



*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

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

No. 8

JANUARY, 1929

# The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

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QUARTERLY

No, 8

JANUARY, 1929

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## News and Notes.

Mr. Kipling had an excellent press on the morrow of his speech at Liverpool on October 27 last. An abstract from it will be found on page 24. *The Liverpool Post*—commenting upon it—pointed out that the week-end habit was not only a testimony to the mobility with which the motor-car had endowed mankind, but it also indicated a growing restlessness among people. The war greatly intensified this restlessness, and, under the stress of the conflict, the world seemed to shrink in a manner plain even to the dullest imagination. "People are going out to see the world in increasing numbers. Our globe has, indeed, become a place of ceaseless pilgrimage. The movement is still restricted, however. So far, the modern wanderlust has ample means for its satisfaction in the generous and enterprising provision which our shipowners have made. To the achievement of the mercantile marine in this respect Mr. Kipling paid tribute."

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The *Morning Post* also devoted an Editorial Note to the matter, and among other things pointed out that "Mr. Kipling, speaking of the sea from the standpoint of a passenger, brings home to us in his graphic way the extraordinary growth of this traffic. In a few decades the 'world-end habit' has been

developed, and passenger traffic has become one of the greatest enterprises. People no longer travel merely to get there, or to follow their business. The ship herself has become a holiday resort; the world increasingly gets on the sea to forget the land, and looks at the ports from the secure base of a great liner built or fitted for their pleasure. Thus the rising generation learns to look on a ship as a great hotel, a floating palace of ease and luxury, and the old conception of the sea as a realm of hazards and hardships begins to fade from the minds of landsmen. There is a loss of romance; but there is also a loss of reality. It would be dangerous, at least for Englishmen, to forget what the sea really means to his country, a highway that must be kept at our peril, a necessity of our daily lives, the hard nursery of the seamen, the rocking cradle of the Merchant Service."

x            x            x            x            x

Rome surprise was expressed in the daily Press on the morrow of a speech by Mr. Kipling at the Annual dinner of the Royal Society of Medicine at the May Pair Hotel, London, on November 15. Advance copies were sent to the press before the event, and to each was attached a stipulation that all rights in the speech reverted to the speaker two days after delivery. It was understood that this copyright restriction was imposed by Mr. Kipling's literary agents to prevent the publication of a reprint. The theme of the address was Nicholas Culpeper, the astrologer-physician who once played a part in a Puck story.

x            x            x            x            .

Mr. Kipling had a capital story in the Christmas number of *The London Magazine* entitled "The Woman in His Life." The lady indicated is Dinah—a dog—and members know how Mr. Kipling can weld a dog into his yarns. John Marden, the man, is a very much distressed warrior turned engineer, and that is as much as it is necessary to state, to suggest how good is the story. It is illustrated by an artist whose work has not hitherto been associated with our author. Miss Norah Schlegel has caught the spirit of the thing and her Dinah is a fit successor of Little Vixen, Garm, the Dog Hervey, and the Black Aberdeen. *The London* has secured three other stories, namely "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman," "The Church that was at Antioch," and "The Tender Achilles," but the dates of publication are not announced.

The publications of the Early Autumn included a delightful volume of light verse by Reginald Arkell entitled *Meet These People*, with illustrations by Bert. Thomas, the Punch artist. One of the best things in the book is a series of skits on "Best Sellers." Mr. Kipling's caricature claims a whole page and admirably fits the verse which runs as follows:—

Next Rudyard Kipling came along,  
 He's still alive and going strong.  
 He told us tales of soldier men—  
 We hadn't all been soldiers then!  
 But now we know as much, or more  
 Than Rudyard Kipling did before.  
 We leave his volumes on our shelves  
 And tell those soldier tales ourselves.  
*But East is East and West is West,  
 And Kipling's tales are still the best.*

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

Paul List Verlag's series of German translations of Mr. Kipling's works published by Leipzig has been extended by the addition of Hans Reiusiger's rendering in German of *Debits and Credits*, which title is translated by the single word "Bilanz." There are now eleven of Mr. Kipling's works in this series, which are published in Leipzig and most attractively bound in blue cloth with an elephant and crescent moon in red and gold stamped upon the cover. The same publisher has brought out in a different format an Edition in German of *Stalky*. The translator is Norbert Jacques and the illustrations in line are by Kurt Werth. It is not easy to recognise the old favourite under its new title "Staaks und Genossen."

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

It was fitting that the Institute of Journalists should have asked Mr. Kipling for a short phrase for inscription on the panel which was unveiled on November 10 by Major-General Sir Fabian Ware, K.C.V.O., Permanent Vice-Chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission, in the Hall of the Institute 2-4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4, as a memorial to journalists of the British Empire who fell in the great war. The bronze panel is let into the oak mantelpiece of the Hall, and inset in this is a wooden cross, from the grave of an unknown soldier. The usual method of disposing of these crosses, when they are replaced by headstones, is to burn them and scatter the ashes

upon the graves. Exceptions to this rule are few, but the Imperial War Graves Commission considered that the Institute's application for a cross could be entertained, subject to the general suitability of the design for the memorial. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's words, which had not been revealed until the unveiling ceremony, were: "We have served our day."

x            x            x            x            x

It will not be without interest to members to know something of Mr. Kipling's first publisher, Mr. William Thacker Spink, of the London and Calcutta firm of Thacker and Co. He died an October 28 in his seventy-third year. He began his career in a bank, but family interests took him to India where in partnership with his father a sound business was built up. He was a shrewd judge of a book, and Kipling has told how he rejected the introduction to the fourth edition of "Departmental Ditties," and that that act led the author to substitute the lines ;

"I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine;  
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,  
And the lives that ye led were mine."

x            x            x            x            x

There was a curious paragraph in the *Daily Express* of October 24 last, wherein it was stated that a version of "The Beggar's Opera" was being played in Berlin, with the music as scored for an organ and a jazz band, and interpolated songs by Francois Villon and Rudyard Kipling. Certain members want to know whether they were new songs, and if not what were their titles?—Another member wants to know where he can find Bret Harte's parodies, "For Similar Reasons;" "A Private Honour" and "Jungle Folk."

x            x            x            x            x

The problem of popularising Kipling in the schools was mentioned at a recent Council Meeting and is receiving due consideration. Meantime a Cornish Member reports that she offered a prize at a Council School for the best essay on "The White Man's Burden," and writes our Member:—"The amusement provided by reading the essays was ample reward for the giving of the prize. But was it quite fair to set the children so hard a subject? It is true that their Headmaster was a Dunsterforce man, but "The White Man's Burden," is a heavy one even for adults,

The Executive Council at a meeting held on November 26, —Lieut.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn in the Chair—were unanimous in wishing to mark in some permanent way their gratitude for, and great appreciation of, the services which Mr. Brooking had rendered to the Society.

It was proposed by Capt. E. W. Martindell, seconded by Mr. G. C. Beresford, and carried *nem. con.*, that the following resolution be submitted to the Members of the Society at the next Annual General Meeting, for confirmation by them:—

"That the Executive Council, at a Meeting held on November 26, 1928, recommend to Members for their confirmation, that, to mark the outstanding services rendered to the Society by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, M.I.E.E., and in token of their appreciation and gratitude, the word 'FOUNDER' should appear after Mr. Brooking's name in all official papers and lists."

### *The Winter Session.*

#### INAUGURAL MEETING AT THE R.A.C. ROOM.

THE first meeting of the winter session was held at the Royal Automobile Club on October 16, when Sir Walter R. Lawrence, Bart., G.C.V.O., G.C.I.E., C.B., was in the chair. There was a good muster of members and some visitors.

The Chairman said that he had enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Kipling for more than 45 years. He met him first at Lahore when he was a young man, and Mr. Kipling still younger, a mere youth among men of affairs, but even then old in Letters. His parents were his intimate friends, and he recalled some of Mrs. Kipling's stories of her son who knew his Shakespeare by heart. He had liked Rudyard Kipling in those days, and he liked him still, not only for his genius, but for his nobility, of mind and his chivalrous outlook on life. He had hoped that the shades of the prison house might never fall upon him and that the day was long distant when someone—whom he envied—would sit down to write the biography of one who was as fine and noble as a man as he was noble and distinguished as a writer. He had recently met Mr. Kipling and had mentioned that he was to take the chair that afternoon, and Mr. Kipling had replied "I am glad to hear it."

The Chairman then asked Miss M. Clarke Jervoise to favour the company with a short recital, and she chose "Lichtenberg" and "The Glory of the Garden." Both poems were admirably rendered, but the less well-known poem, was perhaps, the more enjoyed. Members felt that the elocutionist had sensed the colonials desire for home, "with the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg, Riding in, in the rain!" Some day we may hope to hear Miss Jervoise interpret "Bridge Guard in the Karroo."

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking then told the members 'How the Kiplian got its Society.' The contents of this paper proved of outstanding interest, and in the interest of another generation of "Kiplians" we print it substantially as read elsewhere in this issue. The story will be of historic interest in years to come.

Sir Walter Lawrence thanked Mr. Brooking for his paper, and paid high tribute to the late Hon. Secretary's unselfish and persistent efforts to get the Society started, which vote of thanks Sir George MacMunn cordially endorsed on behalf of the Council. Mr. Brooking had achieved a notable bit of work, and had laid the Society on a sure foundation. The nature of the superstructure lay largely with the members, and Sir George called for individual effort to make the aims of the Society widely known. The Hon. Treasurer then formally introduced Mr. Brooking's successor, explaining that the duties have become too big for a busy business man to carry. The Council was happy to have secured the voluntary services of Mr. R. T. Gibson-Fleming who had the will and time to devote to the Society's work.

Mr. Brooking and Mr. Gibson-Fleming suitably responded. Mr. C. Ashton Jonson, who is a musician of no mean order, then entertained the members with some spirited renderings of Mr. Edward German's settings to the *Just So Songs* choosing "The Cabin Porthole," and "Rolling down to Rio," as typical. Mr. C. Ashton Jonson also gave "Boots," to a march air composed by a young American girl, whose music aptly reproduces the deadly monotony of the scenes described in the poem.

Mr. T. P. Jones, of Punta Arenas, Chile, who was present with Mrs. Jones, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Sir George MacMunn then took the chair and submitted the Hon. Secretary's report which showed that the total enrolments in 20 months had been 756. There were on the live register 684. Of the difference they had lost by deaths 10, and by

resignations 55. Of seven members all trace had been lost. Of the 684, 221 were ladies, 517 lived in the United Kingdom, and 167 overseas. Response from some places was particularly gratifying, incidentally the U.S.A., and the Council had recently asked five prominent Americans to accept office as Vice-President. It is hoped later to arrange for Vice-Presidents in Dominions, Canada, S. Africa, Australia, India, the Crown Colonies and South American States.

The question of premises had been up again for consideration, but the position had not altered. After receiving an offer, the Council were disappointed, for before it had had time to accept, an intimation was received that the room was no longer available.

Sir George reported the receipt of a letter from an old friend, who wanted information about the air mentioned in "The Man Who Was." It was mentioned as "Take Me to London Again." Did any one present know the air and the name of the composer. No information was forthcoming, and the Hon. Editor was asked to mention the matter in the Journal.

The Hon. Editor reported the completion of the No. 7. issue; he appealed for short articles on topics appropriate to the Journal; asked again for information (since found) about Ryley's tune to "Land of our Birth," and reported the gift of a picture for the Society from Mr. H. B. Tovey of Kenya. Another member enquired for the present whereabouts of certain drawings and paintings, he thought for *The Light that Failed*, done by Mr. Kipling and exhibited in the early "Nineties" at the South London Art Gallery.

Miss Jervoise suggested that something might possibly be done to promote the aims of the Society—or some of them at least—in the schools of our country. The suggestion was well received, and Sir George MacMunn promised to bring the matter before the Committee.

#### *Forthcoming Events.*

Next Afternoon Meeting, provisionally fixed for Wednesday, January 30, 1929, in R.A.C. Room, Pall Mall, at 4.30 p.m.

Annual General Meeting will take place in April, and Annual Luncheon in first half of June, 1929.

*How the Kiplian got its Society.*

PAPER READ BY MR. J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E., ON OCTOBER  
16, 1928.

ONCE upon a time, O, best Beloveds, in one of the back-of-beyond provinces of the Never-never-shall-be-Country there was a Kiplian, who was possessed of the devils of 'scrutable curiosity, 'probrious laziness and 'berdonian 'conomy. He wanted all of Kipling, always, and Le wanted to get it easily, and he wanted it nice and fresh, and he did not see how he could catch it nice and fresh unless he poured many shekels into the hoards of the dealers in daily, weekly, monthly, and, even, yearly leaves of the papyrus tree, and, even then, it seemed likely that the Great Man might find some other leaves to hide his stuff under, which is a well-known peculiarity of the Great Man.

So, the Kiplian thought and thought, and he thought that there must be others in the world an' all, who were also curious, and lazy and economical, and who liked their Kipling nice and fresh, and so what about forming a Society? "This is easy, then let's do it" said the Kiplian. So he wrote to "The Thunderer" in the third month of the 21st year of the twentieth century, and The Thunderer man was so pleased with the beautiful language of his invitation to the wise men of the land to form a Society of Kiplians, also with the weight of the shekels of silver that were sent as a gift offering, that he put the letter on the very frontest part of the leaves of The Thunderer, even among the most important Invitations for Assignations and the very valuable Suggestions from Distressed Ladies for providing them with many shekels as Loans or Gifts.

And that was the very beginning of why you are sitting here today O, best Beloveds, so good, and so clean, and so tidy, and so well-behaved, and O ! so patient, and this is the really and truly last time that I shall be permitted to call you my Best Beloveds because this Prelude is now concluded, as I do not know any more of the Just So language to finish my legend with.

x            x            x            x            x

Four things conspired to found the Kipling Society, and they can be scheduled thus :—

1. My selfish desire to ensure that not a line of Kipling's later writings should be missed by me, as and when published.
2. My belief that this desire was shared by many others, who I hoped would help in its mutual attainment.
8. The pessimistic warning's of the professional optimist, Maj.-Gen. L. O. Dunsterville, that such a Society could not be successfully founded until Kipling was dead.
4. The valuable help given by the said Maj.-Gen. Dunsterville.

It was at the latter end of the war that Kipling's pen became extraordinarily active, and I would learn, usually through accident, of a new poem, or article, or story, or, even, book having been published by him weeks or months before I got to know about it. This made me feel that T might be missing others of his writings, which, in turn, made me try to think out a remedy.

My ideas soon settled upon the formation of a Society, one of the duties of members to be the notification of new Kipling writings to the Hon. Sec. for general information. It seemed to be the right way to deal with the matter, and as I happened to be well experienced in the starting of somewhat similar organisations in industrial circles, it appeared to be an easy thing to get up a successful Society among the tens of thousands of people to whom Kipling appealed so strongly. But it was not so easy! There is apathy, even among Kipling enthusiasts, if not dealt with in the right way, and with plenty of the right people to help.

In March 1921, I advertised in the Agony Column of "The Times" to the effect that I (anonymously) would like to receive the names of those interested in forming a Kipling Society. The replies totalled 19, all plain citizens, 10 from London, eight from the provinces, and one (later on) from Rangoon. Four of the 19 were ladies. The following is a list of their names and towns, and of these the first four persons are now members of the Society, namely: Lt. Col. Walter H. Young, Farnham; John O. Tyler, J.P., Pontypool; E. Weston (now of Ilkley), Skipon-in-Craven; and Miss Maude M. Robinson, Scarborough. (The other names are omitted in this reprint).

A meeting was, therefore, held on April 22, 1921, at the Engineers' Club, London, which I thought an appropriate place.

as Kipling is the Engineers' poet. The Londoners only were present, and it was resolved to form "The Kipling Society." I endeavoured to get one of those present to take over the Honorary Secretaryship, as the job was obviously unsuitable for a provincial, like myself, living at the time in far-distant Cheshire. All, however, suffered from that popular complaint of "Sorry-Got-No-Time," so it was left with me to carry on, as best I could in a district that knew not Kipling, about 200 miles from London. This was an impossible position to work from and, after writing to all the 19 so-called members of the soi-disant Society, and receiving no suitable replies, the matter was put on one side to wait for a better opportunity to occur.

This arose in 1922, when Maj.-Gen. Dunsterville was advertised to give a Lecture in Liverpool, and learning that he was the original of "Stalky," I got into communication with him and, later, met him at this lecture. His ideas on the matter were as follows, and I am quoting his own written words to me on the subject:—

He was not sure that a Kipling Society was needed. He believed that Kipling would be adverse to the foundation of such a Society during his lifetime. But if there really was a demand for such a Society, nothing could prevent its formation. If there were any prospects of its formation, he would rather be in it than out of it.

His enthusiasm was rather lukewarm, but he finally agreed to join me and help to found the Society.

I, therefore, again sought "The Times" Agony Column, but with the strengthened influence of the General's name and address, and also advertised in several papers for an Honorary Secretary to take over the work of organising the Society as a full time job, but got no replies that were of any use, so had to continue myself as best I could. The replies to my advertisements for members were much more encouraging than the first ones—78 in all. To each applicant was sent a printed card, as from General Dunsterville, giving some particulars of the proposed Society, and promising further information later. He and I then picked a Preliminary Committee, consisting of an Admiral, a Consulting Engineer, a Kipling Collector, a City Knight, an Author, and an Editor; all prominent in their respective lines, as the following names will show:—Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard., Mr. J. S. Highfield, M.I.E.E., Capt. E,

W. Martindell, Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., Major John Hay Beith, and Mr. Filson Young. Among these you will recognise two of our Vice-Presidents.

A meeting of this Committee was held at the Royal Automobile Club on March 28, 1923; but only General Dunsterville, the Author and I turned up! The others sent apologies for absence. The proceedings opened with the following Statement being read by General Dunsterville, from the chair:

I must thank you for your attendance at this the first meeting, which I understand to be an expression of your interest in the formation of the Kipling Society.

The idea of this Society was put before me a few months ago and after careful consideration I eventually agreed to deal with its inauguration, which I trust is now nearly accomplished.

Before taking this matter up I got in touch with Mr. Kipling, who at first resisted the proposal. In view, however, of the many proofs that I have received of the need for such a Society I told him, as an old friend, that he must bear with such an infliction as patiently as possible, because of the pleasure it will give to so many to belong to such a Society, and he has not since raised any strong objection. A few paragraphs have appeared in some of the papers regarding the Society and, in consequence, about 80 people have applied for membership. I thought it best to form a small workable committee composed of people who I had heard strongly interested in R.K.'s writings. The main items we have to discuss are—(1) Is it agreed to form a Kipling Society; (2) If so, shall we more or less provisionally define its Objects; (3) How shall we inaugurate the Society; and (4) Shall we appoint a Hon. Sec. to carry on the Society. The latter, I think, is very important as upon this person mainly depends whether the Society flourishes or dies. I have advertised in the Personal columns of "The Times" for such a person (referring to the London District only, as it seems best to start this first), but have not had any suitable applicants so far.

I am hoping that some of you gentlemen may be able to recommend the right person for the job, and the following are some of the qualifications that I consider are required: He should be well-connected, energetic, tactful, a student

of Kipling with plenty of spare time, and not afraid of travelling about to interview people.

Another important matter that we should discuss, but which can hardly be settled at this meeting, is the Presidency. It is highly important that the President should be a well-known character, if possible Royalty. Also should this meeting be reported in the Press? I should be very glad to have your opinions on these matters.

This fell somewhat flat owing to the obvious lack of interest shown by the absence of so many of the people invited. The main question was—What should be done? The General stated that he was going abroad almost immediately, and so could do nothing actively to help the movement. I stated that the whole of my time would be needed during the rest of the year in dealing with the moving of my firm's works and employees from the North to the South of England, and I could, therefore, do nothing actively. It was clearly up to the Author, and he agreed to take over with the idea of forming a strong Committee as a preliminary. I, therefore, gave him all the details I could, and he left us with the impression that he would deal with the matter. Nothing happened, however! So ended the Second Lesson!!

I still kept in touch with General Dunsterville, feeling sure that he was the likeliest one to help the Society on to its feet. The General was now very pessimistic, and seemed to have given up hope. He, however, again allowed me to use his name, and gave me useful suggestions; and, in July 1926, and for the third time, I sought the help of the advertising columns of the daily papers and, this time, met with a better response—over 130 people replying. Support was also given by some, well-known people, who allowed me to use their names; but I had a preliminary rebuff from our esteemed Treasurer, Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn who, having approached Mr. Kipling, learnt from him that he was not in favour of a Kipling Society. I was, however, later on, fortunate in persuading him to join the pioneering of the Society, and he has proved to be an enormous asset. From November 1926 to February 4, 1927, was spent in preparing the ground, and in making certain that when the new start was made, it would have a better chance of success than the previous attempts.

Among those who also took an interest in the formation was

Mr. G. C. Beresford, "M'Turk" of *Stalky and Co.*, to whom General Dunsterville introduced me, and whose papers and writings on the subject of Kipling's schooldays have been so extraordinarily interesting and well-written. I would like to add that Lady Cunynghame has also been of valuable help, particularly in the early interest she displayed in the embryo Society.

In due course, we obtained a preliminary list of well-known people agreeable to back the Society, and the Inaugural Mooting, once again, was arranged for at the Royal Automobile Club, on February 4, 1927, when the following members of the Preliminary Committee attended:—Sir George MacMunn (in the chair), Lady Cunynghame, Mr. G. C. Beresford, Mr. Guy Nickalls, Major A. Corbett-Smith, and myself.

This attendance was not a large proportion of those invited and, more than once during the proceedings, it was seriously questioned if the Inauguration should not be postponed in the hope of getting a better attendance, but, luckily, my view that it was "Now, or perhaps Never" was accepted and, at last, THE KIPLING SOCIETY WAS FORMED.

Through the medium of the excellently edited Kipling Journal you should know what has happened since, and how we number over 750. This figure would be many more if your late Hon. Secretary had possessed more spare time, but now that the Society has, in Mr. Gibson Fleming, a Hon. Secretary with ample time to give to its service, it is certain that those thousands of Kipling lovers all over the world will soon hear about the existence of this Society and will join up, to their own pleasure and advantage and to the strengthening of the Society.

There is one question that is always cropping up at Meetings and almost wherever the Society is mentioned, and it may as well be dealt with here:—The question is:—"Why will Mr. Kipling not recognise the Kipling Society?" And the answer is:—"If you are a decent-minded person, try to put yourself in his place and THINK!"

As to the statements that have been made as to Mr. Kipling's hatred of this Society, I venture to suggest that this is an exaggeration. I advised Mr. Kipling both verbally and in writing of this projected Society before its earliest days of publicity; and while what he has said and written to me about it was not of an encouraging nature, it may reasonably be in-

ferred that as an admirer of Kipling, I would not have proceeded with the formation of the Society if that appeared likely to incur so strong a feeling as hatred towards it. My own opinion is that Mr. Kipling is naturally interested in a Society which stands for his splendid ideals, but that his invincible modesty prevents him from recognising in any way such a supreme tribute to his genius, and that this aversion to recognition has been wrongly imputed to aversion to the Society itself.

In conclusion, I am sorry that this paper contains such a horrible amount of the first person singular number, but it has seemed difficult to relate the details otherwise, and while I have gratefully referred to the help given by some of our prominent members, there are many others who have aided me at different times to whom also I feel very grateful. Their letters, post-cards, newspaper cuttings, telephone messages, and helpful clerical work have always been much appreciated, and I hope they will favour our new Hon. Secretary with a continuation of this useful interest in the welfare of the Society. Many of the letters come from Kipling lovers in all parts of the world confirming the need for this Society, and reflecting some of the feelings that inspired its formation (in addition to the purely self-fish one already mentioned). Such feelings may be summarised as an intense admiration for one who can write so interestingly, so variedly, so accurately, so uniquely, so touchingly, and so patriotically.

Here's to Rudyard Kipling, there's none like him!

*Kipling Prices Current.*

ON November 14 last, Sotheby and Co., dispersed at their Sale Room, New Bond Street, the collection of a lady whose name has not been disclosed. There were twenty-six lots in all, and the total amount realised was £4756. Towards that large sum four items contributed well nigh four thousand pounds, namely:—

SCHOOLBOY LYRICS. First edition, original white paper wrappers, the outer top wrapper covered with pen-and-ink design by Rudyard Kipling. The title "Poems 1881" is written in a scroll in the centre and surrounded by devils and grotesque figures, flowers, leaves, etc., his monogram at foot (margins of wrappers slightly frayed), size 6 by 4, 12 mo.

(Printed for private circulation only) Lahore. Printed at the *Civil and Military Gazette*, £1,100.

ECHOES. By two writers (Rudyard and Beatrice Kipling), first edition, presentation copy, autograph inscription, in pencil, on fly-leaf "from Ruddy. Sept. 1884," the seven poems by Mr. Kipling's sister marked in the index by a cross, original wrappers, back strip defective, 12mo. Lahore: The *Civil and Military Gazette*, £450.

LETTERS OF MARQUE, Vol. 1. (all printed). The Suppressed English Edition, original wrappers, an extremely fine copy, 8vo. London, Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., £1,800.

A copy of *Letters of Marque*, first edition, Allahabad, 1891, in original cloth, brought £56. *Plain Tales from the Hills*, Calcutta, 1888, inscribed "J. M. E. from R. K.," £125; "Turnovers," from the *Civil and Military Gazette*, January to March, 1888, with eight of the contributions initialled "R.K.," Lahore, 1888, £105; the autograph manuscript of "With Scindia to Delhi," on two pages folio, with variants from the printed text; and the *Friend*, March 15-April 16, 1900, with autograph inscription by R. Kipling, £200.

The following items, included in the Sale of which a reference was made in our last issue were omitted then for lack of space:—

KIPLING (II.) Wee Willie Winkie and other Child Stories, FIRST EDITION, original green-grey wrappers, with designs on front and back by J. Lockwood Kipling, the back-strip defective, no. 6 of A. H. Wheeler and Co.'s Indian Railway Library, Allahabad [1888] £16 10s. 0d.

KIPLING R. THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT AND OTHER PLACES, FIRST EDITION, original green-grey wrappers, with a design on front and back by Brownlow Fforde, no. XIV of A. H. Wheeler and Co.'s Indian Railway Library, apart from the back-strip being slightly defective and the covers a little discoloured, A FINE COPY. Allahabad, [1898] £28.

The President, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, has had recently a short and successful lecture tour in Sweden and Denmark.

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee  
 Our love and toil in the years to be;  
 When we are grown and take our place,  
 As men and women with our race.

—*The Children's Song.*

IT will be within the recollection of members that, inquiries were set on foot at a meeting of the Society, which were repeated in the *Journal*, for a musical setting of "The Children's Song," known in a limited circle as Ryley's tune. Nothing came of those inquiries, and more recently the Hon. Editor bethought himself of the correspondence columns of the *Sunday Times*. A letter therein brought a reply from an "Old Boy" of Emanuel School, Wandsworth Common. The writer suggested that Mr. Hedley J. Evans, the music master at the School, would probably be able to throw some light upon the matter. Replying, from the school, to a letter, Mr. Evans wrote as follows:—

I have pleasure in confirming the information you have already received concerning the authorship of the tune to "Land of our Birth," by H. B. Ryley. It is undoubtedly the one which he put into use here during his Headmastership of Emanuel School. It is rather a surprise to me to learn that it is known outside, as I had the idea that we shared it only with St. Olave's School, where Mr. Ryley was at one time an Assistant Master. As far as I know it has never been printed except within the covers of our Programme for Speech Day in December 1912. The printer was Philpott, of Surbiton.

Mr. Ryley wrote settings to several hymns contained in the St. Olave's Hymnal, among them *one* for the "Recessional," but "Land of our Birth" was not among them. I received it from his hands in M.S., and I regret that I am unable to find that copy at the moment.

The Rev. Harold Buchanan Ryley came to us as Headmaster in September 1905 from a similar position at Sandwich Grammar School. After leaving us in 1913 he did educational work in America, returning at the age of 47 to take a commission and serve in The War, in which his two sons had been killed. He, himself, fell in Palestine on December 15, 1917.

# THE CHILDRENS SONG

Words by Rudyard Kipling

Music by Harold B. Ryley

UNISON

\* Last Verse

The musical score is written for piano and voice in a unison setting. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is marked 'UNISON' and the third system is marked '\* Last Verse'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is written on grand staves with treble and bass clefs. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some chords and rests. The final system ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.

He was a man of remarkable force and unbounded energy, and of a temperament that would suggest a total disregard for danger. We were able to glean few details of his death beyond that he received a bullet through the head while gallantly leading his men. A tablet to his memory may be seen in the School Chapel.

Mr. Ryley's tune as composed is to be sung in unison, and if there is a setting more in accord with the thoughts and aspirations expressed in "Land of our Birth" it has not come to our notice. The Council is indebted to Mr. Evans for a copy of this setting, and this is reproduced in the belief and hope that its publication will make the tune even more widely known that it is at present. It is singularly fitting that the name of a brave man, who, after years devoted to the education of children, and giving himself and his sons to the land of their birth, should be associated with a song beloved by every child that has learnt it. The Council is happy to think that the Society may be the means of bringing song and tune to the notice of yet other children, not only at home but in lauds beyond the Seven Seas.

### *The Midland Circle.*

SUCCESSFUL FIRST DINNER IN BIRMINGHAM.

CONGRATULATIONS to the officers and members of the Midland Circle of the Kipling Society on stealing a march on the central body in London. Head-quarters have had two luncheons, but it was left to the M.C. to inaugurate a Kipling dinner, and it was carried out right royally. It took place at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, on October 22, when there were present under the presidency of Mrs. Sutton Sharpe, nearly all the members with the Rt. Revd. Bishop Hamilton Baynes and Mrs. Baynes, Colonel and Mrs. Danielsen, Colonel and Mrs. Bendall, Professor and Mrs. Valentine, and the Rev. W. Statham. Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the first Hon. Sec. of the Kipling Society, and the Hon. Editor, represented the Council.

After the Loyal Toast the Hon. Secretary of the Circle proposed that of Rudyard Kipling. Mr. J. E. B. Fairclough claimed for Mr. Kipling a unique place in the life of England, for in addition to his high position in English literature he was pre-eminently the inspiration of much that was best in

the spirit of England. Moreover, his influence was world wide ; perhaps he was as much appreciated overseas, especially in America, as here at home. As a master of English word magic he stood supreme, using always the right word and the apt expression. Apart from his writings two instances of this word magic came readily to mind. He was a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission, and it was on his suggestion that the Stone of Remembrance in each war cemetery bore the words: "Their name liveth for evermore." The staff of the Commission could not find a suitable name for their masonic lodge, and they appealed to Mr. Kipling. The title he gave them was "Builders of the Silent Cities." Choosing his word colours with infinite care he painted pictures in vivid fashion that stood out as though upon an easel. It might be a picture with the glowing East, the wonders of Yellowstone Park, or more wonderful still the glory of the English countryside, but each picture was a **work** of genius. Word magic set to rhyme, best described Mr. Kipling's poetry, for there, was to be found reality and life.

One could start a Kipling course at an early age by admiring the wonderful pictures and their gorgeous explanations in the *Just-so Stories*. Later one learned by reading how the camel got his hump, and the elephant his trunk. Was English history to be learned in a more delightful fashion than from *Puck of Pooks Hill*? Boy Scouts and Girl Guides had had a book written specially for them, and for boys and girls, young or grown up, there was the delightful school story, *Stalky and Co.* After such a wonderful introduction there were ready to hand stories and poems of all kinds; long stories, short stories, and stories of travel that could be read again and again with increasing enjoyment each time. Mr. Kipling did not thrust religion upon his readers, but each felt an under current and realised that religion had a definite place in life. Briefly his teaching of religion might be summed up as Fear God; Honour the King; Serve the Motherland. Mr. Kipling had lived to hear his magnificent Recessional Hymn sung on great state occasions, and for young Britons there was no finer hymn than the Children's Hymn—"Land of Our Birth."

After some references to several of Kipling's service men, engineers, journalists, and exiles on the frontiers, and women, Mr. Fairclough pointed out that Mr. Kipling exemplified in his writings the spirit of England. Had he not said that if an

Elizabethan statesman (or adventurer) could have returned to England during the war he would have found that what held firm in the days of the Armada held firm at Armageddon, and what had broken beneath his hand then had been found rotten in our own? More than any man he had inculcated the lesson that this country held a great Empire, but in the holding thereof incurred a tremendous responsibility, a share of which lay on the shoulders of each and everyone of the people of this land. Mr. Kipling held no brief for any political party; all in turn had come under his castigation. He had no use for slackers or for traitors, who when England was at death grips, strove to strike her in the back. One could imagine Mr. Kipling saying, "If you are not prepared to do your share of work for your country you have no right to share its privileges." Giving the toast Mr. Fairclough added "Long may he live and his influence and inspiration grow."

Mr. C. M. Harvey, proposing "The Kipling Society and its Initiator," said that he counted himself fortunate in having been entrusted with a toast with which was coupled the name of Mr. Brooking, whose friendship he had enjoyed for something-like twenty years. The occasion afforded an opportunity of testifying to the work he had done, and the part that he had played in the founding of this Society.

On more than one occasion he had been asked "What is the Kipling Society?" or rather "Why is the Kipling Society?" The obvious retort to that was "Why not?" which reply was met with the rejoinder, "But, good gracious, the man's still alive!" Now Mr. Kipling had recorded in the first pages of *The Book of Words* that long ago, a savage hero wished to tell his tribal council of some great and noble deed which he had performed, but upon rising to do so he found himself tongue-tied, and could only stammer and sit down in confusion. Whereupon there arose another man who had witnessed the great deed, and who was afflicted with the Magic of the Necessary Word. He told the story in such moving terms that his words "became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers." But the tribe, fearing that the man of words might tell stories about them to their children, slew him. Afterwards they were sorry, for they found that the magic lay in the words, which still lived, and not in the man they had slain.

Few members of the Kipling Society had met Mr. Kipling in the flesh. Their interest was in the magic of his written words rather than in whatever there was of magic in the man himself, and they saw no necessity to hire an assassin to remove Mr Kipling in order to justify the gathering together to read, to enjoy, and to discuss his works.

As for Mr. Brooking to whom the Kipling Society owed its existence, he was a man of boundless enthusiasm and energy. He also possessed in large measure that useful attribute known colloquially as "nerve." When they considered the task which he undertook they would agree that he needed all the nerve with which nature had endowed him. He had proposed nothing less than the founding of a Society of Amateur Surgeons for the purpose of dissecting Mr. Kipling, alive. Not content with that, he invited Mr. Kipling's patronage, which was refused. Undeterred by this unaccommodating attitude of the victim, he promptly decided that, after all, Mr. Kipling's acquiescence was not necessary, and proceeded to collect his band of surgeons. Some of them said that they drew the line at vivisection; and how Mr. Brooking got over their squeamishness none knew, but he succeeded so well that he roped in Major-General Dunster-ville and Mr. G. C. Beresford, and anyone would agree that the prospect of meeting, and even talking to *Stalky* and *M'Turk* in the flesh was well worth the price of admission. To use the priceless phrase of their Chicago member, Mr. William Carpenter, we were "tickled pink."

Mr. Brooking, responding, let the members and guests present into some of the secrets that he had revealed in his paper which will be found elsewhere in this issue. It was a disappointment to the Council that up to the present no premises were available in which to house the gifts of books, prints and pictures presented or offered to the Society. Meantime they in the Midlands had set an excellent example, and he looked forward to a time when there would be circles in other centres. Capt. Martindell was trying to interest the American public, and he hoped to see Circles in India, Singapore, and other overseas areas. The suggestion put forward in the No. 5 Journal that Home Members should write to members abroad was being taken up, and replies were coming to hand. That showed how *neath* the letter from home was appreciated. Mr. Brooking referred to the cost of R.K. books, and expressed the hope that

Mr. Kipling would see his way soon to allow his publishers to give the public a book of verse at half-a-crown, materially larger than the two small selections already issued. There was a wide working class public which would respond to such an appeal.

Mr. Reader Coleman proposed "The Guests," to which toast Bishop Hamilton Baynes and Colonel F. C. Danielsen, D.S.O., A.D.C., responded. Prior to the dinner, the Hon. Editor placed on show in the Reception Room, about one hundred portraits, cartoons and caricatures from his collection.

### *Kipling's Imperialism.*

A REPLY TO THE CHARGE THAT MR KIPLING IS JINGOISTIC.

THE Second Meeting of the Winter Session, held in London on November 16, was one of the most largely attended yet organized. The Marchioness Townshend, who a week before had been elected Mayor of King's Lynn, was in the Chair, and was warmly received. Mr. Robert Stokes read a paper on "Kipling's Imperialism," which was so closely reasoned that a *precis* would hardly do it justice, and as its length prohibits our publishing it here in full we must content ourselves with an abstract made by the author.

Mr. Stokes stated at the outset that one of his objects was to reply to the criticism that Mr. Kipling was jingoistic.

Jingoism," he said, seemed to be used as meaning all or any of four things—pugnacity, oppression, the alleged illegitimate use of native armies, and false pride. It needed not a little imagination to accuse Kipling of pugnacity. There were certainly passages where he had made Afghans and others whose whole life was war, praise it. There were other places where subalterns and men whose lives were a bit dull expressed a natural pleasure at the prospect of some liveliness. Examples of that kind would crowd the mind from the earlier Indian stories in *Life's Handicap*, and a famous message was to be found in *The Light that Failed*, but if there was one thing common to these passages, it was the detachment, the aloofness of the author. It was true that his characters expressed from time to time what was an undisputable fact about healthy human life, namely, that hard-fighting, once one was in it, was enjoyable, but that was a totally different thing from pugnacity, the

wanton provocation of unnecessary fighting, or the pursuit of illegitimate ends by threats of force.

As for oppression, there could surely be no more grotesque charge against Kipling than that he approved of oppression. Of one kind of oppression we must all approve, and that was the oppression of the oppressor—the imprisonment of money lenders, who levied illegal rates of interest on starving peasantry; the elimination of slave traders and of human sacrifice; the firm suppression of cruel tribal practices; but one would not find Kipling approving oppression in the normal, ordinary sense.

Allegations about the illegitimate use of native armies had been made by people, who ought to have known better. The contention appeared to be that the mere existence of, say, the Indian Army, was a standing temptation to British statesmen to use that Army in so-called "Imperialistic escapades" outside India, and that the use of both the Indian and African Colonial regiments outside the territories in which they were recruited was, in some inexplicable way, illegitimate. Such an idea meant that backward countries must never be defended beyond their borders, but in every war must risk the horrors of invasion. The protagonists of that idea never ventured, in the concrete case, to argue that Britain could have avoided, for example, the second Burmese war or conducted it without Indian troops; or that England, in the Great War, could have spared white troops to fight a native army in East Africa. As for the feelings of the native armies themselves, Kipling's story, "A Sahib's War," illustrated their lack of objection to campaigning abroad. In *Traffics and Discoveries* Kipling had given a definite indication of his views on the ideal means of defending the Empire. "The Army of a Dream" would repay study because, among other things, it showed that its author went out of his way to dissociate himself from "aggressive militarism."

As to false pride, Kipling was "jingoistic," forsooth, because he inculcated a just intellectual and emotional recognition of the present facts of Empire. The author of: "The flannelled fools at the wicket, and the muddied oafs at the goal," who had lashed this people of England with more bitter sarcasm than any enemy, the author, too, of "If," of "The Pro-Consuls," of "Recessional," and of the two great poems on

Lord Roberts, was accused of fostering national arrogance. The legitimate pride of race that stimulated a man to be worthy of a great and Christian tradition, was one thing; national vanity was another; and those who knew their Kipling would recall a hundred passages which refuted the latter imputation. Far other than pride, indeed, was the dominant Imperial note in Kipling. Rather was it the Tragedy of Empire, the forsaken homes, parted families, the toll of death and broken hearts.

Mr. Stokes then made a long and rapid survey of current Imperial ideas, such as the dual mandate ideal, East African federation, etc., etc., with the object of proving that Kipling was far less a systematic writer on Imperial themes than was sometimes assumed. Primarily, concluded Mr. Stokes, he was a writer on the sea, on England, on Northern India and on the Boer War. But he was something far above and beyond all these things. He was perhaps the saviour of the Empire from itself; he was certainly the poet of the foundations of the Empire, the supreme interpreter of the soul and spirit of the British people.

Lady Townshend made a short but very interesting speech on the Empire in opening what proved a brief discussion. The author was cordially thanked on the motion of Major H. P. G. Maule, D.S.O., M.C., F.R.I.B.A.

On the motion of Major-General J. D. McLachlan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., seconded by the Rev. J. W. ff. Sheppard, Vicar of Haxey, a cordial vote of thanks to Lady Townshend, for presiding, was passed.

#### THE HON. SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Hon. Secretary wishes to bring to the notice of members the desirability of communicating to him, promptly, any change of address. He would be grateful if any member could give the present addresses of the following who have moved away from the addresses given below, and who cannot be traced:—

- No. 452 Allan Chapman, Rydal Mount, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.
- „ 507 Mrs. C. Wilfrid Giles, 26, Camden Square, London, N.W. 1.

*Mr. Kipling on Travel.*

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL.

**M**E. Kipling\* made one of his all too rare speeches at the annual dinner of the Liverpool Shipbrokers' Benevolent Society on October 26 last. The best reports were those published by the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*, and in the London Press by the *Morning Post*. What follows are abstracts which deal with issues larger than those with which the Society is primarily concerned.

Referring to the way passengers were regarded in bygone days Mr. Kipling reminded those present of the time when "cabins used to open directly into the dining-saloon, and we were warned by notices on the mahogany inlaid mizzen-mast, which comes through the table, that we were under the authority of the Master, and that 'the limit of his authority was the needs of the case, having regard to the security of the ship and those on board.' This covered a large area. But now that we have imposed the world-end habit on the week-end habit the case is altered. So long as we passengers muster at boat-stations with our belts on, and do not try to alter the ship's course or set her alight, we can do absolutely what we pleased.

"To take one side of our activities only. We arrive in 20,000-ton liners to assault lovely and innocent coast towns, 1,000 of us, under cover of a gas attack by 200 motor-cars. We roar through the streets, a pillar of dust by day. We come back at night, with our picture post-cards, to dance to amplified gramophones on the promenade decks, till it is time to call the boarding parties away to carry the next place of interest on the programme. And this traffic—this prodigious tourist traffic—is increasing. Time and distance only excite it to wilder effort; for there is a man at this table who expressed his regret to me the other day that he could not for the moment—for the moment, mark you—include the Galapagos Islands where the giant tortoises come from—in a tourist itinerary.

"Well, even suppose we may be able, next year, to cruise about scratching our initials on turtle-back sterns, what is the good of us? Apart from our dividend-earning capacity what moral purpose do we passengers subserve in the general scheme of things? This—and it is not a little matter. When we are home again, and have arranged the snapshots of ourselves

standing in front of the Pyramids or the Parthenon, we have, at the lowest, realised that there are other lauds than ours where people live their own lives in their own way, and seem quite happy about it, and where we have seen and touched the things we have hitherto only read about. And when interest in one's neighbour, curiosity about his house-keeping, and understanding of his surroundings are waked and can be gratified in hundreds of thousands of hearts, they make for tolerance, good will, and so peace. And that is to the good.

"Much of this good the world owes to those big companies, who foresaw that, after the war, people would need a little fresh air and exercise, and supplied it. I do not accuse them of undiluted benevolence in this respect, but organisations that have to visualise the full circuit of the globe, as a matter of daily routine, are given—gloriously given—to building better than they know. The history of Liverpool since the Restoration is proof. The mere constructive imagination used to order and equip a port that serves every sea on every tide, far out-marches what is known as 'imagination' in the imaginative callings. But these trifles do not affect us passengers. We reserve our imagination for our own jobs. All we demand of you is to be taken everywhere as punctually as by train, as cheaply and as quickly as possible; in the greatest luxury and, of course, in absolute safety. Nothing more.

"And that is why some of you here have—like Shakespeare and Michelangelo—to create masterpieces on approval every few years. But if your imagination be at fault as to her lines; if you have not imagined the best system for driving and fuelling her; if she fails to come up to speed and consumption standards, you cannot throw her in the waste paper basket. She is there—every foot and ton of her—a burden on her shareholders, and a museum of useful warnings to your rivals in the same game. And to come into such a game, before a card is drawn, costs, I believe, several millions. Even after experience and science have been tried out to the last, it takes nerve to break away and back one's own judgment against the world.

"But nerve is the cutting-edge of imagination, and it happens to be a quality which, taking one century after another, our country has not altogether lacked. Nerve, which knows risks and faces them, seems to be distributed vertically and uniformly, as far down as we have been able to mine into the grit of

the national character. Nowhere has it proved itself more splendidly than in the Merchant Service. Here you have, in daily use, the imagination that foresees, without being overwhelmed, any risk that the ocean may deliver; and the nerve that deals with every immediate peril arising out of that risk.

"Just now, our existence is so fantastically burdened and handicapped that, if we choose to give rein to imagination, we could waste half our time and effort in forebodings. Fortunately, we do not—we cannot—so choose. For it was the sea that, from our beginnings, directed our imaginings. It was the sea that waited on us the world over, till our imaginings became realities—till our mud-creeks at home grew to be world-conquering ports, and our remotest landing-places the threshold of nations. It is the sea that has given us the cutting-edge to our imagination—the nerve that meets all manner of trouble, with the inherited conviction that nothing really matters so long as one keeps one's nerve; and, in that certainty, overcomes every handicap without too much clamour."

### *The Letter Bag.*

HEREWITH a copy of a poem which appeared in a small volume entitled *Poems and Sonnets* by my great uncle, the late John Swanwick Drennan, M.D. The book, produced mainly for private circulation among the relatives of the author by his children, was published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ltd., of London, Gilbert and Rivington being the printers. That was in 1895, and it occurred to me that you might care to reproduce the poem "On Rudyard Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads" in the Journal of our Society. *Harold J. Andrews, M.I.M.E., A.F.R.M.S., R.A.F., Barcelona, Spain.*

[Many thanks on behalf of the members, who will find the lines on page 32. Editor].

Congratulation to the Society on its Journal—it is a source of infinite delight and information. I was keenly interested in the lists sent in by various members as to what they considered the twelve best stories—and incidentally was amazed that not one of them included that wonderful tale of "The Maltese Cat,"—*G. C. Coyle, Johannesburg.*

Mr. T. E. Elwell returns to the controversy over Mr. Kipling's use of nautical terms. In a letter dated October 22 he writes: Because I am a better man by reason of Rudyard Kipling's writings, I defend him from mistaken claims of omniscience. The rhyme and rhythm of poetry lays many traps for writers. The greatest danger of all lies in our Anglo-Saxon tradition of alliteration and its allurements. Turn to "The Three Decker," v 6., l 4., and you will read—"In endless English comfort by country-folk caressed." Here is the beauty and luck of alliteration, two E's and three C's, no straining, velvety lawns and French windows opening thereon flash instantly upon the mental retina. Next read l. 2. in v. 1., where alliteration is water-logged—"It cost a watch to steer her and a week to shorten sail." "The Three Decker" endeavours to (and does) draw clear comparisons between the leisurely wind-jammer, and the quick un-easy steamer; between the early novel and the short story. The line "Full thirty feet she towered from waterline to rail" foreshadows either "gale" or "sail," but, as equipment or gear was under comment, "gale" goes by the board. And what do we do with sail?—either set, reef, or shorten and "shorten sail" fits the metre. Exaggerate the operation "a week to shorten sail," which is legitimate although all sail would be furled in something under two hours. Now comes the pitfall—"week to shorten" cries aloud for "watch to steer," and cries successfully. Down it goes, up (in type) it jumps, and shellbacks groan.

For a watch must be one of two things, a period of time, or half a crew. But half a crew could not steer; even in a ship with a double wheel four helmsmen would be the limit of numbers. Moreover, as time is being talked of "week" points to the four hour watch. Perhaps you begin to sense the absurdity. Every ship, unwieldy or handy, big or little, sail or steam, submarine or air is being steered *all* the time she is under weigh.

It is, as Mr. Henry Croom-Johnson might say, "The triumph of sound over sense."

*As America Sees Him.*

THE article which follows was published in the *New York Herald Tribune* on Saturday, September 9, under the title "A Popular Author." In the belief that it will appeal to members of the Kipling Society the wide world round we reprint it, with the usual acknowledgment, substantially as it appeared in our contemporary.

"Back in the early '90s there appeared in an English Magazine a story of Indian life, romantic in theme and realistic in treatment. It bore the stamp of genius and it was at once reprinted in the columns of this paper, the first introduction to the United States, we believe, of the man who was ultimately to be known as Rudyard Kipling. Recalling that episode, we have read with peculiar interest a recent publisher's statement in the advertising columns of a London literary journal—'nearly 3,000,000 copies have been sold of the Macmillan editions of Mr. Kipling's works.' The figures are inspiring. Observe that they apply to English editions alone, leaving out of account the prodigious circulation of copies bearing American imprints and the vast scope of European translations. Is there any other living author for whom any such record could be cited? And it is a record made in less than 40 years.

"Mark Twain once paid a beautiful tribute to the man who has made it. At a dinner given to him in London he sat between Kipling and the Prince of Wales. When it came to his turn to speak he referred first to the 'prince of the blood' and then to the prince of letters. He recognised royalty on both sides of him. There is, indeed, something royal about the triumph of Rudyard Kipling. Around the globe he touches the imaginations of men and binds them to him in a fealty which the disparagements of certain of his critics cannot shake. Adverse commentators, to be sure, he has always had. We can remember the eruption in a group of literati years ago, when Kipling was in the first flood of his popularity. Evidently vexed by the general applause, one distinguished novelist could at last bear it no longer. 'Rudyard Kipling!' he exclaimed. Why the man's a mere exotic. It is the strangeness of his locale alone that accounts for his present silly vogue. Let that once pass and he will be as dead as Julius Caesar.' Well, the novelist aforesaid is to-day deader than that, but the readers of Kipling are numbered by the million.

"A variety of reasons may be given for his tremendous vitality, comparable to that of, say, a Dickens or a Dumas, and it is hard to determine the order in which they should be marshalled. The difficulty lies in assigning to any predominant factor the authority of a writer whose gifts are held, as a matter of fact, in an extraordinary equilibrium. Furthermore, the operations of true creative art are always mysterious, always baffling to the analyst. All that one knows is that the magician waves his wand and that, for the reader, absorbing interest ensues. Perhaps the one outstanding evidence of Kipling's creative power—after his effortless rousing of credulity and sympathy—is the intense reality of his evocation. It is easy to discriminate among his traits of style and to resent some of his political humors or his lapses in taste. But what are you to do when you are confronted by the actors in his little dramas? Do they falter in word or gesture? Do they vibrate with the energy of anything save life itself? And how immeasurably various they are.

"If there is one thing funnier than another about the cavalier treatment dealt out to Kipling in some quarters, where he is considered chauvinistic, outmoded and what not, it is the failure to recognize the marvel of his range. It is tempting to say that he early reached his high-water mark in the tragic force of 'The Man Who Was,' but, when he wrote that, he had still to write 'The Brushwood Boy,' and in between there was to come a perfect pell-mell of the most diverse creations. In how many fields, first, has he waved that wand of his! Consider the pathos of 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' and then the humour of 'My Lord the Elephant.' Turn from the modern vividness of 'Captains Courageous' to the tales of 'Puck of Pook's Hill,' with their convincing vivification of the past. Place side by side the teeming scenes from Indian life in *Kim* and the fantastic yet altogether credible romance of *Jungle Books*. Reflect for a moment on the versatility that could portray either a Mowgli or a Mulvaney, and that could play delightfully with the quaint motives of the *Just So Stories*. Only a great artist could have exercised that chameleon like artistry.

"One gift he has enjoyed, too, which allies him with the great narrative classics of all ages, from the *Arabian Nights* down: the gift for spinning an irresistible yarn. It is under a cloud to-day in literary circles. The disciples of a Proust or a Joyce

are all for the 'stream of consciousness' and the world well lost. But mankind will ever turn in instinctive gratitude to the writer who is content—along with other things—to tell it a story. We hear much, apropos of the boom in the 'detective fiction,' about the public interest in crime. Criminal fiddlesticks! Readers batten on tales of mystery because they ate tales, because they beguile the mind, because they sustain illusion. The many sided Kipling has this attribute, the attribute of the weaver of spells."

### *The Twelve Best Poems.*

The suggestion that members should send in lists of the best liked poems has not been taken up as was a similar one relating to the most popular tales. Mr. Eric W. Hewson, writing from an overseas naval station, argues that:—"If "The Glory of the Garden" and "Recessional" should be taken for granted. His *Double-day Page* edition—acquired in Hong Kong some years ago—has the following more thumbmarked than the rest:

*M'Andrews' Hymn*—a critic howled about 'follower-bolts,' and, "Hey Presto!" a youngster learned that Kipling's poems are real men's stuff—I have much to thank that cynic for. *The Mary Gloster*—the most useful poem for introducing a new fellow to Kipling. *The Trade*—E. K. knows his submersers as if he'd been one of 'em. *The Bell Buoy*—heard it recited when I was a youngster—want to hear Corbett-Smith singing out "Shoal 'Ware Shoal"—then I'll die happy. *Gunga Din*—can't explain this very well, mainly the war spirit I'm afraid. *Mother O' Mine*—R. K. articulates for most of us in this one, doesn't he? *Tommy*—written after the Boer War (am I quite right there?) but the idea contained in it still applies. *Ballad of East and West*—I love the action of it. *The Thousandth Man*—what a world of truth and knowledge. *Tomlinson*—I've met a few of those Tomlinsons, and *The Changelings*, and *Big Steamers*, because of their connection with the service "in which I serve."

Mr. G. E. Fox protests that our Poet has, not two, but twenty sides to his head, and a list confined to twelve poems is difficult

to decide. "To-morrow" he writes, "my list might be quite different." His choice was :—

*My New Cut Ashlar Takes the Light*—because, though not a Free Mason, it appears to sum up as clearly to-day as when it was written, R.K.'s aspirations. He does not answer our telegrams, yet, I say it with all reverence, that this telegram of his to the Great Overseer, has been answered a thousand-fold. *Sussex*—because of the line, among 9G other beauties—"Till the sure magic strike." Until the Magic has struck all is Nought. *In the Neolithic Age*—for the same reasons that I like I Corinthians 13. By the way will someone introduce this Chapter and this poem to the notice of the Home Secretary? *Natural Theology*—because—well, he that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *If*—because . . . . *The Children's Song*—because we are all or ought to be Children of a larger growth. *The Story of Ung*—because it helps us to suffer fools gladly, and incidentally I take it as a piece of autobiography. *The King. Farewell Romance*—because romance brought up the 9.15. *The Comforters*—because later the bitten lip may yearn for fellowship. *The Gods of the Copy Book Headings*—because the Gods of the Market tumbled. *The Palace*—because the form of the dream that was followed could he understood in the face of the thing that was planned, and *Pagett M.P.*—because the Butterfly upon the road got one in the eye.

No. 98, who warns us that his list is not to be taken as representing his order of preference has submitted the following:—

*M'Andrews' Hymn*—because his early training has made its meaning clear. *Mandalay*—because of its lilt and its incomparable last line. *The Ballad of the "Bolivar"*—for its grit. *Tomlinson*—for the lesson it teaches. *The Sons of Martha*—for the reason given in the first example. *A Code of Morals*—for its fun and its moral. *In a Neolithic Age*—because it is part of my job to know that, "There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays." *The Way through the Woods*—because it is super-saturated England. *Chant Pagan*—because fate has kept me at my job. *Bridge Guard in the Karroo*—because it is a perfect night piece. *The Children's Song*—because—who can say? *Et Dona Ferentes*—for its picture of the Englishman.

*On Rudyard Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads.*

BY DR. JOHN SWANWICK DRENNAN.

Rough are these ditties, and carelessly scored,  
 As if traced upon sand with the point of a sword,  
 Rumbling when read like the routing of cattle,  
 Flashing and crashing like guns in a battle ;  
 Riddling with mockery prig and precisian;  
 Knocking shams over with scornful collision;  
 Upsetting primness and pride with a bang;  
 Mingling Hindooish with barrack-room slang;  
 Yet redolent often of kindness and ruth,  
 With plaudits for courage, endurance, and truth,  
 And pointing out gems of magnanimous worth  
 In the lowest and murkiest caverns of earth.  
 . . . . Such, Kipling, your muse is, her hand on a trigger,  
 Her voice, if not sweet, of a bellicose vigour.  
 And mid so much mewing of meekness and piety  
 A sleuth-hound's hoarse bay is a pleasant variety.

The usual list of New Members is crowded out of this issue, as also are several letters, two lists of Twelve Best Poems, the report of the December meeting, and articles by Mr. T. German-Reed on "Kipling Collecting," and Mr. G. M. Harvey on "The Philosophy of Rudyard Kipling."

Applications for Membership should be made to the Hon. Sec, Mr. R. T. Gibson Fleming, Escart, Milford-on-Sea, Lymington, Hants. (*Phone No.: Milford-on-Sea 86*).



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