

The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
Organ
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 6

JULY 1928

The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

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JULY, 1928

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THE Kipling Society
ruary 4th, 1927.
members in the
in the following



was founded on Feb-
It has now over 730
United Kingdom, and
places Overseas :—

Antwerp, Allahabad, Aalborg, Barisal, Baluchistan, Berkeley, Bangalore, Buluwayo, Busselton, Bahrein, Buffalo, Baltimore, Barranquilla, Berwyn, Bombay, Bathurst, British Honduras, Cairo, Cap Martin, Chicago, Chateau D'oez Colombo, Concord, Constantinople, Crawford Bay (3), Council Bluffs, Champaran, Concepcion, Coetzers Kloof, Chieng-Mai, Chuquicamata, Calcutta, Chilas, Dalhousie, Delaware, Delhi (2), Delungra, Dakar, Dagshai, Easton, East London, Evanstown, Elgin, Fiji, Fez-Medina, Freetown, Fort Ternan, Gladstone Gothenburg, Gooseberry Hill, Honolulu (4), Harvard, Halifax, N.S., Hong Kong, Inverell, Joburg, Jerusalem, Kokstad, Kuala-Pilah, Kohat, Long Island, Lawrence, La Vermandaye, Lucknow, Lagos, Motucka, Middleburg, Miraflores, Monaco, Montreal (2), New York (8), Naboomspruit (2), Neutral Bay, Nangarah, Naorobi, Oporto, Peshawar, Pahang, Perak, Philadelphia, (5), Penang, Bryn Mawr (Penn), Pretoria, Punta Arenas (3), Papatoetoe, Port Moresby, Rock Island, Remuerano, Singapore, Sangor, Stanford, St. Saviour's, San Andres, San Francisco, Somerset East, Simla, Sal la Mar, St. Paul, Sidney, Tanga (2), Toronto (3), Taupo, Uitenhage, Vancouver (5), Valparaiso, Vermont, Victoria Falls, Valencia, Vienna (2), Zamba, Wellington, (N.Z.), Christchurch (N.Z.), Kobe, Woorinen, Chanbattia, Naini Tal, Turriff, Ruiru, Mongu-Lealui, Camden.

News and Notes.

MEMBERS will learn with great regret that Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, to whose efforts the founding of the Kipling Society was mainly due, has had to resign the office of Honorary Secretary, owing to the demands upon his time. At a Council Meeting, held in London on July 10, the resignation was formally accepted, and a vote of cordial thanks was passed recording Mr. Brooking's signal services. Mr. Brooking put before the Council the name of Mr. R. T. Gibson Fleming, of Escart, Milford-on-Sea, Lymington, Hants, who had volunteered to give his whole time to serve the Society as Hon. Secretary, if appointed. Mr. Fleming has qualifications eminently suitable for the position, including a twenty years' business experience in India and the Far East. The Council closed with the offer, and welcomed Mr. Fleming to the post. Mr. Brooking will continue to help as much as possible as a Member of the Executive Council.

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Major A. Corbett Smith's letter protesting against the neglect of *A Book of Words* by the Press, confirms the opinion set forth in our last issue. We were pleased afterwards to find in *The Nation* and also in *The Times Literary Supplement*, belated reviews from which we quote elsewhere in this issue.

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It is a little difficult to understand the attitude of a Brighton choir, which withdrew—in May—from a local musical festival because Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Hymn Before Action" had been selected as the test piece. The choir object to "the military character and somewhat Old Testament language" of this hymn. We venture the opinion that "Recessional" was sung by this choir many times between 1914—18. By the way, can any member tell us who are the publishers of H. B. Riley's setting for *The Children's Hymn*? It is not in the list of Kipling poems set to music which we print in this issue, but M.S. copies seem to be obtainable from those who know this—the best tune and a great favourite in the schools.

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At the Meeting held at the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, on May 24, Mr. G. C. Beresford read a paper on Kipling's *Schoolboy Lyrics*, an abstract of which will be found in this issue. Two

short recitals of Kipling's poems were given by Miss Margaret Halston, who selected from her repertoire "A Pilgrim's Way," "Mary's Son," and "If." Miss Halston's renderings of these poems were much appreciated, and a vote of thanks was accorded her on the motion of Mr. Bazley. We believe that Miss Halston took the part of "The Red-Haired Girl" when *The Light that Failed* was first produced at the New Theatre, when the other chief members of the cast were:—*Dick Helder*, Mr. Forbes Robertson, *Torpenhow*, Mr. Aubrey Smith, *Nilghai*, Mr. Sidney Valentine, *Maisie*, Miss Gertrude Elliott, and *Bessie*, Miss Nina Boucicault.

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At the April meeting of the Midland Circle, Mr. J. E. B. Fairclough read a paper entitled "Kipling and the Spirit of England." It was the opinion of the meeting that the paper was of great merit, and that it ought to be published, at least in part, in the Journal (see page 20). Mrs. Sutton Sharp once more extended her hospitality to the members of the Circle at her house, 12, Pakenham Road, Edgbaston. Eleven members and friends were present, and a number of apologies were received from those who were unable to attend. After a discussion as to the programme for future meetings of the Circle, Mr. J. E. B. Fairclough read his paper, which was followed by a discussion. This was followed by a reading of the happy ending to the *The Light that Failed*, which was unfamiliar to most members.

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Mr. P. E. Elwell, whose article on the "Anchor Song" appears on page 7, explains in a covering letter that his criticisms of the poem and of previous contributions on the subject are "strictly accurate, and should be more welcome from a sincere lover of Kipling's works than from another. A bolstered defence of the 'Anchor Song' deceives no sailor. The spirit is splendid, the terms farcical." We have printed Mr. Elwell's contribution as received. Not for us to sub-edit his or the author's technicalities, of which we have no practical experience.

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America has been trying to discover who are the twelve greatest men and women now living? To settle the matter the *New York American* appointed a committee of ten men, all Americans, including five college professors, one episcopal bishop, one United

States senator, one editor, one author, and one literary critic, with Dr. Archibald Henderson, Professor of Mathematics at the University of North Carolina, as chairman. The twelve immortals selected were as follows, the number of votes received by each being shown after the name :—Mr. T. A. Edison (9), Signor Mussolini (7), Prof. Albert Einstein (6), Mr. G. B. Shaw (5), Mr. Henry Ford (5), M. Paderewski (5), Mr. Rudyard Kipling (5), Madame Curie (4), M. Clemenceau (4), Miss Jane Addams (4), Mr. Orville Wright (4), Senatore Marconi (3). Commenting upon this curious way of deciding the question, and upon the result, Mr. J. A. Spender, in the *Daily News*, pointed out that the only men of letters who appear among the twelve, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Shaw, are both British citizens, which fact he regards as " a crumb of comfort."

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We wish to draw attention, by acknowledging its receipt here to a Kipling Calendar for 1929, which G. Delgado, Ltd, are publishing in August. It is extremely well produced in black and red on a cream paper, one week to the sheet, which measures 7in. by 9in. On each sheet are one or more quotations from the poems with appropriate decorations. A portrait of Mr. Kipling and two lines from " The Children's Song " appear on the cover. The calendar is nicely boxed for posting. The price will be 3s. 6d. It is a departure from the customary Christmas calendar, and we are sure that a welcome awaits it.

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Our illustrations this month are reproduced from photographs kindly provided by Mr. W. T. Day, of the London Office of the *Pioneer*. When Mr. Kipling worked for the *Civil and Military Gazette*, his office was in the building on the left of the Lahore Picture. An embossed copper plate has since been fixed notifying the fact. At Allahabad the Editorial Office was approached through the arches shown on the right hand side.

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Two visitors from the United States were present at the Luncheon on June 5—Mr. W. M. Carpenter, of Chicago, found an opportunity during his stay in England to undertake a little original research in London and at Westward Ho ! in the hope of finding some Kipling originals. Before he left these shores, Mr. Carpenter sent us an article and some notes, for which we hope to find space in our next issue.

The Second Annual Gathering.

LUNCHEON AT THE PRINCES' GALLERIES.

THE Second Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society was held at the Princes' Galleries, Piccadilly, on June 5th, when the President held a reception and afterwards occupied the chair. It was a much bigger gathering than that held a year ago, more than two hundred members and their guests sitting down. Major-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. was supported by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, who proposed the toast of Rudyard Kipling, and among others by the Maharaja of Burdwan, K.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., I.O.M., the Rt. Hon. Sir John Pille, K.C.M.G., Sir Harry Renwick, Bart., K.B.E., Sir Wm. Allardyce, K.C.M.G., C.M.G., Field Marshal Sir Claud Jacob, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Sir Keith Elphinstone, K.B.E., Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Sir William Bragg, K.B.E., C.B.E., Sir Frank Dyson, F.R.S., Lt. Col. R. V. K. Applin, M.P., Capt. Gilbert Frankau, and G. C. Beresford, Esq. At the top table were also Lady Cunynghame, Lady Robertson, Lady Bragg, the Hon. Lady Parsons, Lady Allardyce, Isabel, Lady Talbot de Malahyde, O.B.E., Lady MacMunn and Mesdames Dunsterville and Alec Tweedie. The Rev. C. V. L. Bode, sometime a Master at Westward Ho! College, said Grace.

Lord Birkenhead, proposing the toast of the afternoon, claimed for Mr. Kipling vividness, consistency and fidelity in all his allegiances. Foremost among these was his loyalty to India and the Empire, but hardly less vital were his allegiances to his old School, to the private soldier and to the subaltern. No author had ever quite understood with such vivid intuition what the private soldier was saying and thinking. He formed this appreciation, he developed and sustained this friendship at a moment when to many of his contemporaries the character and merits of the private soldier were not so warmly appraised as they had been since and were to day. To Mr. Kipling, the subaltern owed a debt for his sympathetic references to their work and heroism. His loyalty to the Empire was marked by ardent and unquestionable patriotism, but it was always free from easy optimism. It might be too early to assign him a final place in the history of our literature and times, but he occupied a supreme one in the present, and was assured of a high one in the long roll of the Nation's great men. He would be remembered as a great story-teller, a great poet and a great patriot.

The Toast of the Society was in the hands of Capt. Gilbert Frankau who remarked upon the tendency, more pronounced in the

United States than at home, to promote societies for the study of this or that author's works. Kipling was a great artist and a great citizen, but it was not his skill as an artist that had won for him his supreme position. Rather it was the way he had revealed the realities of patriotism and touched the feeling of Englishmen.

The President, replying, mentioned some facts about the membership which was over 720. The Council was anxious to raise this to 1000 before the end of the year and appealed to all the members to get friends to join. Referring to Mr. Kipling's absence he told the members that he said he had not forgiven the Society, he disliked the publicity, and added the President " He wrote to me a little while ago and said, "How would you like to be put on the operating table and dissected while you are still alive for the amusement of other people ? "

Lt. Gen. Sir George MacMunn proposed the Guests, and remarked that if Mr. Kipling ever came among them he would surely be asked "When are you going to tell us the Story of Mother Maturin ? " That was the story for which they were all waiting.

The Maharaja of Burdwan, in a short speech of high import, paid a tribute to Mr. Kipling's great services to India.

Following the speeches Greetings were read from Overseas Members by the Hon. Secretary :—*From Easton, Pa.*—We regret our absence. Continued success to Kipling Society. (L. H. Chandler and Irving E. Mansbach). *From Calcutta.* — Good Hunting. (A. F. Slater). *From Toronto.* - Hearty greetings. Success to your enterprise. (M. P. Tuteur). *From Simla.*— Simla sends greetings from sea to sea. (Miss Leonora Winn).

There were present at the luncheon four members from Overseas namely :—Mr. W. M. Carpenter, of Chicago ; Mr. (and Mrs.) James F. Drake, of New York ; Major F. E. Fletcher, of Sierre Leone ; and Mr. M. C. Steel, of the Gambia. Their presence afforded Mr. Brooking an opportunity of reminding those present of the inset in the last issue of the Journal. It provided the names and addresses of Overseas Members to whom those at home might write as occasion offered. This Overseas Roll—if properly used—might do much to cheer those abroad and promote the objects and aims of the Society. Major-Gen. Dunsterville also thanked the Hon. Secretary for his great interest in the welfare of the Society and work for it. Mr. Brooking was accorded musical honours.

During the course of the proceedings a telegram was sent to Mr. Kipling which ran as follows:—Rudyard Kipling, Burwash. Ap Ka

Society Ap Ko dowā Karta Nai aur Khuda Ap Ko Lat Kare. Kipling Society Luncheon. Dunsterville, Chairman. The Hindustani interpreted means:—Your Society pray for your prosperity and favour and pray that the Almighty creates you a Lord.

A Foul Hawse.

BY T. E. ELWELL, OF LIVERPOOL.

A word for the lad! Mr. Kipling often *does* prefer sound to sense. • Touching the "Anchor Song" Mr. Henry P. Croom-Johnson is right, and Mr. Gerard E. Fox and Capt. W. W. Petherick wrong.

"Take her out *in ballast riding light and cargofree.*" Italics mine. And aboard this ship to half a gale that chokes down voices, *all* sail (v. 1.) is to be augmented by bonnets (v. 6.) Now bonnets were not "trappings aloft" —*vide* Capt. Petherick, "that sails were fastened with" but a laced addition to the sail's area, closing the arched foot completely. Nothing but a fully loaded ship could carry them. A ship in ballast would have her royal yards on deck, and expose very very little sail in a full wind. Managed as the "Anchor Song" suggests, she would do her "snorting" bottom up in slightly under seven seconds. None who sailed in wind-jammers will deny this.

Further, no master of a sailing ship would bring the anchor aboard till his ship was clear of the Channel. A course "full and by" meant beating out, and missing stays would mean letting go the anchor at once. If, in such a case, the anchor was aboard Lloyds and the judge of an Admiralty Court would have a few pungent remarks to make. No! while in the Channel the anchor hung overside secured by ring-stopper and shank-painter. For sheer accuracy I may cite a verse of "Spanish Ladies":—

Then we received order for the Grand Fleet to anchor
And all in the Downs that night for to meet
Then stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tack and sheet.

Again "When the hawser grips the bit" (v. 4.) shows a ship towing out, while the rest of the poem tells of her sailing out. What "seize" between "stop" and "fish" may mean I am at a loss to comprehend. If it means passing the shank-painter the term is a new one to me.

A just criticism of the "Anchor Song" would be that it conveys the true atmosphere and spirit of a loaded ship's departure in spite

of a misuse of technicalities, and a mixture of ballasted with loaded ; towing with sailing, and sounding with deep-water terms.

Mr. Kipling errs in good company; in that of Coleridge and Poe. No one who has not sailed many voyages in a sailing-ship can use its technicalities with truth and freedom. Masfield is not exempt. If any writer could succeed in this way Mr Kipling could. As it is, technical knowledge has spoiled for me "The Ancient Mariner," "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym," "Dauber," and "The Anchor Song," and I am sorry for it.

Kipling Prices Current.

WE are indebted to Messrs. Sotheby and Co. for the particulars below of prices realised at their Auction Rooms during the past quarter. The first group were sold on May 2.

THE RECORD OF BADALIA HERODSFOOT, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, contained in the "Detroit Free Press Christmas Number," original wrappers with advertisements, 1890; THE LIGHT THAT FAILED, in Lippincott's "Monthly Magazine" for Jan. 1891, portrait, original wrappers (mounted, and under-cover missing); sold not subject to return. The two, 10s.

LETTERS OF MARQUE, FIRST EDITION, three advertisement leaves at each end, original red and blue cloth (stained), the date of issue on the end-paper "5. Oct. 91" Allahabad, 1891, £8 10s.

THE SCHOOL BUDGET [Horsmonden School, Kent], No. 13, a cyclo-style production, 6 ll. containing a letter from Rudyard Kipling, which includes "Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette" (occupying the whole of p. 2), original pink wrappers, May 14th, 1898, £27.

On May 7, there was sold from a private library a set of the BOMBAY EDITION, 2a vol. vol. 1 signed by the author, original boards, holland back, g. t. uncut 1913-19 for £59. A little later, part of the library of the late Clement King Shorter was disposed of and among the lots was:—

TALES OF "THE TRADE," one of 25 copies privately printed by Clement Shorter for distribution among his friends, two typescript letters signed by the author, and a telegram from him, together with the letter from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty granting permission to print, are inserted, half levant morocco, original covers preserved, g. t. 4to. [1916] £58.



THE COURTYARD OF THE OFFICE OF THE *Civil and Military Gazette* AT LAHORE.

Another item, entered as " the property of a lady," was sold on June 20 :—

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, AND OTHER VERSES, FIRST EDITION, PRESENTATION COPY FROM THE AUTHOR TO HIS OLD SCHOOL, UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO, WITH INSCRIPTION BY HIM ON THE FIRST LEAF, " THE COMMON ROOM, U.S. COLLEGE, WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR," AND MS. NOTES BY HIM EXPLAINING INDIAN WORDS AND PHRASES IN MANY OF THE POEMS, in the original printed wrapper (the wrapper torn and slightly defective) long narrow 8vo., 1886, £780.

Off the Beaten Track with Kipling.

ABSTRACTS FROM A PAPER BY CAPT. E. MARTINDELL PRESENTED
APRIL 24TH, 1928.

KIPLING'S first known story was contributed to *The Scribbler* in June, 1879, when he was 13 years old. It was entitled " My First Adventure," and is about a school boy, who plays in a school cricket match and incidentally helps to win the match. His efforts, however, on a very hot day ended in his getting sunstroke and in jumping out of the sickroom window in his delirium and going fishing in the river Stour the same night. Whilst fishing an elderly gentleman came along and attempted to cross a bridge, which was rotten and gave way under his weight, and in consequence he was nearly drowned in the river, only being saved by our delirious schoolboy fisherman. I quote here the author's words:—

"The chill of the water brought on another fit of madness, which broke out as soon as I had deposited my burden safely. I danced round the old gentleman, gibbering at him, all to persuade him that he needn't have been afraid Abject fear was depicted on the countenance of him whom I had saved ; his eyes became as round and nearly as big as saucers, his dripping form stiffened in every member, and he finally collapsed in some fine thistles, the very personification of terror."

Our hero then left the old gentleman and made tracks for his school, got to bed again and did not leave it for weeks. Years after he had occasion to go to a farmer's ordinary, and after taking wine with about two-thirds of the company, the conversation turned on the subject of ghosts. Presently an old gentleman asked leave to narrate a ghost-story of his own personal experience. Everybody leaned forward to look at the ghost-seer, for all the

anecdotes up to this point had been merely hearsay relations. " My ghost " commenced the old gentleman, " did me a good turn ; in fact saved me from drowning." The hero hears a circumstantial account of his rescue, and himself described as " a frightful monster reeking with gore, which vanished when I tried to touch it." The author of the paper read a long abstract from the latter part of this story which showed the old gentleman rudely awakened, and his wondrous tale brought down to the level of a trivial and natural incident.

Kipling's next story " Ibbetson Dun " appeared serially in 1882 in the " *United Services College Chronicle*," when he was editor of the school magazine. Only two parts were published, and the story remained unfinished, as the author left school in July, 1882, and shortly after went out to India. " Ibbetson Dun " purports to be a portion of an unrolled manuscript found in a deserted study, and takes its name from the highest ground at the north end of the Levels on the coast of a Devonshire village. What there is of the story is of interest as being descriptive of the inhabitants of the small fishing village and of their dialects. " My First Adventure " and " Ibbetson Dun " then, are Kipling's first stories written when he was a boy at school.

What might well be called Kipling's first " Barrack Room Ballad" entitled " The Story of Tommy"—A story without amoral, appeared in *The Civil and Military Gazette* in 1884 before any of the Departmental Ditties saw the light of day. Two stanzas from this ballad will afford an idea of its style :—

This is the story of Tommy, aged twenty and drunk in his cot;
 Marvellous drunk was Tommy, and the night was marvellous hot:
 And the fever held him all day, till Tommy was told by his " chum "
 That the worst of fevers would yield to a couple of "goes" of rum,—
 So he drank till the bare plain rocked 'neath his regulation boots,
 And kept the liquor in place with a dozen *bazaar* cheroots.

Marvellous hot was the night (hot as they make 'em in June).
 Merrily came the mosquito and cheered his soul with a tune,
 Over the nose of Tommy softly the punkah swept,
 But coolies are only human, and somehow that coolie slept.—
 Sweating and swearing profusely, dizzy and dazed with his smoke—
 Mad with the drink and fever, Tommy, aged twenty, awoke.

Tommy shouts to the punkah puller, gets no reply, takes his rifle, shoots the coolie, and although he " tried to explain to the Guard how it was only a lark " Tommy is hanged.

After this poem I wish to introduce you to three poems in which our old friend Mulvaney figures. The first is called "The Way Av Ut" and the heading to the poem is a quotation from the *Pioneer Mail* as follows :—"The Black Mountain Expedition is apparently to be a teetotal affair—vide *Civil and Military Gazette*, October 5th, 1888. A charge of Ghazis was met by the Royal Irish, who accounted for the whole of them . . . The Royal Irish carried the position." Again we must be satisfied with three out of nine stanzas.

I met wid ould Mulvaney an' he tuk me by the hand.
Sez he—"Fwhat *Rubber* from the front, an' will the Paythans
stand ?"

" O Terrence, dear, in all Clonmel such things were never seen.
They've sint a Rigiment to war widout a Fiel' Canteen.

" 'Tis not a Highland Rigiment for they wud niver care —
Their Corp'rils carry hymn-books an' they open fire wid prayer—
'Tis not an English Rigimint that bums a Blue Light flame—
'Tis the Eighteenth Royal Irish, man, as thirrsty as they're
game! "

x x x x x

" Will they be long among the hills ? My troth they will not so—
They're crammin' down there fightin, now to have ut done an' go ;
For Bobbs the Timp'rance Shtrategist has whipped thim on the
nail—

'Tis cruel on the Oirish but- ut's Murther on the Kheyl."

The second poem of the Mulvaney trilogy is entitled "The Irish Conspiracy," and is preceded by a quotation from the *Pioneer*, February 15th, 1889:—"The Maharaja Dhulip Singh has issued a manifesto addressed to the Princes and People of India. In it he declares that there are supporters in Europe and America, who are ready to form an army for the overthrow of British rule in India, but a fund of four million pounds is necessary for the purchase of munitions in order to carry out that object. Besides the Punjabis, the Irish soldiers serving in British regiments in India would assist in the movement." "The Irish Conspiracy" opens in this wise :—

I went to ould Mulvaney wid the Friday's *Pioneer*,
I grup him by the shoulther-strap, sez I to him : " Look here,
There's rumours av conspiracy an' fire an' rape an' ruin,
Expaytiate upon ut, man—fwhat *are* the Oirish doin' ? "
and concludes as one would expect a Mulvaney story to finish.

" Selling the Cross," the third Mulvaney poem appeared in the *St. James' Gazette* in February 1890, headed by a quotation from the *East End, News*: -" The following insulting epistle has been received by Sergt. A. Ablett, 33, Stafford Street, Millwall, who won the Victoria Cross for distinguished bravery in the Crimea, who naturally feels extremely indignant at being the recipient of such an insult:—" Dear Sir, I am making a collection of Victoria Crosses, of which I have four. I have ventured to ask if you feel disposed to part with yours ? " Once again the appeal is made to the great-hearted Irishman: -

I wint to ould Mulvaney wid the paper in my hand,
 Sez I, " The Saints protect us, but there's treason in the land;
 A bloomin' blued-steel bower-bird wid money in his purse,
 Buys up Victoria Crosses !—Terence, help a man to curse."

x x x x x

Mulvaney tuk the paper an' he hild it upside down,
 And when he read that tale he smiled a most umbrageous frown.
 " The Sergint wouldn't sell " sez he. "Av course, that's only fair,
 But, faith, did that collector-thing get off widout his share ? "

" If I had what he wanted, and he tried dogs' thricks on me,
 I'd paste him up wid crosses av a sumpshuous degree,
 They'd be in stickin' plaster on his nose, an' mouth, an' chin,
 Begad, I'd write Gazettes upon the scutt's nefarious skin."

and more in a like strain up to eight stanzas.

In most out-of-the-way places we come across Kipling productions. Take, for example, " Why Snow Falls at Vernet. A Legend of St. Saturnia," which appeared in a monthly journal called "The Merrythought " written and circulated at Vernet-Les-Bans in the Pyrenees in 1911. The legend tells of two English knights, Sir Brian and Sir Gilbert, who settled at Vernet shortly after the end of the first Crusade, the former suffering from an inveterate sciatica, the latter from lumbago, and of their converse with a holy man, destined to become a bishop and the patron Saint of Vernet, none other than St. Saturnia himself. If you ever get a chance of reading this legend I should advise you to avail yourselves of the opportunity, it is quite amusing. Recently I discovered two Kipling poems hidden away in a Service Magazine, where they had made their first appearance in 1915, being subsequently printed in the newspapers and then in book form. I refer to the poems " The Trade" and " Farewell and Adieu to you, Norwich Ladies." In

the former poem you have a L'Envoi that appears nowhere else, except in the "Maidstone Magazine" which was first called "The Maidstone Muckrag." The L'Envoi referred to runs as follows :—

"Even the "Maidstone Magazine"
 For whom my ribald rhymes are made,
 Strikes out tar more than it sticks in.
 That is the custom of "The Trade."

The fourth and fifth lines of the fourth verse of the poem, also, as originally conceived were

" No journal prints the yarns they spin
 Above the bitters and the gin,

being afterwards altered to

" No journal prints the yarns they spin
 (The Censor would not let it in)."

The second poem "Farewell and Adieu to you, Harwich Ladies" was entitled "An old Song Re-sung," now simply "1914—1918," and it is preceded by this statement:—"Lines written by cur recent visitor, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, on a half-sheet of notepaper, after hearing of the experience of a British Submarine in a German mine-field. Mr. Kipling has most kindly promised us an article for this magazine at an early date." The poem itself differed in several minor respects from its final version and lacks the fourth and last verse, instead of which Kipling wrote ("You can finish it off yourselves, R.K.") Two noticeable alterations were made. The first line of the second verse which originally ran "We duck and we dive like three ruddy sheldrakes," afterwards became "We'll duck and we'll dive like little tin turtles," and the last line "From the Cork to Cuxhaven it's go as you please" became "From here to Cuxhaxen it's go as you please."

I shall not be surprised if the first volume of "The Maidstone Magazine" which was reprinted as a Souvenir of the Eighth Submarine Flotilla, is eagerly sought after by Kipling collectors as a rarity, especially when I tell you that only 200 copies were printed and many of these doubtless have "gone west," suffering the same fate as their original owners, so if any members of this Society possess copies, my advice to them is to hold on to them for all they are worth, as one day they will very likely be worth their weight in gold.

Quite recently, we have had revealed to us another *terra incognita*, which it may repay someone to explore. At the beginning of this

month a Kipling M.S. poem of 94 lines entitled "The Ballad of Ahmed Shah" was sold at Sotheby's for £500, and we learnt that this poem had been contributed to the "*Indian Planter's Gazette and Sporting News*." It tells the story of how a "dealer in tats in the Sudder Bazaar" was "done by a youth from Morar." The poem is in the "Departmental Ditties" style and illustrated how the biter got bit. I quote a few lines, which will give you some idea of the poem:—

" Ahmed Shah was a man of peace —
 His beard and his turban were thick with grease,
 His paunch was huge and his speech was slow
 And he swindled the subalterns high and low.
 Scores of subalterns came to try
 The tats that he sold—and remained to buy.
 Scores of subalterns later on
 Found that their flashiest mounts were "gone"
 Some in the front and some behind
 Some were roarers and some went blind—
 Scores of subalterns over their "weeds"
 Cursed old Ahmed and all his deeds.
 But Ahmed Shah in his gully sat still —
 And ever he fashioned a *Little Black Pill*.

Eventually a subaltern whose "cheek was beardless – and boundless too" discovered the "trick," and turned the tables on Ahmed, selling him a red roan gelding, which was "cast" because, as the battery sergeant put it :—

" 'E ain't no use.
 Excep' for kickin' recruits *to* the deuce,
 'E's savaged two drivers last week an' now
 'E's chained in the sick lines."

The subaltern bought and drugged the gelding as Ahmed used to do, so that it became strangely tame, and Ahmed Shah, being quite deceived, thought he had got a wonderful bargain for 250 rupees.

"By Allah, how mad is this pink-faced child
 I will shift that *ghorah* with *atta* and *goor*
 And sell him again to some English *soor*
 For a clear eight-fifty,' and e'en as he spoke
 The devil they'd drugged in the red roan woke."

However, the upshot of the affair was that Ahmed Shah sought a further interview with the subaltern.

" What passed between them ? I cannot say,
 The subaltern turns the question away
 With an innocent laugh, but the men of Morar
 Say he still gets ponies from Ahmed Shah.
 Ponies to bet on—but not to buy
 Weeds to look at but devils to fly
 And once in a while comes a tiny pill-box.
 Which the subaltern puts in his private till-box.
 The Doctor abets him whenever I'm able
 I plunge to my last clean shirt on their stable."

I should like now to lead you on to the beaten track and read you some extracts from an address given by Kipling at McGill University, Montreal, in 1907, which are worthy of the close consideration not only of youthful undergraduates, but of each and all of us in this grossly materialistic age. The heading given to the address in *The Ladies Home Journal*, where it was originally reproduced, was " The Man to Watch." In the recently published *A Book of Words* it is now entitled " Values in Life." Here followed a long passage which students of the book mentioned will find on pages 17 to 21.

Kipling's Place in English Poetry.

ABSTRACTS FROM A PAPER BY MR. ROBERT STOKES, MEMBER.

DURING a tour in Canada and the United States, the author made inquiries to find out the esteem in which Kipling is held there. These inquiries were rather limited in scope, but the result, for what it may be worth, is interesting. Both countries seem to regard Kipling as one of the world's greatest poets and story-tellers. The contrast with the cavilling tone of literary critics in this country is remarkable. There praise is unstinted. Here it is begrudged. There Kipling is already a classic. Here it is the literary fashion to approach him circumspectly, to praise, perhaps, a few things highly, but for the rest, to accuse him of crudity, blatancy, or jingoism. Our critics are unhappy about Mr. Kipling, and especially about his poetry, which eludes their categories and defies their rules. Their instinct warns them against it; yet it achieves a sustained popularity beyond that of any orthodox poetry. The critics cannot but have a suspicion that it may be the rules that are at fault. A great body of opinion, whether

expert or popular, is seldom wholly wrong. A rapid survey of the historical organs of orthodox literary criticism through the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century enabled Mr. Stokes to show how the specialised art of poetry during a century and a half became divorced from the general life of England, how much more was it not divorced from the life of the Empire ! Here and there its greater practitioners might be inspired by some transcendent act of English heroism to hymn, for instance a "Charge of the Light Brigade," but in general, on such subjects, even the greatest were dumb. On the Seven Seas English sailors were daily performing miracles of daring and endurance. On the frontiers of civilization in all Dominions Englishmen were daily carrying through the most difficult and dangerous tasks. In India and the Crown Colonies the vastest and most beneficent system of administration that the backward regions have ever known, were being rapidly built up. These things were not done without hazard, and the toll of our losses in tribal wars alone was a heavy one; yet there was none of the poets of England to cry that

" Never the lotus closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for
England's sake."

And the poets of England were engaged in playing with the harmonies of words! It is only unfair to compare their art to the last most delicate bloom of the rose before it fades, because the art of a nation or people, who are not themselves decadent, is sure to be recalled to virility in time by the people themselves, when they get the chance. It was Kipling's special merit to have provided them with the chance.

" ORTHODOX " CRITICISMS CONSIDERED.

Now surely we are in a better position to see the more usual criticisms of Kipling in their true perspective. The critics are the High Priests of what is still a narrow, stereotyped faith, a cult at once too rigid, too intricate and too spiritually exacting for any but its own experts. Those who are more familiar with poetry than with life, find in Kipling much that jars upon them, because they find much that jars in life itself. The critics are within their rights in telling them so. Moreover, in so far as the orthodox critics are the guardians of any artistic tradition, which is genuinely founded on experience of life, they are justified to that extent also. No artistic revolt, however salutary, can ignore entirely the traditions of the art concerned. It may be suspected that some of

Kipling's failures have been due to a revolt that was in some particular cases, and in some general matters, too thorough-going. For example, Kipling has deliberately embraced realism as part of his artistic creed in the lines setting forth the artist's ideal, as to

Draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are.

But realism is a very old artistic heresy, which has been denounced by competent thinkers on art, in all ages. In some instances the vividness of Kipling's imagination and feeling carries it off, as in the lines as:—

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,

And the women come out to cut up what remains,

Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in Berkeley Square,

And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him by the hair—

On the other hand, we must concede to the critics that Kipling's realism does spoil some of his poems, particularly where it involves a far too sudden lowering of the tone, as in the dubious reference in "The Song of the Banjo" to

The tunes that mean so much to you alone—

Common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose,

Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the groan—

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those.

And sometimes even, when the tone remains the same, as in the final verse of "The Liner She's a Lady," or in some verses of the poem entitled "A Deathbed 1918," or again in that terrible poem entitled "Hyaenas." Those who remember their Dante will hesitate to condemn as impossible material for poetry the subject-matter of these last two ghastly poems, but the suddenness with which the tone is occasionally lowered by stark realism is not easy to defend.

The critics are perhaps on sounder ground when they remark on the absence from Kipling of memorable lines full of rich beauty of the kind to be found in say, Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale"; on his lack of a delicate ear for the finer niceties of word harmony. Yet there are memorable lines in Kipling, such as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," and "Third on the Mary Gloster then, and first that night in Hell"; and some of the most memorable lines have a quality of rich beauty: "How far is St. Helena from a little child at play?" or again (also from "A St. Helena Lullaby"):

How far is St. Helena from the Beresina ice?

An ill way—a chill way—the ice begins to crack.

The most delicate word harmonies may not be found in Kipling, yet word harmony of a pleasing variety is to be found in many of his poems. Turning now to the question at issue between Kipling and the orthodox poets and critics, one finds that attempts to rationalise the basis of the orthodox position commonly follow one of two lines. The first may be called briefly the "mystical" theory. In a common form it is often combined with some form of philosophical idealism, and it affirms that the really important element in art is a mystical experience—on the part of the artist or of him who enjoys the art, or of both—conveying a knowledge of the non-material reality of the world, which mystical experience is of equal value with intellectual experience as a means of gaining information about ultimate reality. For those who hold such a theory it is the great moments and transcendent spiritualities of art that matter, and art must exist primarily for the sake of those who can appreciate these things, and not for the common people.

Apart from the unprovable basis of this theory, it conflicts with the artistic tradition of all the ages which mankind has traditionally regarded as great ages of art, for then the details of works of art have been commonly subordinated to the effects produced by the works of art as wholes, whereas this theory would subordinate the effect produced by a work of art as a whole to that of its best parts. Even if the theory were true, it would be a narrow theory requiring another supplementary theory to account for the innumerable parts which art has ever played in the life of the ordinary, plain, non-mystical people of this world.

The other chief line of philosophical defence of the orthodox position is artistic hedonism, and this has been put forward sometimes as supplementing the mystical theory and sometimes as offering a basis for a whole philosophy of art. In either case all the old classical objections to ethical hedonism would appear to dispose also of artistic hedonism. To make pleasure the aim destroys its pleasure-giving quality, and for this reason alone pleasure cannot be a satisfactory criterion. Again, mere pleasure itself can only be measured by amount, and this affords no basis for distinguishing between higher and lower pleasures, a distinction which common-sense seems to require. Defenders of this theory have commonly tried to take refuge in some form of distinction between literate and vulgar opinion, but the basis of the distinction is always bound to be artificial and adventitious, because it is impossible to derive such a distinction from the mere principle of hedonism itself.

But if the whole basis of the orthodox position is unsound, can we offer any more rational basis for a theory which would justify Kipling? I think that the principle of communication offers such a basis. If we regard the true function of art in human society, not as a means of mystical communion with reality, nor yet as *merely* that of giving pleasure, but as a means of communicating from one human being to others, and from one place and age to other places and ages, all sorts of thoughts and emotions and mental processes and experiences in life which do not happen to lend themselves to communication by ordinary speech, writings and symbols; this theory would set up a double kind of criterion: (1) the value of the thoughts, images, emotions, etc., which are communicated, to those to whom they are communicated, and (2) the effectiveness of the communication. Such a theory would appear to offer the widest scope to art alike as to subject-matter, as to those to whom it makes its appeal, and as to its medium. It approaches poetry *merely* from the point of view of its actual function in human society, the poet's motives and psychology are immaterial. It finds the basis of artistic, including literary, criticism in the needs of the whole community in which the art can perform the social function of communicating certain things which do not lend themselves to communication by ordinary channels. It repudiates the claim of coteries of specialists to monopolise a medium of communication, and it holds that Kipling is amply justified in using the medium of poetry to urge on and strengthen, as well as to delight, those engaged in building up this Empire and doing other useful things. It will judge him not by his neglect to make his primary appeal to connoisseurs of literary echoes, but by the variety and intensity and success of his appeal to his own chosen audience, the men and women of the whole British race, and by his spiritual value, in the broadest sense, to them. Incidentally it will make no attempt to limit an artist's choice of material. If he likes best to work in reinforced concrete, or in the tones of a new variety of guitar, or in barrack-room slang, that is his affair. It will only consider the value of his aim to his audience, and his success in achieving it.

Kipling and the Spirit of England.

BY J. E. B. FAIRCLOUGH, HON. SEC, MIDLAND CIRCLE.

THE subject of my paper is "Kipling and the Spirit of England," and to this might be added "the Spirit of the English." In working it out I have come to realise what a tremendous field it covers, and that each one of us would bring a different light to bear on the subject. I will begin with two excerpts, the first Kipling, the second, I believe, from *The Mikado*. Do you remember the story of the "jelly-bellied flag flapper" in Stalky and Co.; and how he outraged the reserve and trampled on the hidden ideals of the boys? And now this:—

The muddle pated orator who, in enthusiastic tone,
Praises every century but this one, every country but his own.

There seems to be a phase of our present day life when the thing to do is to run down our own country. Should we exhibit pride in our country and in the achievements of our ancestors, we are liable to be termed "jingoists" or ranting Imperialists. It is the little England spirit, and it all too fashionable in all walks of life.

Perhaps the crying down of our own country may be explained by a quotation from an address by Mr. Kipling. He said:—

And herein, as I see it, lies the strength of the English—that they have behind them this continuity of immensely varied race-experience and race-memory, running equally through all classes back to the very dawn of our dawn. This imposes on them unconsciously, even while they deny and deride it, standards of achievement and comparison hard perhaps, and perhaps a little unsympathetic, but not low—not low—and, as all earth is witness, not easily to be lowered. And that is the reason why in the things nearest our hearts we praise so little and criticise so lavishly. It is the only compliment which an Englishman dare pay to his country.

The spirit that characterises Kipling's writings is a wonderful antidote to the little England spirit. He reminds us of our achievements in the past, of our big men and their doings, and when we have deserved his whip of scorn he castigates us heartily, the while to preserve in us the "humble and contrite heart." He spurs us on to achieve great heights. Do you know Sapper's *Private Meyrick—Company Idiot*, who had been hauled up

before his company commander for being late on parade. When asked for his excuse, he replied that he had been reading Kipling, and had not noticed the time. His company commander had a short talk with him, and elicited from Meyrick that fact "that Kipling gets hold of me, makes me feel that I want to do big things," and then referred to "lifting them through the charge that won the day." The last episode in this tale occurs after a violent bombardment of the trench during which the telephone line to Battalion headquarters was cut. Meyrick slipped out and when he was discovered dead by his company commander he was clutching two wires in his hand. They were the wrong wires, but the spirit that prompted the action was right—the spirit of "lifting them through the charge that won the day."

Kipling's life work—as he admitted in a speech delivered to the Canadian Club, Winnipeg—has been to bind together and interest in each other—the different parts of the Empire. He does not apologise for the Empire, and seeks to remind us—not so much of its glory, but of our responsibilities, to maintain and uphold, that for which our forefathers worked. The Empire according to Kipling, does not belong to England alone, but to everyone of its constituents.

Now the idea of our Empire, as a community of men of allied race and identical aims, united in comradeship, comprehension, and sympathy, is no new thing. It grew up in the hearts of all our people with their national growth as the peoples in the Empire grew to the stature of distinct nations.

Speak of the work that is done by English men and women day in and day out—work that cannot be comprehended by certain spirits of little faith who fail to realise both the responsibility that is ours, and the lives that are spent on the outposts of Empire. That brings me to my second point. Kipling has written from his earliest days with an intimate knowledge of the work of these people and tried to make us realise their daily lives. In recent prose we have the story of "Little Foxes," and the trouble of the mudirs cranes, but practically the whole of *Plain Tales from the Hills* is given over to descriptions of this daily life. One has to read "The End of the Passage," "The Return of Imray," and "William the Conqueror" fully to appreciate the discomforts. The first is a tragedy. Do you remember the description of the four men assembled from long distances playing whist very crossly in a choking, dusty heat—the least thing producing

grumbles, and then the final tragedy—the sleepless blazing nights are vividly portrayed. "William the Conqueror" describes the work carried out in a famine area, and consequent discomforts culminating in the final return North to "the land she knew and loved." Or again, the story of "The Tomb of His Ancestors," where young Chinn returned to his own with the Bhils—illustrating the service given by families. In a different vein is the joyous story of "Judson and the Empire" -- "Judson of my Soul."

Turning to poetry, we find expressed in the "White Man's Burden" and "Pharaoh and the Sergeant," the spirit in which this work is carried out—the service of men who have given their all to benefit those over whom they have been placed, men who:—

Take up the white man's burden and reap his old reward,
The blame of those ye better and the hate of those ye guard.

The next phase we find is Kipling's praise and blame. Shall we deal with the medicine first? Kipling never praised us as a nation or Empire, but he blames us as such, and in "The Lesson" he did not spare us:—

Let us admit it fairly as a business people should,
We have had no end of a lesson . it will do us no end of good.

Kipling keeps his praise for individuals. Lord Roberts, the master gunner, who "pleaded in the market place, pleaded and was not heard." Joseph Chamberlain, a man after Kipling's own heart, whose foresight did much to create the Empire as it is to-day.

And then King Edward VII. I have purposely left this till last because I think the lines are so fine:—

We accepted his toil as our right none spared,
 none excused him,
When he was bowed by his burden his rest was
 refused him.
We troubled his age with our weakness—the
 blacker the shame to us.
Hearing his People had need of him straightway
 he came to us.

I come now to Kipling's interpretation of the English soil and the Countryside. His delightful Puck books fill us with the love of old England, and show us that the glory of England all through

the ages has been created, may I say, by the ordinary folk—and that beneath the surface the spirit of the English - despite the changes of time—has been, and always will be, the same. I quote again from *A Book of Words*: -

If an Elizabethan Statesman (or adventurer) could have returned to England during the war, he would, I think, in a very short time have been able to pick up his office work almost where he dropped it . . . He would have recognised that what held firm in the days of the Armada held firm at Armageddon ; that what had broken beneath his band then was rotten in our hand now. Bar a few minor differences of equipment, he would have felt just like any sailor or soldier returning to some bitterly familiar job of sea-patrol or trench life between '14 and '18, like those men he would have taken for granted a great deal upon which other nations might have wasted valuable thought and attention. Our stories of Coronel and Zeebrugge, of the English County battalions, not one year old, that died to the last man as a matter of routine on the fronts that they were ordered to hold, would have moved him no more or no less than the little affair of Sir Richard Grenville, off Flores, in the " Revenge."

That is my interpretation of these two books, and what a delightful way to learn history.

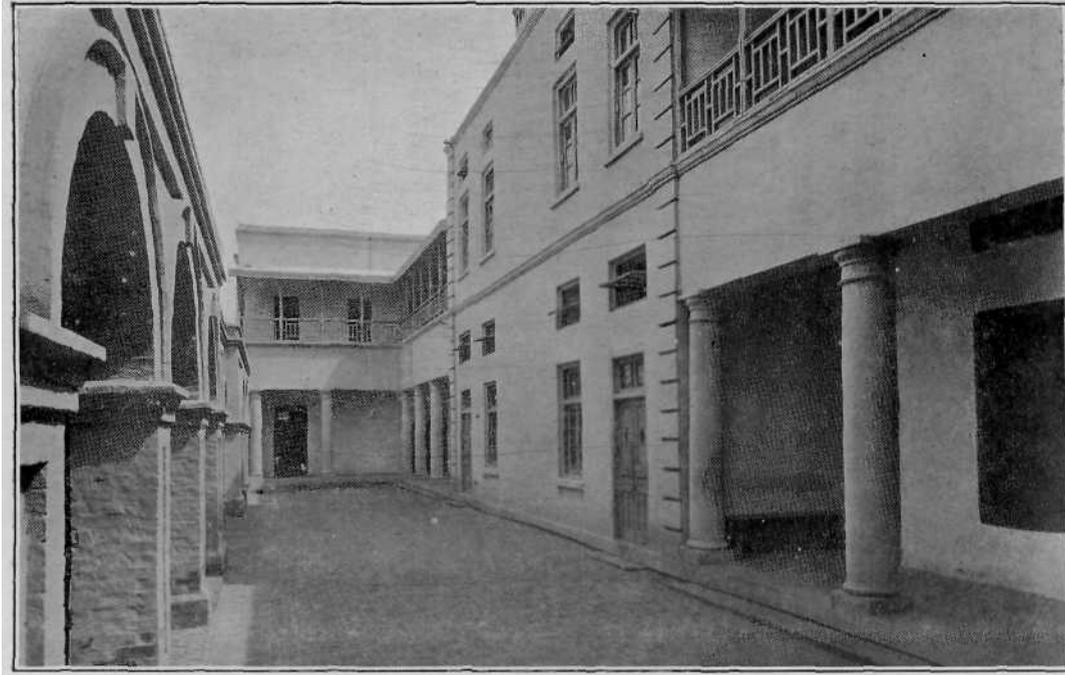
For the exile, what charm lies in the description of English countryside contained in the short stories. In that humorous story ' My Sunday at Home,' one gets snatches interspersed in the tale that make one see vividly the glory of a Sunday in May, in the quiet, beautiful countryside. But I think the spirit of the land enters more into stories such as " My Son's Wife " and " An Habitation Enforced." There are numerous other stories in which one can see Kipling's love of the English counties.

A Book of Words.

FURTHER QUOTATIONS FROM THE LITERARY REVIEWS.

WHETHER he is adorning an Academy banquet, or giving thanks for an honorary degree, or appealing for funds, or dedicating a war memorial, or addressing explorers, surgeons, cadets, or schoolboys, Mr Kipling, having decided what to say, says it with such force, brevity, wit, and authority tempered with modesty that the solitary critic is moved to raise a belated cheer. There is here, as always, a magnificent competence in Mr. Kipling's attack. Having selected his nail he hits it plumb and hard with words like hammers. The recurrent problem of Mr. Kipling is mainly his selection of nails. The literary critic, as such, is silenced by the beauty of the hammering, but if he is a political animal of liberal tinge he may be infuriated to see such nails driven so beautifully home. His account of how Nobby Clarke founded the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine is in his best vein of salty, ingenious fun. He treated the Royal Geographical Society to a most diverting discourse on smells the world over, and how air-travel will completely abolish the landmark-by-smell. And the boys of Mr. Pearson's house at Wellington in 1912 were fortunate in listening to one of the wisest discourses ever delivered on literature as an adjunct to action. In "The Uses of Reading," Mr. Kipling's nail is above suspicion; his famous knowledge of boys leads him to draw profound advice from his store of literary experience; and incidentally he throws up an almost perfect defence of the classical curriculum. *Mr Barrington Gates in The Nation, April 21, 1928.*

The briefest and most colloquial is as fully charged with the speaker's personality as the most elaborate and carefully considered. Many are addressed to youth—schoolboys, university students, young soldiers or sailors—and surely nobody can know the secret of winning the interest and confidence of the young so well as the author who showed, in the case of "Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P." how not to do it. As for the substance of the lessons imparted on these and similar occasions, we do not expect, and we do not find, any solicitude for novelty or paradox. Mr. Kipling is inclined to think (as he said to Wellington boys) that our fore fathers were not only "living men who really knew something," but that they "knew quite as much as we do about the things that really concern men." He is therefore content, for the most part, to speak of virtues old-fashioned enough to be reckoned eternal, of courage, steadfastness, alacrity in profiting by the hints and knocks of Dame Experience and so forth. *From an Unsigned Review in the Times Literary Supplement, April 26, 1928.*



THE PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THE *Pioneer* AT ALLAHABAD.

Kipling Set to Music.

Compiled by Mr. F. W. Mackenzie-Skues, of Croydon.

MEMBERS who are musically inclined will be obliged to Mr. Mackenzie-Skues for the Schedule of Songs set to music which follows. First we may take the *Barrack Room Ballads*, of which there are three series, all published by C. Sheard. The compiler has mentioned the keys in which all the Songs are set, and in some instances gives the date of publication, but those details are omitted.

Series one includes, *The Young British Soldier*; *Mandalay*; *Route Marchin'*; *Soldier Soldier*; *Fuzzy-Wuzzy*, all by Gerard F. Cobb, and *Tommy*, by Mary Carmichael. A *Dedication to T. A.*, also by Cobb, is associated with his songs, and with Cobb's compositions in the second and third series. A dance based on *Mandalay* is known as the *Mandalay Waltz*, by Bewicke Beverley.

Series two includes, *Troopin'*; *Ford o' Kabul River*; *Danny Deever*; *Shillin'-a-Day*; *Cells*, by Cobb, and *The Widow at Windsor*, by Gordon Sutherland.

Series three are all by Cobb, namely, *Belts*; *The Widow's Party*; *Screw Guns*; *Gunga Din*; *Oonts and Snarleyow*.

In addition to the aforementioned setting of *Mandalay*, there are others by Mrs. Charles Willeby, published by John Church of New York; and Keith Prowse of London, and by Walter W. Hedgcock, published by Sheard of London.

Other *Barrack Room Ballads* and *Early Songs* which may be mentioned here include those that follow. The names of the publishers are printed in brackets:—*The Lovers' Litany*, by E. Leveson Gower (Sheard); *Pink Dominoes*, by W. A. Elkin (Sheard); *The Absent Minded Beggar*, by Arthur Sullivan (Enoch); *The Shut-Eye Sentry*, by Herbert Crimp (Keith Prowse); *For to Admire*, and *Back to the Army Again* by G. F. Cobb (*The Scottish Students' Song Book*).

Mr. Percy Aldridge Grainger has composed and publishes through Schott and Co. of London, music for *Mother o' Mine*; *We have fed our Seas for a Thousand Years* (mixed chorus); *Morning Song in the Jungle* (mixed chorus unaccompanied); *Tiger—Tiger* (for unaccompanied men's chorus or tenor solos); and *Anchor Song* (with male quartet).

Sir Edward Elgar, through Enoch and Sons, has given us four songs from *Fringes of the Fleet*, namely:—The Lowestoft Boat; Fate's Discourtesy; Submarines, and The Sweepers. In the same group are, Be well assured, by Edward German, and, Have you any News of My Boy Jack, the latter for choirs. The publishers of these two are respectively, Chappell and the General Publishing Co., both London.

Mother o' Mine, in addition to the setting mentioned above, has been set to music by F. E. Tours (Chappell); S. Liddle (Church Co., Cincinnati); A. W. Kramer (Fischer & Co, New York); R. S. Piggott Whaley (Royce & Co., Toronto); E. Maxwell Weyman (Witmark & Son, New York) and H. J. Burleigh.

Recessional. The settings are legion, and include those by Reginald Lewis de Koven (Church Co. and Hopwood & Crewe, London); S. Clark, (Partsong, Curwen, London); A. J. A. Coulter; J. B. D. Elliott; G. E. Holt and G. E. Hopkins (all four Novello, London). A. W. Foote as partsong; C. F. Manney (both A. P. Schmidt, Boston, Mass.); W. W. Gilchrist, choral; and H. R. Shelley (both G. Schirmer, New York); G. Foster, choral No. 4392 and J. A. Straker, hymn (both West London), Novellos have also included in their *Parish Choir Book* tunes by Sir G. C. Martin and E. W. Naylor. Other composers whose publishers have not been traced are A. F. Walker; J. Leechman; H. M. P. Bouverie; Countess of Radnor; D. de St. C. Fogg; A. W. Gentry and E. P. Sweeting, the last as a part-song.

The Children's Song. The list is nearly as long as the last, and includes Edward Agassiz (Weekes, London); B. Blamires, as anthem (National Choralist, London); R. J. C. Chanter (Curwen); J. A. Gaccon (Schirmer); G. P. Harris, two-part (Vincent Mus. Co., London); Joseph Mainzer, hymn and J. B. Miles, unison song (both Curwen); M. L. White, unison song (Novello); W. G. Whittaker (Oxford Univ. Press) and Leonard G. Winter, four-part song (Novello).

Sir J. F. Bridge has composed, and published through Novello, three Cantatas namely The Flag of England in 1897, The Ballad of the Clampherdown in 1899, and the Song of the English in 1911.

L. Dampier is responsible for the following; The Birds of Prey March; The Mother Lodge and the Merchantmen (all three Phillips and Page, London); The Coast-wise Lights of England; Anchor Song, for male voices as part song; The Smugglers' Song, and The Song of the English, as chorus for unaccompanied voices (all four Curwen); Rimini (Enoch); and A Song of the English (Music Pub. Assn.).

Six Songs from *The Jungle Books* by Dora Bright, are published by Elkin & Co., London. The titles are:—Night Song in the Jungle; Seal Lullaby: The Mother-Seal's Song : Tiger! Tiger !; Road Song of the Bandar-Log; and The Song Toomai's Mother Sang to the Baby. Liza Lehman is responsible for settings for both Seal Songs, which are published by Chappell & Co.

Mr. W. Ward-Higgs, whose publisher is Chas. Sheard, London, has set seven of the Barrack Room Ballads to music, namely:—Soldier and Sailor Too : Bill 'Awkins ; Follow me 'Ome ; Danny Deever; Troopin'; The Lost Legion; and The Married Man.

The songs from the *History of England* have claimed the attention of two composers. Edward German has given us What Dane-Geld Means, and Big Steamers (both Metzler, London). Charles Green's contributions are, The Dawn Wind; My Father's Chair; and The Reeds of Runnymede (all three Schott, London).

Songs from *Puck of Pook's Hill* are as follows:—Rimini, by Amy Troubridge (Elkin), and another version by Paul Edmonds (Enoch); A Tree Song, by Florence Aylward (Chappell). A Smuggler's Song can be had in four settings, in addition to the one above mentioned. The composers are Chas. G. Mortimer (Swan, London); Michael Mullinar (Chappell); Adrian C. Boulton (Breitkopf & Hartel, London) ; and Marshall Kernochan (Schirmer).

Mr. Martin Shaw has set to music:—Brookland Road (Rewards and Fairies), The Egg Shell (Traffics and Discoveries), Heffle Cuckoo Fair (Heathfield Parish Memoirs), Old Mother Laid-in-Wool (Puck of Pook's Hill) and Pity Poor Fighting Men (Many Inventions). They are published by Curwen, of London.

There remains to be recorded;—

Alone upon the Housetops, by Tod B. Galloway (Presse & Co.,
Pa. U.S.A.)

Anchor Song by Annie Whitehorne (Boosey).

Hymn Before Action, by H. Walford Davies (Novello) ; The
same by E. M. Campbell.

Just So Song Book, by Edward German.

L'Envoi, from *The Seven Seas*, by Edward Agassiz (Weekes).

Marrow Town, by H. Noel Bradford (Forsyth Bros., London).

Our Lady of the Snows, by H. Walford Davies (Novello).

Over the Edge of the Purple Downs, by Muriel Elliot
(J. Williams, London).

The Love Song of Har Dyal, by Mrs. George Batten (Metzler),

The Characters of Kipling.

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

V. *The Lama in "Kim" speaks :*

I am the mystery of Hind,
The spirit of immortal snows.
I seek the river of the mind,
The Bhodisattva of the rose.

The Wheel of Birth may wear and wane,
The Gates of Death unclosed be :
Yet I and my long quest remain—
The dewdrop slips into the sea.

There is a heaven in our thought,
A heaven where our sorrows cease,
And thus in the dim search I sought
I found the Kingdom which is Peace.

The Letter Bag.

ABSTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM MEMBERS AT HOME
AND ABROAD.

IN your contributor's review of Mr. Kipling's latest work, *A Book of Words*, there occurs this significant remark—"The book has not been widely reviewed." Now here is a fact—for fact it is—which demands more than casual record. *A Book of Words* is surely not only one of the finest volumes that Mr. Kipling has given us but it is, of its kind, one of the most noteworthy in our language. And it "has not been widely reviewed"!

I will go farther. With some three or four honourable exceptions it has been actually ignored by the Press or dismissed in a casual paragraph or two. My own duties take me daily through a wide survey of the Press and, so astonished was I (before your note appeared) by this inexplicable neglect that I made a point of going through the press-cuttings. These left me more at a loss than ever. For although every journal of note in the country receives for review perhaps ten publications each day this does not excuse neglect of so national an event as the issue of any new volume by Mr. Kipling, who naturally takes precedence of all other English authors.

It has been urged, in excuse, that this is only a volume of re-prints of public speeches, many of them old ones. That seems to me less valid an excuse than any. For this volume definitely establishes Mr Kipling's position as spokesman of the English people, and at a time when such speech, in mirror of ourselves, is sadly needed. It is not Mr. Kipling who speaks, it is England. That is the value of the book. The continuity of our two thousand years of history. Let any Englishman or woman read in the volume, "The Magic Square," "England and the English" and, most notable of all, "The First Sailor" and say if he does not agree. That a work such as this by our greatest living author should virtually be boycotted, when translations from the German are being lauded to the skies, makes one feel bitterly ashamed of any editorial policy which can permit it. *A. Corbett-Smith, Hampstead.*

In his letter in No. 4 Major Bewley asks; "Are these really Runic letters, or just an alphabet Kipling made up for fun?" There is no doubt, that the majority of the characters are correct Runic. I do not know exactly from what source they are

taken, and the characters differed greatly at different periods. Most of the letters used are found in the Golden Horn inscription one of the oldest known, probably dating from circa 300 A.D.

I cannot find Kipling's "d" which was mostly like his second form of "t" -col, 2, line 13 : "g" is in most cases a recognizable variety of the Runic simple cross, but I cannot find any origin for the peculiar form of a diamond with a vertical stroke through it, used several times: "b" is formed of two oblique strokes between two vertical ones ; I cannot find any original for the one like ours with an oblique stroke through it; "k," "o" like two Ns one over the other, "p" "q" & "v" seem to be Kipling's own. His second form of "s" like a W on a pole, is the Runic diphthong "ea."

He is mistaken in saying that the Runic alphabet does not contain all the letters he wants. The letter "v" is represented in the old Runes by a vertical line with a sort of triangular flag at top, turned to the left, and "w" like it, but with the flag to the right. Taken as a whole, it is a wonderfully ingenious work, and perhaps he might be able to explain the characters which puzzle me. The Major is to be congratulated on his solution of the cryptogram. *Ernest A. Elliott, St. Leonards on Sea.*

Congratulations on No. 5 of the Kipling Journal, which was a fine issue, and many thanks for several enjoyable hours reading therein. As to the Muse among the Motors, I recently paid a visit to the newspaper room at the British Museum for the purpose of turning up these verses in the file of the *Daily Mail*, but was unable to find them in the year given by Capt. Martindell in his Bibliography, viz. 1905; moreover, the first date, February 5, appears from the calendars to have been a Sunday. Is it possible that this is the wrong year? I find on arriving home, that the *Kipling Dictionary* gives the same year. Can you put me wise on this point.—[Both Capt. Martindell and Mr. W. A. Young are out by one year. The correct dates are February 5, 6, 9, 13, 17, 23 and 27, 1904. They were collected in *The Years Between*, Bombay Edition 1919. *Hon. Editor.*]

I note, almost with dismay, the omission of "The Disturber of Traffic" from the all lists of favourite stories published in No. 5. Surely the tale told in the night is one of Kipling's strongest leads. The *motif* is repeated in "The Prophet and the Country." Perhaps

because I read it as a boy on a sailing ship I place— first " The Disturber of Traffic " for atmosphere and the illusion of a night gone in a quarter of an hour, also because of its introductory poem.

If it is not too late may I complete my list namely by:—" In the Rukh " it makes the Indian Wood " and Forests an envied service. " Bread upon the Waters " because if it did not happen it ought to have done so. " The Bridge Builders " because East and West here most assuredly meet. " The Brushwood Boy " because the dreamer's dream came true. " Brother Square-Toes " because there is *some* gipsy in us all, also for the poem " Philadelphia " introducing it. " The Doctor of Medicine " for Nicholas Culpeper his quaint astrology, and sound humanity. " Below the Mill Dam " because the Americans cannot remove that English gem. The wheel, wooden or iron-banded, is with us for ever. " The Eye of Allah " for truth and beauty. " The Gardener " for its daring, and the success of its last sentence. The Preface to " Life's Handicap " for Gobind's sake, and " The Cat that Walked by Itself " because if it does not explain the mysterious creature, nothing does. Have members noticed how many of Kipling's stories are Nocturnes ? *No. 227, West Derby.*

May I add my congratulations on the most excellent Kipling Journal. I look forward to its coming immensely. It really is most delightful, and of the greatest interest to us, particularly who are abroad and therefore cannot be in touch with Kipling matters. I have been an ardent admirer of his works since my school-days. The Twelve Best lists have been most interesting, and I hope if space permits, further lists will come to hand and be published in the journal. I have analysed this list:—

	Men.	Women.	Total out of a possible 16.
An Habitation Enforced	6	3	9
The Man Who Would be King	5	4	9
The Brushwood Boy	5	3	
They	4	3	7
William the Conqueror	5	2	7
The Drums of the Fore and Aft	5	2	7

Surely these six are the best short stories ever written by anyone and in any language. *H. H. Tovey, Fort Ternan, B.E.A.*

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