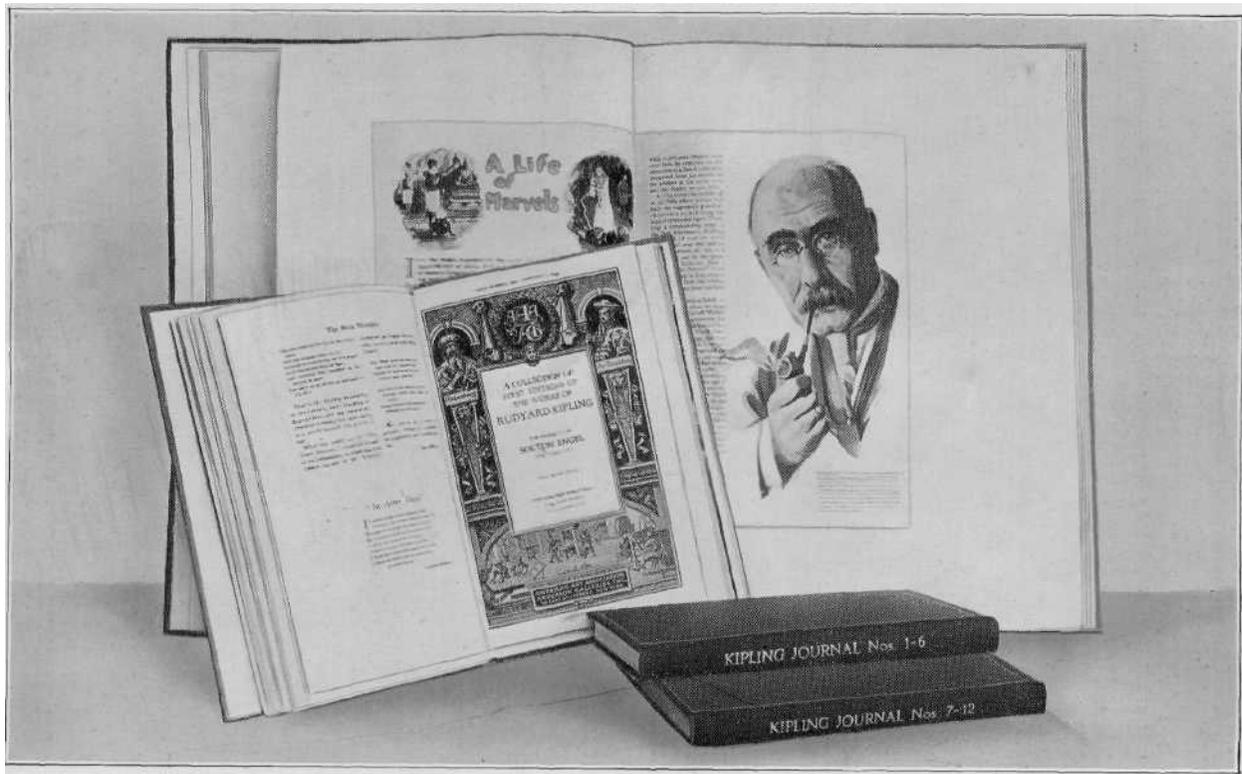


The
KIPLING
JOURNAL

The
Organ
of the
KIPLING
SOCIETY

No. 13

APRIL, 1930



The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

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News and Notes.

Our frontispiece this quarter embodies three suggestions for collectors of Kiplingiana. It reproduces a photograph of the first twelve members of the Journal, bound in red cloth as two volumes. The covers are included for two reasons: first, No. 1 is slightly different from the other eleven; and second, the out-side back page constitutes a record of those who have held office during the first three years of the Society's work. The smaller of the open books shows how Kiplingiana of the popular magazine size can be brought together between two covers so as to make a volume for the book-shelf. In this connection it is worth noting that matter collected thus has more value than the same matter loose in folders or envelopes. By way of proof we print an entry from a bookseller's catalogue of second-hand works:—

KIPLINGIANA. Scrap-book, containing the excessively rare pamphlet—The Science of Rebellion, a Tract for the Times, specially written for the Imperial South African Association, by Rudyard Kipling, *London, Vacher and Sons*, (1901), in the original grey wrappers; together with a considerable Number of Kipling's Contributions to various Magazines and Newspapers, including the "Sea Constable" and "The Gardener," and other short stories

from " Nash's " and the " Strand," etc., much newspaper matter relating to the War, also the pamphlet—" A Supplication of a Black Aberdeen," some Articles on Kipling, all mounted on stiff thick boards and bound into 3 vols., roy. 8 vo, blanks in last vol. for additions, hf. polished calf. £30.

The largest volume illustrated constitutes an attempt to collect in one volume awkward shaped publications, bibliography, portraits and caricatures, and so on. These are bound in with sheets of white paper, and the result is likely to prove rather a dish of mixed grill when the pages are filled.

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With an increasing membership there has been a demand for copies of Nos. 1 and 2 of the Journal. Both are out of print, and the Council finds it difficult to come to a decision about reprinting, which would be an expensive matter. If there were evidence of willingness to purchase copies at a premium the matter might be arranged. The price per copy might be from 3s. 6d. to 5s. each, according to the response.

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A Meeting of the Kipling Society was held on February 6, at the Rubens Hotel, London, S.W.I., when Mr. Basil M. Bazley read a paper entitled " Kipling among the Critics." Mr. J. H. C. Brooking was in the Chair, and there was a good attendance of members. After the lecture the Chairman made a short speech on the subject, and an animated discussion followed, many additional points of interest being raised. During the proceedings a new musical setting, by Mr. Terence P. Dennis, of some verses from " To the True Romance," was admirably sung by Mr. Edern Jones, who also gave Tours' " Mother o' Mine." The first item was accompanied by the composer. At the conclusion of the Meeting Mr. Brooking introduced the new Secretary, Col. Bailey. Mr. Bazley's paper appears elsewhere in this issue, as also does Miss R. M. Bloch's paper, read at the October Meeting, entitled " The Original Mr. Isaacs." And writing of meetings, we regret that no record was made in the last issue that Maj-Gen. J. H. Bruche, C.B., C.M.G., of Australia House, presided at Mr. G. C. Beresford's Meeting in November.

The March Meeting of the Society was held at the Hotel Rubens on March 18. Mr. G. C. Beresford was in the Chair, and was supported by Col. Charles Bailey, the newly appointed Hon. Secretary of the Society. Mr. Patrick Braybrooke read a paper entitled " A Plain Tale about Kipling," which we hope to publish in the next issue. It provoked a brisk discussion out of which there emerged two points of rather special interest. Mr. B. Bazley stressed the fact that Mr. Kipling's choice of nouns and his system of punctuation had not a little to do with the quality of his prose. The Chairman made a reference to " Padgett, M.P.," and quoted some amazing passages from a book written about India, by a G.T. of the period. Some of the statements were certainly provocative of the sentiments embodied in the " Ditty." Mr. Beresford suggested that the " fluent liar " and others of that ilk was by no means extinct.

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Mr. J. H. C. Brooking at the same meeting announced a decision of the Council to provide opportunities for the inspection of Mr. Kipling's books, and the archives of the Society, which are already numerous. The Council has arranged with the management of the Hotel Rubens, Buckingham Palace, London, S.W.1. to open one room each Wednesday in April, namely the 2nd, 9th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th, from 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Members will be invited by card, and if the innovation proves popular it may be continued through May, and will be revived in the Autumn, unless in the meantime the Society is so fortunate as to find permanent quarters.

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Mr. R. T. Gibson Fleming's resignation has been accepted with deep regret by all concerned. He has been invited to join the Council, on which there is a vacancy, and has consented to do so. The Council has ratified the choice of its Committee, and from March 31, the Hon. Secretary has been Colonel Charles Bailey, Indian Army, Retired, whose address is 3a, Cromwell Crescent, Earls Court, London, S.W.5, who, after a distinguished career in the Army, has had ten years business experience.

The Original Mr. Isaacs.

A PAPER READ BY MISS E. M. BLOCH AT THE MEETING HELD IN LONDON.

LIFE in its many-coloured web of the busy and undying fates, is a mass of romance and it is difficult to disentangle or discern the pattern. Our vision is limited or confused, and rarely does one behold the design oneself, and even when this does occur, it may be a lucky incident, an adventure one welcomes with a thrill of excitement and profound pleasure. It has been my happy privilege to alight upon the life-story of a quaint and esoteric personality; to unravel its scheme and to be able to place it before the members of this Society. Like most unusual discoveries is came my way casually. At a meeting of the Kipling Society our Hon. Treasurer once related some delectable anecdotes of the Ear East. Sir George MacMunn, among other strange facts, mentioned that the original of the Healer of Pearls in *Kim* and the hero of Marion Crawford's well-known novel, *Mr Isaacs*, were the same person, one Mr. Jacob of Simla, a Bagdad Jew of whom Mr. Imre Schwaiger, the London jeweller, knew a great deal. Naturally, my first steps were to re-peruse both *Kim* and *Mr. Isaacs* so as to compare the portrait studies therein immortalised by Rudyard Kipling and Marion Crawford.

Mr. Crawford makes out Mr. Isaacs to be a Persian Muslim, whereas Sir George MacMunn held the view mentioned above. Anyway, the hero of Crawford's novel is so highly adorned with the intensive romanticism of its author, that this detail may be another touch of fiction. The author meets his hero, Mr. Isaacs, at the place where he really lived, namely Simla, although in the novel the first encounter was at an hotel. The novelist is struck by his extraordinary beauty, and they are drawn into conversation, and a feeling of magnetic sympathy ripens into gradual friendship. The two are attracted one toward the other, and Mr. Isaacs invites the author to come and smoke in his rooms.

In *Kim* the original of Mr. Isaacs appears under the name of Lurgan Sahib, and again he is represented as a vendor of precious stones and curios, and also an inhabitant of Simla :

A Hindu child, some ten years old, squatted under a lamp post. " Where is Mr. Lurgan's house?" demanded

Kim. " I do not understand English " was the answer, and Kim shifted his speech accordingly. " I will show."

" Together they set off through the mysterious dusk full of the noises of the city below the hillside, and the breath of a cool wind in a deodar-crowned Jakko, shouldering the stars. "It is here," said Kim's guide, and halted in a verandah flush with the main road. No door stayed them, but a curtain of beaded reeds that split up the lamp-light beyond. " He is come," said the boy in a voice little louder than a sigh, and vanished. Kim felt sure that the boy had been posted to guide him from the first, but, putting a bold face on it, parted the curtain. A black-bearded man, with a green shade over his eyes, sat at a table, and, one by one, with short white hands, picked up globules of light from a tray before him, threaded them on a glancing silken string, and hummed to himself the while. Kim was conscious that beyond the circle of light the room was full of tilings that smelt like all the temples of all the East. A whiff of musk, a puff of sandalwood, and a breath of sickly jessamine oil caught his opened nostrils."

Then follows a pen-portrait of Lurgan Sahib who is far more real than Mr. Isaacs, with the usual genius of Kipling:

" Lurgan Sahib slid off the green shade and looked fixedly at Kim for a full half-minute. The pupils of his eyes dilated and closed to pin-pricks as if at will. There was a faquir by the Talsali Gate who has just this gift." . . . And again: " Kim looked him (Lurgan Sahib) over out of the corners of his eyes. He was a Sahib in that he wore Sahib's clothes—the accent of his Urdu, the intonation of his English, showed that he was anything but a Sahib. He seemed to understand what moved in Kim's mind ere the boy opened his mouth." Yet the quarters of this strange Eastern jeweller in *Kim* tally in their oddity with those of *Mr. Isaacs*.

Now the similarity between Mr. Isaacs and Lurgan Sahib is too marked for mere analogy. First of all, a man of Kipling's calibre and literary stature would scarcely plagiarise from another writer, Crawford. The latter writes in the smooth, pleasantly soothing, but florid style of Lytton, whereas Kipling has the incisive vivid mastery of a Bret Harte. My re-reading of the books convinced me that both Mr. Isaacs and Lurgan

Sahib owed their inception to a living original. Both were jewellers, both traded at Simla, and were the denizens of an Oriental treasure house. When I heard more of the real Mr. Jacob I found many other items of fascination in both the books under discussion. Marion Crawford's Mr. Isaacs had an attendant clad in white livery—so did Mr. Jacob. Mr. Isaacs wrote mysterious Persian letters adorned with Zoroastrian signs—Mr. Jacob again. He had a stormy interview with a native potentate; alas, Mr. Jacob had many. He went up into the hills bound on a weird mission; Mr. Jacob also acted thus. Yet the love story in *Mr. Isaacs* and the brightened colouring of the character are fantasies of Marion Crawford's imagination.

In a similar manner, Lurgan Sahib, as drawn by Kipling, shows kindred traits with Mr. Isaacs and their common living prototype, Mr. Jacob. Uncanny folk surround both Mr. Isaacs and Lurgan Sahib. In Lurgan's case it is an eerie little Hindu boy with a memory so crystal-clear that he is able minutely to describe the weight, size and shape of handfuls of jewels Lurgan throws into a dish haphazard, after a single fleeting glance.

Mr. Isaacs is the bosom friend of a great Brahmin initiate, Ram Lal, who is so versed in the mysteries of the fourth dimension that he can vanish into thin air at will and is able to conjure up a thick mist in the mountains on an unusually clear and moonlit night. He is also able to travel forth from the body in spirit when he desires it. Kipling's Lurgan Sahib is himself a wizard. He nearly mesmerises Kim into seeing a broken jar take shape again. He is also a healer of pearls, and as he informs Kim, " My work is on the table—some of it." 'It blazed in the morning light—all red and blue and green flashes, picked out with vicious blue-white spurts of a diamond here and there. Kim opened his eyes, " Oh, they are quite well, these stones. It will not hurt them to take the sun. Besides, they are cheap. But with sick stones it is very different. There is no one but me can doctor a sick pearl and red-blue turquoises. I grant you opals—any fool can cure an opal—but for a sick pearl there is only me. Suppose I were to die? Then there would be no one . . . Oh no, you can do anything with jewels. It will be quite enough if you understand a little about turquoises—some day."

It is curious that Kipling puts this statement concerning

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pearls and turquoises into Lurgan Sahib's mouth. It is a well-known fact that pearls can really be ill when separated from the skin of their regular wearer. The late Czarina's pearls were frequently revived by being placed in a casket sunk into sea-water when they were "off colour." Similarly the turquoise is said to change its hue and lose its blueness when the wearer is in bad health. "Whether Mr. Jacob of Simla really had the uncanny gift of healing sick pearls and other stones ascribed to him by Kipling I do not know.

A point I have not been able to establish is, whether the real Mr. Jacob was in the Secret Service of the British Government. Lurgan Sahib was an adept at this game, and his jewellery store but a kind of magnificent blind to his real office. Mr. Isaacs also had his hand in the political pie, as his adventure with the native ruler and a rebellious Afghan chief shows. Sir George MacMunn has told me that the Pathan horse-dealer, Mahbub Ali, the Government spy in *Kim*, really existed and was, together **with** several colleagues, a trusted servant of the British Raj. We may perhaps, take it, as there is no smoke without a fire, and because of certain analogous incidents in both *Mr. Isaacs* and *Kim*, that Mr. Jacob of Simla may not only have dabbled in esoteric mysteries and had initiates on his list of visiting friends, but may have also had secret service transactions with the government of Queen Victoria's time.

I have now initiated my hearers into the mass of corroborative evidence which leads up the trail of this living character in romantic fiction. You may perhaps, share a little of the explorer's thrill which possessed me when I had traced the shadowy personality which inspired the two famous novelists. Here was a story coming into being even as the marble statue of Galatea began to breathe beneath, the manifested love of Pygmalion. My most enticing quest, however, still lay before me—to seek for details of the real Jacob, this strange pseudo-Arabic genius, who dwelt at Simla in a Haroun-Al-Raschid setting, and was tangled up in the feuds and intrigues of Oriental nawabs and rajahs; who had a retinue of nrysties at his beck and call like an ancient alchemist; dabbled with precious stones and metals and, in addition was mesmerist, healer of sick pearls and a secret service agent, rolled into one. My first interview was with General Sir George Mac-

Munn, and together we sought in his office above Victoria Street, to conjure up the real character of Mr. Jacob, the Bagdad Jew who, according to Sir George, had wandered out of the Jewish population of 6,000 in that Arabian Nights City, into India and built up an astounding jewel business. "It was an amazing shop," said my informant, echoing Kipling and Crawford, "It was crowded with wonderful old Moghul plate and jewels, and Jacob would often mark them down at a bargain prices." And then he went on to tell me of Mr. Imre Schwaiger, the present-day Bond Street jeweller, who knew more of Mr. Jacob and from whom he had purchased several magic pendants inscribed with the manifold names of Allah.

Pursuing my quest, my steps were turned towards Bond Street, seeking for the shop of Mr. Imre Schwaiger. I kept pinching myself metaphorically. Was this really London or was this some city sung by Khayyam, Hafiz or Firdausi? Yet I was in Bond Street. Fashionable folk hurried to polite tea-parties or bent on expensive shopping expeditions. It was London after all, but transmuted by the sunset flush of a recaptured romance.

I was looking for a shop, but disappointment awaited me. There was no shop fronting London's most exclusive business thoroughfare. I found myself on a first floor and worse still, before a locked door to which I had no sesame. It appeared that Mr. Imre Schwaiger himself was in India. He had only two rooms in London, and his manager merely came there on Tuesday mornings—and the day was not Tuesday. But a Tuesday came at last, and once more I climbed the softly-carpeted stairs in Bond Street. At intervals the staircase was adorned with calm Buddhas of marble with gilt eyelids and gold-tinged heads. I was admitted into a large, luxurious room full of quiet and remote beauty. Eastern bronzes and ivories finely wrought, stood here and there. The room was not crowded, and bore no suggestion of a shop. The cabinets and show cases against the walls, with their artistically scattered and arranged treasures, betrayed the careful collection of a great connoisseur.

At a writing table near the window sat a tall man. "I am Mr. Schwaiger's manager," he admitted. The eagerness of my pilgrimage took me straight to the point. "I have come to ask you to tell me all you know about Mr. Jacob of Simla,"

I said. A reminiscent smile lit up Ms face. " I probably know more of this extraordinary character than any other man living," was his promising commencement, and there and then I gathered the following colourful story.

" You must understand," said my new informant, " that I come of old Anglo-Indian stock. My great-grandfather went to India as a private secretary to Warren Hastings." My thoughts went back to Macaulay's famous defence in essay form, of Warren Hastings. Here was living history with a vengeance. " We have been in the Indian army ever since," continued the speaker, " and my father was a personal friend of Mr. Jacob, the jeweller of Simla, who was a most extraordinary character. He never married, and nobody knew his history. His shop was a wonderful establishment crowded with treasures, and he maintained a lavish home with liveried servants. He would ride abroad mounted on a beautiful white Arab horse, invariably followed by the same mounted servant attired entirely in white. With all his learning, he was an intensely superstitious man. If on the way to business, his wrong ear burnt or he met a one-eyed beggar, he would turn back and order the shop to be closed down for the day. Now it so happened that my father was a Persian scholar like Mr. Jacob. You must know that in more erudite Persian letters, zodiacal signs are employed by the writer. My father, having a keen sense of humour and being a wit to boot, often played practical jokes upon Mr. Jacob. He would send him strange missives in flawless Persian, asking him to go on an extraordinary mission. Next day, Mr. Jacob, quite unaware that my father was the author of these letters, would come to my father and confide the weird occurrence to him. Such was the strength and power of Mr. Jacobs' Oriental imagination, that he would tell my father that a being from another world, clad in mystic robes, had delivered the message to him."

On one occasion, my father surpassed himself. He sent Mr. Jacob a note surrounded by zodiacal symbolism and Eastern cyphers, commanding him to go all alone into a remote part of the hills where he would be met by the genius of the mountains who would lead him to the vast buried treasure of a hidden diamond mine, where diamonds of priceless value would be revealed to him. If, however, he transgressed the terms of this command by one iota, the blessing of wealth

would be changed into a curse. Now Mr. Jacob, like most superstitious men, lacked courage, and although he did set forth upon this eerie quest one moonlit night, he took a servant with him. Naturally the journey proved fruitless, and he returned and told my father about its lamentable conclusion. Whereupon my father sent him another letter couched in threatening terms saying that, as he had not kept the compact and had not gone alone, the source of the diamond mine would remain sealed to him, because he had incurred the wrath of the genius of the mountains. The whole thing was preposterous, but, ludicrous as it may sound, it was after this climax that Mr. Jacob's downfall began. Misfortunes fell upon him, and strangely enough they were actually due to a diamond.

" Mr. Jacob heard of an extraordinary large, rare and valuable diamond which was then on the European market. With his usual impulsiveness he sent for it and, before it arrived, waited upon a famous native ruler and, in glowing terms, offered the diamond to him. After skilful persuasion, a purchase was secured, at a figure something near £300,000 sterling. The intended transaction naturally caused a stir, and the upshot of the matter was that the story came to the ears of the British Resident who stepped in and officially vetoed the expenditure of so huge an amount upon a single stone. Mr. Jacob, having already bought the stone and, faced by a vast loss, protested against the decision of the Resident. A lawsuit followed which Mr. Jacob lost, and he left the courts, a broken and ruined man. He never regained either his fortune or his status and finally died, fading out from Eastern annals almost as mysteriously as he had entered them."

Pondering over this deeply romantic story, I asked, " How was Mr. Imre Schwaiger connected with him," and was told: " Mr. Schwaiger bought a steel peacock at the auction of Mr. Jacobs' stock. It was something like this, though much larger." My informant produced a small greenish peacock in bronze from one of the cabinets. " These peacocks are regarded as gods by the Yezidis or devil worshippers. Even about the peacock, there was some dissension. Mr. Jacob sent Mr. Schwaiger two letters concerning it—one to say that it was valueless but that he treasured it and would like to have

it back, and the other that it was worth far more than Mr. Schwaiger had paid for it, that it had been a great bargain and that he (Mr. Jacob) wished to re-purchase it. Mr. Schwaiger consented to neither request, and finally presented the peacock to the British Museum. Even there it proved to be a bone of contention. Doubts arose as to its genuineness, and long correspondence ensued between Oriental experts. I believe Sir Dennison Ross, the great Eastern scholar, could tell you much about these letters which would fill a volume. At last, a connoisseur examined the peacock and believed it to be real, as one could take it to pieces. It appears that this idol is so sacred to the Yezidis that the best specimens are made in separate parts, in order that when it is transferred from one place to another, one man carries the beak, another a foot, and so on, to guard against the loss of the entire object."

My next pilgrimage was to the British Museum where, amid hundreds of Oriental treasures, from fantastic gongs to brightly lacquered native writing cases, I found the steel peacock in a glass wallcase in the Asiatic Saloon. Under it was fixed a non-committal label to the effect that the steel figure of the peacock from a temple of the Yezidi sect from Palladia near Diabeker, Kurdistan, was of Persian make and had been given to the British Museum by Mr. Imre Schwaiger through the National Art Collection Fund in 1912. Sir George MacMunn had given me one of his quick graphic word-pictures of the Yezidis who live in the Jebel Siniar, west of Mosul and, as he puts it, "worships the peacock Malik (meaning Moloch) and Ta-ous, King Peacock or the sign of the Evil One."

What a world of romance lay behind the strange bird with its fan-like tail! It had travelled from some far and awful temple, from obscure rituals and hymns, into the treasure shop of that equally remote and mysterious character, Mr. Jacobs of Simla, who had inspired two great authors. Somehow, the brooding bird Malik or Moloch, of wrought steel, seemed redolent of the scents which smote upon Kim's nostrils in Lurgan Sahib's house—musk, sandalwood and jessamine oil.

Anyone who wishes to see this remnant of Mr. Isaacs and Lurgan Sahib's departed glory has only to visit the British Museum. Later I gathered additional and fascinating matter concerning Mr. Jacob. It appears that he was not alone

Marion Crawford's original Mr. Isaacs and Kipling's Lurgan Sahib, but, according to Mr. Frederick Heath, he inspired no fewer than *six* books in all. Unfortunately, Mr. Heath has not given any list of these books, but we have the two I have enumerated already, and through the signal and kindly help of a fellow Anglo-Indian member, Miss Leonara Winn, of Simla, fresh light has been shed upon the character of the original Lurgan Sahib. I have ascertained that Mr. Jacobs is the original of the character named Mr. Emanuel in Colonel Newnham Davies' novel *Jadoo*, wherein interesting pen-portraits of him are drawn which only time forbids me to detail. I also fancy that Mr. Jacobs may be the original of Mr. Lucanaster, the strange jeweller in the late Mrs. Annie Steel's Indian novel *Voices in the Night*. At the same time I hope this is not so, as she darkens his character into that of a thorough-paced rogue, whereas our other portraits of him show him rather as a highly romantic and imaginative adventurer. Miss Leonara Winn! has referred me to "Simla, Past and Present," by Edward J. Buck, C.B.E., for further hints.

The late Colonel Newnham Davies must have recognised Mr. Jacobs as a local celebrity, for in his novel *Jadoo* published in 1898, is found the following allusion to this strange character:—

"When they came to the spot where the path joins the broad road, there was at the junction a pale-faced, fat, black-eyed little man sitting on a high-bred pony with a jewelled tiger's claw round its neck. He was waiting there apparently to see the people come up from Aunandalr" "Who is the little man?" said Dita.

"Oh, Emanuel—a man who knows more of the mystic rites of India than any other man. He hears things that other men cannot hear—sees things that other men cannot see. The natives believe that he has the power of jadoo (magic), the white jadoo, the clean jadoo—that gives the power to see and sometimes the power *to save*."

The novel leads one to regard Mr. Jacob as undoubtedly a clever conjurer and mesmerist, and he may have been a Russian political agent and an astrologer and magician. He was certainly a wonderful linguist, for he could speak, amongst other languages, English, Persian, Turkish, Arabic and French with considerable fluency. The stories that have been woven

around him, the vastness of the fortunes he has made and lost are legion.

The foregoing accounts for Mr. Jacob in four works of fiction, but can anyone name the missing two in Mr. Heath's list of six books? In 1912, in two numbers of the *London Occult Review*, Mr. Heath gave some pen pictures of Mr. Jacob. "The first time I set eyes on this strange old man of the East," he wrote, "I felt what every one who had ever met him must have felt, a queer influence, almost indefinable, of mystery. The whole appearance of the man is striking, but his most remarkable characteristic is his head—I have never seen anything quite like it before. The forehead is broad and high, but the crown of the head is almost a sharp point. His head is for all the world like a triangle. After his head, the eyes caught my attention. They were piercing, and did not so much look at you as through you. Despite his wealth at this time and his many distinguished visitors Mr. Jacob in his gorgeous home lived the life of an ascetic, touching neither meat nor wine, and looking, "like a skeleton in a jewel case."

News of the Council.

At a meeting of the Council held on January 20, Viscountess Downe was unanimously elected a Vice-President, as was also Professor AV. MacNeile Dixon, D. Litt., (Chair of Poetry and English Literature at Glasgow University).

It was agreed that Capt. Martindell be re-elected Chairman for a further period of six months. It was further resolved to submit at the Annual Conference a proposal to amend Rule VII, so that the Chairman of Executive Council be appointed for one year instead of six months.

The resignation of Mr. Gibson-Fleming, the Hon. Secretary, was accepted with regret. Sir George MacMunn said that he had been in communication with Colonel Charles Bailey, late Indian Cavalry, who resided in South Kensington, regarding the vacant post, and who he (Sir George) thought would be eminently suitable (since when Col. Bailey has accepted office).

The December Meeting.

THE last Meeting in 1929 of the Kipling Society, held at the comfortable rooms of the Hotel Rubens, on December 17, proved very enjoyable. Nearly one hundred members and their friends were welcomed by Viscountess Downe, Sir George McMunn presiding.

The programme, which was arranged by Mr. Bazley, consisted entirely of songs, readings and recitations from "the author's" works. Mr. Bazley himself led off with a breezy rendering of Muller's "A Smuggler's Song." This he followed with a parody of the "Rajah of Bong," in which Mr. Kipling was the central theme. Later, Mr. Bazley recited "Mary's Son," and an interesting uncollected piece entitled "Smoke in the eyes."

Mr. Harold Swinscow gave a dramatic recitation of three well selected excerpts from "The Light that Failed," in which he showed a sound appreciation of the lines. A short introduction to each part would have been helpful to the audience, and would have marked more definitely the end of one piece and the commencement of the next. He also recited that rarely heard and little known "Prodigal Son," with good effect.

Captain Martindell, who can always be relied upon to give the members a "tit-bit," contributed a reading of two uncollected pieces, namely: "The Ballad of Ahmed Shah," and "Some Fables for the Young." The latter was written while the author was still at Westward Ho and contributed to the School Magazine.

Miss Marjorie Parker gave a delightful and finished rendering of Edward German's "Merrow Downs," "The Tribe of Tegumai," and "The First Friend," and afterwards, in interesting contrast, "The Love Song of Har Dyal" set to music by Batten in the style which Miss Amy Woodford Finden had made popular with her "Indian Love Lyrics."

Mr. Edern Jones, with a fine voice, sang that haunting, almost terrifying, "Boots" by McCall, and followed on with Elgar's "Mine Sweepers," Tour's "Mother o' Mine," and "I've never sailed the Amazon."

Major A. Corbett Smith provided an entertaining and delightful half hour with six or seven of the popular poems from Fletcher and Kipling's History of England. His versions are an education to the most ardent lover of Kipling's works. He

imparts them with all the air of a knowing and friendly mentor, often shewing new points in things thought to be quite well known. The members thoroughly enjoyed being back to school.

Then came Miss Clarke-Jervoise with a reading of the ever precious and fragrant "They." This is a story, held in reverence by many readers, which shadowily reveals to the discerning, the innermost emotions of a soul of happy memories and silent sorrow. Fervent admirers of the story might conceivably fear to hear it read, dreading the unenlightened rendering of favourite passages. But Miss Clarke-Jervoise's reading was never in doubt, and from the opening words of the tale to its conclusion, she held the wrapt attention of her audience, with her sympathy, insight and feeling for the dialogue so reticent and yet so full of meaning; and, most wonderful of all, she vocalised that "voice that would have drawn lost souls from the Pit for the yearning that underlay its sweetness." Her performance alone would have made the 1929 Christmas gathering a memorable meeting.

During the evening Capt. Martindell announced a most interesting bibliographical discovery. The poem known as "The Explanation" was thought to have had its first appearance in the *Scots' Observer* on February 1, 1890, and in the form in which it then appeared it was collected in *Barrack Room Ballads* in 1892. Capt. Martindell has now discovered that this poem first appeared in the *Calcutta Review* (No. CLXV. p. 143) in June, 1886, under the title "The Tragedy of Love and Death."

Two Reviews.

Rudyard Kipling, by Marcel Brion. Published by Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Critique, 16, Rue Jose-Marie de Heredia, Paris (VII).

Poetry at Present, by Charles Williams. Published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

It is refreshing indeed to find so ardent a panegyrist of Rudyard Kipling as M. Marcel Brion, who is a versatile writer, and has besides written a life of Attila the Hun, which is as effective as it is well-written. Our author, writing on Rudyard Kipling,

is, like most of Kipling's admirers, amazed at his versatility and grasp of affairs—the felicity of his choice of subjects, and the perfection of his treatment of them. M. Brion, in common with most admirers, conceives *Kim* to be his greatest work, and it is undoubtedly the insight afforded by that book into the inner lives and mentalities of the inhabitants of India that appeals to the French. *The Light that Failed* is not so popular, but *Soldiers Three* is much appreciated. M. Brion believes in Kipling as a poet. He writes: "Kipling's romances are epic poems in prose," which statement is a singularly clear exposition of the essential spirit of Kipling.

Frankly Mr. Williams annoys us. He has selected sixteen poets for criticism, all living except Thomas Hardy, of whose work, the essay included was written before his death. To Mr. Kipling he devotes fifteen pages. This critic, or so it seems to the reviewer, deliberately sets up targets of his own and then, failing to find the bulls-eye, blames the authors. Unless the poet—or reader for that matter—sees poetry through Mr. Williams' eyes, he is no judge of what is true poetry. Mr. Kipling "cannot be forgotten, and yet he cannot be endured," and "it is difficult to read him without feeling that he is also part of the greatness (of England) he has forgotten." Another and longer quotation follows:—

Most poets have considered a little the desire for joy and peace that seems natural to man. But, though he may at times allude to them, there is never the sense of joy or peace in his verse. Partly perhaps this is the fault of his rhythm and diction, both of which tend to be common, and by mere repetition to become commonplace. Partly it is due to an apparent lack of philosophical perspective; this poetry moves always in the foreground of the mind.

And "there's the rub." It is because there is so much of "the common touch" in Mr. Kipling's poetry that its appeal has become world wide; to mentality of the calibre of the author of *Poetry at Present*, and his like, it is merely "common place." Small wonder that Alfred Noyes is excluded from a list of poets that includes the names of several lesser men.

Kipling Among the Critics.

A PAPER HEAD BEFORE THE KIPLING SOCIETY BY MR. BASIL M. BAZLEY.

ABOUT a year ago there appeared in a Sunday paper an article by Mr. C. P. Thomson, entitled *The Disappearance of Rudyard Kipling*; the writer seems to think (a) that Kipling has disappeared in a literary sense, and (b) that he might be more alive if he would attend jazz parties, public meetings, thé dansants, and other horrors of everyday life. The lesser journalists of to-day seem to take the same view; Kipling is not "copy"; his work is not topical. But facts are stubborn things: Kipling's works still sell regularly without cheap or "omnibus" editions; booksellers will tell you that there may be a boom for some new or newly-discovered writer, but that for Kipling there is a steady sale. The second-hand dealers give a similar account, that they have nothing of Kipling's because they always go so quick. Take, for example, *Barrack Room Ballads*, which came out in 1892: in 1896 it was in its 9th edition; in 1902, in its 20th edition, 73rd thousand; in 1919, 192nd thousand; in 1925, 233rd thousand—all without cheap editions. These figures apply to the English publications; the Colonial, American and Continental sales will more than double these totals. Tho prose works and the other books of poems tell the same tale; probably Mr. Reginald Arkell (see No. 8 of the Journal) gives the best reason for this state of affairs:—"But East is East and West is West, and Kipling's tales are still the best."

I have selected *Barrack Room Ballads* to illustrate some of the critics' diatribes on the decline and fall of Rudyard Kipling, because that book in particular is said to be "dated" more than most. We have the New Rich and the New Poor always with us; we also have, for our sins, the New Clever. These last are boring enough when they dabble in statecraft, education, commerce, or religion; but they are infinitely more tiresome when they wade out of their depth in Art and Literature. They are pleased with themselves, and they have a wearisome habit of trying to make facts fit theories. They are like the high priests and prophets of a false creed, who confuse shouting and self-assertion with intellectual reasoning; logic is not with them.

We may now pass to some of these dogmatisms. Kipling

has been condemned to literary oblivion many times. The late Spencer Leigh Hughes in January, 1914, wrote of "the jingles of Rudyard Kipling"; and "Devonian" in *Reynolds'* in the following May had an article, "A Postscript to a Tragedy—the sad case of the one-time poet, Rudyard Kipling," which concludes with "Rudyard Kipling died years ago, with his possibilities unfulfilled."

Prior to 1914, Kipling had told the government of that period a few home truths, but had really done little political work. One can only suppose that his few speeches and two poems "The City of Brass" and "The Covenant"—must have been to many, "hit and hard hit! The blow went home," by the storm they evoked. Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, even Mr. Galsworthy, might be as political as they liked; they agreed with the voices, so-called, of democracy and progress, so they were literary. Not so Kipling. One of those curious *litterateurs*, who belonged to some Anglo-Irish Society, once told me that Mr. Shaw was greater than Kipling because he (Kipling) had never written a political pamphlet. And yet we are told that form is everything in art and subject nothing.

Just after the war there was a fresh outbreak of adverse criticism. Kipling, according to some, had produced little during the four years—that was one grievance. Even more serious an offence was his lack of utterance of the cheap and sloppy stuff that followed the period of hostilities. It was said too, that the war did not inspire him. One of the most interesting pieces of diatribe appears in what one might call the *intelligentsia* part of the *Daily Herald* in 1920: the writer here calls him "The Boy Who Never Grew Up," and says that "he has preferred to lose touch (with the world). He has clung to crudity and silliness as if they were the gifts of God instead of the accidents of boyhood." In the same paper, two years earlier, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, who ought to have known better, briefly remarked about *The Years Between*: "Kipling has written some great books, but this is not one of them." Nearly a hundred thousand copies of this not great book were sold in four years.

Almost in the same style, but with infinite patronage the egregious Mr. Hannen Swaffer has written, in *London Calling*: "The Radical bits of us remember the incredible vulgarity of much of his work, the banality of the lines which opened the

Boer War (The Absent-Minded Beggar), and deplore the childishness of the jingle " (The Lesson). There is more of the same sort, not worth repetition.

Some of the above represent the intolerance and unfair judgment of Labour and New Clever Intellectuals, but it is apparent that Liberals are just as bad. I think this is worthy of note, because one seldom hears the most hardened Conservative decrying the literary ability of, say, Messrs. Shaw and Wells, although the political bias in their works is about one hundred times stronger than the same thing in Kipling's utterances. I have commented on one remark by " Sub Rosa " ; here is a quotation from the pen of a critic who is literary in the true sense of the word. *Prophets, Priests, and Kings* began to appear in 1908. Yet Mr. A. G. Gardner writes thus: " It is doubtful if he is one of the immortals. . . . He knows much of the street, but nothing of the stars. . . . He has the gift of vision, but not the gift of thought. . . . He knows everything, except human nature. He knows all about life; but he does not know life, because he does not know the heart of man. . . . He dislikes everything he does not understand, everything which does not conform to that material standard which substitutes Mayfair for Sinai."

By the same type of mentality Kipling is accused of living and preaching the Old Testament only, a rather illogical method of abuse. But Mr. Gardner's gem is towards the end of his essay: " I am told by one who was with him when he came from India to England to school that he remembers him chiefly by the pranks he used to play at the expense of a mild Hindoo, kneeling on board at his devotions." Kipling was then about five years old! One may note in passing that all Hindoos are mild and devotional to the Labour, Liberal, or New Clever mind.

In a book entitled *Men of Letters*—it is one of a series called, for some reason not plain, "The People's Library,"—Mr. Philip Guedalla harps on the text that Kipling belongs to a past epoch. Many of the lesser critics, Mr. Guedalla among them, seem unable to appreciate the fact that, though times change and externals vary, human nature is still human; Mulvaney existed in 1890, but we have no more reason for saying that he is mythological than we have for denying the lifelike studies of Scott or Hardy. Really, some people should read more widely before

they make weighty pronouncements. Most of this essay on Kipling is hazy and contains several conflicting statements. . . . But perhaps Mr. Guedalla has not read any Kipling since *Life's Handicap* or *The Seven Seas*; if this he the case, we can understand him saying—"It was seen in that dismal winter of 1899 that the dashing subaltern of his dreams was not even an infallible master in his own house." Kipling never said, nor did he imply, that officers of our Army were infallible; he attacks some of them rather vigorously in *The Five Nations* and in his *Daily Express* stories of 1900. It may be that Mr. Guedalla wants to give them—the officers in question—a good scolding; but if he were to read a little more extensively he might see what he is attempting has already been done in a better way.

"I am mistook in my judgments," said Disko Troop in *Captains Courageous*, a sentence which would come aptly from many of the critics—particularly from one in *The Nation* who spoke of Kipling's "hard, metallic touch." Such "judgments" are the more absurd when realised how deeply he has got to the inner man of the soldier and most other types of humanity; his picture may not always please, but it is generally true. Few people realise the extent of Kipling's contributions to psychology and to the comprehension of matters beyond human ken; nor is his touch hard and metallic in his studies of children.

'Who hath desired the sea?' Does he not come to Kipling in preference to any modern writer? There is, however, a long passage in Mr. Arnold Lunn's school story, *Loose Ends*, where in Kipling is contrasted with Conrad, greatly to the glory of the latter. Here we have: "Kipling has his ear on the key-hole and picks up the slang of the sea. Conrad gives you the soul of the men that go down to the sea in ships. . . ." Further on Mr. Lunn says that Conrad saw more things than Kipling. He did see more, and, like the pre-Raphaelite painter, tried to find places for them all, with the result that the scene is often crowded and loses force. Kipling, on the other hand, uses little detail, but that little is minutely accurate and apposite. In the same way Whistler was sparing of too many objects in his foregrounds, but the effect is extremely vivid, unlike the confusion of Ford Maddox Brown, for example, where the canvas is crowded with things that are certainly there, but which the eye and brain cannot take in and does not need.

(To Be Concluded).

Kipling Crypticisms.

SOME REPLIES AND SUGGESTIONS.

We have received a fair number of solutions to the Crypticisms printed in No. 12, and several of the communications raise fresh questions. Major B. J. Bewley, R.A., writes from Maymyo, Burma:—

I expect you've had many answers to the "Kipling Crypticisms" in your last number, but I send the following in case no one else has touched on the points.

I don't think the story promised in "Miss Youghal's Sais" has ever been written, but the promise made in "His Wedded Wife" was fulfilled only a few pages further on in "In the pride of his youth"—see the opening lines of the latter story.

I am very likely wrong, but I do not think the Blastoderms splutterings are intended to be fragments of a sentence, but were meaningless and unconnected.

There is no mystery about the quotation from "Kidnapped." The colouration of the finger nails referred to is the mark by which a Eurasian can be spotted even when there are no other signs of native ancestry.

Doesn't G.R.= Gentleman Rider?

"The Buffalo Battery" is a well known gunner song still occasionally sung at Guest nights and the like. It was recently printed in full in "The Gunner," a regimental magazine of ours, but I have not got a copy. It is very lengthy. The other songs I do not know.

Now for a puzzle of my own. Can any member explain the numerous inaccuracies expressed or implied in Mandalay. To take only the first two verses:—

1. Moulmein is nowhere near Mandalay nor on any conceivable road to it.

2. The sea is west not east of Moulmein.

3. The road to Mandalay presumably means the Irrawady, and surely flying fishes do not live in rivers.

4. China is not across any bay from Burma.

5. Burmese women do not wear caps.

6. I think I am right in saying the Supi-yaw-lat is a title, not a name, and a Burmese girl would no more be likely to be so called than an English girl would be christened "Royal Highness,"

7. If Buddhas are ever made of mud it must be very exceptional.

8. Buddha is not a God in any sense, though I own this would be a natural mistake for a Tommy to make.

There are probably explanations of some of these, but they are so numerous that it looks as if they must have been intentional; but if so with what object? With any other writer you'd say it was ignorance, but this seems very unlikely with Kipling.

Mr. H. P. Croom-Johnson, London, N.W.8., contributes the following:—

The song "The Buffalo Battery," mentioned in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," may perhaps be one which I have always known as the "Elephant Battery." This song, which is certainly far more concerned with buffaloes than with elephants, may be found in "The Oxford Song Book, Vol. I." (Edited by Percy Buck). It is too long to give here in full, but the first verse runs as follows:—

I love to see the Sepoy and to hear his martial tread,
 And the sound of cavalry galloping goes through and
 through my head,
 But sweeter than the sweetest music band has ever played
 Is the ringing tramp of the buffalo as he's going on parade.

Chorus:

Aya, aya, aya, aya, twist their tails and go!
 Hathi, hathi, hathi, hathi, oont and buffalo!
 Aya, chel, chel, chel, chel, chel, chel, aya bhai chelo!
 Oh that's the way we shout all day as we drive the
 buffalo.

In connection with the Crypticism of the "Forders," it is interesting to note that the word occurs again in "The Janeites" (*Debits and Credits*). Anthony, the taxi-driver and ex-gunner, is speaking:—

That reminds me . . . I 'ad a bit of a fracas with a fare the other day. 'E called me a para-si-tic Ford-er. I informed 'im I was owner-driver and 'e could see for 'imself the cab was quite clean.

The first part of the last sentence may throw some light upon the word concerned.

From Mr. E. E. Russell, Beaminster, we have the following:—

I can answer several of your member's Crypticisms. He is evidently not an Anglo-Indian, or he would know that the base of the finger nails may betray black blood. T.G.'s are Globe Trotters. The long, long Indian day is well known in India; I do not remember all the words, but give you "The Place where the Punkah coolie died."

There are men both good and wise,
Who hold that in a future state,
Good coolies who have kincho'd here below,
"Will become the haughty master when they pass the golden
gate.

While the Sahib pulls the punkah to and fro,
Then he'll learn the " lumba-bat " and to " choop and hold
his bat,"

In spite of all his arrogance and pride,
And he'll shudder when he thinks that for him there'll be
no drinks,

At the place where the Punkah-coolie died.

These words were given to me by an old friend of my fathers more than thirty years ago in Lucknow. I don't think Hampti Dampti is Kipling's own. There are Hindustani versions of most of the nursery rhymes.

Meriam Meri,
Terchi teri,
Bagbicha kaira hai,
Chandi ki gunta aur kauri ki kanta,
Aur larkyon khub gawan.

I am afraid my spelling is not strictly Hunterian.

Mr. H. G. Ivens, Kidderminster, points out that:—

"The little opal-tinted onyx at the base of her finger-nails" is the well-known proof of negro blood, usually the last thing to persist after much dilution with white has got rid of the most obvious traits. See " The Comprehension of Private Copper" where upon an inspection of the nails Copper decides that his prisoner is not a half-caste. "The Forders were drunk"—Forder was the best-known builder of cabs. (And, please, "kebmens"; there is no point in spelling "cabmen" "kabmen.")

Mr. W. Rowland, of Charlton, writes:—

Referring to "On Greenhow Hill" Forders evidently means the "Kabmen." Messrs. Forders were makers of hansom cabs, and the name was evidently applied by Kipling to the drivers thereof.

Mr. H. U. Burke, Bristol, asks a question:—

For many years I have been puzzled by a sentence which occurs in "The Broken Link Handicap" *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and I should be greatly obliged if you or any of my fellow members could explain it. The sentence is as follows:—
"All peculiarities of course are worth remembering in a country where rats play the mischief with the elephant litter." I can only suppose that at the time the story was written, this phrase about the elephant litter was some sort of catch-word. Anyhow, I have neither been able to make sense of it, nor have I met anyone who could.

Dr. F. Hyde Maberly, Brighton, answers one and propounds another:—

The little opal tinted onyx at the base of her finger nails, said—as plainly as print—that the lady had a touch of the tar brush in her composition. Can any reader explain the allusions in "The Merchantmen" to "the midnight headsman," and "the Isle of Ghosts?" "The swimmer, the thing that may not drown," refers I believe to a local Newfoundland legend.

Captain Chandler, the Society's Hon. Sec. in the United States, is helpful:—

I think I can help with one of your "Kipling Crypticisms." It is the one in "Kidnapped." Every person who has a taint of negro, and I suppose of other dark-skinned, blood in his or her veins is inevitably betrayed by that "little opal-tinted onyx at the base of her finger nails." It is astonishing how slight an admixture of such blood produces that effect in the finger nails. So the "Crypticism" simply meant that the girl was undoubtedly tainted with native blood.

In regard to "The Broken-Link Handicap," I suspect that the initials "G,R." mean "Grand Races," but have no means

of verifying this. Nor have I been able to assert that Kipling wrote that heading, although I feel quite sure that he did. He has never collected it.

I note the first instalment of my list of headings, and am glad it was deemed of sufficient interest for use. But there is an error on page 26. There the heading beginning "As I came through the desert thus it was," is given as by Kipling, when it is of course from "The City of Dreadful Night," by James Thomson (the Later).

The Letter Bag.

I am very appreciative of your Card of Greeting. I am deeply grateful for it, as doubtless is many another who still "calls Old England Home." It is indeed a happy transfer from "The Legion that never was listed" to the Kipling Society. Will you please publish in the Journal where Gipsy Trail is to be found? May I wish you and your Society a happy 1930.—*Leo. H. Preston, Penrith, N.S.W., Australia.*

["The Gipsy Trail" appeared originally in *The Century* for December, 1892; as a separate item first in 1909, when it was published in the U.S.A. by Alfred Bartlett. It was first collected in the *Inclusive Edition* of 1919].

I wonder which particular sea gull can have been flying into the Editorial Window and whispering about unimportant me. Oh, those birds; it really is not of interest to readers of the K.J., yet we know on the authority of our poet himself that we need fiction far more than truth (see "A Legend of Truth") and I may tell you that I did go for a trip, as purser, on a cargo boat for fifty-one days and would go again had I another job. I thought I knew something about the sea, but I had not realised that when the officer in charge gives the order "Starboard," the wheel, rudder, and head of the ship all go to port. You may have seen the agitation in the papers that has arisen because this old state of things has to be reversed on and from July, 1931. I mention the matter because I am doubtful now whether the line in the "Anchor Song" which runs "Port, port, she casts" ought not strictly to have been "Port, starboard, she casts." Oh, the troubles of a poet, and what about

the scansion—! And that reminds me of the query as to the alteration from "She is snorting under Bonnets" to "She's snorting as she's snatching." It was Mr. Elwell who pointed out in the 1928 July Number (p. 7) that Mr. Kipling was technically at fault about the Bonnets, and perhaps we have to thank Mr. Elwell for inducing R.K. to alter the words in the 1927 Complete Edition of the Poems in which I noticed the alteration for the first time. It proves in any case that the poet is not above correction.—*Gerard E. Fox, Bristol.*

With reference to Captain Eraser's enquiry in the October Journal about Kipling Gramophone Records, the Victor Talking Machine Co., of Camden, N.J., U.S.A., issue two double-sided ones as follows:—

No. 6583 A. "Gunga Din," music by Charles Gilbert Spross;

No. 6583 B. "Boots," music by Hazel H. S. Felman;

No. 6638 A. "Danny Deever," music by Walter Damrosch;

No. 6638 B. "On the Road to Mandalay," music by Oley Speaks.

"Danny Deever" and "Boots" are especially well rendered. They are all sung by Mr. Reinald Werrenrath, baritone. I do not care for the "On the Road to Mandalay" one very much, probably because my favourite tune to this song is the one composed by Mr. Charles Willeby. I once heard a Record of this song set to Mr. Willeby's music sung by Peter Dawson. For your information, I would point out to you that the name of Punta Arenas has recently been altered to Magallanes, and therefore in future lists of members the addresses of Miss Goudie, my wife and self should be corrected.—*Tom P. Jones, Magallanes, Chile.*

Other readers have already expressed their opinion on Mr. Harvey's article on the "Philosophy of Rudyard Kipling" which I found most interesting, but there still remained a little to be said on the subject.

Mr. Harvey expresses surprise at the number of women admirers of Rudyard Kipling's works. Has not Mr. Harvey

missed the essentials in some of the women characters he uses as examples? Mr. Harvey describes Mrs. Hauksbee as "An unsavoury Anglo-Indian." It appears to me Mrs. Hauksbee proved herself not entirely unsavoury in "The Rescue of Pluffles." No critic of the character of "William the Conqueror" can be justified in focussing our attention on the disfigurement of the "big silvery scar," she bore on her forehead, where Kipling appears to use this to illustrate her unselfish devotion to her brother in continuing to live in the plains through many hot weather, culminating in her high ideal of duty in caring for the famine-stricken women and babies of the Madras Presidency. Where Mr. Harvey refers to some of the Anglo-Indian women characters of Mr. Kipling's he does not appear to realise the tragedy in the lives of so many of them, which Mr. Kipling touches on so lightly and very truly understands. It is this understanding that attracts so many women admirers.—*Mary Gibson-Fleming, Lymington, Hants.*

I have been very interested in the Terse Headings by Captain Chandler. There are so many stories mentioned that are not in the English Editions, and so many headings omitted from ours. Could you tell me if such references as "The Coming K," "The Question of Givers," "Our Overseas Men," "The Last Relief," "Dead Kings," "The Man and the Shadow," "New Brooms," and "Gallihawk's Pup," can be found here—and where? And the author's name of "I have done one braver thing," is not Doone, but Donne. I should also be very grateful for advice about a copy of "Life's Handicap," published by Doubleday and McClure Co., 1899, bound in green cloth. On the inner page is:—Copyright, 1891, by Macmillan and Co. Copyright, 1899, by Rudyard Kipling." Publishers—Norwood Press—J. S. Cushing—Bernard Smith. Norwood: Mass. U.S.A. Is it a 1st American Edition?—*Mrs. C. M. Sutton Sharpe, Edgbaston.*

In reference to a recent inquiry in the Journal for Kipling Gramophone records, I have an excellent rendering of "Follow me 'Ome," sung by Peter Dawson (H.M.V. 12in. plum label No. C. 958), and believe this record is still obtainable.—*Chas. D. Edwards, Kerridale, Western Australia.*

(Several letters are held over).

Kipling Prices Current.

ONCE again we are able to provide members with some auction prices realised for Kipling items at Messrs. Sotheby's sale rooms. The following sold early in December, 1929, should be of interest to collectors of Kiplingiana:—

The Elephant's Child, 1902; *How the Leopard got his Spots*, 1902; *The Crab that Made the Tides*, 1902; *Their Lawful Occasions*, 1903; *They*, 1904; *With the Night Mail*, 1905; and 10 other stories by the same author; in 1 vol. FIRST ISSUES, extracted from various magazines, illustrations, silk cloth, 1902-5.

£1 1s.

The Last Relief, 1891; *Finest Story in the World*, 1891; *My First Book*, 1892; *Story of Ung*, 1894; *My Lord the Elephant*, 1893; *Brushwood Boy*, 1895; and other Articles, Stories, and **Poetry**, 55 pieces in all; in 1 vol. FIRST ISSUES, extracted from various magazines, etc., illustrations, silk cloth, 1890-1900.

£2 2s.

A collection of Pieces by Rudyard Kipling, portraits and various items relating to him, 93 items in all, including: *The School Budget*, no. 13 and 14, *Horsmonden*, 1898; *Mother o' Mine*; *The Absent Minded Beggar*; *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot*; *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers*, 1893; and others, FIRST ISSUES, extracted from Magazines and Newspapers, portraits by Nicholson, Spy, etc. mounted on guards, or laid down in an album, silk cloth, 1891-1900.

£4 15s.

Later in the month a corrected typescript and two letters appeared and realised:—

Auto. corrected typescript of *The Absent Minded-Beggar*, 2pp. folio, with upwards of thirty minor corrections, erasures, punctuation marks, etc. one complete line crossed out and re-written, apparently the draft for the printer.

£152

A. L. s. 1p. 8vo, Rock House, St. Marychurch, March 4, 1897, to Mrs. Tree.

£8 10s.

A. L. s. with P.S. (signed initials), 1p. 4to, Kessingland, Lowestoft, Aug. 10, 1914, to Lady Tree, with auto. envelope.

£8

The big price of £245 was paid at this sale for a copy of *Just So Stories*, with an autograph signature of the author on the title and an inscription and quotation from the Laws of the

Jungle. The book was sent to the daughter of the late Master of Magdalene, after Mr. Kipling had visited Cambridge in June, 1908, to reach an Honorary Degree.

At the end of January a fair number of First Editions passed through Messrs. Sotheby's hands, but only a few of the prices call for record here :—

Works (complete with Departmental Ditties), 34 vol. EDITION DE LUXE, cloth. Macmillan, 1897-1927. £33

Barrack-Room Ballads, FIRST EDITION, one of 225 copies on Large Paper, original buckram, 1892. £12

The Seven Seas, FIRST EDITION, A. L. s. from the Author, 1 p. 8vo. Aug. 1, 1905, inserted, original cloth, g. t., 1896.

£8 10s.

The Seven Seas, FIRST EDITION, original buckram, 1896.

£3 10s.

*A card is inserted with the Autograph Signature of the Author, and an autograph not signed by the novelist, Sarah Grand.

Letters of Marque, FIRST COMPLETE EDITION, two leaves of advertisements before half-title and three leaves of advertisements at end, original red and blue cloth, binding stained, Allahabad, 1891. £3 15s.

The Light that Failed, FIRST ENGLISH EDITION, advertisements at end dated February, 1891, original blue cloth, 1891.

£20

The Jungle Book and *The Second Jungle Book*, FIRST EDITIONS, 2 vol. illustrations, original blue cloth, gilt, g. e. PINE COPIES, 1894-5. £40

Out of India, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, New York, 1895.

£3 10s.

In February, R.K. items appeared in two catalogues. The following lots of Allahabad books are of interest:—

The City of Dreadful Night and Other Places, FIRST EDITION, four pages of advertisements at beginning and ten pages at end, original wrappers, back strip missing. Allahabad, 1891. £12 10s.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw, FIRST EDITION, one leaf of advertisements at beginning and four at end, original wrappers. Allahabad, n. d. £33

Under the Deodars, FIRST EDITION, one leaf of advertisements at beginning and four at end, original wrappers, back-strip missing. Allahabad, n. d. £11

Kipling Verse Headings.

COMPILED BY CAPTAIN L. H. CHANDLER.

Continued from No. 12.

L.

- 'Less you want your toes trod off you'd better get back at once
(Kipling). *My Lord the Elephant.*
- Lest you should think this story true (Kipling). *A Code of
Morals.*
- Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should (Kipling).
The Lesson.
- " Let us now praise famous men " (Kipling). *A School Song.*
- Life liveth but in life, and doth not roam (author unidentified).
A Conference of the Powers.
- Little Blind Fish—thou art marvellous wise (Kipling). *The
Bisara of Pooree.*
- Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind (Pope). *One View
of the Question.*
- Look, you have east out love. What gods are these (Kipling).
Lispeth.
- Love and let love, and so will I (author unidentified). *From
Sea to Sea. Letter viii.*

M.

- May no ill dreams disturb my rest (Hymn). *The Phantom
Rickshaw.*
- Men are not moved to higher things (Kipling) *The Bene-
factors.*
- Men say it was a stolen tide (Ingelow). *At the Pit's
Mouth.*
- Morality, heavenly link (Gilbert). *A Little Morality.*
- Much have I seen (author unidentified). *From Sea to Sea.
Letter xxxv.*
- My brother kneels, so saith Kabir (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter
xiv.*
- My friend, if cause dost wrest thee (Tusser). *An Habitation
Enforced.*
- My notion was that you had been (Dodgson). *The Explana-
tion of Mir Baksh,*

N.

No doubt but ye are the people (Kipling). *The Islanders*.
 Not in the camp his victory lies (Kipling). *The Reformers*.
 No though you die to-night, O Sweet, and wail (Kipling). *By
 Word of Mouth*.
 Now I remember comrades (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter vi*.
 Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan
 brown (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter v*.
 Now we are come to our kingdom (Kipling). *The Naulahka.
 Chapter xviii*.

O.

O Hassan! Saving Allah there is none (Kipling). *Beast
 and Man in India. Chapter xviii*.
 O ye, all ye that walk in Willow Wood (D. G. Rosetti). *The
 Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood*.
 Oh brave new world that hath such creatures in it (Shakes-
 peare). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xvi*.
 Oh, East is East and West is West (Kipling). *The Ballad
 of East and West*.
 Oh what will your Majesty please to wear (Rhodes, adapted).
Bombaystes Furioso.
 Oh, Where would I be when my froat was dry? (Kipling).
The Madness of Private Ortheris.
 Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter i*.
 Old is the song that I sing (Kipling). *Army Headquarters*.
 Once on a time was a King anxious to understand (Kipling).
A History of England. Chapter vii.
 One grave to me was given (Kipling). *The Gardener*.
 Only why should it be with pain at all (R. Browning). *The
 Tents of Kedar*.
 Or ever the knightly years were gone (Henley). *The Finest
 Story in the World*.
 Our little maid that hath no breasts (Kipling). *The Naulahka,
 Chapter xx*.

P.

Peace, peace, such a small lamp illumines on this highway
 (D. G. Rosetti). "*Struck Ile.*"
 Pit where the buffalo cooled his hide (Kipling), *Cupid's
 Arrows*.

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Secretary's Announcements.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE AND ANNUAL LUNCHEON

WEDNESDAY, 11th JUNE, 1930.

Members are requested to note that owing to the reconstruction of the building, the above will NOT take place in Princes' Restaurant, Piccadilly, W.1, as in former years. The Conference and Annual Luncheon will be held in—HOTEL REMBRANDT, BROMPTON ROAD (Opposite the Oratory), LONDON, S.W.3.

It has been arranged for the collection of books, etc., owned by the Society to be on view each Wednesday in April from 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m., in a room at the Rubens Hotel, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1. Members only are allowed this privilege. It is desired by the Council that this room should be treated as a "Kipling Family" meeting place, and therefore free of all formalities as regards introductions between members. It is hoped that this may help in promoting discussions of mutual interest to Kipling Students.

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