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artist. The price is 5s. and the book contains "Thy Servant a Dog" and "The Great Play Hunt," which have already appeared in Cassell's Magazine. A third tale, "Toby Dog," has never before appeared anywhere. The stories will appeal to dog lovers and others. We print extracts from some of the reviews elsewhere in this issue.

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Two other items of interest to collectors are to be recorded. On Monday, November 3, *The Daily Telegraph* published a new Kipling poem in four stanzas entitled "Memories." It was called forth by the action of the Government over the Armistice Day services. The other item is a story entitled "The Miracle of St. Jubanus," which had pride of place in the Christmas number of *The Story Teller*, "not solely because the author is generally regarded as the greatest living master of the short story, but also because the atmosphere of the story itself strikes us as happily appropriate to the occasion"; thus the Editor of the journal in which it is printed. It is not a Christmas story and it is not a war story, but this account of the recovery of a French victim of the Great Strife is certainly "happily appropriate" to the season of the year in which it appeared.

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On the occasion of the opening meeting, referred to above, a London member submitted to our notice an "American Pirate" bearing the name of P. E. Collier & Son, New York. Neither the title page, nor the preliminaries, bore any date, and, despite the fact that it was Volume Three of *Selected Works of Rudyard Kipling*, it opened with a biographical and bibliographical note on the author and his books, followed by an introduction. The former was over the name of A. Lang, the latter is attributed to Henry James, and is, indeed, the essay that appeared in the Regent Edition of *My Own People*. We have heard that the Regent Edition was published by arrangement with Mr. Kipling, and if that were so the not unreasonable inference is that the Colliers reprinted not only Mr. Kipling's work, but also that of the distinguished author of *The American Ambassador* and other novels. Who A. Lang may have been we can only guess, but if the intention was to suggest Andrew Lang, whose estimate of Kipling's stories can be found in *Essays in Little*, the writer of this note got hopelessly out of his depth. That the distinguished Scot critic

could have written of Mr. Kipling "I do not anticipate for him a very popular popularity; he does not compete with Miss. Braddon or Mr. E. P. Roe," is unthinkable.

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A transcript in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's hand of his famous hymn, "Recessional," was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's Sale Room on November 11. The "Recessional" was originally published in *The Times* in July, 1897. This copy had six verses, 30 lines in all, with title at head and the author's full signature at foot, on one page quarto. The whereabouts of the original manuscript, which was written in 1897, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, according to *The Times*, is unknown. But it is interesting to note that in the Harvard University Library there is an early draft of the "Recessional" which was presented by Dr. Francis Bullard. This draft was given to Dr. Bullard by his cousin, Miss Sara Norton, as a Christmas present in 1904. With it was a letter in which she mentioned that "when staying with R.K. he wrote the famous poem he afterwards called 'The Recessional—but it began in his head as After,' and this was a copy of the poem he began and then tossed aside." The copy sold in November was described as the property of a lady. The bidding started at £50, and the manuscript fell at £650 to Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York. At the same sale, there was also sold the autograph manuscript of "The Last Chantey," first published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, in June, 1893, 13 five-line stanzas, with title at head and the author's full signature at foot, on two pages quarto. This also was catalogued as "the property of a lady"; but at the foot of the first page of the manuscript was written: "For Miss Bridson, April, 1897." Messrs. Maggs bought it for £85. There was some surprise that the Recessional did not realise a bigger price, as in June a manuscript of "The White Man's Burden" was sold for £800.

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Copyright law precludes the publication of two translations of "If" which Mr. T. H. Nash, of Vienna, has sent us. Of one in French Mr. Nash writes: "I do not like it because the translator, whose name I do not know, has not preserved the sequence of the thoughts, or rather has jumbled them promiscuously. The German translation by a Mr. Wimmer is excellent. Not only has the order of the ideas been faithfully adhered to, but the pithy thought of each line in the original

has been carefully reproduced; the metre, too, is the same, and the masculine and feminine rhymes are retained. The genesis of this translation is rather interesting. In February, 1915, mark the date! I was having a *dejeuner à la fourchette* in a restaurant when a stranger came in and with my permission seated himself at my table. We got into conversation, and the talk soon turned on to matters literary. He had never read "If" and was so struck with the thoughts, of which I gave him a hasty sketch in clumsy German prose, that he begged me to give him in writing a literal translation of each single line. I did so, and an hour and a half later he presented me with the finished poem. The man himself was, and I believe still is, a steward on Prince Liechtenstein's estates. His tastes are entirely literary, and he is by way of being a poet himself. I have extracted a good deal of amusement from this German version by reciting it to various people who are exceedingly well read in German literature, and then innocently inquiring if they could tell me who the author was. Without exception the answer has always been: 'Well, I cannot place it, but it must be by Goethe.' When asked why they attribute it to that great genius, they reply: 'The depth of thought chiefly leads me to suppose so, and then the diction.' This might be an eye-opener for some of the newer critics who belittle Kipling."

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Apropos of the versatility of Rudyard Kipling, in about 1896, there was a story that a sometime assistant to Professor Ayrton, the eminent electrical engineer, was once assisting at one of the soirees of the Royal Society, in charge of electrical experiments illustrating certain phenomena of alternating currents. During the evening the demonstrators were kept busy doing experiments for all and sundry who came along. One of the visitors showed particular interest in the experiments and readily grasped the principles involved. The assistant demonstrator, turning to a colleague, asked "Who is that scientific chap,?" and was much surprised when he said "He is not a chap, he is Rudyard Kipling."

The Business Man's Debt to Kipling.

A TALK BY SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

I WAS announced to read a paper on my subject, but all that I propose to do this afternoon is to talk to you as I would to a friend in front of the smoking-room fire, about what I, as a business man, feel that I owe to Kipling. I am no literary critic; I have no qualifications for talking as an appreciator of literature. I am only an ordinary, simple business man who is very glad of this opportunity of acknowledging a debt and expressing his gratitude for the help which Kipling has been to him in body, mind and soul for many years past.

I am not prepared to say that Kipling is the only author I read or am influenced by; that would indeed be a very narrow view of life, but I can say this—that Kipling is always on the table at the side of my bed, and the point of view I want to put before you is the assistance that Kipling is to a business man, who has the responsibility of controlling a considerable staff and dealing with a considerable volume of business.

First of all, what is business? Well, I do not regard business in the same light as the person who says "Business is Business." Sometimes he says "Bithneth ith Bithneth," and regards it as a means of doing another man down and getting the best of a deal. I regard business—and I think all decent business men regard business—as a form of service for mutual profit. If business is not for the advantage of both parties, it is not worth doing and it won't last. The sort of business that I am thinking about is business which is service for mutual profit. Now the business man, who is going to conduct business on those lines and is going to control any considerable staff and deal with any number of people, has very many things to consider.

First of all, he has to understand human-kind. He is himself only very human—he needs to be—and should have a very good knowledge of human nature. Well now, where can you go better than to the works of Kipling to give you an understanding of human nature? Who better has understood human nature, male and female, than Kipling—though of course he does not deal nearly as much with the female side of human nature as he does with the male, but when he does, he shows a very keen understanding, and I do not know any more delightful love stories than the few that Kipling has written

—"William the Conqueror" and "The Brushwood Boy" are two of the most charming.

I think "The Brushwood Boy" is one of the most valuable as well as delightful stories that any business man could keep within reach of his bedside, because it deals first of all with the great qualities of leadership as illustrated in the regimental life of George Cottar. Anyone who can read "The Brushwood Boy" and not get help and inspiration in the handling of other men is a very dull person. And for anyone who can read "The Brushwood Boy" without being carried away into the realms of romance down the Thirty Mile Ride I am very sorry.

Then the business man needs not only to understand human-kind. He needs to love his fellow creatures if he is going to deal successfully with them. You cannot do any continuously successful business or control successfully any body of men or deal satisfactorily with any body of customers, unless you feel kindly and friendly towards human nature; and one of the most striking characteristics, I think, of Kipling is this obvious love of his fellow creatures—not a sentimental, sloppy sort of love, but a very understanding love—the love that understands all and pardons all; and that is where it seems to me that Kipling is of great use to anyone in a position of responsibility and authority, because he helps you both to understand and to care for human-kind.

None can read the stories in "Soldiers Three" without realising what understanding affection Kipling had for his fellow-men. None could read "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" without realising the sympathy he had for the under-dog, for the under-woman, and for those subject to the cruelty of other human beings. And does he not help us also to love-animals as well as human beings? Perhaps the most moving of his stories is "Garm—a Hostage," that wonderful story of the dog which Ortheris gave as hostage for his good behaviour. Every lover of dogs rejoices in the boisterous reunion of the suffering Cockney and his dawg.

And what lover of animals can fail to read over and over again with joy "The Maltese Cat"—that glorious story of a polo match that thrills one from start to finish. I have never read any story of a game that fascinated me more than "The Maltese Cat," though I daresay many of you have recently read another extraordinarily good account of a polo match—not by Kipling—in a book entitled *Bengal Lancer*. But that is by

the way. You have only to turn to the *Jungle Books* to appreciate still further Kipling's understanding and love of animals and to be helped yourself to understand and love them.

Well, if a business man is helped to cultivate his understanding of human nature, his love of human nature and his love of the animal world, he has got something very much to be grateful for. If he has been helped to sympathise with his fellow creatures, again he has had something for which to be very grateful.

But the business man has not only got to understand and care for human nature and sympathise with it. He has got to learn—and never forget—how to play the square game, and surely Kipling's whole creed in life is playing the square game. He very well illustrates the disadvantage of not playing the square game in that amusing story "Bread upon the Waters," in which McRimmon and McPhee triumphed so chucklingly over that rascal Sterner.

When you think of it, all Kipling's men who are not villains are what we call "white" men. They "play the game," and they inculcate the "square game" from youth upwards. There is no better book for helping the grown man to understand the boy, and the boy to "play the game," than *Stalky and Co.* with its thoroughly masculine stories of schoolboy life, while—as I have said before—the early career of George Cottar is splendidly helpful.

The business man has got to learn to be a leader and not a driver—a sportsman and not a brute. There again, *Stalky & Co.* and "The Brushwood Boy" are most helpful, and so is that fine story "His Private Honour," which shows the young officer playing the man after having played the fool, and proving himself fit to be a leader—to be a leader of men like Ortheris with his "My rights! 'Stewth A'mighty! I'm a *man*." I am sure you will all love Ortheris as one of the most charming characters that Kipling has put on paper. It is difficult to know which to love most, Ortheris or Mulvaney. Mulvaney you enjoy as a great termagant of man. Ortheris is the true "gamin" type, and I think one probably loves the Irishman more—at any rate, he gets into most trouble, which helps us most to sympathise with him.

The type of business man I have in mind needs insight, imagination, inspiration, sincerity, courage—courage to-day more than at any time to face the difficulties that lie before us, courage in the sense of readiness for adventure. We badly

need the adventurous spirit in business. I think we are suffering very much in business from the fact that almost all the best of our generation was wiped out by the War. When you think that the fellows who were from one-and-twenty to five—or seven-and-twenty when War broke out would to-day have been from 35 to 43 or 44 if they had been here instead of in France, you realise how badly we in this country are missing the finest adventurous spirits of that generation, I think we want to encourage our youngsters to come forward as quickly as possible into the front ranks of business to put the spirit of adventure and courage into all our undertakings. We are suffering from the fact that grandfather has had to carry on longer than he otherwise would have done because the next generation to him is very largely not there.

That is aside from my subject, but I do feel that the business man very much needs the love of adventure and romance, and Kipling helps to give it him as practically no other living author I know. He has no thought and no use for the cautious soul or for any but the oncoming and high-flying spirit, and I feel that we business men owe to him a great deal of the inspiration which helps us to maintain that much needed spirit of enterprise and adventure.

He helps also to develop our insight. Kipling shows a marvellous insight into human nature; and reading and studying him helps to develop our own imagination and our own philosophy. Kipling is a great philosopher, and business men need very particularly to be philosophers, able to face the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with equanimity, and to go forward undaunted by failure to final success. You could not have a finer creed for the business man than that outlined in those familiar lines: "If."

The business man also very much needs a strong sense of humour and a sense of proportion, and Kipling certainly helps to develop both. The business man is sometimes asked to go and talk to school-boys. I have had that honour two or three times lately, and I have taken good care before undertaking the job to re-read that story in *Stalky & Co.*—"The Mag of their Country," in which is recounted how Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P., talks to the boys at Stalky's school, with the result that they—the most patriotic of boys—promptly went and burnt the Union Jack as a reaction against the idiotic pomposity of the visitor. The story helps one to realise how necessary it

is to see things from the boy's point of view and not from that of the elderly and pompous ass if one is to get any response or do any good in talking to an Upper School. When I found myself on the platform at Winchester with about 250 boys in front of me I said to myself " No Raymond Martin wanted here," and I tried to talk what Kipling calls " God's Own Common Sense " and not flamboyant tosh.

Another great need of the business man is to escape from the worries and troubles of business at the end of the day's work, and there is no finer tonic for the tired man and the discouraged heart than that which brings him laughter. I remember once being on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I had been unable for two or three weeks to sleep for more than about an hour at a time, and I was wondering what was going to happen, when I went to a play which made me laugh from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Lottie Venne was then in her prime, and after seeing her in " Nurse Benson " and laughing till I cried I slept for nine hours and was saved from that breakdown.

In those days I did not read Kipling as much as I have done since. I have found that if one is very tired and afraid of not sleeping because of nervous worry there is nothing like getting one of those precious little red leather volumes and going off to Portsmouth and taking Pycroft's advice to " buy an 'am an' see life," and then going down Channel with Moorshed and his beloved destroyer with her added petticoat and false funnel, and spending a night in Torbay with the Brixham fishermen torpedoing Captain Panke's and Captain Malan's warships.

Another journey I would then suggest is to go for that glorious run through Sussex with Hinchcliffe, Pycroft and the policeman, and land the worthy constable ultimately in the private menagerie which makes him believe he has gone to another world. Or go further afield and take off your clothes, swim the Irrawaddy with Mulvaney, and take part in " the most ondasint p'rade I iver tuk a hand in." It will help you at any rate to go to sleep.

If that is not enough, spend a " Sunday at Home " with the navy who has suffered from the medical profession, and see him pull the rector out of his brougham by his leg, then throw the lamps out through the lamp-room window, and finally collapse with the wail: " Another b . . . y doctor!"

Do you want still more ? Then get on the back of " My Lord •the Elephant " along with Mulvaney and get stuck at the end

of the Tangi Pass with the regiment " singin' bloomin' serenades to the end of an elephant that don't care for tunes." Yes, it is true that one of the greatest debts the business man owes to Kipling is for that gift of humour in which his books are so rich.

Finally, the business man needs to be conversant not only with this " no mean country," but also with the Empire, and no one can help him to that better than Kipling. At the present time we are trying to understand something of the problem of India. I recommend everyone who wants a grip of the Indian question to read Kipling and get to understand the wonderful work of the Indian Civil Service. You cannot read " William the Conqueror "—an account of famine in Southern India and of the getting a wonderful sense of the atmosphere in India and of the fine work done gladly and without fee or reward and without talk by the great Indian Civil Service. You cannot read *Plain Tales from the Hills* or the *Jungle Book* or *Kim* without being helped to understand the atmosphere of India. Kipling, above all, is a great Imperial patriot, and even if one does not always agree with his views on everything one can feel a great debt of gratitude to him for his work on behalf of the British Empire of which the business man forms no small part. Indeed, if the business man does not feel that he is a vital part of the British Empire he is on the wrong basis altogether.

There is just one other point I might mention. One often reads that tired men of business and in public affairs are fond of reading " thrillers." This is perfectly true. Most of my friends are fond of detective stories, but I would say to them—" If you want some really good thrillers, go to your Kipling." There is " The Return of Imray " to make your flesh creep, while " The Man who Was " ; " The Mark of the Beast " ; " The Phantom 'Rickshaw " are a few among many stories that will provide the thrill that some people ask as a relaxation from the business world.

This is an inadequate—a much too inadequate—account, but at any rate it is a sincere account, of what I regard as a debt of the business man to Kipling. He helps to inspire one; he helps one to a philosophic view of life and an understanding of one's fellow creatures and a love of them which is so essential to any success in life; and especially he helps one to a re-creation, re-vivification and re-inspiration of the spirit when the fires of life are burning low through stress of business life.

Gleanings from Westward Ho !

NOTES BY MR. G.R. BERESFORD ON MR. KIPLING'S FIRST BOOK.

THE principal gleaning I propose this afternoon is with reference to Kipling's first published or semi-demi-privately published work, *Schoolboy Lyrics*, about which I gave a short lecture same time ago. I was then under the false impression that these Lyrics were easily available in the *Inclusive Verse*, and that most of us had read them. Hence I did not read any of them, thinking they would be familiar to most if not all.

I found later that this idea was mistaken. These musical performances are only to be found carefully tucked away in the limited numbers of the *Edition de Luxe*; in the scanty original edition, and in some American editions. So if, greatly daring, I venture to read from a few of the poems, they will come fresh, to most of us here, after their half century of entombment.

I do not know whether the Lyrics (so called) have even had the full burden of criticism placed upon them; perhaps no critic has dealt with them faithfully. Nevertheless, they are worthy of criticism, not so much on account of their poetic merits, as a revelation of much in the origin of our writer's talents and genius. So this human or psychological aspect, instead of the purely literary view, may be taken up and dealt with if one has the insight to perceive it.

The little book was given to one part of the world; and severely withheld from another part of the world during Kipling's school days. It was blazoned forth to a few friends in Asia, and possibly London, and hidden under a bushel, most carefully in Devonshire. This partial birth occurred in 1881. Kipling burst upon Bideford in January, 1878; so we have him under the scholastic eye for perhaps three and a half years before his typographical parturition. It follows that the composition, or the chief part thereof, must have taken place at *Westward Ho!* and thus comes under the heading of gleanings from that place. Further, the Lyrics must have been written between the ages of 14 and 15 years, some probably at an earlier age.

During these years at school the unfortunate youth led rather a bleak and grim existence as an inhabitant of the desolate and uncomfortable form rooms. He was during these years not one of the privileged study boys. He had neither

a happy little home in the West, nor yet in the East. Cosiness both in the North and South was denied him.

The little bundle of leaves, the so-called Lyrics, reflect all this in their note of sadness and discomfort, leading up to a grand finale in decease and actual interment in the last poem, and even further in loud and irritable complaints—on the part of the hero from the interior of his coffin during the process of burial. Kipling also explores the nether regions; he leaves no stone unturned to give his readers the complete hump.

From all this extreme insistence on the horror of being and of no-being one may gauge the unattractiveness of form room life during play time in bad weather, when out-of-doors was out of the question. The form rooms had as furniture only wooden forms and desks; there were no chairs or other means of relaxation. The floors were bare boards, the walls as desolate. Here our poet would sit in these uninviting surroundings, and while pretending to write home letters to his affectionate parents, would invoke the muse.

By whatever name this semi-deity was known, she must have worn a troubled countenance on being summoned into such a repulsive environment, and her visage is reflected in her communications with her devotee.

She only occasionally lets up; on most of her visits she is in the dumps contemplating betrayals, total failure in life's hopes and undertakings, condemned cells, the reading of wills, the operations Beelzebub, the penalties of old age, decease and interment, and finally Hades itself. She can leave out nothing in the tale of possible woes, and her schoolboy merophant obediently follows her ministrations, recking nothing of the tendencies of his brochure but humbly accepting the incitements of what must have been an outraged deity.

All this, as we have surmised, is due to the absence of any graciousness in the plenishing and decoration of these unhappy and forbidding form rooms. Our poet is insensitive, apparently, to the canopy of gloom that overhangs him, and is utterly unconscious of the total effect of his effusions. On the completion of his task, freed from semi-divine control, he recovers his boyhood and his cheerfulness, and blithely dubs the result "Lyrics."

If we examine the Lyrics more particularly, we find on the weaker side an absence of structure and logical coherence. The thought is scattered, there is not strength enough to hold to

the theme in a consistent manner. The mind wanders a little and loses grip, and the result is a not too clear and incomplete picture. The poems leave off rather than end in a satisfactory conclusion. The end is not seen from the beginning', and just comes along when the bard is tired.

From the human point of *view* our poet is very unkind to his species, stinging and ungallant. He has the savagery natural to boyhood when the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune are still unfelt or unsuspected; consequently he is untouched with sympathy and understanding. He deals out his blows all round him, as if the sentient beings dealt with had no feelings and could take their punishment with indifference if not with cheerfulness. He has a short way with the ladies, extenuating nothing and setting down much in malice. Not that our young friend was a woman hater. Oh no! It must have been that he chastened them because he loved them. Turning to the stronger side of the poems a good deal could really be said in defence. There is a great power of expression, he certainly gets his effects when those are on the side of violence. There is a great variety of ideas and a wide range of interest and thought remarkable in a youth, as yet not much more than a child. Action and drama interest him; what people do and feel is the thing that counts. Kipling's vividness and intense power of realization are all here—in the *egg*. Phrases that grip the mind and remain, are turned out almost *ad libitum*.

Our author has the quotability of Shakespeare, and this quotability, if the book had escaped into the open at Westward Ho! would have recoiled with terrible force on his head. He would never have heard the last of his stanzas. How Kipling would have smiled to himself at the thought of what the others were missing. How that magnificent argosy loaded with ammunition was sailing unsuspected by. Really it was somewhat cruel of the bard to deprive his friendly-enemies of so much innocent merriment.

But the thing most notable to the wondering world in general is :—Where are the soldier songs? where the inspirations of this confounded semi-military school that he had been flung into; to have his mind deformed? They simply aren't there! Perhaps the school was not so very military after all. There is no thought for the world beyond the seas or of the jewelled Orient.

The remembrance of India, the land of his birth, has completely faded away. Anything he may have absorbed with his ayah's milk has been worked out of his system.

No drum taps throb and rumble through these verses; no bugle calls echo and die away. Here are no imitation Marmions, Waterloos, or Hohen Lindens. He does not hold the bridge with Horatius or bury Sir John Moore. He seems not to care whether Nelson had one arm or a hundred.

Newboltism is bolted, banged and barred out: Sir Henry's "Admiral's All" would at this date given him "jim jams." In fact the address to Queen Victoria on her escape from a pistol attack not written until 1882 was perhaps his first bursting in to the soldier country, the (to him) virgin prairie, where his recourses of intense expression could find their fullest scope.

Why this strange omission of martial music; this blindness to what was waiting for him? It must have been because he was under the influence of the Rossetti, Burne Jones, Morris circle to which he was related and with whom he associated as far as a schoolboy could. Thus he was turned towards their range of ideas depicting the light that never was on land or sea. That group had no gratuitous admiration to give away to Tommies or Tars or Her Majesty's Jollies. It is the nature of some literary and artistic highbrow cliques to want all the admiration that is going, and to feel disgruntled if good adulation is running to waste in other directions.

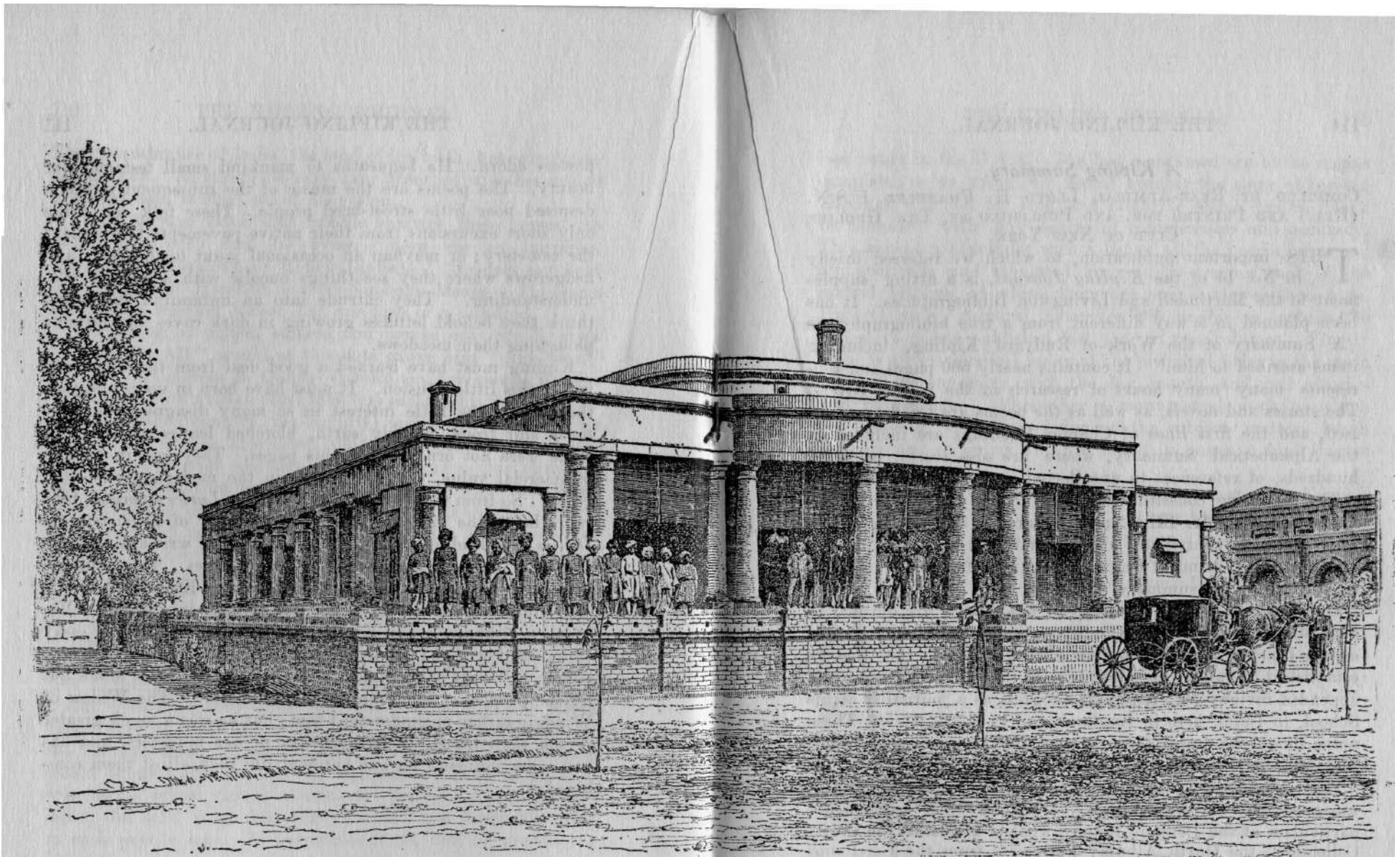
Our minstrel claims to be, and was a schoolboy: one would expect him to break into song; and celebrate the triumphs of the playing fields. Lines on hotly contested football matches would appear; and the thrill of the last few runs required to win for his school victory at cricket. But no! except for one lapse, the bard is too highbrow; he will not lower his muse to such puerile uses. So precocious is he, that he prefers the infernal regions to the cricket pitch.

The book is redolent of its time. The seventies are living and -moving on every page. There is the lonesomeness of a winter land and sea. In addition to the form trouble the bard is immersed in a Victorian atmosphere. The widowhood of the Great Queen is the widowhood of many things. The temperate zone and not the sun-bright tropics is in the air he breathes.

It is nearly time to say that he views no distant mountains and beholds no azure seas. His vernal meads, few dainty miniature

flowers adorn. He bequeaths to mankind small testament of beauty. The poems are the music of the subsequently, much despised poor little street-bred people. These folk can make only short excursions from their native pavements to—perhaps the cemetery; or mayhap an occasional jaunt to the fields and hedgerows where they see things bucolic with a strange misunderstanding. They intrude into an unfamiliar land, and think they behold lettuces growing in dark caves and farmers ploughing their meadows.

Kipling must have learned a good deal from the broadcasting of this little effusion. It must have born in upon him that the public take little interest in so many disagreeables; that toads and frogs, mouldy earth, blotched leaves and reeking slime were not ornaments to his pages. They had in fact no commercial value, they were not—in the modern phrase—the goods. So from this chrysalis of *Schoolboy Lyrics* emerged, four years later, the gay and glittering butterfly of *Departmental Ditties*, and leading up to the great volume of writings on prose and verse that have so much influenced his times. This influence was not merely an obsession or delusion of the Kipling adherents and admirers, for we may take the opinion expressed by Mr. Stephen Graham, a non Kiplingite, when he states in an essay on our author that Carlyle, Tennyson, Kipling seem in the true sequence, voices of England, heard not by ourselves alone but by the peoples of the Empire and the world. The Widow of Windsor rather misunderstood him; but he was a much greater person than Queen Victoria or any of her ministers, and has had more influence on our national life than all of them combined.



Our illustration is reproduced from an old sketch which has been sent to us by a correspondent who was in Lahore, at the time that Mr. Kipling was on the Civil and Military Gazette. Mr. Kipling is in the group. The block was drawn and made in England from a photograph taken in Lahore about 1885. Mr. Kipling is leaning against the pillar on the left.

A man named Wilson may be in the group. He had been a corporal in the 9th Lancers—a very smart fellow who was employed in the office as a draughtsman for maps, etc. He used to take R.K. sometimes to a sergeants' mess, and this likely enough was the beginning of R.K.'s earliest observations of life in the army."

A Kipling Summary.

COMPILED BY REAR-ADMIRAL LLOYD H. CHANDLER U.S.N. (RET.) AND PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, THE GROLIER CLUB OF NEW YORK.

THIS important publication, to which we referred briefly in No. 14 of the *Kipling Journal*, is a fitting supplement to the Martindell and Livingston Bibliographies. It has been planned in a way different from a true bibliography, as "A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling, including items ascribed to him." It contains nearly 500 pages and represents many many hours of research in the field it covers. The stories and novels, as well as the poems are briefly epitomised, and the first lines of Chapter Headings are included in the Alphabetical Summary, where are also scores, probably hundreds, of references to uncollected items.

The foregoing constitute the body of the book but there is much besides. Mr. Ellis Ames Ballard, a well-known American, collector, contributes an informative introduction, which is followed by Admiral Chandler's own preface, and his notes on the use of the summary.

One hundred pages at the end of the volume are devoted to appendices. The first of these gives the dates of the principal events bearing upon our author's work down to the time he established himself at Bateman's, Burwash. The second appendix reviews Mr. Kipling's progress as a journalist at his School, in India, here in England, and in South Africa. These notes should be useful for reference, but they are not specialised data, as is the content of the third appendix.

Here we have an essay on the question of the authorship of unsigned and uncollected items. Among other sections are particulars of the Denham Letter; what is known as the Crofts Collection; the Garth Album; Turnovers from the *Civil and Military Gazette* with items from other out-of-the-way sources. A sub-section contains a list of the pen names employed by Mr. Kipling during his journalistic career with the titles of the articles, stories, or poems under which they were written, as well as the names of the papers—with the dates—in which they appeared.

Appendix IV. comprises a "List of the Principal Volumes of the Collected Works of Rudyard Kipling with their contents." This section covers the authorised Editions published in England and the United States, with some references to unauthor-

ised issues in the U.S.A. The last mentioned are by no means complete; as we wrote in a recent number the story of pirated Kiplings will call for long and intensive search before it can be compiled with any degree of completeness and accuracy. This appendix concludes with a list of all the poems, arranged alphabetically and tabulated for readily tracing each in the several editions, of which there are now no fewer than nine. Unfortunately Admiral Chandler was unable to include the expensive poems published last year in two volumes. Finally there is a chronological index of the principal titles in the main body of the summary, with the day, month, and year of original publication. Altogether a monumental work to which has gone a wide knowledge of the subject matter, much patience and so far as we have tested its pages, a high degree of accuracy.

Meantime will members take notice that *A Kipling Summary* is not in the market, nor can the author send the Society any copies for sale to members. The edition of 325 copies was distributed to the members of the Grolier Club at \$15 each. Admiral Chandler had a very few copies as a gift, and these he is willing to sell to members at \$15-50 post free, on receipt of the money. He has not advised us how many copies are available, but the number is only a few. One of them he has presented to the Kipling Society for its library. His address is Apt. 203, No. 3024, Tilden Street, N.W. Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

SOLUTION TO THE PUZZLE IN NO. 15.

Across.		Down.	
1. CARMATHAN	18. BREAK.	1. COPPY.	15. NIVEN.
5. BUKSH.	20. BIELDAR.	2. RUDYARD.	16. AGUINALDO
8. PUDMINI.	22. NALA.	3. ALIX.	18. BOLNAR.
10. CLIPPER.	23. UNITS.	4. NICHOLS.	19. KENNETH.
11. YEAR.	24. PUCK.	5. BHIL.	20. BETAH.
12. ABBOT.	28. LAVALLE.	6. KIPLING.	21. DAUBENY.
13. BIMI.	29. HUNEEFA.	7. HARDIEKER	25. KEATE.
16. ABDULLA.	30. ORRIN.	9. IMBRA.	26. GLEN.
17. SLING.	31. HANNASYDE	14. ALLEN.	27. ANNA.

Owing to a misunderstanding between the compiler and the Hon. Editor, the wrong clue to No. 21 Down was printed.

Thy Servant a Dog.

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS OF MR. KIPLING'S NEW BOOK.

THERE are just a few writers of animal stories who must never be thought of with the "Nature fakers" (Theodore Roosevelt's phrase) that impute human thoughts and emotions to their four-footed and feathered characters. Anatole France, for example, gave as a companion to his genial and sagacious M. Bergeret a little dog whose portrait proves its creator a master of his psychology. And, recalling the poem in which a dog deploras "the noselessness of man," which causes us to miss the smells of stone and thunder and old bones buried under, I do think Mr. G. K. Chesterton really knows what a dog is and isn't.

But ever since roving for the first time with his Mowgli through the green glooms of the jungle, I have regarded Mr. Kipling as by far our most faithful interpreter of animal personality. Really, I ought to know something about it, having cultivated friendships with dogs—working dogs, not mere pets with parlour-tricks—and cats from early childhood, and having lived for years that man-and-a-horse-life which is the secret of the spell cast on us by the Far West. Throughout the joyous adventures of Boots and Slippers and their fox-hunting friend Ravager, the two elements in dog character, fighting for one's own hand and the pack-spirit, are intertwined motives in the action. The same elements exist in human nature; that is why the dog is man's first and last friend, and his best collaborator in both work and play. The dog's master, no doubt, in his "Own God"; a creative deity dimly seen as created in his own spiritual image, and for that and other reasons the nearest and dearest of mysteries. It should be part of every child's education to own, and be owned by, a dog, and "Thy Servant a Dog" will be the gospel of complete understanding.

—E. B. Osborn in the *Morning Post* of October 28, 1930.

This is a new Kipling—first cousin, perhaps, to the Kipling of the "Jungle Books" and the Kipling of the "Just So Stories," but different from either. Simple as they are, these three dog stories, told by a dog in dog-language, have something of the character of a *tour de force*. It is as though Kipling, master of so many kinds of literature, wished to show what supreme skill can achieve in a style usually the monopoly

of writers whose understanding of animals is greater than their literary ability, or who have specialised entirely in this one genre. Canine psychology has been as well understood by other writers. But Kipling has done what scarcely anyone else has been able to do: he has understood and interpreted the infinite variety of canine character. The dog-personages in this book are as distinct and clear-cut as the human characters in a novel.—*Martin Moore in The Daily Telegraph of Tuesday, October 28, 1930.*

x x x x x

The superior and the humourless may find Kipling's stories of dogs light or even trivial entertainment, but those who know how to enter into their spirit will be very well content with them. Light indeed they are; nor would one compare them with some of his best animal stories of old times. Yet they are deft and charming, bubbling with fun, touched with pathos, full of acute observation. Their cleverest feature is the limitation of the dogs' world. The human beings are seen through their eyes only . . . Readers young and old will far rather extract all these plums for themselves—if indeed one can use that simile of a pudding which is almost all plums. Among them we must not forget Mr. Stampa's illustrations.—*From an unsigned Review in The Times, October 28, 1930.*

x x x x x

Mr. Kipling's intellectual virility is marvellous. The three dog characters which he has created in his new book, "Thy Servant a Dog," bear the stamp of their literary origin upon them as unmistakably as any that he created in his prime. The three dogs are as sharply individualised as three human beings, yet they are always essentially dogs. Mr. Kipling's sunset is hardly less brilliant than his noon.—*Extract from The Evening Standard of October 28, 1930.*

x x x x x

It depends, of course, on whether you like dogs and whether you enjoy reading pidgin—or dog-English; if you possess both qualifications, then Boots is the dog for your money—as game, cocky, snobbish and loyal a little terrier as ever "ate grass and sicked up." Boots tells his story in dog-English which, after some initial tedium, establishes itself as the appropriate expression of his personality. For Boots, Slippers and Ravager are real dogs, just as Stalky, McTurk and Beetle were real boys; indeed, Boots and Company are very like Stalky and

Company translated into canine terms. They get into mischief, they conduct themselves with gallantry, they teach their young master how to hunt, and they dispossess by guile an upstart hound from the chief place in the pack—all in best "pukka sahib" style. And when affliction comes with that death of "real-true-gent-dog" Ravager, one feels that Boot's sorrow is none the less credible for the calculated pathos of its utterance. Even if you believe that cats are definitely superior to dogs, you will be grateful to Mr. Kipling for the opportunity of meeting so sensible and pleasant an animal as Boots.—*From an unsigned Review in The Liverpool Post, October 29, 1930*

The President Speaks.

AT a meeting of The Author's Club held in London on October 21, when Mr. Robert Stokes occupied the chair, our President, Major-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville, replying to the toast of his health, said that two unusual things had happened to him—he had become mythological during his lifetime and a critic had accused him of having the mind of a maiden aunt.

"My first book, *The Adventures of Dunsterforce*, written in 1919, described the peculiar Alice-in-Wonderland side-show of the war, in which I was involved in 1918. I should have thought that a book of that description would find no favour with the public, but I received many letters from officers and men in the Dominions who had served with me in the 'Hush-Hush' army complaining that as our movements had been kept so secret, their friends and relations imagined they had been just having a 'cushy' time—and called on me to vindicate their honour. So the book was written, and proved a success.

"My next effort was in the form of a novel, which I called *And Obey*, which dealt with the stupid refusal of an otherwise willing bride to repeat those harmless words. It was written at the suggestion of my publisher. It was not a success, though the critics treated the book very kindly. Only one struck a discordant note, and he said I had the mind of a maiden aunt. But have maiden aunts minds of which one should be ashamed? It should have intrigued the public very much—a major-general "with the mind of a maiden aunt.

" In 1927 the Chief of the General Staff in India asked me to contribute, without remuneration, to the Indian Army newspaper, the *Fanji Aklibar*. He wanted something to be translated into Urdu, and issued as a serial to amuse the Sepoys. So I set to work and wrote the greater portion of the military part of *Stalky's Reminiscences*, as it now stands. Having written it for nothing I was urged by my friend, Sir Aurel Stein, to amplify the book and produce an English edition. I completed the book early in 1928, and one of the publishers to whom the MS. was submitted turned it down as 'not of a nature to interest the general public.'

" I had some hesitation about the title. Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* is such a well-known and beloved book that the title, *Stalky's Reminiscences* would certainly attract attention. The question was to what extent was I *Stalky*, and could I use the suggested title without adding twenty pages of explanation. No amount of explanation would convince the public "that ' *Stalky* ' is a character of pure fiction, and I frequently have to undergo a severe examination on the details of exploits which are purely imaginary. Certainly the episodes narrated are very much like things that did happen fifty years ago in the old college at Westward Ho! and it is certain that Kipling, Beresford and myself shared a study and were generally at war with masters and boys who incurred our dislike. Our various plots were quite ingenious and often hugely successful. From this solid foundation arises the noble structure of *Stalky & Co.* It is, however, unusual for a person to become mythological during his lifetime, and at times I find myself in a rather uncomfortable position."

A member suggests that someone with time ought to compare the story of Kipling's story, " *The Brushwood Boy*," as it appears in book form with the original magazine publication, as part of it was deleted. There is a long passage describing the school to which " *The Brushwood Boy* " went—a passage which proves very clearly that Kipling was describing his own old school. It is perhaps only a small detail but rather an interesting one. It was a natural thing for him to do.

The July Crypticisms.

WE have to thank many members for help in the matter of the Crypticisms printed in No. 15. The replies printed below follow the sequence of the original inquirers so far as it was possible to arrange them in that order. There has been a disposition in some of the letters to criticise the points raised, because "the discussion of such trivial minutiae cannot but expose the *Kipling Journal* to censure," to which notion we cannot subscribe, for after all not every member of the Society is an expert, and what may be familiar to one is quite possible unknown to another. That may seem a trite saying, but it applies to every walk of life.

Education of Otis Yeere. An assistant commissioner is known as a "Stunt Sahib," from the Indian pronunciation of the word "Sistunt." This is the grade to which a newly joined Heaven Born (I.C.S.) is usually appointed.—"Kala Juggah" means "dark place," and in this case refers to the screened sitting out retreats for two persons, dimly lighted, and usually associated with dances in India and other countries. Another member writes: "Burra-Khana" signifies a dinner-party (lit. trans: Big Dinner). It may interest members to know that "Kala Juggah" means, literally "black people"—in other words it is an idiomatic phrase referring to Indians. Invitations are not always extended to the Indian gentlemen, for dinner parties, dances, etc., hence the remarks anent "Kala Juggahs" in the story in question.

The Egg Shell. "And he let his Whitehead go." "Whitehead" means "Whitehead torpedo." Torpedoes are often called whiteheads.

Judson and The Empire: The only significance attaching to the passage quoted is that as the Bosun imagined great events were toward he must do his bit to prepare for them!

Disturber of Traffic. The light-house keeper wanted his visitor to be comfortable: more as though you were sitting on a sofa.

Love o' Women. Tattoo is Hindustani for a pony. In India one sometimes speaks of "tats" meaning ponies. Jock Elliotts derives from an old border song:—"My name is little Jock Elliott, and wha daur meddle with me." The Jock Elliotts are the K.O.S.B.'s.

My Lord the Elephant. E.P. tents were a special type of tent used by the army in the field. They measured 40 feet by 36 feet, held sixteen men, and were therefore cumbersome and heavy to handle.

The Meeting of the Mavericks. " Sam Hall " is a ballad which may be found in the *English Song Book*, collected and edited by Harold Scott, and published in 1926 by Chapman and Hall. Sam Hall was a murderer lying in gaol awaiting execution and the following are sample verses.

My name it is Sam Hall,		The parson he did come,
And I love you one and all.		And he looked so bally glum
Yes, I love you one and all,		—"When he spoke of Kingdom come
Damn your eyes,	}	Damn his eyes, }
Blast your soul.	}Chorus.	Blast his soul. } Chorus.

Baa Baa Black Sheep. His word " pagal " is obviously the child's attempt to pronounce " pagan." Perusal of the story will show why the child should be so called.

The Man who would be King. Sir James Brooke, who quitted the service of the East India Army in 1830, after being seriously wounded in the Burmese war, sailed in 1838 in a schooner-yacht from London for Sarawak, Borneo, with the idea of putting down piracy in the Eastern Archipelago. When he arrived there in 1839, for assistance given to the uncle of the Sultan of Borneo against rebel tribes, he was by the Sultan made Rajah of Sarawak (1841). Revisiting England in 184T, he was created K.C.B.

A Second Rate Woman. A Shigramitish woman signifies a woman of no importance. " Unless my memory is at fault," writes one member, a shigram is a slow moving bullock drawn native vehicle. A Shigramitish woman (variation of Midianitish?) would be a woman to whom no one would give a second thought. Mrs. Hawksbie was being sarcastic.

Black Jack. An allusion to the woman of Devizes who committed perjury and, so the story goes, fell dead in consequence. A memorial stands in Devizes to point a moral and adorn a tale on the subject.

Sending of Dana Da. Slade was a spiritualistic medium, with whom the late Sir E. Ray Lankester crossed swords in a court of law in 1876. Robert Houdin was a famous French conjuror.

Rudyard Kipling.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ARTICLE BY CANON ANTHONY C. DEANE,
IN THE " BRITISH WEEKLY " of AUGUST 21, 1930.

YOU have, I may assume, a number of his books upon your shelves. If so, and provided further that you bought them yourself and did not merely inherit them, I would undertake to estimate the significance they have for you as soon as I have seen the colour of their binding. The later volumes are necessarily in red, with an elephant's head thereon. The *Jungle Books* and "*Captains Courageous*" are in shiny blue, with gilt pictures. But your early Kipling stories, from "*Plain Tales*" to "*The Day's Work*," are they in elephantine red? If so, either yours is the blessing of youth, or you purchased them rather late in life, perhaps to complete your set. But if they are bound in blue—a rough blue cloth with a gilt border at the top, a blue which Messrs. Sampson Low began and Messrs. Macmillan took over, the blue in which all Mr. Kipling's prose was draped between 1892 and 1898—why, then you were, even if you have ceased to be, a real Kiplingite; then you will agree, as a matter not of opinion, but of simple fact, that Mr. Kipling's success at its greatest was of a kind no other writer now living has approached.

" To return to books that counted for much with you many years ago, is always an interesting, but sometimes a saddening experiment. Often it leaves you amazed that you ever were so stirred by what now seems cheap and commonplace. Also it happens sometimes that what were your favourite pieces among an author's work are now those which seem to you his worst. But I have not found many reasons for such reversals of judgment as I read through Mr. Kipling's volumes once more. Rather the result has been to intensify earlier opinions.

The genius of Mr. Kipling at his best is as tremendous as ever. And the reason of its appeal to all sorts of men can, I think, be found. . . . To begin with, nearly all men at heart revere efficiency, however seldom they themselves achieve it. And Mr. Kipling himself is the apostle of efficiency. That is why he loves an engine, and the ideal of efficiency is the true theme of "*M'Andrew's Hymn*," "*The Ship that Found Herself*," the story about American locomotives, and the rest of the "machinery" tales and poems.

" Mr. Kipling's popularity has differed from that of any other writer, not merely in degree, but in kind. Women liked the Jungle Books, and at heart cared very little for the rest of his work. But to men he appealed tremendously, and to men of all sorts. It was natural that the brilliance of his technique should fascinate those of literary knowledge. Mr. Kipling achieved triumphs of technique which left other men of letters agape with amazement and envy. At the same time he fascinated multitudes who knew little and cared less about literary craftsmanship. Professional men of all sorts, eminent judges and surgeons, city magnates and humble clerks, men who, as a rule, seldom opened a book—these, and hosts of others, found themselves subjugated by Rudyard Kipling. He changed life for them. I am neither eulogising nor condemning their zeal. They may have been doing homage to a great genius or they may have shown a misguided liking for the crude and tawdry.

" I know no other living writer, now that Conrad has gone from us, who can equip his reader with a magic carpet as Mr. Kipling does. He does not merely tell you about this place or that—he puts you there; as you read, you are in the gasping Indian city at midnight, or on the Roman Wall, or in the boat with the fishermen, and the smell of sea and cod in your nostrils, or you are among those Sussex fields which enforce an unexpected habitation on visitors from a remote country . Criticism of Mr. Kipling's work is easy enough, and justifiable enough too; yet to read and re-read his best is to feel that there are times when the wisest critic is he who reverences genius if he meets it, and bows to its tremendous power, and takes the delight it offers with gratitude and joy."

Letter Bag.

Has anyone in this country an edition of *The Absent Minded Beggar* printed in Mafeking during the siege? The *Mafeking Mail* printed, during that time, what were called "Siege Slips." I have the complete set, and in one of them the poem is printed—as "something recently written by Kipling."—*An East London, S.A., Member.*

Would it be possible for the Society to supply covers for binding the Journals? There should be a good demand for them. The Journals are most interesting, and I look forward to them very much. Should like to have them with me at

sea, but they are safer at home. A friend whom I approached with regard to joining the Society and who, like myself, is a keen follower of County Cricket, told me that he liked very much the works of Rudyard Kipling that he had read, and considered him to be a fine writer, but he could never forgive him for "Flannelled Fools at the "Wicket." Wishing the Society continued success.—*Wm. H. Floyd, The White Sea, Russia.*

[See the Secretary's announcement on page 127.—Hon. Editor]._____

I was surprised not long since to learn that R.K. had a registered trade-mark here in the States. I have wondered if you would think that the readers of the Journal would be interested in your reproducing a facsimile of it. Roughly, it is the Elephant's Head. Has any member any idea where I could get a copy of the R.K. book plate which Lockwood Kipling designed for him in 1894?—*W. M. Carpenter, Evanston, Chicago, U.S.A.* [Mr. Kipling has applied also for three Trade marks for books and bookbinding in this country. In all three instances the device is an Elephant's Head.—Hon. Editor]._____

I am very grateful to Mr. Carpenter for his information about Herr Ribbentrop. I have an interesting list of "Some Kipling Originals," and want the list to be as accurate as possible. Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1922, has an informative article by Mr. H. H. Chute who claims to have met the original of the hero in "Twixt the Devil and the Deep Sea"—a "Blue-nose Skipper" by name Capt. Sprott Balcom, in a village hotel, Street Harbour, Nova Scotia.—*H. A. Tovey, Fort Ternan, Kenya.*_____

I find that an error has been made in the Kipling Journal No. 13, of April last, with regard to the original source of the poem "The Tragedy of Love and Death" (later "The Explanation"). The correct reference is as under:—*The Calcutta Review*, Vol. LXXXIII, p. 143. July, 188G. Will you make the necessary correction in the next number of the Journal?—*E. W. Martindell, Hook.* _____

I note Admiral Chandler is about to publish his *Kipling Summary*. He may like to have an error, appearing under "H." in Verse Headings, pointed out for correction in No. 12

of the Journal. "He that died o' Wednesday" is given as "Kipling. Dead Kings." The heading is a quotation, Shakespeare, Henry IV., Pt. I., Act V., Scene 1, and is from Falstaff's soliloquy on Honour. Why trouble about the "Official Laureateship" when R.K. has been so long and so firmly established in the heart of the English as Laureate. The man who wrote

"I ha'harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,
I ha'harpit your secret soul in three;
I ha'harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
And-ye-would-make—a Knight o' me!"

wants no paltry political favours.—*Geo. H. Rayner, Burmiston, nr. Scarboro'.*

I am obliged to Mr. de Lancy Fergusson for his revision of my identification of places mentioned in "Steam Tactics." It makes things all the more interesting when people who know their subject offer criticism. Perhaps you will be kind enough to let him know how pleased I am he has corrected me.—*William G. B. Maitland. London.*

A short time ago I picked up a book entitled *Life in an Indian Village*. The author is T. Ramakrishua, B.A. Intro. by The Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. Date 1891. It is underlined with marginal remarks by a critic (sarcastic). On page 73 is an interesting pencil sketch of a Gugaree writing at a desk. Standing over him a bespectacled man with a halo, one hand on shoulder of the other guiding the writing hand. Underneath is written:—By J., L. Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling.—*Wm. Harding, of Walsall.*

Reading *The Autobiography of a Wanderer* by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. (Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.), I have come across the following paragraph (page 107) which may interest the members. "On my return to New York I found that Doubleday's wanted me to make a series of photographic illustrations for Kipling's "Winter's Notebook," so I proceeded to Brattleboro' where Kipling had lived, and made the pictures, the only photographic illustrations I think that have been made for any of his work." Major Dugmore appears to have made the pictures end of 1899 or early in 1900.—*A. Dupius Brown, London.*

Kipling Verse Headings.

COMPILED BY REAR-ADMIRAL LLOYD II. CHANDLER,
U.S.N. (RET.).

(Concluded from No. 15).

W.

- When I left Rome for Lalage's sake (Kipling). *On the Great Wall.*
- When I was in my father's house, I was in a better place. (Shakespeare). *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep. The First Bag.*
- When Rome was rotten ripe to her fall (Kipling). *A History of England. Chapter II.*
- When the Earth was sick and the Skies were grey (Kipling). *The Other Man.*
- When the Springtime flushes the desert grass (Kipling). *Beast and Man in India. Chapter x.*
- Where naked ignorance (Tennyson). *From Sea to Sea. Chapter vii.*
- Wherefore slew you the stranger? He brought me dishonour (Kipling). *A Friend's Friend.*
- While the snaffle holds or the long-neck stings (Kipling). *The Broken-Link Handicap.*
- Who are the rulers of Ind?—to whom shall we bow the knee? (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter iii.*
- Who are they that bluff and blow (Swinburne, adapted). *The " Kingdom " of Bombay.*
- Who hath desired the Sea—the immense and contemptuous surges? (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter xiii.*
- Who hath desired the Sea—the sight of sea-water unbounded? (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter xii.*
- " Why is my District death-rate low ?" (Kipling). *Municipal.*
- " Will you walk a little faster?" said the whiting to the snail (Dodgson). *Alice in Wonderland.*
- " With a form as wasted and worn, a spirit weary and faint " (By " G "). *" The Song of the Dancer."*
- With a heart of furious fancies (author unknown). *The Light that Failed. Chapter xiv.*
- Wohl auf, my bully cavaliers (Leland). *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney. Y.*
- Ye know the Hundred Danger Time (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter x.*
- Yea, voice of every Soul that clung (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter iii.*

Yet at the last, ere our spearmen had found him (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter xiv.*

Your patience, Sirs—the Devil took me up (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter iv.*

Your tiercel' too long at hack, Sire. He's no eyass (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter x.* —

The Secretary's Announcements.

Meetings 1930-31. The following are arrangements that have been made for forthcoming meetings :—

Wednesday, January 14, 5.15 p.m., Hotel Rubens. Lt.-Gen. Sir G. F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., will read and comment on "The Man Who Would be a King"

Wednesday, March 11, 8 p.m., Hotel Rembrandt. Lt.-Col. R. V. K. Applin, D.S.O., M.P., "Kipling and Empire Union."

Wednesday, April 15, 4.30 p.m., Hotel Rubens.

Thursday, May 7, 8 p.m., Hotel Rembrandt.

Details not yet concluded. Owing to the success of the December evening meeting, it has been decided to hold the May meeting in the evening.

It is notified for information that guests are welcome at all meetings but, in order to help to defray the extra expense, members are asked to pay 1/- per guest at evening meetings only, to be sent to Secretary when applying for cards.

In future, at the end of every meeting, members are invited to ask any queries they may desire regarding Kipling's writings. —

Library. Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, of Flat 3, 3, Marlborough Place, N.W.8, has been appointed "Hon. Librarian," and he will gladly reply to any queries that may be addressed to him concerning Kipling's writings. The Library Journals have been bound in volumes of two years each. The covers are of a red shade of art vellum (Y.107), with name and date in gold on the back slips, and the emblem of the Society in gold on the top side.

Members desirous of adopting this cover as their standard binding can obtain the covers (and have the binding also done if they wish), from Messrs. W. & G. Foyle, Ltd., of 121, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2., at the following prices. Covers and binding complete, 3/- per volume (not including postage). Covers only, 1/6 each (exclusive of postage), or 2/- each, including postage anywhere.

KIPLING SOCIETY

Roll of Members to December, 1930

Nos. 999 to 1025.

999	Miss Alice Bingham		1013	A. S. Bridgland	
		London			London
1000	Capt. A. J. St. John		1014	Mrs. A. S. Bridgland	
		Sterlingshire			London
1001	Miss L. M. Hardwicke		1015	Lord Wakefield	
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		U.S.A.			Wigan
1003	Lt. Col. G. R.	Crosfield	1017	Henry D. Love	
		London			MASSACHUSETTS
1004	Robert Fletcher		1018	Joseph T. Curtiss	
		Enfield			U.S.A., (Temp. London;
1005	Justice Frederick L. Siddons		1019	William H. Dunham, Jr.	
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1006*	Sir Philip E. Pilditch		1020	Mrs. L. Jephson	
		London			London
1007	Miss D. R. Wood		1021	Miss Frances Home	
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1009	Ralph W. Close		1023	Maxwell O. Hunley	
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