

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
O r g a n
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 27

SEPTEMBER, 1933

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 27

SEPTEMBER, 1933

Contents.

Plates: Number Five Study, facing p. 78 ;

and Old Boys of the U.S.C., 21st June, 1933, facing p. 90.

News and Notes	69	Kipling Poems set to Music:	
New Kipling Books and Re-			Addenda and Corrigenda	89
views	75	The Future Spiritual State	... 90
Kipling Prices Current	78	A World Empire of the Future	94
A Too Previous Obituary	79	Letter Bag	... 97
Jane Austen and Scott	85	Secretary's Announcements	... 99
Judson and the Empire	87		

News and Notes.

Both illustrations in this issue appertain to *Stalky & Co.* The group (facing page 90) depicts the Old Boys of the United Services College, Westward Ho! who were present at the Annual Luncheon of the Society on June 21st, 1933. The names, reading from left to right, are as follows:—

Standing—W. H. Cornish, '85—91; Lt.-Col. E. A. Breithaupt, '99—00; Major J. Stanford, '02—06; R. M. Bourne, '91—97; Col. G. C. Hodgson, D.S.O., '89—94; C. E. Thompson, Staff, '99—06; Capt. E. S. Unwin, M.C., '10—12; W. G. B. Maitland, '10—12; Lt.-Col. W. H. Young, D.S.O., '82—87; Major H. A. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C., '03—10.

Sitting—Col. the Hon. C. P. Napier, '85—88; H. A. Hutchinson, '78—81; Brig.-Gen. R. B. Blakeney, C.M.G., D.S.O., '87—92; Col. B. U. Nicolay, C.B., '87—92; G. C. Beresford, '77—82; Maj.-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., '76—83; Lt.-Col. R. B. Berkeley, '76—83; Brig.-Gen. F. Baylay, C.B.E., '75—82; W. L. Baylay, O.B.E., '87—90; Maj. S. E. H. Beamish, '87—91.

Also among those standing—F. F. Mee, Staff, '99—03.

The plate facing page 78 shows "Number Five Study," where "Stalky & Co." worked, and planned the deeds with which we are familiar. Most appropriately, this photograph is the

work of Mr. G. C. Beresford (M'Turk), who says " Only the lower part is in Kipling's time. The pictures, fans, brackets, etc., are those of the next set of occupants." We thank Mr. Beresford most cordially for this interesting picture.

x x x x x

Owing to unexpected pressure on our space on No. 26 (*in spite of four extra pages*), many matters of interest were perforce omitted. Amongst these was an apposite comment upon the President's Address on June 20th. Sir George MacMunn on reading General Dunsterville's paper writes:—"In this year, 1933, I have travelled over the *whole of India*—North to South, East to West. I have visited all the large cantonments; I see no change. The people in the villages, in the trains, on the frontiers, are as I knew them just 45 years ago, and as I left them 10 years ago. But they recognize and want to make the most of the opportunities that are coming to them."

x x x x x

While on the subject of India, all who love Kipling's Indian work, prose or poetry, should read Sir George MacMunn's " The Martial Races of India." This is an extremely valuable work from the historical point of view; it might be read with profit by those who are putting forward the suggested changes in the governing of India. The Kipling reader will find many of our author's allusions made plain after a perusal of Sir George MacMunn's careful, yet withal most readable, analysis of the inner character of the principal races of the Peninsula.

x x x x x

In Stratford-on-Avon Church, on the wall of St. Peter's Chapel, there is a memorial tablet with four lines of new and as yet uncollected Kipling verse :—

We counterfeited once for your disport
Men's joy and sorrow: but our day has passed.
We pray you pardon all where we fell short—
Seeing we were your servants to this last.

These very telling lines of admirable sentiment were penned specially for this tablet, which was designed by Sir George Frampton and erected in memory of the actors who fell in the War. This tribute to the Stage from Kipling is in some degree a surprise, for he had little to do—far less than most of our great writers—with the Theatre and its personalities. Perhaps he was inspired by the conduct of Lionel Mackinder, the famous light comedian of the Gaiety who, when war broke out, promptly

had a *toupet* fitted to the bald patch on his head and enlisted as fifteen years younger than his real age; he was killed, fighting, in the early months of the War.

x x x x x

Another instance of Kipling lines on a wall memorial is to be seen at St. Mildred's Church, Bread Street, "in honour of Admiral Arthur Phillip, R.N., Citizen of London, Founder and First Governor of Australia, born in the Ward of Bread Street, erected by Charles Cheers Baron Wakefield of Hythe unveiled December 7, 1932, by H.R.H. the Prince George." Mr. Kipling gave permission for these lines from "A Song of the English (England's Answer)" to be quoted on the memorial:—

So long as the Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine:
Ye shall feel that my strength is yours.

Below this appears:—"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness; thereof."—I Cor. x. 26.

x x x x x

We wish to call special attention to the section, "New Kipling Books and Reviews" in this number, where our readers will find plenty of good news. Among the reviews pride of place has been allocated to "Souvenirs of France," to which Capt. Martindell gives a high encomium. This little book has had an amazing reception, both from critics and readers; we learn that it was in its third printing two days after publication. Although one or two, apparently on political grounds, have condemned it for being too outspoken, the criticisms in general have been most eulogistic; that in *Country Life* concluded with the words:—"It is as though he had lighted one votive candle, but a bright and lovely little candle, before an enormous shrine." A page of new matter has been added (page 13) since its appearance in the *Daily Telegraph*, and there are a few minor alterations, including the removal of the swastika from the title-page.

The interest attaching to the advent of a new and (for the second time) enlarged edition of "Inclusive Verse" needs no stressing. All particulars on page 78.

x x x x x

Having fluttered the dovescotes and startled the invertebrate "out of their slopsome lives, O Best Beloved," by his "Souvenirs of France," Mr. Kipling proceeded on July 12th

to surprise every one by broadcasting. This happened on the occasion of the Luncheon given by the Royal Society of Literature to the Canadian authors who were then visiting-England. The *Listener* tells us that "his voice 'came over' most clearly, and so did his very characteristic way of ending each sentence off so sharply that its impression is left quite clear and final in the listener's mind." It is hardly necessary to quote any of the speech, for it has appeared, generally in full, in practically every important journal in the English-speaking world. The *Sunday Times* of July 16th makes an apt comment:—"Mr. Kipling has a technique of speaking all his own. No man puts so much thought into so small a space. . . . He is almost the only man of our time whose speeches are always literature." The speech was full of good sayings; the Kipling ideal of self-sacrifice may be realised well from the following excerpt:—"The dominant strains of your blood draw from those twin races—French and English—which throughout their histories have been most resolute not to be decivilised on any pretext or for any gain."

x x x x x

Two amusing parodies of "If" have appeared lately, the first in the *Saturday Review* of 22nd April being headed "the advice of a successful Member of Parliament to a son about to take up politics." The second verse runs:—

If you can censor foreign food—and buy it;
If you lose—and swear to all you've won;
If you can utter slander and deny it,
Or vow you only spoke the words in fun;
If you can plant the very lines you've written,
When brought against you, on some other man,
Or give a talk on holidays in Britain,
And then pack up and spend your own in Cannes.

The second quotation is from *Red Tape* for May:—

If you can do your work when all about you
Are leaving theirs—seemingly for you to do;
If you can carry on when Higher Clerks all doubt you,
And make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can write, and not get tired of figures,
And make returns and still not get distressed,
Or being interrupted keep to yourself all sniggers.
And still be civil when you are addressed.

x x x x x

In the list of musical settings concluded in No. 26 it will be noticed that the name of German appears frequently.

Although perhaps more successful than any other composer in this difficult task, his personality was something of a mystery until the publication of W. H. Scott's biography, in which we find this note about "The Just So Song Book":—"Full of dramatic suggestion, yet simple and unaffected in style, they were hailed as a refreshing novelty—more artistic in the representation of ingenuous childhood than anything of the kind done before, and the more so because of their appeal to mature minds also." Mr. Kipling particularly liked "Merrow Down" and "Tegumai," and in a letter of thanks to Sir Edward German he wrote:—"They are the ones I like best, though 'The Camel's Hump' runs them very close." An American critic, writing of the setting of "This Uninhabited Island," notes that one who heard it exclaimed:—"Isn't it wonderful! It's such uninhabited music!"

x x x x x

A curious want of proportion, combined with complete irrelevancy and total lack of humour, seems to attach itself to most of the moderns who sneer at Kipling. A journalist in the *Daily Herald*, who does not approve of our author's association with the India Defence League, writes as follows (we quote without comment):—"It is significant of Kiplingism that, even when the 'Poet Laureate of Empire,' symbolically, abased himself before the Heavenly throne, and asked the 'God of our Fathers' to 'Be with us yet, Lest we forget,' he felt impelled to drag in praise of 'our far-flung battle-line,' and to use a terribly insulting line about 'the lesser breeds without the law.' They sang it at Bonar Law's funeral—and foreign ambassadors, there to mourn with us, were supposed to join in! This took place in Westminster Abbey, quite near the grave of the Unknown Soldier! That is not the England that will save India. No, and it is not the Britain that will save the World." Fortunately the foregoing does not occur in an examination paper on paraphrasing or précis-writing.

x x x x x

Last month the President, Maj.-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville, gave an address to the Taunton Rotarians, entitled "The Real India." This lecture in some ways covered the same ground as his Presidential Address to the Society in June, but there were many instances where a telling point was differently worded, as well as

a certain amount of new matter. Below we give a few extracts: "As regards my claim to speak for 350 million people, I am convinced that it is as good as any other man's, not excluding Mr. Gandhi. I know more of India than he does, a great deal more. You see, a man in his position is tied up by the small circle in which he moves and lives, and is especially hampered by the caste system. Mr. Gandhi knows about a little bit of India the size of Taunton, where his ancestors were born. India is as big as Europe . . . always bear this in mind when you are talking of India. It has a greater diversity of races . . . India has some 223 languages, with several thousand different castes among the Hindus." "Wild animals were responsible for an enormous number of deaths in India. Every year there were 23,000 deaths from snake bites. Tigers killed several thousand people a year. They were not, however, as bad as motor cars in this country . . . I left India to get away from tigers and found I was worse off than before." (laughter). "One of the objections to British rule is that we are an alien government. Of course we are. Every government in India has been an alien government since the world began." "Britain's position in India is that of an umpire. The absolute trust that the natives have always had in a white man is the greatest tribute to our rule." We are indebted to the *Somerset County Gazette* for this report.

x x x x x

The President has sent us an unexpected article from *Le Figaro* of June 26th, a journal that cannot be accused of ultra-English leanings, so the tribute to Kipling is all the more marked:—"L'hommage qui vient de lui être décerné n'a encore été accordé qu'an cardinal Mercier at au Roi des Belges Depuis son *Poème à la France* qu'il écrivit voilà vingt ans,—et où il salue, dans la saine et rigide, joie de vivre, l'éternel bouclier de la Gaule—nos compatriotes savent combien Rudyard Kipling est près de nous." Following this account is a highly appreciative review of "Souvenirs of France."

x x x x x

Major Ernest Dawson, I.R.A.O. (Retired) asks us to state that he fears that some people will confuse him with his brother, Major A. J. Dawson, and that, though he appeared among the

"noted" people at the Luncheon, he (very modestly) wishes to disclaim the adjective. We print this at his special request and thank him for some interesting notes on a possible origin of " Bai-Jove-Judson."

New Kipling Books and Reviews

Souvenirs of France (Macmillan, 2/6). This delightful little tome, which originally appeared in the form of a series of articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, will give much pleasure to Kipling readers as it is mainly autobiographical.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 Kipling, then a small boy of 12 was, as he says, "let loose among all the wonders of all the world as they emerged from packing cases, free to enter every unfinished building . . . and to pass through gates in wooden barricades behind which workmen put up kiosques and pavilions, or set out plants and trees," and began to consider himself "an accepted fly on this great wheel of colour and smells and sights, all revolving to a ceaseless *mitraille* of hammers and machinery." Then for a change he took part in paper-chases in the Bois de Boulogne with two boys from Christ's Hospital wearing "the ancient costume of their School," which led the gendarmes to ask unofficially, "what is the genesis and intention of this bizarre uniform? Military? Civil? Ecclesiastical?" Next we see the same "three small savages capering on, let us say, the *troitoir* of the Avenue d'Iéna while they harpoon a red and roaring *cocker* with epithets of Zoological origin or the *ripostes* of Cambronne," and when these delights palled our author began to explore his Paris, beginning with "the Bridges and the men who clipped the poodles on the little quays below them." Back once more at the Exposition we learn how our author, looking through the vacant eyeballs of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, began to see through the eyes of France, and later dimly gathered that France "had sound ideas about her Colonies." This was Kipling's first acquaintance with Paris and France, and he took back with him to England "a knowledge that there existed 'a land across the water, where everything was different and delightful, where one walked among marvels, and all food tasted extremely well. Therefore I thought well of France'." A little later he began to study French at school, where it was assumed in those days "that the literature

possibilities of each: Mowgli at the Bee Rocks, with the White Cobra, in the Cold Lairs, with Gisborne, and with Baloo and Bagheera, to name a few of super-excellence. In every way—binding, type and paper—this is a very beautiful volume, a worthy occupant of a niche on the Kipling collector's shelves.

The Fox Meditates (Medici Society, 1/-). Kipling's latest poem, which appeared in the "Strand Magazine" for February last with pictures by Gordon Nicoll, is now issued as a booklet for Christmas greeting, but illustrated by Mr. Lionel Edwards, R.I. In its present form the poem is in very dainty dress; the delicate draughtsmanship of Mr. Edwards is, like all productions from this Press, most charmingly set forth, the tinting of the cover being particularly happy in its effect. Once again is our author well served by his artist.

Neighbours (music by Sir H. Walford Davies. Boosey & Hawkes, 4d.). It is happily appropriate that our first "addendum" to the list of Kipling Poems set to Music should be this eminently successful composition, in which both air and accompaniment for a splendid setting for the lyric, "Neighbours" is a bright, healthy and breezy poem; Sir Henry Walford Davies has just caught the right expression of cheerful kindness that is needed—something of the flavour of the Fine Old English Gentleman or the Roast Beef of Old England. This song should prove an effective prescription to drive away post-war cares and to gladden the acoustic senses saddened by the wails of Jazz—it is anything but atavistic in concept and, above all, is superbly English.

Under the heading of "New Kipling Books" we have a most important announcement to make. In October a new one-volume edition of Kipling's Poems will be issued under the title of "Inclusive Verse, 1885-1932" by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; this book will contain 62 poems not hitherto included and will be available in Library and India Paper Editions, in cloth at 25/- and in leather at 35/-.

Kipling Prices Current

FROM the *Inverness Courier* of September 1st:—"Mr. Kipling's books are always in stock at the booksellers' shops. 'All the Mowgli Stories, . . . should be a best seller both in the literary meaning and from the point of view



NUMBER FIVE STUDY.

of sales.' Though this quotation refers to new copies, it endorses our own recent experiences in second-hand bookshops in the Midlands and South of England; at every emporium the same tale was heard:—"No, we have none of Kipling's. They generally sell at once, as soon as we put them out." This would seem to show that the demand is brisk and exceeds the supply. But collectors need not despair; interesting items, though not, perhaps, of great intrinsic value, are still to be found by the diligent seeker.

Now is the time to buy—to get cheaply most of the 'firsts' that, given a trade revival, will soon quadruple in price. Dobell, in Charing Cross Road, has a good collection at reasonable figures; Marks, in the same road, offers the first 23 volumes of the Edition de Luxe for £7 10s. Trout, in Euston Road, midway between Euston and St. Pancras Stations, is always worth visiting; he often has out-of-the-way pieces. The same may be said of Hiscoke at Richmond, and Cooper at Kingston-on-Thames.

Judging by the latest catalogue received from the Rosenbach Company in New York, prices seem to keep up for the rarer books, some of the items listed being as follows (prices given in dollars): Departmental Ditties, 1st, 750; Echoes, 1st, 1250; The Light that Failed, 1st, 92; a run of the *Pioneer*, Allahabad, containing many of Kipling's stories and poems in their earliest printed form, 6850; Plain Tales from the Hills, 1st, 325; Quartette, Lahore, 1150; Schoolboy Lyrics, 1st, 3650; The United Services College Chronicle, Bideford, 1878-94, containing all Kipling's contributions, 985. A number of letters and signed copies are also offered in this list, as well as the usual 'firsts.' On the whole, by comparison with others, Kipling prices are well maintained.

A Too Previous Obituary

Mr. Peter D. Vroom, of Chicago, has sent us the following article.

In his covering letter he says: "The reason for the appearance of this obituary during the lifetime of Mr. Kipling is set forth in the preface, and I am wondering if it might not

interest the readers of the Journal. It seems to me an able and quite dispassionate criticism of Kipling's work, and this effect should not be spoiled in the eyes of Englishmen by the editorial writer's idea that England has seen her best days.

RUDYARD KIPLING

(Editorial in the *Chicago Tribune*, July 10th, 1926.)

A FEW months ago word came from England that Rudyard Kipling was ill and on the point of death. Because, to our mind, Kipling was a very great man we wrote an obituary editorial about him. It was all set up in type, ready to slip into the paper the moment the expected word of his death should come over the cable. Mr. Kipling, however, disappointed our laudatory ambitions by getting well.

For six months the galley headed "Kipling Dead Editorial" had been gathering dust. Until a day or two ago there came news from England that Rudyard Kipling had at last received a mark of that national appreciation of which he has received so little tangible token. The dispatch told of the bestowal on him of the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature. We wanted to say something about the event; we wondered just how to put it. Then suddenly we bethought ourselves of that dusty galley. Why not? What good is an obituary to the person chiefly concerned if you wait to print it until he's dead?

So here it is, with no apologies, but a sincere hope that Mr. Kipling will see it and find it a pleasing and fair estimate of his life and work. Parenthetically, we have our own private opinion that our ante-mortem eulogy helped save Mr. Kipling's life. This is not the first time a great man has fooled us by getting well. Should he ever need our medical assistance again, we assure Mr. Kipling that we are always ready to oblige with an obituary.

Rudyard Kipling is dead. The herald of the right and might of empire lies silent amid the weald and the marsh and the down country of Sussex. England has lost the recorder of the glories that were hers in the day of conquest. The world has lost a singer.

No English writer since Dickens enjoyed such universal acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic as did Kipling.

He wrote of the glory of England. He did more. He wrote of the glory of the Anglo-Saxon. In the days before Nordic was the abracadabra with which to conjure racial pride, he hailed the promised people of the 19th century, and the promised people, in the Five Nations and in America, acclaimed him as the spokesman of their inalienable rights.

Added to that, he infused his writings with the mystery of the East, implanted in them the urge to work and duty, filled them with the wonder workings of the age of machinery, shot them through with the lust of adventure and battle. And so his appeal was universal.

Kipling was the "laureate of the empire," but the storyteller of the world.

Kipling was born of and trained to empire. He put into words of prose and poetry the conviction of the public school bred Englishman that the destiny of his race was to overrun the world and save it from the darkness and misrule of all inferior races. It was "The White Man's Burden";

"Take up the White Man's Burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind yourselves to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child."

The services Kipling rendered England she cannot measure. Perhaps she will repay them to his memory as she did not while he lived. He fused the consciousness and the duties of empire. England was at her height as a world power, and it was so that Kipling, voice of England, grew with her to heights of success.

But as he sang of the glories, so did he sing of the dangers of might. He vaunted the "pathway to the ends of all the Earth," but he voiced the warning of Armageddon.

When the glittering bubble of pride and power swelled to the grand proportions of the Diamond Jubilee, he pricked it with "The Recessional," those majestic lines beginning:

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

It was Kipling who warned of the danger to India from the North. He told of it in " The Truce of the Bear:"

" There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that walks like a man."

It was Kipling who began early to sense the danger that came from another source, from another imperialism that threatened to crush his own. He was " The Bell Buoy."

He railed at " The Islanders " as only Kipling would have been permitted to do. He confounded the Wellingtonian tradition by daring to say that England's men paid too much attention to sports:

" With the flannelled fools at the wickets, or the muddied oafs at the goals."

He perceived the menace from across the North Sea, called out warning in " The Rowers," and was possibly the first to christen the German the Hun:

" In sight of peace—from the Narrow Seas
 O'er half the world to run—
 With a cheated crew, to league anew
 With the Goth and the shameless Hun."

In 1914 came the trumpet call to arms:

" For all we have and are,
 For all our children's fate,
 Stand up and take the war,
 The Hun is at the gate."

And then, later:

" My son was killed while laughing at some jest.
 I would I knew
 What it was, and it might serve me in a time
 When jests are few."

And that plaintive call of bereavement:

" ' Have you news of my boy Jack?
 Not this tide."

If Kipling was the singer of the Empire, he gave to it all he had when the empire was at stake.

But aside from its service to his nation, Kipling's art will live for its own inherent worth as literature. It will live, for one thing, because he opened new doors for literary exploration.

He was the voice of the professional soldier, the Tommy Atkins, whom he incorporated with flesh and soul in his "Soldiers Three." Kipling explained the British soldier, his heartaches and his stomachaches, his thirst for beer and his thirst for glory. Through the verses of the "Barrack Room Ballads" run the rhythm and the tramp of marching feet, the feet of Tommy Atkins in ammunition boots, sweating for empire. "Gunga Din" will live. So will "Mandalay" and "Snarleyow."

He opened up a new field in India and found it fertile. He wrote to the English at home and told them how little they knew of the work that it took to keep the empire intact, that caused men to die struggling in harness. He wrote of the East, of the native, superstitious, philosophic, mysterious, ignorantly dirty.

Kipling's style will rank among the masterly styles of English writing. It ranged from the studied brutalities of the barracks and the firing line, and the pungent slang of the officers' mess and the club, to the majesties of the King James version. He cut through the casuistries, the sentimentalities, that had grown up and flowered with the pre-Raphaelites; he cut through to the essential thing that epitomized the whole in its example. He was the writer of action, of work, of duty. He was the exhorter to energy, vigor, efficiency, audacity. He was the poet of things as they are. Like the "sweatin' thrust-blocks" of M'Andrew, Kipling's song was of "Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline."

Yet contrasted to all this, this love of energy, love of action, love of detail, was a tenderer side, a dreamy side, that became apparent in later years.

Kipling was not a woman's man, He was a man's man. But he was also a children's man. Stalky and Beetle, Mowgli and Toomai, Kaa, Baloo and Bagheera; and the Elephant's Child, the Camel and his Hump, and the Butterfly that Stamped, will be recorded in the histories of literature as among the greatest

of all children's characters—created by the man who also wrote "They." It was this side of Kipling that appeared toward the later years of his life.

Kipling's place was before the war. It was in the years when England was great, the greatest on earth, and he could preach from her high place to her and to all nations. Loudly he trumpeted the war, but at the same time he drew more closely into himself. He urged England on; he saw her through. But the very struggle that he had prophesied overwhelmed him. The results of it; the unmasking of all the greed and self-seeking that go under the name of empire, dried up his enthusiasm.

So he turned more and more to his beloved English countryside, to his Tudor farm manor, to lonely walks with his ash stick over the Sussex hills. In the greatest of his work, "Kim," and in such writings as "Puck of Pook's Hill," he found escape from it all. He drifted off into England's past, and into the mysteries of Asia that the white man's civilisation could not conquer.

And so he died. With the glory of England faded, he faded too. With Kitchener and "Bobs" he will be remembered as a great figure in England when England was greatest.

The world will remember him as the poet of two natures; as the man who said:

"When Earth's last picture is painted, and the
tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the
youngest critic has died.
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall put
us to work anew."

And the man, wearied unto death at 60, who wrote:

"I've given my soul to the Southdown grass,
And sheep-bells tinkle where you pass.
Oh Firle an' Ditchling an' sails at sea,
I reckon you keep my soul for me."

(From the "Hit or Miss" column in the *Chicago Daily News* of July 12th, 1926, as penned by the late Keith Preston).

OBITS WILL OUT.

(Weary of waiting for the death of Rudyard Kipling, the *Chicago Tribune* runs his obituary anyhow).

With a good obituary
 In the morgue its trying, very,
 When the subject who's expected to succumb,
 Still delays and dilly dallies
 While his mortuary gallies
 Gather dust and lie inglorious and dumb.
 So what wonder if ye ed,
 After weary waiting, said:
 "My masterpiece must never die a-borning!"
 And the word went to the "make-up,"
 "The world we're going to wake up!
 We're killing Rudyard Kipling in the morning!"

Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott

By courtesy of the *Western Morning News and Daily Gazette* we are able to give our readers some amusing verses on the 'anachronism' in the poem, "Jane's Marriage." We have to thank Miss Ethel Hicks for kindly sending us copies of these verses.

1st Dec, 192T.

JANE AUSTEN AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Jane went to Paradise,
 That was only fair,
 Good Sir Walter met her first,
 And led her up the stair;
 Henry and Tobias,
 And Miguel of Spain,
 Stood with Shakespeare at the top
 To welcome Jane."

A STUDY IN DATES, OR HOW WAS IT DONE?

With apologies to Mr. Kipling.

"Jane went to Paradise
 In Eighteen seventeen,
 Good Sir Walter met her first,
 Which is strange, I ween,
 For I must up and tell you,
 Without more ado,
 Sir Walter only got there
 In Eighteen thirty-two."

T.H.L.H.

This was followed on the 9th December, 1927, by:—

JANE AUSTEN AND SIR WALTER.

(With apologies to T.H.L.H.).

"Jane went to Paradise,
 That was only fair;
 Good Sir Walter met her first
 And led her up the stair;
 But it was not Sir Walter Scott
 Who waltzed up by her side,
 It was Sir Walter Raleigh who
 In Sixteen eighteen died."

G.E.M.

(TO T.H.L.H.).

"Jane left for Paradise
 In 1817,
 But Sir Walter *got* there first,
 This is clearly seen
 From Mr. Kipling's evidence,
 With which you must agree,
 If you just use your common Sense
 And sensibility'."

R. A. FOSTER-MELLIAR.

Following this, on either 12th December, 1927, or 12th January, 1928, appeared:—

JANE AUSTEN AND SIR WALTER.
(With apologies to G.E.M.).

"Jane went to Paradise,
That was only fair;
Good Sir Walter met her first—
Sir Walter *Scott*—so there !
Kipling was written to
On the point by me;
He says the one he meant
Was *Scott*, undoubtedly."

T.H.L.H.

(TO R.A.F.M.).

"Jane went to Paradise,
In Eighteen seventeen;
If good Sir Walter got there first
Where could Jane have been ?
From R.A.F.'s remarks
The point he seems to miss,
We trust, however, not,
Through 'Pride and Prejudice'."

T.H.L.H.

" *Judson and The Empire* "

THANKS to two members we are able to print some interesting details about the source of the story named above; the first is from Admiral De Horsey, the second from Major Ernest Dawson.

Re "Judson and the Empire." the Gryper was the ship. She was my first command and although no one else did, I took her very seriously. She had a 12 ton gun in the bow (her steering was more than erratic, as if the helm was put over she waltzed round twice before you could stop her), a mast *and* a topmast which naturally required adjusting. In 1889 we had trouble with the Portuguese about the frontier at Massikessi, and to strengthen the position two flat-iron gun boats, Gryper and Gadfly, were got ready to be towed up to Delagoa Bay. Fortunately the Portuguese were so alarmed at this force that

they gave in, and we never left Simon's Bay which, as the two ships progressed nearly as fast broadside on as ahead, was perhaps as well.

SPENCER DE HORSEY, Admiral, R.N.

About a year before the War, I was at home on leave, and spent five or six weeks of it in a Course at the School of Musketry at Hythe. There were men there from all parts of the Empire. One day, among a group in the Mess ante-room, I happened to say about something or someone, "it reminded me of Bai-Jove-Judson." A man from the Rhodesia Police said, "Hullo, do you know old Bai-Jove-Judson?" "Why no," said I, "I can't say I know him in the flesh. Do you?" "Rather!" replied the policeman, and he told us the story of Bai-Jove-Judson, something like this:—

It seemed that B.J. had a District bordering upon what was then German territory, and used sometimes, upon his lawful occasions, to ride over to the German Headquarters station, where they welcomed him at the club. The Germans had been having a lot of trouble with one particular native chief, who made swift and successful little raids from the hills into peaceful administered country in the manner of Dinas Vawr, carrying off the cattle, and sometimes the heads of those who owned them. He was a Disturbing Influence, and frequent and painstaking were the efforts of Authority to lay him by the heels. The thing became almost a war, with columns and a battery, operating on approved principles yet always too late, by a matter of hours or even minutes, to secure the elusive chieftain and his band. Even Berlin began to be restive; the All-Highest himself inspired telegrams, tending to become sarcastic. The German Staff was shaking in its shoes, when B.J., who happened to know the chief's country exceedingly well, made a bet with a German captain that he, B.J., would capture their man for them,

A complaint was opportunely made of a cattle-stealing incursion into British territory, and B.J., whose bet had been little more than a jocular piece of bluff, saw his chance. At the head of some thirty of his catch-em-alive-o's, he did a little lightning raid on his own account, and thanks to light travelling, knowledge of country, and a considerable slice of luck, managed to

round-up His Nibs (so my friend the policeman called the quarry) and, with scarcely a shot fired and no casualties to speak of, to bring him in. After due formalities, His Nibs was duly delivered to the German authorities, and that, one supposes, was the end of *him*. When the news reached Berlin, the All-Highest got busy (and sarcastic) again, and sent out, to be affixed to the bosom of B.J. with all available pomp, the Second Class of the Order of the Nickel-plated Pelican, or words to that effect, as my informant said. B.J., in uniform and wearing his Decoration, rode into . . . to collect his bet, and every officer or official in the station had to spring to attention and salute the Imperial gift.

Such, or something like it, was the story of the rise to African fame of the real Bai-Jove-Judson. Yet, I have often wondered which, after all, *was* the real one. My policeman knew nothing at all of the "remarkably prompt" commander of the flat-iron gunboat, designed absolutely for river service, but such ignorance is rather rare. Was the Rhodesian hero affectionately nicknamed after the Naval one, or did Kipling, hearing and liking the Rhodesian story, appropriate a sobriquet bestowed by reason of its bearer's fondness for the most polite of gentlemanly British oaths?

ERNEST DAWSON, Major.

KIPLING POEMS SET TO MUSIC.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

Under the first heading is a setting of "Neighbours" by Sir Henry Walford Davies, published by Messrs. Boosey & Hawkes, Ltd., at 4d.

The compiler of this very useful list of musical settings, Mr. F. W. Mackenzie-Skues, has very kindly sent a list of corrections, which appear below:—

- "Back to the Army again" reads as if there were two publishers to the Scottish Students' Song Book. Cramer publishes the song in the usual form.
- "Camel's Hump, The." Also published separately by Novello.
- "Children's Song, The." Hymn (Staff & T. S.—F). Hymn 230 Songs of Praise, Tune "Richard" by Morfydd Owen.
- "Danny Deever." Damrosch. Compass D—D (F optional).
- "England's Answer." Raymond Hunt. Date 1897.
- "Flag of England, The." Cantata. By Sir Frederick Bridge.
- "Follow Me 'Ome." By M. Bell. Date 1897.
- "Ford o' Kabul River." Compass E flat—E flat.

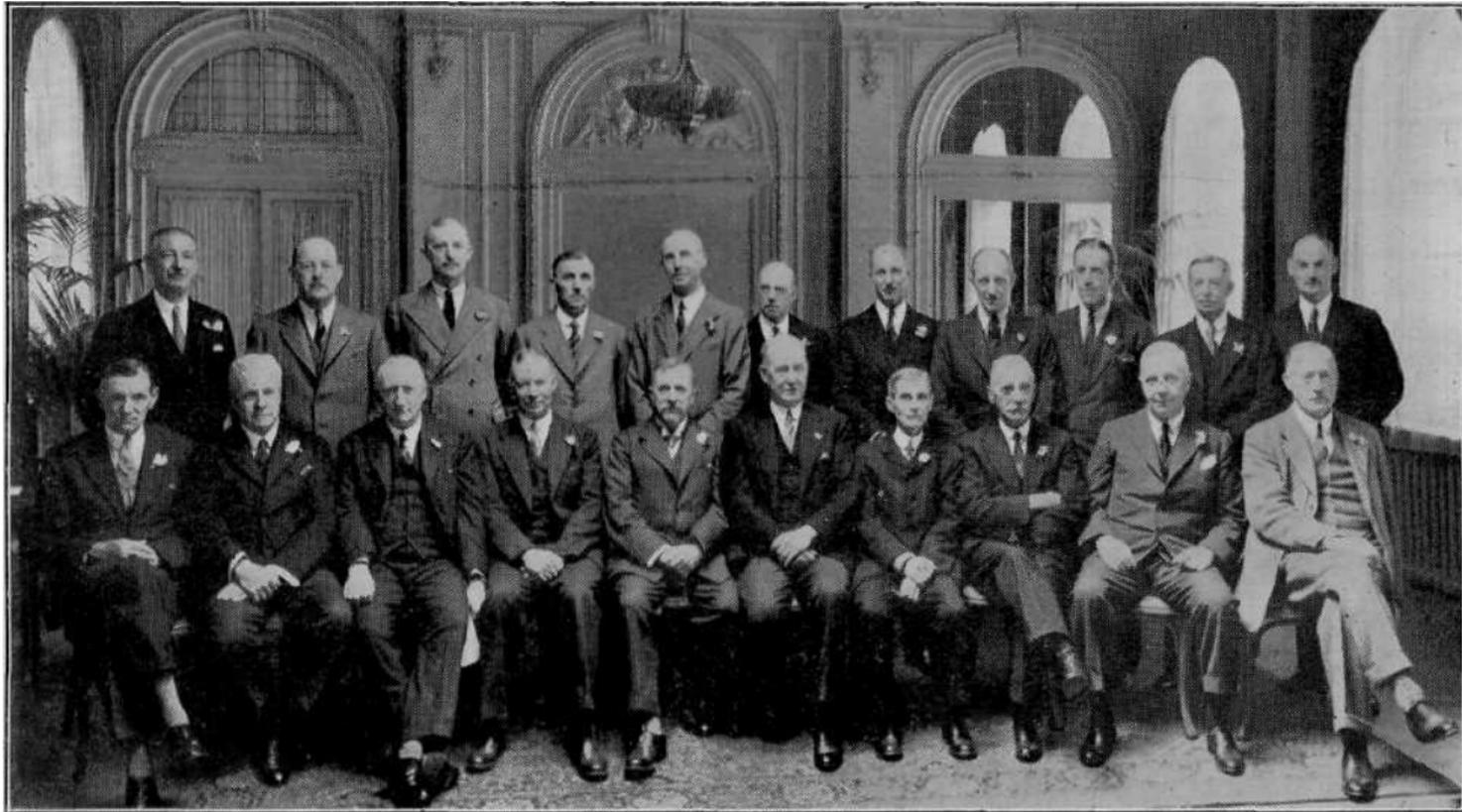
- "Gunga Din." R. S. Flagler. H. Flammer. Milwaukee.
- "Hymn Before Action." E. M. Campbell. Keys D, E flat and F.
" " *ad Lib.* accpt (not accept).
- "Last Chantey, The." Omit Heins, Hereford and Co.
- "L'Envoi" is published by Heins of Hereford, etc., i.e., Hereford and several other places in the Midlands, the London publishers being Weekes.
- "Looking Glass, The." Key C sharp minor.
- "Lost Legion, The." Compass C—E.
- "Love Song of Har Dyal, The." (Not Dyall). By Thomas Hunt.
- "Lover's Litany, The." Compass C sharp—E.
- "M. I." (Not M. T.).
- "Mother o' Mine." Delete all dittoes below Book of Songs Op. 1; that only refers to A. W. Kramer and to L. Orenstein; the others have different publishers.
- "Mother o' Mine, 3 & 4 Part music for Male Voices." The Part Music phrase only refers to Robert Stuart Piggot's setting.
- "O Mother Mine." The note on original copyright belongs to this song.
- "Alone upon the housetops." Compass D—E is for low voice.
- "Mother o' Mine." Dedication. Compass B flat—B flat.
- "Recessional." "Lest We Forget (Choral Misc.100)" by Herbert Bunning is one setting and "God of Our Fathers (Boy Scout Song Book)" by G. F. Blanchard another setting.
- "Recessional." The word Cantata opposite A. J. H. Coulter is a line too high; it should be opposite D. Morgan Elliott.
- "Recessional." The dittoes under the word Hymn opposite Hopkins & Leechman are redundant. Pub. Leechman, San Francisco.
- "Recessional." Solo by C. F. Manney. Compass B—E (optional F).
- "Recessional." After "Lest We Forget" by Arthur A. Penn insert " also 8vo 2 part; 3 part; S.S. A.; T.B.B.; 4 Part M, F. and mixed voices."
- "Road Song of the Bandar-log." Compass B double flat—D'
- "A Smuggler's Song." By Max Muller. Pub. National Concert Agency London 1907.
- "Two Seal Songs." Key contralto. "The Mother Seal's Lullaby," D. flat. compass E flat—E flat (G). "You Musn't Swim," C, compass E flat—E flat (G). Also for mezzo-soprano, soprano and high soprano: B—F (A, flat); C—G (B flat); D—A (C).
- "The Widow's Party" by Grainger is Kipling Setting No. 7.

The Future Spiritual State.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL L. H. CHANDLER, U.S.A. (Ret.).

RUDYARD KIPLING has, in two poems, dealt with the misery and horror which must result from too deep a concentration of mind upon the future spiritual state, and has breathed a prayer for delivery from such perturbation of mind and spirit.

When his story entitled "The Disturber of Traffic" was collected in the volume "Many Inventions" in 1893, it carried as a verse heading the first, second and last verses of a poem which



OLD BOYS OF THE U.S.C., 21ST JUNE, 1933.

was there entitled "Miriam Cohen," which poem was completed and published in "Songs from Books" in 1912, under the title, "The Prayer of Miriam Cohen." These verses read:—

THE PRAYER OF MIRIAM COHEN.

From the wheel and drift of Things
 Deliver us, Good Lord,
 And we will face the wrath of Kings,
 The faggot and the sword!
 Lay not Thy works before our eyes
 Nor vex us with Thy Wars,
 Lest we should feel the straining skies
 O'ertrud by trampling stars.

A veil 'twixt us and Thee, Good Lord,
 A veil 'twixt us and Thee,
 Lest we should hear too clear, too clear,
 And unto madness see!

In this connection we may read in the Apocrypha to the Bible, in *Ecclesiasticus III, 21*,

"Seek not out the things that are too hard for thee, neither search the things that are above thy strength."

The story of "The Disturber of Traffic," with which the above poem originated, tells of a solitary Englishman, a light-house keeper in an isolated spot in the East Indies, living in a pile lighthouse over the water and at a considerable distance from land, whose only companions were a few natives with whom he could hardly communicate, and who had nothing to do to pass his idle time except to watch the tide ripple by, and who became demented as a result of his isolation and of his undue time necessarily given to idle thought.

Again, when the story, "The House Surgeon" was collected in "Actions and Reactions" in 1909, it was accompanied by the poem, "The Rabbi's Song," which reads:—

THE RABBI'S SONG.

If Thought can reach to Heaven,
 On Heaven let it dwell,
 For fear that Thought be given
 Like power to reach to Hell.
 For fear the desolation
 And darkness of thy mind,

Perplex an habitation
 Which thou hast left behind.
 Let nothing linger after—
 No whispering ghost remain,
 In wall, or beam, or rafter,
 Of any hate or pain;
 Cleanse and call home thy spirit,
 Deny her leave to cast,
 On aught thy heirs inherit,
 The shadow of her past.

Our lives, our tears, as water,
 Are spilled upon the ground;
 God giveth no man quarter,
 Yet God a means hath found;
 Though faith and hope have vanished,
 And even love grows dim;
 A means whereby His banished
 Be not expelled from Him!

When the story, "The House Surgeon" was first published in "Harper's Magazine" in September and October, 1909, without the poem, it carried a Biblical reference at the beginning reading "II. Samuel, XXV, 14." As collected, however, this reference heading was omitted from the story, and used as a heading to the accompanying poem, "The Rabbi's Song." The text of the Biblical verse was not given in either case; but it reads:

"For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again, neither does God respect any person; yet doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him."

The last verse of the poem given above is a very beautiful transcription of this verse from the Bible.

The story of "The House Surgeon" is a tale describing a house which would in common parlance be described as a "haunted house," in that there was one room, a bedroom, wherein there seemed to lie a sense of deep depression, with a tendency to induce suicidal mania; such suicidal temptation taking the form of a desire to throw oneself from the window. The house had been recently acquired by a family who were much affected by the evil influence which seemed to pervade

their guest's room. They had acquired the house from two unmarried sisters of advancing age, and investigation developed the fact that a third, a younger sister, also unmarried, had been killed by falling from the window of that particular room; which fact the two remaining sisters kept concealed when selling the place to strangers who knew nothing of the family history. This seeming malign influence had at last influenced *them* to sell the place. It had become an obsession with the elder of the two remaining women that the dead woman had purposely thrown herself from the window; and this obsession on her part proved to be the cause of the uncanny effect produced upon later occupants of the room; for when the eldest sister was made to realize that her sister's death was accidental and not suicidal, the oppressive presence disappeared from the room. The writer of the tale, who succeeded in banishing the obsession from the mind of the eldest sister, was, therefore, the "house surgeon," or the one who operated on the house to cure it of its illness.

In the above, then, we see that Kipling has twice dealt poetically with this particular topic, and that in each case he has put the prayer to be spared from a certain distress of mind upon the lips of a person of the Hebrew race and faith.

The mind of any thoughtful reader who gathers these facts together, as they are gathered above, must inevitably form a query as to why, when writing of this topic, Kipling in each case turns to the Hebrew race and faith for an expression of this particular prayer? Is there anything in the Hebrew faith that is not in the Christian faith that especially covers this particular point?

The answer to that query has not yet been found by the present writer.

A copy of the above memorandum was sent to Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, with a letter asking if he could, and would, give any information or thoughts in regard to the matter. I received a very courteous letter from him stating that he had referred my letter for reply to Dean Harry S. Lewis, of the Jewish Institute of Religion; whose letter to me in regard to it read as follows:

Dear Sir,

Dr. Wise has asked me to reply to your letter of the seventeenth instant. It is of course obvious that the last stanza in "The Rabbi's Song" has reference to "II. Samuel, xiv, 14."

I suppose the reason why Kipling attributes to a Rabbi the aspiration to be freed from vain anxiety concerning the future state is that immortality is not a conception of the Old Testament except in a few of its latest elements, e.g., in Daniel and in occasional verses in the Psalms and in Isaiah which belong to the period after Alexander the Great. In post-biblical times, the belief in immortality became Jewish and it was adapted from Rabbinic Judaism by Christianity.

With regard to "The Prayer of Miriam Cohen," I cannot see that there was any very close connection between the sentiment expressed and that in Ecclesiasticus iii, 81. There is, of course, the general notion that it is not well for us to attempt to dive into the mysterious but this is found equally well in Psalm 131, and also I fancy in the Ode of Horace beginning "Tu ne quesieris"

I have read with great interest the material which you sent and now return it.—Sincerely yours,

HARRY S. LEWIS, Dean.
Jewish Institute of Religion,
West Sixty-Eighth Street,
Near Central Park, New York,
December 24th, 1929.

The verse; verse 1, in the Psalm referred to above, reads:—

"Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters or in things too high for me."

I have not yet investigated the Ode of Horace of which Dean Lewis speaks.

A World Empire of the Future

IN the *Sunday Express* of June 18th it was announced that Mr. H. G. Wells would tell us in serial form, "What the World will be like in 2060." While it would be wrong to pass judgment on his new book tested from a series of abstracts, we may fairly comment on a curious similarity in idea and in phrase to two Kipling stories, "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as A.B.C.," the former of which appeared in 1905, the latter in 1912. So far as can be made out, the Wells book endeavours to fill in the space between the present day and the period of the Kipling stories.

One striking resemblance is set out in the preliminary announcement of Mr. Wells's book:—"While the world lay in dissolution, the first step was made towards the new world. It arose from the control of the air by a group of young airmen. Through an air dictatorship they capture the world. They rebuild a system of civilisation planned to bring happiness to every human being rather than power and wealth to a few." Now compare this with the following from "As Easy as A.B.C." ("A Diversity of Creatures"):—"At 9.30 a.m., August 26, A.D.2065, the Board, sitting in London, was informed by De Forest that the District of Northern Illinois had riotously cut itself out of all systems and would remain disconnected till the Board should take over and administer it direct." Here we have the genesis of the world rule of the future as portrayed by two prophets—Mr. Kipling in 1912 and Mr. Wells in 1933.

Now let us turn to the last instalment of Mr. Wells's book, which appeared on Sunday, September 10th:—"After the disasters and new beginnings of the middle decades of the twentieth century it was to the patterns of big business at the close of the First Age of Abundance that the direction of the Transport Union recurred. We have told how easily and necessarily that Union became the trading monopoly, and finally, as the Sea and Air Ways Control, the actual Government of the renascent world." Look now at what Mr. Kipling wrote, nearly thirty years ago, in "With the Night Mail" ("Actions and Reactions"):—"The Mark Boat hums off joyously . . . Her black hull, double conning-tower, and ever-ready slings represent all that remains to the planet of that old word authority. She is responsible only to the Aerial Board of Control—the A.B.C. of which Tim speaks so flippantly. But that semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score persons of both sexes, controls this planet. 'Transportation is Civilization,' our motto runs. Theoretically, we do what we please so long as we do not interfere with the traffic *and all it implies*. Practically, the A.B.C. confirms or annuls all international arrangements and, to judge from its last report, finds our tolerant, humorous, lazy little planet only too ready to shift the whole burden of public administration on its shoulders." Again the parallel is most marked.

When, however, the world has been settled, the authors go their own ways: the Wells book returns to its author's idea of an Utopia, where all life is sanitary, well-regulated, and physically comfortable; existence is institutional, with all the dreary monotony of absolute but ultra-human efficiency; we cannot guess what sort of men and women there will be in this world of mechanical and cleanly perfection, nor how they will think—if, indeed, they will be capable of any kind of thought

A very different vision is given in Kipling's forecast of the future. The picture is more alluring than that of the Wellsian universe, for Kipling tries to show us how men and women will react to all the improvements—social and mechanical—described in the two stories. To illustrate the action there is plenty of the necessary technical detail; this may or may not prove correct, but—man still remains master of his machine; the individual keeps his personality and enjoys rather more personal freedom than any Fabian or Socialist scheme allows.

How human are the two captains of the Postal Packets! How natural the conversations between the various airmen! And how charmingly human is the finishing touch supplied by the 'Elsinore' chantey—"Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic!" Like Jane Austen, Kipling possesses the art of telling his story and imparting all detail in conversation.

In "As Easy as A.B.C." a more serious point of view is taken. We are shown very dramatically the danger of relying upon 'The State' for all things, mental or material. So far as can be judged from this brief sketch of social life a hundred years hence, there would seem to be the nearest approach to real liberty that imperfect humanity can endure: folk are free to do what they will, provided they do not interfere with the comfort and well-being of others. Above all, we are warned against putting our trust in any system of government, whatever form it may take or however competent it may seem, Kipling hinted at this in 1899 in "The Old Issue," but here we have the same warning, expressed with a plainness that should render impossible any misunderstanding, in "Mae Donough's Song":—

Once there was The People—Terror gave it birth;
 Once there was The People and it made a Hell of Earth.
 Earth arose and crushed it. Listen, O ye slain!
 Once there was The People—it shall never be again!

Letter Bag

My setting of "The Shut-eye Sentry" was sung a good deal by a clever officer at the Messes at the Front when in rest camps. I sang "The Absent-Minded Beggar" a good deal during the Boer War, and on one occasion (at Redhill) over £200 was collected in the room. I got my idea for singing it from hearing J. D. Beveridge recite it at the 'Troc.' It has been much maligned, but I always considered it a fine thing and, properly handled as Beveridge handled it, most touching.

HERBERT E CRIMP (an old Savoyard).

Can you give me any information about the alteration in "The Jungle Books" for the peacock? In early editions it is "mor"—in later times "mao." Do the two words both mean "peacock?" Also, in "Mowgli's Song," "sahi" is changed to "ikki." I shall be most grateful to any one who can give me any information on this subject.

(Mrs.) C. M. SUTTON-SHARPE, Horsington.

Could not some member of the Society—a good friend of Rudyard Kipling—suggest to him some day that he could write a short ballad on "The Glorious First of June." This day, if I remember aright, is a double anniversary—that of Earl Howe's great victory in 1794 and of the duel between the "Shannon" and "Chesapeake" exactly 120 years ago. I know that poets and authors usually do not do their best work when writing to order, but I believe that if the inspiration and the mood came to him, Kipling could give us some stirring verse on these two notable events in our naval annals.

BERNARD COLLITT, Montreal, Canada.

I have no doubt that many of your readers have written to point out that, where Kipling speaks in "Watches of the Night" of Shakespeare alluding to the pleasure of an engineer being shelled by his own battery, the allusion is to Hamlet III, 4:—

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.

Mr. S. A. Courtauld in his Paper, "Kipling's Literary Allusions," said he was unable to find this.

May I express the hope that contributors will enlighten me as to the basis for some of those marvellous stories of India? It is but natural that reminiscences of the "Stalky & Co." days should predominate, but it is possible that some members who saw service—civil or military—in India will volunteer. I think my curiosity as to that great eastern empire is shared by most American readers of Kipling, who naturally have not the knowledge that comes to Britons by their close connection.

PETER D. VROOM, Chicago.

Note.—Sir George MacMunn's "Martial Races of India" give a good deal of information on this subject.—*Editor K.J.*

You will perhaps remember there was a photograph in No. 23 of the Old Sergeant at Westward Ho! and three boys. There seems to be a good deal of discussion as to who these boys actually were, and I still think the centre one was Col. C. H. Townsend.

JULIUS H. GRIFFITH, Vancouver, B.C.

I do not know the names of the boys on the right and left of the photo, but I am quite certain that the boy in the centre is *not* me. I think it may possibly be Howlett.

C. H. TOWNSEND, Colonel.

In a book of recollections, by a brother of Sir Ian Hamilton, one learns that the latter sent the MS. of a story to his brother, who in turn submitted same to Andrew Lang. This accepted critic returned the MS. with a very strong letter of condemnation. The story was "The Mark of the Beast," which afterwards was published unaltered. It is to be presumed that Mr. Hamilton's story is accurate but—it is startling! For Andrew Lang seldom erred in literary diagnoses and in his "Essays in Little" his estimate of Kipling's work is as follows:—"It is one of the surprises of literature that these tiny masterpieces in prose and verse were poured 'as rich men give that care not for their gifts,' into the columns of Anglo-Indian journals." Some recantation, as an American might say!

G. H. Rayner (Capt.), Scarborough.

Note.—As we go to press, we cull the following from an article called "Young Men Who Sneer," in the *Liverpool Echo* of September 22nd:—" . . . But there is always one winning sneer. It is directed at the Empire builders, the men who have made sacrifices to keep the Empire, and the men and women who strive to keep the British Flag flying overseas . . . To mention Kipling is to make certain of immense hilarity. The young man who was gently chastised for the latest 400-page sneer admitted that he had not read more than a few lines of Kipling . . . It is bizarre that such clever young men have not already changed the habits of a nation. But the other young men, the less clever ones, still persist in maintaining those same despised far-flung corners of the Empire . . . innumerable people still read Kipling." These youths copy Kipling in iteration, but he uses it effectively—they are merely monotonous.

Secretary's Announcements.

(1) *Appointments : Vice-Presidents.* The following have been co-opted by Council since last issue, subject to confirmation under Rule VIII (b) :—
H. E., M. Camille Barrère, Ambassador of Prance, and Lt.-Col. E. V. K. Applin, D.S.O., M.P.

(2) *Meetings. Session 1933-34.*

1st 26th October, 1933 (Thursday), Hotel Rubens, 5 p.m. Lecturer:
Lt.-Gen. Sir G. F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.
Subject: " Kipling's India as I saw it in '33."

2nd 27th December, 1933 (Wednesday), Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m.
Lecturer: Miss Pamela Frankau.

3rd 14th February, 1934 (Wednesday), Hotel Rubens, 4.30 p.m.
Lecturer, etc., not yet settled.

4th 18th April, 1934 (Wednesday), Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m.
Lecturer: Monsieur André Maurois, C.B.E., M.C. Subject:
" R.K. and his works from a French point of view."

M. Maurois will speak in French, with a short address in English at the beginning, and end, of his Lecture.

5th (Special), 19th June, 1934 (Tuesday), Rembrandt Rooms,
8.30 p.m. (Evening before the Annual Conference and Luncheon).

Notes: All above are subject to confirmation by card as usual.

Members are reminded that we get many new Members as a result of their having attended our Meetings and Luncheon. Guests are, therefore, very welcome.

(3) *Annual Conference and Luncheon.* Provisional date, 20th June, 1934 (Wednesday), Rembrandt Rooms,

(4) *Journals: Back Numbers.* The following are the revised prices, which cancel all previous notices, or concessions. No. 1 (Reprint), 2s. each. No. 2 (out of print—will be reprinted when a sufficient number of names are registered to warrant the expense). Nos. 3 to 8, 4s. each. Nos. 9 to 11, 3s. each. Nos. 12 to 23, 2s. each. No. 24, 3s. each (only a few left). Nos. 25 to 27, 2s. each. A late Member has a complete set of three volumes (bound) to dispose of.

(5) *Lectures.* The Hon. Editor, Mr. B. M. Bazley, is lecturing to children on R.K., at the Fulham Central Library, 598, Fulham Road, S.W.6., at 6 p.m., on 7th December, and to the St. Columbia's Debating Society, Pont Street, S.W.1., on 5th December, at 8 p.m. Members will be welcome at the former of these.

(6) *Xmas Cards.* A very attractive Xmas Card has been designed this year by Miss Ardley (Chelsea Illustrators), and will be ready mid-October. Members wishing to purchase some in advance for friends can do so by applying to the Secretary, and sending 3d. each (including envelopes).

(7) *Journals: Binding.* Members are reminded of the notice in Journal No. 16 *re* the " Standard " binding for Journals, which is done by Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, 121, Charing Cross Road, W.C., very well and cheaply in red cloth, with the emblem stamped on the cover. Full binding 3s. per volume (Library copies are bound in volumes of two years each—covers and all). Covers 1s. 6d. each, or 2s. each covering postage anywhere. Apply direct to Messrs. Foyle.

C. Bailey, Colonel, Secretary.

ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO SEPTEMBER, 1933, Nos. 1205 to 1217.

1205	Mrs. A. J. M. MacLaughlin London	1212+	Lt. Col. J. C. Gordon Carmichael Ewell
1206	Rev. W. E. Wynne Lostwithiel	1213	Col. H. Vickers Cheltenham
1207+	Lt. Col. D. Gordon Carmichael London	1214	Miss M. E. Powell Colwall (Malvern)
1208	Mrs. J. S. Jolley London	1215	J. H. Maudsley Canada
1209	Albert L. Clapp U.S.A.	1216	Edwin A. Burlingame U.S.A.
1210	Miss Helena L. Duschak U.S.A.	1217	Mrs. Cassius M. Davis U.S.A.
1211t	James E. Macdonald U.S.A.		
	tLife Member.		+O.U.S.C. (and Staff).

The Kipling Society.

President, 1927 to 1933.

Maj.-Gen. L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.

Vice-Presidents :

Lt. Col. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O., M.P.

ELLIS A. BALLARD, ESQ.,
Philadelphia, U.S.A.

H. E., M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE,
Ambassador of France.

Earl BATHURST, C.M.G.

Countess BATHURST.

G. C. BERESFORD, ESQ.

Maj.-Gen. J. H. BRUCHE,
C.B., C.M.G., Australia.

Lord CARSON, P.C., LL.D.

Rear-Admiral LLOYD H. CHANDLER,
U.S.N. (Ret.), Washington, U.S.A.

M. ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON,
LL.D. (Paris), France.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN, ESQ., J.P.

Lord COLWYN, P.C.

S. A. COURTAULD, ESQ.

Viscount CRAIGAVON,
P.C., D.L., J.P., HON. LL.D., Belfast.

Brig.-Gen. The Hon. Sir C. P. CREWE,
K.C.M.G., C.B., S. Africa.

Lady CUNYNGHAME.

Professor W. MACNEILE DIXON,
D.LITT., Glasgow.

The Dowager Viscountess DOWNE.

Wm. B. OSGOOD FIELD, ESQ.,
Lenox, Mass., U.S.A.

GILBERT FRANKAU, ESQ.

Gen. Sir A. J. GODLEY,
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C.

Sir FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

Col. Sir ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK,
BART., K.B.E., J.P., D.L., V.D.

Lady HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Capt. W. VANSITTART-HOWARD,
D.S.O., R.N.

Sir RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.

Sir WALTER R. LAWRENCE, BART.,
G.C.L.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.

Mrs. FLORA V. LIVINGSTON,
Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

Dr. G. H. LOCKE, M.A., LL.D.,
Toronto, Canada.

Commdr. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON,
C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P.

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, C.B.E., M.C.,
France.

Maj.-Gen. J. D. McLACHLAN,
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Col. C. H. MILBURN,
O.B.E., D.L., J.P., M.B.

Lord MOYNIHAN, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D.,
Carl T. NAUMBURG, ESQ., U.S.A.

Lord RENNELL, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

Mrs. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

Lord WAKEFIELD, C.B.E., LL.D.
W. A. YOUNG, ESQ.

Executive Council :

G. C. BERESFORD, ESQ.

J. H. C. BROOKING, ESQ. (Founder),
M.I.E.E.

Lady CUNYNGHAME.

Sir FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

J. R. TURNBULL, ESQ., M.C., C.A.

J. G. GRIFFIN, ESQ., M.I.E.E.

R. E. HARBORD, ESQ.

Capt. E. W. MARTINDELL.

Maj.-Gen. J. D. McLACHLAN,
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Hon. Treasurer :

Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE F. MACMUNN,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.,

39, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.

Hon. Editor :

B. M. BAZLEY, ESQ.,
9, Keswick Road,
Putney, London, S.W.15.

Hon. Librarian :

W. G. B. MAITLAND, ESQ.,
Flat 3, 3, Marlborough Place, London,
N.W.8.

Hon. Solicitor :

CLEMENT A. CUSSE, ESQ.,
6, New Court, Carey Street,
Lincolns Inn, W.C.2.

Hon. Organiser :

Unfilled at present.

Secretary :

Colonel CHARLES BAILEY,
4, Cecil Court, London, S.W.10.

Local Hon. Sec. in U.S.A. :

CARL T. NAUMBURG, ESQ., 333, Central Park West, New York City.