



*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

*The*  
O r g a n  
of the  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

No. 31

SEPTEMBER 1934



ANNUAL LUNCHEON, KIPLING SOCIETY, 1934.

# *The Kipling Journal.*

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 31

SEPTEMBER, 1934

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## *News and Notes*

THE illustration in this number is a reproduction of the excellent photograph, taken by Messrs. Swaine & Co., of the 1934 Luncheon Party. The names of those at the table backing on to the windows are as follows (all reading from left to right) :—standing in the centre, H. E. the American Ambassador, Mr. Robert W. Bingham; the President, Maj.-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville; and the Rt. Hon. Lord Amphill: on the President's left, the Countess of Bathurst; Lt.-Col. R. V. K. Applin, Lady Cunynghame; and Lt.-Gen. Sir H. F. Cooke: on the President's right, Mrs. E. Briant; Mrs. Brooking; Mr. S. A. Courtauld: Mrs. Alec Tweedie; Mr. J. H. C. Brooking; Mrs. S. A. Courtauld; Mr. Russell J. Colman; the Dowager Viscountess Downe; the Rt. Hon. the Earl Bathurst; Lt.-Gen. Sir George F. MacMunn; and the Rt. Hon. Lord Rennell.

The Secretary, Col. C. Bailey, is at the cross table, facing the camera and in front of Lord Amphill; the Hon. Editor, Mr. B. M. Bazley, is at the head of the same table, with Mr. H. S. Bush of the *Times Weekly* on his left; next but one to him, on the right, is Mr. Kipling's cousin, Miss F. Macdonald. A full account of the luncheon is given in No. 30, p. 56,

Through the kind offices of Mr. F. W. Mackenzie-Skues we are enabled to give a paragraph from a letter written to him by Mons. T. J. Gueritte:—

"As you are interested in Kipling, it may interest you to know that towards the end of the World War, I met him at Sandwich, on the occasion of the Cinque Ports commemoration. . . . I had met him on previous occasions, but it was most interesting for me to have this couple of hours with him. He was a great admirer of Joan of Arc, and knew far more about her than I did, to be sure ! And he explained at length to me that Joffre, Foch, Haig and our soldiers had been the instruments of victory, but that the operations had really been guided by Saint Joan ! which, for all I know, may be a fact, or otherwise."

x            x            x            x            x

In No. 30, reference was made to the story, "Steam Tactics," which treats of the misadventures of an early steam-propelled motor-car. By a curious coincidence, a Kipling letter, dealing with this kind of vehicle, has been brought to light by our Hon. Librarian. Those who remember the Locomobile Steam Car, and its virtues and vices, will notice many points that are brought out in the story:—

". . . The drawback to the type is the necessity for constant watching and this alone you would find a great trouble in anything like touring. If you are thinking of purchasing a Locomobile of any pattern for country work, I would strongly advise you not to do so ; unless you have a liking for Steam for Steam's sake. The car makes a good runabout (being noiseless) in or near a town."

The recollection of its silence when in motion and its hill-climbing powers makes one regret that this type was not further developed ; its qualities would be very welcome in this age of noisy roads.

x            x            x            x            x

If asked to name the most striking characteristic in the literary work of Mons. André Maurois (V.P.), the average reader would probably say, "Clear ideas clearly expressed." This trait is plainly apparent in an article on "Friendship" in the *Weekly Illustrated* for July 14th; Mons. Maurois concludes with the following words:— "Ought we to remain faithful to a guilty or undeserving friend ? Kipling has written a fine poem on this subject—'The Thousandth Man.'

" One man in a thousand, Solomon says,  
 Will stick more close than a brother.  
 And it's worth-while seeking him half your days  
 If you find him before the other.  
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend  
 On what the world sees in you,  
 But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend  
 With the whole round world agin you.'

" If you have the great fortune to meet the Thousandth Man, grapple him to you with hoops of steel. Love him, cherish him. It is not easy to find another." It will be noticed that the above poem, which in many ways is far finer than the better-known, " If," is correctly quoted by Mons. Maurois; this attention to correctness may serve as an example to journalists and others on this side of the Channel.

x        x        x        x        x

A correspondent on the other side of the Atlantic draws our attention to a comment on, " The Love Song of Har Dyal," in Mr. H. A. Vachell's charming novel. " The Face of Clay." This extract, which we give below, is another example of the truth of Admiral Chandler's statement in his " Summary," that " Kipling, somewhere and somehow, has something that appeals to every man, woman or child; to every art, profession and occupation; to every mood, to every feeling, and to every experience." Mr. Vachell's words are:—"The Song of Har Dyal had precisely the opposite effect. From death Michael felt that he was being whirled back to life. No spirit sighed its passionate requiem of the past, but a living woman summoned her lover to come to her from pole to pole, if need be, across all obstacles. The shadows of the quiet garden of sleep vanished beneath the blazing rays of an eastern sun—

Below my feet the still bazar is laid—  
 Far, far below the weary camels lie—  
 The camels and the captives of thy raid.  
*Come back to me Beloved, or I die !*

Michael arose as if in obedience to that thrilling summons. So standing the penultimate line of the last verse came to him—

My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.

Then again, the call, the pitiful entreaty, subtly conveying the woman's doubt, her weakness, her loneliness, her poignant protest against destiny."

x        x        x        x        x

Comment of another sort comes from the pen of Dr. W. C. Rivers ("Through a Consulting Room Window," 1926):—"If Mr. Kipling died to-morrow, for the next two months there would hang, over the copious press that serves, except for light fiction, the Anglo-Saxon as a library, an anticyclone of eulogy. . . . The few people who both knew better and disliked saying vain things would hold their peace, and read in one or two of the best journals partial mention of the truth." Then follow the names of some five critics, whose remarks are very partially quoted; one of these Mr. Max Beerbohm, wrote in a spirit of parody, but this is not noted. After this comes a lovely, though slightly involved sentence:—"More lately, an anonymous wit has given Mr. Kipling the intellect of a boy scout. . . if Marie Corelli is the servant girl's novelist, then Mr. Kipling expresses the mind of the senior boy scout—just before, at seventeen or so, as Plato describes, the lad's mind becomes possessed by "a kind of huge winged drone" (or so many parsons must have sadly reflected); another view of the matter being that at that age badges, and Sir Robert Baden Powell's exegeses of the doctrines of "the old knights" begin to seem less important than joining a trades union and safeguarding oneself against the risks of life." Perhaps Dr. Rivers overlooks the wearing of badges by trade unionists; however, as his work has an "introduction by Arthur Ponsonby," it is easy to see why one badge is right and the other wrong. The remaining "criticisms" are chiefly a matter of personal opinion; Dr. Rivers does not like the Maltese Cat and his fellow ponies, nor the horses in "A Walking Delegate"—perhaps he assumes that the owners of these animals were Conservatives, so the obedience given to their masters was totally wrong! The late Robert Buchanan is quoted for his saying that Kipling was a "Tory at twenty-one;" why this should be worse than belonging to any other party at that age is not stated. Kipling's correct and apposite use of marine terms is called "jingle" (Dr. Rivers might have discovered a new word of abuse; this one has been worked to death), and the "criticism" concludes with an expression of anger at Kipling having been awarded the Nobel prize for literature. The chief lesson to be learned from this diatribe is that literary people must not be Tories, if they desire the commendation of Dr. Rivers. But perhaps most of them can do without it.

x        x        x        x        x

Mr. A. E. Hanford draws our attention to an article in the *Sunday*

*Dispatch* for June 24th, written by the Book Critic of that paper, entitled, "Men Whose Names Will Live For Ever." We learn that Bennett, Conrad and Hardy will be there, though the writer's first choice would be Shaw; he adds that H.G.Wells, maybe, "would have been a better first choice, for he belongs more purely to literature." Now comes the pearl of the chaplet:—"Kipling is a jingler, and I can see no place for him on the mound." The only comment that we are tempted to make upon an article of this sort is that the word "jingle" has been rather hard-worked as a term of rebuke for Kipling, who says, in one of his works, that he wished some one would give Thomas a new adjective. Perhaps a kind reader will supply these critics of to-day with a new word, to use instead of "jingle," which has defied trade union hours by working over-time for thirty or more years; Roget's "Thesaurus" might be useful.

x        x        x        x        x

Tastes differ, however, "R.H.C." in the *Daily Record and Mail* of Glasgow, July 12th, writes thus:—"The most ardent admirers of Rudyard Kipling would have hesitated, even in his heyday, to describe him as a Nature poet, but in one poem at least he has captured for all time the appeal of the countryside—"The Road Through The Woods"  
 . . . Can you, therefore, blame me for asserting then and now that in this poem, if any, Kipling captured forever the romance of centuries? "No disrespect to Glasgow is intended by our quotation of King's remark in the *Stalky* story of "Regulus"—"You see. It sticks. A little of it sticks."

x        x        x        x        x

There is another example of nature poetry mentioned in Mr. R. Holmes's "Somewhere in Sussex" in the *Sussex County Herald* of July 28th; this article gets the real charm of the country and the three Kipling quotations from "Sussex" strengthen its appeal:—"Have you seen the beautiful valleys and woods around Heathfield? Have those lines of Kipling's ever entered your head as you gazed at the wonderful panorama before you?

"And through the gaps revealed  
 Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
 Blue goodness of the Weald."

Who hasn't noticed the dim blue of the distant pine woods, and who can say that they are anything but good?"

x        x        x        x        x

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, our Founder, sends a short paragraph from one of Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's books:—" One day in 1930 at Sir John and Lady Bland-Sutton's house, a voice called me. I turned round ; it was Rudyard Kipling with his shaggy black eyebrows and friendly mien. 'I was going to write to you,' he said, 'I've been visiting the War Graves in Palestine, and made a particular point of looking up your son's grave at Ramleh. I wanted to tell you it is in excellent order, and I read with great interest the inscription carved on the Stone.' 'How very kind of you,' I stuttered. 'Not at all, not at all,' said the kind little man, 'I was only too glad to tell you all is well.' Wasn't it wonderful of him ? "

x      x      x      x      x

Southport in Lancashire is noted for its flower show, and its *Guardian* of August 25th comments upon it with " Weeds," a gardening parody of "Gunga Din":—

" You may talk of Bees and Plants,  
Of Insecticides and ants,  
You may even boast about your twelve inch dahlia;  
But when it comes to knowing  
Of things that need no growing  
There's something that will thrive and never fail yer.

Oh, it's Weeds ! Weeds ! Weeds !  
They grow and choke the poppies and the seeds;  
Though to-day you lay them low,  
With the sickle and the hoe,  
To-morrow up they grow, those blooming weeds.

x      x      x      x      x

Colonel C.H. Milburn is to be congratulated upon his success in promoting the study of Kipling in schools; his most recent effort was a competition for the best essay on this subject, at Ashville College, Harrogate, where the Headmaster welcomed the idea warmly. Colonel Milburn suggests that other members might follow his example wherever opportunity offers and sow the good seed in the right places. The winning essay, by R. Burkett of Form VI, is a very good piece of work, as may be judged from the quotation below : " He was helped to fame partly because he was never the pet of a select circle, even from the start, but, like Charles Dickens, appealed directly to the crowd. . . .

Stevenson, conjuring fastidiously with words, felt his literary ideals outraged by this amazing young man who, coming with a banjo instead of a lyre, took the sacred temple of the Muses by storm, and disturbed it with the raucous shouts of a music hall, and who brought the speech and manners of the canteen into the library, and who rode rough-shod over convention. . . . Kipling demolished a tired world, and stirred up a dormant society. Englishmen of that time *were* surfeited with un-English art; Kipling was English to the core. He glorified his race, boosted up his country, and even hinted that the English were the chosen people of the Lord. This was a change—and a pleasant one—for Englishmen, who had been used to being told that they were ugly, clumsy and stupid. . . . The figures of officer and private had never appeared before in the same way in English literature—they were now portrayed in a true light. Kipling could conjure up colours, odours and sounds—as the Grand Trunk Road—and he was always fresh and clear. His hero is the man of action, he loves the restless energy of England and her history, and delights in her violent aggression of early times. Yet although he admires Drake and Hawkins, he is always ready to admit they were pirates. . . . Energy also makes his impatience of civilisation; he sees the savageness in men and women, has a vague longing for primeval things, and a desire to be rid of the complications of life. His animal stories portray the world of fantasy in which he lived. The laws, customs and speech of his animal kingdom are the very antithesis of the official life of the Indian Empire. . . . There is no slackness and carelessness of style, the sentences never sag, and are always short, crisp, strong and controlled. Though Kipling writes in a large measure of ugly things, he is never commonplace. . . . He has never changed his message as a national leader, and his traits are the traits of the typical Englishman. Until England becomes the home of internationalism and a cosmopolitan realm, Kipling remains the authority on Englishmen."

*Masonic References in the Works of Rudyard Kipling*

BY H. S. WILLIAMSON, PRIORY LODGE, NO. 1863. TYNEMOUTH.

IN preparing this paper on the Masonic References in the Works of Bro. Rudyard Kipling, I do not claim to have cast my net wide enough, or of sufficiently fine mesh to capture all the Masonic References. Rather, I have attempted to make captive such references as have readily occurred to me in a mental review of his works. I must crave indulgence if the outline I have striven to give is in many cases flimsy and lacking the fire of Kipling's vigorous English. Kipling never uses ten words if five will convey his meaning and his crisp, terse English is incapable of compression. In these circumstances, then, I have in many instances, without regard to the context, merely sifted out, as it were, such phrases or passages as interest me as a Mason, as distinct from a lover of Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling seems to have fallen under the spell of Freemasonry from the beginning, for in three books published in 1888, when he was only 22 years of age, there are Masonic References, some of which are as daring as they are original. The first of these is in the story called, "The Rout of the White Hussars" which is included in "Plain Tales from the Hills." You may remember how the men of the Regiment were scared out of their wits by the resurrection of the Regimental Drum-horse, with a skeleton on his back. The tale concludes:—

"A week later, Hogan-Yale received an extraordinary letter from someone who signed himself, 'Secretary, *Charity and Zeal*, 3709, E.C.'"

In the same book, in the last story, "To be Filed for Reference," we come across another slight mention. The dissolute but scholarly McIntosh lay dying, and he babbled of the manuscript of his book—"a monument more enduring than brass, my one book—rude and imperfect in parts, but oh, how rare in others! I wonder if you will understand it? It is a gift more honourable than. . . . Bah! Where is my brain rambling to?"

In "Soldiers Three," in the story called "With the Main Guard," we have Mulvaney telling the story of a Border fight in India, when a Company of the Old Regiment, otherwise known as "The Tyneside Tail-twisters," together with a Company of the Black Tyrone, under the command of Captain "Crook" O'Neill, are engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with the Afghans. The pressure of the locked forces is intense,

both sides endeavouring to break through.

" ' Knee to knee," sings out Crook, wid a laugh, whin the rush av our comin' into the gut shtopped, and he was huggin' a hairy great Paythan, neither bein' able to do anything to the other, tho' both was wishful.

" ' Breast to breast ! ' he sez, as the Tyrone was pushin' us forward, closer an' closer.

" ' An' hand over back ! ' sez a Sargint that was behin.' I saw a sword lick past Crook's ear, an' the Paythan was took in the apple av his throat like a pig at Dromeen Fair.

" ' Thank ye, Brother Inner Guard,' sez Crook, cool as a cucumber widout salt. ' I wanted that room.' "

The next reference is much more direct, and is found in the Tale, " The Man Who Would be King." The story is told in the first person, and the author describes how there has been a deficit in the Budget, which necessitated travelling not Second Class, which is only half as dear as First Class, but by Intermediate, which is very awful indeed.

" My particular Intermediate happened to be empty till I reached Nasirabad, when a big, black browed gentleman in shirt sleeves entered, and following the custom of Intermediates, passed the time of day."

He wished to get a message to a friend of his, and pressed the author to meet a certain train at Marwar Junction.

" I ask you as a stranger—going to the West," he said, with emphasis.

" Where have *you* come from ? " said I.

" From the East," said he, " and I am hoping you will give him the message on the Square—for the sake of *my* mother as Well as your own"

Englishmen are not usually softened by appeals to the memory of their mothers, but for certain reasons which will be fully apparent, I saw fit to agree."

The message was duly delivered, and no more was thought of it until one stilling hot night, as the author was going off to bed, two men appeared at the Newspaper Office. The smaller was the man of the train, and his fellow the red-haired man of Marwar Junction. The two got the information they required, together with some advice on the unwisdom of their undertaking, in return for which they gave an invitation to come down to the Khumarsen Serai the following day.

" ' Have you everything you want ? ' I asked.

' Not yet, but we soon shall. Give us a memento of your kindness, *Brother,*' I slipped a small charm compass from my watchchain, and shook hands."

\* \* \* \*

With difficulty the poor wretch described how they reached Kafiritan, and how one day Dravot came back from an expedition, with a great gold crown on his head, and :—

" ' My Gord, Carnehan,' says Dravot, ' this is a tremenjus business, and we've got the whole country with us as far as it's worth having. . . . I've been marching and fighting for six weeks, and every footy little village for fifty miles has come in rejoiciful, and more than that, I've got the key of the whole show, as you shall see, and I've got a crown for you.' "

" One of the men opens a black hair bag, and I slips the crown on. It was too small and too heavy, but I wore it for the glory. ' Peachey,' says Dravot, ' we don't want to fight no more. The Craft's the trick, so help me ! ' and he brings forward that same chief that I left at Bashkai—Billy Fish we called him afterwards, because he was so like Billy Fish that drove the Big Tank Engine in the old days. ' Shake hands with him,' says Dravot, and I shook hands and nearly dropped, for Billy Fish gave me the Grip. I said nothing, but tried with the Fellow Craft Grip. He answers all right, and I tried the Master's Grip but that was a slip. ' A Fellow-Craft he is,' I says to Dan. ' Does he know the word ? ' ' He does,' says Dan, ' and all the priests know. It's a miracle ! The Chiefs and the priests can work a Fellow Craft Lodge in a way that's very like ours, and they've cut the marks on the rocks, but they don't know the Third Degree, and they've come to find out. It's Gord's Truth. I've known these long years that the Afghans knew up to the Fellow Craft Degree, but this is a miracle. A God and a Grand-Master of the Craft am I, and a Lodge in the Third Degree I will open, and we'll raise the head priests and the Chiefs of the villages.'

" ' It's against all the Law,' I says, ' holding a Lodge without warrant from anyone, and you know we never held office in any Lodge.'

" ' It's a master stroke o' policy,' says Dravot, ' . . . We can't stop to inquire now, or they'll turn against us. I've forty Chiefs to my heel, and passed and raised according to their merit they shall be.

Billet them on the villages and see that we run up a Lodge of some kind. The Temple of Imbra will do for the Lodge Room. The women must make aprons as you show them. I'll hold a Levee of Chiefs to-night and Lodge to-morrow.

" I was fair run off my legs, but I wasn't such a fool as not to see what a pull this Craft business gave us. I showed the priests' families how to make aprons of the degrees, but for Dan's apron the blue border and marks was made of turquoise lumps on white hide, not cloth. We took a great square stone in the Temple for the Master's chair and we painted the pavement with white squares, and did what we could to make things regular.

" *The* most amazing miracles was at Lodge next night. One of the old priests was watching us continuous, and I felt uneasy, for I knew we'd have to fudge the Ritual, and I didn't know how much the men knew. . . . The minute Dravot puts on the Master's apron that the girls had made for him, the priest fetches a whoop and a howl, and tries to overturn the stone that Dravot was sitting on. ' It's all up now,' I says, ' that's what comes of meddling with the Craft without Warrant.' Dravot never winked an eye, not when ten priests took and tilted over the Grand Master's chair,—which was to say the Stone of Imbra. The priests begins rubbing the bottom end of it to clear away the black dirt, and presently he shows the priests the Master's mark, same as was on Dravot's apron, cut into the stone. Not even the priests of the Temple of Imbra knew it was there. The old chap falls flat on his face at Dravot's feet, and kisses 'em. ' Luck again,' says Dravot, across the Lodge to me. ' They say it's the missing mark that no one could understand the why of. We're more than safe now.' Then he bangs the butt of his gun for a Gavel and says: ' By virtue of the authority vested in me by my own right hand and the help of Peachey, I declare myself Grand Master of all Freemasonry in Kafiristan in this the Mother Lodge o' the Country, and King of Kafiristan, equally with Peachey !' At that he puts on his crown and I puts on mine—I was doing senior Warden—and we opens The Lodge in most ample form. " Note the "ample form," denoting the presence of a Grand Master in Grand Lodge. An Ordinary Lodge is opened in "form" . . . . "The priests moved in Lodge through the first two degrees almost without telling, as though the memory was come back to them."

" After that, Peachey and Dravot raised such as was worthy—high priests and Chiefs of far off villages. Billy Fish was the first, and I can tell you we scared the soul out of him. It was not in any way according to Ritual, but it served our turn."

The story goes on to describe how all went well for a while, and then how rebellion and disaster followed.

Somewhere about this period of Kipling's work, the well-known Poem, " The Mother Lodge," appeared. You remember:—

" We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother Lodge out there !

" We 'adn't good regalia,  
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,  
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,  
An' we kep' 'em to a hair;"

and so on.

This reminds me of the report in the Press of November, 1929, that Kipling had presented to his Mother Lodge at Lahore, a Gavel composed of stone from the quarries from which was obtained the material for the building of King Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. The Gavel bears the inscription "

PRESENTED TO LODGE HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE BY BRO.  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

" I wish that I could see them in my Mother Lodge once more."

I am indebted to the Journal of the Kipling Society (June, 1932) for the copy of the Toast List at the Banquet of the Hope and Perseverance Lodge, No. 782, Lahore, 1st January, 1929. I must confess that the selection for the non-masonic guests (and that seems to be an innovation) is more masonic than the other likely that comes to one's mind—the first line of " Gentlemen Rankers."

" To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned ! "

Which reminds me of another Poem, " The Press," which begins:—

" The Soldier may forget his Sword,  
The Sailor the Sea,  
The Mason may forget the Word,  
And the Priest his Litany !"

not to mention the opening words in " A Matter of Fact " from " Many Inventions:"

" Once a priest, always a priest; once a mason always a mason;  
but once a journalist, always and for ever a journalist."

In Barrack Room Ballads, we encounter some unexpected Masonic phrases, in the Poem, " The Widow at Windsor."

" Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,  
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs—  
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file,  
An' open in form with the guns."

Following upon the reference to the Sons of the Widow, the end of the Poem is borrowed from the Tyler's Toast:—

" Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,  
Wherever, 'owever they roam.  
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require  
A speedy return to their 'ome.

« If rumour speaks true, Queen Victoria was not amused by this poem, and that was why Alfred Austin became Poet Laureate on the death of Lord Tennyson instead of Rudyard Kipling.

The two volumes of " From Sea to Sea," being in the main letters of travel, do not contain references of any moment. One of the articles, " Among the Railway Folk," gives some words of praise to a lodge run by the Railwaymen:—

" One of the most flourishing lodges in the Bengal jurisdiction—  
' St. George in the East '—lives at Jamalpur, and meets twice a month. Its members point out with justifiable pride that all the fittings were made by their own hands; and the lodge in its accoutrements and the energy of the craftsmen can compare with any in India."

Reference to the Roll of Grand Lodge shows that St. George in the East, Jamalpur, No. 1526, still flourishes, and I think we meet it again in " Land and Sea Tales " in the story called, " The Bold 'Prentice," although the name is changed.

" Olaf was an important person, for besides being the best of the mail-drivers, he was past Master of the big railway Masonic Lodge, ' St. Duncan's in the East.' . . . and so on."

There is one of Kipling's earlier works: " Aaft the Funnel," which has never been published in England, and only exists in an American Edition. It contains an item at the end of the Book, called, " The Last of the Stories," and describes a dream of the Author, wherein the Devil of Discontent emerges from the ink-pot just after the publication of a first edition, with futile suggestions for the improvement of the

book. He offers to take the Author, with the promise of safe return, to one of the largest Hells in existence—The Limbo of Lost Endeavour, where the souls of all the Characters go.

" ' Neat, isn't it ? ' said the Devil, following my glance. ' Another joke of the Master's. Man of *Us*, y'know. . . . Here's the Master. Stop and uncover.' "

" Uncover ! I could have dropped on my knees had not the Devil prevented me, at the sight of the portly form of Maitre François Rabelais, sometime Curé of Neudon. He wore a smoke-stained apron of the colours of Gargantua. I made a sign which was duly returned. . . . "

Another story which has been collected in England only in the Edition de Luxe, though it is to be found in many American Editions, is " The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P." In this we find:—

" Here is Edwards, the Master of the Lodge I neglect so diligently. Come to talk about accounts, I suppose."

I commend that phrase to some of our own members. I think the idea of neglecting the Lodge diligently might appeal to them.

For some years, there is a distinct gap in Masonic references, and such as there are would appear to be more reminiscent than direct. This is the period following Kipling's marriage and residence in America. Possibly he is not the only Brother who found his Free-Masonry suffer a temporary eclipse after marriage !

Examples of the " casual signs, tokens and words " occur in " Captains Courageous."

" Harvey found his French of no recognised Bank brand . . . Tom Platt waved his arms, and got along swimmingly. . . . "

' 'How was it my French didn't go, and your sign talk did ? ' ' Harvey demanded.

' Sign talk ! ' Platt guffawed. ' Well, yes, 'twas sign talk, but a heap older'n your French, Harve. Them French boats are chock-full o' Freemasons, and that's why.' "

' Are you a Freemason, then ? "

' Looks that way, don't it ? ' said the man-o-war's man, stuffing his pipe, and Harvey had another mystery of the deep sea to brood upon"

In " The Day's Work," we find a quaint idea of the Railway Engines in the Round House, forming themselves into a Lodge, complete with Master, Craftsmen and Entered Apprentices. There is a story of the

South African War called, " The Captive," describing the adventures of an American Inventor named Laughton O. Zigler, who served with the Boers, with the object of introducing a wonderful gun he had invented. After he was taken prisoner by the English, he related his experiences to a visitor at the Prisoner's Camp.

"The way we worked Lodge was this. . . . Then we'd go from labour to refreshment, resooming at 2p.m., and battling till teatime."

In *Everyman* of April 11th, 1929, there is an amusing competition offering a prize of three guineas for an additional chapter to " Stalky & Co.," but introducing A. A. Milne's wonderchild, Christopher Robin. One of the entries pokes sly fun at Kipling's habit of making Masonic references :—

" Beetle was grinning and goggling hugely. ' Mornin', genelmen all—beggin' y'r pardon.' They fell upon him silently, as custom was, and having worked that degree, proceeded to refreshment, while Beetle held forth, spluttering. . . .'"

The Book itself—" Stalky & Co.," is not rich in Masonic references, and the only example I can remember is where Foxy, the School Sergeant carried his woes to Keyte, regarding the Cadet Corps :—

" I never come across such nonsense in my life. They've tiled the Lodge inner and outer guard all complete, and then they get to work, as keen as mustard"

" Kim," that delightful story of Indian life, is too well known to need more than mention. It describes, you remember, the adventures of Kim, son of Kimball O'Hara, a young Colour Sergeant, who remained in India after the Regiment had gone home.

" O'Hara fell to drink, and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed three-year-old baby. Societies and Chaplains tried to catch him, but O'Hara . . . died as poor whites die in India. His estate consisted of three papers, one of which he called his *ne varietur*, because these words were written below his signature . . . thereon, and another his " clearance-certificate.' . . . The ' Magic House,' as we name the Masonic Lodge"

The story " The Dog Harvey," relates how a Doctor made a fortune by running a home for inebriates, taking the precaution of insuring the lives of the patients heavily after he had patched them up, and then letting them loose on the world before the cure was complete, with serious results for the Insurance Companies. The story is told in the first person, and the Author describes how he was called to the room of

one of the late patients on board ship—a man named Shend, who was on the edge of delirium tremens, and in trouble with an invisible dog which squinted, exactly like a real dog which was the property of the Doctor's daughter.

" 'What's the dog like ? ' I asked.

' Ah, that *is* comforting of you ! Most men walk through 'em to show they aren't real. As if I didn't know ! . . . The dog knows you perfectly. D'you know *him* ? '

' How can I tell if he isn't real ? ' I insisted.

' But you can ! You do know the dog. I'll prove it. What's that dog doing ? Come on ! *You* know.' A tremor shook him and he put his hand on my knees and whispered with great meaning: ' I'll letter or halve it with you. There ! You begin.'

' S,' said I, to humour him, for a dog would most likely be standing, or sitting, or maybe scratching or sniffing or staring.

' Q,' he went on, and I could feel the heat of his shaking hand.

' U,' said I. There was no other letter possible, but I was shaking too.

' I.'

' N.'

' T-i-n-g,' he ran out. ' There. That proves it.' " And so on.

It may be my loss that Kipling's poetry, with some glorious exceptions, appeals to me much less than his stories, but here is something which awakens interest:—

" When I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven and skilled—  
I cleared me ground for a Palace such as a King should build.  
I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently under the silt,  
I came to the wreck of a Palace, such as a King had built."

In the tale " On the Great Wall," we have the Roman Centurion Parnesius describing how he met his friend Pertinax:—

" We came to know each other at a ceremony in our temple—in the dark. It was the Bull Killing, Parnesius explained to Puck . . .  
' Yes—in the Cave we first met, and we were both raised to the Degree of Gryphons together.' Parnesius raised his hand to his neck for an instant."

And in the tale, " The Winged Hats," we are told how the Roman soldiers on the Great Wall repelled the attacks of the Northmen on the beaches at the cold eastern extremity of the Wall. Parnesius is again speaking :—

" Certainly they (the Northmen) fought in the open. We dealt with them thoroughly through a long day, and when all was finished, one man dived clear, of the wreckage and swam towards shore. I waited, and a wave tumbled him at my feet.

As I stopped, I saw that he wore such a medal as I wear.'

Parnesius raised his hand to his neck. 'Therefore, when he could speak, I addressed him a certain question which can only be answered in a certain manner. He answered with the necessary word—the word which belongs to the Degree of Gryphons in the Science of Mithras my God. I put my shield over him till he could stand up. . . . He said, 'What now?' I said, 'At your pleasure, my Brother, to stay or go.' I knew that they who worship Mithras are many and of all races, so I did not think much more on the matter.'" In "Rewards and Fairies," there is the following in "The Wrong Thing:"

" 'Be you the builder of the village hall?' he asked of Mr. Springett.

'I be,' was the answer. 'But if you want a job—'

Hal laughed. 'No, faith!' he said. 'Only the Hall is as good and honest a piece of work as I've ever run a rule over. So, being born hereabouts, and being reckoned a master among masons, and accepted as a master mason, I made bold to pay my brotherly respects to the builder.'

'Ah-um!' Mr. Springett looked important. 'I be a bit rusty, but I'll try ye!'

He asked Hal several curious questions, and the answers must have pleased him, for he asked Hal to sit down."

In "The Fringes of the Fleet" we find the sub-heading, "Labour and Refreshment," and in "A Book of Words," that delightful book full of Brother Kipling's all too rare speeches which make one long to hear him proposing or replying to a toast at the Fourth, we get several instances of the use of phrases derived from Masonic Ritual.

In a speech acknowledging admission into the Stationers Company, he describes himself as "Duly entered and obligated," and in the address on "Imperial Relations, he says:

"They (the Dominions) face the five great problems—I prefer to call them Points of Fellowship—Education, Immigration, Transportation, Irrigation and Administration."

This recalls to my mind a phrase in "Letters of Travel."

" Canada possesses two pillars of strength and beauty in Quebec and Vancouver"

Speaking of and to the Royal Geographical Society, Brother Kipling says—

" If the building matched the work, there should arise not only the headquarters of a great Society, but a vast and ample hall—not of lost footsteps, but a Valhalla, as it were, of all the " personal and painful travellers " whose sacrifices have won us the use of the world; a sumptuously equipped Lodge of Instruction where men could find to their hand or see spread out before their eyes the whole history of travel, which, after all, is the history of civilisation—where they could consult the sum of recorded science so far as it touches travel." Speaking at the Annual Dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons (February 1923) Brother Kipling said:—

" I have the honour to-night of speaking before you, who are Masters in your craft. I do not give you the name of the least of your long line of speakers who follow the quest Brahm set them, when I ask you to drink the health of Sir John Bland-Sutton, a Master among Masters."

An example of Brother Kipling's great interest in Freemasonry is shown in the exquisite name he coined for the Masonic Lodge attached to the Headquarters of the Imperial War Graves Commission in France. He is a member of the War Graves Commission—his only son is numbered among the missing—and when a Lodge was formed for the benefit of the employees of the Commission, he was asked to name the new Lodge. The name he gave was:—

" BUILDERS OF THE SILENT CITIES."

and the number of the Lodge is, I find, No. 4948.

There is a series of some half dozen stories, in four of which the action is actually in the Lodge Room, or takes the form of tales told at the " Fourth," while the others concern members of the Lodge. By way of prelude we are given the Poem, " Banquet Night."

" Once in so often," King Solomon said,

Watching his quarrymen drill the stone,

" We will club our garlic and wine and bread

And banquet together beneath my Throne.

And all the Brethren shall come to that mess

As Fellow-Craftsmen—no more and no less.

. . . . .

Carry this message to Hiram Abi—  
 Excellent Master of forge and mine—  
 I and the Brethren would like it if  
 He and the Brethren will come to dine.  
 Garments from Bozrah or morning dress  
 As Fellow-Craftsmen—no more and no less."

As for the Stories, I dare not quote from the Book, lest I forget to stop, and it is quite impossible to compress the Tales without ruining them. I once came across a "potted" version of "Kim," and really wondered when I read it whether it had not been distilled from some wonderful edition of "Kim" quite unknown to me. All I can do, then, is to indicate a few of the more outstanding Masonic References, and leave the actual stories to you. Here are some examples. First, the story called, "In the Interests of the Brethren."

"A wounded Canadian came into the shop, and disturbed our happy little committee.

'Say,' he began loudly, 'are you the right place?'

'Who sent you?' Mr. Burges demanded.

'A man from Messines. But *that* ain't the point! I've got no certificates, nor papers—nothin' you understand. I left my Lodge owin' 'em seventeen dollars back-dues. But the man at Messines told me that it wouldn't make any odds with *you*."

"'It doesn't," said Mr. Burges. 'We meet to-night at 7.0 p.m.' The man's face fell a yard. 'Hell!' said he. 'But I'm in hospital—I can't get leaf.'

"'And Tuesdays and Fridays at 3.0 p.m.,' added Mr. Burges promptly. 'You'll have to be proved, of course.'

"'Guess I'll get by *that* all right,' was the cheery reply. . . .'

"'Who might that be?' I asked.

"'I don't know any more than you do—except he must be a Brother. London's full of Masons now. Well! Well! We must do what we can these days. If you come to tea this evening, I'll take you on té the Lodge afterwards. It's a Lodge of Instruction.'

"'Delighted. Which is your Lodge?' I said, for up till then he had not given me its name.

"'Faith and Works 5837\*—the third Saturday of every month. Our Lodge of Instruction meets nominally every Thursday, but we

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\* Note the last number on the Roll of Lodges in 1931 was No. 5238.

sit oftener than that now, because there are so many visiting Brothers in town.' "



" We entered a carefully decorated ante-room, hung round with Masonic prints. I noticed Peter Gilkes and Barton Wilson, fathers of " Emulation " working, in the place of honour . . . and a beautifully framed set of Grand Masters from Anthony Sayer down.

" I had never seen a Lodge Room better fitted. From mosaicked floor to appropriate ceiling, from curtain to pillar, implements to seats, seats to light and little carved music-loft at one end, every detail was perfect in particular kind and general design. I said what I thought of them all, many times over, ' I told you I was a Ritualist,' said Mr. Burges. ' Look at those carved corn-sheaves and grapes on the back of those Wardens' chairs. That's the old tradition—before Masonic furnishers spoil it. I picked that pair up in Stepney ten years ago—the same time I got the Gavel.' It was of ancient yellowed ivory, cut all in one piece out of some tremendous tusk. 'That came from the Gold Coast,' he said. ' It belonged to a Military Lodge there in 1794. You can see the inscription. ' Now we'll go to the examination room, and take on the Brethren.'

" He led me back, not to the ante-room, but a convenient chamber flanked with what looked like confessional boxes (I found out later what they had been, when first picked up for a song near Oswestry). A few men in uniform were waiting at the far end. ' That's only the head of the procession, the rest are in the ante-room,' said an officer of the Lodge.

Brother Burges assigned me to my discreet box, saying: ' Don't be surprised. They come all shapes.'

' Shapes,' was not a bad description, for my first penitent was all-head-bandages—escaped from an Officer's Hospital, Pentonville way. He asked me in profane Scots how I expected a man with only six teeth and half a lower lip to speak to any purpose, so we compromised on the signs. The next—a New Zealander from Taranaki reversed the process, for he was one armed, and that in a sling.

I mistrusted an enormous Sergeant-Major of Heavy Artillery who struck me as much too glib, so I sent him on to Brother Lemming in the next box, who discovered that he was a Past District Grand Officer. . .

When the examinations were ended, a Lodge Officer came round with our aprons—no tinsel or silver-gilt confections, but heavily

corded silk with tassels and—where a man could prove he was entitled to them—levels, of decent plate. . . .

Now a Lodge of Instruction is mainly a parade ground for Ritual. It cannot initiate or confer degrees, but is limited to rehearsals and lectures. Worshipful Brother Burges, resplendent in Solomon's Chair . . . briefly told the Visiting Brethren how welcome they were and always would be, and asked them to vote what ceremony should be rendered for their instruction. . . .

When the amateurs, rather red and hot, had finished, they demanded an exhibition working of their bungled ceremony by Regular Brethren of the Lodge. Then I realised for the first time, what word-and-gesture-perfect Ritual can be brought to mean. . . .

Next, the Master delivered a little lecture on the meaning of some pictured symbols and diagrams. His theme was a well-worn one, but his deep holding voice made it fresh. . . .

Brother Burges presently touched on a point which had given rise to some diversity of Ritual. He asked for information. 'Well, in Jamaica, Worshipful Sir,' a visiting Brother began, and explained how they worked that detail in his parts. Another and another joined in from different quarters of the Lodge (and the world). . . .

'Listen to the Greetings. They'll be interesting. . . .' Then the Battery Sergeant-Major, in a trained voice, delivered hearty and fraternal greetings to 'Faith and Works,' from his tropical District and Lodge. The others followed, without order, as mixed as the Empire itself."

May I just venture here to interpolate my own humble, but very firm opinion that it is a matter for regret that the " Powers that be " have thought fit, in their wisdom, to somewhat discourage the Fraternal Greetings from Visiting Brethren. It may absorb a little time, and perhaps some Brethren do it rather badly, but to my mind it is a delightful and quite harmless little custom.

To quote again:—

"Its a paraphrase from Micah. Our organist arranged it. We sing it antiphonally, as a sort of dismissal:—

We have showed thee, O Man,

What is good.

What doth the Lord require of us ?

Or Conscience self desire of us ?

But to do justly—

But to love mercy,  
 And to walk humbly with our God.  
 As every Mason should."

Then we were played and sung out to the quaint tune of the 'Entered Apprentices' Song.' I noticed that the regular Brethren of the Lodge did not begin to take off their regalia till the lines:—

' Great Kings, Dukes and Lords  
 Have laid down their swords.'

They moved into the ante-room, now set for the Banquet, to the verse:—

' Antiquity's pride  
 We have on our side  
 Which maketh men just in their station. . . . '

An Officer of Engineers . . . told us how in Flanders, a year before, some ten or twelve Brethren held Lodge in what was left of a church. Save for the Emblems of Mortality, and plenty of rough ashlar, there was no furniture. . . . "

' We took a lot of trouble to make our regalia out of camouflage—stuff that we'd pinched, and we manufactured our jewels out of old metal. I've got the set now. It kept us happy for weeks.'

' Ye were absolutely irregular an' unauthorised. Whaur was your Warrant ? ' said the Brother from the Military Lodge. ' Grand Lodge ought to take steps against. . . . "

' If Grand Lodge had any sense,' a private three places up our table broke in, ' it 'ud warrant travelling Lodges at the Front, and attach first-class lecturers to 'em.'

' Wad ye confer degrees promiscuously ? ' said the scandalised Scot.

' Every time a man asked of course. You'd have half the Army in.'

The speaker played with the idea for a while, and proved that on the lowest scale of fees, Grand Lodge would get huge revenues.

' I believe,' said the Engineer Officer, thoughtfully, ' I could design a complete travelling Lodge outfit under forty pounds weight.'

' Ye're wrong, and I'll prove it. We've tried it ourselves,' said the Military Lodge man; and they went at it across the table, each man with his own note-book.

It would be utterly criminal to mutilate one of Kipling's most brilliant stories by even giving extracts from " The Janeites." In this story we get a description of the cleaning and polishing of the Lodge by volunteers,

together with a perfectly delightful account of a sort of Freemasonry, all complete with passwords, in a Battery of Heavy Artillery in France, amongst some admirers of Jane Austen. One might do worse than read the story as it stands one night in Lodge ! It certainly won't bear compression, and even as it is, I really do not know how I can purge my wickedness in tearing to shreds the story from which I have just quoted.

Two very recent stories, which have been collected in the latest Book—"Limits and Renewals," contain the following:—First, "Fairy Kist:"

" 'What will you do for me,' said Keede, puffing, 'if I give you an absolutely true detective yarn ?'

'If I can make anything of it,' I replied, 'I'll finish the Millar Gift.'

This meant the cataloguing of a mass of Masonic pamphlets (1831-59), bequeathed by a Brother to Lodge Faith and Works 5836 C.E.—a job which Keede and I, being on the Library Committee, had together shirked for months."

The tale describes an apparent case of murder, with circumstantial evidence so strong against a man that he hid, with suicidal intent if arrested. What he feared was Broadmoor, not the rope.

"Keede, who was a doctor, said:—Then I told him I was something else beside a G.P. and Will was too, if that 'ud make things easier for him. And it did. From then on, he told the tale on the Square, in grave distress you know. . . .'

'You've forgotten,' said Lemming, 'that he stopped fawning as soon as he found out we were on the Square.'

A perfectly satisfactory explanation saved the life and reason of the distressed Brother.

In the "Tender Achilles," we meet Brother Keede again. Just a few words by way of quotation:—

"That put Scree on his high horse at once. He said he was an operative Mason, not a speculative one."

The operative Mason was a famous Surgeon.

There are two other stories, "A Madonna of the Trenches," and "A Friend of the Family," which are tales of "Lodge Faith and Works." Neither of them will stand mutilation, but I will conclude by giving a short extract from the former of these, not that it is particularly characteristic, but because I think by this time, the final words will find an echo in your own hearts. By the way, it is very seldom that Brother Kipling makes a slip, but it is curious that "Faith and Works" is numbered 5836 in some of the tales and 5837 in others. Here it is:—

" Seeing how many unstable ex-soldiers came to the Lodge of Instruction (attached to Faith and Works E.C. 5837) in the years after the war, the wonder is there was not more trouble from Brethren whom sudden meetings with old comrades jerked back into their still raw past. But our round, torpedo-bearded local Doctor—Brother Keede, Senior Warden—always stood ready to deal with hysteria before it got out of hand; and when I examined Brethren unknown or imperfectly vouched for on the Masonic side, I passed on to him anything that seemed doubtful.

Brother C. Strangwick, a young tallish new-made Brother, hailed from some South London Lodge. His papers and his answers were above suspicion, but his red-rimmed eyes had a puzzled glare that might mean nerves. So I introduced him particularly to Keede, who discovered in him a Headquarters Orderly of his old Battalion, congratulated him on his return to fitness—he had been discharged from some infirmary or other—and plunged at once into Somme memories."

### *Kipling Prices Current.*

**D**URING the summer season there is always a lull in what may be termed "big stuff," but for the collector, who is not a millionaire, there is much of interest to be seen. We have received a catalogue from Hugh Hopkins, the Glasgow bookseller, from which it will be seen that prices for what may be called ordinary items are well maintained: "The Light That Failed" (uncut, first), £7 10s.; "Captains Courageous," £4; and "Soldier Tales" £3 3s., both these latter being firsts. Cooper of Kingston has had one or two nice American editions, a first of "Kim" (this differs a little from the English edition) at 5/-, and for 4/- the first two volumes of the collected Kipling—there were three altogether—issued by Collier of New York in the early 'nineties. The Standard Book Shop, St. John's Hill, S.W. has some very reasonably-priced items: four of the English paper backs bound together for 3/-; the sixpenny edition of "Departmental Ditties" and the Lippincott edition of "The Light That Failed," with the happy ending, bound together for 2/6, in addition to a number of other Kipling books at quite low prices. Dobell of Charing Cross Road had a number of magazines containing the first appearance of Kipling stories, including "The Legs of Sister Ursula."

At a somewhat higher price than the above items, Messrs. Foyle are showing a lovely first of " Out of India," priced at £3; this book, in the original grey cloth with coloured design on cover and spine, is in practically mint condition. Messrs J. & E. Bumpus Ltd. inform us that they have three copies of the limited edition of Tusser's " Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," this is a lovely book (see K.J., No. 20, p. 101) with an introductory " benediction " by Kipling. Mr. H. M. Fletcher of Enfield, lists several good copies of English firsts at reasonable prices. Among these are " Stalky & Co." and the " Just So " Stories for 25/- each; " The Second Jungle Book," 30/-; "The Day's Work," 8/6; and Mr. le Gallienne's Criticism for 6/-. One very interesting book is Capt. E. W. Martindell's Bibliography, 1881-1923; this is the limited edition, Roy. 8vo., in white cloth, of which only fifty copies were printed. The catalogue states that it has " five additional plates, and contains matter afterwards suppressed;" the price is 30/-, which cannot be considered excessive for a very scarce work.

*"M'Andrews' Hymn."*

SOME years ago—in 1902—Mr. John T. Webster of Cleveland, U.S.A., wrote to Mr. Kipling, asking why, in "M'Andrews' Hymn," the term " follower bolts " was used instead of "junk-ring bolts " :—  
 " Might I suggest that M'Andrews would never have used the term ' follower bolts ' this being purely an American term for those parts of the engine that to every Scotsman and Britisher are known as 'junk-ring bolts.' Do you not agree with me that, that man of prejudices, M'Andrews, would have scorned the use of an American term in the the same spirit that causes him to refuse to sail with ' such as call snifter-rod ross . . . French for nightingale ?' Technical accuracy is at all times one of your strong points, and I should be much interested in your criticism of the above." To this Mr. Kipling sent the following reply, which, by courtesy of Mr. Webster, who is a Member of the Society, we are permitted to give—

The Elms,  
Rottingdean, Sussex.

August 2nd, 1902.

Dear Sir,

I am very much indebted to you for your letter of July 19, and the kind things you say about M'Andrews' Hymn. I have gone into the question of "junk-rings " *versus* " follower bolts " with several engineers, some of whom have raised the same point you do,

while others have maintained that "junk-rings" are practically out of date, and the use of the word "follower rings" is extended to both sides of the water. I stuck to "follower bolts" myself for the sound of the word, which is open, whereas "junk rings" produces in verse an effect to my ear of a knock in the engine room.

Again thanking you very heartily,

Believe me,

(sgd.) RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Reviews and New Books.*

ON next Armistice Day H.R.H the Duke of Gloucester will unveil the Victoria War Memorial at Canberra; Kipling has written a poem in celebration of this event. Most of our Members will have read the two poems which were included in the book of words of the Pageant of Parliament, the first of which referred to Englishmen in Elizabethan times; it is a good example of the author's simple way of being effective in a very few words, as may be seen from the last of the four verses :—

Fate and their foemen proved them  
 Above all need and praise,  
 And Gloriana loved them,  
 And Shakespeare wrote them plays.

The other poem is more serious in tone, and suggests his "Hymn before Action."

Non, nobis, Domine !  
 Not unto us, O Lord,  
 The praise and glory be  
 Of any deed or word.  
 For in Thy judgment lies  
 To crown or bring to nought  
 All knowledge and device  
 That man has reached or wrought.

The other two verses are in the same lofty and dignified strain, and simple-minded folk with an appreciation of what is good in a literary sense have confessed their admiration of this poem, which ends thus :—

But grant us yet to see  
 In all our piteous ways,  
 Non nobis, Domine  
 Not unto us the praise.

However, it did not please a Baptist minister in New York, who said that it is "blasphemous to humanity because, with a sort of Uriah Heap piety, it ascribes all human progress to the agency of God." It may be assumed that this gentleman does not like the poem and its sentiments, though his method of expression seems a little mixed. The Toronto *Globe* of July 6th gives a different valuation :—"The Kipling of the jungle and the veldt, of the Channel fogs and the tropic heat has shown that he is equally at home in the centres of statecraft. In his sixty-ninth year, the mind of the virile British poet seems to turn as easily from subject to subject as in the earlier days . . . The British Empire is happy indeed to have a Kipling whose sympathies and enthusiasms are broad enough to embrace both those who assemble at a Pageant of Parliament and those who gather reverently around the cenotaphs in 'little towns in a far land' (Sault St. Marie war memorial). *The New York Times* speaks of "Non Nobis Domine" as Mr. Kipling's new Recessional," and there are many others with whom both poems have found high favour.

The number of French translations of Kipling's works continues to increase: some are new renderings of his better-known work; others, translations into French of matter rarely, if ever, to be seen in Britain—"Mrs. Hauksbee sits out (Mrs. Hauksbee tient jusqu' au bout)" for example, in the Albin Michel series at 6 fr. M. René Lécuyer in "Contes de l'Inde" (Le Disque Rouge series) gives seven new translations at the modest price of 3 fr. 50. Two more new translations, at 6 fr. each, are done, and very well done, in Les Editions de France: "Simples Contes de le Montagne" contains fifteen tales translated by M. Henry D. Davray, who also contributes a splendid introductory essay, entitled, "Rudyard Kipling et son temps," from which we cull the final paragraph:—"A la relire à présent, rien n'a vieilli dans l'œuvre de Rudyard Kipling. Elle garde ce caractère rare des productions de l'esprit humain qui sont dotées de la jeunesse éternelle. Elle ne fut pas destinée à flatter un public, à suivre une mode. Sa portée dépasse le temps et le pays qui la vit naître. Elle s'inspire du mouvement de la vie, des forces de la nature, des passions et des triomphes de l'homme, de ses joies et ses douleurs, de ses faiblesses et de ses grandeurs, elle puise à la source de tout ce qui dure en ce monde, et, à ce titre, elle s'adresse aux hommes de tous les temps et de tous les pays." We commend these lines to our carping and immature hack-writers, who will easily be able to get a friend to give them the English meaning. The second book in this series is translated by M. Davray and Mme.

Madeline Vernon (both of whom belong to the Society) —" Mais ceci une autre histoire "—containing seventeen tales (seven of these are not in the ordinary English editions) and a bibliographical essay of thirty-two pages, which gives a condensed but wholly adequate account of Kipling and his books.

Mention must be made of " Souvenirs de France," translated by M. Louis Gillet, which has been through many editions. In addition to the prose, it contains two poems in French: " France " and " Song of Seventy Horses." Both these seem to get the spirit of the poems—these two lines from the former, for example:—

Nous sommes-nous assez mesurés, nous sommes-nous fait assez de mal !

Mais tout le temps, ma soeur, nous avons été grands !

Not an easy sentence to put into another tongue:—"O Companion, we have lived greatly through all time !" The second, named briefly, " 70 C.—V," is quite spirited:—

Plus loin c'est la Biscaye où le vent dans son coin

Pousse vers les Landes son troupeau de vagues, mais battu

Retourne en mugissant vers L'Espagne, à perte de vue,

Jusqu'ou les derniers caps dansent éperdus dans la brume.

(Soufflez, mes chéris, soufflez bien !) Respirez, c'est la France.

After this, it is not surprising to read in " one of the best journals "—the *Fortnightly Review* for September—a few words by Mr. Stephen Gwynn :—" I commend to them M. Maran's newest work, *Le Livre de la Brousse*, whose title is homage to Mr. Kipling; for *Le Livre de la Jungle* is a household word in France as in England." Space will not permit the enumeration of more books in the French language—their name is legion, for they are many—but we must not omit the charming little white Nelson books, of which they are now about twenty devoted to Kipling. Nor must we forget some other of his translators: MM. Savine, Sarolea, le Vicomte Robert d'Humières, Borjane, and the late Louis Fabulet—to name only a few. Yet there still remain people who assert that Kipling cannot be translated into French ! Perhaps it is his ideas that they like; for it has been said that the reading public of France looks more to the thought in its literature than to the words in which that thought is clothed. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why Kipling is popular over there; he has no waste verbiage.

" Printers' Pie " has appeared. One regrets to see that Kipling's contribution is not an ' original ' as promised, but we must be satisfied to note that the selection of his poem, " The Files," has at least the merit of being thoroughly appropriate for this annual.

We are glad to note that our Hon. Treasurer, Sir George MacMunn, has written two more books. In " Britain, the World and the War God," he deals with some problems of universal interest, while his other work, " The Lure of the Indus," is a companion of his " Indian Mutiny in Perspective."

" Collected Dog Stories " will shortly be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Its advent will be eagerly looked for, as it will contain, among its seven tales and five poems, a new story entitled " A Sea Dog." The price will be 7/6—a very reasonable figure when it is to be remembered that it will have 113 illustrations by Mr. G. L. Stampa.

*"The Threshold."*

(As first published in *LIMITS AND RENEWALS*, 1932, *Accompanying the Story UNPROFESSIONAL.*)

A NOTE BY REAR ADMIRAL L. H. CHANDLER ON KIPLING'S POEM.

THIS poem, referring to the threshold of human knowledge, pictures the earlier struggles of man to acquire true knowledge of human and other life and of the accompanying manifestations and developments, including the existence of inert matter. At the beginning, early man, the cave man, looked to the things of the greatest importance to him; namely, those from which he gained his food, as the controlling causes of all natural phenomena of any importance. So as described in the opening lines of the poem, he drew pictures of all such things, and worshipped such pictures as idols.

Later, as man's mind developed, came more earnest and logical inquiry into all such matters, and such inquiry first systematically developed among the Grecian peoples inhabiting the seven islands now known as the Ionian Islands which stretch along the west coast of Greece, and which were, beginning at the north : Kerkyra (now Corfu), Paxo (Lakko), Lencadia (Santa Maura), Kephallenia (Cephalonia), Thiaka (Ithaca), Zakynthos (Zante), and Cutheria (Cerigo). In these islands, and in a series of Ionian cities lying along the west coast of Asia Minor, from the modern Mytilene at the north, to Chios at the south, and including among others Ephesus, Samos and Smyrna, arose a group of thinkers who developed what is known as the Ionian School of Philosophy. The first of this group of serious thinkers was Thales, in about the 6th century B.C. who was followed in turn by Anaximander,

Anaximenes and others, ending with Archelaus, which last lived in the 1st century A.D.

All these men were seeking for some one common source and inspiration for all existing things, animate and inanimate; and one or another of them selected as such single source such things as water, air, fire and others. Their great trouble was to find some such single source from which they could logically and sensibly trace the creation and development of two very different and often imposing phases of existence; on the one hand mere inert existence as exemplified in the material creations that surround us and which are devoid of life, and on the other the manifestations of life, movement, thought and action, which have no material existence. This line of thought was therefore an early effort to reconcile the tangible and the intangible, and to trace them both to a common source of creation. The effort, made in such a way, was of course a failure and finally subsided, temporarily at least; being very likely submerged by the mass of people of ordinary and uninquiring minds, and by the craft of the many orders of heathen priesthood, each one of which had its own particular line of fallacies to promulgate and maintain, and from which to attain grandeur, power and wealth.

The search for true knowledge begun by the Ionian philosophers was thus, as the poem says, over/helmed by power of " Babylon and Egypt."

### *Letter Bag.*

I note one error in the last few lines of p. 67 of Journal No. 30. You will note that you refer to a recent French publication which includes " The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood " and state that this has never been collected since the appearance in the *Fortnightly Review* of May 18th, 1890. This was collected in " The One Volume Kipling, Authorized," published in 1928 by Doubleday, Page at Garden City New York. In that volume there appeared at the same time, " The Legs of Sister Ursula " and " For one Night Only," which had not been collected prior to that publication, although "The Legs of Sister Ursula" had been privately printed in an edition of five hundred copies by the Windsor Press, San Francisco, California, in 1927. Incidentally that press also printed an edition of one hundred copies of " The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood " in 1929.

WILLIAM BRITTON STITT, New York.

*Note*,—Rear-Admiral Chandler also points out this error.—*Editor K.J.*

*Kipling's India.*

IN several recent numbers of the Journal we have had various contributions from authorities who may safely be considered reliable—Major-General Dunsterville, Sir George MacMunn, Mr. Robert Stokes, and others. As if endorsing what was said at the Meetings when these members spoke, we find the undermentioned paragraph in the *Morning Post* of September 18th:—

"Despite the doctrinaires, the India of Rudyard Kipling is not yet dead.

In the Legislative Assembly recently a new Home Member recounted this story. A married man was murdered. The widow wished revenge. She hired a man to kill the suspected murderer. An offer was accepted, the suggested remuneration being fifty rupees. Duly the second murder was committed, but, although the avenging man was arrested, tried, and convicted by the Judge, he was on appeal acquitted by the High Court.

Thereupon he demanded from the widow his fifty rupees, but she, knowing something of the law if not of letters, withheld payment, her ground being that the High Court had held him to be guiltless of the charge. His wrath then knew no bounds, and he killed the defaulting client.

Could this happen outside the land of Swaraj ? "

One is again reminded of the first four lines of the "Ballad of East and West," with the condition mentioned in the last two of these lines. Kipling has again and again pointed out the danger arising from unbalanced minds obtaining control of governmental powers : "The Head of the District" is as true to life to-day as when it was written—more than forty years ago. "Rest assured that the Government will send you a *man* !" " And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man ! "

*Secretary's Announcements.*

- (1) *Meetings—Session 1934-35.* The following dates have been fixed :—  
 1st. 11th October, 1934 (Thursday). Hotel Rubens, 5 p.m.  
*Lecturer:* Lt.-Gen. Sir George F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.  
*Subject:* "Kipling's use of the Old Testament."  
*Reciter:* Miss Nancy Price (People's National Theatre).  
*In the Chair:*  
 Library open 4 p.m.  
 2nd. 27th December, 1934 (Thursday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m.  
 3rd. 13th February, 1935 (Wednesday). Hotel Rubens, 4.30 p.m.  
 Library opens 3.30 p.m.  
 4th. 10th April, 1935 (Wednesday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m.  
 5th. (Special) 12th June, 1935 (Wednesday). Rembrandt Rooms, 8.30 p.m. (evening before Annual Luncheon and Conference)  
 (2) Annual Conference and Luncheon, 13th June, 1935 (Thursday) Rembrandt Rooms.

*Note*—All dates in (1) and (2) above are subject to confirmation by card as usual. Guests of members are always very welcome.

(3) The Secretary desires to draw attention to the List of New Members enrolled since June last. He would like to refer members to the President's Message, published on the first page of Journal No. 28. (December 1933)

(4) *Appointments—Vice Presidents.* The following have been co-opted by Council since June last, under Rule VIII (b). Lord Amptill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. and The Earl of Moray, M.A., M.C.

(5) *Journals.* No. 2. (Reprint) is available at 2/- per copy. For present prices of other back numbers, see page 32 of Journal No. 29 (March 1934)

(6) *Christmas Cards.* Members desirous of registering for copies of the Society's Card for 1935 can do so now; price 3d. each (including envelope). Designs are being prepared by Miss Ardley of Chelsea Illustrators, who has designed several cards for us, including that of last year. It is hoped to be able to exhibit the selected designs at the Meeting on 11th October.

(7) *Rules.* Your attention is invited to the amendments and additions, to Rule III (Constitution) re Honorary Members, and Rule V (Branches) as published in the Conference Minutes on page 55 of Journal No. 30 (June, 1934). Will members kindly make the necessary corrections in their Rule Book?

C. Bailey, Colonel, General Secretary.

## ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO SEPTEMBER, 1934 Nos. 1279 to 1287.

1279	Madame M. Vernon France	1284	Miss M. Goddard <i>Transferred from Associate</i> Finchampstead
1280	Miss F. Macdonald London	1285*	Miss E. A. Lillie Bushey.
1281X	Major G. A. C. Taylor London	1286	G. A. Moore London
1282	Mrs. M. Coape-Smith London	1287	J. Davidson S. Rhodesia
1283	Lt.-Col. B. S. Browne London	NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBER A37 Douglas Gageby Belfast	

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President, 1927 to 1934.

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