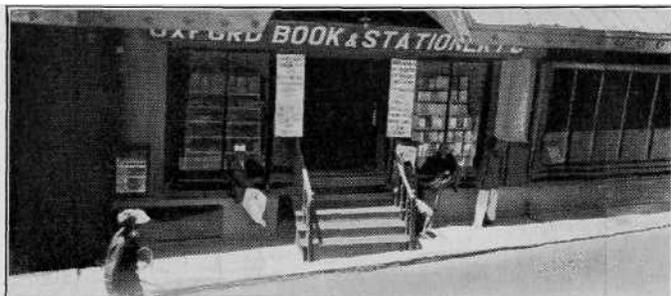


The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

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of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 10

JULY, 1929



The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 10

JULY, 1929

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The Kipling Scene.

(See Facing Page).

Top : *The House of Lurgan Sahib, Simla.*

A shop built out over the hillside. . . . as is the custom of Simla. Here were more wonders. . . . a thousand other oddments. . . . piled or merely thrown into the room, leaving a clear space only round the rickety deal table, where Lurgan Sahib worked.—*Kim*.

Middle: *Woods Corner.*

"With that he strode down the hill to the corner of the Great Woods—Woods Corner, you call it now."—*Weland's Sword*.

Bottom: *Burwash Church.*

He led them to the end of the South aisle, where there is a slab of iron which says in queer, long-tailed letters: *Orate p. annema Jhone Coline*. The children always called it Panama Corner.—*The Conversion of St. Wilfrid*,

News and Notes.

Those members who are personally known to Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the Founder and first Hon. Secretary of the Society, may like to know that his new address is 2, The Park, Mitcham, Surrey (Telephone : Mitcham 4222).

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A book of which Mr. Rudyard Kipling is part author has been placed under a ban in Government schools in British Guiana, on the grounds that it contains reflections on the King's coloured subjects in British Guiana and the West Indies. *A School History of England*, by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, was published in 1911, and the Government's action was taken after it had been the subject of representations in the new Legislative Council created under a recent Order-in-Council. The Governor undertook to make inquiries into the complaint, and the Commissioner of Education later announced that the book would be withdrawn from all Government-controlled schools, including Queen's College.

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The note on Mr. Kipling's poetry on page 28 was made from a somewhat longer report of the lecture which appeared in *The Publishers' Circular* of May 11.

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Several members have pointed out the source of the poem for which inquiry was made in the last issue. Mary Ambree may be found in the *Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland*, compiled and edited by John S. Roberts. The book is one of the Chandos Classics. Ben Jonson alludes to the poem in his "Masques," produced in 1626, and Fletcher mentions Mary Ambree in his "Scornful Lady." One poem has 22 verses, two of which with the spelling modernised may perhaps be quoted:

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
 Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
 Because he was slain so treacherously,
 Then vowed to revenge him, Mary Ambree.

The last two lines are:

Therefore English Captains of every degree
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree,

Mr. St. John Adcock has written for *The Windsor* published in April, an article entitled "Heads and Tales—A Literary Portfolio," with caricatures by Raphael Nelson. There are 12 of these, that of Mr. Kipling following those of John Galsworthy and Bernard Shaw. Mr. Adcock has written a column of good stuff about Mr. Kipling, but it does not lend itself to quotation. It must be read in conjunction with the rest of the article.

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Following the death of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, *The Star* made the suggestion that she was in some degree the original of Mrs. Hauksbee of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. We have seen no confirmation of the idea, which we had not previously encountered.

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During the past quarter, one of the competitions promoted by *Everyman* was "An Extract from an Additional Chapter to *Stalky and Co.*" The prize went to Miss M. Snow, of Oxford, whose essay, along with that of Mr. Edgar Brown—one of our members—appeared in the issue of our contemporary dated April 11, 1929.

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First blood for the Associates! We are not going to give them away, but they are brothers and have written to thank the Council for their badges. "I always wear mine," writes one, "and it invariably brings me luck. When I have done my 'prep,' I take it out of my button hole and stroke it a few times and then put it back again. . . . The Master comes along, and says 'Ha!' and then seeing the badge asks if I am a lover of Kipling. When I say yes, he softens visibly—anyway if he doesn't, he jolly well ought to." And so say all of us!

x x x x x

Capt. L. H. Chandler, to whom acceptance of the position of Local Hon. Secretary in the U.S.A. we referred in No. 9, writes that as from September 1, 1929, next, his address will be changed from "Bryn Mawr Court," Bryn Mawr, Penn." to "Apartment 203, No. 3024 Tilden Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., U.S.A."

The Improvement and Property Committee of the Rotherham Town Council is giving the streets of a new housing estate the names of British poets. At a recent meeting, it was recommended by the Housing Committee to name two new streets Kipling Road and Kipling Drive. That suggestion was rejected, and the names Browning Road and Browning Drive were substituted. Why Mr. Kipling's name was rejected puzzled a number of Rotherham people, and the leader of the Labour majority was asked for an explanation. The Alderman's reply was: "We did not object to the name, in spite of Kipling's Jingoism. As a matter of fact, we are running short of poets' names and could ill afford to discard this one. The Committee ruled it out, however, because the chairman told them that Kipling did not write poetry."

The Swastika.

A NOTE BY MR. EDGAR BROWN (MEMBER).

IN adopting the Swastika from the covers and pages of the Kipling books as an emblem, the Kipling Society has chosen a sign not only of immediate significance but also of the widest and most appropriate application. The Swastika, which in Sanskrit means "fortunate" or "well-being," has been used from the earliest times and by the most varied peoples.

Kipling himself has been fascinated by it. "There is a huge book (I've forgotten the name, but the Smithsonian will know) about the Swastika (pronounced Swas-ti-ka to rhyme with "car's ticker") in literature, art, religion, dogma, etc.," is what he wrote in reply to a query from Edward Bok, then Editor of the American *Ladies' Home Journal*, to which Kipling contributed William the Conqueror and other items.

The symbol, with embellishing lines between the arms in the first known instance, appeared in the Mediterranean area before it found its way into the East. It is encountered in Europe at the close of the Neolithic Age, originating possibly in the Ægean civilisation and being used as a potter's stamp on neolithic ware at Tordos and in South Italy. It is among the marks incised upon the blocks used for the Minoan palaces of Phaestus and Cnossus, and it appears in the lake villages and neolithic remains in France and Central Europe.

The Swastika is, however, primarily Aryan and has been found at Troy as well as *in* India. Buddhist migration seems to have carried it to China and Japan, and similar forces took it to America and West Africa. It was also widely employed in early Christian art. Under the name "fylfot" or "filfot" it can be found "filling the foot" of ecclesiastical stained-glass windows. It has been called also Gammadion, Gammation and Svastika.

"I believe there are two sorts of Swastika," continued Kipling to Bok, and here he indicated the two different ways the Zeds can be twined; "one is bad, the other is good, but which is which I know not for sure. The Hindu trader opens his yearly account-books with a Swastika as 'an auspicious beginning,' and all the races of the earth have used it. It's an inexhaustible subject, and some man in the Smithsonian ought to be full of it. Anyhow, the sign on the door or the hearth should protect *you* against fire and water and thieves." There follows a reference to Bok's newly-acquired broad-stepped home at Merion, Pennsylvania, for which Kipling had suggested the name "Swastika." "By this time should have reached you a Swastika door-knocker, which I hope may fit in with the new house and the new name. It was made by a village-smith ; and you Will see that it has my initials, to which I hope you will add yours, that the story may be complete. . . ."

In another communication to Edward Bok, written after the death of the elder Kipling, Rudyard Kipling says :

"I am sending with this for your acceptance, as some little memory of my father to whom you were so kind, the original of one of the plaques that he used to make for me. I thought it being the Swastika would be appropriate for *your* Swastika. May it bring you even more good fortune."

The plaque was one of red clay, showing the familiar elephant's head, the lotus and the Swastika reproduced on the covers of so many of the Kipling volumes. Other specimens of the Swastika appear in various books, in combination with Kipling's initials in outline, of which the "R" is reversed, or over his signature within a circle.

So, in new and old worlds and in new and very old civilisations, the Swastika has been patterned and painted and shows no sign of decay. Perhaps nothing better than that could serve to cover the multitudinous facets of Kipling's lasting work.

The Annual Meeting and Luncheon.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society was held at the Princes Restaurant, Piccadilly, London, on Wednesday, June 12, when the President, Major General L. C. Dunsterville, presided.

The Annual Report for the year ending March 29, and submitted by the Council showed that the Society continues to make steady progress. The number of members on live register was 692, of which 508 were at home and 184 abroad. The Council regretted to report the death of many members, and that others had been compelled to resign owing to ill-health and other reasons. Since the end of the financial year there had been an appreciable improvement and live register was well over 700. During the session five meetings were held, in addition to a Soiree just before Christmas, and a Party for Young People in January. All were well attended. An "Associates" Branch had been formed, for Young Members between 12 and 18 years of age, the membership of which was 14.

The accounts showed a satisfactory balance of £145 10s. 1d., arrived at after provision had been made for all liabilities ascertained at March 31, 1929. This took no credit for the stock of emblems, journals or stationery in hand, the value of which amount to a considerable sum, and constituted a hidden reserve. The report and accounts were adopted.

The question of the amendment of rules of the Society came up for consideration and these were adopted. Sir George MacMunn explained that when the Society was formed they provisionally adopted the rules of the Dickens' Society. During the year they had had some experience which had resulted in the slight amendments which had been put forward.

Mr. Gibson Fleming, Hon. Secretary, explained that the rules as amended had been passed by Mr. Clement A. Cusse, the Honorary Solicitor to the Society, and they also included some slight alterations put forward by Captain E. W. Martindell. Those suggestions, it was explained, were not in the form of alterations but rather amplification, and they had the consent of the Council.

On the motion of Sir George MacMunn, seconded by Dr. Mudie, the meetings adopted a resolution, that, to mark the outstanding services rendered to the Society by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, and in token of their appreciation and gratitude, the

word "Founder" should appear after Mr. Brooking's name in all official papers and lists.

Thanking the meeting for conferring on him that honour, Mr. Brooking pointed out that one man alone could not do anything in the way of founding such a Society, and the friends who had rallied round him were really responsible for their present success.

The office bearers and members of the executive council were re-elected, and in view of the vacancy caused by the retirement of Lord Colwyn, Major General J. H. Bruce, C.B., C.M.G., of the Imperial Australian General Staff on duty in London, was elected to the Council.

In closing the meeting the Chairman drew attention to the present state of the Society. Their enrolment was 837 ; 704 were now on the list, and of that number 514 were in the United Kingdom and 190 overseas. It was interesting to note that thirty per cent of the members were ladies.

THE LUNCHEON.

The third annual luncheon followed at which a very large gathering sat down, under the chairmanship of the president. The toast of "Rudyard Kipling" was in the able hands of Captain W. Vansittart Howard, D.S.O., R.N., the Mayor of Canterbury, who declared that he had read everything Mr. Kipling had published. The first time he heard Mr. Kipling speak was when he was a guest of the Royal Navy Club, and that speech remained in his memory as flawless, not a word too much and every word so aptly chosen that it conveyed without any possible ambiguity exactly what Mr. Kipling meant. He had the honour of meeting Mr. Kipling at Dover during the war when Admiral Sir Gerald Bacon handed Mr. Kipling over to him with instructions to let him see everything he wanted, to answer his questions and send him round the trawlers, drifters and paddle mine-sweepers in the dock. That was before Mr. Kipling wrote "Fringes of the Fleet." It occurred to the speaker that Mr. Kipling would get a more genuine idea of the skippers and crews if he went round with an old pensioned able seaman. Later Mr. Kipling told him that the plan had been eminently successful and that he had had the time of his life. When the armed trawlers went first to Dover the crews were not used to naval discipline, and they got in the way of the men

of war and destroyers at inconvenient moments, and that earned them the name of "those damned trawlers," which name they kept to the Armistice. Rudyard Kipling heard of that, hence his poem on "Trawlers." What he personally loved in all Rudyard Kipling's work was his sympathy and tenderness to every description of religion. He wished Rudyard Kipling could he induced to write on religion and its growth from the beginnings to the present day. It would be a priceless work. Lastly could they not persuade him to give them a poem which would bring peace to the world,—he meant, "freedom of the seas" for which the English-speaking people and they only would be responsible. As orator, historian, and author, Rudyard Kipling was our Empire-Building-Poet of the 19th and 20th Centuries. The toast was enthusiastically honoured.

The Rt. Reverend Bishop E. J. Bidwell, a former Bishop of Ontario, Canada, in proposing "The Kipling Society and its President," said that he had been a regular Rudyard Kipling "fan" and there was hardly a word that had been published he had not read. He had the greatest admiration for Rudyard Kipling, and he thought that their Society was well worth while for more than one reason. First of all there was the literary point of view, and to his mind Rudyard Kipling was one of the world's greatest storytellers who had an extraordinary power of creating an atmosphere and taking his readers with him into the middle of the events he described. He knew of no man who surpassed him. Then again Rudyard Kipling had the gift of creating characters which had become household words, which gift he had shared with Charles Dickens. He had an extraordinary gift of describing people and animals in a single phrase. He had not been content with writing of modern times, but he had a marvellous power of re-creating the past. He could not put other modern writers on such a high pedestal as that occupied by Mr. Kipling. There was that extraordinary inspiration he had given to countless men to do their little bit for that great organisation called the British Empire. He did not know any one who seemed to be able to set out so well and give such a wonderful insight into the characteristics of our race which had resulted in the formation of their great Empire. That was the inspiration they all needed and the people overseas needed it more than those at home.

The President, whose name was coupled with the toast, in the course of a humorous speech pointed out that during his recent

travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, it was astonishing to realise to what extent the works of their master was appreciated over there. Not only had he the pleasure of finding that, but in the most remote parts of Sweden he had actually come across members of the Kipling Society and that he was sure would *give* them additional pleasure. The Kipling Society was a very lively affair, lively in every sense of the word, and all they asked was for an interest to be taken in Kipling's works and the high ideals for which he stood. He extended a hearty welcome to their overseas members that day. The Society could do and was doing a great work, and they all knew, not only in the sphere of literature, but in that far greater sphere of the brotherhood of man, forming a very close bond of union between the branches of the English-speaking nations, and that was a matter which was very dear to the hearts of all. In conclusion, the President paid generous tribute to the Honorary Editor of their Journal, and he also referred to the sound position of the Society and thanked the officers who had given up so much of their time to achieve such splendid results.

The toast of the guests was in the able hands of Sir George MacMunn and appropriately responded to by Sir Robert W. Dibden.

Characters from "Many Inventions" (I).

With our Bai-Jove-Judson
A sailing the seas,
We'd offset the dud's son
With our Bai-Jove-Judson;
Though lacking a Hudson
We'd side-step each squeeze,
With our Bai-Jove-Judson
A sailing the seas.

T.E.E.

Kipling's Influence on English and Dominion Letters.

ON May 1 a meeting of the Society was held at Princes Restaurant, when Lt.-Col. J. Sherwood-Kelly, V.C., presided, and Mr. Robert Stokes read a paper on "Kipling's Influence on English and Dominion Letters." The following summary gives the salient points of the paper:—

After emphasising the narrowness of the literary traditions of England in the period preceding Kipling, and especially of the orthodox schools of poetry from the Lake School to Rosetti and Swinburne, Mr. Stokes made a rapid survey of pre-Kipling poetry in the Dominions. He said that most of what was best in this fell into four main divisions:—(a) the Elizabethan, which he illustrated from one of Moloney's Shakespearean sonnets in the Oxford Book of Australian Verse, and from J. L. Michael's "The Eye of the Beholder"; (b) the Swinburnian, illustrated from "Beyond Kerguelen" by Henry C. Kendall; (c) the Patriotic, illustrated from William Pember Reeve's poem on New Zealand; and (d) the Humorous, illustrated by Robert Sealy's poem "The Publican's Daughter." In the United States there was less imitation of England, but original poets of somewhat limited scope had set what had always seemed to the lecturer an extremely narrow tradition. Outside these four groups in the Dominions a great deal of poetry had been written in very feeble imitation of such poets as Byron and those of the Lake School. The Dominion imitators of Byron, in particular, often lacked the classical education and the sophisticated outlook that were necessary to understand a writer who so largely sought in classical enthusiasms a refuge from the sophistications of an artificial society. Scott's ballad poetry had been a happier model, which was followed with some success in Canada and Australia.

What had been the effect of Kipling's influence on all this—both in England and in the Dominions? Briefly, he thought it had broad effects.

In the first place it strengthened all four of the existing traditions in the Dominions (Kipling being himself an imitator of the Elizabethans, owing himself a huge debt to Swinburne, and having been obviously a stimulus to the patriotic and humorous tendencies). Secondly, it produced a certain amount of direct imitation in England and an enormous amount in the Dominions. (This was illustrated by quotations from "The

Cattleboats " by Will Lawson; from " The Mixer " by R. J. C. Stead; from "Grin" and "The Law of the Yukon" by Robert W. Service; and from " A Lay of the Derby Sweep " by M. C. Conway Poole). Thirdly, the actual burden of his message produced some direct effect. Lastly—and this was the really important thing—it broke down the exclusiveness of the narrow tradition.

Discussing the three last named effects the lecturer said, however brilliant, imitation could never produce literature of the highest class. Literature was the expression or reflection of life, and purely imitative literature at its very best could never rise above the condition of its existence as the paler reflection of a reflection. It achieved its best when it imitated essentials. It was at its worse when it fastened on the accidental tricks and peculiarities of a style. All good literature reflected, and should reflect, the personality and peculiarities of its author. Any attempt to prune these completely away, as in Walter Savage Landor's epigrams or Milton's translations of the Psalms, only devitalized the " characteristic," or artistic content, of the subject-matter. But it was quite another matter to imitate such idiosyncrasies for their own sake. Even if they were valuable in themselves, such imitation disturbed the perspective, emphasised ornaments at the expense of the thing ornamented and destroyed the unity of a work of art.

It was not through being slavishly or reverently imitated that an artistic influence could ennoble or revivify the practice of an art; but only by the absorption and application to new subject-matter, of its underlying spirit and ideals. It was not by the volume of imitative Kiplingese that we must measure the influence of Kipling, but by the extent and worth of his inspirational guidance of individual and national psychology, by his contribution to the spiritual heritage of the world. It was not on the imitators of his rhythms and slang on whom the artistic mantle of Kipling fell, but on those who had absorbed the universal sympathy which enabled Kipling to interpret the emotional life of the common people in the language of the common people; of the soldier, for instance, in the language of the barracks; and who had instinctively realized that such sympathy was itself an irresistible passport to the sympathies of mankind, even in the long run of literary mankind, abrogating all the artificial restrictions of all the literary bureaucrats of the world.

Put in another way we might say that Kipling's real influence was two-fold, negative and positive—negative in that he had been a very prince of literary iconoclasts; a breaker down in the interests of the many, of the instinctive prejudices of the few, the stuffy atmosphere of literary coteries. This was perhaps his greatest service to art, but his positive message was surely also not without value. This was (1) a message of universal sympathy, but one that was combined with common sense and with a transparently honest readiness to recognise and understand facts as they were, before attempting to change them; (2) a deeply religious message calling us in humility away from the delusions and self-conscious complexes in which our over-intricate civilization tended towards decadence; (3) calling us back to the message of Imperial and race patriotism urging us not to neglect the enormous potentialities for good in the world which those feelings held; (4) a message from the New World to the Old, bidding it to turn its mind and send its children, to the great empty spaces; and (5) a special message to the Dominions, reminding them not merely of that European civilization in which they still had their roots, but also of that other world of Asia and Africa which they were at present apt to forget, but in which one day they would have to shoulder responsibilities.

Dwelling on the tremendous effect, both in the Dominions and here, of Kipling's poetic iconoclasm, the lecturer contended that the really valuable effect of this breaking down of barriers and liberation from tradition, had not really been in its *direct* effect on the poets at all! It had been in its effect on the taste of their audiences. By widening and educating that taste it had indirectly conferred on the poets a boon beyond all price. Kipling was sneered at to-day by many a pretentious poet-taster who would never have been given by public taste the slightest chance to the original if it had not been for Kipling. "The Sentimental Bloke," the greatest poem yet written in Australia, and perhaps in any Dominion, would probably never have been written with such freedom, and would certainly have been unable to win its present world-wide regard, but for the educational influence. The *true* imitator of Kipling was he who appealed on natural, individual lines (with or without the Kipling spirit " or any part of his positive message) to the new, enlarged taste which Kipling had created. (This was illustrated from Service's "Young Fellow My Lad" ;R. Grant Brown's

" Pie " and " The Last Litany "; " The New Duckling " by Alfred Noyes; Vachell Lindsay's " The Congo " ; and Miss C. Fox Smith's " Ships that Pass,")

Concluding Mr. Stokes said: " I have not dwelt at length on Kipling's direct message, but I should like to point out that the Imperial side of it receives a reinforcement from that very widening of taste by which Kipling has extended the scope of the poetic art in the English-speaking world. Had he not done so it seems inevitable that the hardening and narrowing of English taste would have continued until it reached a state analogous to that which obtained in the 18th century; and it is probable that long before a new movement like the Romantic Revival could arise, the Dominions would have repudiated our literary Mandarins with contumely, and gone each its separate way. By broadening the basis of poetic taste in the Empire, Kipling has very greatly contributed to the unity of Imperial taste, and thus to the maintenance of a common literature as a bond of Empire. It appears to me to be no small or negligible contribution to the welfare of the world."

The Philosophy of Rudyard Kipling.

ABSTRACTS FROM A LECTURE BY MR. G. M. HARVEY OF THE
MIDLAND CIRCLE.

WHEN I received the invitation to deliver this lecture I asked myself what, exactly, was expected of me? I take it that by the philosophy of a great writer is meant his attitude towards life, his character as portrayed by his writings, and the message, if any, which he seeks to deliver.

Realising then, that in Rudyard Kipling I had something definite to go upon, both as regards the character and the message, I felt still more comforted when I remembered that Mr. Kipling once did for another great writer just what I am humbly attempting to do for him. For, in describing his interview with Mark Twain, whom he had learned to love and admire fourteen thousand miles away, he says, " Reading his books, I had striven to get an idea of his personality, and all my pre-conceived notions were wrong and beneath the reality. Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer."

Kipling's own attitude as regards himself and his writings is well expressed in the opening passages of his speech at the Royal Academy dinner in 1906, which I quote:

There is an ancient legend which tells us that when a man first achieved a most notable deed he wished to explain to his Tribe what he had done. As soon as he began to speak, however, he was smitten with dumbness, he lacked words, and sat down. Then there arose—according to the story—a masterless man, one who had taken no part in the action of his fellow, who had no special virtues, but who was afflicted—that is the phrase—with the magic of the necessary word. He saw; he told; he described the merits of the notable deed in such a fashion, we are assured, that the words " became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers." Thereupon the Tribe seeing that the words were certainly alive, and fearing lest the man with the words would hand down untrue tales about them to their children, took and killed him. But later, they saw that the magic was in the words, not in the man.

I would ask you to regard Kipling, then, as an ordinary English gentleman, in the fullest sense of the term, imbued with the quiet pride of race and love of country which the term implies; " afflicted " to a superlative degree with the Magic of the Necessary Word; and with a very definite message to deliver, not merely to us, but to those who come after.

And what is that message? It is perhaps summed up in Mulvaney's instructions to the recruits, " Fear God, honour the Queen, shoot straight, and keep clean." It permeates every piece of prose or verse he ever wrote, and is put into the mouths of strange and diverse characters. And it is so closely bound up with his Philosophy—his attitude towards life—that if we examine the one we cannot fail to read and receive the other.

The outstanding feature of Kipling's philosophy is his profound faith in, and love for, the British Empire, which is to him almost a religion. So urgent is his message in this respect that he has been, and still is regarded in some quarters as a Jingo. I hope you will allow me to spend a little time in showing how utterly mistaken is that impression.

Those who would label him " Jingo " always point to the " Absent-minded Beggar " as proof that he incited his countrymen to war by waving the flag in their faces. But the facts, as

I see them, are these. Returning after spending many years in the outposts of the Empire, among men who, silently and ungrudgingly, were bearing the White Man's burden, he beheld the people of England, at the outbreak of the South African War, apathetic, dilatory and inclined to sneer at those who volunteered. He poured out his contempt for them—afterwards—in "The Lesson" and "The Islanders," but at the time, he wrote "The Absent-minded Beggar." It was not a noble poem, nor was it improved by the music to which it was set by Sir Arthur Sullivan, but it served its purpose in cheering the volunteer and helping the wavering to make his decision.

But for the Jingo—the flag-waving preacher of war—he had no use. Remember the "Raymondiferous Martin" of "Stalky and Co.," the "jelly-bellied flag-flapper" of whom McTurk remarked, "This man is *the* Gadarene Swine!"

Commenting upon some "Fourth of July" celebrations he had just witnessed in the Yellowstone National Park, he writes:

What amazed me was the calm with which these folks gathered together and commenced to belaud their noble selves, their country and their "institootions" and everything else that was theirs. The language was, to these bewildered ears, wild advertisement, gas, bunkum, blow, anything you please beyond the bounds of commonsense. An archangel, selling town-lots on the Glassy Sea, would have blushed to the tips of his wings to describe his property in such terms.

And again, of the speeches at an American banquet, he says:

"I sat bewildered on a coruscating Niagara of—blatherumskite. . . . How in the world can a white man, a Sahib of Our blood, stand up and plaster praise on his own country? He can think as highly as he likes, but this open-mouthed vehemence of adoration struck me almost as indelicate."

And is the man who wrote this, a Jingo?

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law.

Read the poems written after the Boer War, and you will find him exulting, not that England had won the War, but over the Five Nations who answered the call of the Motherland, and

so proved to the world the solidity, the unity, the reality of the British Empire.

Kipling has not much use for the politicians at home, with rare exceptions, Joseph Chamberlain being one. He is more concerned with the pioneer, immortalised in that finest of all his poems, " The Explorer "—the men whose service and sacrifice are given unstintingly, in the face of the impossible, to achieve some little advancement, not for themselves, but for the Empire. Let me quote shortly from a speech he delivered in Toronto in 1901:

It is the custom of our land to expect sacrifice as a matter of course—always without thanks, often with ungracious criticism. But the custom has not weakened the tradition, for in all walks of life in every quarter of the Empire you will find men to-day content—more than content, eager—to endure any hardship, any misunderstanding, for aims that are not even remotely theirs, for objects in which they have no specific interest except the honour and integrity and advancement of their village, their town, their State, their Province or their country.

This tradition runs like a thread through the fabric of all Kipling's writings. It is illustrated many times in " Stalky and Co.," and in " Little Foxes," " A Deal in Cotton," " William the Conqueror " and a dozen others. " The Bell Buoy " expresses, simply but forcefully, the joy of service and sacrifice as compared with a life of ease.

" The Altar of Sacrifice," he says in another speech, " is based on Faith," by which we live; it is supported by Wisdom and Strength; it is crowned by Sacrifice, which is the highest form of Love."

Another aspect of the Empire is expressed in " The Return," in which a soldier, coming back from the South African War, ruminates on his experiences, and the strange mixture of men of all the races of the Empire whom he has met:

Also Time runnin' into years—
A thousand Places left be'ind—
An' Men from both two 'emispheres
Discussin' things of every kind;
So much more near than I 'ad known,
So much more great than I 'ad guessed—

An' me, like all the rest, alone—
 But reachin' out to all the rest!
 If England was what England seems,
 An' not the England of our dreams,
 But only putty, brass an' paint,
 'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she ain't!

"I have," he says, "I confess it now, done my best for about twenty years to make all the men of the sister nations within the Empire interested in each other."

Next in Kipling's heart to love of the Empire comes love of the English countryside:

God gave all men all earth to love,
 But since our hearts are small,
 Ordained for each one spot should prove
 Beloved over all."

And for Kipling that spot is—Sussex. He never tires of stressing the unchanging traditions, the immemorial habits and customs of age-old England. Remember the American who tried to "flag" an express train in "An Error of the Fourth Dimension." And the delightful bewilderment of another American and his wife in "An Habitation Enforced," faced at every turn by a fresh, unwritten law.

"This is like all England," she said, "wonderful, but no explanation. You're expected to know it beforehand."

You can pick up his books, open almost at random, and find charming little water-colour sketches of rural England. He has the eye of an artist, but instead of a brush uses his wondrous gift, the Magic of the Necessary Word, to bring before the eyes of our minds the scenes he loves. He can paint a vivid picture of bazaar life in India, of a Japanese temple, a camp on the South African veldt or a salmon river in Oregon, but he quite obviously revels in the softer tones of the homeland.

I am not at all sure that third place is high enough to award to Kipling's love for children. There is such a wealth of understanding in his songs and stories *for* children, such a wealth of tenderness in his songs and stories *about* them. No child could say of the *Just-So Stories* what I have heard one say contemptuously of a modern book of Children's Verses, "O, yes! that's one of those books grown-ups think are funny!" Kipling knows well that the adventures of the "Elephant's Child," and story of "The Cat that Walked" are not funny

to a child—they are real 1 How closely he gets to the workings of a child's mind is shown conclusively by the interpolations and the half-shy questions of Dan and Una in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*:

The Lady who practises the organ began to pull out stops and rustle hymn books behind the screen.

" I hope she'll do the soft lacy tunes—like treacle on porridge," said Una.

" I like the trumpety ones best," said Dan.

The organ played softly. " What does that music say? " the Archbishop asked.

Una dropped into the chant without thinking; " Oh all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever. We call it the Noah's Ark, because it's all lists of things—beasts and birds and whales, you know."

" Whales? " said the Archbishop quickly.

" Yes—O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters," Una hummed—" Bless ye the Lord—it sounds like a wave turning over, doesn't it? "

The same understanding pervades *Kim*, and indeed every one of his writings which deals with youth. " They " stands alone, far above the other stories, or even poems, so that one feels that it is above analysis, consecrated to the memory of the children—his own little daughter among them—held to Earth by the most powerful tensile force in the Universe, the tug of heart-strings which yearn for the sound of lost voices.

For the adolescent Kipling has an insistent message, epitomised in "If." It is the underlying principle in *Stalky and Co*, though many read that priceless book without grasping its significance. Thank God, our public schools do still, consciously or unconsciously, instil into the youth of our land the virtues of self-restraint, of bodily and mental fitness, and of all those other qualities which go to the building of character.

Speaking in 1920 of England's responsibility in the rebuilding of civilization, he says, " The sole force under God's good Providence that can meet this turn of our fate, is not temperament, not opportunism, nor any effort to do better than good, but character and again character." I have attempted, lamely I fear, to point out and to illustrate the principal aspects of Rudyard Kipling's philosophy, but what can one do with

such a kaleidoscopic mind, **which** at every turn, flashes a new and brilliant hue into our astonished eyes?

I regard the stories of the Mulvaney type, brimful as they are of human nature, humour and pathos, as the result of opportunity and environment, rather than expressing any particular outlook. Remember that he returned to India as a budding journalist at the age of seventeen and, naturally, took his inspirations from his immediate surroundings.

As an engineer, I can only gasp at the almost incredible mastery he possesses of the jargon of the shipyard, the loco-shed, and even of the airship of the year 2000! Think of the detailed description of the wreckage in the engine-room of the "Haliotis," or in "The Ship that found Herself." Think of the historical detail in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and elsewhere; of the knowledge of Natural History required for the writing of "The White Seal" and "The Mother Hive." In all these I see the craftsman rather than the philosopher, though "The Mother Hive" is a parable of deep significance.

Finally, it is a mystery to me, and I think to many others, that the writings of Rudyard Kipling, both prose and verse, should appeal so profoundly to women. Woman has no place whatever in Kipling's philosophy, in fact we might say that he regards woman as a necessary evil, and ignores her as much as possible. Think of his female characters—those, I mean, who are complete drawings, not merely a part of the scenery—and how many impress themselves upon your memory? Mrs. Hauksbee towers above a ghostly company of rather unsavoury Anglo-Indians. Miriam, alias Annie Louise, of *The Brushwood Boy*; Maisie; William the Conqueror; Badalia Herodsfoot; The Lady of "They"; Mary Postgate and Sophie Chapin.

Mrs. Hauksbee is described as "a little, brown, thin, almost skinny woman, with big rolling, violet-blue eyes and the sweetest manners in the world," and in spite of her obvious good qualities, I doubt whether many people, men or women, would catalogue her as an attractive woman. William bore on her forehead the big silver scar of a Delhi sore; Maisie, all men, at least, will agree, was a horrid little beast; neither Mary Postgate nor Badalia were prepossessing, and we are left with Miriam, the Lady of "They" and Sophie, who definitely attract us—three women in over twenty volumes of prose!

It is not that Kipling confines himself to rugged characters

of the cave-man type. We all know that he can use his magic to express the deepest emotions; there is, I believe for each one of us, a passage somewhere which sets some chord vibrating, deep down in our souls, every time we read it. A friend has told me that no *man* can fully appreciate the pathos and depth of feeling of "An Habitation Enforced."

Is Kipling then, a failure when he attempts to portray a woman? Does the Magic of the Necessary Word break down before that other magic, which the Woman in the cave practised in "The Cat that Walked?" Or does he deliberately set woman aside as an unsatisfactory material—a colour only to be used in the background of his male portraits?

At school, he tells us, "We hardly ever saw, and certainly never spoke to, anything in the nature of a woman from *one* year's end to the other." This boy, returning to India, expresses his callow views on woman in *Departmental Ditties*, thus:

A Woman's only a Woman,
But a good cigar's a Smoke!

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scoffingly bid thee
give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get out! She
has been there before.
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose
who are lacking in lore.

The books which follow during the next ten years of his life reflect the life he saw around him and are hard on the gentler sex, and it was not until 1898 that he gave us William the Conqueror and Miriam in *The Day's Work*. It seems as though his attitude has been modified a little as the years have passed, for we find recently, several stories, such as Mary Postgate, The Dog Hervey, The Wish House, My Son's Wife and The Gardener, having a woman as the central figure, But what singularly unattractive women they are!

On the other hand, he has proved once and for all that he can paint a feminine portrait when he chooses. Could anything be more gracious, more tenderly wistful than the blind mistress of the House of the Lost Children—or more natural and spontaneous than Sophie Chapin? And often, in the background, move other shadowy figures, of whom we would learn more; of these are The Infant's mother, Agnes Strickland and the mother of the Brushwood Boy. Perhaps he is saving up,

and Mother Maturin, when she at last appears before the curtain, will prove the most womanly of them all!

That Kipling does appreciate feminine charms is readily proved by this extract from his American notes:

Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire ; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France clinging closely to their mothers, and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian " spin " in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever; they can talk. Yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have the appearance of so doing.

One more thought I would leave with you. In " With the Night Mail " Kipling has given us a picture, packed with circumstantial detail, of an airship crossing the Atlantic in the year 2,000. He shows us a world, long since tired of the futile bickerings of the nations, with distance annihilated by the speed of aerial travel, and in which the sole problem of real importance to humanity is Transport—the conveyance of passengers and merchandise about the globe. An international body, known as the Aerial Board of Control or A.B.C, established originally to govern transport " and all that that implies," has not usurped, but has had forced upon it by an easy-going public all administrative, law-giving and other functions formerly divided amongst the nations, which have practically ceased to exist, except for the purpose of local self-government.

It is an imaginative piece of Utopian fiction, but behind it I see a prophecy and a warning. Is he not striving to point out to us what may result when the flickering, uncertain flames of the League of Nations, fanned by the zeal of the one or two really international thinkers of our time, have burnt up to a steady blaze ? Is it too much to hope that, with the barriers of race, creed and tongue rapidly disappearing before undreamt of facilities of communication and travel— as we see them disappearing to-day before our very eyes, there may evolve a unified, central system of control for the whole planet, when the armies and navies of the world will be merged into one international police force, the parliaments of the world into one Palace of Law, Order and Justice, and the national assemblies will be as our County Councils?

The Letter Bag.

Miss Leonora A. Winn, of Simla, has sent one of the pictures which appears in this issue and writes:—

I have much pleasure in sending you this print of Lurgan Sahib's place, in the hope that the half tone engravers may be able to make a fairly good block of it for use in the journal. It shows the very shop that housed the priceless treasures of the great mystic the late Mr. A. M. L. Jacob "The Diamond King"—the original of Kipling's Lurgan Sahib and the "Mr. Isaacs" in Marion Crawford's novel of that title.

It was in the small room behind the shop that Kipling makes the venue of the great scene between Lurgan Sahib, Kim and the small recalcitrant Hindu boy. In those days there used to be a little lateral balcony at the front door, which recently has been replaced by the short flight of vertical steps you now see. I persuaded several friends to visit Rajputana, mentioned in Mr. Kipling's *Letters of Marque* and all were duly grateful on their return. You have no idea how vividly descriptive the book is of those parts. The humour is what so forcibly appeals to me.

Mrs. Mora V. Livingston writes from the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University:—

I should like very much to have the following Bibliographical Notes published in the *Kipling Journal*. Such errors are not fair to the Kipling collectors and book-dealers, and I am anxious to correct them whenever new information is obtainable.

The two volumes "Soldiers Three, The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White," and "Wee Willie Winkie, Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw,'" published in London, by Macmillan and Company, 1898 (Nos. 119, 121), were not printed from the plates of the Sampson Low, Marston and Co. edition (Aberdeen University Press), as has been often stated, but from plates reset by R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh. Nor do they contain the additional stories included in the American edition issued by The Macmillan Company (Nos. 120, 122).

The stories "Of Those Called" in *Soldiers Three*, etc., "The Track of a Lie," and "The Pit that they digged" in *Wee Willie Winkie*, etc., appeared in the Edition de Luxe

Vol. V, The Phantom 'Rickshaw and Other Stories, 1898, and they do not occur in any other English edition. "The Wreck of the Visigoth," which was included in *Soldiers Three*, etc., has not appeared in any form in England.

Another unnecessary error is "Kipling's Poems, Chicago, 1899" (No. 204). The first edition has the imprint "George M. Hill Company," not Star Publishing Co. The first issue was bound in red cloth (vellum) with an elephant's head above a shield printed in gold on the front and back covers.

Mr. Walter Rice, who compiled the collection, says "The elephant's head was on both sides of the cover. It looked like thunder and was soon changed to the tiger's head."

The second issue has the same imprint and date, is bound in lighter, coarser red cloth, with the tiger's head on the cover. A third issue has the same imprint and date, but is bound in bright red buckram, and the tiger's head and lettering on the cover are in white ink, and has the monogram of the Star Publishing Co. in the spine.

Later issues have the Star Publishing Co., on the title-page, sometimes the date, 1899, sometimes a later date, but with the tiger's head on the cover.

If you care for such things for the Journal, I have a great deal more that is of especial interest to the Kipling collector. I am collecting it for a new edition, or second volume which will contain much information omitted from the Bibliography for lack of room.

[Bibliographical Notes and Kiplingiana are always welcome.—Hon. Editor].

Precocious Anthropography.

One's pleased to note:

For five bob any bud-hard stripling,

Can now be fattened (as is meet)

On admira-tions of our Rudyard Kipling.

C.G.N.

Note.—Admi—A Man (Hindustani).

Kipling and his Illustrators.

Publication in No. 9 of the Hon. Editor's notes on the artists who have illustrated Mr. Kipling's stories and poems has brought him a number of useful additional suggestions which have been duly recorded. Two, at least, of these contributions should interest other members of the Society. Mr. John Sanderson has supplied a full list of the illustrators of Scribner's *Outward Bound* edition.

Vols. 1 to 14, and also Vols. 17, 19, and 21. Clay Plaques, by J. L. Kipling.

Vols. 15 and 16. *Sea to Sea*—Three photos in each of places, but no name.

Vol. 18. *Stalky and Co.*—Three pictures by Gordon Browne.

Vol. 20. *Just-so Stories*—Pictures by Rudyard Kipling.

Vol. 22. *Traffics and Discoveries*—One picture each by F. C. John, Henry Reutendahl, George Gibbs.

Vol. 28. *Puck of Pook's Hill*—Four pictures by Andre Castaigne.

Vol. 24. *Actions and Reactions*—Two pictures by Henry Reutendahl, one by Mrs. J. S. Williams, one by F. Walter Taylor.

Vol. 25. *Rewards and Fairies*—Four pictures by Frank Craig.

Vol. 26. *A Diversity of Creatures*—Two pictures by William Hatherell, one by W. R. Flint, one by Angus McDonald.

Vol. 27. *The Years Between*—One photo of R.K. by Elliot and Fry, two pictures by N. L. Wyeth (?).

Vol. 28. *Letters of Travel*—One drawing by Walter King-Stone, two photos by Underwood and Underwood.

Vol. 29. *The Irish Guards*—Copy of painting by John Sargent, seven maps by Emery, Walker and Co.

Vol. 30. *The Irish Guards*—Copy of painting by John Collier, four maps by Emery, Walker and Co.

Vol. 31. *Debits and Credits*—Four pictures by T. R. Flanagan(?).

The signatures that are marked (?) cannot be deciphered properly.

Several members have pointed out that the words attributed to Mr. P. G. Konody in No. 9 about the comic artist were not written by the distinguished art critic, but occur in a series of comic drawings by J. F. Sullivan that appeared in *Fun*

somewhere in the late seventies. The drawings were afterwards reprinted with others in two alburns called *The British Workman* and *The British Tradesman*, the first of which is dated 1878. The passages quoted are the legends under seven grouped drawings, and run thus:—

(1). There was an artist who completed a most satirical—nay, ironical—nay, sarcastic—caricature of an enemy.

(2). And he watched the victim as he purchased the periodical in which was the caricature; and

(3). He tracked him to a restaurant to enjoy his agony.

(4). But the victim gazed at the caricature, and a smile spread over his features.

(5). And the smile broadened out until it became a great laugh.

(6). "Have you seen this sketch, sir?" said the Victim. "The funniest thing I've seen for a long time—all about *me*!"

(7). So the comic artist completed a caricature of himself, and was heard of no more.

Capt. G. H. Rayner (Retd.) writes:—

The article in No. 9 moves me to pen this note, which possibly may be of use to some artist dealing with similar work in the future. In the soldier ballads of "The 'Eathen" and "Soldier and Sailor too," which appeared in magazine form and were illustrated there by the late Mr. G. Montbard, there were several bad "breaks" indeed. Not only the artist but the art editor of the publication in question ought to have been spanked for letting down the author by their ignorance of technique. Surely they might have consulted some authority if, as the result proves, neither was aware whether the treatment was correct.

"The 'Eathen" deals with a recruit, from enlistment to the finished article as Colour-Sergeant. The context plainly shews that he was an Infantryman. Then the illustrator begins his fell work. He depicts the rookie attired in an uniform which—at the period wherein the ballad appeared—could be associated only with the R.E. Arriving at the stage when the Sergeant begins to take notice of him we are treated to an illustration of one who apparently is wearing a caricature of a Cavalryman's shell jacket, and a little later he is depicted on some sort of parade which never was on earth nor in heaven. There is in the rear of the line an almost passable Cavalry trumpeter. Now

this is bad, but the second ballad is infinitely worse. It begins as all the world knows:—

As I was spittin' into the ditch aboard o' the 'Crocodile'
 I seed a man on a man of war got up in the Reg'lars style,
 'E was scrapin' the paint from off of 'er plates and I sez to
 'im 'oo are you?

It is patent that the narrator is some one who cannot recognise a Jolly. A young soldier from an inland county who never had been in a seaport station—thousands see a Marine for the first time when they go aboard a transport for foreign service—naturally would wonder what a soldier was doing in that galley. But the artist, an it pleases you, shews us a Bluejacket looking over the ship's rail at the Marine, and presumably asking the question as to his identity. Ye gods and little, and even big, fishes! A Bluejacket who has to ask a Jolly who he is! And he, the artist that is, continues the action by depicting the Marine and the Bluejacket drinking, fighting, and thieving together, all through the piece. Yet the context shews plainly that a soldier is talking.

Matters of no moment! But surely yes? If the lines are to be illustrated let us have the work performed "just so," especially when they treat of the Services wherein "justice" is the breath of the nostril, and when said lines are by a Master to whom correctness of detail is Fetich.

And here is another story. Shall I? Homer nods on occasion. And that "*the* Crocodile!" "The definite article shall not be used before a ship's name" (unwritten law of the Senior Service). Further, Sergeants do *not* watch junior ranks at their beer. Sergeants do not intrude upon the canteen nor frequent licensed houses where privates resort. Or they did not in my time as a Private, nor when under my command many years later. And whilst on this subject may I refer "Journal" readers to Captain P. C. W. Trevor's "Thomas Atkins on Rudyard Kipling." Sacrilegious but very amusing, and coming from the pen of a devout admirer equally forgivable. And as we were taught at school "the exceptions prove the rule."

Note for Modern Civilians.—"Crocodile" was a foreign station navy "transport."¹ She was known (as was old "Assistance," a home waters, ahem, lady) to thousands of Victorian soldiers.

References Wanted and Found.

A member residing in the United States of America asks whether anyone can trace a parody which appeared probably in 1899 in an American journal. It was at the time that Kipling lay ill in New York. The only lines he can remember are:

A million in blue, T.A.,
 Will give their lives for you, T.A.,
 Anywhere this side of hell and Mandalay, T.A.

Can any member submit an article, or note, on those of Mr. Kipling's works that were written at Rottingdean? Is there any truth in the rumour that *Kim* is to be filmed?—
C. G. Newhouse, St. Leonards.

A member in Papua is asking whether the following lines are by Kipling and, if so, where do they appear in the books? Possibly they appeared in some paper from which they have not been collected. If so, in what journal?

Though man desire loneliness,
 His desire shall bring
 Hard on his heels a thousand wheels,
 A people and a king.
 Should he come back o'er his own track,
 There, by his scarce cool camp
 He shall meet the roaring street,
 The derrick and the stamp.
 For man must blaze a nation's ways,
 With hatchet and with brand,
 Till on that last won wilderness
 An Empire's Bulwarks stand.

At a recent meeting of the Society held in London, the question was raised whether an anonymous publication of the early "Nineties" entitled "The Silver Domino" was or was not written by a Mrs. Fleming, who before her marriage was Alice Kipling, Mr. Kipling's sister. The book, among other things, contains a chapter on Rudyard Kipling's works, as they were then known in the literary world. Several names have been mentioned as the author of this volume, which created a good deal of discussion at the time by reason of its outspokenness. As a result of the inquiries recently made in a quarter likely to be

well-informed, we are satisfied that "The Silver Domino" was from the pen of the late Miss Marie Corelli. The two books to the credit of Mrs. Fleming are entitled "The Pinchbeck Goddess" and "The Heart of a Maid."

The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling.

"FEW poets have attained such fame during' their own lifetime," said Mr. Trevor Blakemore in the course of his lecture on Rudyard Kipling, delivered recently in connection with Foyle's Literary Lectures. "He has well deserved what he so much desired, a prominent place in his country's magnificent literature." A personal friend of Kipling and himself a poet, Mr. Blackmore was well fitted to criticise and to enthuse upon the extraordinary variety of moods shown in the poetry of this "singer of the Empire." Kipling he said had passed through three stages on his triumphant march to fame. The earlier works showed a supreme contempt for the art of his period, his hatred of shams, and his drastic cuts at convention; the inevitable result being decidedly unfavourable criticisms. His vigour and realism produced a shock effect on his Victorian public, who, with regard to his clearing of the mists of falsity which had been hovering over military life, admitted the selection but rejected the treatment.

Later, Kipling arose out of a fog of criticism into the sunshine of popularity, so that between 1898 and 1901 he became the poet of a period of reality. The second stage was disclosed in *The Five Nations*, where the poetical aspect has waned and the political has waxed. Deterioration was apparent in the flamboyant journalistic verse.

His last phase, which Mr. Kipling himself called *The Years Between*, was rather spoilt by the perpetual bringing to the fore of obtuse technicalities which, besides limiting his work, irritated the reader. He sometimes became obscure beyond all reason, and the one-time stimulant became the dope. However, the wonderful old lilt and martial atmosphere had swung back in a few more war poems, and, like the re-appearance of an old coat from a forgotten drawer, surprised us with its freshness.

Kipling Prices Current.

MESSRS. Sotheby and Co. have conducted several sales since No. 9 was published, at which Kipling items of interest have been dispersed. Here are a few items from a sale begun on March 11th:—

The Story of the Gadsbys, FIRST EDITION, second issue (mountains on left of cover retouched), original wrappers, loose, back-strip defective, 1888. £12

In Black and White, FIRST EDITION, fine copy, original wrappers, back-strip defective, 1888. £26

Wee Willie Winkie, FIRST EDITION, original wrappers, stain on front cover, lower cover torn and slightly defective, back-strip defective, 1888. £9

The (First) Jungle Book, 1894; *The Second Jungle Book*, 1895, 2 vol., FIRST EDITIONS, illustrations, original cloth, g.e. £41

The Jungle Book; and *The Second Jungle Book*, 2 vol., FIRST EDITIONS, illustrations, original cloth gilt, g.e. covers slightly worn and dull, 1894-5. £23

Collected Verse, No. 88 of 100 copies on Japanese Vellum, signed by the Author, printed in blue and black, brown pig-skin gilt, t.e.g. 1912 £9 15s.

On March 25th, in the same sale room, five items were sold at prices which may be recorded:—

The City of Dreadful Night, FIRST ENGLISH EDITION, with the rare apology slip, original wrappers, letter dated July 4th, 1927, with Author's autograph signature inserted loose. 8vo. London, 1891. £5.

Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides, FIRST ENGLISH EDITION, Author's signature pasted on fly-leaf, original cloth. 8vo. 1923. £3.

Sea and Sussex . . . Illustrated by Donald Maxwell, one of 500 LARGE PAPER copies signed by the Author, coloured plates, original cloth, in a slip case. 4to. 1926. £3 10s.

Stalky & Co, AUTO. MS. OF ONE PAGE, folio, with numerous alterations, framed and glazed with a photograph of John Collier's picture of Kipling, with his auto. signature. £150

The Day's Work, with auto. inscription by the Author: "Muriel Green Armitage from Rudyard Kipling, *"The Elms," Rottingdean, Brighton*, 1898; mounted on first blank is a proof, *London*, 1898, of the first attempt at wood engraving, depicting a camel, *signed* £2 5s.

More important than most of the foregoing were lots from the library of the late Mr. William Cleghorn, which were sold on April 23. Among the Kipling items were the following:—

The Jungle Book, with illustrations by J. L. Kipling, W. H. Drake and P. Frenzeny, FIRST EDITION, names on fly-leaf and end paper, original cloth, soiled and Worn, 1894. £13.

The Second Jungle Book, with illustrations by J. L. Kipling, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, 1895. £6 10s.

Captains Courageous, with illustrations by I. W. Taber, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, 1897. £7

Plain Tales from the Hills, FIRST EDITION, with the word "By" on front cover and 32 pages of advertisements, dated December, 1887, at end, numeral on page 192 misplaced, original cloth, stained. Calcutta, 1888. £24

Plain Tales from the Hills, FIRST EDITION, 32 pages of publisher's list, dated December 1887, original citron cloth, loose and much stained and worn. Calcutta, 1888. £10

Letters of Marque, FIRST COMPLETE EDITION, with advertisements, stitching loose, some leaves fastened in with transparent strips, original cloth soiled and worn. Allahabad, 1891. £3 10s.

Letters of Marque, FIRST EDITION, name written in pencil on half-title, original cloth, spotted, "Issued 11 November 91." Allahabad, 1891. £28

The Jungle Book, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original cloth gilt, g.e., 1894. £52

The Second Jungle Book, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original cloth gilt, g.e., 1895. £6

The Second Jungle Book, FIRST EDITION, illustrations, original cloth gilt, g.e., 1895. £4 10s.

Stalky & Co., FIRST EDITION, original cloth, gilt, t.e.g., 1899. £1 10s.

The Jungle Book and the *Second Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITIONS 2 vol., illustrations by J. L. Kipling and others, original blue cloth gilt, g.e. Macmillan and Co., 1894-5. £41

HON. SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

With this issue of the Journal is enclosed for each member a copy of the Rules of the Society, as amended and passed at the Annual Conference on June 12, 1929. Any Member or Associate Member not receiving a copy is requested to apply at once to the Hon. Secretary.

The Hon. Secretary has still available a few Menus of the Annual Luncheon held on June 12 last, which he will be glad to send, on application, to those Members and their Guests who were present and desire them, and who have not already obtained copies.

Many Overseas Members having written mentioning that while particulars as to joining the Society are elaborate, not much information has so far been given regarding renewal of subscriptions. It is thought well, therefore, to state that subscriptions for ordinary members of Half a Guinea, (10/6), per annum are due 12 months after joining, and annually on same date thereafter. Any form of remittance convenient to Members may be used. The Society's Bankers are The Westminster Bank Ltd., Slough, Bucks, England, and money may be paid direct to them, if desired, but in that event it is requested that intimation be sent to Hon. Secretary, to enable him to trace the transaction.

Otherwise Cheques, Postal Orders, Money Orders, etc., should be made out to "The Kipling Society," and crossed. These should be sent to: The Hon. Secretary, "Escart," Milford-on-Sea, Lymington, Hants, England.

If required to fill in the name of a Post Office on Money Orders, insert "Milford-on-Sea, Lymington, Hants."

The most convenient method, from the point of view of the Administrative work of the Society, (and this is applicable to Members in U.K., as well as those Overseas), is to employ a Banker's Order, forms for which will be sent on request.

Members Overseas would confer a favour on the Hon. Secretary if they would advise him in advance of their intention of proceeding to the United Kingdom, stating approximate date of arrival and address while there, in order that communications to them may not be delayed. This is particularly desirable about the time of the Annual Conference and Annual Luncheon.

KIPLING SOCIETY.

Roll of Members,

Nos. 801 to 842.

801	Geoffrey H. White		822	Guy Thompson	London
802	Mrs. Pamela Rentoul	Anerley	823	A. Dorian Otvos	NEW YORK
		London	824	Miss Helen Wood	Birmingham
803	E. Lewis Reid, F.R.C.S.	NELSON, B.C.	825	Miss H. G. Layton	Blunt
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