The KIPLING JOURNAL

The Organ of the KIPLING SOCIETY

No. 49 APRIL, 1939

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"FOLLY BRIDGE"

The Kipling Journal

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QUARTERLY No. 49 APRIL, 1939.

Contents :

News and Notes

WE tender our most hearty thanks to Mr. H. E. White for the interesting picture in this issue—the railway bridge over the Orange River at Norvals Pont. This is the scene of the delightful story, " Folly Bridge," which appeared in the *Daily Express* of June 15th, 1900. Kipling describes it thus :—" The Boers had wrecked the three centre spans, and blown huge pieces out of the stone piers. The wreckage lay adrift in the dirty water, and a section of the British Army was now picking up the pieces. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river. You reached it by way of a steep sandy track through the scrub ; and on the north bank met a steeper, sandier scarp, that climbed out past the haunches of the bridge under the edge of a rocky embankment. Till the temporary railway trestle was finished, this plunge and that scramble were the only path into the Orange Free State." The story tells how McManus, head of the Corporate Equatorial Bank of South Africa, was travelling up to Bloemfontein, to discuss with Lord Roberts and the High Commissioner how the tangled finances of the Free State could be put right. McManus is held up by an over-officious R.S.O., because the pass lacks the signature of the officer on the south side of the river. After some amusing conversation among a number of officers who are going up to the Free State capital—a conversation intended for the education of the R.S.O., McManus does eventually proceed on his way and, like a real ' big ' man, says no more about it. " Folly Bridge " is one

of three tales from a group, the others being " The Outsider " and " The Way That He Took." The last-named was collected in " Land and Sea Tales."

An index for 1938 is sent out with this issue.

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The second meeting of the 1938-39 Session was held at the Basil Street Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.3., on Wednesday, 25th January, 1939, at 8.30 p.m. Mr. R. E. Harbord, Member of the Council, presided, in the absence of Col. F. S. Kennedy-Shaw who was reported " snow-bound " somewhere in Wiltshire, and introduced the Lecturer, Major Ernest Dawson ; the subject of the Paper was " Kipling and the Humanities." A little music made a pleasant interlude ; Mr Harold W. Partridge delighted the audience with four songs, two of which were "Pity Poor Fighting Men" (Martin Shaw) and "Rolling Down to Rio" (Edward German). The proceedings terminated with the National Anthem, led by Mr. Partridge.

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A Member, Mr. M. N. Phelps, kindly lent us a letter from John Lockwood Kipling to Mrs. Nicholson, accompanied by a clever and characteristic sketch. Neither of the above has any reference to our Master, but we mention the matter, as it shows the extraordinary versatile genius of his father and almost weird knowledge which he could pour out on any topic that might be mentioned to him. Heredity does count, sometimes ! We thank Mr. Phelps for the trouble he has taken in letting us see these interesting souvenirs, dated 6th October, 1897.

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On the third anniversary of our Master's death a wreath was taken by a small deputation of Members of the Society and laid on his grave in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. Our Founder, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, with whom the project originated, gave a brief note to the Meeting on January 25th : ' In regard to the matter of the wreath, I consulted Lady Cunynghame, who suggested that we should put on the card accompanying the wreath some lines out of Kipling's poem, " The Flowers." All the flowers mentioned in the poem were not available, so we had something like this :—" In honoured memory of Rudyard Kipling "—" Buy my heath and lilies "—" Buy a frond of fern "—" Violets of the Undercliff." And we had a wreath of heath, lilies, ferns and violets.'

There have been many pictures of particular Kipling Subjects—we can recall Dollman's Mowgli, The Jacket, The Bolivar and others. At last comes something impersonal : a very beautiful coloured etching whose title is suggested by the poem, " The Dawn Wind." The artist is Graham Clilverd and the etching is published by Mr. Godfrey Barclay of 11, Hanover Street. Mr. Barclay, who is a keen student of Kipling's work, has very kindly presented a copy of this lovely work to the Society ; it is hung in the Council Room. Without fulsome praise this etching is one of the most perfect of modern times ; the tinting is delicate, matching the exquisite details of the drawing ; it finely suggests the spirit beneath the little poem, which comes in the Kipling-Fletcher History of England :—

Back conies the Wind full strength with a blow like an angel's wing,
Gentle but waking the world, as he shouts : " The Sun ! The Sun !"
And the light floods over the fields and the birds begin to sing,
And the Wind dies down in the grass. It is day and his work is done.

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In the *Melbourne Argus* (25 January, 1939) there appears an unusually fine poetic epitaph on our Master ; we have to thank Gen. Sir J. H. Bruche, K.C.B., C.M.G., for drawing our attention to this fine poem. Space will only allow a short extract, though this will be enough to show the spirit of the piece :—

" Shadow to-day on Sussex downs
And far beyond the Channel's rim
Falls, and a chill upon the heart—
The million hearts that treasure him.
His lips are silent ; but the winds,
That blow from all the ends of earth,
And lift the farthest English flag,
Are winged with words his soul gave birth.

And still the wide-eye child shall see
Puck's pointy ears upon the hill,
And bring the sheaves of England home,
And grist of clacking Domesday-mill :
Not oak and ash and thorn shall hold
A surer magic than he twined
About the listening children's hearts,
Who knew the kingdom of their mind.

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In the *London Quarterly* (January, 1939) there appears one of those curious articles, " Frogs in a Well," which begins with the usual erroneous deduction from a very hard-worked quotation. The article seems to be a vague and rather purposeless attack on the Japanese ; the first

few lines betray its hasty judgment in regard to Kipling :—" ' For East is East and West is West, and never the *twain* shall meet !' That jingling verdict, so easy to repeat, so unprovocative of thought, by importing a fictitious glamour, by suggesting mystery where no mystery exists, has done much to obscure the persistent commonplace, the insistent similarity that marks the Human group whether in tribal isolation or totalitarian state, whether yellow, white or black." (Incidentally, Kipling began with " Oh "—not "For !"). Why is the music of his lines termed "jingling" (another over-worked word), and why does not the writer give the full quotation ? The lines "But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth !" plainly state that, when men of the best types meet, race does not matter—there is mutual respect. Kipling complained in his Autobiography about the superficiality of some of the " Priest and Pontiffs " of the higher journalism :—" As I got to know literary circles and their critical output, I was struck by the slenderness of some of the writers' equipment." Funnily enough, the writer whom we quote here does not mention the Japanese articles in " From Sea to Sea." Apparently, we are optimistic in expecting either correct deduction or accuracy of quotation from those critics whose views exhibit the slenderness of their knowledge of his work.

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Our readers will be glad to learn that Kipling's home at Rottingdean is now safe. As the subject concerns the Society, we give the full paragraph from the *Brighton Era* (9th February) :—" At the resumed enquiry on Tuesday by the Ministry of Health into Brighton's town-planning scheme for Rottingdean and surrounding district, it was announced that agreement had been reached as to the future of " The Elms," Rottingdean, the former residence of Rudyard Kipling. It was stated that Sir Roderick Jones, the owner of the property, desired to preserve it, but, in case changed circumstances should arise in future generations, he wished that it should be zoned as for residential property at three houses to the acre, to which the Brighton Town Council had agreed. Mr. J. G. Drew, the Town Clerk on behalf of the Council, welcomed Sir Roderick's expressed intention to provide, not only in his life-time, but in his will, for the preservation of the property."

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H.M.S. " Kipling " was successfully launched from the yard of Messrs. Yarrow and Co., Scotstoun on Clyde, the ceremony being

performed by Mrs. Bambridge. In his speech after the luncheon following the launch, Sir Harold Yarrow, Bt., said that a British ship could not have received a more appropriate name than that of Kipling, which was known in every home and in every corner of the earth, and they were justly proud that the great poet was British, In reply Mrs. Bambridge said that she had not come to make a speech, but she would like to say that, since her father died, some three years ago, many places, works, etc., had been named after him, but she was certain that had he known, nothing would have given him such immense pride and pleasure than that a ship of the Royal Navy would one day bear his name. Mrs. Bambridge was presented with a souvenir of the occasion—a silver tray on which was engraved the profile of H.M.S. " Kipling," and the guests each received a printed copy of " The Destroyers," Kipling's poem written in 1898.

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On February 14th, the Midland Arts Club, in Birmingham, had the pleasure (?) of listening to an attempted ' de-bunking ' of Kipling. Those present do not seem to have been told anything new, nor did the speaker give them anything, beyond bland assertion in support of his views. Here is a specimen :—" His tales of India dealt with small things, such as little marital infidelities, little intrigues in Government departments—briskly and sharply told, but still small things." It has been said by many people that life consists of small things, and, after all, is Kipling the only writer who tells of these things ? " Kipling could not by any strain of imagination be called a poet." Westminster Abbey is one answer to that. During the debate that evening Mr. J. Bernard Munns said that " to men brought up on Scott and Dickens Kipling came as a brilliant star who could say in one line what others took three or four pages to describe. Was the public voice that put Kipling up on so high a pedestal to be of no account ?" After the remarks the lecturer struck a new and original note of attacking the poetic merit of " The Absent-Minded Beggar," an assault delivered much better by the man who wrote it. The evening concluded with a diatribe against "Recessional":—"I have not only felt myself, but have heard numbers of people say the same thing, that it is not sincere . . . Instead of being a great hymn or prayer, it was the pride that apes humility, the most deadly sin of all." " Well ! Well !" as Mr, Burges (" In the Interests Of the Brethren ") would have said, it is impossible to please everybody always. We are indebted to the

Birmingham Post for drawing our attention to this literary lecture ; after all, few things brighten our humdrum life so much as a little unconscious humour.

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By way of contrast hear the great dramatist, Alfred Sutro, whose play, " The Walls of Jericho," still remains one of our brightest comedies of the Edwardian Age. In his book, " Celebrities and Simple Souls," Mr. Sutro says :—" At the Academy Banquet I have spoken of, George Frampton introduced me, at my urgent request, to Rudyard Kipling, for whom I had, and have, the warmest admiration, regarding him as one of the finest story-tellers in the world, and one of the great literary figures of all time. Kipling shook hands with me, cocked an eyebrow, and said placidly, ' I hate you.' When I asked for the reason, he said it was because I could write stage dialogue and he couldn't—referring to the little volume of duologues that I have mentioned before, and that he happened to have read. It was characteristic of the man to pay this compliment to a fellow-author then at the foot of the ladder !" Our Master was always liberal in praise of good work, especially to beginners ; he liked the men who did the work—not those who said what it ought to be.

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In the course of a lecture given by Mr. Charles M. Morrell on January 12th at Shell-Mex House an interesting side-light appeared. Mr. Morrell said that, when he was in Burma, he was curious about " the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay !" He found that there is a village called China at the western side of the bay, close to Rangoon and just opposite Moulmein. Naturally, as Mr. Brooking points out, this does not explain the line. Probably the idea that the author had in mind was that the dawn came originally out of China, which lies east (some way east, of course) of Burma.

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One of our eminent literary men of to-day, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, who has often lectured to us (he is a member of the Society) had a Kipling letter restored to him through the kindness of Mr. Frank Doughty. Mr. Doughty bought a book in Charing Cross Road and found inside it a letter beginning " Dear Mr. Frankau," with Kipling's signature at the end ; he returned it to Mr. Frankau, who was exceedingly grateful for the note (a personal one) " from my master, Rudyard Kipling."

In the *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post* (March 7th) there appeared a long account of the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Rudyard Kipling Memorial Buildings at the Imperial Service College, Windsor, on the previous day, by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone ; the college is a direct descendant of the old United Services College at Westward Ho !, the scene of the Immortal " Stalky and Co." The Earl of Athlone told those present that the new buildings would allow more than 100 boys now living in houses outside to be accommodated within the college ; the Memorial Fund now totalled £40,000, and five Kipling scholars had already arrived. The Hon. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, said there could not be a more suitable site for a memorial to Kipling than the school which he immortalised ; in a different place and under a changed name it was faithful to the traditions in which the author so firmly believed. It was fitting that several of Kipling's former schoolfellows were present, and they would agree that Kipling would have been very happy to have his name permanently linked with the school he loved. Mr. L. de O. Tollemache, the headmaster, said that is was largely due to the Earl of Athlone that the fund had been so successful ; Princess Alice has been a devoted friend to the school, and he was glad to say that she had become patron of the college.

Branch Reports

Victoria, B.C., Canada. The Branch celebrated Kipling's birthday, December 30th, by holding a dinner, (now an annual event), at which the members welcomed Sir Robert Holland, K.C.I.E., a member of the Society in England. In a speech Sir Robert touched on the wide scope of Kipling's work, the vivid pictures of Indian life, and his own personal acquaintance with the author ; he pointed out the value of the Society and its Branches as mediums for the discovery of Kipling's genius to the uninstructed ; he also gave some particulars of his recent visit to Hollywood where he had been acting as technical adviser in the filming of " Gunga Din." A delightful programme of Kipling songs, recitations and readings, given by members and friends, was given after the dinner.

At the November Meeting Miss Jean Elliott gave a Paper on " Kipling and his Contemporaries "—a short sketch of notable authors and playwrights with points of comparison between their work and that of

Kipling. Mrs. J. W. Church read the extract from the Journal relating to the heraldic banners made by John Lockwood Kipling and his wife when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. At the October Meeting the Branch received a copy of Sir George MacMunn's book, " Rudyard Kipling—Craftsman "—presented by Messrs. G. R. Thomson and P. Oliver. The latter read the story, " The Wrong Thing," while Kipling recitations were given by the Euphonic Group under Mrs. W. B. Chadwick. Mr. James McGrath also contributed two recitations.

M. NEAL (Publicity Secretary).

Melbourne Branch. The last Report of this Branch was sent on 10th October, since when three meetings have been held, the final one for the year on the 8th December. The branch is now in recess for the summer months but expects to reassemble in March, 1939, when the Annual Meeting will be held.

The November meeting was one of the best we have had and some very excellent papers were given on the stories in "Rewards and Fairies." The most outstanding of these being that on " Cold Iron " by the Revd. F. W. Slade. Mrs. Brown and Mr. Astley took the Elizabethan period with "Gloriana" and "Simple Simon," while the Washington—Napoleon Period was capably dealt with by Miss Strom and the Revd. A. E. Macdonald. Recitations of some of the verses belonging to the stories were given by Miss Mollie Meyer and very much appreciated by the members.

The December meeting was taken by Sir Julius Bruche, a member of Committee and a Vice-President of the London Society. He gave a very interesting chat on " Some Kipling Origins and Originals." As he knows members of the London Society and specially the founder, Mr. Brooking, his talk was very much enjoyed by members and friends, who discussed his subject freely, and many questions were asked and answered.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet will be forwarded to Head Office early in the New Year, and our first year closed with a membership list of fifty-five (55) paid-up members, after beginning in March with only twelve (12).

GRACE BROUGHTON,
(Honorary Secretary).

10th December, 1938.

Books and Reviews

The chief item of interest under this heading is an article in the March number of *Chamber's Journal*—" Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling " by His Sister (Mrs. A. M. Fleming). The first part of Mrs. Fleming's narrative deals with the unhappy life led by the brother and sister at Southsea, the more impressive for being told so temperately. Happier days follow the arrival of the parents from India; we are given a glimpse of rural life, which explains the accuracy of old Hobden in the Puck Stories. We also get a brief sketch of the early days of Lord Baldwin :—" To crown all, by great good fortune, as we considered it, scarlet fever broke out at Wilden, and our cousin, Stanley Baldwin, whose age fitted in between ours, came on a delightfully long visit. He brought a cricket bag, I remember, and tried to initiate us into the noble game, but we were running wild, by permission and wise intention on my mother's part, and he soon became the wildest of the three." We strongly advise all members to obtain a copy of the delightful article.

" A Man of His People." by *Major-General J. C. Rimington, C.B., C.S.I.* (New Twentieth Century Publications).

In this charmingly produced little book of only 63 pages the author has managed to give a comprehensive, stirring and brightly written story of the life and times of Alfred the Great, one of our greatest kings and one of our most neglected national heroes. The book, though small, has four fine pictures and a good map included in its make-up. General Rimington, an old member of the Society, was with our Master at the United Services College ; he seems to have caught something of his fellow schoolboy's power of narrative. A book to buy and to keep.

The Sussex Edition

Reviewed by W. G. B. MAITLAND (Hon. Librarian)
(continued)

I NOW come to the four volumes of verse, and, as this brief summary is not intended to be a bibliographical review, I have not given the titles of every book in which the poems mentioned below originally appear.

Departmental Ditties and *Barrack-Room Ballads* (vol. xxxii) contain several poems not included in the usual Methuen and Co., or Hodder and Stoughton editions.

Diana of Ephesus reappears once again ; it was previously collected only in the third edition of *Departmental Ditties,* published in India in 1888, but one verse was used as a Chapter Heading to *Venus Annodomini.* The following are from the *Edition de Luxe (vol.* xviii) published by Macmillan and Co. Ltd., and the *Outward Bound Edition* (vol. xvii) published by Charles Scribner :—

A Ballad of Bad Entertainment ; *Carmen Simlaense* ; *For the Women* ; *New Lamps for Old* ; *Our Lady of Rest ; The Plaint of the Junior Civilian* ; *A Levee in the Plains* ; *The Man and the Shadow* ; *O, Baal Hear Us* and *Lucifer,* which last also appeared in *Departmental Ditties,* second edition only.

Private Ortheris's Song from *The Courting of Dinah Shadd* is included in *Barrack-Room Ballads,* to which there has been no further addition.

Vol. xxxiii is composed of *The Seven Seas* ; *The Five Nations* and *The Years Between.* Excepting for four additional *Epitaphs,* viz :— *Canadians* ; *Inscription on Memorial at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario* ; *Actors* and *Journalists,* the contents of this volume are the same as when published by Methuen and Co., in 1896, 1903 and 1919 respectively.

The first half of *Songs From Books. Later Songs From Books* (vol. xxxiv) contains many Chapter Headings which were omitted from the previous editions of the verse published by Methuen and Co., and Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., otherwise it follows the same contents. These additional Chapter Headings are from *Plain Tales From the Hills* ; *Life's Handicap* and *The Light that Failed,* and they include *Song of the Galley Slaves* from *The Finest Story in the world.*

The latter half of *Volume* xxxiv brings together all the verse from the following prose works :—*Sea Warfare* ; *A School History of England* by C. R. L. Fletcher ; *A Diversity of Creatures* ; *Land and Sea Tales* ; *Debits and Credits* ; and *Limits and Renewals.*

In the final volume (No. xxxv) *Early Verse, The Muse Among the Motors, Miscellaneous,* are *Schoolboy Lyrics* and *Echoes,* both of which collections were included in *Early Verse* in the *Edition de Luxe* (Macmillan and Co. Ltd), and in the American *Outward Bound Edition* (Charles Scribner). *The Muse Among the Motors* is a truly delightful series of poems parodying the works of other poets from Chaucer to Stevenson. Fourteen of these were originally published in the " Daily Mail " in 1904, but when Kipling collected them in his *Bombay Edition* 1913-1919 he added several more, bringing their number up to twenty. A further six poems made their appearance when the *Inclusive*

Verse Edition was published in 1933. Thus, in *The Sussex Edition* there are now twenty-six items under the title of *The Muse Among the Motors.*

In the *Miscellaneous* section the poems range from *Two Lives,* a sonnet which Kipling (then still at school) sent to the now defunct newspaper, " The World " in 1882 (see K.J. No 7)—down to *The King and the Sea* written in 1935 to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of His late Majesty King George V. Incidentally this was the last poem Kipling contributed to the Press.

Between these two poems there is a fine field of fugitive verses—some written many years ago, others quite recent and several entirely new. *The Vision of Hamid Ali* comes into the first category. Written in 1885 it has never been collected until now. Also included are the touching lines, *To James Whitcomb Riley* which shew Rudyard Kipling's sense of deep sympathy and appreciation for a fellow-craftsman's work. They have been more than once recited at our meetings.

The Hymn of Breaking Strain, which must surely appeal to all engineers ; *Samuel Pepys* ; *Bonfires ; A Rector's Memory* ; *A Pageant of Elizabeth* ; '*Non Nobis Domine*!' ; *Ode : Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance* ; *Our Lady of the Sackcloth* and *Fox-Hunting* are all so recent they need no description here. It may perhaps be of interest to note here that *Fox-Hunting,* or, to give it its original title, *The Fox Meditates,* has the same metre as the well-known song, *The Vicar of Bray.*

Other poems of interest are *In Partibus* from *Abaft the Funnel* and the following :—*St. Patrick's Day* ; *G. W. Stevens* ; and *A New Auld Lang Syne,* which were written during the Boer War. The first two originally appeared in "The Friend," a Bloemfontein newspaper, and were re-printed in *War's Brighter Side* by Julian Ralph. The third was published in the " Daily Mail " in April 1900

Two others of about the same date are *Kimberley, a* four-line verse on the Memorial to those who fell in the siege, and the Inscription on the Rhodes Memorial on Table Mountain (see my note to K.J. No. 32, p. 104).

There remain a few which fall into my third category. They are as follows :—

Doctors, a short two-verse poem which, bearing the date of 1923, shews how men will enter the profession of Medicine for the sole purpose of healing the sick without hope of material gain.

Cain and Abel tells how Cain, by damming the Euphrates to irrigate the land for his crops, prevented his brother Abel from obtaining water

for his cattle ; of how those cattle begged for water, only to be refused, and, finally how the two brothers quarrelled, resulting in the murder of Abel.

The Waster might be described as a poem with a moral, for it points out that, whilst a boy between the ages of seven and twenty-two learns many things ' which no fellow can do,' he must take care not to become a snob.

The Flight points out that in order to shoot the wary grey goose it is necessary to approach its feeding-grounds with the utmost caution and not to blunder about like the proverbial fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread !

The volume concludes with two stanzas entitled *The Appeal* in which. the author begs those to whom his writings give delight to be content and ' Seek not to question other than the Books I leave behind.'

. In addition to the usual Index to the Titles in the volume there are three General Indices : one of the Poems in vols. xxxii-xxxv, another to the First Lines of Verse in vols. xxxii-xxxv, and a third to all the Prose Works in *The Sussex Edition.*

(Concluded)

Kipling and the Humanities

By MAJOR ERNEST DAWSON

IN the Preface to the volume called " Life's Handicap " the narrator of a story tells an aged story-teller, Gobind the One-eyed, of his own practice in the craft, thus :,

I write of all matters that lie within my understanding, and of many that do not. But chiefly I write of Life and Death, and men and women, and Love and Fate according to the measure of my ability, telling the tale through the mouths of one, or two, or more people. Then by the favour of God the tales are sold, and money accrues to me, that I may keep alive.

And Gobind the One-eyed says :—

It is in my heart that grown men are but as little children in the matter of tales, and the oldest tale is the most beloved.

To which the narrator replies :

With your people that is truth. But in regard to my people, they desire new tales, and when all is written they rise up and declare that

the tale were better told in such and such a manner, and doubt either the truth or the invention thereof.

My friend, our Honorary Librarian, like the good Kiplingite and Arranger of Programmes that he is, indefatigably bothered me to give him the title of my proposed discourse for this evening. This was before I had begun to write it, or had any idea of what it would turn out to be. How could I give him the title ? At last, to keep him quiet, I sent him a postcard with the words " K—and the Humanities." I added five or six more words, which I shall not repeat.

The phrase "The Humanities " is not much used at the present time, except by Dons and Professors and people of that kind. It has a flavour of the eighteenth century which I think rather agreeable. It is still used officially in the Universities as meaning the studies of Greek, Latin, Poetry, Grammar, and Rhetoric. With the general public these things seem to have little concern ; people don't get Blues for them, and you don't see them on the Films, or read about them in the News. But these studies undoubtedly have humanising effects, and so we are brought to the current meaning of the words Humanity and Humaneness, as we use them today, to express the kinder feelings of Man, benevolence and tenderness being regarded as peculiar to the Human, as distinct from the Animal species.

You probably all know the story called The Propagation of Knowledge, one of the school stories, in the volume ' Debits and Credits,' but please let me refresh your memories. Stalky, McTurk, and Taffy Howell had more or less forcibly sucked the brains of Beetle. Beetle, out of his fine confused reading in the Headmaster's library, was able, under pressure, to prime each of his Philistine fellow-conspirators with a literary quotation or two, so that they could fire them off at Mr. King, in the " General Knowledge " Paper. This Paper was mainly concerned with the Augustan Epoch of English Literature, and the examinees had to convey the notion that they knew something about it—enough for their impending Army Preliminary Exam. Beetle's quotations were admirably chosen for their purpose. The one I find most attractive is that about " the impassioned Diderot," who " broke forth " in extravagant laudation of the works of Samuel Richardson, " O Richardson, thou singular genius !"

Stalky had displayed erudition on the subject of Tom-a-Bedlams in a quotation from King Lear, and McTurk had dealt severely with the lighter literary diversions of Dean Swift. Between them, the plotters had very successfully pulled Mr. King's leg, and he was de-

lighted. He afterwards explains to the Reverend John, in his study, " how effort, zeal, scholarship, The HUMANITIES, and perhaps a little natural genius for teaching, could inspire even the mark-hunting minds of the young." Mr. King went so far as to read to the Padre extracts from the exam-papers, even " as fond mothers repeat the clever sayings of their babes."

I fancy that it was the reading of this passage which suggested to me the title of my Paper. I do not remember any other mention of the Humanities by our Author.

And now I propose to introduce a story which could have been written only by a student of The Humanities (using that title in its correct scholastic meaning) and one thoroughly imbued with their spirit.

The Time is a September afternoon of the year 1609 : the Scene, the garden and orchard of the house of William Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon. Seated at a table, bearing wine and glasses and writing materials are Shakespeare and his burly friend Ben Jonson. Shakespeare is eating an apple picked up in the grass. Ben talks of literary quarrels and bickerings between himself and other poets and playwrights of the time, Marston, Dekker and others.

" How come it, Will, that I've never fought with *thee* ?" asks Ben.

" First, Behemoth," the other drawls, " it needs two to engender any sort of iniquity. Second, the betterment of this present age—and the next, maybe—lies, in chief, on our four shoulders. If the pillars of the Temple fall out, Nature, Art, and Learning come to a stand. Last, I am not yet ass enough to hawk up my private spites before the groundlings."

In the talk that follows, Ben accuses Will of " botching up his plays out of old wives' tales, broadsheets and chapbooks. Will takes the wind out of Ben's sails by owning to it all. Says he, "Give me the bones of any stuff, I'll cover 'em as quickly as any. But to hatch new plots is to waste God's unreturning time like a—with a chuckle—" like a hen."

In further talk, Ben admits that Macbeth is nearest in spirit to his own play Sejanus, and concludes " We'll see which of the two lives longest." "Amen !" says Will. "I'll bear no malice among the worms !"

A liveried serving-man, booted and spurred, leads his horse into the orchard and tethers it to a tree. He delivers a packet directed " To William Shakespeare, Gentleman, at his house of New Place in the

Town of Stratford, these—with Diligence, from M.S." The pack contains printed papers, from the Reverend Miles Smith, a learned divine of Brazen Nose College. Will explains that the King has set all the scholars of England to make one Bible, which the Church shall be bound to, out of all the Bibles that men use.

" I knew," says Ben. " I'm more about the Court than you think; The learning of Oxford and Cambridge, ' most noble and most equal ' as I have said—and Westminster, to sit upon a clutch of Bibles. These would be Geneva (my mother read to me out of it at her knee) Douai, Rheims, Coverdale, Matthews, the Bishops,' the Great, and so forth. But what's your concern with this botchery ? To keep peace among the divines ? There's fifty of 'em at it, as I've heard."

His host further explains that Miles Smith had seen a performance of Macbeth at Oxford, and had been much moved by certain lines :—

> Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time,
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death—

His friend and fellow-actor, Condell, had written out this passage, and had told the divine that William Shakespeare, the author, was Justice of the Peace, and Armiger,—which brings me," says Will, " within the pale of God's creatures and the Church." Little and little, then, this very reverend Miles Smith opens his mind to me. He and a half score others, of his cloth, are cast to furbish up the Prophets—Isaiah to Malachi. In his opinion, by what he'd heard, I had some skill in words, and he'd condescend to enquire o' me, when direct illumination lacked, for a tricking-out of his words, or the turn of some figure—pointing to the papers—" for example, here be the first three verses of the Sixtieth of Isaiah, and the 19th and 20th of that same. Miles has been at a stand over 'em a week or more."

Ben reads out the Latin heading :—" Surge, illumare, Jerusalem, quia venit lumen tuum, et gloria Domini super te orta est," et cetera. " Think you to better that ?" he asks. Then he reads the proposed English version :—" Get thee up, O Jerusalem, and be bright, for thy light is at hand, and the glory of God is risen up upon thee." " Up-pup-pup !" stutters Will, profanely. Ben resumes :—" See how darkness is upon the earth and the peoples thereof."

" That's no great stuff to put into Isaiah's mouth. And further Ben ?"

" But on thee God shall show light, and 'on'—or 'in,' is it**?"** (Ben held the proof closer to the deep furrow at the bridge of his nose) ' on thee shall His glory be manifest. So that all peoples shall walk in thy light, and the Kings in the glory of thy morning' "

" It may be mended. Read me the Coverdale of it now. 'Tis on the same sheet,—to the right, Ben."

" Umm—umm. Coverdale saith ' And therefore get thee up betimes for thy light cometh and the glory of the Lord shall rise upon thee. For lo ! while the darkness and cloud covereth the Earth and the people, the Lord shall show thee light and his glory shall be seen in thee. The gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness that springs forth on thee.' But ' gentes ' is, for the most part ' peoples,' Ben concluded.

"Eh ?" said Will, indifferently, ' art sure ?"

This loosed an avalanche of instances from Ovid, Quintilian, Terence, Columella, Seneca, and others. Will took no heed till the rush ceased, but stared into the orchard through the September haze.

" Now give me the Douai and Geneva for this ' Get thee up, O Jerusalem'," said he at last. " They'll be all there." Ben referred to the proofs. "'Tis 'Arise' in both," said he, "'Arise and be bright ' in Geneva. In the Douai, 'tis ' Arise and be illuminated'."

" So, give me the paper now." Will took it from his companion, rose, and paced towards a tree in the orchard, turning again, when he had reached it, by a well-worn track through the grass. Ben leaned forward in his chair. The other's free hand went up warningly.

' ' Quiet, man !" said he. " I wait on my Demon !" He fell into the stage-stride of his art at that time, speaking to the air. " How shall this open ? ' Arise?' No ! ' Rise ?' Yes. And we'll have no weak coupling. 'Tis a call to a City ! ' Rise, shine.' Nor yet any schoolmaster's ' because '—because Isaiah is not Holofernes. ' Rise-shine ; for thy light is come, and—"

He refreshed himself from the apple and the proofs as he strode.

" ' And—and the glory of God !'—No ! ' God ' 's overshort. We need the long roll here. ' And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee ' (Isaiah speaks the part. We'll have it from his own lips). What's next in Smith's stuff ? ' See now ? ' Oh, vile—Vile. And Geneva hath ' Lo ' (Still, Ben ! Still !) ' Lo ' is better, by all odds: but to match the long roll of ' the Lord ' we'll have it ' Behold.'

How goes it now ? ' For, behold, darkness clokes the Earth and—what's the colour and use of this cursed *caligo,* Ben ?—"et caligo populos'.

" Mistiness, or, as in Pliny, ' blindness '—and further—"

" No-o. Maybe, though, *caligo* will piece out *tenebrae.* ' *Quia ecce tenebrae operient terram et caligo populos.'* Nay ! ' Shadow ' and ' mist ' are not men enough for his work . . . Blindness, did ye say, Ben? . . . The blackness of blindness atop of mere darkness ? . . . By God, I've used it in my own stuff many times ! " Gross ' searches it to the hilts ! ' Darkness covers' no, ' clokes (short always) ' *Darkness clokes the Earth and gross—gross darkness the people* !' (But Isaiah's prophesying, with the storm behind him. Can ye not *feel* it, Ben ? It must be ' shall ')—' *shall cloke the Earth.'* . . The rest comes clearer . . . ' But on thee God shall arise ' . . .(Nay, that's sacrificing the Creator to the Creature !) ' But the Lord shall arise on thee,' and, yes, we'll sound that ' thee ' again—' and on thee shall '—No ! ' And His glory shall be seen on thee. Good ! He walked his beat a little in silence, mumbling the two verses before he mouthed them.

" I have it ! Heark, Ben ! ' Rise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen on thee. For behold, darkness shall cloke the earth and gross darkness the people. But the Lord shall arise on thee and his glory shall be seen upon thee'."

" There's something not all amiss there," Ben conceded.

" My Demon never betrayed me yet, while I trusted him. Now for the verse that runs to the blast of ramshorns. ' Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine tuo, et reges in splendore ortus tui.' How goes that in the Smithy ? ' The Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness that springs forth upon thee ?' The same in Coverdale and the Bishops'—eh ? We'll keep ' gentiles,' Ben, for the sake of the indraught of the last syllable. But it might be ' And the Gentiles shall draw.' No ! The plainer the better. ' the Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the splendour of—' Smith's out here ! We'll need something that shall lift the trumpet anew) ' Kings shall shall—Kings to—' (Listen, Ben, but on your life speak not !) ' gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to thy brightness '—No ! ' Kings to the brightness that springeth '—Serves not ! . . . One trumpet must answer another. And the blast of a trumpet is always *ai-ai* ' the brightness of '—' ortus ' signifies ' rising,' Ben, or what ?

" Ay, or ' birth,' or the East in general."

" Ass ! ' Tis the one word that answers to ' light.' ' Kings to the brightness of thy rising.' Look ! The thing shines now, within and

without. God! That so much should lie on a word !" He repeated the verse—" *And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising."*

He walked to the table, and wrote rapidly on the proof margin all three verses as he had spoken them. " If they hold by this," said he, raising his head, " they'll not go far astray. Now for the nineteenth and twentieth verses. On the other sheet, Ben. What ? What ? Smith says he had held back his rendering till he hath seen mine ? Then we'll botch 'em as they stand. Read me first the Latin ; next the Coverdale, and last the Bishop's. There's a contagion of sleep in the air." He handed back the proofs, yawned, and took up his walk.

Obedient, Ben began : ' Non erit tibi amplius Sol ad lucendum per diem, nec splendor Lunae illuminabit te.' Which Coverdale rendereth ' Thy Sun shall never go down and thy moon shall never be taken away.' The Bishops read : ' Thy Sun shall never be thy daylight and the light of the moon shall never shine on thee'." " Coverdale is the better," Will, and wrinkling his nose a little, " The Bishops put out their light clumsily. Have at it, Ben." Ben pursued his lips and knit his brow. -" The two verses are in the same mode, changing a hand's breadth in the second. By so much, therefore, the more difficult."

" Ye see *that,* then ?" said the other, staring past him, and muttering as he paced, concerning suns and moons. Presently, he took back the proof, chose him another apple, and grunted. " Umm-umm ! ' Thy Sun shall never go down.' No ! Flat as a split viol. ' Non erit tibi amplius Sol- ' That *amplius* must give tongue. Ah ! . . . ' Thy Sun shall not— shall no more be thy light by day '. . . A fair entry. ' Nor ' ? No, Not on the heels of ' day.' ' Neither,' it must be— ' Neither the Moon— but here's ' splendor ' and the ramshorns again (therefore-ai-ai !)

' Neither for brightness shall the Moon ' (Pest ! It is the Lord who is taking the moon's place over Israel. It must be ' thy Moon ') ' Neither for brightness shall thy Moon light— Give— make—give light unto thee. Ah ! Listen here ! ' The Sun shall no more be thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall thy Moon give light unto thee.' That serves, and more, for the first entry. What next, Ben ?"

Ben nodded magisterially as Will neared him, reached out his hand for the proofs, and read : " *' Sed erit tibi Dominas in lucem sempiter num et Deus tuus in gloriam tuum.'* Here is a jewel of Coverdale's that the Bishops have wisely stolen whole. Hear ! ' But the Lord

Himself shall be thy everlasting light and thy God shall be thy glory.' Ben paused " There's a handful of splendour for a simple man to gather !"

" Both hands, rather. He's swept the strings as divinely as David before Saul." Will assented. " We'll convey it whole, too. . . What's amiss now, Holofernes ?"

For Ben was regarding him with a scholar's cold pity. " Both hands ! Will, hast thou *ever* troubled to master *any* shape or sort of prosody—the mere names of the measures and pulses of strung words ?"

" I beget some such stuff and send it to you to christen. What's your Wisdomhood in labour of?"

"Naught. Naught. But not to know the names of the tools of his trade !" Ben half muttered and pronounced some Greek word or other which conveyed nothing to the listener, who replied ;

" Pardon, then, for whatever sin it was. I do but know words for my need of 'em, Ben. Hold still awhile !"

He went back to his pacings and mutterings. ' For the Lord Himself shall be thy—or thine ?—everlasting light.' Yes. We'll convey that." He repeated it twice. " Nay ! Can be bettered. Hark ye, Ben. Here is the Sun going up to overrun and possess all Heaven for evermore. Therefore, (Still man !) we'll harness the horses of the dawn. Hear their hooves ? ' The Lord Himself shall be unto thee thy everlasting light and—' Hold again ! After that climbing thunder must be some smooth check—like great wings gliding. Therefore we'll not have ' shall be thy glory ' but ' And thy God thy glory ! Aye, even as an eagle alighteth ! Good—good ! Now again, the Sun and Moon of that twentieth verse, Ben."

Ben read " ' Non occidet '—'down to ' luctus tui'." Will snatched the paper and read aloud from the Coverdale version, " ' Thy Sun shall never go down and thy Moon shall never be taken away ' . . . ' Wane ' should serve ; ' neither shall thy Moon wane. . . ' Wane ' is good, tut over weak for place next to ' moon ' . . . ' go down' shall stand. ' Set ' would have been better—as a sword sent home in the scabbard—but it jars—it jars. Now Luna must retire herself in some simple fashion . . . which ' Ass that I be ! 'Tis common talk in all the plays. . . ' The Queen withdraws herself ' . . . ' withdraw ' it shall be ! ' Neither shall thy Moon withdraw herself ' (Hear her silver train rasp the boards, Ben ?) ' Thy Sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy Moon withdraw herself. For the Lord—' ay, the Lord, simple

of Himself, ' shall be thine '—yes, ' thine ' here—' everlasting light and ' How goes the ending, Ben ?" Ben read " 'et complebuntur. . . and thy sorrowful days shall be rewarded thee," says Coverdale."

"And the Bishops' ?"

" ' And thy sorrowful days shall be ended',"

"By no means. And Geneva?"

" And the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

" The Switzers have it ! Lay the tail of Geneva to the head of Coverdale, and the last is without flaw." He began to thump Ben on the shoulder. " We have it ! I have it all, Boanerges ! Blessed be my Demon ! Hear ! ' The Sun shall no more be thy light by day, neither for brightness the Moon by night. But the Lord Himself shall be unto thee thy everlasting light and thy God thy glory.' He drew a deep breath and went on. " ' Thy Sun shall no more go down neither shall thy Moon withdraw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended'."

The rain of triumphant blows upon Ben's big shoulder began again. " If those other seven devils in London let it stand on this sort, it serves. But God knows what they can *not* turn upsee-dejee !"

Ben wriggled. " Let be ! he protested. Ye are more moved by this jugglery than if the Globe were burned !"

" Thatch—old thatch ! And full of fleas ! . . . But, Ben, ye should have heard my Ezekiel making mock of fallen Tyrus in his twenty seventh chapter. Miles sent me the whole, for, he said, some small touches. I took it to the River bank, four o'clock of a summer morn ; stretched out in one of our wherries—and watched London, Port and Town, up and down the River, waking all arrayed to heap more upon evident excess. Ay ! A merchant for the peoples of many isles ! . . . ' The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy markets ?' Yes ! I saw all Tyre before me neighing her pride against lifted heaven. . . But what will they let stand of mine at long last ? Which ? I'll never know.

He had set himself neatly and quickly to refolding and cording the packet of proofs while he talked. " That's secret enough," he said at the finish.

" He'll lose it by the way." Ben pointed to the messenger sleeping beneath the trees. " He's owl-drunk."

" But not his horse," said Will. He crossed the orchard ; slid the packet into an holster which he carefully rebuckled, saw the man out of the gate, and returned to his chair.

" Who will know we had part in it," Ben asked.

" God, maybe—if he ever lay ear to Earth. I've gained and lost enough—lost enough." He lay back and sighed.

The story, many parts of which I have just read, was wittily entitled by its Author " Proofs of Holy Writ." It is, of course, a piece of fiction, but I do not think that it can be seriously argued that the event, or something very like it, never happened. As for " The Humanities," I suppose that the shade of Ben Jonson would claim that he had supplied all that part of the story.

Of Humanity, in the wider sense, the story is full. I would close on that note,—the note of Humanity in its wider sense. For I think that if I had to sum up the many-sided genius of our Author in one word that word, Humanity, would perhaps be the word I should choose. He resembled Shakespeare in this, and this story has given us a glimpse of his conception of Shakespeare's own character and even of his methods.

Rudyard Kipling, as every reader of his verse and prose must admit knew the English Bible better than most men know it. Putting religious feeling, for the moment, aside, he, as an accomplished Master of English prose, knew that there is none better anywhere than the English of the Authorised Version. And he thought it well within the bounds of possibility that the makers of that masterpiece, who with almost more than human good sense of purpose and with such magnificent results filtered the texts from which they worked through the sieve of their own daily speech—that one or more of them may, by a happy inspiration, have taken counsel with such a Master as the author of Macbeth.

And may we not be sure that Shakespeare himself would have been well pleased by the spirit of some verses which I think all of us know :—

One stone the more swings into place
  In that dread Temple of Thy worth.
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,
  I saw nought common in Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken—
  Oh whatsoe'er may spoil or speed
Help me to need no aid from men
  That I may help such men as need !

DISCUSSION

The Chairman (Mr. Harbord).

We now come to the second portion of our programme, that is the discussion of Major Dawson's Paper. I am very anxious that we shall not waste time, so will you just get up as fast as you can and express your ideas. All I am going to say is that it was a pity the Major **did** not give us a little more of the humanities in some of the stories although he dealt very ably with the one story in particular. That is the only criticism I have

Mr. B. M. Bazley (Hon. Editor).

I am very glad Major Dawson took this subject to-night, because it is very important for everybody who studies Kipling to realise this side of his abilities. Major Dawson has done it extraordinarily well. He has taken first of all two chief things : that last story of the ' English-ing ' of the famous Bible, and the idea that Shakespeare had a hand in it ; and also what I always think is the best of the " Stalky " stories, "The Propagation of Knowledge." I should like to remind you of that delicious remark of Stalky's to Beetle when he comes bursting in with some of the treasure trove that is going to be given to King—

" ' Readin' again,' said Stalky, like a wife welcoming her spouse from the pot-house."

You can visualise it.

This side, so characteristic of Kipling's work, is often lost sight of, that is, his immense learning and his wide reading. You often hear it said, Kipling could write about the effect of the east wind on rose trees and certain effects on navigation, and the ethics of a certain game, the political side, and things like that, and we always give him credit for being very right. It occurred to me after reading the Stalky Tale " The Last Term," you may remember when Beetle goes to the Head's Library for the first time, he mentions any number cf books. Have you ever gone through that list and asked yourself how many of them you have read, and what Kipling draws from them ? He gets good out of the most extraordinary places. Take his analogies : they are never trite ; they are never obvious. I remember that remark Mark Twain made about him " He knows all there is to be known . . . " —many a true word is spoken in jest.

I daresay you remember that the late George Beresford (M'Turk) told us how Kipling used to read. He told me quietly afterwards as well, and I know he was not inventing it. Kipling could read three

books at a time ; he would have a school work, a Book on Handicrafts and perhaps Isaiah open on the other side, and read them all, and as you know he remembered them. Not only did he remember words ; some other people have that gift too ; but he could get the sense of it as well. The memory part could be done by Pelmanism, but the analytical part cannot be, and that is where he gets his amazing effects, because he always gets the right atmosphere

It is rather curious that no great writer has ever struck this theme before, imagining some of the great literary men—there were an awful lot at that period—having a hand in the English Bible. Of course it might have happened—it is a very possible theory—but it is curious that no literary men since, and sufficiently far removed from that period to write impartially, should have imagined people like Shakespeare and Jonson and so on, having a hand in the making of the fine phrases in this work—not merely fine but suitable phrases. Kipling does that with superb imagination.

Of course he always says his Latin was of no account, but as a matter of fact there is a very fair amount of it—take the Horace Story, " Regulus," for one ; it is marvellous when you think of a man who said he " set no store " by his Latin, yet he is always absolutely within his depth whenever he dabbles in it.

There is one other little reference I wanted to remind you of. You remember the Tom-a-Bedlam's incident in that same " Stalky " story and how he quotes,

" With a heart of furious fancies," (from " Curiosities of Literature ") It is a wonderful verse, but almost unknown.

I think we owe a debt of gratitude to Major Dawson for bringing this matter to our attention. It is not merely literary knowledge but literary appreciation ; the two things are not synonymous by any means. I was very glad to hear it, because I have always rather tried to hammer that point in. To the ordinary man in the street Kipling is the expert, but people who do not look upon him only as the author of " If," " Gunga Din," and " The Absent-Minded Beggar," will appreciate, this particular point. Some of the literary men of the present day have I fear as Kipling himself justly remarked, such a very slender equipment in the matter of reading that they are not fit to criticise him at all

The Chairman.

I am sure our Editor's remarks will inspire more members to speak.

Mr. J. G. Griffin.

Major Dawson is himself an excellent illustration of the effect of

having an early grounding in the humanities. Mr. Bazley has said how glad he was that those two stories were quoted. I think the Preface was one of the most delightful things Kipling ever wrote. In this Shakespeare story, " Proofs of Holy Writ," he makes two references to Shakespeare's ' demon.' It is rather striking when you remember what Kipling has written in the Biography about his demon. In " Proofs of Holy Writ " there are some verses at the beginning which give point to Major Dawson's theory on the same lines, showing how he found his characters. Could we have those verses ?

Major Dawson.

I am sorry I have not got the verses here.

The Chairman.

For the information of those of you who are wondering where this story is, it is not in one of the published volumes, it was first published in the " Strand Magazine," but it is in the Sussex Edition.

Mr. Brooking.

There is one point about " A Proof of Holy Writ," it exemplifies the method of Kipling's writing in that he told us exactly how he get the exact words and the correct phrases, by running them over and getting the lilt of them, the sonorousness and general effect. I feel sure he was not a writer like Edgar Wallace who used to do two or three novels a day. He took a long time and would write the words over and over again. I feel sure " Proofs of Holy Writ " was just an example of how he himself wrote. I daresay some of us have read the original magazine stories and the original verses, and then have seen them re-written in the books brought out in volume form, and I daresay we have noted how he altered the phrases in a great many cases from the original tales in those magazines. In one I remember perfectly well he altered the word ' darned ' to ' damned.'

Miss Florence MacDonald.

Mr. Brooking is perfectly right about Rudyard's careful writing and re-writing to get **the** exact word. I have sat in the room silently watching him ; he wrote each chapter again and again and then tore it up and put it away and re-wrote it again, deleting and putting in here and there, so that he could get the exact word, and not one word or syllable too much. **It** was just that meticulous care that Mr. Brooking spoke of.

We have heard about Rudyard's knowledge of Scripture. Some people think that is due to his having two parsons as grandfathers.

That was not mainly how he got his great knowledge of the Scriptures. When he and his sister stayed at Southsea they had an awfully pious woman to look after them. This women used to punish him by making him learn whole chapters of Scripture, and as he was always being punished, he practically learnt the Bible off by heart. (Laughter).

The Chairman.

That story, although we laugh at it, is really very piteous. Mrs. Fleming, of course, has more to say against that part of his life than even Miss Macdonald.

Mr. Knight Adkin.

It is very ungrateful, after enjoying the lecture as much as I have done, to echo one remark of Mr. Bazley's, I do wish Major Dawson had given us a little more and had included that little story of " Regulus.' I say this for two reasons : first, because I think that there we get what my old-fashioned mind still clings to as being more especially the humanities, the classics, and Kipling's knowledge is well brought in ; and secondly, it brings out a point well worth considering : Kipling's knowledge of the classics and the wonderful appreciation he displays in that story of ' Regulus ' says something for that poor old, much-abused institution, the British public school. I take it Kipling learnt all his classic? at Westward Ho ! He went straight into the world into a newspaper office and had certainly no tuition, I imagine, after that in the classics, so that the public school, which is regarded by your true educationist as dirt to-day, appears in that side of Kipling's work. That also has its appeal to me, as a sort of spiritual descendant of the unfortunate Mr. King. Without in any way departing from the character that he has given us of King, Kipling does bring out what one whom King had treated more decently might have seen in him, the better side of his character. It has sometimes puzzled me in reading the other " Stalky " stories to see how King, who is, as it were, a chopping block for the Three Musketeers, could have managed to hold his post at the United Services College for more than six months. When you read either Kipling's Life and Work or " Regulus,"' you will see there was another side ; you find there an extraordinarily competent master, and unpleasant though he might be, the man had the right feeling for the classics and passed that on to his pupils.

General Worthington.

It has been rather a puzzle to me, the great knowledge of the classics Kipling has, according to his writings, because I was at school with

him. And I was in the same set with him in Latin, and he was not brilliant by any means. There were two or three boys who were always ahead of him, and he never seemed to worry himself much about Latin. But of course I left a year before he did and so possibly he rubbed up a good deal then. I can only say about King and the ' Stalky ' business, that King, though held up there as a kind of stalking-horse to be laughed at, was a brilliant master ; there is no doubt about it, and we all realised it. We were all more or less afraid of him in our way, though not very seriously so, but he was a long way the best and most brilliant master, and had a wonderful knack of teaching the classics. But I do not think Kipling learnt any Greek.

The Chairman.

There is some little discussion about a little Greek having been learnt—it comes into Beresford's book.

General Worthington.

I do not think he learnt Greek, at least not when I was with him, but he was marked out as a very brilliant writer. His writings in our School Chronicle were peculiarly good.

The Chairman.

Did you realise that at the time ?

General Worthington.

Yes, we did ; they really were very good.

Mr. J. P. Collins.

Some of the very greatest depths of Kipling's nature are explained by the references to that terrible oppression of the child Kipling at Southsea. It taught him the Bible and the stage of deep emotion he went through at that time and the resentment against that treatment fixed these wonderful verses in his mind, so that they were never eradicated. It makes me think of Dostoievsky, who, when he was asked by a tyro, " How do I become great in literature ?" replied, " Spend seven years in Siberia." Those were Kipling's ' Siberian ' years.

What has been said about Kipling's nature makes me think of Lord Roseberry's explanation of the double nature in many men. Perhaps in every man if it is awakened there is a Jekyll and a Hyde. He felt, as there were two lobes in the brain, there were two lobes in the soul. I cannot help thinking there was a Kipling in the present and a Kipling in the past and they correlate in the most logical way. No one ever had a more wonderful sense of the magic of words. There was a time when that magic seemed to be utterly forgotten, during the 18th

century until the time of Gray, Goldsmith and others, words were used like philosophers use them. Then the magic of words came with travel : Addison saw the hills, he saw Venice, and all these things came as an awakening. There are men who have that double sense of words, and this was illustrated to me by a man I knew. I have known many poets, but this one, Alfred Hayes, was known in London. He did great work in the School of Music at Birmingham. I wish I could recall one little poem of his, two quatrains, in which he describes the mental processes of a poet, two lines of which are these :—

" There is something in him stirred
Amazed he takes his pen and writes
The inevitable word."

The burden of it is in the word ' inevitable ;' it only comes after the search. If ever any man searched for the word Kipling did, and he found it. He said—people seem to think that poetry is the be-all and end-all of the man who writes it, whereas if you know the inside of a poet's mind, you will find that poetry is really the cream and skim of a very rich nature That, I think, we might say of Kipling's story-telling as well.

The thought has occurred to me that if the whole of English literature for the last fifty years were to perish and only one author remained, Kipling, and our posterity turned to his work they would recognise certain things in him besides his own wonderful gifts, and that is, that he had his fingers upon the chords of all the periods in literature. There is hardly one he was not *au fait* with and had not turned to at some time or another. That became apparent when he wrote the parodies of the Stuart and Tudor writers ; it awakened us at once to the fact that this man had been a very real and loving student of English literature.

The Chairman.

I should like to welcome one new member, Mr. Barclay, perhaps he will join in the discussion.

Mr. Nash.

I should like to raise a rather irrelevant point. I should like to know whether there is any pun implied—" The impassioned Diderot broke forth "—when Taffy Howell illustrates the point of having something up his sleeve by saying " An uncle of mine stayed with my people. . . " " Your Uncle Diderot ? Stalky asked. ' Oh No, you Ass ! Captain of Engineers." I wonder whether he meant (Did-he rot) or something

like that, otherwise there seems to be no significance.

The Chairman.

Before asking Mr. Partridge to sing again, I should like in your name to offer our sincere thanks to Major Dawson for his extremely interesting Paper. (Applause).

Kipling

An Essay by ANNE COMFORT JONES

(Age 17 ; a Graduate of Westtown Boarding School, Pennsylvania).

NOT so long ago, when I was *very* young, Kipling was the only author with whom I felt at all at home. I could name a few of his books and tell a great many of his stories, and when some kind friend would ask me what I would like him to read to me—the answer was usually the same—" Read to me about the Elephant's Child with the insatiable curiosity"—then I would direct him carefully to the green book with the sailboat on it near the end of the third shelf—entitled *Just So Stories.*

Recently I made a discovery—my beloved Kipling wrote not only short stories about the banks of the great, grey, green, greasy Limpopo River all set about with Fever Trees—but also volumes of poetry with nearly a thousand pages in them about nearly everything in the universe.

Once I had read some of his poetry, another devotee was added to his already large following, and I began to wonder how it was that Queen Victoria allowed a few of his poems to dissuade her from appointing him to the position of poet laureate of England. There is a story that some of Kipling's poems referring to Victoria as " The Widow at Windsor" made Her Majesty so angry that she refused to consider him when a new appointment had to be made. One of the offensive stanzas perhaps was the following from *The Widow at Windsor :*

Walk Wide O' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf of creation she owns :
We 'ave bought her the same with the sword and the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.

In spite of this story, which may, of course, have no real grounds for belief, I think that Kipling would have made an excellent poet laureate. His interest in the welfare and the union of the British Empire was certainly genuine and every-one will agree that a great deal of pro-empire sentiment has been worked up by his enthusiastic

followers. Of course, there are those who take it to extremes and even some Americans go so far as to speak most disparagingly of their own country in a proud and loyal rush of admiration for England and her Empire ; but it must be admitted, even by those who are not such staunch supporters of the British Empire, that the union and the influence of this great commonwealth of nations is a most important factor in the structure and stability of the world today. I do not doubt that Kipling was aware of this and that he did his utmost to bring their importance vividly to the minds of his countrymen.

He has written occasional verse for many of the mile-stones in the development of the Empire and exhibits in these poems quite enough pride in its union and strength to satisfy even the most *avid* devotee. A good example of this type of poem is that written upon the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia on New Year's Day, 1902, from which this excerpt is taken. England speaks to Australia:

> Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,
> Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house.
> God requite thee, my sister, through the excellent years to be,
> And make thy children love thee as thou hast loved me.

Another fascinating poem of the same nature is " The Song of the Cities" in which Kipling takes the reader on an imaginary journey around the Empire, stopping at each chief city : Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon in Burma, Singapore, Sydney and so on, tell us of their own particular importance and special duty. For example, he writes of Halifax in Nova Scotia :

> Into the mist by guardian prows put forth,
> Behind the mist of virgin ramparts lie.
> The Warden of the honour of the North,
> Sleepless and veiled am I.

For many Englishmen, it is this quality of pride in and loyalty to the Empire which brings into comfortable, fire-lit libraries so many complete sets of Kipling's Works.

But it is not only in British libraries that one may see these green bound volumes decorated with elephants, swastikas, or sailboats. Kipling has a great and growing following in America. There are many people who regret deeply that Kipling's memories of America were far from pleasant. Of course, it *was* rather narrow of him to pass judgment based on an unpleasant relationship and law suit with his brother-in-law in Vermont—but prejudice is a human failing and one which his devoted followers might hold up as a link between themselves **and** their idol.

The fact remains, however, in spite of the poor impression we made, that Kipling is on the favourite author list in America—and not only in this country, but in a great many of the countries of the world. Why is this ?

Recently there has been a growing amount of interest in meeting the common man and dealing fairly and justly with his problems. There is, perhaps, no better example of appreciation felt for the ordinary run of people, the private and the water boy, than is found in Kipling's poems. Dr. Johnson would have said a mighty "Poo !" and cast such poems as *Fuzzy Wuzzy* and *Gunga Din* out, merely because of their subject matter—let alone their treatment ! The general public however, does not say " Poo !"—it is eager for just such poetry, for it dramatizes the ordinary man and tends to increase his seeming importance. *Gunga Din* is a fairly universal favourite, and therefore I have chosen this selection from it to exemplify the poems of Kipling which express his admiration for his more humble fellowmen. It deals with the attachment which the men on the line feel for their water boy, in spite of the brutal way in which they treat him.

'E would dot and carry one
Till the longest day was done
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use of fear
If we charged, or broke, or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick on ' is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us' till the bugles made " Retire !"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide,
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire !

Another factor which has gone towards making Kipling a universal favourite is his unique style of writing. Often you hear a quotation and think, with growing pride, " That is from Kipling !" Nine tenths of the time you are right, which is very pleasing. The " certain something " about Kipling's style which makes you feel at home with it is, as nearly as I can put my finger on it, the peculiar suitability of the metre to the subject and the characteristic turn of rhyme. All of his pieces have a definite rhythm and would not be hard to put to music.

The topic of style of writing is a difficult one to discuss—since it is easy to wander off into impressive vastness or narrow down to uninteresting technical fineness. Also, three-quarters of the readers of today don't care a snap about style—" who cares what style it is

just so it's interesting ?" Therefore I have decided that the only adequate way in which I can discuss Kipling's style is to give illustrations of the points in question.

I have said that one delightful element in Kipling's style is the way in which he fits his metre to his subject. His humorous poems are done in a light, clipped, catchy metre, which makes it easy to remember handy little quotations to spring on people. One example of this comes from the Study of An Elevation In India Ink :

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Stands at the top of the tree
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Is seven years junior to me ;
Each bridge that he makes either buckles or breaks
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Is dear to the powers that be ;
For they bow and they smile in an affable style
Which is seldom accorded to me.

Careless and lazy is he,
Greatly inferior to me,
What is the spell which you manage so well,
Common-place Potiphar G.

On the other hand, Kipling is entirely capable of giving one of the feeling of seriousness. One class of poems in which he has done this is that dealing with different types of people. *Tomlinson* is such a poem. It deals with the type of person who never does any thinking or real living for himself, but who is always dependent on those around him for the initiative and energy to carry him on. Such a person is depicted in the New Testament in the letter to the Laodiceans in Revelation :

I know thy works, that thou art neither *cold* nor *hot :* I would that thou wert cold or hot.
So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

This year in English, during a study of hell as described by Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton, I met this idea again in Dante's Inferno :

The miserable souls of those who lived without infamy and without praise maintain this miserable mode. They are mingled with that miserable choir of angels who were not rebels, nor were faithful to God, but were for themselves. Heaven chased them out in order to be not less beautiful, **nor** does the deep hell receive them.

Kipling's *Tomlinson* is the same type of wishy washy person and there are many like him in the world. They are the people who certainly must not get much out of life—for they contribute very little and lean entirely upon society until you think " they have no souls of their own." Tomlinson is the story of a man who tried to get heaven, but found that Saint Peter wouldn't admit him because he had never done anything good of his own accord. He then tried to get into hell, but the Devil refused to let him in because he had done no original evil. The story ends when the Devil sends Tomlinson back to earth to get a little spunk into him so he will be worthy of the lower regions the next time he applies. The following is an excerpt from this poem which seems to parallel the other two quotations I have just given. The devils who tried to find some evil in him are speaking :

> We have thrashed a stock of print and book and winnowed a chattering wind,
> And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his own we cannot find.
> We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have seared him to the bone,
> And sure, if tooth and nail show truth, he has no soul of his own.

Kipling has written some poems of a more solemn and religious nature still. His love of the Empire, which I have mentioned before, called forth the *Recessional,* a poem which is, I am sure, familiar to everyone present, but part of which I hope you won't mind listening to again.

> 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.
>
> For heathen heart that puts her trust
> In reeking tube and iron shard,
> All valiant dust that builds on dust,
> And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
> For frantic boast and foolish word—
> Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

Another type of serious poetry is exemplified in the poem which Kipling wrote to the Dykes. This is on the often recurring theme of the failure of the younger generation to live up to and preserve the work of those who preceeded them. The fathers built the Dykes and the children didn't care for them—so that when a big storm came, damage was done, not only to the city itself and its inhabitants, but to the memories and traditions of their ancestors.

Look you, our foreshore stretches far through the Seagate, dyke and groin,
Made land all, that our fathers made, where the flats and the fairway join,
They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died and their work stood fast.
We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but the time of our peace is past.
Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes, the galloping breakers stride
And their overcarried spray is a sea—a sea on the landward side.
Coming, like stallions, they paw with their hooves, going they snatch with their teeth,
Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged out, and the old hurdles beneath.
Now we can only wait till the day, wait and apportion our shame.
These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would not look to the same.
Time and again we were warned of the dykes, time and again we delayed.
Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons, as our fathers we have betrayed.

The last poem which I am going to quote is my favourite. In it, Kipling throws aside the Empire and the vastness and pomp of many of his other serious poems. He is now a father giving advice to his son and not only is the poem one of serious metre, but it is an excellent piece of parental advice which I only wish I could quote in full. IF :

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too ;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

Thus, we have covered very roughly and inadequately the range of Kipling's style and subject matter. Some will say we have gone from the ridiculous to the sublime—but I will disagree. Potiphar Gubbins is not a ridiculous poem—for the same reason that none of Kipling's works are quite ridiculous and that all of them are loved—the man behind the poem was human. I would like to think of Kipling as a human being with a universal mind—and let the cynics and the critics think of him as a bigoted, bullheaded crank arguing with his Yankee brother-in-law. As for me, give me the Kipling of *Recessional,* the Kipling of *If,* and, yes, even the Kipling of *Potiphar G.*

A Kipling Selection

By LT.-COL. B. S. BROWNE.

I have been asked to make a selection of what I consider to be Kipling's best stories for the benefit of a lady who is a teacher of English in a school in Austria. It is a fascinating task and one to which I address myself with great prospect of enjoyment !

I shall limit myself to begin with by leaving out of account, all the stories that are in series as they need to be read in their series to be properly appreciated—hence nothing will come in from the Soldiers Three stories, from the Jungle Books, from the Puck stories, or from Stalky & Co., and we will proceed from the earliest down to the last in chronological order.

I do not think that we need take anything from " Plain Tales " ; all those stories describing a society now long dead, and none of them standing out conspicuously. That is a high tribute to the book as a whole, for the worst of them would shine like a jewel in a sow's ear in any other context, and I will beg my friend to start with " The Man Who Would be King " in the " Wee Willie Winkie " volume. From " Life's Handicap " I select " The Mark of the Beast," one of the most horrible stories ever written : but if you don't want horrors, then read " The Man Who Was." It is difficult to make a selection from the wonder house of " Many Inventions," but our limitations as enumerated above, help us, and I suggest that " The Finest Story in the World '' is the best for my friend's purpose. And now we come to " The Day's Work," another diamond mine from which selection is difficult. Some critics have counted "The Brushwood Boy" as his greatest story up to this period. Being a soldier myself, I have always found the hero of that yarn a bit too perfect and goody-goody, and would give the palm to "William the Conqueror" or the "Bridge Builders," with a slight preference for the latter. But I would recommend " My Sunday at Home " to anyone who wants to taste English scenery and character, for it has some wonderful descriptions of the former, and some very subtle portrayals of the latter. " Traffics and Discoveries " contains what is to my mind the greatest story of all in " They," and I wonder what you will make of it ! It must be read in conjunction with the poem that precedes it, but even so, many people find difficulty in seeing the point of it. And when you have done that, I think that you must read " Wireless " before passing to the next volume, " Actions and Reactions," where I think that you will get more out of " Little Foxes" than out of "An Habitation Enforced," which is more for private English consumption. The next book, " A Diversity of Creatures " is the most English in subject and outlook of all (this was pointed out to me by a very clever Frenchman) and I therefore suggest your reading the story that contains the profoundest study of English psychology that Kipling ever made—" The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat,"

but if it proves too much for you, then try the simpler one on the same subject, "My Son's Wife." "Debits and Credits" is mostly made up of war stories told in soldiers' slang, and would be, I imagine, entirely unintelligible to you ; but " The Eye of Allah " is a very fine story of mediaeval times, which I am sure that you will enjoy. If you want to experiment with one of the war stories try " The Janeites," which is in many ways the best thing he wrote since the war. And now we come to the last volume "Limits and Renewals," and I beg you to take your farewell with " The Miracle of Saint Jubanus " one of the most charmingly humorous things he ever wrote. Good luck to you ; you are going to have a royal time : tell me what you thought about it all when you have finished.

" *Dayspring Mishandled* "

By REAR ADMIRAL L. H. CHANDLER, U.S.N. (rtd.)

MR. KIPLING'S book, *Limits and Renewals* has reawakened in me some thoughts about the first story therein, " Dayspring Mishandled," which originally came to me when I first saw the original publications of the story in this country, in McCall's Magazine, in March, 1928, and in your country in the Strand Magazine, July, 1928. And I am now trying to find out from my friends who are better educated in the classics than I , and who therefore know more Latin, what they think of a certain idea about one incident in the tale that came to me at that time. Some have told me that, in it, I am trying to read more into the story than is really there or than is intended to be there, and I am in doubt about it myself. So I am writing to you and to a few other friends to ask you for your personal idea about it. Please tell me frankly what you think of what I write below. The story is of course a decidedly deep one in every way, and requires a very considerable amount of thought, knowledge and study, to get it all clearly ; but can one ever be sure that one is getting *all* that is meant in one of Mr. Kipling's more complicated tales ? I now copy something that I wrote about the story, for my own use, when it first appeared in 1928.

The story has a special interest because of a double acrostic in Latin contained in it, in the words :

" Illa alma mater, ecca secum afferens me acceptum. Nicolaus Atrib."

The word " secum " above is as it appears in the footnote in McCalls' Magazine, where in the text it appears as " sero " ; in the Strand it is " secum " in both footnote and text, and also in the footnote in the collected version.

The story describes this group of words as a double acrostic, and directs that the words be written under each other, and that the first letters of the words be taken in order, followed by the second letters. If this be done, there results :

" lames A. Manallace fecit " ; which is

" James A Manallace made (or did) it."

Of course no one can know, unless Mr. Kipling had seen fit to speak on the subject, just what he had in mind, or, rather, *all* that he had in mind, but it is possible to see, or at least to imagine, a secondary meaning in these Latin words as here strung together, which may have a bearing on the tale. Such a meaning might possibly be derived as follows :

Illa	From : Ille-illa-illud	That
Alma	From : Almus-a-um	nourishing
Mater ..	From : Mater, matria	mother
Ecca	From : Ecco and Ea	behold there
Secum ..	From : Sui and Cum	with himself
Afferens	From : Affero-Attuli-Allatum-Affen	brought
Me	From : Me	me (or I)
Acceptum	From : Accipio-Accepi	accept
Nicolaus	Take at its face value as a proper name:	Nicolaus
Atrib ..	Also a proper name but consider : Tribuo, Tribui-Tributum	To bestow to give

Also do not forget the use of the words '' alrna mater '' as designating one's college or original source of learning.

When one thinks of this story, both as to plot and as to its details, possibly it is not too wild an assumption to think that perhaps this jumble of Latin words may have been intended by the writer to mean literally :

" That source of information (or teacher), see how he, by himself, brought it to me, who accepted it." The signature, were the second name translated, would be " Nicolaus the Bestower."

From which might well follow a free translation not unlike the following :

" Behold how that wise preceptor prepared this plot against himself and presented it to me, who accepted and used it. Nicolaus the Avenger."

Perhaps the above is a bit wild, as some of my friends say it is, but it is certainly a bit odd too that it should be possible to wrest those apparently disconnected Latin words into *anything* that fits the trend of the tale so well.

Obituary

With sorrow we chronicle the passing of one of our most distinguished members—Dr. Vaughan Bateson of Bradford. After a successful medical career in India (he spent his leisure time in exploring Tibet), he settled down to a Yorkshire practice. Here he devoted much time to a study of Kipling's connection with the largest county, the fruits of which were enjoyed by the Society in January, 1937, when Dr. Bateson gave a fascinating Paper on " Kipling and Yorkshire."

We also have to mourn for Mr. Ronald V. Waitt of Winnipeg, founder of the Manitoba Branch of our Society. One of the best of fellows, he did his best to make this Branch as successful as the others, but the widespread depression which came on Western Canada seven years ago resulted in the failure of his efforts. There can be no doubt, however, that had he been spared, Mr. Waitt would have made another and probably successful effort to build the Manitoba Branch on a sure foundation; we feel sure that his popularity and zeal would have brought his **work** to **a** felicitous conclusion.

Letter Bag

During the discussion that followed Major Dawson's very interesting paper at the last meeting a good deal of attention was paid to Kipling's classical knowledge. One speaker even went to far as so argue that such knowledge was a tribute to the Public School System—Kipling having gone straight from Westward Ho ! into the workaday world. This is not quite so plausible as it seems if we stop to consider that Kipling

could write convincingly upon any theme. To quote *John Palmer " Mr. Kipling could write almost anything as well as almost anybody else." As an example of this amazing facility, the knowledge of marine engineers, shown in such stories as " The Devil and the Deep Sea" and "The Ship that found Herself," and in the poem " M' Andrew's Hymn," would almost persuade the reader that Kipling had been born and bred in an engine room. No one has suggested that he acquired this engineering knowledge at Westward Ho ! I quote Mr. Palmer again :—" Mr. Kipling seems to write sometimes as an engineer, sometimes as a soldier. At times we would wager that he spent all his life as a Captain of Marines or as a Keeper of Woods and Forests or as a Horse Dealer. He gives his readers the impression that he has lived a hundred lives and mastered many crafts. . . "

Had Mr. Palmer written a few years later he might have added "Classical Scholar" to this list of conquered trades ; but, in 1915, when the book was published, I rather think that Kipling had not shown any marked fondness for the classics. We know that much of Kipling's later poetry revealed a classical feeling. When reviewing " Debits and Credits" John Buchan wrote :—"The interpolated poems for the most part show Mr. Kipling in his new Horatian mood. . . " and I venture to suggest that the classical phase came fairly late in Kipling's literary life and was probably the result of mature research and study on the solid foundation of his Westward Ho ! training. I do not pretend to be a Kipling expert. I am just expressing an opinion and it would be interesting to hear the views of readers of *The Kipling Journal.*

GODFREY BARCLAY.

May I add another word to the attenuated discussion of the meaning of " Naulakha," aroused by my referring to its significance as " cherished possession ?"

There is no question whatever of the literal meaning of the word " Naulakha,"—it does mean " nine lakhs of rupees,"—as Captain Cameron and Lt.-Colonel Irvine state. But is it reasonable to suppose that Rudyard Kipling gave the name of " Naulakha " to his first own home, in whose building he took personal delight, solely for its literal

* " Rudyard Kipling," by John Palmer, Nisbet & Co., Ltd., 1915. (Writers of Today.)

meaning,—was it not rather, for its fanciful meaning of " something precious," " cherished possession "—the necklace being of great value ? That is all I meant to convey.

Very truly yours,

MRS. W. M. CARPENTER.

The Annual Report of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, page 20, gives the following information, which may be of interest to you :—

" XXXI GIFTS.

From Lady Bland-Sutton—an autographed copy of the Hunterian Oration delivered by the late Sir John Bland-Sutton, Bt., P.R.C.S., in 1923, and an autographed copy of the speech made by Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the Hunterian Dinner the same evening."

RICHARD B. PHILLIPPS, Lt.-Col.,
Auckland, N.Z.

Secretary's Corner

We hope that we shall have some new Branches before long. One more in British Columbia is being considered and we believe that the prospects of a Branch in Rhodesia are particularly good. There are also rumours of a Branch in the United States.

We are very fortunate in securing Professor W. Elmer Ekblaw, (of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.) as our Honorary Secretary in America in place of Mrs. Livingston who has not been able to continue to act for us. Professor Ekblaw is particularly keen on extending our activities in the States where he favours the formation of Branches. In this we quite agree with him, because Branches can keep up their members' interest by arranging meetings, whereas the overseas member who is not near any Branch gets nothing out of the Society but the Journal. It is for this reason that the Council recently decided to enlarge the Journal and to invite contributions from overseas members.

Thanks to our new Branches, the membership shows an increase this year, but since the crisis in September, membership has been falling off badly. It is not unreasonable to suppose that every member of the Society knows at least one person who is interested in Kipling ; after all, birds of a feather flock together ! If, therefore, each member of the Society would send us in one new member each, we should double our membership. In a Society such as ours, without the funds for extensive Press advertising, the only way

to recruit new members is by the personal effort of our own members. I do hope that every member will see what he or she can do to add to our membership roll.

A plaque of Kipling's head and shoulders has been ordered for presentation to *H.M.S. Kipling* which will be commissioned in December next. We hope, also, to be able to present a good selection of Kipling's works to the ship's library, but I regret to say that the response to our appeal for funds has not been what we expected. Will those members who have not yet subscribed consider sending us something—however small ? Any members who have any Kipling Books—in a really good condition—to spare are asked to send them to me to help to make up our collection.

The subject selected for this year's Essay Competition is: "WHAT APPEALS TO YOU MOST IN KIPLING'S VERSE ?" Every Public School in the Kingdom, both boys and girls, are being sent an invitation to participate and we are also extending the competition to about 12 or 15 schools in the United States, the latter being judged in America by referees appointed by Professor Ekblaw and a separate prize will be given, but the best essay from the States will be sent to our Committee for comparison with the best from Great Britain. Results should be available for publication in the Autumn Journal.

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