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# *The* Spectator

THE PREDOMINANT WEEKLY

EVERY thoughtful person to-day realises the importance of keeping adequately informed on public questions, both domestic and foreign. But it is by no means easy. Life is crowded and public affairs are increasingly complex. Some clarification and explanation is needed. *The Spectator* exists to provide that. Independent in its outlook, standing for ordered progress but associated with no political party, it discusses the chief issues of the day, political, industrial, economic, scientific, religious, social and literary, both in editorial articles and notes and in signed contributions by writers of recognised authority.

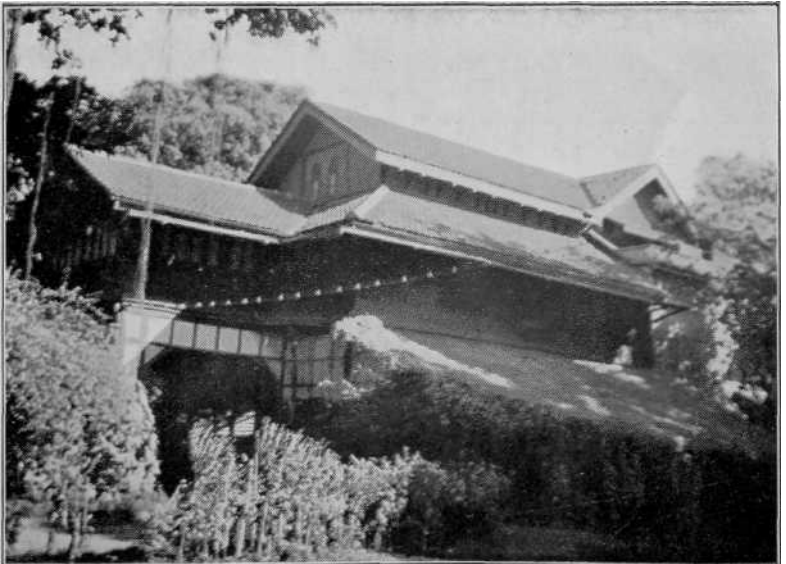
To busy people who have little time to read the daily press, *The Spectator* is especially useful. Its aim is to insure readers against missing the true bearing of any event

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

EVERY **6**<sup>D.</sup> FRIDAY



THE ART SCHOOL, BOMBAY, WHEN J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING WAS PRINCIPAL



THE ART SCHOOL AS IT IS TO-DAY

# *The Kipling Journal*

The Organ of the Kipling Society

QUARTERLY

No. 43

SEPTEMBER, 1937

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## *News and Notes*

FROM time to time we have been able to publish pictures of Kipling's various homes ; thanks to the kindness of Mr. Percy F. Kipling we give two views of our Master's birthplace, the Art School at Bombay, of which his father was Principal. The top picture shows the building as it was in 1865 ; the lower one is the School as it is to-day, on which a memorial plaque was placed by Lord Lloyd. The present Principal is Captain Solomon.

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In this issue members will find Mr. J. G. Griffin's Paper, which was given at the Fifth Meeting on April 7th. Owing to lack of space this Paper had to be held over until now, as the lecturer desired that it should appear in full. We feel sure that the importance of the subject, as well as the masterly manner in which it was treated, deserved reproducing in full ; the Discussion too, was full of interest and could not easily be abbreviated ; comment was made on the large number of members taking part in this. A vote of thanks to Mr. Griffin was moved by the Hon. Editor : " In moving the vote of thanks I will not bore you with any more remarks. I shall simply ask you to join me in thanking Mr. Griffin, first of all for drawing our attention to this apparently little-known work, for producing a very original and provocative Paper, and

for the great pains he has taken in giving it to us." The vote was seconded by Major Dawson : "I have much pleasure in seconding that, and I would like to say that the lecture has provoked a large amount of discussion. I attend nearly all these meetings, and I think it is the first time that more than perhaps three or four people have got up. I am sure we very greatly appreciate such an effort." Lt.-Col. B. S. Browne proved an able Chairman.

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In our last issue (p. 35) there was a note about Kipling's Mother Lodge having decided to add "The Kipling Lodge" to its title. At the time it was thought that this was the first occasion a Masonic Lodge had been named after Kipling, but we have received information from Mr. W. J. Kerr that the Ballinamallard Lodge in Northern Ireland has the prior claim ; this Lodge adopted the title, "The Kipling Lodge," about two weeks earlier than Lodge Hope and Perseverance, on Nov. nth, 1936.

Mr. Kerr also draws our attention to the fact that Ballinamallard was the birthplace of the grandmother of Stanley Baldwin (now Earl Baldwin) and Rudyard Kipling.

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Most of our Members know that Messrs A. P. Watt & Son were literary agents for our Master, who often acknowledged his gratitude to them. In *Great Thoughts* (Aug., 1937) there appears an excellent article about the firm of A. P. Watt & Son, from which we quote the following lines:—"Although, in those early days, Kipling approached A. P. Watt & Son with some uncertainty, later he became more than thankful that all the multi-complication, of his widely read books should be completely out of his hands, and safely settled with a company who knew every inch of the ground intimately. At the time when his books were beginning to attract international attention, a dream came to Kipling one night. In the dream some mysterious power had withdrawn Watt's guiding hand, and left him fighting in a tide of first editions, second editions contracts, foreign rights and colonial rights, trying to breast wave after wave, until, his strength fast giving out, a wave larger than any that had gone before, and crested with boiling foam, came surging down upon him—and he awoke. "

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The Kipling Memorial at the Imperial Service College, Windsor (the direct successor of the United Services College of Westward Ho !) is now taking definite shape ; in the words of the *Daily Express* Staff Reporter, " Kipling's memory is to be kept green by a Kipling library and Kipling scholarships for fifty sons of Empire builders. The Earl of Athlone is the president of the council controlling the scheme. ' Stalky ' (Major-General Lionel Dunsterville), who is president of the Kipling Society, has become a member of the council. Both he and ' M'Turk ' (Mr. George C. Beresford), joint heroes of ' Stalky & Co., ' are among the chief promoters of this attempt to perpetuate the memory of ' Beetle, ' the author. The scholarships will be open to the sons of men in the public service throughout the Empire ; they are to be called Kipling Scholars." The matter will be further discussed at a banquet to be given by the President, Vice-Presidents and Members of the Rudyard Kipling Memorial Fund, at Grosvenor House on Wednesday, the 17th November. Those who wish to be present should write to Mr. H. N. Bolton, 11b, Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1.

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Mr. A. E. Caddick, one of our New Zealand members, sends a little book as a gift to the Library, " The Story of Pelorus Jack, " with the subjoined explanatory note :—"On p. 99 (of the Autobiography) he writes of Pelorus Jack, the white dolphin that was famous in New Zealand. But ' Jack ' was nowhere near Wellington Harbour ; he was across Cook Strait in the French Pass. However, as R. K. was writing 46 years after he had seen ' Jack, ' the mistake is perhaps understandable, though Kipling usually remembered things of that type. In fact one of the sins the slick critics attribute to him is a 'photographic mind' and little genius!"

### *Branch Reports*

**Victoria. B.C., Canada.**—The May Meeting was also the Annual Meeting, and was held, by the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Symons, at their home. All officers were re-elected, with two exceptions : Mr. K. C. Symons appointed Vice-President in place of Mr. P. R. Leighton, and Miss Leighton as Member of the Executive in place of Mrs. D. Hewitt White (rtd.) Col Goodland, C.B., D.S.O., recently returned from England, gave an interesting

account of his visit to "Bateman's" to see Mrs. Kipling; he described the old house and the country round, much of which is familiar from Kipling's stories. Several amusing short extracts from Kipling were read or recited by members, and a clever alphabetical competition on names of Kipling's characters was arranged by Mr. Symons, the winners being Messrs. C. V. Milton and P. R. Leighton. The meetings will be resumed in September and a Kipling picnic was planned for August.

MARY NEAL, *Publicity Secretary.*

**Auckland, N.Z. Branch.**—At the last Meeting of the Branch an interesting Paper entitled "Kipling's Man" was read by Mr. Norman Boyes. Kipling had been called a preacher, said Mr. Boyes, because he extolled the virtues of service, honour and high principle in everything. It was not easy to define Kipling's man in a few words, but he could be described as a man's man, hall-marked "made in England," and his decalogue was to be found in "If." Readings were given from Kipling poems by Mr. F. S. Townley Little, the Rev. C. E. Perkins, Mr. W. J. Smeeton, Mr. H. McAlister and Mrs. D. W. Faigan.

We regret to hear of the death of Mrs. M. Stuart Boyd, one of the earliest members of the Branch and the collector of Kipling Books; in her possession were MSS copies of "Mandalay" and "The Conundrum of the Workshops."

**Manitoba, Canada.**—At the May Meeting it was decided to cable a Message of Loyalty to their Majesties on the occasion of their Coronation; a letter of acknowledgment was later received through H.E. the Governor-General of Canada from His Majesty's Private Secretary. The Hon. Secretary of the Branch, Mr. R. V. Waitt, spoke on "The Years Between," which, he said, was a gem of the very best thought as it contained more prophetic and real history than any of the wonderful works the Great Master had written. The President, General Ketchen closed the Meeting.

### *Notes on "Mrs. Bathurst"*

By L. H. CHANDLER

June 18, 1932.

**I**N the magazine entitled "The Colophon," New York, February, 1932, appeared an article by J. DeLancey Ferguson, entitled

"Death by Spontaneous Combustion," in which was written the following :

"Nevertheless the tale did not die with the nineteenth century. In South Africa, in 1904, Kipling's Mrs. Bathurst and her lover were not only killed but burned completely to charcoal by lightning, so that the tattoo marks on the man's body stood out like writing on burnt paper. This case, though, is not quite germane to our subject, and Mr. Kipling, if challenged, could doubtless cite chapter and verse to prove that such a thing really happened."

Upon reading the above words, L. H. Chandler wrote to Ferguson, stating that, to him, there was no hint in the story to the effect that the second "tramp" that was killed with Vickery was Mrs. Bathurst; that if there was any hint in the story at all as to her whereabouts, it was that she was at home in England at the time, and that Vickery, on his way up country, had merely stopped again at the cinema which showed her picture. It was admitted at the same time, however, that the story was much stronger if the second tramp really were Mrs. Bathurst. Ferguson was asked as to his grounds for his belief in regard to the matter, and his reply reads :

"Your question about 'Mrs. Bathurst' staggered me as much as you say my remark staggered you. I had always 'jest natcherly' taken it for granted that V's companion was Mrs. B. I still think so, even though on looking over the story again I can find little positive proof except V's remark, "She's lookin' for me." I assume that in her quest she applied at the Admiralty for information about V's whereabouts, and on learning that his ship was on the South African Station came out there to find him. If V's dead companion *wasn't* Mrs. B., what's the point of the story? It fell completely apart, it seems to me unless the stories of V's deserting and of Mrs. B's charms unite at the close."

In comment on the above it must be noted that Vickery didn't desert, but was sent up country "to take over certain naval ammunition left after the war in Bloemfontein Fort. No details was ordered to accompany Master Vickery. He was told off first person singular—as a unit—by himself." This happened after the cinema show had left town, and it was some days before that, in the show, when Mrs. Bathurst appeared on the reel, that Vickery said, of her in England as she showed on the reel, in a railway station in England, "She's lookin' for me." Also it was after he had his orders to go alone



to Bloemfontein that he said he would see her again, apparently on the same reel at some town on his road, for what he said was : " Phyllis's Circus will be performin' at Worcester to-morrow night. So I shall see her yet once again."

There is certainly no hint in all the above that Mrs. Bathurst had come out to South Africa in search of Vickery; but, nevertheless it may be that she did, for there is nothing in the story to flatly indicate to the contrary. And Ferguson is undoubtedly right that the tale is much more forceful if Vickery's incinerated companion really was Mrs. Bathurst.

Copies of the preceding notes were sent to several friends, and as a result L. H. Chandler later received a letter, dated June 7, 1932, from F. W. Mackenzie-Skues, F.S.E., Civil Engineer and Surveyor, the parts of which that relate to the subject read as follows :—

"Mr. Bazley has shown me a copy of your notes to him on the subject of Mrs. Bathurst. The part about the two bodies found, struck by lightning, is authentic—though I can't vouch for the tattoo marks standing out as he says they did. No doubt R.K. has the story from Inspector Hooper, whose real name was Teddy Layton. He was the locomotive inspector on the Victoria Falls Line, then under construction. I was the engineer in charge. The Line runs through the Teak Forest (" Egusi" means " in the Teak ") and the river running through it is called the Umgusa River. I and Um are articles, and E is the locative case of the article.

I rather think it was Teddy Layton who found the bodies at M'Benji Siding. They were trekking up to the Falls looking for work or else were returning without having found it, when they were caught in a thunderstorm and instead of keeping out in the open went and leant up against the buffer block in the dead end, and as that was almost entirely built of rails it naturally attracted the lightning.

My recollection of it is that they were both men. I think it was Dr. Lionel Smith, in whose district M'Benji came, who examined the bodies.

I am going down to Gloucestershire at the end of the month to stay with Lewis Thomas who was the traffic manager and will compare notes with him. He may be able to refresh my memory.

Teddy Layton was lent to the Rhodesia Railways by the Cape Government Railways, and two years or so later he dropped dead in one of the principal streets of Cape Town.

By-the-way, M'Benji is 184 miles north of Bulawayo which is 1362 miles from Cape Town.

The Teak Forest starts just beyond Nyamandhlovu (which means "elephant's meat") siding 33 miles from Bulawayo.

M'Bindwe is of course M'Benji, and Phyllis's Circus was Fillis's Circus. I went there in 1895 to get riding lessons from Old Fillis, in Johannesburg."

And there the matter rests up to this date.

### *Concerning "Teem"*

(Something More of Himself)

By J. G. GRIFFIN (Member of Council)

THOSE of us who have the privilege of serving the interior economy of the Society have recently had it impressed upon us that, however much we may differ in opinion and bicker at one another across the Council table, we are, at these public sessions, far too apt to be merely complimentary and to just murmur a gently 'Hear, hear' to statements with which we agree and to allow those things with which we don't agree to pass, whereas, so we have been told, it should be our business to make remarks that will provoke members to rise to their feet in vehement dissent! I may give some of you such an opportunity to-day, but in any case, if I succeed, as I think I shall succeed in making the majority of you go home and re-read and study the story of "Teem," I shall at least earn your gratitude.

It is not my purpose to-night, nor have I the time or the qualifications, to criticise ' "Teem," a Treasure Hunter ' as a story, as literature, or as throwing light on Rudyard Kipling's powers at the age of seventy. I will only say that in reading and studying it I have, as with most of his stories, found more to delight and admire on each re-reading. But in this particular story I seem to have stumbled upon something of exceptional interest. When I first read it early in 1936 I was chiefly struck by a recurrent note running through the Story almost as a *leit-motiv*, i.e., by the references to the mistake involved in an Artist ever dreaming outside his Art, and, after the first chapter, to the references to "Teem's" lost world. But it was a dog's story; what did this mean? "Teem" was of course an Artist in his work of finding Truffles—or Treasures?—below the surface, but it is difficult to think that in writing a purely animal story Kipling

above all authors, should put a dog under duress against whoring after visions and making use of his talents for a practical purpose. Would it not be more in accordance with reality that even the cleverest of dogs should employ his art for a practical purpose, albeit with pride ? Why does Kipling make his little dog dwell on that theme of an Artist never dreaming outside his Art ? It was so utterly unlike Kipling to characterise wrongly that I forthwith read the Story over again, and obtained a still stronger impression that in this recurring note the Author appeared to be expressing his own deep feelings on a subject near to his heart.

I put the Story away saying to my family that I would some day take it up again, as I felt strongly that it deserved careful study, and when a few weeks ago, I was prodded to find something controversial with which to provoke a meeting of the Society, I began to study it seriously.

One of the things that I noticed was the great difference between the manner—*i.e.*, the diction—in which "Teem" tells his history, and the manner in which any other of Kipling's animals talk. Now as you know, Kipling is universally acclaimed, even by his most hostile critics, to have had a greater faculty than any other known writer for getting *inside the skin* of an animal. His dogs and other animals talk as one might expect them to talk. If your memories of the story should be faint, I would ask you to note from the extracts which I shall be reading whether "Teem" talks like Kipling's other dogs and animals talk or is it diction such as we find, for instance, in 'A Book of Words?' This is a strange thing when we reflect, as I think you will agree we may, that Rudyard Kipling was so consummate an artist that it was probably impossible for him to write sincerely *outside the skin* of any animal (human or otherwise) whose character he was at the moment portraying. Then whose life was he really portraying ?

I will now read to you the last four lines of the verses with which Kipling, in accordance with his custom, heads the story :—

" *De Brie ? C'est lui.* And if you read my story, you will see  
 What one loyal little heart thought of Life and Love and Art,  
 And notably of Bouvier de Brie—  
 ' My friend the Vicomte Bouvier de Brie.' "

It is almost trite for me to mention that Kipling wrote and reconsidered what he had written with the utmost care, and that he had

a flair for the *mot juste* and the exact shade of meaning he wanted. Bearing this in mind, however, there are two points in these lines of verse to which I would like to draw your attention. First, that the story is not said to be about Life, Love and Art, but about what the Narrator *thought of them*, a very definite and important distinction. The Narrator of course is the little dog "Teem," and the man in the street—or say in his arm chair—may be said to have some justification for wondering why a little dog should tell a story about what he thought of Life, Love and Art. He might perhaps be excused if he wondered whether the line which runs—"What a loyal *little* heart thought . . ." is capable of translation into—"What a loyal *poet's* heart thought of Life, and Love and Art." The other point in the verse to which I would direct your attention is that the story is notably about what the Narrator thought of the Vicomte Bouvier de Brie : this is fully borne out in the telling of the Story, and the Vicomte is therefore obviously deserving of our most particular attention. This is what "Teem" says of him when we are first introduced, "But my friend of friends, my preceptor and my protector, my life long adoration, was M. le Vicomte Bouvier de Brie—a Marshall of Bulls . . . in the stony pastures."

We will now revert to the opening passages of the story where "Teem" tells us of his parents. He begins, "Nothing could prevent my adored Mother from demanding at once the piece of sugar which was her just reward for every Truffle she found," and a few lines later he says that he inherited from his Mother *a practical philosophy without which even genius is but a bird of one wing*. It rather looks, don't you think, as if "Teem" is here paying a tribute to a practical side of his head inherited from a Mother descended from a very practical—canine-race? *Kipling's* Mother as you know, was a lady of great charm, whose forbears came from the island of Skye.

"My revered Father, on the other hand," says "Teem" "V contented himself with the strict practice of his Art." So soon as he had pointed sufficiently to Treasures in one direction "my Father moved on to fresh triumphs. From my Father I inherit my Nose, and, perhaps, a touch of genius. . . ."

"In appearance? My parents come of a race built up from remote times on the gifted of various strains. The fine flower of it to-day is small . . . ; pricked and open ears : a broad and receptive brow : eyes of intense but affable outlook and a Nose in itself an inspiration and unerring guide, Is it any wonder, then, that my Parents stood

apart from the generality ? "

You will no doubt recall that in his Autobiography, Kipling shows how greatly *his* parents stood above the generality in his love and admiration. Here is an extract from the charming little Vignettes that Miss MacDonald wrote for our Journal of September, 1936 about Kipling's parents. " Each of the parents had a rarely gifted personality. John Lockwood Kipling was an artist, designer, and sculptor, with a wide knowledge of literature, a mind of distinct originality, and interested in everything. He was sent out to India to form a School of Art in Bombay. . . . He was modest and unassuming, gentle and kind." As we know, after getting the School of Art properly going in Bombay, " he moved on to fresh triumphs " at the Art Museum at Lahore. Kipling's Mother was pure Celt, and his Father was descended from Yeoman stock. It might truly be said of them then that " They were gifted of various strains " of which " the fine flower of it to-day is small."

Then " Teem " tells us about himself as a puppy :—  
 " Yet I would not make light of those worthy artisans who have to be trained by Persons to the pursuit of Truffles. They possess many virtues, but not the Nose—that gift which is incommunicable. My achievements early won me the title of the Abbe. It was easy. I do not recall that I was ever trained by any Person. I watched, imitated, and, at need, improved upon the technique of my Parents. . . . where the best Truffles are found, and, that which to the world seemed a chain of miracles was, for me, as easy as to roll in the dust."

May I repeat that last statement " that which to the world seemed a chain of miracles was, for me, as easy as to roll in the dust! "

In regard to " Teem's " *Nose*, it is perhaps worthy of mention that the word is spelt with a capital " N ". The Nose represents, of course, his inherited flair and genius for discovering Treasures below the surface of things.

We are told next of " Teem's " early friends, and here, perhaps, I must walk warily in this company ? There are two especial ones. There is nothing in the characteristics given in the Story to these two which is at all reminiscent of anything in the Author's own life—as far as my limited knowledge of it goes—but their presence in the Story, and notably at this point, is of importance, and I shall refer to them later.

Whilst I was reading to you " Teem's " references to the Vicomte Bouvier de Brie, I imagine that some of you will have " cocked a

wise left eye-brow " in half-hesitant expectancy. Perhaps the following will help to clarify your thoughts :— " Teem " tells that on one occasion the Vicomte said to him, " Little bad one, But I prophesy thou wilt go far." Now in the Autobiography Kipling says that on one occasion, after he had won a Prize Poem Competition at Westward Ho, " Crom Price said that if I went on I might be heard of again!"

You have no doubt by now been well provoked, and I have disclosed my hand and must frankly admit that I am leading you towards dilemmas. It is practically impossible, isn't it ? to gloss over the very remarkable resemblances between the Author's parents and "Teem's" ; between the brief description of " Teem " and the style in which one can imagine Kipling referring to himself as a youth ; and, above all, to the likeness between what Kipling has told us in other places about " my beloved Headmaster Cormell Price " and " Teem's " *Preceptor and life long admiration*, the Vicomte Bouvier de Brie. We also have for consideration the diction in which the Story is given to us, and the fact that it is about what the Narrator *thought of* Life Love and Art.

You will like to know if this part of the Story contains other instances indicating identity between Kipling and " Teem," What is your opinion of the following ? " Teem " says, " About my fifteenth month I found myself brother to four who wearied me. At the same time there was a change in my Master's behaviour." From a standard work on dogs I find that a young dog is fully developed at 15 months, but is still adaptable to environment and outside influences. In his Autobiography Kipling says that on the *Pioneer* he was one of four ; that he felt he did not fit in with the *Pioneer's* scheme of things, and that his Superiors were of the same opinion. His age at this time was 23. In the case of " Teem " as well as of Kipling we are told that, travelling by a roundabout method, they each then left the foreign country in which they had been living and, through a more or less adventurous journey, came to live in England.

I think we have now arrived at the point where we may say there is strong presumptive evidence that, so far, " Teem " has been telling us facts in the life of Kipling himself, or in other words—improbable as it may at first seem—this part of the Story definitely appears to be disguised autobiography. And since we may at least tentatively regard it as such, it is worth while reconsidering the references to the special friends of " Teem " as a puppy. We in this Society

think we know a good deal about two special friends of Rudyard Kipling's youth, but as I have stated, none of us would recognize them under the descriptions of *Pluton and Dis* given in the Story. Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen, I am of opinion that this very fact not only strengthens as well as lengthens our chain of evidence, but provides invaluable support to—may I say *our*—suspicions that we are dealing with deliberate, and not with casual autobiography—*i.e.*, the disguise points definitely to design. The other characters which we have considered have been readily recognizable, and I suggest for your meditation the Author anticipated that some of those intimately associated with him would be likely to perceive this. It is rational to think he may not have desired that what is between the lines in "Teem" should be given to the world in his life time, and he therefore made the characterisation of Pluton and Dis such that, even if they should detect the autobiographical details, it was fairly certain neither would claim identity and make the strange thing public. If you will consider this at leisure you will find it is not far-fetched, or just ingenious. We should, I think you will agree, have been reluctant to accept anything as biography of Kipling's youth which ignored the existence of his two special friends—and we find them at the right point, but much disguised. Kipling has, of course, done justice to some of their qualities elsewhere, and the Story of "Teem" shows clearly that they were not forgotten. Incidentally, we cannot leave this subject without noting the very typical mischievous Kipling touch in the selection of the names of "Pluton" and "Dis" for these two. As you will know, "Pluto" and "Dis" are alternative names for the King of the nether regions. When one calls to mind stories which have delighted us all in *Stalky & Co.*, I hope I may say without offence to either of the two, the selection of these names confirms the suspicion that it is they who are indicated !

There are cryptic references in connection with Pluton and Dis and the Vicomte to a *Railway Station* and *the Street of the Fountain*, both located near by the *stony pastures*. One may expect from the context that these refer to environs of the U.S. College at Westward Ho, and I only hope that some old Member of the College may be able to decode.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, what do you make of it all ? We have had a sequence of syllogisms pointing most definitely to the first chapter of the Story being founded on the facts of Kipling's own life, and their cumulative effect is such that the dilemma now

lies, I think you will agree, not in forming an opinion whether it is autobiography, but, whether the autobiographical details are merely drawing on personal experience or out of a definite plan. I have already mentioned that, to me at any rate, the deliberate blurring of the identity of—Pluton and Dis— who appear just at the juncture of the story where they should appear, seems almost conclusive evidence of deliberate design. I need scarcely say that I have not come before you with this unexpected rendering without studying the story many times, but I can understand that at first impact what I have been suggesting will have caused you, to put it mildly, a good deal of surprise. Time does not admit of my fully arguing the matter, but I do believe that if you will re-read the story yourselves, after having these remarkable resemblances brought to your notice, very few of you will reject out-of-hand the conclusion that the first chapter at least is deliberate autobiography. Proceeding on these lines, the next dilemma is, What does it mean? *Why* did Kipling, with his fecundity of imagination, and his abnormal reticence, where his inveterate habit and method were more nearly akin to obscurity, go out of his way to pile up evidence that the little dog "Teem" is none other than himself? The simplest explanation that occurs to me—though naturally I do not say it is the only one—is that the Author desired to make his identity in the first chapter incontestable so that we should look for what may be found between the lines in the rest of the Story.

If, indeed, he had other things to show us, then the rest of the Story is told in Symbolism for the interpretation of which imagination and some knowledge of his life are necessary. Now if the first portion of the Story coincides with the facts of Kipling's early life, and the Narrator's history is continued in the rest of the Story, are we not entitled to expect that in the rest of the story we shall find a continuation of Kipling's own history?

I am assuming that this part of the Story *is* Symbolism, and I hope to satisfy you that a ready interpretation is at hand bearing great similitude to facts of outstanding importance in our Author's life after he left India. But the Symbolism goes deeper than tangible facts, and covers the aims which guided the life of the narrator for a considerable period, and even, I think I may say (I warned you there would be provocation!) his last thoughts on things that were very near to his heart. The narrator, I would remind you, appears to be Kipling himself telling his story in the guise of "Teem."



As you know, the story we are considering this evening was written (or at any rate checked over and sent to the publishers) in the twilight of the Master's life, and was only given to the world in the month that he left us. In the peaceful seclusion of *Batemans* during those last months he spent long hours in looking back on his life and on work accomplished. In his heart of hearts he knew that talents had been entrusted to him almost beyond compare, and if—I ask heresy hunters to note that I say "if"—in reflecting upon how those talents had been used, it should have seemed to him that it had lain within the compass of his Art to have enriched the Literature of England by an even greater opulence than his pen had contributed in a long life, might he not have felt impelled, either for his own satisfaction and relief, or for the enlightenment of those in this and future generations who should care, to set down in black and white something in the nature of a cue to much of his life and work? Not an open confession to the general reader, but something that would enable us to understand him better, and, perhaps, why we sometimes miss his Daemon?

You will tell me that Kipling was not given to morbid introspection, that he would be unlikely to let the daws have an opportunity even after his heart no longer beat, and that, as Mr. Victor Bonney has pointed out to us, baring of the soul was abhorrent to him. I should be the last to deny the force of such arguments, for the outstanding qualities referred to have always been features which have appealed to me in Kipling's writings. Explanation, too, has generally been considered to have been contrary to his principles and temperament, but he makes it clear in the Autobiography that it was explanation under provocation that he objected to, lest he should be drawn into a "dog-fight"—and here was no provocation. If Rudyard Kipling did continue writing about himself after the first chapter there is no other rational explanation for the strangeness of the Story than that it was written as Symbolism, and I hope that you will permit me to give you my views as to a possible interpretation of this. However, before attempting to interpret I ought, perhaps, knowing what a sieve my own memory is, to recall to you the outlines of the Story after "Teem", or Kipling, starts his working life in England. He first of all meets a sheep-dog, who becomes his adopted Aunt ("Ma Tante"), and then a Person, redolent of the soil of England, who becomes his Bone of Bones, and his Master, and to whom he gives all of a dog's deep devotion of body and soul for the rest of his days.

His Master had a daughter, referred to as " the Girl" in the story, and when she first comes into " Teem's " life she is afflicted with a malady which is liable to end her existence : " The Girl " is the Bone of Bones of "Ma Tante."

There are two Enemies, who, using " The Girl's " malady as an excuse, would separate her from her father, " Teem's " Master ; these two Enemies are referred to as " the Goose " and " the Ferret." For a long time " Teem " is greatly distressed because his new circle of friends in England are unable to appreciate that his Art can be of any value, but eventually, owing to the wisdom and watchfulness of " Ma Tante," an outside character of greater culture and discernment, born of Champion Strains" is brought in, and " Teem's " Nose and gift are used to full advantage. The Enemies are thereby routed, and the dreaded menace of separation between the father and daughter is dispelled. The significant fact should also be noted that, owing to the use of " Teem's " Art and gifts, the daughter (" The Girl ") begins at once to throw off the malady which threatened her existence : " Teem is happy, and the story of incident and action ends. " Only," Teem tells us sadly, " *Only it comes to me, as it does to most of us ... to dream in my sleep. Then I return to my lost world.*" We will return to that lost world later.

As I have a very limited time in which to develop a thesis, I am naturally dealing only with those parts of the Story which are necessary to me, and even then I must skip minor points of confirmation. I don't pretend that I've been successful in getting every little part of the mosaic to fit the pattern I am sketching, but at least I have stretched nothing (excepting perhaps the identification of *Pluton* and *Dis*) and I am in the fortunate position of being able to remind you that, after all, " Teem " a Treasure Hunter " was a story written for the enjoyment of his great public by the Master of story-telling untrammelled as to the methods and embellishments he should employ. In other words, there was no reason whatever why Kipling should cramp his story-telling Art by confining himself to the incident of his own life.

Who then, or what, is represented by " Teem's " new Master, the Person redolent of the soil of England, to whom he henceforth devotes his life ? " Teem " says of him " My Nose " (his Nose, mark you), " further revealed that he was imbued with the aromas proper to his work and was, also, kind, gentle and equable in temperament . . . with strength equal to his gentleness." I attach con-

siderable importance to the statement that " he was imbued with the aromas proper to his work." If I should interpret these words as meaning the qualities of character which a great Nation needs to hold and properly govern a great Empire, would you think this in keeping with Kipling's style, or not ?

The Symbolism with which we are now dealing is obviously incapable of proof (or disproof !), but I ask you to give me your fancy for a moment, and to imagine for the time being—whilst you see how other things fit in—that " Teem's " Bone of Bones and Master is no other than . . . the England that Kipling loved ! ! "Teem" tells us " My devotion he accepted and repaid from the first. My Art he could by no means comprehend." In regard to the last sentence, some of you will remember that in the nineties a celebrated cartoonist drew a picture of Kipling in a Britannia helmet and blowing a tin trumpet and waving a Union Jack. And now listen to the loyal poet, through the mouth of " Teem," telling of his love for his England:

" But the rest was happiness, tempered with vivid fears when we were apart lest, if the wind blew beyond moderation, a tree might fall and crush Him; lest when He worked late He might disappear into one of those terrible river-pits . . . and be lost without trace. There was no peril I did not imagine for Him till I could hear His feet walking securely on sound earth."

And if the Person, " Teem's " Master, is in truth England, there can be but one role for his daughter, " The Girl." Does the unfolding of the Story lead us to think that she would worthily fill that role ? It cannot be said that it does, in fact, " the Girl " is given practically *no* part or character in the Story, but serves only for illustrating the deep attachment between herself and her parent and " Ma Tante," and " Teem's" interest in her on the behalf of these two. To all intents and purposes in the Story she is merely the Invalid in a serious and interesting case in which the parent, the Nurse, the maladies, and their remedy take first place. However, if he had clearly indicated that the Father represented England, would Kipling consider it worth while to labour the point that the Daughter must be . . . *the Colonies*, as they were called in those days? A considerable portion of the story is taken up in telling how " Teem " helped to ward off and provide a cure for the malady and the threat of separation. The sixth chapter of the Autobiography begins, " But at the back of my head there was an uneasiness, based on things

that men were telling me about affairs outside England." For Kipling, this is quite a strong statement to make public as to his private feelings, and he goes on to tell of his personal efforts "to avert the Evil Eye." I do not think it will be necessary for me to enlarge upon this point. In "A Book of Words" he has told how he devoted a large portion of his life to "Making different parts of the Empire interested in one another."

And here it will be fitting to find a place in our fancy—in the hypothesis—for the two Enemies, the Goose and the Ferret. In his Autobiography Kipling writes that whilst he was living in Villiers Street he met in his wanderings people "whom he by no means loved. They were overly soft spoken or blatant, and dealt in pernicious varieties of safe sedition. . . . The more subtle among them told me they had plans for snatching away England's arms when she isn't looking . . . and formed what to-day would be called "cells" in unconventional corners." I anticipate you will agree that we have here the Ferret, and the Goose follows :—"Collaborating with these gentry was a mixed crowd of wide-minded, wide-mouthed Liberals, who darkened counsel with pious but disintegrating catchwords."

It may be of interest to you to know that the first draft of my paper was made before the Autobiography was published. Pages 91 and 92 of the pocket edition have very definitely strengthened my confidence in the interpretation of the Story which I am putting before you, by providing such complete confirmation of my views in relation to the Goose and the Ferret. The centre portion of the chapter called "The Interregnum" in the Autobiography is of considerable interest in connection with my interpretation of the Symbolism in "Teem."

You will remember that the main cry of the Little Englander was that England should shed some or most of the Colonies, and in regard to the serious malady of "The Girl," was not a centrifugal tendency only too prominent for many years in respect of the Colonies themselves, and wasn't it seriously feared on many sides that separation from the Mother Country might take place?

Now "Teem" tells us that when his friends and his Master learned to appreciate his Art, his efforts in the devoted practice of it, together with the watchfulness and resource of "Ma Tante" and the collaboration of "the Born one" (the discerning Person brought in), resulted in the rout of the two Enemies, the convalescence of "The

Girl," and *her permanent installation in a house of her own in her Parent's garden*. But I can conceive your saying to me, for I came up against the point of view myself, " We all know the tremendous influence Kipling's writings have had in consolidating the Empire spirit, particularly in England where, as he says in his Autobiography, ' the inhabitants never looked further than their annual sea-side resort,' and he would certainly be justified in making such a claim, but Rudyard Kipling was a most modest man, would he, in writing even a disguised autobiography, claim so large a share in the consolidation as you indicate ?"

I found this difficulty so serious that I hesitated in deciding whether I could put forward my interpretation until, by some freak action of the tablets, there flashed into my mind the latter portion of " The Slaves of the Lamp " Part II, in " Stalky & Co." You will recollect that at a gathering at the house of the Infant, when Dick Four had been telling the company how Stalky had out-Stalkied himself in an exploit on the Indian Frontier, and when the official wiggling for which was due had been toned down owing to the quotation of a verse that Beetle wrote for the School pantomime, Beetle makes remarks showing pride in his race :—

" You're too much of an optimist Beetle," said the Infant.

" Well I've a right to be. Ain't I responsible for the whole thing. . . . Who wrote 'Aladdin now has got his wife ' eh ?"

" What's that to do with it ?" said Tertius.

" Everything," said I.

" Prove it," said the Infant.

" And I have," writes Kipling.

I have so far omitted to allot a part in my scheme of things to " Ma Tante," the sheep-dog who watched over, and made " Teem " take a deep interest in her Bone, " The Girl," or as I have translated, in the Colonies. One important role, and one which alone would justify the creation of the character in the Story simply as a story is, of course, to add in illustrating "what one poet's heart thought of Love," but I can't help thinking that " Ma Tante " does, in addition, represent some important influence who, or which, impelled Kipling to take a much deeper interest in the Empire than he had done previously.

I had hoped, before the Autobiography was published, that Joseph Chamberlain might have been cited in this connection, but I cannot now fit any one name into the vacancy. However, might not the

character symbolically represent a compound of the influence on Kipling of such Imperialists as Chamberlain, Rhodes, Milner, and others? I venture the opinion that "Ma Tante" was given an ill-temper for Art's sake, *i.e.*, for reasons of light and shade in the story-telling.

And if it be considered that in the pregoing I have hit upon a reasonable hypothesis, I should venture the opinion that the *Chain of Office* as worn by "Ma Tante" and in due course by "Teem" represents National recognition that the wearer was a valued worker on behalf of the Empire; and then there is *the Wall* which depressed and surrounded "Teem" after he had tried and failed to get his new circle of friends to realise that his Art might be of value to their interests. If we regard this as the Wall of prejudice which Kipling found himself up against in his early efforts for the Empire—the taunts of "jingoo" and "rhetoric" and "vulgar shoutings," and the cartoon, etc.—then we have added quite useful small pieces to the pattern in the mosaic. It is of interest to note that it was "Ma Tante" who counselled "Teem" to have patience about *the Wall*.

I have now finished with that part of the Story in which the Narrator tells us about his aims in life, his difficulties and how they were overcome: in treating it as Symbolism I frankly admit that the interpretation I have set before you is little better than guess-work. As far as my own personal opinion goes, I have not been able to divest myself of the impression I obtained in my early reading of the Story—in fact the conviction has grown—that in the haunting recurring note about an *Artist never dreaming outside his Art* the writer was expressing deep feelings near to his heart, and, secondly, that in the first chapter the Narrator is Kipling himself. Now that same haunting refrain occurs not only in the first chapter but at intervals right through the Story, and is especially stressed in the last lines, *and* the characterisation given to "Teem" is quite obviously consistent from beginning to end. Is it possible to think that if we have Kipling sounding this deep personal note in the first chapter it is only a little dog striking it in the rest of the Story? I have drawn your attention to the fact that it is a note untrue to the characterisation of a dog, and that the diction is totally unlike that of any other of Kipling's dogs and animals.

Normally, some of you might say of the unlikely alternatives offered to us we think this would be the least improbable. But the circum-

stances are not normal, for you have seen the amazingly ready manner in which—as guess-work, if you like—the rest of the Story can be interpreted as Symbolism to fit into the facts of Kipling's life. Was there any other great object to which he did devote himself after his early twenties ?

You are now to be allowed a brief respite whilst we all take breath, and when we resume for another ten minutes I shall endeavour to show you my reasons for thinking that in the recurrent note the Author was revealing a part of his inner-self as he approached the age of seventy.

The writer of the fine leading article of appreciation of the Autobiography which appeared in *The Morning Post* on the day that the first extract was published said, " There is much of his inner-self that he has withheld—much that the world would willingly know." The literary critics of *The Times*, of *Punch*, and others have made similar remarks, and I suppose there are few of us who were not a little disappointed in this respect in reading the Autobiography. However, if what we have seen may be so aptly read between the lines of the Story of " Teem " was meant to be seen there, we are entitled to say that in this Story Kipling did give to the world, though as caviare to the casual reader, a most impressive peep at that with-held part ; that he tells us there how, of design, he dedicated himself for a considerable portion of his life to active work in the service of England and the Empire, and that he realised later he had been dreaming—and writing—outside his Art, and his Daemon had too often been absent. He knew that little of this work would live, and isn't it reasonable to assume the thought must have occurred to him that if only " the setting of his life and work " through these years had been on the other side of his head, he might have given to us to lay on our bookshelves by the side of *Kim* that veritable three-decker of which he dreamed ?

But the end of the story of " Teem " does not purport to be the end of " Teem's " life ; the Story actually ends on his reflections, which " did not cease to bite "—that *Outside his Art an Artist must never dream*. And at the end of the period which appears to be covered by the Story, there came, praise be, *The Very Own House* in the heart of Sussex, where the sure magic strikes, and " he saw at last . . . Earth, Air, Water and People had been in full conspiracy to give him ten times as much as he could compass even if he wrote

a complete history of England as *it* touched his valley." And then, whilst the Master dreamt *within* the confines of his Art and with his Daemon at his elbow, the Empire learnt through his genius in "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies" of the foundations of the British character, traditions, and history, and the peoples of the Empire took hold.

I may seem to be making somewhat of a digression from the Story of "Teem," but you will shortly see the application. What I have been saying will no doubt have directed your attention to the wide divergence between what Kipling himself regarded as the two separate sides of his head. Mr. Ellis Roberts has written with insight on "the unresolved conflict between the two sides of his nature" as shown by his works, and Mr. Beresford with his special knowledge, in the interesting study of Kipling's character which he has recently given us, describes the conflict as between his temperament and his thought-structure, that "he preached himself out of the quietism where his natural temperament would wish to linger . . . into a sane actionism." If you accept this estimation—as I am prepared to do—we may say that our Author's early patriotic writings came through the side of his head which was controlled by sane actionism. In the short extracts with which I shall conclude he reveals to us,—on what seems to me to be a deeper personal note than any relating to his later life which is to be found in the Autobiography,—the other side of his head; the side that turned in moments of quietness to the world that was lost to him by sane actionism.

These extracts relate to what I referred to earlier as being in the nature of a *leit-motiv* running through the story. As I read you may or may not fancy you detect a fugitive, or a persistent plaintiveness: / think you will feel that, in spirit, they convey a negative injunction—An Artist must **not**,—must **never** dream—outside his Art. The refrain derives therefore, does'nt it, from the heart, and not from the head?

When "Teem," as a puppy, had playfully said to the Vicomte that he would one day be a Driver of Bulls—which probably means that Kipling once told Cormell Price in fun that he would become a school-master—he tells us the answer was "Little one, here is one thing for us both to remember. Outside his Art an Artist must never dream." A few lines later (and surely it was Kipling's father as well as "Teem's father who said this) "My Father said "At all hazards follow your Art. That can never lead to a false scent." Now each of these sayings is



led up to,—reason for quoting them is manufactured—they do not affect the Story. About the middle of the Story this:—"For, naturally, I followed my Art, as every Artist must, even when it is misunderstood. If not, he comes to preoccupy himself with his proper fleas." In my humble opinion, the extracts I am now reading, and particularly the final paragraph of the Story, lead one to the conclusion that our Artist did so preoccupy himself during his last months.

In the days when "Teem" could not get his Art appreciated in the service of his new Master in England, he describes his reactions as follows :—"There remained only my lost world where Persons know the value of Truffles and of Those of Us who could find them—I would seek that old world ! ! "

Those of you who have had the patience to follow me attentively will perhaps, after considering these lines once again, be able to make up your minds whether there are really substantial reasons for thinking that in the Story of "Teem," a Treasure Hunter,' Rudyard Kipling did, of intent, tell us Something More of Himself:—

"Only it comes to me, as it does to most of us who live so swiftly, to dream in my sleep. Then I return to my lost world . . . to the Street of the Fountain up which marches to meet me, as when I was a little puppy, my friend, my protector, my earliest adoration, Monsieur le Vicomte Bouvier de Brie.

"At this point always I wake; and not till I feel his foot beneath the bedderie, and hear his comfortable breathing," (*not, that is, until he realises that all is well with his England*), "does my lost world cease to bite. . . .

"Oh wise and well beloved guardian and playmate of my youth—it is true—it is true, as thou didst warn me—outside his Art an Artist must never dream!"

## DISCUSSION

**Chairman.** I feel that we owe a very great debt of gratitude to Mr. Griffin for all he has said. I confess that I myself somehow missed *TEEM* when it came out, and have only been making its acquaintance the last two days, but if it is indeed Kipling's last work his "Crossing the Bar," or epilogue, then obviously it calls for our very special attention, and we should give it a great deal of thought.

Like all his recent work, one appreciates it more every time one reads it over. One is always inclined to think that his last book was his worst book, the first time you read it, then on re-reading it gets

a hold of you, until you come to think it the best. I have felt like that about most of the post-war books as they came out. We must all feel that a very strong case has been made, but one thing strikes me as a great difficulty. There was really nothing in Kipling's life parallel with Teem's difficulty in getting his talent for finding truffles recognised. Kipling was not one of those authors who went for a long time unrecognised ; his art was recognised at once. It came to be a little bit misunderstood, but that seems to me out of all proportion to the tremendous difficulty Teem has, and the entire sense of frustration in his life because he cannot get his talent recognised. I can hardly feel that that is autobiographical.

**Mr. Harbord.** I have been studying this matter ever since I talked to Mr. Griffin about it, and I like his ideas, but I think there are alternative suggestions for some of the similes. However, I will not discuss my ideas on that subject, perhaps I was not old enough to appreciate them. . . . As to Kipling's art not being recognised or not appreciated, I think a definite time is referred to there—a time when Liberalism was strong and any talk of the empire and the colonies was, I fear, almost taboo. These days I do not remember very well. . . . If we take Mr. Griffin's idea and use it I think we shall find little bits of it in a great many stories, but nowhere so clearly and deliberately set out, as a set piece, as we have it in *TEEM*. Kipling, in "Something of Myself," says about his personal daemon, "Mine came to me early, when I sat bewildered among other notions, and said, 'Take this and no other'—result "The Phantom Rickshaw." That is the first time it seems to occur. He writes much more about his daemon in the following pages, including this : "If ever I kept back anything of myself (even if I threw it out afterwards) I paid for it by missing what I *then* knew the tale lacked." In a story published in the Strand Magazine, also—I think it was in April, 1934—Kipling makes Shakespeare say to Ben Jonson, "Why, man, I wait upon my demon," and, with some other things in between, "My demon never betrayed me yet while I trusted him." There is a very close parallel between Kipling's description of his daemon and what he makes Shakespeare claim about his writings. Throughout Kipling's stories you will find lots of things like that.

**Mr. Hollings.** Mr. Griffin's lecture has been exceedingly interesting, and to those who have read *TEEM* it will have come as a surprise. Very likely many have shared the thought that I experienced when reading the tale first of **all**—Where does it lead ? In

the opening part he emphasises his acquaintance with Mons. Bouvier de Brie and one would have expected that this character would have developed in the course of the tale, but it does not, and for that reason I am inclined to question Mr. Griffin's idea. I should like to know if Mr. Griffin can explain it. What was Kipling's objective in writing his autobiography at this time : was it a lament that he had given so much time to the empire, instead of following his daemon ?

**Mr. Bazley.** I think Mr. Griffin has certainly proved his case; he has given chapter and verse for his various theories and ideas. One thing I think we ought to remember is that Kipling, like many great artists, as he grew older tended to obscurity, just like Shakespeare—compare " Love's Labour Lost " with " The Tempest " and you will see what I mean—with a maximum of thought towards the end. This is the case where experience comes in, when youthful enthusiasm has entirely evaporated and obscurity comes. You get it in some of the greater artists. And Kipling himself rather took the view—' If you cannot see what I mean, so much the worse for you, you have to search for it.' That really endorses Mr. Griffin's idea that there is something of self-revelation in the story. Kipling had a love of getting the natural effect ; he was very fond of putting himself in as the " I " of the story because he had actually been there. It is not egotism, nor egoism; he knows he will spoil the effect if he writes in the third person. There are heaps of instances of this in Kipling's work.

Of his writing in the patriotic strain, we all know the difficulties of a poet laureate. These poets have to write a poem when something happens, whether inspired or not. Kipling had the same feeling in regard to empire matters ; he had to write on certain occasions, and yet his daemon was not there, his inspiring spirit. I may mention the little poem on Ulster. It is not so bad as some of the hostile critics made out, but quite a number of people might have written it ; it has not got that mark of genius that " The English Flag " has. There are heaps of others you might quote—" The Absent-Minded Beggar," written for a purpose, but he did not claim it as a work of genius ; there was no need for the Little England press to harp on that. That is what Kipling means by the lack of inspiration. Though the true artist ought not to turn out bad work, where great things were at stake he put his best foot forward, although uninspired. The plaintive note is I think, due to his highland ancestry—very strongly marked in the Highlander; not Scottish—Highland; quite

a different thing.

I would just like to add that Mr. Beresford, who was at school with Kipling, has given us in his "*School Days with Kipling*" and has told me privately, of Kiplings' ambitions:—he was an artist, and was perfecting himself all the time, striving for higher things by very heavy groundwork, reading and getting things right. He was a master of grammar, of punctuation—you know how excellent he is in this. Kipling meant that the artist should stick to his art and be sincere, but I daresay, when he wrote on behalf of some cause, he felt that his real art was not there. I daresay he would agree with Prof. Saintsbury that the subject did not matter—what mattered was the form of expression from the artistic point of view. At the same time he was willing, in favour of a good cause which he had at heart, to sacrifice his art and take the blame of producing what the cheaper press could sneer at. That is all. It is, I think, another point in Mr. Griffin's favour that he has stressed what is the strongest point about the artist and his art—he must obey it.

**Lady Moore.** May I ask the lecturer whether he thinks Rudyard Kipling was regretting that he dabbled in politics, because it seems to me, in reading his books and poems, and also his public speeches, that he felt that in politics he had a mission. The mission, of course, was to push the empire position as much as he could, without actually beating a dead horse, by impressing people with the need for realisation of empire, and for the advancement of our English, and British, and Empire interests. The lecturer seemed to me to interpret the note that Kipling struck in this story as meaning that he regretted that he had dabbled in politics—that that was a subject outside his dreams of art. It seems to me that Kipling would not have been the great man we consider him if he had not expressed his opinion on the current politics, and the mistakes the politicians were making, during his day and generation.

**Mr. Knight-Adkin.** Mr. Chairman, it is rather humbly that I venture to join in the discussion, encouraged by one or two speakers who have confessed that they have not read the story, because I have only read half of it, and that portion I read in a copy of the magazine which I borrowed very unceremoniously at tea. I would venture to say, as we are asked to be provocative, that the lecturer has fallen into the error of that poisonous class to which he has joined himself—the commentators—when he endeavours to make us see the whole story as a great and deliberate effort in autobiography.

**General Rimington.** What it has seemed to me, both in Shakespeare and in this and other stories of Kipling, is that an author, sitting down to write a definite story which his daemon has presented to him, will use fragments of his own life, fragments of his own spiritual experience, his own friendships, to illustrate and vivify the characters of which he is writing, and I would suggest that Kipling may very well have done that here—that we may accept the identification the lecturer has given there without following him the whole way and regarding this as deliberate autobiography.

**Mr. Angus.** I wonder if the lecturer, who has been so extremely interesting, has any explanation for the Lady of the Shadow who was the first to realise the little dog's talents.

**Mr. Brooking.** I would only like to say that I had read Mr. Griffin's paper, or most of it, before he presented it, and I am wholly with him in his ideas.

**Miss Macdonald.** Honestly, I have not read the story. It is a disgraceful thing to say ; and I am really nonplussed altogether at this idea of Mr. Griffin's. But there are certain points in it that do seem to suggest its being autobiographical. It is a very interesting point of view, but perhaps, at present, I feel it is a little far-fetched. I shall read the story and then perhaps be able to give a proper opinion about it.

**Major Dawson.** I usually agree with what Mr. Bazley says on these occasions, but on this I do not. I never have believed, and I never will, that Kipling was one of what used to be called the Art for Art's Sake school. He chose his Art, as every other artist must do, but it was not mere expression, it was a work to be done, the glory of the garden ; it might have to be done with broken dinner knives, but it had to be done. I believe Kipling would have spoken with contumely of the school of Oscar Wilde, etc., whose slogan was Art for Art's sake. This problem Mr. Griffin has put before us is extremely interesting. I also, unhappily, am one of those who have not read *TEEM*. I am ashamed to say it, but it is a fact, that I had never heard of it until I saw the ticket for the lecture. That is a confession for a Kiplingite. I do know something about Kipling, but I do not read the Strand Magazine. It is a most interesting problem, all this about the Symbolism. I believe that there *are* people who understand it all, but it I had been in the Service in India, I should have read "The Galley Slave" without knowing what it meant ; I should have thought it a jolly good story about a ship,

but I would not have understood the symbolism that it meant the Indian Civil Service.

**Mrs. Perks.** I would like to say that I have always been a great admirer of Kipling, and I feel this afternoon there has been a great deal made of this idea of autobiography, when really it was a much larger thing that Kipling did ; it was an allegory, and the meaning is general. What has been said of his art and the *leitmotif* that runs through the story I feel to be a different thing altogether from his writing, or anything of that kind. His whole nature and life were pointed to his art, which meant his *reason* for what he wrote, not what he wrote, and I think that taking it only as writing rather narrows the subject down.

**Mr. Griffin,** replying : (contributed) In replying at the meeting to the various points raised by different members I am afraid that I was somewhat discursive and overlapped on points. It will perhaps save space in the Journal if you will allow me to substitute the following more general and concise reply.

*Early recognition of Kipling's Art.* I fully agree that his Art and genius received early recognition, but most of what he wrote in the Imperialist vein and as propaganda in his early years was not considered by critics as Art, nor as betraying genius, nor is it, I think, generally so considered now.

*Art for Art's sake.* I don't think there is really justification for the suggestion that my paper implied that Kipling advocated this in the Story, nor yet that he regretted his incursions into politics and his efforts for the Empire. What I intended to be inferred is as follows :— Kipling had, as I have emphasised in the paper (and in previous discussions in the Society), in a much more pronounced form than the average man, two widely divergent sides to his head ; call them, for short, " sane actionism " and " quietism." During the period covered by the story of *TEEM* the sane actionism was the predominant side. In the latter portion of his life the quietism prevailed, and in looking back on his work when the sane actionism was predominant he saw much that was not Art. No great Artist at the end of his life can feel indifferent to the verdict of posterity, nor can he regard the inartistic portions of his work without regrets.

We may be fairly sure that as he looked back on such things as Max Beerbohm's cartoon and offensive epithets that hurt more than he told, and which he knew would seriously, and deservedly, detract from his reputation as a great Artist, he had regrets. In these mo-

ments—including the period when he wrote *TEEM—the lost world* did *not cease to bite*, BUT, when he realised that all was well with his England and the Empire, and recalled the share he had had in this consummation, *the lost world* did cease to bite, as is evidenced by the penultimate paragraph of the Story.

Certainly I do not suggest that Kipling ever believed in Art for Art's sake. I would say he held strongly that a man—every right-thinking man—should put his hand to that which lay before him as a man to do in the service of the faith that is in him, whatever the consequences ! But that an Artist, on the other hand, cannot give to the world in his normal sphere work that is not artistic without eventually suffering deep regrets as he contemplates such work.

*The Vicomte Bouvier de Brie*, I was asked if I could offer any reasons why more of the Story was not devoted to the Vicomte. As I read the lines of the verse heading which I quoted, the Story is notably to show what the narrator *thought of* this character . . . not a story *about* him. The telling of the story does very adequately show what *TEEM* thought of the Vicomte, or according to my interpretation, what Kipling thought of his beloved headmaster, Cornell Price.

I am very gratified to know that both our Editor and our Founder give my interpretation such whole-hearted support.

I repeat the additional " Identifications " which I offered in the discussion :—

*The "Born One" of the Chateau*. Those discerning imperialists in this country and the Empire who early recognized and encouraged R.K.'s efforts for the Empire.

*Muttons and Sheep*. The unthinking crowd, and those who "never looked further than their annual sea-side resort."

*Bulls*. The masters and senior pupils at Westward Ho !

### *Letter Bag*

Dear Mr. Editor,

In " Something of Myself " Kipling recalls having read as a child two books of verse, one " blue and fat " and one " brown and fat " and says he has never been able to identify them. By the kindness of Miss Gina Peach these two books looking exactly as Kipling describes them are in front of me as I write. The blue one is entitled " Poems written for a Child by Two Friends," and the brown one " Child-Nature by One of the Authors of Child-World "—the actual names of the authors are not given. Both books were published by

Strahan and Co., of 56, Ludgate Hill, the blue one in 1868 and the brown one in 1869.

The " nine white wolves " occur in a poem called " A North Pole Story :"—

And as one strode so bold  
He saw a sight of fear  
Nine white wolves came over the wold  
And they were watching a deer.

The savages occur in the poem called " Heroes," but Kipling's memory slipped here—

You should have seen the black men  
How grey their faces turn  
They think the name of England  
Is something that *will* burn.

(The italics are my own.)

In the brown book are all the incidents recalled in the autobiography ; the girl turned into a water-rat, the urchin curing gout by a cabbage-leaf and the Darling who tries to sweep the stars off the sky. To have been able to remember all these things after more than sixty years shows what an extraordinarily retentive memory Kipling must have had. The metre employed in the poems is various, but they all go with a good swing and are still interesting to read. Both books are illustrated, evidently by no mean hand, but the name of the artist (or artists) is not given. Miss Peach tells me the books have belonged to her since childhood ; she lives in Yorkshire, and Kipling was Yorkshire by descent.

Yours sincerely,  
VICTOR BONNEY.

A trifling error in a letter from Beresford on p. 41 of No. 42 of the Journal needs correction. He says that I was not at the United Services College in 1878 and that I was away from the school for two or three years. As a matter of fact I was at the College in 1878 and I was never away for a day between 1876 and 1883. He certainly has a wonderful memory, and so had the Baron Munchausen, and so have I; and once I start remembering things that never happened there's no holding me. So perhaps I had better say no more.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE

### PICTURE POSTCARDS

Charming Etching of BURWASH, 2d. each, or 1s. 9d. per dozen, post free. Apply: Secretary, Kipling Society, South Molton Street.



Many years ago I came upon an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper of 1808, announcing the removal of the apothecary shop of Toby Hirte, the most prominent character in Kipling's delightful story, "Brother Square-Toes." I sent a copy of this advertisement to Mr. Kipling, who made inquiries for further information, saying that he had always considered Toby Hirte a man of strong characteristics. My source of further information was the family of the American novelist, J. Fenimore Cooper. I can now add still further information, throwing light on that story. It comes from the same family and I am sure that Kipling himself would have been interested in it. The story comes to me through my own granddaughter, who got it from the granddaughter whose grandmother was, herself the granddaughter of J. Fenimore Cooper. You will recall that one of the prominent characters in the story is the Indian, Red Jacket, who is an historical character. He was a prominent Chief of the Seneca Tribe. The story as passed down through the Cooper family is as follows :—

In those days there lived in New York state an important English Tory, Sir William Johnson, who was very proud of his appearance. He ordered at great expense from London a new uniform with a red jacket trimmed in gold braid. Sir William wore it at a conference with the Indian Chiefs. The Indian, afterwards known as Red Jacket, said to him, "It was strange, but I had a dream last night and in it you gave me your new uniform." Sir William is reported to have swallowed hard because, according to Indian superstition and custom, he would have to shed his coat or face trouble. In a day or two, therefore, he sent the uniform around to Red Jacket with due military honours, and that is how Red Jacket got his name. As a sequel, the next time they met, Sir William, said to the Indian, "You know, it was strange but I had a dream last night and in it you gave me thirty thousand acres." In a day or two Red Jacket presented an Indian Deed to Sir William Johnson for the thirty thousand acres, saying, "Don't dream any more." The tract is still commonly known as "The Dreamland Grant." In searching titles in this area, the origin goes back to this grant under that caption.

ELLIS AMES BALLARD.

Philadelphia, Pa.

1808

**TOBIAS HIRTE**

BEGS leave to inform his customers in particular, and the public in general, that he has removed from his late dwelling, in Mr. Gerhard's house, No. 118, north Second street, to the widow Hendel's house, No. 124, three doors higher up on the same side of the way, where his MEDICINE may always be had as usual, viz. Genuine French Creek Seneca Oil, Dr. Van Swieden's Renowned Pills, Medicine used daily for the preservation of health, etc., etc., etc.

It would be needless to say anything in recommendation of the same, as a long experience has fully established the efficacy and utility thereof.

To every glass and box of pills, a printed direction will be given under my name—orders from the country will be executed with the greatest punctuality and dispatch.

TOBIAS HIRTE.

May 2

m6w

*Secretary's Corner*

I was delighted to have had the good fortune of meeting Mrs. Buchanan, the energetic and capable Honorary Secretary of our Auckland Branch, who recently paid a hurried visit to England. Unfortunately her stay in London was all too brief, but in the limited time at her disposal, Mr. Maitland, Mr. Bazley, Major Dawson and Miss Bellamy Brown, our Executive Secretary, also had the pleasure of making her personal acquaintance. Mrs. Buchanan is full of excellent ideas and her short contact with us has done much to "zip-up" the Kipling Movement in the Old Country.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are very pleased to announce that Mrs. F. Livingston of Harvard University, has very kindly undertaken the duties of Hon. Secretary for the U.S.A. After consultation with her, we have decided to deal with the subscriptions of all U.S.A. members from the London Office and American members in remitting their subscriptions will assist us considerably if they would be so kind as to do so by international money orders or by cheques payable at sight in London—in each case, for sterling. We feel confident that Mrs. Livingstons's appointment will mean a considerable increase in our American membership.

\* \* \* \* \*

Apropos of America, we are much encouraged to hear from Miss Charlotte Churchill Starr, who is trying to start a Centre of the Society in Philadelphia. Miss Starr is one of our keenest members and we feel sure that success awaits her efforts. We are also pleased to inform members that Colonel Applin and Mr. Benham are endeavouring to form branches in Natal and Cape Province respectively.

Members are requested to send in their orders for Christmas Cards as early as possible. The Christmas Card this year contains a reproduction of a very beautiful bust of Kipling by Patrick Synge Hutchinson, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. S. A. Courtauld, the Chairman of our Council. The production of this card has been expensive. The Council have decided therefore that the Society shall bear the loss. We are accordingly selling them to members at the cost price, namely 4d. each, and we are ourselves defraying the cost of postage, so that on each Christmas Card there will be a loss of 1d. If any members in the kindness of their hearts feel inclined to pay us something over 4d. our Council will very highly appreciate it.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have received a copy of a most interesting paper on "The Making of England," which was read by Mr. Townley Little at a recent meeting of our Auckland Branch. Mr. Little made the point that before reading "Puck of Pook's Hill" or "Rewards and Fairies," one should study early English history. With this, we most heartily agree and feel sure that such study will be stimulated by Mr. Little's delightful paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were more than sorry to have missed Mr. Harry W. Hazard, one of our Life Members of Montclair N.J., when he called the other day. The difficulty of welcoming our members when they call at our offices has always been considerable owing to the fact that we have no full time staff. We hope to overcome this shortly by moving into new offices next door to where I and Miss Bellamy Brown work so that one or other of us will always be available when members call. One of the great objections to our present offices—which were taken hurriedly when we had to leave our last premises at very little notice on their sale by our landlords—is the fact that they are on the fourth floor of a building which has no lift! A long breathing spell is therefore required by our members and our Council on arrival, before they are able to transact any business!

\* \* \* \* \*

Our Council are issuing in future little fixture cards giving the dates and times of all Meetings and other functions for the coming season. This year's cards will be shortly sent out, and I am sure that members will welcome the innovation.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have also brought out a Kipling Society Pencil. These pencils, in addition to being excellent in quality, furnish most excellent publicity for the Society and members are asked to purchase some at the modest price of 2d. each for their own use, and to give to their friends. Our stocks are a very kind present from Mr. John Sanderson one of our Life Members and a member of our Council, to whom we are most grateful for this valuable contribution to our member recruiting campaign.

C.H.R.

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