some of the "eats" from the shelves. Instead of which their leader, remembering that they were in "Devon—that county of easy kisses," with his most ingratiating smile, answered: "Give us a kiss!" To this she snapped back: "I'll give you a box on the ears!"

I told this little tale with what skill I could, but while she said that there was "a certain amount of truth in the story" as I had related it, she would not discuss the matter. However, in her anxiety to squelch a Yankee intruder who came without introduction or warrant, she drove in her statement

that she could tell me a lot and she would, by describing an experience of R.K.'s with a pawn ticket. He showed it to her—and she took pains to make it clear to me that that was the only contact she ever had had with that rather low form of human activity.

It appears that when R.K. was ordered to Westward Ho! he was in Switzerland and without sufficient money to carry him to his destination. Accordingly, he pawned his overcoat—and this was the ticket for it. He accounted to "his uncle and guardian," Cornell Price, for his overcoatless condition by giving the obvious alibi that it had been stolen.

Having thus made plain how much I was missing, and with a bit of biting gossip on the headmaster who followed Price, intended perhaps to make it clear why the school declined during his rule, she hustled out of the room and, so to speak, left me standing with my finger in my mouth. However, I am going back to Bideford some day!

### *Robert Lynd on Kipling.*

In the summer number of *John O' London's Weekly* published on June 29 last, Mr. Robert Lynd, the Literary Editor of the *Daily News* began a series of letters to living authors, and gave Mr. Kipling pride of place. We quote from what is a long and interesting letter:—

" I was not very deep in my teens when I began, like many another schoolboy of the time; to swear by you and Robert Louis Stevenson as the two gods of contemporary literature. There were other good writers, we admitted, but they did not seem in the same fashion the breath the spirit of a younger world. You and Stevenson were new and stood for something new, and we, being ourselves new, found in your writings glorious and original heresies and compared with the wisdom of these the wisdom of our schoolmasters seemed like lead beside gold.

" Primarily, we read you for your stories, but, in addition to this, I am sure we also thought of you both as writers who held aloft a challenging and idealistic banner in literature and even in life. You were artists, stylists, crusaders after perfection in words and, like the names of readers of great causes,

your very names became an inspiration to the young—at least, to such of the young who had an ambition to write . . . . To us you seemed a guardian of the honour of literature, and I still think that we were so far right, for, through your long career you have never betrayed the honour of literature by an indolent sentence. We have only to read a few pages of "Kim" in order to realise how cunning and deliberate a master of speech you are. If there are faults in your writing, they have never been due to lazy and slipshod workmanship.

" While you fascinated us as a craftsman and stylist, however, you fascinated us still more powerfully as a man who knew everything and told most of it. Youth has a natural longing to know everything, and to read you was to be initiated into life in many of its most highly coloured and violently interesting aspects.

' Tour immortality is reasonably certain, even if you cease to be regarded as a painter of Things as they Are. You will survive in prose, it seems to me, chiefly as a great writer of picaresque romance. You have in your inspired moments seen life as a rogue's comedy. Your soldiers three are rogues—your schoolboys in " Stalky & Co " are rogues, good rogues, rogues as *it* were on the side of the angels, but, none the less, frequent defiers and breakers of the law.

There is a certain rasping contemptuousness in your nature that prevents you from touching the deepest sympathies of ordinary human beings in much of your work . . . . You have looked on the world with wonder and awe, and have invented tales about it with the ingenuity of a conjurer and the energy of an artist. You have left none of your talents to waste in idleness, but have used each of them to the utmost with the religious sense of responsibility that you have so often expressed in your verse. This essentially emotional and religious attitude to life and to your art, I fancy, gives even your picaresque stories a quality that will keep them alive when most of the famous fiction of our time has perished."

*The Favourites.*

THE invitations to submit lists of favourite poems and stories have lapsed, but it would be ungracious not to print two that have reached us from the confines of the Empire. No. 794, writing from Mosman, N.S.W., Australia, writes:—

I am very interested in the lists of favourite stories. Only one of those given in No. 5 contained *A Sahib's War*, a favourite of mine—probably because I am an Australian—but it seems to me it shows particularly well Kipling's marvellous power of seeing at a glance the characteristics of a people. He describes the Australian Bushmen as "very proper men, but the Durromuts cannot walk on their feet at all, they are as hens on a high road." Anyone knowing, as I do, the bushman's utter distaste for walking, will recognise the humour of this. Also their fondness for tea which they drink, "as a sandhill drinks water," and the way in which they always secured mounts for themselves in the Boer war. It is well-nigh impossible to pick out twelve stories, but the following are also great favourites: *Garm, a Hostage*; *How Fear Came*; *The Finest Story in the World*; *My Lord the Elephant*; *Marklake Witches*; *The Miracle of Puran Baghat*; *They*; *An Habitation Enforced*; *How the Whale got His Throat*; *Letting in the Jungle*; *The Conversion of St. Wilfrid*. Among the many fine poems—and I do not put the "Recessional" in my list because it is something more than an ordinary poem—are:—

*The Explorer*, because when I see unknown country, that "something hidden—go and find it" always comes into my mind. *White Horses*, because the breakers with their streaming manes do indeed suggest horses heads. *The Derelict*, for the feeling of utter helplessness it suggests—just the feeling one could imagine a living thing like a ship possessing. *Road Song of the Bandar-Log*, because of its truthfulness to monkey character. *The Power of the Dog* and *Supplication of the Black Aberdeen*. I love dogs! *Mulholland's Contract*, because it is so fine. *The Four Angels*, on account of its whimsical parable. *A Song of Kabir*, chiefly because of its last verse. *Brooklands Road* and *A Song to Mithras* appeal to me greatly, but I cannot explain why. *L'Envoi*, because it concerns my especial work and ambition to—draw the thing as I see it.

Mr. Gerald C. Coyle sends from Jo'burg his list, which, he writes, is partially intended to illustrate the Master's infinite variety:—

*The Mary Gloster*, as being typically Kipling. The association of rough old Sir Anthony and the beautiful idea underlying his motive for being *buried at sea* is wonderfully portrayed. *Recessional*, a sermon in National Humility. *Tomlinson*, for its grimly emphasised Lesson of Life. *The Children's Song*. Nothing so simply inspiring has ever been written for children. *If*. The above might be said of this poem for adults. *Rhyme of the Three Sealers*. A great saga of Rough Seas and Rough Men. *The Long Trail* and *The Song of the Banjo*. As one who has wandered a good bit these two make an especial appeal to me. *A St. Helena Lullaby*, for its haunting charm and pathos. *The Power of the Dog*, for its appeal to the animal—especially the dog—lover. *Dedication—Barrack Room Ballads*. A testimony to those who serve their country and their kind simply and straightforwardly. *The Betrothed*, for its delightfully quaint philosophy.

### *Marriage.*

BATEMAN—CHESTER.—On July 13, 1929, at All Saints Church, Upper Tooting, A. Hamilton Bateman, B.Sc, A.I.C., of Saltcoats, Ayshire, No. 689, to Miss Ruby Chester, of London, No. 268.

### *Characters from " Many Inventions " (II).*

Too lonely for Dowse  
Grew far-away Flores,  
Light made a lighthouse  
Too lonely for Dowse;  
When clear sight could chouse  
Life's dream of its glories,  
Too lonely for Dowse  
Grew far-away Flores.

*Kipling Prices Current.*

ONCE more we are pleased to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co., in allowing us to examine the records of book sales in May, June and July. Here are a few items with prices paid on May 28:—

*The Story of the Gadsbys*, FIRST EDITION, with advertisements, original wrappers, back-strips broken. Allahabad, n.d., 1888. £3 10s.

*The Story of the Gadsbys*, FIRST EDITION, one leaf of advertisements at beginning and four at end, original wrappers, back-strip slightly defective. Allahabad, n.d., 1888. £34

*Under the Deodars*, FIRST EDITION, one leaf of advertisements at beginning and four at end, original wrappers ink-stained and back-strip slightly defective. Allahabad, n.d., 1888. £20

*The Phantom Rickshaw*, FIRST EDITION, one leaf of advertisements at beginning and four at end, original wrappers, back-strip slightly defective. Allahabad, n.d., 1888. £31

*The Phantom Rickshaw*, FIRST EDITION, one leaf of advertisements at beginning and four at end, a few small worm-holes throughout, original wrappers, back-strip missing. Allahabad, n.d., 1888. £5 15s.

*Letters of Marque*, FIRST EDITION, original red and blue cloth, soiled, joints shaky. Allahabad, 1891. £30

*The Jungle Book*, with illustrations by J. L. Kipling, W. H. Drake, &c. FIRST EDITION, original cloth, soiled, 1894. £24

*The Second Jungle Book*, with illustrations by J. L. Kipling, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, 1895. £6

*The Second Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, g.e. binding worn and shaky in covers, 1895. £2

*Plain Tales from the Hills*, FIRST EDITION, 32 pages of advertisements, dated 1887, original (English) olive-green cloth, back dull. Calcutta, 1888. £7

*The Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, illustrated, original cloth, gilt, g.e. dull, 1894. £37

*Soldier Tales*, FIRST EDITION, illustrated, original cloth, gilt, g.e. back slightly soiled, 1896. £3

"*Captains Courageous*," FIRST EDITION, original cloth, gilt, g.e., 1897. £8 5s.

*Just So Stories*, FIRST EDITION, illustrated, original cloth, 1902. £9

*The Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, a few leaves loose and fore-edges damaged, name on half-title, original cloth, g.e. soiled and shaky in binding, 1894. £16

*Works*, BOMBAY EDITION, 23 vol. only, wanting two last vol. Vol. 1 signed by the Author, original boards, g.t. uncut, 1913-1914. £94

On June 26, the following books, the property of W. E. Taylor, Esq., of Liverpool, were disposed of at the prices indicated:—

[*Kipling (Rudyard, J. L., Mrs. J. L. and Beatrice)*] *Quartette*, ORIGINAL EDITION, eight pages of advertisements at end, wants the last three leaves of advertisements, the back-strip and the lower cover, but has the front cover and the blank leaf before title, very rare. Lahore, 1885. £21

*The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales*. SECOND EDITION, one leaf of advertisements at beginning and one at end, original wrappers, back slightly defective. Allahabad, 1889. £5

Note:—This copy has the front cover described by Mrs. Livingston as very rare: "Two plates were engraved from the same design for the cover, and used on both the first and second editions. One plate, without the apostrophe before 'Rickshaw' or periods after A and H in 'A. H. Wheeler' were used on only a few copies; but eight of the first edition and three of the second have been reported."

*Horsmonden School Budget*, Vol. I, No. 14, containing a caricature of Kipling, by Max Beerbohm and a letter from the latter referring to Kipling's contribution to No. 13, a cyclo-style production, 6 11. original pink wrappers. 12 mo. 1898. £21

The following described as "Other Properties," were also sold on this occasion:—

*The Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original cloth, gilt, g. e. 1894; *The Second Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, illustrated, original cloth, gilt, g. e. back dull, 1895. £44

*The Light that Failed*, FIRST ENGLISH EDITION, original blue cloth, gilt. 8vo. 1891. £12 10s.

*Barrack Room Ballads*, FIRST EDITION, 16 pp. of advertisements at end, original buckram, t. e. g. 8vo. 1892. £4

*The Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original cloth gilt, g. e. *fine copy*. 8vo. 1894. £49

*The Second Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original cloth, g. e. 8vo. 1895. £5

*Soldier Tales*, FIRST COLLECTED EDITION, illustrations, original cloth gilt. 8vo. 1896. £5 10s.

*Just So Stories*, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original decorated cloth. 4to. 1902. £16 10s.

There were also sold two autographed letters which fetched high prices.

A. L. s. 1 p. 8vo, *Bateman's, Burwash, July 19, '06*, to Mr. Lusted, thanking him for verses and suggesting that his county, Sussex, has long lacked a poet, *with addressed envelope*. £9

A. L. s. (one in full, once initials, and once on envelope), 3½ pp. 8vo, *The Woolsack, Cape Town, Mar. 24, 1908*, to Mr. Lusted, a letter of condolences, talks of his return tour home, *with addressed envelope*. £16

On July 9 and 10, other items were submitted for sale, among them being:—

*Works*, EDITION DE LUXE, vol. I-XX; and *Departmental Ditties*; in all 21 vol. original silk cloth, uncut, *fine set*, 1897-1901. £5 10s.

*The Second Jungle Book*, illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, FIRST EDITION, original cloth gilt, g. e., 1895. £4

*The Day's Work*, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, *a fine copy*. Macmillan and Co., 1898. £3 10s.

*The Jungle Book*, a blind presentation stamp on title, illustrations, 1894; *The Second Jungle Book*, illustrations, 1895, FIRST EDITIONS, original cloth, a slight stain on the upper cover of *The Second Jungle Book*, g. e., 1894-5. £40

"*Captains Courageous*," FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original cloth, g. e. *a fine copy*. Macmillan and Co., 1897. £13 10s.

*Plain Tales from the Hills*, FIRST EDITION, two leaves loose, 32 pages of advertisements, dated 1887 (loose), original (English) cloth, 1888. £8

*The Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, 1894. £27

*Plain Tales from the Hills*, FIRST EDITION, with the page numerals " 192 " misplaced and 16 leaves of advertisements, one leaf torn, original india cloth, stained, with a new strip up back. Calcutta, 1888. £9

*Works*, BOMBAY EDITION, vols. I-XXVI, vol I signed by the Author, original boards, g. t. uncut, 1913-1914. £80

*The Letter Bag.*

While with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, I came across, in our billet, an old *Tauchnitz* containing "The Legs of Sister Ursula." I am sorry I did not bury my scruples and acquire that book, the date of which was between 1890 and 1895, but what an unexpected item to discover in a German home in 1920. I am a little shy of talking Kipling out here, he means so much to me; we have only been out four years and unless there are other English settlers nearby, the poem Kipling entitled "The Stranger" very much applies.—*Amy Grylles, Eastnor, Aaddock, C.P., South Africa.*

I meant to have told you when I saw you at the last meeting, that last year at an Auction Sale in Ludlow I gave two shillings for a large number of loose books, and when I got them home, found several good ones (a fine edition of Whittier's Poems, etc., etc.), and a copy of "In Black and White," Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, Edition, fancy tooled binding.—*A. Blanche Morris, 8, Colledge Hall, Shrewsbury.*

On page 27 of No. 9 there is an inquiry by Mr. Tovey, on Ribbentrop, as the original of "Müller." The Ribbentrop interview in "Kipling About," (No. 7) referred to by Mr. Tovey, is at my office in Chicago, and I cannot be sure when I shall be able to get down there. It has some information on the point in question, and my impression is that it tends to confirm Mr. Tovey's conjecture. When it becomes possible I will look it up and, with your permission, communicate with Mr. Tovey through you.—*W. M. Carpenter, 2010 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois.*

No. 10 of the *Kipling Journal* just to hand, and as usual I have sat and soaked it all in with the greatest enjoyment. As to the Papuan member's query about verses, the lines are somewhat incorrectly quoted from "The Voortrekker," collected in *Songs from Books*, also in *Collected Verse, 1885-1926*. No doubt the query has been answered by someone in England, but it seems to me just probable that many will say, "Oh, someone else is sure to answer that query," with the result that

it does not get answered at all. I'm rather disappointed that my Ribbentrop-Müller question has received no response. I am delighted to read that there is a prospect of an enlarged and revised edition of Mrs. Livingstone's Bibliography, for such a volume appears to me to be essential to a Kipling outfit, just as *Beast and Man in India*, *A Handbook to Poetry*, and *A Kipling Dictionary* are, though I wish the respective and respected authors of the two last could, or would bring them up-to-date. It was indeed good reading to learn that the *Kipling Society* is now so successful and doing such excellent work. The Journal means much to those of us who are abroad—at least it does to me, and apparently to many others in far distant lands, judging by the letter-bag. Long may it continue to flourish.—*H. A. Tovey, Murgut River Estate, Fort Ternan, B.E.A., Kenya.*

May I congratulate you on a very fine No. 10 of the Kipling Journal, which, seems to get better, and it was always good, as quarters roll on. May the good work continue. Referring to Capt. Rayner's note on p. 26 on subject of "The Crocodile," while it is true a navy man wouldn't say it, it is, I think, equally true that a soldier would and did. I know I did, and I was a Victorian soldier who knew her and her discomforts. In Barrack Room Ballads in, "Troopin'" we find again "The Malabar's in 'arbour with the Jumner at her tail" (I quote from memory), and as this is what soldiers did say I don't think we can call them examples of Homer nodding.—*A. G. Cameron, Capt. Retd., Exeter.*

I was so pleased to see a photograph of the Office of the Civil and Military Gazette at Lahore, reproduced in one of the Kipling Journals. It was the home of the newspaper which published my very first poem, "A Conquest."—*Helen Coplestone Corfield, (Hilary Life), Davos, Platz, Switzerland.*

I cannot resist the temptation of challenging Mr. Harvey's statement made in the course of his delightful lecture on the "Philosophy of Rudyard Kipling," and printed in No. 10. He would have us believe that Kipling has only given us three definitely attractive women. Let Mr. Harvey re-read "The

Courting of Dinah Shadd," for in my opinion no sweeter woman has been created in any work of fiction than Dinah. And there are others besides Dinah, Liza Rowntree for one, Mrs. McPhee in "Bread upon the Waters" for another. Mrs. Gadsby, too, is human and attractive. So also is the Red Haired Girl in *The Light that Failed*.

Frankly I think Mr. Harvey makes an over-statement in alleging that "Woman has no place in Kipling's philosophy, and that he regards them as necessary evils." Kipling can be cynical at times where women are concerned, and has told us that "the female of the species is deadlier than the male," and that "He travels fastest who travels alone." That "a woman is only a woman, hut a good cigar is a smoke" is a gesture of youth. But there are scores of Kipling's stories and poems wherein the theme of the pure love of a man for a good woman and the sweetness which a woman can bring into a man's life is brought out with no uncertain hand. McAndrew and Sir Anthony Gloster had both loved once, and what of the Colonel's wife in "Love o' Women," who gave Dinah a lift in her trap? Look up "A Deal in Cotton" and those other stories in which Agnes Strickland appears, and then deny that Kipling has portrayed many charming women. No, sir! If Kipling can describe unattractive women he can also describe attractive ones and don't you forget it!—*B. W. Allen, Chief Police Office, Selangor, Kuala Lumpur, Malay States.*

The Sixth Form Mistress at the Kidderminster High School for Girls, writes :—

In the last issue of the Journal reference is made to " the problem of popularising Kipling in the schools." This is a Secondary School under the control of the Worcestershire County Council, and numbers just under 300 pupils. Mr. H. G. Ivens, a local solicitor who has for over thirty years been Clerk to the Governors of the School and is a member of your Society, with the approval and concurrence of the Head Mistress gives prizes annually for recitation of Kipling's poems. There is no age limit (a year ago the youngest competitor gained the first prize) and each girl chooses for herself the poem she will give. About 25 girls usually compete and the keenest interest is taken. Mr. Ivens gives an occasional lecture or reading; describing a recent lecture the School Magazine

says:—" Mr. Ivens knows his Kipling as few men know their " Bible, and we were given one quotation after another with " such aptness in the choice and so much skill in the delivery " that Mr. Kipling himself would have spent a happy hour had " he been present." The matter of " popularising Kipling " may be regarded as *fait accompli* so far as this School is concerned.

In a copy of *The Day's Work*, which I bought at one of Sotheby's Sales in 1917, there was inserted a reference to " Departmental Ditties " of which I have made a copy as it can hardly fail to interest your readers:

General Sir Henry C. Wilkinson who is now staying with us at Swalcliffe Park takes some credit to himself for having first discovered Rudyard Kipling's merit. In 1884 he, then General Wilkinson, was in chief command of the Bengal army at Rawal Pindi, and noticed in the *Civil and Military Gazette* published at Lahore, and then certainly the second most influential paper in India, several poems that at different times were contributed to the paper and appeared in the Poet's coiner under the anonymous heading of " Departmental Ditties." Wilkinson thought them so talented and admirable that he wrote to the editor of the paper, whose name he did not know, and asked him to collect and publish them and to send him a few copies. The Editor replied that he was much pleased to hear that the poems were so much admired and that he would have much pleasure in complying. In a month, the General received half-a-dozen copies of these " Departmental Ditties," bound in the form of folded official document with grey paper cover labelled *Departmental Ditties by Rudyard Kipling*, who it then transpired was the son of the editor of the paper, and was assisting his father in the publication of it at Lahore. Rudyard Kipling was never in the army himself, but was constantly in the Barracks and associated freely with the men of the regiment there. Unfortunately there is no signature on the letter, and I am unaware whether the facts stated therein are familiar knowledge.—A. E. O. Slocock, Newbury.

*References Wanted and Found.*

I shall be grateful to any fellow member who can help me to answers to the following questions: (1) How much is true in the story of "In the Presence"—? (2) Is there a proper tune to *Recessional*? I have heard it sung to the tune of "Eternal Father, strong to save"—Hymns A. and M., but it does not suit well. (3) I have a copy of "Departmental Ditties and other Verses"—published by Geo. Newnes in 1899, price 6d. Were any other of Kipling's works published at that price? (4) Has "London Stone" been collected? I have it, cut out of the Times but have not met it elsewhere?—C. Sowton, *Spindlebrook, Bell Vale, Haslemere.*

We shall be pleased to hear from members on the points raised by Miss Sowton. Our recollection of the Lying in State of King Edward is that Indian Soldiers did take their part. There is no "proper tune" to *Recessional*, but particulars of a number of settings were printed on page 26 of No. 6 of the Journal, since when we have found a tune by A. Berridge, and entitled "Kipling." It is the copyright of W. Garrett Horder, and is included in *Worship-Sony*. No! there is nothing comparable with the sixpenny *Departmental Ditties*. Up to the present "London Stone" has not been gathered.

It might be of interest to readers of "The Kipling Journal" if a list of gramophone records of Kipling's Songs were published in the Journal. I enclose the notice of one I have just bought. There must be others, and I would very much like to hear of them.—Captain R. H. Fraser, R.N., *Lang Cottage, Peter Tavy, Tavistock, Devon.*

Our letters of enquiry have not brought many replies. Four makers did not even take the trouble to reply. One reported the fact that they had made no records of Kipling Songs. The Gramophone Co., Ltd., kindly sent a list, which contains the numbers mentioned by Captain Fraser. "His Master's Voice" Kipling Records are as follows:—*Fringes of the Fleet* by Rudyard Kipling and Sir Edward Elgar, accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Edward Elgar, O.M. assisted by Frederick Henry, Frederick Stewart and Harry Barratt. (Record Nos. D.453/4). *Glory of the Sea* and *Border Ballad* sung by Peter Dawson. (Record No. B.2275). *Boots and Smuggler's Song* sung by Peter Dawson. (Record

No. B.3072). *My Ships with Three Fishers went Sailing*, sung by Madame Kirkby Lunn. (DB.511), and the Zonophone Record:—*Lasca and Gunga Din*, recorded by Lynn Harding. (No. 1082). Edison Bel Ltd. has also sent lists from which we have picked out some orchestral titles with a Kipling flavour about them, namely *On the Road to Mandalay* (No. X540), Military Overture by J. Ansell. *Private Ortheris*. (No. 1148). *Mandalay*, fox trot. (No. 4121), and *Sussex by the Sea*, March. (No. 2771). Any member who can add to the foregoing, please advise the Hon. Editor.

A member revives an old controversy by drawing attention to the matter of the interpretation of the word " Rewards " in the title *Rewards and Fairies*. Does it bear the meaning usually associated with that word, and is it an old English term, pronounced *Rew-ards*, instead of *Re-wards*. Being unable to verify this statement or trace any evidence that might point to the word having once conveyed a sense differing from the generally accepted one, our Member wrote to Mr. Kipling's private secretary on the subject. The reply which was kindly given to the query contained the following sentence:

" I beg to inform you that the title of Mr. Kipling's book is a quotation from Shakespeare, and bears the same interpretation."

Mr. Kipling's Secretary signs, but the reply is not very conclusive. Can any of our members throw light on this enigma, for writes our member "I can recall no such phrase in Shakespeare."

*Mr. Kipling.*

Others may have made words speak, by happy chance;  
Here is a man for whom they shout and dance.  
His faith is fustian? Tinsel decked his truth?  
Who cares? There glow the undying fires of youth.

*H. Phillips in a Diet of Crisps.*

*Kipling in Childhood.*

A WOMAN MEMBER LOOKS BACK.

A PAIR of suspenders and a very unhappy mariner are my earliest memories of Kipling; next, an oily, crocodile river, overhung with banana trees. How delightful also were the armadillos. Sticky-prickly and slow and solid; the lonely cat walking through the "wet wild woods, waving its tail in the air," the sulky camel, and Taffy. But is it surprising that the suspenders should always remain fastened to the memory? Who could possibly forget them.

The first thrill of the *Jungle Books* can never be recaptured on any subsequent reading, even though the delight remains; perhaps because a child's imagination is so much more vivid than that of an older person. There was besides such a glamour about anything connected with India. Mowgli, Baloo, Bagheera were absolutely vital. The Jungle, the Indian villages, the ravine where Grey Brother hunted the lame tiger, were real places. "Kaa's Hunting" was always a favourite. Most eerie and terrible was Kaa's Hunger Dance, with the watching animals, fascinated as if drawn by a magnet.

*Puck of Pook's Hill* served to strengthen an already deep belief in fairy folk, though **Puck's** assertion that all the real gossamer-winged beings had fled was rather a disappointment. I loved the actual stories too, especially "Weland's Sword" and "Dymchurch Flit." Fortunately at that time I had not seen Dymchurch in the glory of a Bank Holiday. It might have spoiled the illusion, though had any fairies remained they would have had an even better excuse for departing hastily over the sea-wall.

Possibly the most useful book for children is the history written in conjunction with Mr. Fletcher. It makes a subject which can be very dull, full of life and interest. The charming poems interspersed among the subject matter help a great deal in making work a pleasure. Following on

Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew,  
Wanted to know what the river knew,  
For they were young and the Thames was old,  
And this is the tale that the river told

is a most interesting account of Prehistoric Britain, and gives a most novel picture of London. "The Anvil," "The Reeds of Runnymede" and "My Father's Chair" convey brilliant pictures

to embellish such dry facts as—William the Conqueror, 1066, or Magna Charta 1215.

Of the other poems contained in the various books I liked "Puck's Song," "The Camel's Hump," "A Smuggler's Song" and the "Bee Boy's Song." The last named was especially interesting, as some of the country people near my home used always to tell the local gossip to their bees.

Bees ! bees! hark to your bees !  
 Hide from your neighbours as much as you please,  
 But all that has happened to us you must tell,  
 Or else we will give you no honey to sell.

But over and beyond all Kipling makes his special appeal to every child in the words of *The Children's Song*. Is there anywhere in all the literature of childhood, anything more inspiring than that poem ? I trow not!

#### *Footsteps of Kipling.*

Under the title printed above Mr. W. J. Makin had an article full of interest in *T. P's Weekly* of August 17, 1929. We quote a few passages:—

Two years previously I had arrived there at Allahabad, a young journalist who had eagerly devoured every book that Kipling had written. And I was overjoyed to find that the room allotted to me was the very one that Kipling had worked in. Judging by the dust and debris there, it had not even been swept since those days. I remember expressing, with youthful enthusiasm, my admiration for Kipling at the first meeting I had with a person of importance in the office.

"Kipling!" he said casually. "Oh, yes, we remember him here all right. He may have been a first-class writer, but he was a damned bad journalist."

In the club at Allahabad it was possible to cajole a few old stagers in the Indian Civil Service to talk of him. One heard how he used to sit in the billiard-room, and every time a good story was told the young man with the spectacles would take a notebook from his pocket and carefully write it down. He was also seen loafing about canteens, persuading soldiers to sit and talk to him while he supplied them with all the beer their thirsty souls demanded. A queer, reticent fellow, apparently, and it

was not surprising that some of the bolder spirits decided to "rag" him one night.

Three of them crawled quietly into his bedroom. It was in the heat of the Indian summer and they could just discern the form of Kipling lying on the bed beneath the mosquito netting. They were almost alongside the bed when suddenly Kipling awoke. "Who's there?" he yelled. A scuttering form in the darkness was the only reply. Suddenly, to the terror of the practical jokers, Kipling whipped a service revolver from beneath his pillow and fired into the darkness. The room was emptied in a couple of seconds. Kipling resumed his slumbers, and there were no more suggestions of "ragging."

*Hon. Secretary's Announcements.*

The time and place of the first meeting of the Autumn is not yet settled. A paper will be read by Miss R. M. Bloch, and there will be Singers (Male Voice). Sir George MacMunn will take the Chair. Another afternoon meeting will be held in November, and the Council hope to arrange an evening meeting just before Xmas; also an "Associates" Meeting.

With this issue of the Journal there goes out a List of Members of the Society. The Hon. Secretary would be grateful if members who notice any inaccuracy in name, distinctions or address, would be so kind as to let him know, so that the matter may be rectified. A "Geographical" List is in course of preparation, and will be sent out as early as possible. It is thought that such a list might prove helpful in enabling members, should they so desire, to get in touch with other members in their Country or District, and also be of assistance in the formation of Circles, etc.

The President and Executive Council have had suggested to them that some people may have been deterred from applying for Membership on the ground that an abstruse knowledge of Mr. Kipling's Works was a necessary qualification. This of course is quite erroneous, and the Council would be glad if Members would endeavour, among their friends, to dispel the illusion and to explain that a cordial welcome is extended to all who are genuinely interested.

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Applications for Membership should be made to the Hon. Sec, Mr. R. T. Gibson Fleming, Escart, Milford-on-Sea, Lymington, Hants., (*Phone No. Milford-on-Sea 86*), or, for those domiciled in the United States of America, also Philippine and Hawaiian Islands, to Capt. L. H. Chandler, U.S.N. (RETD.), Apt. 203, No. 3024, Tilden Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

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