

*The*  
KIPLING  
JOURNAL

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

No. 21

MARCH, 1932

# The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

No. 21

MARCH, 1932

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## News and Notes.

At a meeting held on December 30th the hall was full, with a record attendance, many visitors being present besides a large number of members. Colonel Applin's paper dealt skilfully with a difficult subject, and it was fully appreciated by the audience. Lady Cunynghame, who took the chair, introduced the speaker:—

" Ladies and Gentlemen, I think I must make an allusion to the date for visitors who may not realise that to-day is a birthday party, because we are celebrating Mr. Rudyard Kipling's birthday. I cannot but feel that all those who have studied Rudyard Kipling realise that no other writer makes such pictures as he does, or brings before us personalities and scenes of the districts where he has been, in the same manner. Colonel Applin must have many scenes recalled to him from the East, and personalities must stand before him as clearly as when he was there.

There is one line of Kipling's that brings before -you Rudyard Kipling himself:

" He travels fastest who travels alone," and when you hear that line you can see the author, for they portray his life and the kind of work he does.

We have with us to-day Colonel Applin whom I have known for many years. I have heard him express opinions at many meetings but he has never let me down. I know that he will not let you down now."

After the lecture Colonel Applin made an apology, which caused much amusement, for using the name of " Stalky " so much in his lecture. He had not realised that the President was there.

Miss Arabella Tulloch with Miss Gwen Knight, who was at the piano, then sang " Tiger Tiger," followed by a spirited rendering of " The Road Song of the Bandar Log," sung by Miss A. Tulloch. These were much applauded and Miss Tulloch gave an encore—" The Song Toomai's Mother sang to her Baby."

Miss Clarke-Jervoise then recited " The Smugglers' Song," and " Mary's Son." There was much applause for her beautiful voice and elocution, but we were denied an encore.

Miss Knight sang again, " The Love Song of Har Dyal," accompanied by Miss Tulloch. At the insistence of the audience she gave the last two verses of the song again as an encore.

Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise, with the assistance of Miss Tulloch and Miss Knight, then gave an ingenious entertainment by asking questions, culled from Kipling's poems, which were answered by Miss Knight in appropriate lines also from Kipling's poems. The result was amusing and original and evoked much laughter from the audience. In a vote of thanks to these ladies at the end of the meeting, Mr. Brooking said that he had never heard an item so cleverly arranged.

For the last items on the programme Miss Tulloch and Miss Knight sang two more songs, set to music by Dora Bright. (a) " Night Song In The Jungle " ; and (b) " Seal Lullaby." The effect of these were charming. The Meeting closed with " God Save The King," played by Miss Knight.

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In *The Bookman*, N.Y. for December, 1931, appears an article entitled " Romanticism and the Orient," in which we read:—" Probably most of us get our ideas of India not from German or French sources but from a living English romanticist, Rudyard Kipling." It this be so, people on the other side of the Atlantic have only, after all, made a common-sense choice ; all things being equal, one would go to a Frenchman for information about Algeria or to a German for news of Silesia rather than to a Swede. Those of us who know the East will hardly agree with this:—" Kipling has an eye for vivid and picturesque contrasts, especially the racial contrasts that arise

in the Anglo-Indian East, with a corresponding weakness in rendering what is normal and representative in human nature." Kipling has his preferences—for the man with a sense of duty, for instance—but in *Tod's Amendment*, the *In Black and White* stories, and *The Head of the District* he tells of the usual rather than the unusual. The writer continues:—" His poetry also supplies examples of nostalgia. When in England Kipling (at least the poetical Kipling) longs to be in India; when in India he longs to be in England." *Mandalay* is quoted in support of the first statement and *In Springtime* for the second: a better prop for the latter would have been the personal suffering expressed in *In Partibus*, the verse in *Abaft the Funnel*, wherein Kipling, then newly arrived from the East, gives a lurid sketch of the joys of London in November fog. After this treatise on nostalgia, which is foreign to the subject, the author enquires if the temple bells in *Mandalay* are " calling the native Burman " to be lazy, and gives an indignant negative, though in real life every traveller has noticed that the Burman is picturesquely and delightfully lazy. We next read that the first line of *The Ballad of East and West* " is rightfully resented by Orientals;" he does not mention the qualifying third and fourth lines of that poem:—" But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!" The omission of this necessary context has been the cause of much loose thinking on, and perhaps deliberate misinterpretation of, the British Raj in India, in England as well as in the United States.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

Those who heard the lecture on " Kipling's Influence on English and Dominion Letters " delivered to the Society on the 1st May, 1929, by Mr. Robert Stokes may be interested to know that most of the descriptive matter relating to Canada, East and West Africa, and the air routes of the Empire has been incorporated in Mr. Stokes's book *New Imperial Ideals* (Murray, 10s. 6d.).

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

On April 28th, as mentioned in the Secretary's announcements, Mr. Donald Maxwell is giving a paper dealing with the Kipling Country; to illustrate this there will be an ex-

hibition of a number of the artist's sketches, some of which will be for sale. The evening promises to be of unusual interest, for Mr. Maxwell is an author of some distinction as well as an eminent landscape artist; among his works are *The Isle of Man*, *History with a Sketch Book*, and many of that charming series to which his *Unknown Sussex* belongs.

x            x            x            x            x

The Meeting on February 12th at the Rubens Rooms was successful, more than eighty being present including many guests. The Chairman, Mr. S. A. Courtauld, introduced the lecturer, Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, Bart., K.B.E., J.P., D.L., V.D., as follows:—" Ladies and Gentlemen, to-day we are to hear Sir Arthur Holbrook on ' Kipling and Patriotism. I don't know how he is going to treat the subject, but I should like to say a few words with regard to the patriotism of Kipling. We always hear of his imperial patriotism—*The Native Born*, and others, and perhaps most of all his dignified poem *Recessional*—but those of us who have our roots in the country know that a country place more than any other inanimate thing " throws its roots round the tendrils of the heart," and most of us think Kipling does that. A great many of his poems and stories dwell on the peace of the country life as well as dealing with imperial patriotism. His descriptions are very much like those of Addison, or of Charles Kingsley in *The Water Babies*, or of Charles Lamb in *Essays of Elia*, dealing with pleasant Hertfordshire. That aspect of Kipling shows his patriotism as well as his imperial prose and poetry. I think that Kipling must take his place amongst the great literary artists who describe English country in its very best and truest aspects. I will now ask Sir Arthur Holbrook to give us his paper." After the lecture, which was evidently much appreciated, Miss Phyllis Brooks sang several Kipling songs, three set to music by Sir Edward German and one by Martin Shaw. These were most charmingly and artistically rendered, and the audience received them with obvious signs of pleasure. The accompaniments were most ably played by Miss Munro.

x            x            x            x

With this number we are giving two more portraits of Kipling's masters: Mr. Cornell Price and the Rev. G. Willes, the " Prooshian Bates " and " Padre Sahib " of *Stalky & Co.*

Mr. Beresford, to whose efforts we are indebted for the excellent reproductions of these portraits, tells us that the Headmaster was really a much milder man than "Bates;" he belonged to the art circle of Rosetti and Burne-Jones (he was at school with the latter), and shared most of their views. The portrayal of Mr. Willes appears to be more nearly true to life.

Arundell House, Tisbury, was Kipling's residence for some months in 1894. Led to this choice by the fact that his father and mother were then living at Tisbury, at The Gables, he is said to have found it too far both from London and the sea. When living here, Kipling was interviewed by a representative of the *Pall Mall Budget*, who gives us the first inkling of that wealth of local detail so happily displayed in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*:—"It is not long before I found out that he speaks the tongue of the district as if he had been born there; that he knows every spot of interest; keeps the local history at his finger-ends, and has learned all there is to know of all the inhabitants." Our thanks are due to Mr. Edward Young, J.P., who now resides at Arundell House, for permission to take this photograph.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

There is a column and a half of really good criticism in *The Justice of the Peace and Local Government Review* of 17th October, 1931, on that glorious burlesque of modern journalism, *The Village that voted the Earth was Flat*. It is interesting to learn that here, as in any other walk of life, Kipling is, as usual, correct in detail and realistic in local colour—note the theatrical details about the staging of a big review. The only quarrel our contemporary makes is with Pallant:—"But Pallant talking as a lawyer, says it's all wrong and illegal"—"That comes of stuffing the Bench with radical tinkers." But what is it that the "radical tinkers" did wrong? The prosecution could certainly withdraw the charge of assault; and they had to explain their reasons, otherwise the bench might have thought proper to commit Sir Thomas for trial for the indictable misdemeanour. On the other charges the most that could have happened would have been a binding over to keep the peace and be of good behaviour. On the whole the bench, whether tinkers or tailors, exercised a sound discretion in carrying the matter no further. We should have liked to have seen the Secretary of State's answer to Mr. Pallant's question. It is,

alas, lost, for the House went into hysterics and nearly into the Gubby dance. If Mr. Kipling reads the *Justice of the Peace*, and none can ever guess the limits of that omnivorous reader, he may be moved to tell us the answer.' It would be monotonous if we all thought alike, but it is surprising, to say the least of it, to know that there are people who see no fun in the Geoplanarians and Huckley; perhaps these take their reading sadly.

*New Kipling Books and Reviews.*

SINCE the New Tear two new Kipling works have seen the light of publication: a story in the January *Strand* and a short verse in the Programme of the National Council of Social Service Meeting at the Albert Hall, when H.R.H. The Prince of Wales was present, on January 27th; this latter entitled *Neighbours* will be seen in the April book. The story is named *Beauty Spots* and sets forth in rollicking fashion the sayings and doings of people who have taken to the simple life in the country since 1918; the heroine is "Angelique, an enormous white sow, for whom none would bid at the sales; she being stricken in years and a notorious gate-crasher." Anyone who has seen the playful antics of a large porker—"a friend of the family"—will be amused and also amazed at the life-like incidents in Angelique's career.

Early in April Messrs. Macmillan will issue Kipling's new book, *Limits and Renewals*, which will contain:—Dayspring" Mishandled — *Gertrude's Prayer* — *Dinah in Heaven* — The Woman in his Life—*Four Feet*—*The Totem*—*The Tie*—The Church that was at Antioch—*The Disciple*—"She is not Folly"—Aunt Ellen—*Naaman's Song*—*His Mother's Son*—Fairy-kist — *The Birth of the Tempest* — A Naval Mutiny — The Debt — *Akbar's Bridge*—The Manner of Men—*At his Execution*—On the Threshold—*The Threshold* — *Neighbours* — Beauty-spots—*The Expert*—*The Curé*—The Miracle of Saint Jubanus—*Song of Seventy Horses*—*Hymn to Physical Pain*—The Tender Achilles —*The Penalty*—Uncovenanted Mercies—*Azrael's Count*. Of the fourteen stories three are absolutely new, while the rest make their *debut* in book form after a preliminary appearance in monthly magazines; all are of recent date, so it will be possible to see how the author keeps step with the jazz-life of to-day. So far

as can be traced, the nineteen poems (the one exception has already been noticed) have not appeared at all anywhere. In the Autumn the same firm are issuing a selection entitled *Animal Stories from Rudyard Kipling*; this will be embellished with 8 colour plates and 75 black-and-white illustrations by Stuart Tresilian.

As we go to press the Editor of Pearson's Magazine tells us that " a new Dog Poem by Kipling will appear in the May number. This is a seven-page feature, illustrated by Cecil Aldin. In my own opinion, it is the best piece of work Mr. Kipling has done for some years."

The President is publishing a new book named *New Reminiscences*, in May; Stalky's Reminiscences is now obtainable for 3/6 in the Travellers' Library Series, and *The Adventures of Dunsterforce* will shortly appear at the same price in the Kingfisher Library.

*Three Houses* by Angela Thirkell (Oxford University Press, London : Humphrey Milford, 6s.). This is a charmingly written book dealing with the houses of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (the author's grandfather), and the always interesting period of the 'nineties. One of the " three houses " is at Rottingdean, and the book tells of the time when Kipling was living there, at The Elms, so there are many references to " Cousin Ruddy." There is a description of the steam motor-car which figures in *Steam Tactics*: " It was one of those incredible machines raised high from the ground with a door in the middle of the back and it didn't like starting, and when it had started it didn't want to stop, except half-way up a hill, and it perpetually ran dry on the tops of lovely downs miles away from even a dew-pond, and when the grown-ups went in it the ladies wore tweed motor caps of gigantic size with veils swathed tightly round them and stuck through with enormous hatpins." The book is one that everyone interested in Kipling should possess, as this further short quotation will show:—" He (Cousin Ruddy) would . . . tell us about the mariner of infinite resource and sagacity, and the suspenders—you must not forget the suspenders, Best Beloved. The *Just So Stories* are a poor thing in print compared with the fun of hearing them told in Cousin Ruddy's deep unhesitating voice. There was a ritual about them, each phrase having its special intonation which had to be exactly the same each time and without which the stories

are dried husks. There was an inimitable cadence, an emphasis of certain words, an exaggeration of certain phrases, a kind of intoning here and there which made his telling unforgettable."

### *Kipling Prices Current-*

" All very quiet on all fronts "—and with almost all book-sales. Bargains—of interesting rather than of intrinsic value—are to be found: ordinary English " firsts " and some American editions with additional matter or other variations. Messrs. Hodgson sold *The Sin of Witchcraft* and *The Science of Rebellion*—uncollected pamphlets dealing with the Boer War—for £10 and £5 respectively, in January; four weeks later, a second copy of the former item brought only £2 10s. They also sold a copy of *Echoes* for £50; three years ago this book went to more than £300. Messrs. Myers have been selling Arnold Bennett's Library; among the Kiplings were some very cheap " firsts " (*Kim* for 25s.) and about two-thirds of the Edition de Luxe; these latter were very reasonable at 10s. each, with the late owner's bookplate in them.

### *Obituary.*

SIR HARRY RENWICK, BART., K.B.E., A VICE-PRESIDENT.

WE much regret to state that one of our Vice-Presidents, Sir Harry Renwick, Bart., K.B.E., passed away at Sidmouth on January 7th, at the age of 72 years. Sir Harry was known the world over as one of the chief pioneers of electrical supply in the Metropolis, and he was connected in a governing capacity with some seventeen Electrical Supply Undertakings. His illness during the past two years prevented his attending meetings as a member of our Executive Council, but he took a considerable interest in the progress of the Society and was always ready to discuss, and if necessary, to assist, financially, schemes for helping it forward. He was probably responsible for more Kipling enthusiasts joining the Society than anyone else. Sir Harry was educated at the Windsor Imperial Service College, which is descended from the Westward Ho! School,

and so probably absorbed some of the atmosphere of the old School in his admiration for Rudyard Kipling and his works. He is succeeded in the title by his son, Robert Renwick, a member of our Society, to whom, with his daughter, Mrs. A. N. Guthe, another member, we offer our sincere sympathy.

*Kipling and Labour.*

BY LT.-COL. R. V. K. APPLIN, D.S.O., M.P.

**I**N 1865 this day in India our great laureate of the Empire—for that is what he is in the eyes of all British wherever they may be—was born.

When I was asked to come here to-night and give this address on a subject which I admit nearly took my breath away—"Kipling and Labour"—my mind naturally turned on the Labour Government of the Election, and I asked myself—"What has Kipling to say about the politics of the Labour Party? What *are* their politics?" Musing on this, I thought that Kipling's interpretation of labour was very different from their interpretation of labour. Labour to him means something constructive, building up materials into something lasting and useful, something necessary to the human race, be it a ship or an Empire. Production by toil, by sweat of the brow, gifts of the earth, but above all of something which, while bringing little reward to the labourer, will enrich the future generation and carry forward the civilisation of the past—that, truly, is the labour as understood by our great poet.

Labour as understood by the politician is entirely different. A disguise for socialism, destruction, pulling down in order to build again, it offers immediate reward, not as a result of work or labour, but as spoils obtained from the destruction of civilisation.

His last poem, "Memories" is a scathing indictment—"Yearly to filch some wreath from the memory of our dead." He has lost none of the beauty of his earlier works.

It would be difficult to sum up a man of such wonderfully diverse talents, and I would rather take the words of another great writer, Dixon Scott, in "Men of Letters," who says:

"There is probably no living writer who is regarded in England with such widespread and spontaneous veneration."

tion . . . Bank clerks and clerics, doctors and drapers, journalists, joiners, engineers, all speak of this man much as another kind of people speak of Wagner . . . There is no priggishness about it . . . they experience that rich commotion of blood called romance and are thrilled and renewed by it . . . Its action is always to excite their zest for actual life . . . —not because of any particular philosophy it may teach . . . but because it names and irresistibly sanctifies the tools of each man's trade . . ."

That really did encourage me immensely. Here we have the work of the ordinary common workman, the common things of the earth, taken by Kipling, like the alchemist, and transmuted into gold. That truly is the keynote of all Kipling's work and life, outside those poems which I dealt with last time, as being with the Empire.

Let us go back fifty years and down to that dear old land where I was born—Devon. Let us go back to Westward Ho!, and follow Stalky and Co. for a few moments. There we see the seeds sown which make Kipling what he is to-day, what he has been during those fifty years of his life. There we see the germ of his wonderful energy. Stalky himself was one of the most energetic soldiers who ever drew sword. He was the inspiration of Beetle. Then there was the finest thing that man can meet in his boyhood—a fine, upstanding, understanding headmaster, who realised that this little Beetle was a boy who would read when he had the opportunity. There was little reading for the schoolboy of those days, and the headmaster threw open his library for this boy to use whenever he liked. Imagine Kipling as a boy with all the treasures of the world thrown down to him!

From the first moment that he entered the little newspaper office at Lahore and became the drudge of the editorial staff, he set to work as quickly as possible to have his own ideal. At first so crude, at length he became world-famous. People began to ask who this Rudyard Kipling was. That was the beginning of that splendid energy, inspired by Stalky and aided by the headmaster.

Let us take a poem or two to illustrate. It is difficult to know where to begin, but we will take first the collective work, and I will read you "The Heritage."

This is a very good example. Here we have collective toil, work, the sacrifice of years. He got it out of the books of that

library, and all through his books and his life the one thing that he sang was the song of the workman and his tools, the joy of labour, not for to-day but for to-morrow, for posterity and the benefit of mankind.

Now I would take the individual, a poem which praises labour in the individual rather than the collective. Here is a poem called "The Dedication."

We have reached a pitch in our civilisation when things are going round. "We know the crisis which we are meeting to-day, and the crisis which we have got to face in the New Year. We know we shall all be poorer, and have to work more and earn less. No one has the courage of Kipling. If we only had a Kipling who was also a Prime Minister, what a great thing it would be! He sums up exactly what has happened, although he wrote it not yesterday or even a few months ago, but thirty years ago. We find it in "The Lesson"—

" It was our fault and our very great fault—and now we must turn it to use.

We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a single excuse.

So the more we work and the less we talk the better results we shall get—

We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an Empire yet!"

I believe this failure of people is going to make an Empire of us yet.

Now let us see how he deals with work apart from man—how he idealises work. Remember, Kipling never, in any of his poems or works, does what we do to-day; he never forgets God. He always remembers that work is dedicated, blessed, and is useless without the Deity. Here is a poem which does not deal with the labour of the individual or of the collective, but with the machine itself. It deals with the inanimate, and makes it live. It is called "The History of England."

Now there is labour from the machine. I don't think you could find in prose in any language everything that man could make summed up and named in such short space.

We have dealt with the machinery, individual and collective labour, and it would take too long to go through all the various kinds of his prose work and his poems in which he mentions the individual tool of some trade, praises the handling of that

tool, the way in which the work crowns something. I will deal with those poems which struck me with an illustration. All trades and all people love Kipling because he has glorified their trade tool and their particular trade, made something ideal and beautiful.

This is a phrase or two from "The Wage-Slaves."

" When through the Gates of Stress and Strain  
Comes forth the vast Event—  
The simple, sheer, sufficing sane  
Result of labour spent—  
They that have wrought the end unthought  
Be neither saint nor sage,  
But men who merely did the work  
For which they drew the wage."

This brings home most emphatically the story of the labourer who has agreed to work for a certain wage, and it is put extraordinarily clearly.

Kipling was particularly impressed with building and with the civilisation of the past. Large numbers here must have been in India, and we all know the buried cities of the past. There is history of dead civilisations, and Kipling must have known many of the stories, so that the creation of a great building must have impressed him very much.

If I mention this poem I do it because it is a curious poem dealing with the creation of a great building by a new man on the old ground, and the abandoning of all that building for psychological reasons. He found that he was unable to do the work which his mind had planned. He realised the smallness of himself in making this creation, and he abandoned it not because he was tired of it, but in order that those who followed should do better than he had done.

" After me cometh a builder. Tell him I too have known!"

Now there is an extraordinary poem in which imagination sees the failure of some former thing and the leaving of it to some newer generation which could do better.

I am going to give you three further examples, picked out with great care, and I think you will agree with me that they fit, and furthermore that as one reads one sees bits of his own character. Kipling always had a curious kink in his mind about women, a curious outlook which may be shown in this extract taken from "An Imperial Rescript."

" They passed one resolution:—' Your sub-committee believe You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lightened the curse of Eve.' " . . .

We know how splendidly true that is. We have seen how a young man will go out " somewhere East of Suez," perhaps with a wife, having the same old temptations, and he works day and night, puts his back into it and builds up for her.

Here is another which touches us to-day because one of the things we are really striving for is to re-create the land. I will read a few lines from " The Settler."

. . . " Bless to our use the rain and the sun  
And the blind seed in its bed,  
That we may repair the wrong that was done  
To the living and the dead."

That almost might have been written about our policy to-night. I will close with a message (from " A Song of The English ") which one might give to the nations:—  
" Stand to your work and be wise, certain of sword and pen,  
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!"

#### DISCUSSION.

Mr. Bazley advanced a further point with regard to Kipling and Labour in which he showed how Kipling has no patience with idle incompetence. In " The Sons of Martha " it is shown that a man must fulfil his contract. " The City of Brass," produced in 1909, annoyed Mr. D. L. George with its scathing reference to such loafers. Kipling has immense respect for the technique of a workman, and has lately written an introduction to a book which should appeal to him, " Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," by Thomas Tusser.

Mr. R. Stokes thanked Colonel Applin for the best lecture on Kipling which he had ever heard, but said that he had no doubt one point in the interpretation of " The Palace." There were three of these—(1), The man realised he could not make the building worthy of his mind; (2), The Masonic; (3), The Supernatural. It always seemed to him that the supernatural fitted in best. He was also struck by the way in which the understaffing of the South African War was so clearly shown in " The Lesson."

Mr. Brooking (Founder) remarked that Kipling has had more to do with labour than any other writer, and in 1917 was dealing

for the Government in some labour troubles they had. He put some very searching questions to the speaker who discovered that Kipling knew as much about the electrical engineering trade as himself, and he was a member of that trade. He also discovered that Kipling had a fund of knowledge about Trades Unions, machinery improvements and many other important things, knowing as much about each as most people.

Colonel Applin replied to Mr. Stokes that he was compelled to hold to his own theory regarding the King and the Mason, since he had little use for the unseen world.

Major-General L. C. Dunsterville (President), then-proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, in which he said that Colonel Applin must feel the atmosphere of gratitude for his admirable lecture. He himself was very glad to have been able to have listened to it. He referred to the large gathering, but enquired the reason for the absence of the "other seven hundred members."

General Dunsterville also said that he had been embarrassed by the reference to a birthday in 1865, but felt relief that this was about Kipling and not himself. Actually their birthdays are only a few days apart.

Colonel Bailey, in giving out some Society notices, remarked that he felt that he should repeat Tennyson's poem when he heard the words "Where are the Seven Hundred?" but it should of course be Six Hundred. He had sent a telegram of good wishes for his birthday from the Society to Rudyard Kipling. He closed with greetings for the New Year.

*Kipling and Patriotism.*

BY COL. SIR ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK, BART., K.B.E., J.P.,  
D.L., V.D.

NO modern writer has more consistently than Kipling advocated Patriotic policy and action, and those of us who put our Country and our Empire before any considerations of Party have lauded Kipling's love of England and its traditions. It was towards the end of the 'eighties that he leapt into fame. The Aesthetic school of writers then held the field, but it was Kipling who replaced their pallid world of limelight with good honest sunlight. "Kipling was violent, English of the English, and full of the old unruly fires of our Saxon ancestors." He has made his home at Burwash, in the interior of Sussex, and is now seldom seen in public; but he has revealed to his readers the soul of Sussex, and Burwash has been a background for many of his stories and poems.

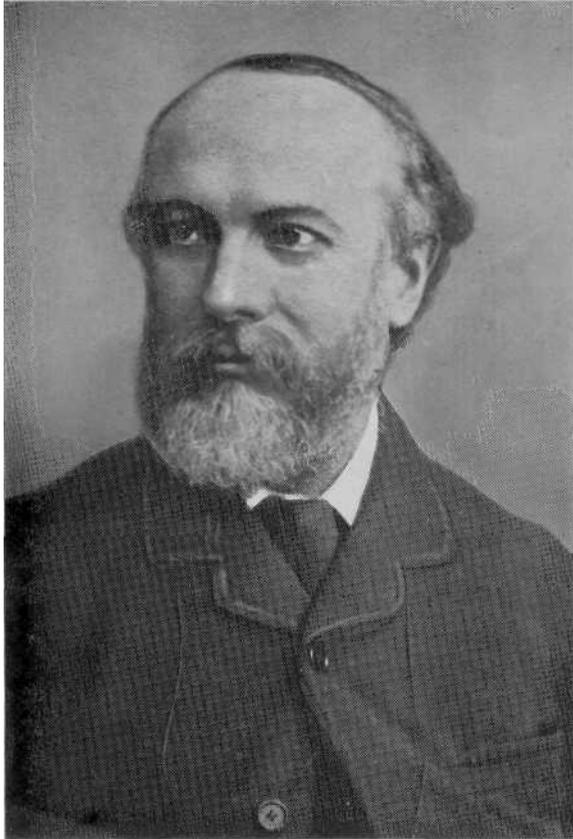
The motto of his school at Westward Ho! was "Fear God, honour the King," and Kipling has always remained loyal to the school tradition. It cannot be gainsaid that he has moved more people throughout the Empire than any other living poet. He has ever displayed a deep sense of Patriotism, and this is exemplified in his early poem *Ave Imperatrix*, and in his *Sussex* he gives us a beautiful idea of Patriotism.

Kipling's Patriotism is not a matter of words alone; he thinks that the best way to display love of country is to work for it. He has no room for the slacker. "Surely (he writes), it must be better to turn out men who do real work than men who write about what other people have done or ought to do." Kipling is English to the core; he loves the English intensely. He struck again that note which was the note of Nelson—a good feeling towards the other nations—but with a firm conviction that the English are the superiors of all—better fighters, better rulers, better lovers, better friends. He hurls scorn at those who "yelp at the English Flag." I have heard Socialists in the House of Commons refer to the Union Jack as the emblem of slavery! But the world recognises it as the Flag of Liberty. Kipling who has travelled the whole world testifies against those disloyal calumnies; his Imperialism has its roots embedded in just those qualities from which spring his most characteristic work. No man echoes more loudly the

cry:—"My Country—may she be always right! But, right or wrong, my country!" It draws nourishment from his passionate love of England and his belief in the English Race as a civilising force. He does not believe that we are near that blessed day "when war and wounds shall cease." Being jealous for English civilisation, believing that there are those who would (if they had the opportunity) drown that civilisation in blood, he has been insistent that we should stand ready to defend it.

Much has been said of Imperialism in Kipling's poetry. A great deal of this is indirectly Imperialistic because it glorifies the strong men on the frontiers, but there are certain poems in which he has attempted to define the philosophy of British Imperialism. *Our Lady of the Snows* is perhaps the chief of these, and therein he defines the position occupied by our Dominions with reference to England. In one of his Letters entitled *A Conclusion*, Kipling laments the folly of those people in our over-crowded towns who attack our Empire, in the consolidation of which lies our only hope of survival as a Nation:—"Surely the conclusion of the whole matter throughout the whole Empire must be men and women of our own stock, habits, language, and hopes brought in by every possible means under a well-settled policy? Time will not be allowed us to multiply to unquestionable peace, but by drawing upon England we can swiftly transfuse what we need of her strength into her veins, and by that operation bleed her into health and sanity. Meantime, the only serious enemy to the Empire, within or without, is that very Democracy which depends on the Empire for its proper comforts, and in whose behalf these things are urged." Kipling has ever shown himself the friend of the under-dog, but he administers a severe warning and rebuke to Democracy in one of his *Songs from Books*—"A *Sen-ant when He Reigneth*"; this, written years ago, might well be applied to-day to the Socialist Party who having brought this country to the brink of ruin cast on others the blame for their lack of judgment. Kipling is ever a strong advocate of good citizenship, and in *The Children's Song* he emphasises the wisdom of training the young in the responsibilities of life.

Kipling enforces the code of honour of an Englishman. There is an outstanding example of this in *His Private Honour*, from *Many Inventions*. This describes how a



MR. CORMELL PRICE ("The Head").



THE REV. G. WILLES ("Padre").



ARUNDELL HOUSE, TISBURY, WILTS.

subaltern named Oules forgot his position as an officer and in a fit of temper struck a private, Ortheris, on parade. Ortheris is advised by a comrade to report the incident to higher authority, and is told—"It was your right to get him cashiered if you chose." "My right!" Ortheris answered with deep scorn; "my right! I ain't a recruity to go whinin' about my rights to this an' my rights to that, just as if I couldn't look after myself. My rights! 'Strewth A'mighty! I'm a man." Ortheris having refused to give away his superior, they settled the matter privately.

During the Boer War, when the air was full of reports of incompetence in the field and of untrained Volunteers being poured out to South Africa, Kipling exclaimed against our unpreparedness. His words made some impression at the time, but when the war was over the mass of the Nation forgot it for far better beloved heroes whom Kipling described as "the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals." It has been said with truth that Kipling knows more about soldiers than any one else, and that he understands the soldier better than the War Office, but he might well be more severe with the hypocrites who, in time of war, treat the soldier as a god, and when he comes home treat him as a public nuisance and as an enemy of peace.

Then, Kipling took the soil of India and moulded it into a thousand gleaming sentences. He was the first to give the stay-at-home a picture of the real India. *Plain Tales from the Hills* was written to show how isolated Englishmen have fought long silent fighting against the powers of darkness and death in India. "Fresh drafts are sent out every year for the Indian Civil Service. These die or kill themselves by overwork, or are worried to death or broken in life and health, in order that the land may be protected from death and sickness, famine and war."

Kipling's stories, since he settled in England, have shown more and more clearly his passionate love for the old unchanging life and customs of the English village. We are part of the earth of England which "is not any common earth." It claims and holds us because it is pervaded with the bodies of countless generations of Englishmen, as the atmosphere above is heavy with their souls. That is why we have a sense of permanence such as is not possible in a new country. If

England remains the old England and does not become the home of cosmopolitanism and internationalism, Kipling will always be read as an authority on Englishmen. If the large public which delights in him could be got to state the most general ground for its admiration, it would probably be found to consist in the sense of *real life* set up by his writings. His place in it can be best defined by suggesting that in future Kipling will be known as one of England's leading imaginative writers. He has shown the depths of his love for England. In a degree Kipling and England are synonymous. He has used his pen in a noble cause, and those who do this need have no fear that they will ever be completely forgotten.

#### DISCUSSION.

Mr. G. C. Beresford said that it was interesting to reflect that Kipling's upbringing was not conducive to the patriotism which characterises his work. Burne Jones was pro-Russian and pro-Boer, Morris and Rosetti could admire little save Morris and Rosetti, and thus from the age of five to sixteen Kipling was in this pro-Parnell, pro-Russian atmosphere. He gives us in *Stalky & Co.* his impressions of what his pastors and masters ought to have thought rather than what they actually did believe. All this however seems to have had no effect on Kipling's outlook.

Mr. Bazley pointed out that Kipling's fondness for local legend was always there and had never left him. He gets cleverer in his later work even than in his early days, and displays skilfully the lure of the English countryside. We still come across admirers of Kipling who wish that he were not so patriotic, but we should all be grateful to him for this attitude and for his love of England, because he, better than anyone, can praise her glories and point the lesson that an English *sahib* should do his very best even under adverse conditions.

Mr. O. Richardson then moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, in which he said that while we all know that Kipling is patriotic it is only on hearing such a lecture that we realise how completely he has dealt with the subject. The applause accorded to the paper would have shown the lecturer how much it had been enjoyed.

Mr. Mackenzie Skues then proposed a vote of thanks to Miss

Brookes for her songs, the rendering of which, lie said, was a revelation to us. Mr. Harbord seconded this, and added his meed of praise.

The meeting closed with " God Save the King," in which the audience joined.

*Ichabod.*

BY the courtesy of the Editor of the *St. George's Gazette*, the regimental Journal of the Northumberland Fusiliers, we are enabled to give an interesting uncollected item. Like many others of that period (December, 1886), it was printed in the *Civil & Military Gazette*, but for perhaps obvious reasons it then disappeared like the Manifold River in Staffordshire. Mr. E. Kay Robinson, Kipling's chief at Lahore, tells us something about it in his article *Rudyard Kipling in India* (*Pearsons Magazine*, June, 1896) :—" I recollect in particular one case in which a British cavalry regiment, one famous in the annals of sport, and quartered at Umballa, once the brilliant headquarters of military steeplechasing in India, published an advertisement of their steeple chases, and to attract number rather than quality of entries, stated that the fences were " well sloped " and " littered on the landing side," or something to that effect . . . He (Kipling) wrote some verses upon this advertisement, reminding the regiment of what they had been and of what Umballa had once been in sport, filled with such technicalities of racing and stable jargon that old steeplechasers went humming them all over every station in Upper India, and swearing that it was the best thing ever written in English." . . . what impressed me was that a sporting " vet.," who had lived in the pigskin almost all his life, should have gone wandering about the Lahore Club, asking people where the youngster picks it all up?"

" Kingcraft," the pseudonym adopted by Kipling for this verse, was the best pony of his day in India; he was owned by a Mr. Maitland, and won the Viceroy's Cup in 1873-77-78. "Bertie" was Bertie Short, a very famous horseman who had lost his left hand—died about 1893. Johnstone was a well-

known trainer; Humphries and Percy Vere were jockeys. Pringle was the vet., to whom Mr. Kay Robinson refers.

Apropos the Umballa Military and Hunt Meeting: December 16th and 18th, 1886.

"N.B.—The steeplechase course has been altered and made easier. The ditches are filled up, and all the rails removed. The fences are well sloped and bushed, and are well littered on the landing sides."

### ICHABOD.

*Get a nervous lady's pony—get the oldest you can find—  
Strap an ulster on the pommel, tie a bedding roll behind;  
To a Hanoverian Pelham hitch a standing martingale—  
Then hang upon his jaws, my son, and listen to my tale.*

Many ages since, my infant, we were green as Dehra grass,  
Though we lacked the shining silver we were millionaires in  
brass;  
And we gathered at Umballa when the "seventies" were low,  
And we rode like Helen Blazes in the days of long ago.

Those were times when life went swiftly both for rider and  
for horse—  
When we sampled with our clavicles the texture of the course;  
For the stewards built the fences up to five-foot six or so,  
And we "pecked" about those ramparts in the days of long ago.

Answer, man of many fractures, William Beresford—Give ear.  
"Bertie," sweltering in Calcutta, Johnstone, Humphries,  
Percy Vere,  
Did *you* fill the yawning ditches? Did you lay the railings low,  
On the old Umballa race-course in the days of long ago?

Yea, the ditches filled aforetime; but they filled with wrathful  
men!  
Yea, the railings were demolished by a bolter now and then!  
More than once the "well-bushed fences" sloped before the  
staggering blow  
Of a puller gazing skyward, in the days of long ago.

There was litter—lots of litter—spread about " the landing side,"

When a blown and basted leader checked his last half-hearted stride,

And the ruck came up behind him—and they made a holy show  
On the old Umballa race-course in the days of long ago.

Many ages since, my infant, we were green as Dehra grass;  
We were guileless as the morning, but we know what riding was.

But a newer generation seem to make the pace more slow  
Than we made it at Umballa in the days of long ago.

To an iron-bound ring-saddle nail a safety stump; and then  
Stretch a four-foot sofa-cushion just across your abdomen.  
"With a length of double stove-pipe guard your neck in case  
it breaks,

And—enter at Umballa, for the Military Stakes!

"*Kingcraft*" (Umballa).

*Edgar Wallace and Kipling.*

**M**OST of the newspapers commenting on the late Edgar Wallace mentioned that the prolific writer of crime stories received his first encouragement from Kipling; the *Times* tells us that " when Mr. Rudyard Kipling went to South Africa a poem of welcome which Edgar Wallace sent to the *Cape Times* won him an invitation to come to Capetown to attend a grand dinner and to meet Mr. Kipling, who gave him encouragement and good advice." In view of the interest aroused (Sir Arthur Holbrook alluded to this in his paper) we are reprinting the poem of welcome, which appeared in Edgar Wallace's book of verse entitled *Writ in Barracks*; this was published in 1900 by Messrs. Methuen, who have very kindly consented to its appearance in our pages.

TOMMY TO HIS LAUREATE.

(Capetown, January 25, 1898).

O Good-mornin', Mister Kiplin'; You are welcome to our shores:  
To the land of millionaires and potted meat:  
To the country of the 'fontains' (we 'ave no 'bads' or 'pores'),  
To the place where di'monds lay about the street  
At your feet;  
To the 'unting-ground of raiders indiscreet.

I suppose you know this station, for you sort of keep in touch  
 With Tommy wheresoever 'e may go;  
 An' you know our ' bats ' a shandy, made of 'Ottentot an' Dutch,  
 It's a language which is 'ideous an' low,  
     Don't you know  
 That it's ' Wacht-een-beitje ' 'stead of ' 'Arf a mo'?

We should like to come an' meet you, but we can't without a pass;  
 Even then we'd 'ardly like to make a fuss;  
 For out 'ere, they've got a notion that a Tommy isn't class;  
 'E's a sort of brainless animal, or wuss!  
     Vicious cuss!  
 No, they don't expect intelligence from us.

You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows;  
 But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'Ills.  
 You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone blows,  
 You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,  
     An' we grills!  
 An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills?

Since the time when Tommy's uniform was musketoon an' wig,  
 There 'as always been a bloke wot 'ad a way  
 Of writin' of the Glory an' forgettin' the fatig',  
 'Oo saw 'im in 'is tunic day by day,  
     Smart an' gay,  
 An' forgot about the smallness of his pay!

But you're *our* partic'lar author, you're our patron an' our friend,  
 You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,  
 You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands extend,  
 You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,  
     An' compare,  
 To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere!

There are poets wot can please you with their primrose-vi'let lays,  
 There are poets what can drive a man to drink;  
 But it takes a ' pukka ' poet, in a Patriotic Craze,  
 To make a chortlin' nation squirm an' shrink,  
     Gasp an' blink;  
 An' 'eedless, thoughtless people stop an' think!

Yes, the 'and wot banged the banjo an' made Tommy comic songs,  
 'Oo wrote of Empires, ' Lion's 'Ead to Line,'  
 'Oo found an 'idden poem in McAndrew's Injin gongs,  
 Was the checkin' 'and wot gave the warnin' sign,  
     In a line—  
 That gave the people soda after wine.

"A *Pinchbeck Goddess.*"

**B**EGINNING November 2nd, 1886, and running until June 10th, 1887, a series of stories, 39 in number, was published in the Civil and Military Gazette, in Lahore,

India, under the series title *Plain Tales from the Hills*. The name of the writer was not attached to any one of these stories, and proof of authorship by Rudyard Kipling is lacking in the case of six of them, namely: I, *Love-in-a-Mist*; II, *How it Happened*; VII, *Love: A Miss*; XIII, *A Pinchbeck Goddess*; XV, *Our Theatricals*; XVIII, *A Little Learning*. This query has to do especially with No. XIII. Some, if not all, of these six tales may have been written by other members of the Kipling family; the father, John Lockwood Kipling; the mother, Alice Macdonald Kipling; or the sister, Beatrice Kipling.

No. XIII. *A Pinchbeck Goddess*, which was published without signature in the Gazette, as one of this series, on December 10th, 1886 is a tale of the revenge exacted from Anglo-Indian society in Simla by a woman who had suffered lack of attention from its members while visiting there as a girl. Her name was "Winnie Norton." She went home, married Thomas Edwards, a man twenty-five years her senior, who died within a few months after the marriage, and then came out to India again as a widow. Upon arrival at Simla she determined to achieve social success, beautified herself by the means of so doing best known to the ladies, and started in to take Simla society by storm. By her artificial beauty and graces she succeeded, and after a short campaign, married the catch of the season.

As previously stated, there was no proof of authorship of this tale beyond such inference as might be drawn from its inclusion in the *Plain Tales from the Hills* series.

Now, in 1897, William Heinemann, London, published a volume entitled "A Pinchbeck Goddess," which the title page states to be "By Mrs. J. M. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling)." The dedication to this volume reads as follows:

#### TO MY BROTHER.

" Rudyard, as lesser dames to great ones use,  
My lighter comes to kiss thy learned muse;  
Whose better studies while she emulates,  
She learns to know long difference of their states.  
Yet is the office not to be despised,  
If only love should make the action prized."

*Ben Johnson.*

The heroine of this story is Mrs. "Winnie" Edwards. The story is in character and topic simply an expansion of the theme of the original tale of the same title in the Civil and Military Gazette, which is undoubtedly by Beatrice Kipling, as the tale in the book is based on the plot of the story, and the names of some of the characters, including that of the heroine, coincide in the two. The story "The Little Pink House," in the Pall Mall magazine of August, 1894, is signed by Beatrice Kipling; as is also the story "A Woman of Seasons," in the same magazine for March, 1895. In many places this authoress is referred to as "Beatrice" Kipling, and it is hard to find any reference *to* her under any other name. But that is not her name. Her real name was "Alice Macdonald Kipling," after her mother; but to distinguish them, the younger was generally called "Trix" when a little girl. This was expanded into "Beatrice," and became the general practice. She married John M. Fleming, and they are now living in Edinburgh. She wrote a story entitled "The Heart of a Maid," under the pen name of "Beatrice Grange," which was published as *No. 8* of the Indian Railway Library. In that series, the picture on the back of "Under the Deodars," and on the front of "The Heart of a Maid," is "Trix" Kipling.

*The Kipling Room in Toronto.*

BY DR. GEORGE H. LOCKE, CHIEF LIBRARIAN, PUBLIC LIBRARY  
OF TORONTO, CANADA.

**T**HE Public Library of Toronto, Canada, has a room in which the books are those which the Chief Librarian thinks are the most interesting for older boys and girls—say from the ages of 14—19.

There is no name for such boys and girls—at least no name which appeals to me. There was a lady in these isles who wrote me asking what provision I made in my great educational institution for "intermediate adolescents." I told her we had no such animal in this Dominion. Think of being attracted to a room called "For Adolescents!" So to avoid the circumlocution we looked about for a name which might be significant—at least to the intelligent. "Kipling" appealed to me, and was enthusiastically received by my patrons, these boys and

girls, and to-day we have the famous " Kipling Room " known all over Canada.

I think all persons interested in the work of spreading intelligence through the instrumentality of books will agree that the selection of books for older boys and girls is the most difficult of all our problems. They have left behind the days of the elementary school, and they are aspiring, especially in these latter days, to be considered " grown up."

It is the first line of social demarcation in our lives, and it is the most plainly marked. It is utter folly to approach this problem from below—from the Boys and Girls House, for instance, that unique feature of our system—for education works downwards not upwards, and with this in mind I planned that this Kipling Room should be on the mezzanine floor of my great circulating room, so that it would seem to be one of the divisions of the larger library.

It has worked well, and our patronage is relatively very great. Best of all we have succeeded in making it so attractive that the boy or girl is not lured by the Edgar Wallace or the Ethel M. Dell which, unfortunately, have to appear on the shelves of the library to which his father and mother go. When he grows up perhaps these will have passed away.

We have been made happy by a letter from Mr. Kipling, and by the portraits of the famous " trio " given by the Kipling Society from a facsimile of that which appeared in the Kipling Journal.

Of course, we have some hundreds of volumes of Mr. Kipling's works, and these have to be renewed very often. The boys and girls are very proud of a beautifully bound edition signed by Mr. Kipling.

GEORGE H. LOCKE.

*Note:*—Dr. Locke says in his letter to the Secretary: " You might tell Mr. Kipling some day when you see him that in that book with which he is so familiar this is all described, for it says ' And Ms works do follow him.' "

*Kipling and the Bible.*

**A** PART from Book and story headings where chapter and verse are quoted, e.g., *Many Inventions* and *The Captive*, Kipling's works are full of quotations from and allusions to the Bible. Wordings are rarely exact, but the source is unmistakable. I have traced a few which may interest Kiplingites—and probably other members may have come across some which I have missed.

Gentlemen Rankers. "The curse of Reuben holds us."—*Genesis 49 (4)*. *Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel*—is the actual curse.

Rhyme of the Three Sealers. "Yea, skin for skin and all that he hath a man will give for his life."—*Job 2 (4)*. *Shin for shin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life*.

Islanders. "No doubt but ye are the people."—*Job 12 (2)*. *No doubt but ye are the people*.

Song of Diego Valdez. "Oh bread we ate in secret."—*Proverbs 9 (17)*. *Bread eaten in secret is pleasant*.

Ballad of King's Jest. "But no man knoweth the mind of the King."—*Proverbs 25 (3)*. *The heart of kings is unsearchable*.

Maxims of Hafiz. "The ways of a man with a maid he strange."

L'Envoi. "There be triple ways to take, of the eagle and the snake, and the way of a man with a maid, but the dearest way to me is a ship's in open sea."—*Proverbs 30 (19)*. *The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid*.

Sea to Sea (P. 10). "Whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not from him."—*Ecclesiastes 2 (10)*. *Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them*.

'Sea to Sea,' Vol. 1 Chapter 3 (page 22). R.K. describes Amber as "sister of Pathros, Zoan, and No"—*Ezekiel 30. 14*. *And I will make Pathros desolate, and will set fire in Zoan, and will execute judgments in No*.

McAndrew's Hymn. "Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o' desire."—*Ecclesiastes 6 (9)*. *Better is the sight of the eyes than the wanderings of the desire*.

Boots. "An' there's no discharge in the war."—*Ecclesiastes 8 (8)*. *And there is no discharge in that war*.

Second Rate Woman. "Stay me with fondants, comfort me with chocolates."—*Song of Solomon 2 (5)*. — *Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples.*

Peace of Dives. "Is not Calno like Carchemish."—*Isaiah 10 (9)*. *Is not Calno as Carchemish?*

Maxims of Hafix. "In vain in the sight of the bird is the net of the fowler displayed."—*Proverbs 1 (17)*. *In vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.*

Arithmetic on the Frontier. "That whistles clear all flesh is grass."—*Isaiah 40 (16)*. *All flesh is grass.*

The Man Who Was. "Without remembering the pit whence he was digged."—*Isaiah 51 (1)*. *The hole of the pit whence ye are digged.*

Tomlinson. "The spirit gripped him by the hair."—*Ezekiel 8 (3)*. *And he took me by a lock of mine head; and the spirit lifted me up.*

Recessional. "Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart."—*Psalms 51 (17)*. *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.*

"Lord God of Hosts."—*Psalms 89 (8)*. *Lord God of Hosts.*

Ballad of East and West. "Oh east is east and west is west."—*Psalms 103 (12)*. *As far as the east is from the west.*

The Widow at Windsor. "Take 'old of the wings o' the mornin'."—*Psalms 139 (9)*. *If I take the wings of the morning.*

The Mary Gloster. "And the wife of my youth shall charm me."—*Proverbs 5 (18)*. *And rejoice with the wife of thy youth.*

*The "Mary Gloster."*

"For the heart it shall go with the treasure—go down to the sea in ships.

"I'm sick of the hired women—I'll kiss my girl on her lips!

"I'll be content with my fountain, I'll drink from my own well,

"And the wife of my youth shall charm me—an' the rest can go to Hell!"

Matthew 6. 21. Luke 12. 34. *For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*

Psalms 107. 23. *They that go down to the sea in ships.*

Proverbs 5, 15 and 18. *Drink waters out of thy own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well. Let thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice with the wife of thy youth.*

Apart from these there is the reference to Ezekiel's valley of dry bones (chapter 37) in the chapter describing Amber in Letters of Marque. "The straw might be counted fairly and the tally of bricks he set" (Imperial Rescript) is an allusion to the Biblical story of the captivity in Egypt, and "How beautiful upon the mountains" \* (Masque of Plenty) comes I am sure, from one of the Psalms. I think these quotations prove the very wide range of Kipling's reading as a youth and young man, and his wonderful memory, because I do not suppose for one minute that any of the above were worked in after looking up the original, rather the other way; the Biblical words which were stored in Kipling's memory fitted into the verse without an effort, and as being exactly those which were required.

\* [Isaiah, Ch. 52, v. 7.].

A.J.C.

### *Sussex Dialect Words.*

COMPILED BY MR. J. DELANCEY FERGUSON, WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY, CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A. A GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES USED IN KIPLING'S STORIES AND POEMS.

(Continued from No. 20).

VAMBRISH, *vb.*: to fleck.

"A great smoky pat vambriished with red gun-fire."

*Simple Simon*, RF, 303.

VIVERS, *n.*: fibers. (NED, quoting this passage).

"The vivers of her roots they hold the bank together."

*Hal o' the Draft*, PPH, 224.

WATER-LET, *n.*: drainage ditch.

"Diks an' sluices, an' tide-gates an' water-lets."

*Dymchurch Flit*, PPH, 239.

WAT-WASTE, *n.*: unused land by the roadside.

"A grass way-waste that cut into a summer-silent hazel wood."

*They*, TD, 290.

WEATHER-TENDER, *adj.*: sensitive to weather.

"My woman was won'erful weather-tender."

*Dymchurch Flit*, PPH, 224.

WERISH, *adj.*: weak ; insipid.

" This Oxfordshire plague . . . was of a werish, watery-nature."

*A Doctor of Medicine*, RF, 264.

"WILDISHER, *n.*: native of the open country ?

" Her folk come out of the ground here, neither chalk nor forest, but wildishers."

*An Habitation Enforced*, AR, 40.

WITHINSIDES, *adv.*: inwardly.

" That thought shrivelled me withinsides."

*The Wrong Thing*, RF, 76.

WOODLUMP, *n.*: a woodpile.

" I was just going to toss the man over his own woodlump."

*Cold Iron*, RF, 15.

WOPS, *n.*: wasp.

It's too early for wopse-nestes."

*Ibid.*, 25.

YERK, *vb.*: to goad; to thrust. (NED).

" He would yerk us in the ribs with his scabbarded sword."

*Young Men at the Manor*, PPH, 49.

(Concluded).

#### *Letter Bag.*

*A new Kipling Crypticism.* " I heard one of the ships had been dished out pre-war cordite for target practice, and so her shooting was like the old *Superb's* at Alexandria." (From *A Naval Mutiny—Story-Teller*, December, 1931). Ortheris liked cartridges that had been some years in store, to let the propellant get a grip of the bullet.

Does cordite " go off ?" I have not noticed that after quite a few years for sporting purposes, Rifleite did—I had a Lee Metford or Lee Spend (I forget which) burst with it after about three or four years.—*F. W. MacKenzie-Shues, South Croydon.*

I feel sure that many members of our Society who have read and re-read those delightful books *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* will be glad to know the age of Dan,

which is not mentioned therein, although Una's age is given in *Marklake Witches*. Nearly twenty years ago I ventured to write to Mr. Kipling and ask him the question; and he was good enough to reply, under date of November 19th, 1912:—  
 " Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter. As far as I can make it out, Dan's age at the beginning of the Puck Tales would be between nine and ten."

So Una was a good deal older than her brother.—*Geoffrey H. White.*

Lately I have taken to wearing my Kipling badge with, it is needless to say, great pride, until I met in with a short-sighted reveller, who, after staring at it for some time exclaimed: " Ah! at first sight<sup>1</sup> I took you to be a Bible reader; but now I see you advertise the Tippling Society. Com'an' av'a'drink." I've put my brooch in cotton wool lest I am tempted again. I hope you are not too high brow to appreciate the situation.—*L. H. Preston, Penrith, N.S.W., Australia.*

I do not agree that " a besom'd dark night " merely means a very dark night. A besom is a broom made of the Sussex •downland shrub-broom, and a besom'd dark night is one when the witches are riding their brooms or besoms through the midnight sky—surely a more picturesque explanation.—*C. A. •Cusse.*

In the December *Journal* I notice that Admiral Chandler identifies a certain J. Fayerer with the " fearless and independent investigator " of the preface to the *Jungle Book*, where an elephant, a monkey, and a bear are mentioned. Though I feel some diffidence in disputing the opinion of such an authority, I cannot help thinking that to introduce a real man into such a list would be wholly incongruous. There seems to me no doubt that the " investigator " referred to was a mon-goose.—*Major B. J. Bewley, Maymya, Burma.*

[*Note.*—Perhaps Kipling intended the double meaning; he is very fond of this kind of thing.—*Editor, K.J.*]

As a former trooper in a Cape Irregular Regiment of Mounted Rifles I could have wished Sir George MacMunn to have spoken

longer on the South African War. Every word that Kipling wrote, in short story or verse, bears the hall-mark of truth on it. *How* does he know? All Irregulars *were* horse thieves. I remember a column of Australians who actually tried to steal horses one night from us!! They failed for once, but they were about as tough as any troops that fought against the wily and slim Boer, who to-day is in control of the reins of government, and is making things rather warm for the British section of South Africa's inhabitants. By the way, "Ikona" is Zulu, not Kaffir, though it has passed into both of South Africa's official languages—English and Afrikander—as a house-hold word, and it conveys a very decided negative.—*"South African Member."*

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APPENDUM.—We have just received the first number of an attractive periodical entitled *Empire*. From a brief glance it seems to be admirably adapted for cultivating the new trade developments, and—more important still—for encouraging that real spirit of Empire which Kipling has shown us in his works.

#### *Secretary's Announcements.*

(1) *Meetings. Session 1931-32.* The 3rd Meeting is as follows:—  
28th April, Thursday, 8 p.m., Rembrandt Rooms, S. Kensington.

*Lecturer:* Mr. Donald Maxwell (Artist and Writer).

*Subject:* "Kipling as a Landscape Painter." Original water colours of illustrations for "East of Suez" will be on view from 7.30 p.m. (These are for sale).

*An extra Meeting* has been arranged for Tuesday, 7th June, 1932, at 8 p.m., at the Rembrandt Rooms (evening before the Annual Luncheon).

*Lecturer:* The President.

*Subject:* "Stalky's Schooldays."

*In the chair:* Lt.-Gen. Sir G. F. MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

(2) *Annual Conference and Luncheon, 1932.* This has been fixed for Wednesday, June 8th, instead of June 15th, as provisionally arranged (vide Journal No. 19). *Chief Guests:* M. de Fleuriau (French Ambassador), and another.

(3) *Appointments. Vice-Presidents:* (a) Lady Houston, D.B.E. (also a "Donor" member); (b) Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.

*Council:* Mr. J. Gr. Griffin has been co-opted vice Sir Harry Eenwick (deceased). Mr. J. K. Turnbull, M.G., CA. do. to complete establishment.

*Note.*—All above are subject to confirmation at the Conference.

(4) *Casualties. Vice-President and Council:* Sir Harry Eenwick, Bart, (deceased).

(5) *Hon. Organizer:* Mr. J. H. C. Brooking has resigned his appointment, and it has been decided to hold this appointment in abeyance.

(6) *Corresponding Section.* It has been suggested that a section, or sections, be organized to enable members residing at a distance from London to correspond and exchange ideas on Kipling's works (short essays, queries, experiences, etc.). Will members, both in the United Kingdom and Overseas, who would like to join these sections, kindly intimate their desire to the Secretary as soon as possible? Should the response warrant it, a scheme will be devised for carrying this out. If necessary there could be different area sections in the United Kingdom, and also in different Countries for Overseas. Sections would be run independently. Suggestions will be welcome.

(7) A member has a copy of the original issue of No. 1 Journal for disposal at 10s. Please apply to the Secretary.

(8) *Library.* Members desirous of access to the Library at the Eubens Hotel for any particular purpose should communicate with the Hon. Librarian.—Address, see Journal back cover, or leaflet.

## ROLL OF NEW MEMBERS TO MARCH, 1932. Nos. 1073 to 1084.

1073	W. L. England	Yorks	1079	Lt.-Col. R. Stephens	Salisbury
1074	Leslie M. Hurd	Kent	1080	R. J. C. Cameron	Scotland
1075	Richard F. Kensington	Harrow		(Transfer from "Associates")	
	(Transfer from "Associates")		1081	Windsor Public Library	CANADA
1076	Mrs. Neil Turner	London	1082	Mrs. Norah Nicholls	London
1077*	Lady Houston	London	1083	Theodore W. Sterling	U.S.A.
1078	Miss N. Ogilvie	Surrey	1084	Miss R. S. M. Turnbull	S. AFRICA

### Associate Member.

A30 Gordon E. Bowes

CANADA

\*Donor Member.

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*President, 1927-28-29-30-31-32.*

Maj.-Gen. L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.

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