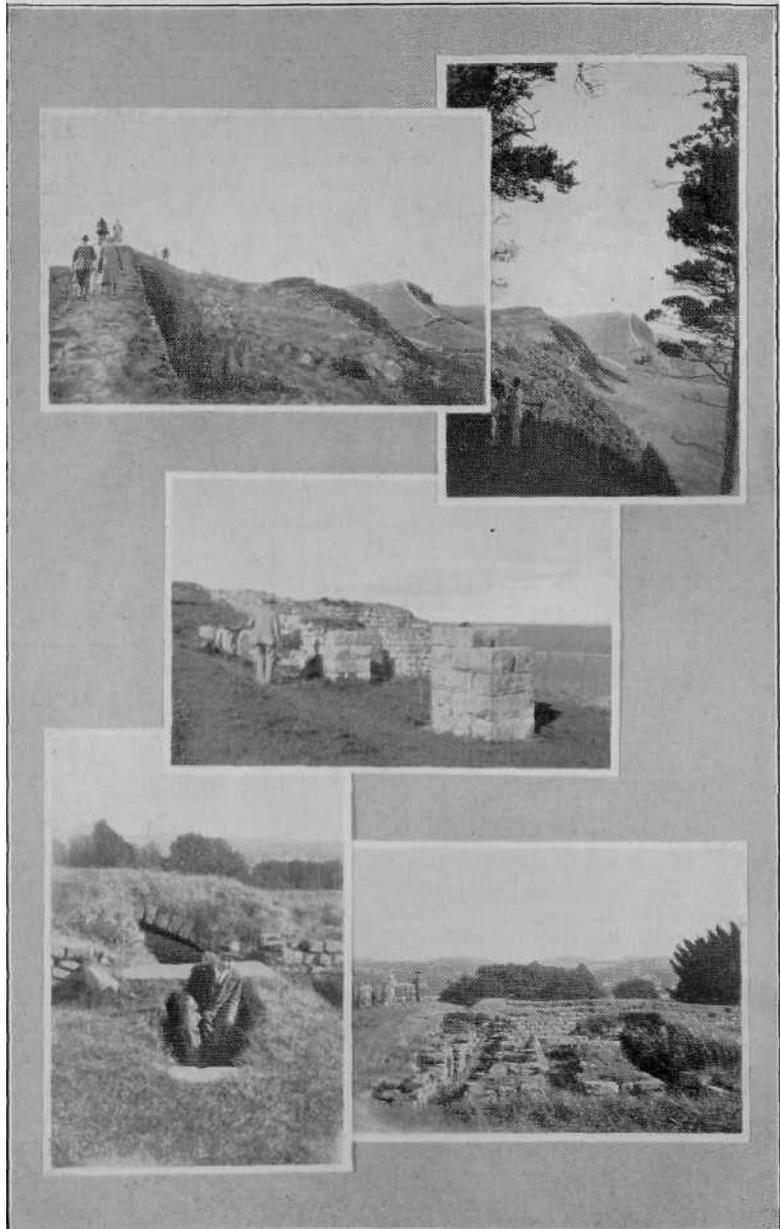


*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

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

No. 12

JANUARY, 1930



ON THE GREAT WALL, (*Puck of Pook's Hill*).

# The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

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QUARTERLY                      No. 12                      JANUARY, S930

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## News and Notes.

The Kipling scene—this time of the Great Wall of the Puck Stories—is the subject of our frontispiece. The photographs reproduced were taken on Hadrian's Wall between Newcastle and Carlisle in September last. The stretch covered on the occasion was near Hexham. The Roman names for the station were Borcovicium and Cilurnum. The upper pictures show the remains of the guard house on the walls at what is now known as Houstead Woods. Those below represent the remains of a bath and rest house south of the wall and on the banks of the South Tyne at Walwick Chesters. Here are remains of the hypocausts that heated the baths, and also a sunk treasure chamber.

x                      x                      x                      x                      x

We cannot better Mr. Kipling's own description of the Wall and quote from one of the Puck Stories:—

' Just when you think you are at the world's end, you see smoke from East to West as far as the eye can turn, and then, under it, also as far as the eye can stretch, houses and temples, shops and theatres, barracks and granaries, trickling along like dice behind—always behind—one long, low, rising and falling, and hiding and showing line of towers. And that is the Wall.'

'Is it just like a Wall? Like the one round the kitchen-garden?' said Dan.

'No, no! It is *the* Wall. Along the top are towers with guard houses, small towers, between. Even on the narrowest part of it three men with shields can walk abreast, from guard-house to guard-house. A little curtain wall, not higher than a man's neck, runs along the top of the thick wall, so that from a distance you see the helmets of the sentries sliding back and forth like beads. Thirty feet high is the Wall, and on the Picts' side, the North, is a ditch, strewn with blades of old swords and spear-heads set in wood, and tyres of wheels joined by chains. The Little People come there to steal iron for their arrow-heads.

'But the Wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. Long ago there were great ramparts and ditches on the South side, and no one was allowed to build there. Now the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over from end to end of the Wall; making a thin town eighty miles long. Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town, from Ituna on the West to Segedunum to the cold eastern beach! On the one side heather, woods and ruins where Picts hide, and on the other, a vast town—long like a snake, and wicked like a snake. Yes, a snake basking beside a warm wall!'

x            x            x            x            x

The archives of the Society have been enriched during the past autumn by three pamphlets prepared by Mr. Gabriel Engel, and sent by his brother, Mr. Solton Engel, of New York. The first is a privately printed, *Kipling Appendix*, and recalls an incident dating back to 1896, when the *New York World* tried to draw Mr. Kipling for a newspaper article at a time when feeling was running rather high between this country and America. Mr. Kipling's letter refusing an offer of a thousand dollars for a thousand words is a feature of this little publication. Number Two, described as "A rare dish of Strange Kiplingana," is entitled *American Cats*. It appears to be a review of *A Book of Words*, with some interesting bibliographical interpretations, and is amusing in that the compiler-printer has resurrected from an American Magazine printed in 1906 a picture of Kep Ling by Jeem Kooree. It represents Mr. Kipling in Chinese costume, and was inspired by some remarks

he printed on the then burning question in Canada of the Yellow Peril. Number Three is entitled *Correctanea Being a Latter-Day Recording of Dinah Shadd*. Here the bibliographer has turned his attention to some "pirate" editions of "Dinah Shadd" and other early stories, and seeks to prove that the American publishers, who made free of Mr. Kipling's works in the "nineties," were actuated by "a sort of three-horned devil. Struggling among the horns of tibia trilemma, if I may be permitted so strange an expression, they pursued a policy of producing either something totally new to book form or something reprinted with something new added, or matter that had already appeared in more expensive attire, in cheaper form." The whole business of American Pirate Editions wants thrashing out; the result would prove extraordinarily interesting.

x x x x x

The Christmas number of *The London Magazine* contained a delightful story by Mr. Kipling entitled, "The Tender Achilles" with illustrations by Albert Bailey. A doctor named Keede, who has appeared before in some recent stories, is re-introduced with two others, one a famous head of a hospital, and the other a surgeon. The story, partly written in the first person and as if R.K. were one of the party, hinges on the mental derangement of a fourth medical man under the stress of work in a casualty clearing station, and the steps that the others took to bring him back to the frame of mind that made possible his return to the special work which his training and genius fitted him to pursue.

x x x x x x

There was much disappointment among his admirers when the British Broadcasting Corporation announced the cancellation of the broadcast of a speech by Mr. Rudyard Kipling from the United Associations of Great Britain and France banquet in London on December 12. Mr. Kipling had been ordered abroad for health reasons and was unable to attend the function.

x x x x x x

It is interesting to notice how intimately Mr. Kipling and his work enter into the life of our time. It was reported during the last quarter that Mrs. Snowden had stated that during the Chancellor of the Exchequer's fight at the Hague for fair play for Great Britain, he thought often of some of the poet's lines,

and more recently, arising out of a clause in the will of the late Dr. E. A. Sonnenschein, of Bath, it was disclosed that when *The Pathfinder* was sunk on September 5th, 1914, by enemy, his son, Sub-Lieutenant E. O. Sonnenschein encouraged his men, who were left floating on the wreckage in their lifebelts waiting for aid, to sing to keep their spirits up, what time he recited Kipling's poem "If." The opening words "If you can keep your head when all about you, are losing theirs and blaming it on you," seem peculiarly appropriate in the circumstances.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

During the past quarter Mr. Rudyard Kipling presented to his mother lodge, known in the Punjab as "Hope and Perseverance," a Masonic tool in remembrance of his old-time associations.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of *Kipling's College*. We learn that the Author is now devoting his attention to an account of "The Friend," which was a newspaper published at Bloemfontein, and started for the entertainment, etc., of Lord Roberts' Army while stationed there in March-April 1900. A considerable part of the original matter has fallen into the hands of Mr. Carpenter, who writes:—"I had no idea there was so much in the subject until the job developed as I worked upon it."

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

Nor is this all. Mr. Carpenter is also at work on yet a third booklet, for which he proposes the title :—*Kipling and America*.

"This, he writes, is a very interesting subject; full of pitfalls of hard words and bitterness to avoid if one is to maintain a sound perspective. One of the curious things that came to my attention in an original letter was the plain statement by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, in 1899, that America was a better place for E.K. to work than England. That seems preposterous when we look back on the fine things he has done for the Empire during the last thirty years, but there it is! My point of view in the proposed monograph is that R.K. was too generous in some of his estimates of us and unduly harsh in some others; that we Americans are about midway between the barbarians that he sometimes calls us and the civilized French and English, with some qualities of freshness, youth and vigor, that are worth while,"

Once more we return to The Favourites, to let in a list sent in by Mr. W. T. Panton, of the Dept. of Lands, Port Moresby, Papua. His votes for poems go to:—To the True Romance, McAndrew's Hymn, The Mary Gloster, The Galley Slave, The Sea Wife, Dirge of Dead Sisters, The Song of the Banjo, A Song of the English, The Sons of Martha, Poseidon's Law, Jobson's Amen, and Song of Diego Valdez.

Mr. Panton writes:—" I had no difficulty with the first four, but after that it came to a process of cutting down to the specified number." Our member asks in which of the Editions Mr. Kipling first amended one line in " Anchor Song " which reads in the first edition of *The Seven Seas*:—

And she's snorting under bonnets for a breath of open sea  
and in *The Inclusive Edition* is rendered:—

And she's snorting as she's snatching for a breath of open sea!

" Anchor Song " appeared originally in *Many Inventions*, published in 1893. Perhaps some member can trace its progress through the editions in which it has appeared.

x            x            x            x            x

During the autumn season *The Legion Book* has been published in aid of funds of the British Legion and as a thank-offering for the King's recovery. It contains a new poem by Mr. Kipling in eighteen four line stanzas, written in the style of an English ballad; indeed, one of the two prefatory quotations is from the " Ballad of Chevy Chase." The title of this additional item to the body of R.K. verse is " The English Way."

x            x            x            x            x

Under the title *Poems 1886-1929*, Macmillan and Co. have issued a special edition of Mr. Kipling's verse, limited to 500 copies, and each copy signed by Mr. Kipling. It has been printed in Baskerville type by the Chiswick Press on hand-made paper specially manufactured for the work. The text has been carefully revised throughout by the author himself, and numerous interesting emendations, new readings, and explanatory sub-headings give this edition a peculiar literary and bibliographical individuality and importance. The edition in three volumes is limited to five hundred and twenty-five numbered sets, of which only five hundred are for sale, and as soon as the printing has been completed the type will be 'distributed. The

frontispiece will be a new portrait of Mr. Kipling, an original dry-point by Mr. Francis Dodd, A.R.A., bearing the artist's signature. Despite its price, fifteen guineas, the edition was over-subscribed within a few hours of the announcement to the trade; indeed, Very few of the booksellers got the number for which they applied. These volumes are, indeed, a notable achievement alike for printer, bookbinder, and publisher. Mr. Dodd's portrait of Mr. Kipling is a full face one. Mr. Kipling continues a best seller, and " Plain Tales," " Kim," and other of the earlier works are selling better now than they did before the war.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

One of our West Country members, Mr. Gerard E. Fox, of Bristol, left England in October for a six months' trip half-round the globe. We learn that Mr. Fox has taken on the duties of a purser. As those who have met him know, Mr. Fox's eyesight has been seriously impaired for a very long-time, and it is therefore in the true spirit of Mr. Kipling's philosophy that he has set out upon this enterprise. That he will get out of it a vast amount of pleasure we are well assured, and if it is not too late we wish him good health and God-speed.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

There have been two afternoon meetings in London during the first half of the Winter season 1929-1930. That on October 16 was held at the New Philharmonic Hall, when a goodly number of members met to hear a programme of music and a paper by Miss R.M. Bloch, entitled "A famous and Mysterious Kipling Original." None other than Lurgan Sahib of *Kim*. We hope to publish the paper, slightly abridged, in the next issue of the Journal, but some of the details await confirmation. Sir George MacMunn was in the Chair, and the author of the paper was cordially thanked. Mr. G. C. Beresford's paper at the November meeting is printed in this issue. The December meeting took the form of an Evening Social, was well attended, and proved a great success. Our report of the function and details of the programme is held over.

x                    .                    x                    x                    x

We print elsewhere in this issue a short index of the principal contents of Nos. 1-12. No. 13 will be the first of a second series, and it is our intention in future to continue the pagination from number to number.

*Life and School.*

MR. KIPLING ON LORD MILNER AND OTHER THINGS.

ON Saturday, October 5th, Mr. Kipling made one of his all too few public utterances at Sturry, in Kent. The occasion was the opening of Milner Court, Sturry, as a school to-day. The Junior King's School, Canterbury, has been transferred to this building, which, on Lord Milner's death, was presented by Lady Milner to the governors of the King's School.

From the very full reports that appeared in the Daily Press on October 7, we quote some of the salient passages:—

" If you can remember the style of a man's work, or, better still, of his play, you can make a close guess later on as to what he will do, and how and why, and presently you will realise that men seldom do anything for the first time—except at school. It isn't as if men were original creatures. They are boy-products.

Too much fussing over abstract justice leads one to stand up for one's rights, and to dwell on what one owes to oneself. That is a temptation of the devil.

" Any debt that a man thinks he owes himself can stand over till all the others are paid, and standing up for one's rights and not being put upon often ends in becoming a man with a grievance, which is the same as being a leper. Therefore, when you are told off to shoot some sort of tiger (as you certainly will be) try not to choose a man with a grievance for your partner.

" You see all your experiences here are rehearsals for what you may expect on a large scale and on a stage where it is important that you should know your part. And here comes in the great value of what is wrongly called ' secondary education.'

" All education is primary—not to say primitive. It is one's school that teaches one how to keep one's temper, and when to let it loose. If one is too clever and shows it, one's school helps one to suffer fools. If one is a fool oneself, one is told precisely what sort of a fool one is. Lots of men go through life without discovering that great fact. If one knows how everything ought to be done (some people seem to), one is recommended to go and do it, instead of standing about talking. All of

which means that one can pick up the rudiments of self-control, a sense of what really matters, and even the valuable gift of burning one's own smoke—keeping one's mouth shut.

" Now, as far as one man can judge another, I think that Lord Milner's character was based on these three points—self control, a sense of what really matters, and the power of possessing the soul in patience. They gave the enduring background to his great gifts and strengthened his wide influence over men.

" His career was one of many difficulties and bitter disappointments, but in all the time that I had the honour of knowing him, he never revealed that he was thrown out of his stride by accidents, intrigues, and delays, which theoretically should have defeated him altogether. I do not know whether he suffered fools gladly, but he suffered them in silence.

" Looking back on his life, and above all on his intense influence over the men he worked with, one feels that no memorial to him is needed except one. And just that fitting memorial has been made possible by Lady Milner's discerning gift of the lands upon which the younger branch of the oldest school in England now enters. But it is you, and you only, gentlemen, who can make that memorial. It is you alone who can keep it in permanence and due honour by the temper of your own lives while you are here. For, on that temper will surely depend the work you may do hereafter in and for the world. You have no self-seeking or unworthy example to follow. May you be fortunate—lucky in little things, and secure in the possession of the few great things that life has to offer."

*Characters from " Many Inventions " (III).*

Had young Charley Mears  
 Known what was behind him  
 What use for stale fears  
 Had young Charley Mears:  
 With a laugh for Death's leers  
 No terror could bind him,  
 Had young Charley Mears  
 Known what was behind him.

*The Veritable Kipling.*

MR G. C. BERESFORD DISPELS SOME MYTHS.

AT the second London Meeting of the present session, Mr. G.C. Beresford read a paper entitled "The Veritable and Apocryphal Kipling." It dealt with the "Westward Ho! days, and the author made merry at the expense of a good many folk who have been responsible for anecdotes about Mr. Kipling. Then, turning to the other side of the picture, he presented a carefully drawn portrait. We quote practically, without change, Mr. Beresford's own words :—

And now for a more real youthful Kipling; when one has appreciated the true Kipling as a boy, one gets at the secret of his influence. One must put aside the vision of the stocky, sinewy, muscular, athletic youth, cramful of burning patriotism, who was all along a hard-shell jingo breathing warlike sentiments and spread-lionism; taking it all in with the school's milk, and developing into a mere artless singer of Tommies and Jollies because he knew of nothing else.

It is necessary to envisage a rather podgy, easy-going, careless, soft rather than hard, laughter-loving, slightly untidy adolescent, taking the world very easily, humming or bleating a song or tune, but with everything threaded on a literary motive or moving to the Tin-uttered rhythm of verse. He held no convictions or decided opinions on any earthly thing, let alone patriotism or the military idea; rather he let everything come as it would so long as it afforded him raw material, or led up to his central idea of literary expression. The very opposite of a propagandist, looking with mild, amused surprise on anyone strongly moved by any motive other than a personal one, yet keen on literary expression for its own sake and obsessed with the greatness and importance of literary achievements of the past, and avid in following up or hunting down the craft of letters in its obscurer forms. Life as it is lived in the world and its record or finer expression was his absorbing interest. At the same time, the classical tongues and dead languages were dead to him. He perused only English and French. Latin did not come at all kindly to him; Greek was a closed book.

No adept at any game or feat requiring strength or deftness of hand or foot; hampered by his short sight. The only exercise of skill he manifested was a very neat small handwriting and

an ability to make wonderful grotesque outline drawings of strange monsters and demons, which certainly were astonishing in a boy, so much so that on one occasion I told him that he should be an artist rather than a writer. This produced the retort that not knowing anything of either art or literature, I was not able to judge.

All through Stalky and Co. Kipling understates himself, thinking it necessary to bring his Beetle more into line with a possible, or probable, schoolboy. R.K. was himself an impossible schoolboy. His knowledge of English literature from the Early English Period: "Piers, the Plowman" and so on, through the Elizabethans, always seemed exhaustless. However, one tried to catch up and delve into the past, he always was ready to go one, and more than one, better. He had that atmosphere of complete and expert knowledge, and never acknowledged a doubt or hiatus in his information. There was always a misty and mysterious region of which he alone possessed the key and which the rest of us could not enter.

In reading, he was omnivorous—with his spectacles on his forehead, face to the volume, his short-sighted eyes glittering over the pages, he would hump himself to his task, and pursue his researches with an almost audible energy. He held his face so close to the book that it was very tempting to a particular friend suddenly to push his head a bit further down so as to complete his unity with literature.

In the classics, that is Latin, he was no more than an ordinary boy, but he gave the impression that if he thought it essential for his literary ambitions, he would tackle it to good purpose. But somehow he did not so think, and he made no effort to acquire a vocabulary or memorise Latin words—consequently, his contrues were sometimes a succession of errs and hums waiting and hoping for the form-master kindly to supply the missing translation.

In mathematics, he never struggled as far as trigonometry, and dealt very respectfully with elementary algebra. He appeared to have the poet's usual aversion to mechanics, and treated simple machines as rather comical puzzles. This, of course, he subsequently threw off and "cottoned on" to mechanism as he would to anything when he saw in it a literary advantage.

The evidence of the range of his ideas in literature in his mid-school period is contained in his *Schoolboy Lyrics*, which have no bugle calls or drum taps or any hint of the larger world over-

seas. The themes are purely British and rather bourgeois or sordid, quite suitable to the " little street-bred people."

His philosophy is his schoolboy days was the rather hedonistic outlook of the Rosetti, Burne Jones, Morris circle. The doing of good work for its own sake with no further purpose. Strangely enough, this accident or circumstance, though totally unrecognised when he first came into notice, is what gave the abiding strength, the prevailing power, the subtle appeal to what became, when he was fully developed, his chief propaganda. When he came to take up a more patriotic standpoint, Kipling saw the opposing side, its motives, its springs of action, its whole range of ideas so clearly and vividly—he had been soaked in that particular brew—that it was impossible for him to be banal and commonplace in handling his theme or to be over-emphatic.

With every line he wrote, he felt the other side and parried the blows of the Philistines in imagination. This consideration bears on the whole structure of his writings; the whole strength of his appeal is in the elusive quality, the non-obvious, the subtle. It was so delicate and so persuasive that it made its way without raising drastic opposition among the ordinary or average mass of his countrymen. Kipling insinuates rather than declares—suggests rather than describes—infers rather than tells.

Kipling's preachments are by implication—he paints shining examples—you may follow them or not, but you have the feeling that you cannot be a thousand miles away from these people. He builds up an atmosphere (if you can build an atmosphere) in which the more self-indulgent, back-turning ideals find it difficult to live. He ensnares you.

Unless he had been all over the other position and stood in the hedonist's shoes, he would have lacked power and subtlety and been less effective as a propagandist. His work would have had no delicacy, no real appeal, except to the converted. That extraordinary power of getting at the waverers, the unpledged, those who have not yet taken up a fixed position, would have been denied him. How craftily, on tip-toe, does he come round and throw a little picture on the screen and await results. Then, having conjured up at appropriate atmosphere, he begins quite simply speaking with the tongue of simple people. One is inclined to think that some of his verse is among the great masterpieces of indirect statement in the language—containing in small

compass the secret of his method and the imperiousness of his appeal.

If these jottings are scanty and lacking in coherence, it is because, as an explorer with a tale to tell, I have had to come such a long way with the story. Our Stanleys and Burtons in their explorations in dark continents were only perhaps one or two hundred days away from Piccadilly, whereas I have come about 17,000 days from my Kipling country. And, with this further difference, these others can visit once again their Congo-lands and their Tanganyikas. But my Kipling country, not the most intrepid explorer or the best equipped expedition, can ever traverse more.

### *Stalky & Co.*

THE FAMOUS STORIES IN ONE VOLUME.

ONLY a very few members will be able to add to their Kipling Shelf *The Inclusive Verse* to which reference is made elsewhere in this issue, but all will want *The Complete Stalky and Co.*, which Macmillan and Co. have published during the past season in two bindings; cloth at 10s. fid., and leather at 12s. 6d. This volume becomes the companion of *The Two Jungle Books*; of 1928, their format being alike. *The Complete Stalky and Co.*, contains fourteen stories with 'Let us now praise men'—by way of preface, and four other poems. The arrangement of the stories has been modified, but "Slaves of the Lamp (Part II)," comes last again.

Mr. L. Raven-Hill, the *Punch* artist, has done a picture jacket in colours, and seventeen pencil drawings which are reproduced in black and white. We are just a little disappointed not to find an illustration for "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman," the latest, and we must now suppose the last yarn about Study No. 5. It will be recalled that Mr. Raven-Hill did all the pictures for the serial publication of the earlier stories, except those for "The Flag of their Country." His new drawings are as good as—even better than—the first, and where characters are common to each series there is no jarring by violent contrast.

Messrs. Macmillan have also re-issued this season, *Selected Stories*, with eight illustrations by Mr. J. Macfarlane, who has designed a new picture in colours for the jacket. Here are thirteen of the earlier stories and eight poems. The price is 3s. 6d. net.

*The Swastika.*

A FURTHER NOTE ON KIPLING'S EMBLEMS, BY  
REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH (MEMBER).

**M**E. Edgar Brown's erudite explanation—in No. 10—of Kipling's favourite emblem, the Swastika, which the Japanese call the "Mangi" or Buddhist Cross, causes me to add a few comments on the subject, as an ardent lover of symbolism.

Mr. Brown quotes Kipling as remarking to Mr. Edward Bok, the American Editor of *The Ladies Home Journal*: "I believe there are two sorts of Swastika, and here he (Kipling) 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." As neither Mr. Brown nor Kipling has enlightened us, I would point out, that the points should be turned to the right to be propitious; when turned to the left the emblem is a harbinger of misfortune. This is an interesting point and reveals the great antiquity of the Swastika, as the right side has become good and powerful since the days when matriarchy and serpent worship were dethroned and the deity became a patriarch.

That intensely male religion, Mahommedanism, avers: "Cursed are the works of Allah's left hand." To this, all believers in a male God also owe the gradual neglect of the left hand. We are no longer an ambidexterous race and our left hands are weak. On Kipling's books the Swastika appears in its kinky aspect, i.e., with the points turned to the right.

The symbol is world-wide. It is found in far Pacific Islands, it is the Norse Hammer of Thor and travels from China to mediaeval church bells north of the Humber, where our early Danish invaders settled. According to Mrs. Besant, it is the symbol of the Universe in the Creator's care. I have, however, often thought that some of these universal early symbols were pre-historic implements used throughout the primitive world. Thus the *ankh* or *crux ansata* which is seen in the hands of the Egyptian gods who guarded the keys of the sluices of the Nile, may really have been a form of key. I have even heard it suggested that the Swastika was a predecessor to the tinder and flint whereby our forefathers procured their fires, i.e., an ancient type of fire-maker. That sounds an extremely feasible theory, and makes it curiously appropriate to Kipling, who has not alone lighted the fires of the spirit in the world, but lives at Bateman's Burwash, the home of old Sussex iron founders.

Kipling's second emblem, the elephant, was no doubt adopted from the Indian god Ganesh, the son of Siva and Parvatti, the Indian God of good fortune who is always elephant-headed and, as Lockwood Kipling wrote in his fascinating *Man and Beast in India*, is invariably represented as seated, never standing, a position in which, as Kipling's artist-father remarks, he would look extremely whimsical. One has to make three bows to the image of Ganesh ere invoking him for any favour. Like Kipling on his book-covers, that brilliant Indian folk-story writer, W. F. Bain, uses the elephant god as a frontispiece in his Oriental romance *A Digit of the Moon*. The elephant is a symbol of wisdom and foresight. Kipling sagely employs the elephant with his trunk down and curled. Only this emblem is fortunate, as the trumpeting elephant is an angry one and hence, an unlucky charm to display.

Lastly, the Lotus is a sacred flower throughout the East and of ancient Egypt. To the Buddhist it spells purity, as many old poets in China and Japan, like the Japanese Buddhist and monastic poet, Bishop Hen-jo, reveal in their odes to this lily. Amongst Egyptian amulets, the lotus pillar was the talisman of eternal youth. In India it is one of the Glorious Emblems of Buddha. It adorned the nature goddess Isis in Egypt, and it ensures good health and fortune.

Indeed Kipling's emblems are more than apt—a circle which is the Gnostic sign of the world and perfect wisdom, the Swastika which implies age-old faith and propitious influences, the elephant of learning and luck, and the lotus of immortal youth and the holy goddess Isis, the nature and mother of all created things. Not even Francis Bacon could have chosen a symbolic language more befitting to his genius.

### *Scottish Circle.*

#### THE INAUGURAL MEETING.

ON November 7, 1929, at the residence of Dr. Elizabeth C. Mudie, 3, Windsor Quadrant, Kelvinside, Glasgow, was held the inaugural meeting of the Scottish Circle of the Kipling Society. Mr. Eric Travers Hutchin was in the Chair, and there were also present:—Dr. E. C. Mudie, Miss Lennox, Miss Craig, Miss Maxwell, Mrs. McLellan, Mr. Gow, J.P., Mrs. Bateman, Mr. Frank Kipling, Mrs. Maxwell, Mr. Risk,

Mrs. Mackay, Mr. Bateman, Mrs. Hope, Mr. Kenneth C. Hutchin, Miss Warburton, B.A., and Miss McLellan, with representatives of the *Daily Record and Mail*, and the *Scotsman*.

Mr. Hutchin read letters and telegrams of greetings from the members of the Kipling Society Council, including Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the Founder, Major-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville, who the Chairman explained was the original "Stalky," and Mr. R. T. Gibson-Fleming, Honorary Secretary of the Council. Letters of apology were received from Professor W. MacNeile Dixon, Lt.-Col. Duff, D.S.O., Mr. Donald Smeaton Munro, Mr. Douglas W. Scotland, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. A. P. Newall.

The next business was the election of office bearers, it being decided only to elect an Honorary President, Honorary Secretary, and Honorary Assistant Secretary. For the first of these offices Professor W. MacNeile Dixon, of the Chair of English Literature of the University of Glasgow, was proposed. Mr. Travers Hutchin describes the professor as the greatest living authority on Literature in the country. The proposal was duly carried. To the office of Honorary Secretary, Dr. Elizabeth C. Mudie was elected, and Mr. Kenneth C. Hutchin was elected Assistant Honorary Secretary.

When the business was completed, Mr. Travis Hutchin vacated the Chair. Refreshments were served, then followed a friendly but animated discussion on the works of Kipling, lasting until 11 p.m.

### *Kipling's College.*

A BOOK ABOUT AN AMERICAN'S QUEST.

AS briefly announced in our last number, the archives of the Kipling Society have been enriched by a brochure, privately and beautifully printed, entitled *Kipling's College*. The author, Mr. W. M. Carpenter, of Evanston, Ill., U.S.A., was in England in 1928, and spent a part of his time at Westward Ho! hunting around for books and information and, indeed, for anything that he might happen upon that would throw any light upon the years that Rudyard Kipling spent at the United Services College, and in that little bit of Devon he has since made so famous in English literature.

It must be admitted that Mr. Carpenter had some luck, but he brought a flair for things wanted and no small photographic skill to help his quest. His own pictures of the College

buildings, of odd corners in Bideford and Clovelly ; of the Pebble Ridge and the coast line in that part of the country were taken during a previous visit, and are capital and full of interest for anyone who cares for topographical notes on the Kipling Scene.

Then there is the Kipling Euclid to which reference has been made already in the Journal. Mr. Carpenter writes us of the illustrations and reproductions of pages upon which the afore-time owner had scribbled or made sketches—that they are "only incidental." That is as may be, but the sketches are characteristic of the ability that in after years was disclosed in the pictures for *Just So Stories*. Still the value of the new work in the author's opinion, lies in the analyses of the school records. Mr. Carpenter has collected much data, and has had access to a series of prospectuses and reports, and to the run of the School Chronicle, and from them he has compiled a consecutive story—mainly bare facts, but all the more valuable on that account—with numerous references to Kipling, Dunsterville and Beresford.

### *Kipling Crypticisms.*

In the first number of the *Kipling Journal* Mr. Brooking, under the heading of "Kipling Crypticisms," invited members to send in any items in Kipling's writings which they found puzzling. This should have made an interesting section of the Journal for both enquirer and the would-be expert who essayed a solution, and it was surprising and disappointing that none was sent in. It cannot be that none of us are ever boggled over some phrase or allusion in Kipling's works. Perhaps it only requires someone to make a start, and to that end one of our members has sent a few queries that have occurred to him while re-reading *Plain Tales* and *Life's Handicap*. The first group are from the former book :—

*Miss Youghal's Sais*: "One of these days Strickland is going to write a little book on his experience." Has this book ever appeared?

*The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin* : What was the full sentence the Blastoderm tried to speak when he spluttered : "Perfectly conceivable—dictionary—red oak—amenable—cause—retaining—shuttlecock—alone ?"

*Kidnapped*: " It was obviously absurd that Peythropp should

marry her. The little opal tinted onyx at the base of her finger nails said this as plainly as print." Here is a real Crypticism!

*His Wedded Wife*: " Later on I will tell you of a case something like this." Did R.K. ever fulfil his promise?

*The Broken Link Handicap*: The verse at the head of the story is taken from the " Song of the G.R." What do the initials refer to ?

*A Friend's Friend*: There are several references in this story to " T. G's." What are they?

Here are two from *Life's Handicap*.

*The Courting of Dinah Shadd*: Several songs, sung in a camp sing-song are mentioned in this story, viz:—"Agra Town, The Buffalo Battery, Marching to Kabul, The long long Indian Day, The Place where the Punkah Coolie died," and the song with that crashing chorus which announces: "Youth's daring spirit," etc., etc. Are these songs known and can anyone give them in full ?

*On Greenhow Hill*: Ortheris is giving an account of his experience in being " turned out of a measly 'arf-license pub down Lambeth way, full o' greasy kabmen." " Maybe you were drunk," said Mulvaney soothingly. " Worse nor that. The Forders were drunk. I was wearin' the Queen's uniform." The penultimate sentence is a real Crypticism to me.

#### *Kipling Prices Current.*

THE sales of Kipling items at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms during the past quarter have not been without interest, but there are not so many outstanding prices to record in this issue. Thus there was sold on November 6th a set of the:—

*Bombay Edition*, 26 vol. I signed by the Author, original boards, canvas back, t.e.g. uncut, 1913-1927. £92

In the following week another sale took place, and the following lots may be mentioned:—

*In Black and White*, FIRST EDITION, leaf of advertisement before title, and four leaves of advertisements at end, original cream wrappers, preserved, Allahabad [1888] ; *Soldiers Three*, FIRST EDITION, three leaves of advertisements at end, original green-grey wrappers preserved, ib. [1888] ; the 2 works in 1 vol. half calf, binding damaged, the wrappers shaved by the binder.

£3 5s.

*Plain Tales from the Hills*, FIRST EDITION, with Thacker's 32-page catalogue, original [Indian] cloth, binding soiled and loose. Calcutta, 1888. £15

A very fine Series of Nineteen A. L. s., covering 29½ pp. 8vo, written between 1897 to 1912, addressed to Fleet-Engineer W. J. Harding, R.N.; this important correspondence deals very largely with speed trials of torpedo boat destroyers and other fast vessels; with a printed Christmas Card with Auto. Note thereon. £92

Typed letter with Auto. Signature, 1 p. 8vo, *Bateman s, Burwash, Sussex, October 28/26*, to Miss Hughes, Saxenholme School, Birkdale, concerning one of her pupil's efforts to dramatise one of Kipling's " Just So Stories " ; the Manuscript of the Play " The Butterfly that Stamped," written by Joan Bywater, aged 12, on 16 pp. 4to, is sold with the letter £2 15s.

Again on November 25, the following prices were realised:—

*Plain Tales of the Hills*, FIRST EDITION, 24 pages of advertisements at end, inscription on half-title: " E. W. Bulkeley Pioneer Press, Allahabad," original plain citron indian cloth without any design on front cover. Calcutta, 1888. £155

*Barrack-Room Ballads*, FIRST EDITION, large paper, original buckram, gilt. 1892. £14

*Captains Courageous*, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, gilt, small spot on top cover. 1897. £9

*The Story of the Gadsbys*, FIRST EDITION, back-strip renewed and slight defect in margin of top wrapper, original wrappers. Allahabad, n.d. £6 10s.

To conclude there were sold on December 4, the following among others:—

*Letters of Marque*, FIRST COMPLETE EDITION, with advertisements, original red and blue cloth, lower cover slightly damaged. 8vo. A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1891. £25

*The Jungle Book*, with illustrations by J. L. Kipling, W. H. Drake and P. Franzeny, 1894; *The Second Jungle Book*, with illustrations by J. L. Kipling, 1895, FIRST EDITIONS, in original cloth, g.e. FINE COPIES. cr. 8vo. £40

" *Captains Courageous*," FIRST ENGLISH EDITION, with one leaf of advertisements at end, illustrations, original blue cloth, g.e. cr. 8vo. Macmillan and Co. 1897. £10

*Re-Discovered Lines.*

BEING A WELCOME TO RUDYARD KIPLING AND FAMILY ON ARRIVAL  
AT CAPETOWN BY A PRIVATE IN THE RANKS. IT IS CALLED  
" AN EXPERIMENT IN IMITATION."

I suppose you know this station, for you sort of keep in touch  
With a Tommy wheresoever he may go;  
An' you know our " bat's " a shandy, made of 'Ottentot an'  
Dutch,

It's a language which 'is 'ideous an' low,

Don't you know

That its " Wacht-een-beitje " 'stead of " Arf-a-mo?"

We should like to come an' meet you, but we can't without a  
pass;

Even then we'd 'ardly like to make a fuss;

For out there they've got a notion that a Tommy isn't class;

E's a sort of brainless animal, or wuss!

Vicious cuss!

No, they don't expect intelligence from us.

You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows;

But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'ills—

You 'ave seen us in Mauritius where the raughty cyclone blows;

You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,

And we grills!

An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills?

Since the time when Tommy's uniform was musketoon an' wig,

There 'as always been a bloke wot 'ad a way;

Of writing of the Glory and forgetting the fatig'

'Oo saw him in 'is tunic day by day,

Smart an' gay

And forgot about the smallness of 'is pay!

But you're *our* partic'lar author, you'rs our patron and our  
friend,

You're the poet of the cuss word an' the swear;

You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands ex-  
tend,

You're the poet of the jungle and the lair,

An' compare

To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere.

*The Supreme Gift.*

FRANCIS C. WHITEHOUSE IN THE " TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT."

CONTEMPORARY criticism, for some extraordinary reason, is ever loath to concede to any living man the " supreme gift." Looking back to the utter lack of appreciation accorded to Keats and Shelley in their day, for instance, one can scarcely forbear scorn for those who, given the opportunity to acclaim genius, were apparently blind to it. But is it blindness? Or is it, rather envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness? Or just stupidity?

In opening this short discussion of the works of Kipling with this literary conundrum I do not infer that he has lacked the appreciation of the reading public for, on the contrary, he has enjoyed a wonderful popularity. But, contemporary criticism has utterly failed to accord him to my satisfaction at least, his true place in the world of letters. Once more has it been found wanting?

The most obvious feature of Kipling's contributions to literature is the scope of his art. Dealing first with his full length books: " Kim," " The Light that Failed," " Captains Courageous," and others, the question may be fairly asked: has any other author dead or living produced their equal in dissimilarity of conception coupled with general excellence?

But Kipling originally sprang to favour as a short story writer, and his mastery of its difficult technique is still a matter of wonderment. Here, again, the scope of his inspiration—the dozens upon dozens of different settings—leaves one amazed: whilst his economy in words to produce the desired effects is something more recent short story writers might well study to advantage. With Kipling it was not a case of dragging it out to derive material reward at so much a word, but with how few strokes the gem might be cut and polished. And literary gems they are.

Genius has an attribute peculiar to itself, namely the uncanny acquisition of general knowledge. Reading Shakespeare, over and over again one asks oneself " how did he know that ?" For it does not appear reasonable that any one human being could know so much! Exactly the same question arises in reading Kipling: dialects Scotch, Irish, Cockney, Yorkshire or the Newfoundland banks are all easy to him. Genius knows *be-*

*cause it knows*, dialects, customs, and, above all, the heart of man.

To know the heart of man! In this phrase is centred the very soul of a genius as reflected in literature. Poetic technical perfection, melody, prose word-painting, wit, style, all the embellishments in fact, may he possessed by those falling short of the "supreme gift." But Kipling possesses these, and a knowledge of the heart of man second only to Shakespeare himself. To him was given the quality to endure—the genius of the "supreme gift."

*An American at Burwash.*

IN the *American Bookman* for September 1929, Mr. A. B. Maurice, who joined the staff in 1899 and was with it most of the time as its editor, until the war called him in 1915, contributed an article recalling some of his early experiences on the journal. Writing of a visit to London after the war, Mr. Maurice says:—

A memorable day was one spent with Rudyard Kipling at Bateman's, Burwash. It was June 1, 1920. I was directed to take the morning train down from Charing Cross Station to Etchingham, where the Kipling motor car was to meet me. I remember that a few months before "Tark" and I had been speculating about the personal Kipling. We pictured a wizened, prematurely old man, burned out in the fire of early achievement. The Kipling I found looked almost boyish in his sport clothes, and there was the vigor of youth in his action. I did not go to interview him. I cannot conceive of anyone interviewing Kipling. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he did all the interviewing.

After the first formality had worn off Mr. Kipling asked me everything that he might say be held confidential. When I assured him that it would, he talked fully and freely. The promise I made has been always kept and always will be. But there is one story that may be freely told. It concerns the writing of the poem "France," and Kipling's amazing gift of prophecy. "France" pictured the British lion and Gallic cock side by side holding the Western front.

I told Mr. Kipling that I had had an argument and a bet as to the time that the poem had been written. I had claimed that it had appeared before the outbreak of war. "You win," he said and went on to tell me more of the poem's origin.

*The Letter Bag.*

Here are two little items that may be of interest to collectors of Kiplingiana. The little volume of "Dry Cow Fishing as a Fine Art" published by the Rowfant Club, a reprint of an early short story of Mr. Kipling's, is now one of the rarest items in Kiplingiana. I notice that one English house catalogues the item at £65, while New York is asking \$500 dollars for it. Here in Cleveland we have two avenues named after the poet, respectively Rudyard Avenue, and Kipling Avenue. Someone appreciates R.K. in our midst.—*N. Lawson Lewis, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.*

At a recent meeting it was suggested that members might try to identify the places mentioned in "Steam Tactics," on the route to "Instead Wick." May I put forward the following suppositions as to the originals?—"Instead Wick"—West Grinstead; "Linghurst"—Billingshurst; "Pigginfold"—Chiddingfold; "Park Row"—Forest Row; "The Forest"—Ashdown Forest; Cramberhurst—Crowborough; "Long Man of Hillingdon"—Long Man of Wilmington; "Trevington"—Jevington. With regard to three other places mentioned in the story I cannot find any place that might be the original. These are "Parsley Green," "Penfield Green," and "Bromlingeigh." "Penfield Green" *might* be "Henfield," but the other two beat me. The actual journey to "Instead Wick" is somewhat difficult to trace on the map. It seems to have been rather a round-about trip!—*William W. B. Maitland, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.*

Referring to the inquiry I think, in Journal No. 9, I quote from an interview in the San Francisco *Call* of September 8, 1895, wherein a Mr. B. Ribbentrop stated that he was Inspector General of Forests to the Government of India at the time. He talked at some length about R.K.'s great skill as an actor in Lahore, and says "I tell you it was the best piece of amateur acting I ever saw, and I begged him to follow the life of an actor; but he only laughed and continued to call me the 'Gigantic Head of the Indian Forests' in his stories." This, perhaps, is the information for which your correspondent is

looking. It may be in order to add that the review of this play, "Plot and Passion," in the *Civil and Military Gazette* spoke in special praise of R.K.'s performance. I happen to have R.K.'s hand-done and decorated program of the play, given by him to a Mrs. Plowden on the day thereof.—*W. M. Carpenter, Evanston, Ill., U.S.A.*

I am sending herewith a copy of Kipling's Indian version of Humpty Dumpty that I think will be of interest, as I doubt if any of the English members have ever heard of it. I discovered it by mere chance in a copy of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* of January, 1893. It was in the New Year's greeting of the editor to his young readers.

Humpty-Dumpty in the Far East.

Hamti-Damti Chargya Chhutt!

Hamti-Damti Girgya Phut!

Rajah Ki-Pulton Ranee Ki-Grhoree

Hamti Kubbee Nalim Joiee!

"That's how we sing 'Humpty-Dumpty' in the East, when we are small," wrote Rudyard Kipling. If you think well enough of it, maybe you can find space for it in the next issue of the Journal.—*C. F. P. Froom, Council Bluffs, Iowa, U.S.A.*

#### *References Wanted and Found.*

I thought I had a complete collection of Kipling records, but learned from No. 11 that I have scarcely any of the records, presumably English, which were listed there. On the other hand, I have some not mentioned. The complete list of Victrola records issued in America are as follows:—*On the Road to Mandalay* (Rudyard Kipling-Oley speaks); sung by Frederick Wheeler. On the reverse side: *Danny Deever*. Music by Walter Damrosch; sung by Reinald Werrenrath. *Fuzzy Wuzzy*. Music by Arthur Whiting; sung by Reinald Werrenrath. On the reverse side: *The Gipsy Trail* (Rudyard Kipling-Tod B. Golloway); sung by Reinald Werrenrath, *Gunga Din*. Dramatic Reading by Taylor Holmes. On the reverse side: *Boots*. Dramatic reading by Taylor Holmes. *Mother 'o Mine*

(Kipling-Tours) ; sung by John McCormack. The following records are out of publication, but were made for me at their original price on special discs :— *Rolling Down To Bio* (Rudyard-Edward German) ; sung by Royal Dadmun. (1) *The Last Leaf*, (2) *L'Envoi* (1, Holmes; 2, Kipling). American actor—Frank Burbeck.—*Fannie E. Teller, Philadelphia, U.S.A.*

I have always understood that Kipling's title " Rewards and Fairies " was taken from a lyric by Bishop Corbet (1582-1635). There are six verses to the lyric, the first being as follows:—

Farewell, rewards and fairies  
 Good housewives now may say,  
 For now foul sluts in dairies  
 Do fare as well as they,  
 And though they sweep their hearths no less  
 Than maids were wont to do  
 Yet who, of late, for cleanliness  
 Finds sixpence in her shoe!

Surely the last line is conclusive as to the word being " Reward."—*Muriel Hamilton-Scott, Maida Vale, W9.*

Can anyone quote the full poem that was written by a soldier in South Africa when, early in the war, Mr. Kipling went to South Africa ? I can remember the opening lines:

Oh, good morning, Mr. Kipling, you are welcome to our  
 shores,  
 To the land of millionaires and potted meat,  
 To the country of the fontein, the boonkers and the spruits,  
 To the happy hunting ground of raiders indiscreet,  
 Where the diamonds are lying in plenty at your feet.

My recollection of the last verse is that it ran something like this:

So Mulvaney in P.M. Burg and Ortheris in King,  
 And the Learoyd that's stationed at the gate,  
 The broken banker ranker and his humble comrades bring,  
 A tribute to the man that made them great,  
 And they wait,  
 To welcome out their poet laureate.

Who was the author of the poem and exactly what were the circumstances under which it was written ?—*No. 477 Cleveland Ohio, U.S.A.*

*Kipling Verse Headings.*

COMPILED BY CAPTAIN L. H. CHANDLER, U.S.N., WASHINGTON.

## A.

. . . . A lamentable tale of tilings (author unidentified).  
*Love o' Women.*

A much discerning Public holds (Kipling). *La Nuit Blanche.*

A rose-red city half as old as time (Burgon). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xx.*

A stone's throw out on either hand (Kipling). *In the House of Suddho.*

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the story told (Kipling). *The Ballad of the King's Mercy.*

Ah, well-a-day, for we are souls bereaved (Clough). *Baa Baa, Black Sheep. The Second Bag.*

Ah, what avails the classic bent (Kipling). *The Edge of the Evening.*

Aha, Elucescebat quoth our friend (R. Browning). *Susannah and the Elder.*

All the world over-nursing their scars (Kipling). *With Number Three.*

An' when the war began, we chased the bold Afghan (Kipling). *The Three Musketeers.*

And death is in the garden awaiting till we pass (Kipling). *Beast and Man in India. Chapter xv.*

And George my lawful King shall be (author unidentified). *The Coming K.*

And if ye doubt the tale I tell (Kipling). *A Matter of Fact.*  
And school foundation in the act (D. G. Rosetti). *The Bride's Progress and also "What the World Said."*

And since bees share with man one common fate (Virgil, Dryden's translation). *The Mother Hive.*

And since they cannot spend or use aright (Thomson). *The City of Dreadful Night* (Calcutta).

And some are sulky, while some will plunge (Kipling). *Thrown Away.*

And sure's you're born they all got off (Hay). *The Question of Givens.*

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost (R. Browning). *Virginibus Puerisque.*

And the years went on as the years must do (Kipling). *Venus Annodomini.*

And these two, as I have told you (Longfellow). *The Light that Failed. Chapter viii.*

" And you may lead a thousand men " (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter vi.*

As I came through the desert thus it was (Kipling). *My Own True Ghost Story.*

Away by the lands of the Japanee (Kipling). *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers.*

B.

Baa Baa, Black Sheep (Nursery Rhyme). *Baa Baa, Black Sheep.*

Beat off in our last fight were we? (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter xiii.*

Because I sought it far from men (Kipling) *The Naulahka. Chapter xiv.*

Bees, Bees—Hark to your bees (Kipling). *The Bee Boy s Song.*

Before my spring I garnered Autumn's gain (Kipling). *Without Benefit of Clergy.*

Beware the man who's crossed in love (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter ii.*

Blessed be the English and all their ways and works (Kipling). *A Return to the East.*

But Blind or lame, or sick or sound (author unidentified). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xvii.*

But I shall not understand (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter xii* (in the 12th Chapter version only).

But is there for the night a resting place (Christina Rosetti). *From Sea to Sea. Letter x.*

But these, in spite of careful dirt (Author unidentified). *From, Sea to Sea. Letter xxxix* (Chautauquaed).

But we, brought forth in hours (M. Arnold). *The Comet of a Season.*

But who shall chronicle the ways (author unidentified). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xxx.*

By the hoof of the Wild Goat uptossed (Kipling). *To be Filed for Reference.*

## C.

Certain people of importance (R. Browning). *The World Without.*

C'est moi, c'est moi, c'est moi (author unidentified). *Day-spring Mishandled.*

Could I but write the things I see (Kipling). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xv.*

Cry " Murder " in the market-place, and each (Kipling). *His Wedded Wife.*

## D.

Dark children of the mere and marsh (Kipling). *Beast and Man in India Chapter. vii.*

]er jungere Uhlänen (Leland). *With the Main Guard.*

Did ye see John Malone, wid his shinin' brand new hat (Buchanan). *The Solid Muldoon.*

Don't you protest now ! It's fair give and take (R. Browning). *One Viceroy Resigns.*

Dribble-dribble, trickle-trickle (Nursery Rhymes). *The Education of Otis Yeere, part ii.*

## E.

Er-Heb, Beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai (Kipling). *The Sacrifice of Er-Heb.*

Est-fuga, Volvitur rota (R. Browning). *A Second-rate Woman.*

Eternal Father, strong to save (Hymn). *The Wreck of the Visigoth.*

## F.

For hope of gain or sake of peace (Kipling). *Our Overseas Men.*

For who so will, from pride released (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter ii.*

From Stormberg's Midnight Mountain (Kipling). *The Outsider.*

From the wheel and drift of things (Kipling). *The Disturber of Traffic.*

## G.

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie (Nursery Rhyme). *Georgie Porgie.*

Girls and boys come out to play (Nursery Rhyme). *The Brushwood Boy*.

Give the man who is not made (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter xi.*  
 Gloriana, The Don may attack us (Dobson). *Judson and the Empire*.

Go, stalk the red deer o're the heather (Kipling), *Pig*.  
 Goemcool your leavers and you'll say (Habington). *Half-a-Dozen Pictures*.

Good luck, she is never a lady (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter iv.*

### H.

He drank strong waters and his speech was coarse (Kipling).  
*A Bank Fraud*.

He rode to death across the moor (Kipling). *The Last Relief*.

He that died o' Wednesday (Kipling). *Dead Kings*.

Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise (Kipling). *The Naulahka, Chapter xvi*.

Here come I to my own again (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter v.*

His hide was very mangy and his face was very red (Kipling).  
*Beast and Man in India. Chapter iii.*

How all the world is made for each of us (E. Browning). *From Sea to Sea. Letter v.*

How does your garden grow (Nursery Rhyme). *Mary Postgate*.

How they have taken Kinmont Willie (Scott). *Stalky*.

Hurrah, hurrah, a soldier's life for me (Kipling). *In the Matter of a Private*.

### I.

I am a part of all that I have met (Tennyson). *From Sea to Sea Letter ii.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure house (Tennyson). *From Sea to Sea Letter iii.*

I built myself a lordly pleasure house (Tennyson, misquoted).  
*Deeper and Deeper Still*.

I closed and drew for my Love's sake (Kipling). *Wressley of the Foreign Office*.

I had a loving comrade (Korner). *Only a Subaltern*.

" I have a thousand men " said he (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter v.*

I have done one braver thing (Doone). *William the Conqueror. Part i.*

- I know thy dunning and thy greed (Harte). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xxvi.*
- I should like to rise and go (Stevenson). *From Sea to Sea. Letter ix.*
- I walk my beat before London Town (Kipling). *A History of England. Chapter i.*
- I walked in the lonesome evening (author unidentified). *From Sea to Sea, Letter xxvii.*
- I'd not give room for an Emperor (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter xv.*
- If I have taken the common clay (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter ix.*
- If it were mine to choose (Kipling). *The man and the Shadow.*
- If seven maids with seven mops (Dodgson). *New Brooms.*
- If the Red Slayer thinks he slays (Emerson). *My Sunday at Home.*
- Ill Ego Qui Quondam (author unidentified). *An Epic of Darjeeling.*
- In the days of lace ruffles, perukes and brocade (Kipling). *A History of England. Chapter x.*
- In the daytime when she moved about me (Kipling). *The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case.*
- In the hush of an April morning when the streets are velvety still (Kipling). *The Children of the Zodiac.*
- In the pleasant orchard closes (Elizabeth Barrett Browning). *The Education of Otis Yeere. Part i.*
- In the state of Kot-Kumharsen, where the wild dacoits abound (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter vi.*
- It was not in the open fight (Kipling). *The Rout of the White Hussars.*

## J.

- Jain 'Ardin' was a Sarjint's wife (Kipling). *The Daughter of the Regiment.*
- Jane lies in Winchester—Blessed be her shade (Kipling). *The Janeites.*
- Journeys end in lovers' meeting (Shakespeare). *Baa, Baa Black Sheep.*

## K.

- Keen was his woe, but keener far to feel (Byron). *Gallihawk's Pup.*

(To be continued).

# KIPLING SOCIETY.

## Roll of Members.

Nos. 863 to 895 and 924 to 940.

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		London			London
864	Miss Frances Day		889	Darry Polson	
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#### HON. SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next *Annual Conference* and *Annual Luncheon* is fixed for  
 Wednesday, 11 June, 1930,  
 in Princes' Restaurant, Piccadilly, W.1. It is hoped that all  
 Overseas Members will make a note of the date.

With this issue goes out to every member a copy of the Geographical List. The Hon. Secretary would be glad if members would notify him of any inaccuracy. The allocation of members in U.K. into districts is only tentative, and suggestions as to re-grouping, etc., would be welcomed.

Amended leaflets, embodying Application Forms for Membership, also go herewith. It is thought that members may find these useful for passing on to their friends.

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