

THE
KIPLING JOURNAL



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 81

MARCH 2007

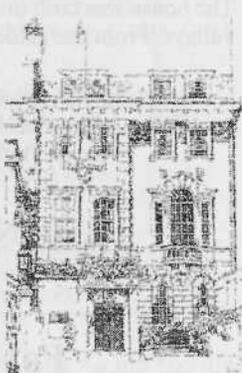
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 11 April 2007, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Kipling's latest biographer, **Jad Adams** - "Decadent or Hearty? Kipling's Dilemma."

Wednesday 2 May 2007, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India and Pakistan, at the Royal Over-Seas League, **the Society's Annual Luncheon**. **Guest Speaker: Sir Mark Tully, M.A.** For details and advanced booking for tickets; see December flyer.

Wednesday 4 July 2007, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's A.G.M. A cash bar will serve drinks from 5.30 p.m. before **Prof Leonee Ormond of King's College, London**, gives her talk on **Kipling and Art** at 6 p.m. Tea will be available before the meeting for those who book in advance.

March 2007

JANE KESKAR & ANDREW LYCETT

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THE KIPLING JOURNAL

*published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society
(6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS)
and sent free to all members worldwide*

Volume 81

MARCH 2007

Number 321

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EDITORIAL

KIPLING COPYRIGHT

The U.K. copyright on those of Kipling's works which were first published in his lifetime expired at midnight on 31 December 2006. Thereafter, copyright on other published works will run out at the end of each year, 70 years after they were first published. Thus the majority of what we normally think of as his stories are now out of copyright, although *Something of Myself*, which first appeared in January and February 1937, stays in copyright until the end of this year.

The consequence of this is that we are now free to publish material that has moved into the Public Domain and it is my intention, from time to time, to print items that are not readily available, either because they were uncollected, or only collected in the main Anthologies such as the Sussex and Burwash editions. Almost by definition, these will tend to be the earlier works. Some of them have been more readily available in the U.S.A. where unauthorised publication sometimes caused Kipling to issue a cut-price authorised version which was never published in the U.K. – *Abaft the Funnel* is probably the best known example of this.

To celebrate the event, for this issue Roger Ayers has chosen the poem "Diana of Ephesus" from the 3rd edition of *Departmental Ditties and Other Verses*, whilst I have selected one of the early stories, "The Legs of Sister Ursula" which first appeared in *The Idler* and the San Francisco *Examiner* (June 1893). From the verse, I have chosen to regale you with "How Breitmann became President on the Bicycle Ticket" which appeared in the *New York World* (26 April 1896).

EBSCO PUBLISHING

Council, on behalf of the Society, has signed a non-exclusive renewable license agreement for three years with the American firm EBSCO Publishing, effective from 1 January 2007. This permits them to include a copy of the *Journal* in their electronic literary database which can be accessed and searched by their subscribers. They will pay us a small royalty, but the main object is to generate additional publicity for the Society.

As long as the arrangement is in force, we will be printing a notice in the *Journal*, and I will be asking contributors to agree that their work can appear in the EBSCO Literary database. We do have the option to exclude items, so that any authors who don't want their work to appear can do so without affecting the printed *Journal*. We will definitely exclude any illustrations for which we only have a limited licence to print.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A KIPLING CONFERENCE - 2007

By JOHN WALKER

'... in consideration of the power of observation, originality of imagination, virility of ideas and remarkable talent for narration which characterize the creations of this world-famous author'

This was the form of words used to announce the award of the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1907. Rudyard Kipling was the first English language author to receive the Prize, and is still the youngest Laureate for Literature. Members will recall that, when he went to Stockholm to receive the Prize, in early December, 'We reached the city, snow-white under sun, to find all the world in evening dress, the official mourning, which is curiously impressive.' King Oscar had died just two days before, and Sweden was 'all dumbed down under the snow.' (*Something of Myself*, Chapter VII).

We will be celebrating the centenary of the award in rather more propitious circumstances, I hope, with an academic conference at the University of Kent at Canterbury, in September. The conference will be directed by Dr Janet Montefiore, who is Reader in English at Kent, and whose book *Rudyard Kipling* in the Northcote Press / British Council series "Writers and their Work" will appear in 2007.

The dates chosen are **Friday and Saturday, 7 and 8 September**. Our venue, by kind permission of the University, will be the Grimond Building, which offers excellent lecture theatres and conference rooms. By organising the conference papers in two parallel panels, we hope to offer more time to speakers and more opportunity for delegates to work together. Plenary speakers will include the critic and political commentator Christopher Hitchens. Subject areas proposed include: Kipling's reputation, crossing cultures, Kipling and journalism, Kipling's English history, Kipling and childhood, Kipling and the uncanny, Kipling and knowledge, and Kipling and war.

As the Society is supporting this event, members will be entitled to reduced rates for attendance. Reserve these dates!

THE LEGS OF SISTER URSULA

By RUDYARD KIPLING

[*The Idler* and the *San Francisco Examiner*, June 1893]

The one man of all men who could have told this tale and lived has long since gone to his place; and there is no apology for those that would follow in the footsteps of Laurence Sterne.

In a nameless city of a land that shall be nameless, a rich man lived alone. His wealth had bought him a luxurious flat on the fifth floor of a red-brick mansion, whose grilles were of hammered iron, and whose halls were of inlaid marble. When he needed attendance, coals, his letters, a meal, a messenger or a carriage, he pressed an electric button and his wants were satisfied almost as swiftly as even perpetual wealth could expect. An exceedingly swift lift bore him to and from his rooms, and in his rooms he had gathered about him all that his eyes desired—books in rich cases with felted hinges, ivories from all the world, rugs, lamps, cushions, couches, engravings and rings with engravings upon them, miniatures of pretty women, scientific toys and china from Persia. He had friends and acquaintances as many as he could befriend or know; and some said that more than one woman had given him her whole love. Therefore, he could have lacked nothing whatever.

One day, a hot sickness touched him with its finger, and he became no more than a sick man alone among his possessions, the sport of dreams and devils and shadows; sometimes a log and sometimes a lunatic crying in delirium. Before his friends forsook him altogether, as healthy brutes will forsake the wounded, they saw that he was efficiently doctored, and the expensive physician who called upon him at first three times a day, and later only once, caused him to be nursed by a nun. "Science is good," said the physician, "but for steady, continuous nursing, with no science in it, Religion is better—and I know Sister Ursula."

So this sick man was nursed by a nun, young and fairly pretty, but, above all, skilful. When he got better he would give the convent, and not Sister Ursula, a thank offering which would be spent among the poor whom Sister Ursula chiefly attended. At first the man knew nothing of the nun's existence—he was in the country beyond all creeds—but later a white coifed face came and went across his visions, and at last, spent and broken, he woke to see a very quiet young woman in black moving about his room. He was too weak to speak: too weak almost to cling to life any more. In despair he thought that it was not worth clinging to; but the woman was at least a woman and alive. The touch of her fingers in his as she gave him the medicine was warm. She testified to the existence of a world full of women also alive—the world

he was beginning to disbelieve in. He watched her sitting in the sunshine by the window, and counted the light creeping down from bead to bead of the rosary at her waist. They then moved his bed to the window that he might look down upon the stately avenue that ran by the flat-house, and watch the people going to and fro about their business. But the change, instead of cheering, cast him into a deeper melancholy. It was nearly a hundred feet, sheer drop, to those healthy people walking so fast, and the mere distance depressed him unutterably.

One morning, he turned his face away from the sunlight and took no interest in anything, while the shadow swung back upon the dial so swiftly that it almost alarmed the doctor. He said to himself: "Bored, eh? Yes. You're just the kind of over-educated, over-refined man that would drop his hold on life through sheer boredom. You've been a most interesting case so far, and I won't lose you." He told Sister Ursula that he would send an entirely new prescription by his boy and that Sister Ursula must give it to the invalid every twenty minutes without fail. Also, if the man responded to the medicine, it might be well to talk to him a little. "He needs cheering up. There is nothing the matter with him now, but he won't pick up."

There can be few points of sympathy between a man born, bred, trained, and sold for and to the world and a good nun made for the service of other things. Sister Ursula's voice was very sweet, but the matter of her speech did not interest. The invalid lay still, looking out of the window upon the street all dressed in its Sunday afternoon emptiness. Then he shut his eyes. The doctor's boy rang at the door. Sister Ursula stepped out into the hall, not to disturb the sleeper, and took the medicine from the boy's hand. Then the lift shot down again, and even as she turned the wind of its descent puffed up and blew to the spring-lock door of the invalid's rooms with a click only a little more loud than the leap of her terrified heart.

Sister Ursula tried the door softly, but rich men with many hundred pounds' worth of *bric-à-brac* buy themselves very well made doors that fasten with singularly cunning locks. Then the lift returned with the boy in charge, and, so soon as his Sunday and rather distracted attention was drawn to the state of affairs, he suggested that Sister Ursula should go down to the basement and speak to the caretaker, who doubtless had a duplicate key. To the basement, therefore, Sister Ursula went with the medicine bottle clasped to her breast, and there, among mops and brooms and sinks and heating-pipes, and the termini of all the electric communications of that many storied warren, she found, not the caretaker, but his wife, reading a paper, with her feet on a box of soap. The caretaker's wife was Irish, and a Catholic, reverencing the Church in all its manifestations. She was not only sympathetic, but

polite. Her husband had gone out, and, being a prudent guardian of the interests confided to him, had locked up all the duplicate keys.

"An' the saints only know whin Mike'll be back av a Sunday," she concluded cheerfully, after a history of Mike's peculiarities. "He'll be afther havin' his supper wid friends."

"The medicine!" said Sister Ursula, looking at the inscription on the bottle. "It must begin at twenty minutes past five. There are only ten minutes now. There must—oh! there *must* be a way!"

"Give him a double dose next time. The docther won't know the differ." The convent of Sister Ursula is not modeled on Irish ideals, and the present duty before its nun was to return to the locked room with the medicine. Meantime the minutes flew bridleless, and Sister Ursula's eyes were full of tears.

"I must get to the room," she insisted. "Oh, surely, there is a way, any way!"

"There's wan way," said the caretaker's wife, stung to profitable thought by the other's distress. "And that's the way the tenants would go in case av fire. To be sure now I might send the liftboy."

"It would frighten him to death. He must not see strangers. What is the way?"

"If we wint into the cellar an' out into the area, we'll find the ground-ends av the fire-eshcapes that take to all the rooms. Go aisy, dear."

Sister Ursula had gone down the basement steps through the cellar into the area, and with clenched teeth was looking up the monstrous sheer of red-brick wall cut into long strips by the lessening perspective of perpendicular iron ladders. Under each window each ladder opened out into a little, a very little, balcony. The rest was straighter than a ship's mast.

The caretaker's wife followed, panting; came out into the sunshine, and, shading her eyes, took stock of the ground.

"He'll be Number 42 on the Fifth. Thin this ladder goes up to it. They've the eshcapes front an' back. Glory be to God, the avenue's empty!"

Two children were playing in the gutter. But for these the avenue was deserted, and the hush of a Sabbath afternoon hung over it all. Sister Ursula put the medicine bottle carefully into the pocket of her gown. Her face was as white as her coif.

"'Tis not for me," said the caretaker's wife, shaking her head sadly. "I'm so's to be round, or I'd go wid ye. Those ladders do be runnin' powerful straight up an' down. 'Tis scandalous to think—but in a fire, an' runnin' in their nighties, they'd not stop to think. Go away, ye two little imps, there! The bottle's in your pocket? You'll not lose good hold av the irons. What is ut?—Oh!"

Sister Ursula retreated into the cellar, dropped on her knees, and was praying—praying as Lady Godiva prayed before she mounted her palfrey. The caretaker's wife had barely time to cross herself and follow her example when she was on her feet again, and her feet were on the lowest rungs of the ladder.

"Hould tight," said the caretaker's wife. " Oh, darlint, wait till Mike comes! Come down, now!—the good angels be wid yo. There should have been a way at the back. Walk tinderly and hould tight. Heaven above sind there'll be no wind! Oh, why wasn't his ugly rooms at the back, where 'tis only yards and bedroom windows!"

The voice grew fainter and stopped. Sister Ursula was at the level of the first-floor windows when the two children caught sight of her, raising together a shrill shout. The devil that delights in torturing good nuns inspired them next to separate and run the one up and the other down the avenue, yelling, "O-oh! There's a nun on the fire-escape! A nun on the fire-escape!" and, since one word at least was familiar, a score of heads came to windows in the avenue, and were much interested.

In spite of her prayers, Sister Ursula was not happy. The medicine-bottle banged and bumped in her pocket as she gripped the iron bars hand over hand and toiled aloft. " It is for the sake of a life," she panted to herself. " It is a good work. He might die if I did not come. Ah! it is terrible." A flake of rust from the long disused irons had fallen on her nose. The rungs were chafing her hands, and the minutes were flying. The round, red face of the caretaker's wife grew smaller and smaller below her, and there was a rumbling of wheels in the avenue. An idle coachman, drawn by the shouts of the children, had turned the corner to see what was to be seen. And Sister Ursula climbed in agony of spirit, the heeless black cloth shoes that nuns wear slipping on the rungs of the ladder, and all earth reeling a hundred thousand feet below.

She passed one set of apartments, and they were empty of people, but the fire, the books on the table, and the child's toy cast on the hearth-rug showed it was deserted only for a minute. Sister Ursula drew breath on the balcony, and then hurried upward. There was iron rust red on both her hands, the front of her gown was speckled with it, and a reflection in the stately double window showed a stainless stiff fold of her headgear battered down over her eye. Her shoe, yes, the mended one, had burst at the side near the toe in a generous bulge of white stockings. She climbed on wearily, for the bottle was swinging again, and in her ears there came unbidden the nursery refrain that she used to sing to the little sick children in the hospital at Quebec:

"This is the cow with the crumpled horn."

Between earth and heaven, it is said, the soul on its upward journey must pass the buffeting of many evil spirits. There flashed into Sister Ursula's mind the remembrance of a picture of a man gazing from the leads down the side of a house—a wonderful piece of foreshortening that made one dizzy to see. Where had she seen that picture? Memory, that works indifferently on earth or *in vacuo*, told her of a book read by stealth in her novitiate, such a book as perils body and soul, and Sister Ursula blushed redder than the brickwork a foot before her nose. Everything that she had read in or thought about that book raced through her mind as all his past life does not race through the soul of a drowning man. It was horrible, most horrible. Then rose a fierce wave of rage and indignation that she, a sister of irreproachable life and demeanor (the book had been an indiscretion, long since bitterly repented of), should be singled out for these humiliating exercises. There were other nuns of her acquaintance, proud, haughty, and overbearing (her foot slipped here as a reminder against the sin of hasty judgments, and she felt that it was a small and niggling Justice that counted offences at such a crisis), and—and thinking too much of their holiness, to whom this mortification, with all the rust flakes in bosom and kerchief, would have been salutary and wholesome. But that she, Sister Ursula, who only desired a quiet life, should climb fire-escapes in the face of the shameless sun and a watching population! It was too terrible. None the less she did not come down.

Praying to be delivered from evil thoughts, praying that the swinging bottle would not smash itself against the iron ladders, she toiled on. The second and third flats were empty, and she heard a murmur in the street; a hum of encouraging tumult, cheerful outcries bidding her go up higher, and crisp inquiries as to whether this were the end of the performance. Her Saint—she that had not prevailed against the Huns—would not help Sister Ursula, and it came over her, as cold water slides down the spine, that at her journey's end she would have to—go—through—the window. There is no vestibule, portico, or robing-room at the upper end of a fire-escape. It is designed for such a move in a hurry, being for the most part not over-dressed, and yet seeking publicity—that publicity that came to Sister Ursula unsought. She must go through that window in order to give her invalid his medicine. Her head must go first, and her foot, with the bursten shoe, must go last. It was the very breaking point in the strain, and here her Saint, mistaking the needs of the case, sent her a companion. Her head was level with the window of the fourth story, and she was rejoicing to find that that also was empty when the door opened, and there entered a man something elderly, of prominent figure, and dressed according to the most rigid canons laid down for afternoon visits. He was millions of

leagues removed from Sister Ursula's world—this person with the tall silk hat, the long frock-coat, the light gray trousers, and tiny yellow buttonhole rose, and the marvelous puffed cravat anchored about with black pearl-headed pins. But an imperative need for justification was upon her. Her own mission, the absolute rightness of her own mission, were so clear to herself that she never doubted anyone might misunderstand when she pointed upward to the skies, and the flat above.

The man, who was in the act of laying his tall hat absently upon the table, looked up as the shadow took the light, saw the gesture, and stared. Then his jaw dropped, and his face became ashy gray. Sister Ursula had never seen Terror in the flesh, well-dressed and fresh from a round of calls. She gathered herself up to climb on, but the man with- in uttered a cry that even the double windows could not altogether stifle, and ran round the room in circles as a dog runs seeking a lost glove.

"He is mad," thought Sister Ursula. "Oh, heavens, and *that* is what has driven him mad."

He was stooping fondly over something that seemed like the coffin of a little child. Then he rushed directly at the window open-mouthed. Sister Ursula went upward and onward, none the less swiftly because she had heard a muffled oath, the crash of broken glass, and the tinkling of the broken splinters on the pavestones below. For the second time only in her career, she looked down—down between the ladder and the wall. A silk hat was bobbing wildly, as a fishing-float on a troubled stream, not a dozen rungs beneath, and a voice—the voice of fear—cried hoarsely: "Where is it? Where is it?" Then went up to the roofs the roaring and the laughter of a great crowd; yells, cat-calls, ki-yis, and hootings many times multiplied. Her Saint had heard her at last, and caused Sister Ursula to disregard the pains of going through the window. Her one desire now was to reach that haven, to jump, dive, leap-frog through it if necessary, and shut out the unfortunate maniac. It was a short race, but swift, and Saint Ursula took care of the bottle. A long course of afternoon calls, with refreshments at clubs, in the intervals, is not such good training as the care of the sick in all weathers for sprinting over a course laid at ninety degrees. Nor again can the best of athletes go swiftly up a ladder if he carries a priceless violin in one hand and its equally priceless bow in his teeth, and handicaps himself with varnished leather buttoned boots.

They climbed, the one below the other. The window at the foot of the invalid's bed was open. At the next window was the white face of the invalid. Sister Ursula reached the sash, threw it up, went through—let no man ask how—shut it gently but with amazing quickness, and sank panting at the foot of the bed, one hand on the bottle.

"There was no other way," she panted. "The door was locked. I could not help. Oh! He is here!"

The face of Terror in the top hat rose to the window-level inch by inch. The violin-bow was between his teeth, and his hat hung over one eye in the fashion of early dawn.

"It's Cott van Cott," said the invalid, slowly and critically. "He looks quite an old man. Cott and his Strad. How very bad for the Strad!"

"Open the window. Where is it? Is there a way? Open the window!" roared Cott, without removing the violin-bow.

Sister Ursula held up one hand warningly as she stooped over the invalid.

For the second time did Cott misinterpret the gesture and heaved himself upward, the violin and bow clicking and rattling at every stride. He was fleeing to the leads to save his life and his violin from death by fire—fire in the basement—and the crowd in the street roared below him with the roar of a full-fed conflagration.

The invalid fell back on the pillows and wiped his eyes. The hands of the clock were on the hour appointed for the medicine, lacking only the thirty seconds necessary for pouring it into a wineglass. He took it from Sister Ursula's hand, still shaking with helpless laughter.

"God bless you, Sister Ursula," he said. "You've saved my life."

"The medicine was to be given," she answered simply. "I—I could not help coming that way."

"If you only knew," said the invalid. "If you only knew! I saw it from out of the windows. Good heavens! the dear old world is just the same as ever. I must get back to it. I must positively get well and get back. And, Sister Ursula, do you mind telling me when you're quite composed everything that happened between the time the door shut and—and you came in that way?"

After a little Sister Ursula told, and the invalid laughed himself faint once more. When Sister Ursula resettled the pillows, her hand fell on the butt of a revolver that had come from the desk by the head of the bed. She did not understand what it was, but the sight pained her.

"Wait a minute," said the invalid, and he took one cartridge from its inside. "I—I wanted to use it for something before you went out, but I saw you come up, and I don't want it any more. I must certainly get back to the world again. Dear old world! Nice old world! And Mrs. Cassidy prayed with you in the cellar, did she? And Van Cott thought it was a fire? Do you know, Sister Ursula, that all those things would have been impossible on any other planet? I'm going to get well, Sister Ursula."

In the long night, Sister Ursula, blushing all over under the eyes of the night-light, heard him laughing softly in his sleep.

NOTES

By THE EDITOR

This work was first published in *The Idler* and the *San Francisco Examiner* (June 1893), and in *McClure's Magazine* (March 1894). It was collected in 1928 in *The One Volume Kipling: Authorized* (Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.), but not until 1938 in the U.K. when it appeared in the *Sussex Edition*, Vol. XXX, *Uncollected Prose, Part II*

The text printed above is taken from *The One Volume Kipling: Authorized* where it is one of three stories listed under the heading "HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED". Of the other two, "The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood" was printed in *Journal* No.137 for March 1961 under specific permission from Mrs Elsie Bambridge, Kipling's daughter, whilst I hope to print "For One Night Only" in a future issue.

The story was in fact written before the end of September 1892. In a letter dated 25 September 1892 to Richard Watson Gilder from Brattleboro', Kipling refers to it:

P.S. I have a short yarn by me—the outcome of much thought—which is called "The Legs of Sister Ursula." The only hint of impropriety lies in the title of which I am much enamoured. I fear though that no one will take it with such a name—in America! [*Letters*, ed. T. Pinney, Vol.2, p.60.]

A second reference to the story by Kipling appears in a letter to Edward Lucas White from Brattleboro' dated 10 December 1893.

What an augur-eye you keep on my output! But I'm glad "The Legs of Sister Ursula" made you laugh, for it is meant to that end and now and again a laugh over a sheer absurdity is good for the liver and the stomach and the bile. That was what the mission of the "Legs" was. [*Letters*, ed. T. Pinney, Vol.2, p.114.]

THE CAT THAT WALKED WITH THE DAEMON

By LISA A.F. LEWIS

[Lisa Lewis, one of our Vice-Presidents, is well known to members for all her work on behalf of the Society, and for her expert knowledge of Kipling and his works. She gave this talk to the Society in July 1985 and I am printing it 'as is' without updating it for the changes that have taken place over the past 20 years. Although George Webb, the then editor, wanted to print it in the *Journal* at the time, she held it back because there was something else that she wanted him to use first. Now she has released it to me, and as you will find, it demonstrates George's good taste and our good fortune. – Ed.]

As well as collecting Kipling books, I also collect cat books. In the introduction to one of them, the editor wonders how one of the most famous cat stories in the English language, "The Cat that Walked by Himself, came to be written by a man who did not even like cats.

The mystery (if there is one) deepens when we notice that many prominent Kipling-lovers have also been cat people. It seems that three out of five proper Kiplingites, so far from throwing things at cats, cherish them and like to have them near. For instance, T.S. Eliot, once our Vice-President and author of *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, and the late Matilda Tyler, American member and owner of one of the finest-ever Kipling Collections (now at Yale) both liked cats, and so does Sir Angus Wilson. Both Charles Carrington and Roger Lancelyn Green are on record as cat-lovers; the Bagwell-Purefoys chose their present home partly because they could bring their two cats. One of the finest cat books I know is *A Dictionary of Cat Lovers*, edited by Christabel Lady Aberconway, who when she was a little girl played with the Kipling children and claimed to have given him the inspiration for one of his best-loved poems, "The Way through the Woods".¹ There is a similar relationship-at-one-remove between Kipling and horses: everyone agrees that he rode very badly, yet one of his stories has a special place in the hearts of horse-lovers - a story called (to make the thing even odder) "The Maltese Cat".

He was not completely ignorant of felines. It is true that, for most of his life, Kipling kept terriers, and he never had a lasting relationship with any cat; but they were around at various times in his life. His Macdonald grandmother kept cats, and was evidently fond of them, for she wrote about one:

She differs from all the cats I ever saw: she is fond of dabbling and playing with water. Her favourite game is to sit by the water-tap, no

matter how wet the stone is, till someone turns the water on for her, - about the thickness of a knitting-needle; then she rises up on her hind feet, and supporting herself with her left fore-paw, she begins to pat the stream of water with her right paw, just as if she was trying to catch a piece of string that was dangling down. Sometimes she opens her mouth and lets the water trickle in. This is her favourite way of drinking. At other times she will sit watching the water with a puzzled, troubled air, as if she was quite bewildered. She looks down to see where it goes, in the sink, or into a bowl. The water trickles on her head; she shakes her ears, but still keeps looking, when suddenly she flies at it, claps both her paws together, thinks she has caught it now, opens her hands to look what she has got: alas, only two wet little paws; and the water flows on as before.²

Kipling's sister Trix, in an article in *Chambers's Journal*,³ described him with a kitten of his own. She is writing of the period when, rescued from the House of Desolation, she and her brother spent a holiday on a farm at Epping with their mother: 'my brother had just been put into the glasses that were to be his lifelong wear (to the great puzzlement of Sprats, his pet kitten, who would sit on his shoulder and hook them off repeatedly with a soft paddy paw). . . .' She once told the Kipling Society how 'he would sit writing with a kitten on his shoulder, and would alter his own position, or move his papers, rather than disturb the kitten.'⁴

In a second article, she told how on leaving the farm they went to London, where they lodged in a house on what is now the site of Harrods. The children were forbidden to climb out on the roofs at the back, but found:

. . . their real charm lay in the cats that coursed, and rambled, and fought, and courted, and sunned themselves there. I remember large, splendid tabby chieftains, like young pumas, with magnificent pelts and square, sullen heads.⁵

In *Something of Myself*, Kipling said that it was here that 'the night first got into my head', and I wonder what part in his wakefulness was played by the howling of these tabby chieftains. Trix continues:

At first we tried to make friends by dangling a cork or a shuttlecock at the end of a ball of string, but only the very young cared to play. Then we met the Cats'-Meat Man, who cried his wares along Brompton Road every weekday morning, and were rejoiced to find

how much cats'-meat could be bought for one penny. Two large skewersful, and you might pick out your own if you liked. Enough to cheer the blind man's dog at the corner, comfort the thin cat that always followed the barrow mewing ("The Decoy Cat", Ruddy called it), and then have a delightful cat-fishing party on the roofs. As we fished without hooks, and the meat was loosely tied on the long string, the cats had not long to wait for it, but their elaborate stalking, frenzied chases, and wild leaps when the meat mysteriously rose in the air, were always charming. . . .

In the summer of 1936, letters in one of the Sunday papers – quite a good paper, too, or, at least one that ought to have known better — proclaimed the discovery that 'Kipling had always hated cats to the verge of cruelty and beyond it.' . . . This sweeping statement was founded on one of the Stalky stories, where Beetle's two companions, while he is absent talking to the builders, kill a cat with a catapult, and on the parable ["Below the Mill Dam"], and appears to be based on the primitive belief that everything printed must be true. For two or three weeks my brother's newly revealed and hideous habit of kicking helpless cats into mill-ponds evoked horrified letters, and interested comments on a hitherto unsuspected "cruelty complex" . . . my letter . . . wondering how many of these self-acclaimed cat-lovers had repeatedly spent a whole week's pocket-money in childhood to feed stray cats, was never published. . . .

She repeated on several occasions that 'if it were possible to find . . . any animal. . . Rudyard hated, I would undertake to kill it with my bare hands and eat it raw!'

Beresford also denied that the cat-killing episode was true of Kipling: he shows it rather as a convention of the time. He said in his book *Schooldays with Kipling* that:

We didn't think it necessary to worry all the cats we came across, as was the fashion at the time. Victorian boys thought it incumbent on them to make cats aware that this world was a vale of tears. In consequence, every cat scooted like mad and got up a tree or on a roof at the sight of a jumping skipping human being of small size. The cats knew the Victorian boy a hundred yards off, and took measures accordingly.⁶

In an article in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, published in 1885 but never collected, Kipling wrote in the same vein about the Anglo-Indian boy.

... the unhappy English "ayah's child" has [habits] which are a perpetual cause of annoyance and wonderment to the ayah herself. Chief among these ... is the persistence with which he stones her cat. None of her own children ever worry the *billi*. They chatter and sprawl in the sunny doorway, throw mud in each other's faces, and weep till the tears make muddy channels all the way down their stomachs, but the *billi* sleeps somehow stretched among them. Suddenly a change occurs—a discordant whistling is heard in the distance: the cat pricks up her ears. A crunching of thick boots echoes against the stable wall: she gathers her feet together. A stone comes zig-zagging round the corner, and the cat's tail vanishes over the mud wall like the stick of a descending rocket. A general scattering of the crows who were discussing a sheep's foot on the other side marks her line of flight, and in three seconds the Anglo-Indian boy is sprawling crab-wise over the mud wall in hot pursuit. . ?

It is not clear whether the six-year-old Kipling threw stones at his ayah's cat: he seems to be describing some small boy he has recently seen. If he did, he had grown out of it by the Epping days. But probably he was discouraged from growing too fond of the kitten Sprats, which would in any case have been left behind at Epping. Schoolboys, as Beresford says, were not supposed to like cats. When he grew up, he wanted to be accepted as a real man, writing stories about real men. As a journalist, with no place in the hierarchy, he had enough trouble fitting into Anglo-Indian society without being tagged as a cat-lover; the fellows at the Club would never have understood.

By September 1887, a new element had entered Kipling's relationship with cats - his terriers. There is nothing like a terrier for chasing cats out of one's life. Another uncollected article from the *Civil and Military Gazette* is entitled "Our Cat Hunt":

Soon after midnight it was soothing to leap wildly out of bed amid a crash of concerted yells and shrieks; to see, in the peaceful, silvery moonlight, terrier pups leaping endwise up a wardrobe and dragging from above umbrellas, hat-boxes and gun-cases, in their desperate efforts to hang on by their teeth and reach a yelling fiend above. That, of course, was a cat. I knew it well—a sleek and snow-white, fluffy person, who was always invading my room when the dogs were out, and vanishing, as they came in, out of a window, leaving to the pursuing terriers the opportunity of smashing all the bottles on my table and getting whacked therefor.

By reason of these proceedings on the cat's part, a sullen and silent hatred had filled my heart for him; and as soon as I had

convinced myself that it was neither fire, earthquake or revolution that had jarred me from my dreams, a subtle satisfaction floated through my mind to see that fluffy, white devil treed at last. Barefoot and unarmed I could only cheer on the pups to fresh exertions, and shout with glee to see my property promiscuously showering around those terriers as, item by item, they dragged off all the props on which the bearer had piled above the *almirah* that wonderful pyramid of luggage. Item by item, with yells and frightful fizzling, the cat-fiend felt its fortress crumbling beneath it, and more than once was perilously near accompanying a falling port-manteau to the dogs. I urged on the pups, and they responded manfully. With a mad effort the leader managed for just a moment to cling to the top ledge of the *almirah*. This was too much for the cat, who leapt out for refuge to the nearest object in the room—which chanced at that moment to be myself.

Actaeon, it is generally believed, had a bad time with his dogs; but I have never seen it recorded that that gentleman was made against his will a shelter for a cat, while three of his own terriers bounded up him to get it. A frightened cat is the most adhesive thing I know; and in scanty night costume, a well-grown Persian clinging limpet-wise to one's shoulders, while an enterprising terrier pup lugs it by the tail, is an incubus which has to be experienced to be appreciated. By suddenly stooping in despair to the dogs' level, I forced the creature to dislodge itself, and in a wild cloud of yells and fluff and growls, three terrier-pups, a bare-footed maniac and a cat confusedly burst out into the moonlit compound.

Peaceful and child-like, on his *Charpoy* under the gracious moon, slept Nature's child—the *chowkidar* arduously guarding the premises; but the crystal tenour of his dreams was shattered to fragments by the tumultuous rush of one cat and one dog under, and two dogs over the *Charpoy*. Frightful was the worrying underneath; more frightful my language as I trod on the sharp edge of the dogs' watering-can, making the other end fly up and cut me on the shin, besides drenching my legs with water; still more frightful than either was the scream of the *chowkidar* who, kicking around in mad terror, led a pup to seize his leg in the general confusion. Leaping from his bed and over-turning it, he exposed the fighting pair beneath. I seized his handy staff and aimed a blow at the cat. The moment was ill-chosen, for they were all mixed up with the *chowkidar's* legs and I fear the main portion of the stroke was expended on his shins. Truly, thought he, there was murder adoin: and he lit out for his distant home with a clamour that the jackals must have envied. His cries died out into the misty distance. The cat, after

scrabbling up, and falling down the adjacent doorway and getting too hopelessly mixed with the pups for me to venture on a blow, finally vanished with a clatter of falling glass into the bearer's lamp-room—and then it was that I sat down on the verandah steps and laughed aloud.

At this the pups came barking round me jubilantly; and I do not know that my servants' estimate of the dignity of a Covenanted Civilian was enhanced by the spectacle that met their eyes, as with lanterns and staves they came in a body round the corner. I never thought it necessary to mention the circumstance of the cat to them; and I understand that the *chowkidar's* theory as to my occasional outbursts of man-hunting frenzy meet with general acceptance in the serai. No native at any rate ventures to move in my compound at night; and, though no *chowkidar* will take the place, I have no need of one. A reputation for man-hunting proclivities, with just a suspicion of cannibalistic tendencies thrown in, is not altogether a bad thing.

That cat never troubled me again.⁸

This pattern is repeated in Kipling's writings as late as 1930: readers of "Thy Servant a Dog" will remember Kitchen Cat, who according to the terriers is "*Bad! Bad! Bad!*" She is their social inferior, but has an independence they lack:

' . . . I am Cat. You are Dog. When you have done things, you ask Own Gods if it is Whack or Pat. You crawl on tum. You say: "Please, I will be good." What will you do when Own Gods go and never come back?' Slippers said: 'I will bite you when I catch you.' Kitchen Cat said: 'Grow legs!' She ran down Wall and went to Kitchen. We came after. There was Cookey and broom. Kitchen Cat sat in window and said: 'Look at this Cookey. Sometimes this is thick Cookey; sometimes this is thin Cookey. But it is always my Cookey. I am never Cookey's Cat. But you must always have Own Gods with. Else you go bad. What will you do when Own Gods go away?'

But in the end it is Kitchen Cat who goes away, having dared to leave the kitchen quarters and enter the nursery. There Slippers catches her and they fight. Slippers is inspired to protect the baby, though normally he is frightened of the cat; she scratches his eye, but he succeeds in chasing her downstairs. She is shown as jealous, amoral and irresponsible, in contrast to the terriers: she has character but they have loyalty.

A real life incident involving Kipling, cats and a terrier at this period is described by Mr William Ramsay in *Animals our Kith and Kin*.⁹ In 1930 Mr Ramsay rented a cottage from the Kiplings. Kipling, he says:

was once admiring three half-grown black cats on our lawn. He asked their names and I suggested that he might name them, as they were anonymous cats, so far. 'Well, that big fluffy one is "Banshee", to begin with,' he said. But just then, his Aberdeen terrier "Jimmy" appeared on the scene and was immediately set upon by those three Furies—and away fled poor "Jimmy" with them clinging to his back. Up jumped our author to rescue his pet, calling out as he ran: "Sin", "Death", and "The Judgement", and that was all the names that our poor pussies got from Rudyard Kipling.

When there was no terrier about, Kipling could make friends with a cat. The *Kipling Journal* for March 1938 has an anecdote about a cat in a sweet-shop at Bath:

a large, handsome, black-and-white Persian cat, named Winkie. . . Kipling, on a visit to Bath, used to spend quite a lot of time sitting on a chair with Winkie on his knee, and . . . Winkie would welcome him, jumping down from his customary place on the counter when he entered, and following him to his seat.

The *Kipling Journal* of September 1976 quotes a letter from Kipling to two of his Macdonald cousins:

Dear Cousins,

I am just back from Egypt and I send you the promised charm for your Cat.

It represents Pasht, the Cat Goddess, and was guaranteed to me with many oaths as genuine. I really think that that may be true on account of its very worthlessness. It was found, as hundreds of such things are, in the dust of some excavating, and the type is not worth forging. I think the date may be about Three Thousand or so B.C.

The hieroglyphics at the back mean Protection and Truth. As a cat has nine lives, she needs less protection than any other beast, and no cat ever knew anything about Truth.

But try it on your Pussy, hung on the collar, and let us see if it brings good luck or not. If it doesn't, *get rid of it at once* . . .

Your affectionate Cousin Ruddy.

Small furry figures trot across the scene of many Kipling stories. For example, in *The Light that Failed* a cat is Dick Heldar's only companion in his blindness when his friends have gone to war and Maisie has deserted him. In real life, Kipling's Aunt Georgie promised him a kitten as companion at Embankment Chambers (original of Dick Heldar's rooms). In one letter he speaks of it as too young to share his bachelor existence, but after that no more is heard of it. A quarter of a century later, in *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, he described how a kitten was saved from death by a miracle: 'Her faithful orderly was carrying the little lady up to war on rats when two blind shells pitched, one on each side of him.' Later Kipling remarks: 'As a serious interlude, for milk was a consideration, the cow at Red House calved successfully. Signallers, orderlies and others were present at the accouchement. Doubtless, too the Orderly-room kitten kept an interested eye on the event.'

In "The Wish House", written in 1924, Grace Ashcroft had a cat in her kitchen; as she walked through the hot streets to meet her fate, there was 'no one about but the cats'. These cats, so typical of summer London, also remind us of witchcraft, setting the scene for what follows.

The three main cat characters in Kipling's work date from an earlier time. In his bachelor days, one of the "Turnovers" he sent to the *Civil and Military Gazette* was "The Cat that saved the Ship", collected in *Abaft the Funnel* as "Erastiasius of the *Whanghoa*". Erastiasius, a bobtailed Japanese cat, is said to have given warning of an attempt by Chinese steerage passengers to seize the ship *Whanghoa* with a cargo worth a quarter of a million dollars. The ship's Captain tells the narrator about it, to explain why he sets such value on the 'tom-cat and grandfather-in-chief of the *Whanghoa*—a gaunt brindled beast, lacking one ear'. This is an extremely talkative cat, and Kipling renders his remarks in a curious fashion: 'Whooper, yoopee-yaw-aw-aw' and 'Wheep-yeep-ya-ya-ya-whoop!' Now I once had a Japanese bobtail cat, a much gentler creature than Erastiasius but equally chatty, and I despaired of ever rendering the musical sounds she made in human letters. Kipling gets it pretty nearly right, making Erastiasius a credible figure, but the story is really very slight and has an unpleasantly racist flavour to the modern reader. Like the other stories in *Abaft the Funnel*, it would never have been collected if an American publisher had not got hold of it.

Last in time, but second in importance, a cat is a principal character in "Below the Mill Dam". Trix Fleming called this story a parable, but it also describes the installation of the electric light system at Bateman's, which the Kiplings had just bought, powered by the

water-wheel of the old mill. In the manuscript of the story the Rat complains of a terrier visiting the mill, but this has been removed from the text as published. For most of the time, the cat in this story is not really a cat, but a satire on a certain type of human being, perhaps based on some local conservationist who resented the changes these newcomers were making at Bateman's, or an "arty" lady who had lectured Kipling on poetry. She is shown as a middle-class intellectual snob of enormous pretensions but no performance. She 'belonged to many tile and out-house committees', and led an active social life, picking up her culture from summer boarders. 'With my social obligations,' she says, 'I must snatch rest when I can; but, as our old friend here says, *Noblesse oblige*. . . Pity me! Three functions to-night in the village, and a barn-dance across the valley!' The Black Rat, with whom she is on excellent terms, promptly invites her to another party. When the Miller complains that she is not catching rats she patronisingly calls him a "barbarian", while smartly moving out of his reach. At the end, he throws her into the millrace, and this was the cruel act that foolish readers attributed to Kipling himself, to his sister's fury. The cat quickly climbs out with no damage except to her dignity.

According to Trix, the Miller represents John Bull. He rejects the effete preoccupation of the Wheel, the Rat and the Cat with the picturesque and ancient (but above all with their own comfort) and installs new technology, allying himself with the progressive Waters and approved by the Spirit of the Mill.

When Kipling does allow the cat to be a cat, she is much more sympathetic:

'Yes, Life,' said the Cat, 'with its dim delicious half-tones and veiled indeterminate distances. Its surprisals, escapes, encounters, and dizzying leaps—its full-throated choruses in honour of the morning star, and its melting reveries beneath the sun-warmed wall.'

Trix said that this took her 'straight back to' Brompton Road and the cats they used to fish for. There is confirmation for her suggestion, for the Cat refers to the new brick building that will house the turbine as 'cat's-meat-coloured', recalling the cat's-meat they used as bait.

The tabby chieftains who took the bait probably also contributed to Kipling's greatest cat story, "The Cat that Walked by Himself." Roger Lancelyn Green once called this the finest cat story ever written. The curious thing about it is that while it does contain an undoubted truth about cats, it is not the one insisted on. It is not really true of cats that all places are alike to them, for they are territorial animals. Perhaps

what Kipling means is that they can survive almost anywhere. Attached to the story are a drawing and a poem, and between them they show us three different Cats. The one in the drawing is a mature tom, walking away with his tail half bottle-brushed. He has a slight air of offence. This is the cat who walks alone, ever ready to challenge a rival. In the story, it could be this tom that follows the dog and the horse out of curiosity. But it is no warrior chieftain that purrs to the baby and plays with the spindle in that charming passage:

She tied the thread to the little clay spindle-whorl and drew it across the floor, and the Cat ran after it and patted it with his paws and rolled head over heels, and tossed it backward over his shoulder and chased it between his hind-legs and pretended to lose it, and pounced down upon it again, till the Baby laughed as loudly as it had been crying . . .

This is a kitten or an adolescent, who would not look like the drawing. The cat in the poem that follows the story is a female, who lives in a house with at least one boy in the family old enough to play Robinson Crusoe and have a dog of his own. The cat finds the child rather trying:

. . . Then she fluffles her tail and mews,
And scratches and won't attend.
But *Binkie* will play whatever I choose,
And he is my true First Friend.

She is more interested in her own life than in playing games:

Pussy will rub my knees with her head
Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to my bed
Pussy runs out in the yard,
And there she stays till the morning-light;
So I know it is only pretend;
But *Binkie*, he snores at my feet all night,
And he is my Firstest Friend!

In December 1894, when their daughter Josephine was two years old, Mrs Kipling wrote in her diary that her husband had given her a Persian

cat. They were then living at Naulakha, their home in Vermont, and the drawing of the Cat that Walked seems to be placed in a Vermont winter landscape. The cat in the drawing is not a Persian, but could have called round either to attack it (if it were male), or court it (if it were female). Charles Carrington believes it to be a Vermont cat, and the trees Vermont trees. I had had the same thought myself, and if one of my theories turns out to be shared by Charles Carrington, I have to believe it is a good one. The story was not written down for another seven years, but the *Just So Stories* were originally told by Kipling to his own children. They were invented, polished and revised in oral form, long before they were put in writing. In 1901, Mrs Kipling was given another Persian cat by some cousins. This must have awakened memories. In the following January the family went to South Africa, and in this month, at the Woolsack, the story went down on paper. The new Persian cat was presumably left behind at Rottingdean. If it is any of the Just So cats, this one is "Pussy" in the poem, for by this time John Kipling was four, old enough to join in pretending games. In the Victorian age, as we have seen, cats were women's pets. So John is being gently urged away from cats.

There had been cats in between 1894 and 1901, for when Sir Edward Burne-Jones drew the three children in 1897, he showed Josephine, then six years old, with a half-grown kitten in her arms. Many little girls go through a stage of carrying a cat about; the pose must have been typical for him to choose to draw it. It seems likely that she was the baby the original Cat played with, and became the cat-lover of the family. I believe that the interest Kipling shows in cats and their relations with human beings in this story came not only from childhood memories, but also from these early days with Josephine. It was probably with her that he learned that absolutely perfect cat negative, the authentic sound of a cat that does not want to be picked up: " 'Nenni!' said the Cat." His womenfolk, his grandmother, his sister, his wife and above all his Best Beloved daughter liked them, but he himself had learned to think it proper and manly to throw boots at cats and encourage his dog to chase them up trees, and wanted his son to be the same. But for Josephine's sake he might, had she lived, have joined the minority of men (two out of five, he calls it) who become true cat-lovers. After she died cats would have been among the things he found hard to face because they reminded him of her. We know that he was thinking of her soon after "The Cat that Walked by Himself when he wrote " 'They' ", a story about a lost child and the process of mourning. It ends with the narrator's return to normal life, but on the way it shows a little of what he had suffered at his daughter's loss. In the same year he wrote "Marrow Down":

Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again. . .

In mocassins and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far—oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him!

With this poem he seems to have got over her death, in so far as he ever did. It was late that summer that he wrote "On the Mill Dam", in which as we have seen the cat is merely a vehicle of satire. He never wrote a cat story again.

The truth that he perceived about cats, their insistence on remaining independent contractors rather than servants of man, is one not all cat-lovers like to remember. Kipling's cats are not neuters, nor are they sentimentalised, as he often sentimentalised dogs. "The Cat that Walked" is a feral cat, which of its own free will allies itself with a human family and adopts a domestic role, but never loses its wild nature. Such a cat would have struck a chord in the author of the Mowgli stories, which he was writing back in those Vermont days. The connexion runs a little deeper than the character of Bagheera. Parts of "The Law of the Jungle" are pure cat:

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply, but never too deep;
And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.

Mowgli, like the cat, is a wild creature who, when half grown, consents for a time to live in Messua's house but will not consent to be tamed. In "In the Rukh", the story of Mowgli grown-up, he will only become a Forest guard on his own terms. Kipling was fascinated by the wildness in the heart of man. In "The Gipsy Trail" (1892), he wrote:

. . . Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,
Out of the grime and the gray
(Morning waits at the end of the world),
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,
 The red crane to the reed,
 And the Romany lass to the Romany lad
 By the tie of a roving breed. . .

His marriage and the birth of a child had domesticated him, but he still saw himself as the man who was:

dreadfully wild. He didn't even begin to be tame till he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways. She picked out a nice dry Cave, instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down in; and she strewed clean sand on the floor; and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the Cave; and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail-down, across the opening of the Cave; and she said, 'Wipe your feet, dear, when you come in, and now we'll keep house.'

Charles Carrington's final verdict is that "The Cat that Walked by Himself is Kipling's best story, a commentary on human family life as well as our relationships with animals. There was more to Kipling than a husband and father: he was a writer, a man haunted by a Daemon of inspiration that walked about at night (as his wife would no longer allow him to do) and came and went as it pleased. Philip Mason called this part of Kipling "the Shadow and the Fire". Some of his finest work deals with the frontiers between nature and civilisation: "A stone's throw out on either hand / From that well-ordered road we tread, / And all the world is wild and strange . . .". Once in his life, it was a cat that walked in the wild woods with his Daemon.

NOTES

1. Christabel Aberconway, *A Wiser Woman?*, London, Hutchinson, 1966, pp.31-2.
2. A.W. Baldwin, *The Macdonald Sisters*, London, Peter Davies, 1960, pp.21—2.
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DIANA OF EPHEBUS

By RUDYARD KIPLING
[*The Englishman*, 18 March 1887]

EPHEBUS stands—you may find it still—
On the lee of a verdurous, pine-clad hill,
And once in a twelve-month, the folk below
Flock to the pines and the upland snow—
Flee from the sunshine, the glare, and the dust,
For the good of their souls—as is right and just.

She fell from Heaven—as all aver
From the lap of Olympian Jupiter;
And so descended to govern us
Men of the City of Ephesus.

She ground us under Her dainty heel,
She bound us slaves to Her chariot-wheel,
She levied taxes and toll and cess
For Her sumptuous shrine and Her golden dress;
And we paid them merrily—ever thus
Is the use of the People of Ephesus.

And the years went on, as the years must do,
But our great Diana was always new—
Fresh and blooming, and young and fair,
With azure eyes and with aureate hair;
While all the people who came and went
Offered Her praise to Her heart's content.
So we said in our pride, as the years rolled by:—
"Our Great Diana can never die!"

But once—ah me !—when Her shrine was lit
And we danced to the Goddess who governed it,
When the music thundered and, far and wide,
Our lamps made day on the mountain-side,
When the incense thickened, the trumpets brayed,
Came the terrible vengeance of Time delayed !
The clear voice faltered—the lithe form stooped—
The white hands wavered—the bright head drooped—
The trumpets quavered, the lights burned blue
And the Goddess died—as Goddesses do.

And all we could see in the twilight dim
Was a visage meagre and pointed and grim—
A hard, lined brow, and a mouth grown old,
And a ripple of bad, discoloured gold
From the folds of the chiton; and so we cried:—
" What shall we do now Diana hath died? "
Wherefore we mourned till the morrow—thus
True to its idols is Ephesus.

Then we dragged Her out of the City's bound,
And cast Her into the Strangers' Ground.
We cleansed the shrine from the offerings stale,
We gilt the pillars and altar-rail,
We lit fresh fires and called on Jove
For another Diana to praise and love;
And e'en as our call went up on high,
Another Diana dropped out of the sky,
Stepping at once to the old one's place
With the light of the Godship about her face.
And we gave Her power to govern us,
Men of the City of Ephesus.

The City is old as the pines above,
Old as the mountains, as old as Love;
And I am as old as a man may be
Ere he pass from the pines to the Unknown Sea,
And I serve, as I served in the years gone by,
The Great Diana who fell from the sky.
The yoke of Her priesthood is heavy to bear
Though the Great Diana be always fair.
But, after a season, and none know when,
Our Goddess must die in the sight of men.
We must bear Her forth to the grave that waits
In the ground Unclean, by the Temple gates,
While Her name is forgot and Her face likewise,
For another Diana drops out of the skies,
And we make obeisance and hail Her thus:—
"Queen of the City of Ephesus".

And howso clearly I know the end
Of the love we give and the money we spend;
And howso clearly Diana foresees
That terrible day when the trumpets cease;

And howso clearly the grave be made,
 Where the bones of our old-time Queens are laid;
 And howso clearly the City knows
 Whither the path to Her Temple goes,
 These things are certain—I still obey
 The great Diana who rules to-day,
 The City with me, and She in state
 Looks out o'er the path to the Temple gate,
 And takes our homage and hears us cry:—
 "Our Great Diana can never die!"
 For this is our custom.

Endeth thus
 The tale of Diana of Ephesus.

NOTES

By ROGER AYERS

The third edition of *Departmental Ditties & Other Verses*, published by Thacker, Spink & Co. in 1888, contained ten 'other verses', one of which was "Diana of Ephesus". However, when the fourth edition appeared in 1890, "Diana of Ephesus" was omitted and was never subsequently collected by Kipling until it was included in the posthumous Sussex and Burwash editions of 1938 and 1941 respectively.

Since these editions are even more difficult to come by than the original third edition, it was not until Professor Andrew Rutherford included it in his *Early Verse of Rudyard Kipling* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1986) that it became readily accessible. Professor Rutherford also established that the poem had originally been published in a Calcutta based paper, *The Englishman*, on 18 March, 1887, over the initials 'GL'.

The general theme of the poem, dealing with a goddess who is periodically regenerated to be worshipped by successive generations of men, was used by Kipling in both verse and prose towards the end of 1886. First came the "L'Envoi" (The smoke upon your altar dies . . .) which he added to the second and subsequent editions of *Departmental Ditties & Other Verses*, a short poem about a shrine, vacated by an unnamed goddess but which, if the worshippers kept faith, might yet be occupied by some passing deity.

This was quickly followed by the story "Venus Annodomini" in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of 4 December 1886, later collected in *Plain*

Tales from the Hills. This dealt with an apparently ageless 'goddess' in Simla society who was worshipped in turn by father and son. A link was directly made to "Diana of Ephesus" by the use of six lines from the fourth stanza as a heading to the story, although the lines differed slightly from the final version in *The Englishman* three months later.

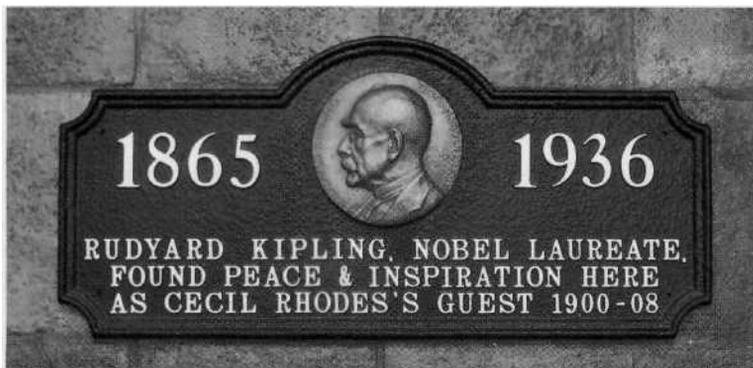
In making this connection, Kipling appears to have happily mixed the attributes of Diana, the Roman version of the Greek Artemis, whose temple at Ephesus was a major centre of her cult, with Venus Anadyomene, the Roman version of Aphrodite, born of the sea foam. She was also known as Aphrodite Ambologera, the postponer of old age, which she accomplished by periodic baths in the, for her, regenerative sea foam.

Kipling's final identification of his eternally regenerating goddess with Diana of Ephesus owes much to the references made to her in the *Bible*, Acts 19, verses 34 and 35. Here the Ephesians, whose worship of Diana appears threatened by Christians, cry out 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians' and in quieting the tumult the town clerk states that '. . . the city of Ephesus is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image that fell down from Jupiter'. Kipling obviously saw some similarity between Ephesus and Simla.

It is much less clear why the poem was dropped so quickly and so completely. That it was due to some possible identification of a Simla lady as a Diana seems unlikely, since the story "Venus Annodomini" was far more specific in description and has been in print ever since Kipling wrote it.

It seems more likely that Kipling was dissatisfied with the poem itself. Although it deals cleverly with the similarities Kipling perceived between Ephesus and Simla, the reader does get rather swamped by the ever-flowing tide of rhyming couplets, however skilfully made, and there is increasing repetition towards the end.

However, he must have thought well enough of it for it to be included in the Sussex and Burwash editions and it is certainly worth making it available here to Kipling Society members.



This plaque, donated by the Society and prepared by Roger Ayers, is now in place at the Woolsack in South Africa. On 27 October 2006, the plaque was graciously received by the Warden of the Woolsack (now a graduate residence for some 200 students) and the Vice Chancellor of the University of Cape Town, Prof S. Ndebele. - *Ed.*



Associate Prof Lesley Marx of the Department of English Language and Literatures; Mrs Judith Lewins; Prof Jeffery Lewins; Ms Evelyn Duminy, residence supervisor at Woolsack; Ms Tanya Barben, senior librarian at the Rare Books and Special Collections section of the U.C.T. Library; Vice-Chancellor and Principal, Prof Njabulo S. Ndebele; and Dr John Akokpari, warden of Woolsack Residence. The Registrar who had been so helpful in setting all this up, Hugh Amooore, was unfortunately unable to be present.

(Group photograph by courtesy of the University of Cape Town).

' . . . AND IT TICKLED LIKE CAKE-CRUMBS IN BED.'

By DR RICHARD HAYTHORNTHTWAITE

[Dr Haythornthwaite, one of our New Zealand members, has in the past tended to communicate via the Kipling Mailbase. However this time he has been persuaded to write something for the *Journal* based both on his knowledge as a medical practitioner as well as a Kipling enthusiast. He lived in India for 14 years, his father serving in the I.M.S. and his paternal grandfather having been Principal of St John's College, Agra, from 1890-1911.-Ed.]

In the story of "How the Rhinoceros got his Skin", Kipling has, either intentionally or by chance, emphasized the problem of intractable itching (tickling). Itching that can be so intense that sufferers will do virtually anything to rid themselves of it, and as in this story, go so far as to do themselves serious harm, and even on occasion committing suicide as the only perceived solution for their distress. Strorks was like the lady in the limerick in that he ruined his waistcoat by scratching.

There was a young lady from Natchez,
Whose clothes were in tatters and patches.
When asked why it was?
She replied 'It's because,
Whenever I itches - I scratches!'

Itching is one of those things that all animals, including the human animal have to endure. Usually it is mild and of no consequence, but on occasion very severe and distressing and may progress to an unrelievable full-body irritation. Kipling, from his time in India, would have experienced severe skin irritation especially in the hot weather. There would be prickly heat, heat sores, heavy sweating with resulting dhobi's itch and many insect bites, including no doubt some visitations from the aptly named human flea, *Pulex irritans*. There is a definite record of him having had malaria and *Cutaneous Leishmaniasis*, both transmitted by biting insects, the former by mosquitoes and the latter by sandflies. The latter is also known as Oriental Sore, Delhi or Aleppo Boil, and he had a lesion of it on his cheek. He had to hide the red and ulcerating sore by painting over it, but it is self-healing and though it can leave a scar, none of the photographs of him to hand show one. A good description of the trials of an Indian summer is given in "Pagett, M.P." and in "City of Dreadful Night".

In the ordinary way, simple rubbing or scratching is all that is needed to relieve an itch, and if one is in a gathering of people, one can observe these going on frequently and without the persons involved realizing they are doing it, scratching or rubbing, or nose-picking done automatically in response to the mildest of irritations. Walt Disney made a delightful film, *Bear Country*, which showed, accompanied by appropriate music, the bears going from one "itching station" to another while moulting so they could rub on the suitably shaped tree, rock or piece of wood to relieve the itching of whichever portion of their anatomy was troubling them at that moment.

The diagnosis and relief of skin irritation with pills, potions or salves forms a not insignificant part of a General Practitioner's work, especially if the itching is severe and intractable. "It's driving me crazy!" "I can't sleep because of it!" (cf "Nightmare Song", *Iolanthe*) "It is like being scratched by Old Nick himself!" Fortunately for patients and medical practice since the Second World War, steroid-based tablets and salves, and antihistamine medicines have become available that will usually relieve the most recalcitrant of itches, in even the most private of places. The following poem written by a patient illustrates not only the suffering from a severe itch but the joy at being relieved of it.

ODE TO A TUBE OF CREAM

The "Itch" has GONE!
Its there no more!
No livid arse
So red and raw!

A little tube
of cream has come
to liberate
my searing bum.

O thank you
Schering 15g
for giving back
my skin to me.

It's there no more
to rub and scratch
vile itching sore
and maddening patch.

No itchy rash
so vivid red
to tear and thrash
and claw and shred.

That lovely little
tube of cream
has made my life
again serene!

Such tender bliss
without a care
to sit like this
sprawled anywhere.

So thank you Doc
for all your time
from one whose rear end
feels SUBLIME!

This poem was dedicated to all sufferers of *Pruritus ani*, the itching of which can be so intense that the one afflicted just has to scratch this most embarrassing of places for polite society. Spare a thought for soldiers on parade in the heat of an Indian Summer and having to stand still in such conditions. On the other hand simple measures like scratching and rubbing still have their place, just as does the long handled bamboo Chinese back-scratcher, the convenient door jamb, or in fact any suitable object that is handy to give instant relief. Cows and horses and other domestic animals can be readily observed doing just this. While we humans may have reservations about scratching openly, the *Bandar-log* have no such inhibitions and are often held up as figures of fun on that account.

In "Stalky" (*Land and Sea Tales*) poor Beetle not only falls into a bed of nettles but is deliberately pushed down into them to stop him bursting with laughter, and having then no further desire to laugh, rubs his face furiously with dock leaves to relieve the pain. Culpeper who features in "A Doctor of Medicine" (*Rewards and Fairies*) gives in his *Complete Herbal*¹ several formulations for the relief of itching, one of which is based on the Dock which he held to be under the *Government and virtues* of Jupiter.

Unguentum ex Oxylapatho

Or, Ointment of sharp-pointed Dock

College.] Take of the roots of sharp-pointed Dock boiled in Vinegar until they be soft and then pulped, Brimstone washed in juice of Lemons, of each one ounce and an half, Hog's grease often washed in juice of Scabious, half a pound, *Unguentum Populeon* washed in juice of Elecampane, half an ounce: make them into an ointment in a mortar.

Culpeper.] It is a wholesome, though troublesome medicine for scabs and itch.

Brimstone (Sulphur) has been used since Egyptian times as a fungicide, fumigant and skin cleansing agent. It would be appropriate to use it for Scabs, the old name for Scabies or Itch Mite, and for *Psoriasis*. Culpeper burning the bodies of rats, 'sprinkled sulphur on the faggots, whereby the onlookers were as handsomely fumigated.', Learoyd, in "My Lord the Elephant" (*Many Inventions*) buys Sulphur Ointment to treat his dog's mange.

Unguentum album

Or, White Ointment

College.] Take of Oil of Roses nine ounces, Ceruss washed in Rose-water and diligently sifted, three ounces, white Wax two ounces, after the wax is melted in the oil, put in the Ceruss and make it into an ointment according to art, add two drams of Camphire, made into powder with a few drops of oil of sweet Almonds, so will it be camphorated.

Culpeper.] Red Roses be under Jupiter, Damask under Venus, White under the Moon, and Provence under the King of France. It is a fine cooling, drying ointment, eases pains, and itching in wounds and ulcers, and is an hundred times better with Camphire than without it.

Camphire is Camphor, an ancient Oriental Medicament valued for its cooling, local anaesthetic properties and fragrance, is still a component of "Tiger Balm", "Vicks VapoRub" and similar applications. 'Number Five study went to second lesson with not more than half a pound of Camphor apiece in their clothing' ("An Unsavoury Interlude"). Ceruss is white lead formerly used as a cosmetic and whitening agent.

One of the great things about the *Just So Stories for Little Children*, is their continuing appeal and giving of enjoyment to their intended

audience. As shown by the bright six year old creeping into a visitor's bed at six in the morning clutching his digestive biscuit, who on being told the story of Storks and on hearing how 'it tickled like cake-crumbs in bed!' was at that instant all for putting crumbs in every bed in the house. He reckoned and he was probably right in his surmise, that digestive biscuit crumbs would be just as effective as cake-crumbs! It was with some difficulty that he was persuaded not to proceed with his experiment, and on hearing about the incident later, the storyteller was told very firmly by the other persons in the household "to stick to stories, with less suggestive ideas".

Though it is never mentioned in the "Stalky" stories, Beetle would certainly have known and could well have used among the other japes related, that schoolboy joke standby, "Itching Powder". Other stories where skin problems play a major role are, "The Treasure and the Law", (*Puck of Pook's Hill*) where Kadmiel by throwing certain drugs into the common well at Pevensey Castle causes a blotched and itchy rash to break out upon the skins of the castle inhabitants for fifteen days. This rash sounds very much like a giant *urticaria*, which is a self limiting, blotchy, and very irritating rash, though what drugs might cause such a rash in their diluted state in the common well remains a puzzle and an enquiry to the Kipling Mailbase had no response. Anyhow the people thought the rash to be the Plague and left the Castle to Kadmiel so he was alone with the treasure.

There is also "The Judgment of Dungara", (*Soldiers Three*) which tells how a missionary is tricked into making robes for his congregation out of Nilgiri Nettle which burns when it touches the skin, so the converts all quickly reverted to their original beliefs, while writhing, stamping, and shedding garments as they ran. Many plants cause irritation - in the U.K. the Giant Hogweed is one such, and here in New Zealand there is a native nettle, far stronger than the one Beetle suffered from. Although the vaccinated arms irritated badly in "The Tomb of His Ancestors", (*The Day's Work*) scratching was forbidden.

' . . . and it tickled like cake-crumbs in bed.' — what an evocative line! Easily understood by everybody from universal personal experience, it almost makes one itch at the thought of it. Perhaps Kipling had felt the crumbs tickle after *chota hazri*², but it would take his genius to make a story of it.

NOTES

1. *The Complete Herbal and English Physician Enlarged*, Nicholas Culpeper, 1653. The composition for the ointments and other comments by Culpeper are from an 1824 edition under the same title published by THOMAS KELLY, No. 17 Paternoster Row, London.
2. Morning tea, with biscuits or cake, served while the recipients are still in bed.

RUDYARD KIPLING -
MASS MARKETING MINIATURES:
THE LITTLE LEATHER LIBRARY AND LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

By OLIVER B. POLLAK

[Prof Pollak is the Martin Professor of History at the University of Nebraska at Omaha where he has taught since 1974. He has also taught at the University of Zimbabwe, published ten books, and many articles, including one entitled "The Man who would be King" in the September 1979 issue of the *Journal*, No.211, pp.10-13. - *Ed.*]

The American publishing industry experimented with novel book design, printing techniques, and marketing schemes to produce and deliver literary products to a burgeoning reading population. Between 1916 and 1920 a new breed of publishers marketed books by mail order to readers who did not normally patronize bookstores or libraries. The Little Leather Library attracted readers aspiring to "read up" to lower middlebrow and "cut high culture down to manageable size." Leather books on the table and the bookshelf and owning an upright piano provided the artifacts of middle class respectability. The Little Blue Books, limp pocket-books, produced by the hundreds of millions for five cents each in Girard, Kansas, however, were designed to educate the working class.

Harry Scherman and Albert Boni designed the Little Leather Library in 1916. About 100 Little titles were published. Shakespeare led the list with fifteen titles. Kipling claims a close second with ten, and Oscar Wilde had five titles. The leading American writer Henry Longfellow had four titles, Edgar Allen Poe had three. The 3 x 4 inch books were variously described as green and bronze leatherette with embossed decoration, and red imitation simulated or faux leather.

They were sold at Woolworth's, who reportedly sold a million copies in a single year, and by mail order.¹ They were advertised in 1920 in *Pathfinder Magazine* and appeared ten times from January 1922 to October 1924, on the back cover of *National Geographic*, itself an icon of middlebrow readership.² The purchaser paid the postman \$2.98, plus postage for the 30 volume set, plus the four free Kipling volumes. Little Leather Library sales may have exceeded 25 million. The L.L.L. did not produce original works, and by the mid-1920s it had "apparently run out of marketing steam". The rights to the series were sold in 1923 and its founder, Albert Boni, started the Modern Library while Scherman shifted his energy to his fledgling higher priced Book of the Month Club and the unlimited potential of new titles. The Little

Leather Library may have influenced the development of Reader's Digest Condensed Books.³



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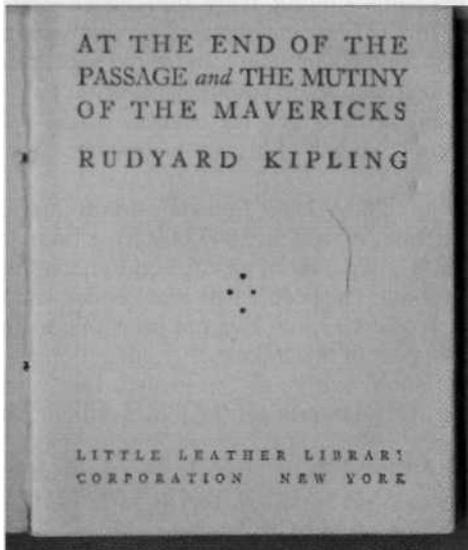
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A LITTLE LEATHER LIBRARY ADVERTISEMENT
(From the back cover of a 1922 *National Geographic Magazine*)

James McG. Stewart's *Rudyard Kipling, A Bibliographical Catalogue* (1959, pp.617-18) characterized Kipling's oeuvre in the Little Leather Library and Little Blue Books as "unauthorized editions". He does not list the *City of Dreadful Night and Other Stories*, *Mulvaney Stories*, and *The Mark of the Beast and the Head of the District* (1918) or indicate that *Without Benefit of Clergy* also contains *The Man Who Would Be King*.

Kipling Titles in the Little Leather Library

At the End of the Passage and The Mutiny of the Mavericks
City of Dreadful Night and Other Stories
Barrack-Room Ballads
The Finest Story in the World
Mulvaney Stories
The Man who Was and Other Stories
The Mark of the Beast and The Head of the District
The Phantom 'Rickshaw and My Own True Ghost Story
The Vampire and Other Verses
Without Benefit of Clergy



TITLE PAGE OF ONE OF THE LITTLE LEATHER LIBRARY BOOKS

Little Blue Books, the brainchild of autodidact Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, a Socialist by convenience and a professed atheist, but in reality an agnostic, provided inexpensive access to classics, practical, and radical literature.⁴ They had no pretensions to quality and gentility. Between 1919 and 1951 he published over 2,200 3½ x 5 inch Little Blue Books, initially priced at 25 cents, falling to 20 cents, 10 cents and settling, after introducing economies of scale and more efficient printing equipment, to 5 cents. The L.B.B.s were distributed by mail; \$1.00 purchased 20 volumes, and about 300,000,000 copies were sold. These slim volumes could be placed in a trouser or jacket pocket, or lunch pail, be read on the street car, bus, subway or train, or after lunch. The logo on the back of many of the pocket books read "The University in Print." Shakespeare, other classics and Kipling were old chestnuts. Haldeman-Julius actively sought to commission new titles, and paid authors \$25.00 to \$100.00 per volume.

Fourteen Kipling titles appeared starting in 1920 with pocket book No. 145, and ending in 1926 with No. 1017. The Haldeman-Julius offerings expanded rapidly in the mid-1920s rising to about 1,750 titles at the end of 1932. Kipling led in the category of "popular poetry." During 1927, *Gunga Din*, *Mandalay* and *The Vampire* sold 25,500, 19,000 and 14,500 copies respectively. Haldeman-Julius, a master of advertising acumen, observed that they would not have sold so well if they were called "The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling", "For every man who knows the name Kipling, there are a dozen who will respond to 'Mandalay' ". In 1927 he contemplated experimenting with titles like "Tales of British Soldiers in India", and "Stories of Army Life", but did not follow through with these variations.⁵

Haldeman-Julius described the success of the Kipling books in 1949 in the second volume of his autobiography:

Readers who enjoy Jack London's short stories usually like Kipling's fiction, of which 1,047,000 have been sold. In fact, the figures give Kipling a bit of an edge on London, but not enough to get excited about. The people who like London and Kipling also ask for Robert W. Service, but I've not been able to get around to the works of the poet of the Yukon.

Despite a stormy relationship, Haldeman-Julius published several London works.⁶

Kipling Titles in the Little Blue Books

(parentheses indicate additional contents not indicated by the title).⁷

| No. | Title | Year | Copies Printed |
|------|--|-------------|----------------|
| 145 | <i>Five Great Ghost Stories and Great Ghost Stories</i> ⁸ | | |
| 151 | <i>The Man Who Would Be King</i> | 13 Dec 1920 | 150,000 |
| 222 | <i>The Vampire and Other Poems</i> | 4 Aug 1921 | 130,000 |
| 331 | <i>The Finest Story in the World and Other Stories</i> | 7 May 1923 | 105,500 |
| 332 | <i>The Man Who Was and Other Stories (A Conference of the Powers, The Recrudescence of Imray)</i> | 18 Jan 1923 | 75,000 |
| 333 | <i>Mulvaney Stories of Army Life</i> | 10 Feb 1923 | 60,000 |
| 336 | <i>The Mark of the Beast and the Head of the District</i> | 13 Feb 1923 | 106,500 |
| 357 | <i>City of the Dreadful Night</i> | 1923 | |
| 783 | <i>Mandalay and [25] Other Poems</i> | 1925 | |
| 795 | <i>Gunga Din and Other Poems</i> | 1925 | |
| 912 | <i>The God from the Machine and other Stories (Private Learoyd's Story, On Greenhow Hill, The Solid Muldoon)</i> | 1925 | |
| 913 | <i>Black Jack and Other Stories (The Madness of Private Ortheris, With the Main Guard)</i> | 1925 | |
| 914 | <i>On the City Wall and Other Stories (In Flood Time, The Sending of Dana Da)</i> | 1925 | |
| 1017 | <i>Without Benefit of Clergy</i> | 1926 | |

By comparison, Oscar Wilde's thirteen titles sold 1,101,000 copies in 30 years.

Haldeman-Julius extolled the virtues of active literacy, the Haldeman-Julius publications, and democracy. In "Have You Read What the Culture Jury Selected for You", he announced thirty books juried by eight scholars, perhaps mimicking the Little Leather Library mail order package of 30 titles. Among the juried list, all published as Little Blue Books, was *The Man Who Would Be King*, Haldeman-Julius's first Kipling offering.⁹ Frank Harris recalled meeting Kipling in 1890 or 1891 in "Portrait of Rudyard Kipling".¹⁰

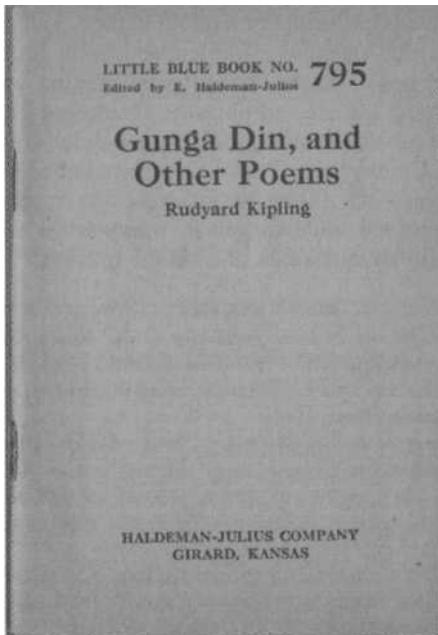
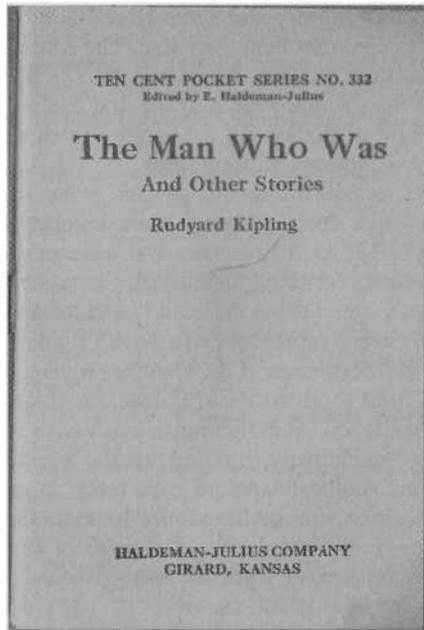
Haldeman-Julius never published *The Jungle Book*, but John Cowper Powys in *One Hundred Best Books* cited its significance:

Whatever one may feel about Mr. Kipling's other work, about his rampageous imperialism, his self-conscious swashbucklerism, his pipeclay and his journalism, his moralistic breeziness and his patronage of the "white man's burden", one cannot help admitting that the *Jungle Book* is one of the immortal children's tales of the world.¹¹

Speaking before the Washington University Association in St. Louis on February 10, 1925 on the topic of "Literature and the Masses" he invoked the last line from "The Ladies" (1896); ". . . the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady / Are sisters under their skins!"¹² Haldeman-Julius, discussing in 1927 the canon of great literature, and who should occupy the literary pantheon, reflected on the top 100, top 50 and Kipling's role on a jury of fifteen selecting the world's twelve greatest writers.¹³

Leo Markun, a prolific Little Blue Book writer, in *A Dictionary of Contemporary Authors* wrote the following entry for Kipling: "Anglo-Indian writer, called 'the laureate of Empire'. Kipling's imperialism and chauvinism have somewhat reduced his popularity since the Great War, but he will no doubt stand out as one of the great writers of our time."¹⁴ Haldeman-Julius may have forgiven Kipling his politics because of the excitement of his writing.¹⁵ Markun contributed at least 63 L.B.B. titles, second only in productivity to the free thinker Joseph McCabe.

Little Blue Books were advertised in newspapers and magazines, including the *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Kansas City Star*, *Oakland Tribune*, the *Manitoba Free Press*, *Winnipeg Free Press*, *Johannesburg Sunday Times*, *Harper's*, *Nation*, *Pathfinder*, and *Popular Science*.¹⁶ He avoided *House and Decoration*, *National Geographic*, *New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue* as they were more expensive and not the literature of his readers. Several promotions were yanked at the insistence of groups like the Legion of Decency who resented Haldeman-Julius's attack on religion and publishing about birth control. During the mid-1920s short-lived Little Blue Book storefront franchises were opened in larger cities. In 1939 he contracted with a Chicago vending machine company to sell books like packs of chewing gum including *Gunga Din and Other Poems*.¹⁷



The Little Leather Library and Little Blue Book unauthorized editions have more in common than their size. The Little Leather Library published the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* and *The Ballad of Reading Goal* by Oscar Wilde, which were also the first and second Little Blue Books (1919). Eight of the ten L.L.L. Kipling titles were also printed among the L.B.B.'s fourteen Kipling titles.

They differed in publishing quality and price. L.L.L. bound in leather on good paper cost ten cents when bundled as 30 titles for \$2.95, while the L.B.B. cost five cents and were printed, saddle-wire bound, and sometimes trimmed haphazardly on cheap newsprint that became brittle with age. Tebbel called it "careless production".¹⁸ The L.B.B. purchasers were more concerned with content and cost, less with appearance and aesthetics. H. L. Mencken praised the series for its "good selections from short stories of Balzac, de Maupassant, Kipling, Hardy, Tolstoi, Andreyev, Anatole France and Victor Hugo", but excoriated it for being "so clumsily trimmed that the type lines run uphill", and the lack of "the slightest care and good taste" in production.¹⁹ The typesetting, punctuation, and spelling failed to retain the authenticity of the author's voice. For example, the first page of *Without Benefit of Clergy* eliminates the prefatory poem, "Bitter Waters". There are variances and inconsistencies in the use of " ", ' ', !, spelling and italics, which in fairness also occurs in larger more expensive editions.

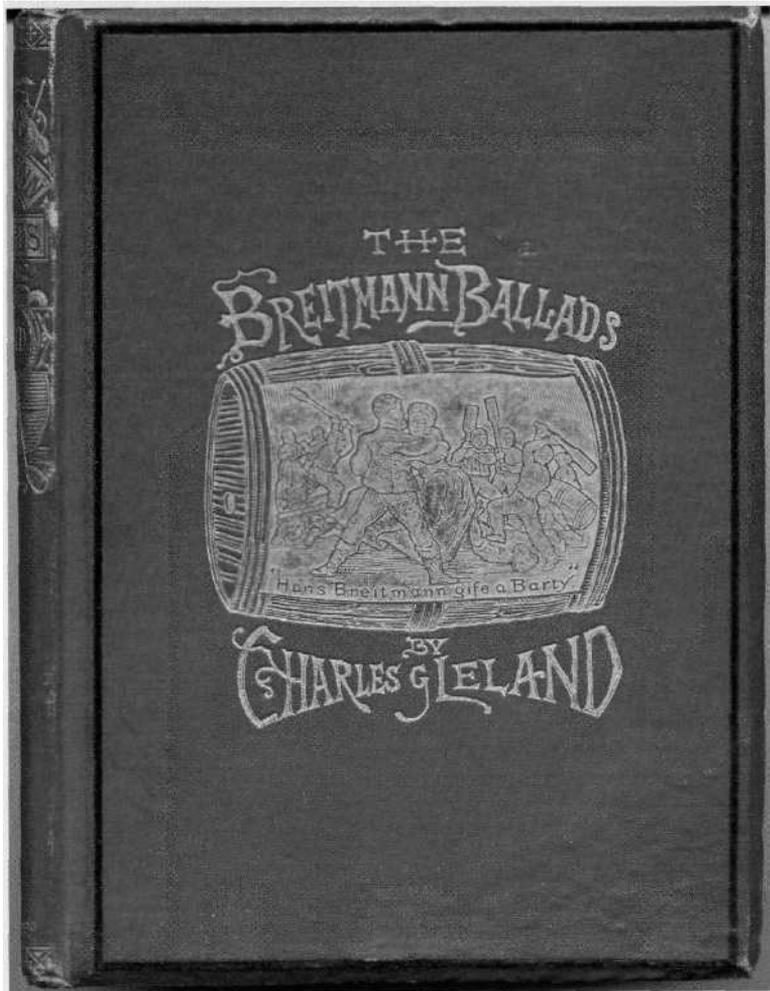
The distinctive print format of Kipling in the L.L.L. and L.B.B. is a tribute to marketing ingenuity. The leather "book furniture" and the five cent pocket-books catered to different reading audiences. Mail order replaced retail outlets and libraries. Reader-purchasers responded to newspaper advertisements or Haldeman-Julius's mail marketing catalogues. The United States Postal Service removed the middleman.

The large press runs of these period pieces catering to a mass reading audience received wide dispersal. Many titles are available at moderate prices in antique shops and via the internet.²⁰

NOTES

1. John Tebbel, *A History of Book Publishing in the United States*, Vol.II, "The Expansion of an Industry, 1865-1919" (New York: R.R. Bowker, 1975), p.389.
2. Catherine A. Lutz and Jane L. Collins, *Reading National Geographic* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1993).
3. Janice A. Radway, *A Feeling for Books, The Book of the Month Club, Literary Taste, and Middle-Class Desire* (Chapel Hill and London: University of North Carolina Press, 1997), pp.29, 127, 158-65, 190-1, and 323, and James Playsted Wood, *Of Lasting Interest, The Story of the Reader's Digest* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1958).
4. Dale M. Herder, "Education for the Masses: The Haldeman-Julius Little Blue Books as Popular Culture During the Nineteen-Twenties" (PhD diss., Michigan State University, 1975), pp.51-53.

5. E. Haldeman-Julius, *The First Hundred Million* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1928), pp.94, 95, 147.
6. E. Haldeman-Julius, *My Second 25 Years, Instead of a Footnote, An Autobiography* (Girard, KS: Haldeman-Julius Publications, 1949), p.113, and Faye Landskov, "Julius and Jack London, Their 1913 Correspondence", *Big Blue Newsletter* No.6 (2005), pp.5-17.
7. Publication dates and press run are derived from Haldeman-Julius, *My Second 25 Years*, p.114.
8. Stewart misnumbered *Five Great Ghost stories*, subsequently renamed *Great Ghost Stories*, as No. 148 rather than No. 145. *Great Ghost Stories* includes *The Phantom Rickshaw* as well as stories by Daniel Defoe, Brander Matthews, Ambrose Bierce and E. F. Benson.
9. E. Haldeman-Julius, "Have You Read What the Culture Jury Selected for You," *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*, 11 November 1922, p.4. The Book of the Month Club would soon institute a jury selection.
10. Frank Harris, "Portrait of Rudyard Kipling," *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*, 12 January 1924, p.4.
11. John Cowper Powys, *One Hundred Best Books* (Girard, KS: Haldeman-Julius Company, 1924), pp.50-1.
12. E. Haldeman-Julius, "Literature and the Masses," *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*, 21 February 1925, p.1, and Herder, pp.87-89.
13. E. Haldeman-Julius citing either "The Art of Fiction," *The Times*, London, 8 July 1926, p.18, cols.b and c, or *The Art of Fiction* (London: J. A. Allen, 1926), in "Rudyard Kipling's Twelve Immortals: A Jury of Fifteen Selects a Dozen Men as the World's Greatest", *Haldeman-Julius Quarterly*, No.1 (January 1927): p.119.
14. Leo Markun, *A Dictionary of Contemporary Authors* (Girard, KS: Haldeman-Julius Company 1929), p.19.
15. Albert Mordell, *The World of Haldeman-Julius* (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1960), p.269.
16. www.newspaperArchive.com facilitated the identification of Little Blue Book newspaper advertising.
17. Herder, "Education for the Masses", p.165.
18. John Tebbel, *A History of Book Publishing in the United States*, Vol.III, "The Golden Age between Two Wars, 1920-1940", (New York: R.R. Bowker, 1978), p.205.
19. H. L. Mencken, "A Socialist Publishing Venture," *Smart Set*, (August 1922), pp.140-42.
20. The Leonard H. Axe Library, Pittsburg State University, Kansas, about 14 miles from Girard, houses the major Haldeman-Julius collection.



The Complete Edition
Published in London by Trubner & Co.,
Ludgate Hill, 1876

Preface by Charles G. Leland, London, 1871

KIPLING AND HANS BREITMANN

By THE EDITOR

Andrew Rutherford writes in a footnote to "Hans Breitmann as an Administrator":¹

Hans Breitmann: the hero of *The Breitmann Ballads* by C.G. Leland (1824-1903), which appeared from 1857 onwards. Written in broken English with an admixture of German, they record the experiences and reflections of a hard-drinking, hard-fighting immigrant to the United States. *Kipling enjoyed them to excess* [my italics].

Angus Wilson in his biography of Kipling writing about the U.S.C. days:²

Here Kipling formed his taste for the American humorists, Breitmann (a long-lasting and, I think, *harmful love of Kipling's*) [my italics].

John McGivering's NRG notes, abstracting Marghanita Laski's³ comments on "Bertran and Bimi" and "Reingelder and the German Flag" [*Life's Handicap*], reports that she

dislikes Breitmann's German-accented English in phonetical spelling as nearly unreadable as that of the original Ballads.

Joyce Tompkins⁴ seems to have a more favourable impression of the effect of Leland on Kipling.

To abide by the book, however, [*Something of Myself*] which means by what Kipling explicitly indicates or lets fall, the work of [Walter] Besant and Leland was a stimulus consciously received and soon worked off.

My copy of *The Breitmann Ballads*⁵, illustrated opposite, was owned by E.W. Martindell, the bibliographer, and then by E.D.W. Chaplin, editor of the Journal from 1939 to 1957 before I bought it from a second-hand shop in Harrow-on-the-Hill about fifteen years ago. We all clearly appreciated and enjoyed Breitmann, and not just because of the Kipling association.

In the Preface to *The Ballads*, Leland wrote that it 'constituted the first book ever written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans.'

He did not write it as a satire on all things German, and was gratified to learn 'that educated and intelligent Germans regard Hans as a jocose burlesque of a type which is every day becoming rarer.' The book also includes a seventeen page Glossary to enable readers to translate those of the 700-odd terms that they do not understand.

The first use of Breitmann by Kipling that I have been able to trace is in a letter to Mrs John Tavenor Perry of [29] April 1882.⁶

The red streaks on the paper were caused by boiling a stoppered bottle of red ink over the gas. Like the barmaid in the Hans Breitmann ballads, it "burst with a bang".

Not for the last time, Kipling was not absolutely accurate in his quotation. The Leland poem referred to is "Steinli von Slang" and the reference comes from the third verse:

De lady make welcome her gast in,
 Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,
 She look like an angel got lost in
 A forest of audumn-prown hair.
 Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried:
 "I wish I may bust mit a bang!
 If id isn't a shame she ain't married
 To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang!"

At the age of sixteen, he probably preferred the thought of barmaids to bower-maids!

The story "With the Main Guard" [*Soldiers Three*], published in August 1888, starts with a heading that is simply attributed to C.G. Leland. In fact it is taken from "Breitmann in Bivouac", part of the sequence of "Breitmann as an Uhlan" and the spelling has been very much simplified. Some notes by Roger Lancelyn Green on this topic can be found in *Journal* No.123 (Oct 1957), p.10.

Next in September 1888 appears "Hans Breitmann as an Administrator (With all apologies to C.G. Leland)" which was included by Andrew Rutherford in his collection of verse 1. This consists of fifteen stanzas that Kipling wrote on the topic of a false accusation of bribery laid against a British official in the Bombay administration.

Chapter XXII of *From Sea to Sea*, describing his voyage on the *City of Peking* from Japan to California in May 1889, has a verse from "Breitmann's Going to Church" as a chapter heading⁷, but Kipling has very much simplified the spelling, as he tended to do in most of the Leland material that he uses. Interestingly, he quoted from this poem again as a heading to "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" [*Life's*

Handicap], first published in December 1889, but the title of the poem is misquoted as "Hans Breitmann's Ride to Church".

There are two stories in which Kipling simply used 'Hans Breitmann' as the name of a character who spoke in the same fractured English as the original. "Reingelder and the German Flag" first appeared in April 1889, whilst "Bertan and Bimi" came out in 1891, both of them collected in *Life's Handicap* - John McGivering's notes to these stories in the NRG should really be consulted.

In *From Sea to Sea*, Chapter XXVI, describing his journey from San Francisco to Portland in Oregon which he made on 17 June 1889, he starts "When like the pious Hans Breitmann I 'cut that city by the sea' . . .".⁸ This is from the last stanza of "Breitmann in Oostende".

On 5 April 1895 in a letter to Lady Margaret Gordon about *Wee Willie Winkie*, he refers to another Winkie in Leland's "Johnnykin and the Goblins".⁹

Then, in April 1896, the *New York World* published "How Breitmann became President on the Bicycle Ticket", again like "The Administrator" with apologies to C.G. Leland. This work of 21 stanzas on the U.S. Presidential election of 1896 is presented later in this issue.

Lastly, in "Egypt of the Magicians (1913)" [*Letters of Travel (1892-1913)*], there is a quotation in the chapter "A Return to the East" that 'Hans Breitmann writes somewhere:

Oh, if you live in Leyden Town
You'll meet, if troot be told,
Der forms of all der freunds dot tied
When du werst six years old.¹⁰

The 'somewhere' is the last stanza of "Breitmann in Holland: Leyden".

It has to be admitted that the original Leland verses take some getting used to nowadays, but after some initial perseverance they can be enjoyed on several different levels - linguistically; historically; and for Hans's sheer *joie-de-vivre*. A stanza from "Breitmann in Paris" gives a flavour of the fun:

Mit a gal on eider shoulder
A holdin py his beard,
He tantz de Cancan, sacrament!
Dill all das Volk vas skeered.
Like a roarin hippopotamos,
Mit a kangarunic shoomp,
Dey feared he'd smash de Catacombs,
Each dime der Breitmann bump.

The full texts of *The Ballads* can be found on-line at Project Gutenberg¹¹ or Whitewolf¹².

And let us not forget Peter Keating's suggestion:

Uncle Remus, Mr Hosea Bigelow, and even Hans Breitmann, may well have contributed to the eventual creation of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and the *Barrack-Room Ballads*.¹³

Where would we be without them?

In conclusion, just what does Andrew Rutherford's "excess" really amount to in Kipling's published works? Two poems in the style of Leland's Hans Breitmann; three simplified quotations as chapter or story headings; two stories using Breitmann as a character together with his dialect, or three if one includes Muller of "In the Rukh" [*Many Inventions*]; and a couple of passing quotations, the last of which from "A Return to the East" could not be more apposite when one remembers the age at which he left India for Southsea.

Oh, if you live in Leyden Town
You'll meet, if truth be told,
The forms of all the friends that died
When you were six years old.

NOTES

1. *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879-1889: Unpublished, Uncollected & Rarely Collected Poems*, ed. Andrew Rutherford, O.U.P. 1986, p.423.
2. *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*, Angus Wilson, Martin Secker & Warburg, 1977, p.44.
3. *From Palm to Pine, Rudyard Kipling at Home and Abroad*, Marghanita Laski, 1987, p.143.
4. *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, J.M.S. Tompkins, Methuen & Co., 1959, p.226.
5. *The Breitmann Ballads*, Charles G. Leland, Trubner & Co., London, 1876. Preface by Leland, dated 1871.
6. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, ed. T. Pinney, Vol.1, p.19.
7. *From Sea to Sea*, Rudyard Kipling, Chap.XXII, Vol.1, p.457.
8. *From Sea to Sea*, Rudyard Kipling, Chap.XXVI, Vol.2, p.17.
9. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, ed. T. Pinney, Vol.2, p.177.
10. *Letters of Travel (1892-1913)*, "Egypt of the Magicians (1913)", "A Return to the East", Rudyard Kipling, 1920, p.228.
11. <http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext96/britml0a.txt>
12. <http://whitewolf.newcastle.edu.au/words/authors/L/LelandCharles/index.html>
13. *Kipling the Poet*, Peter Keating. Secker & Warburg, 1994, pp. 13-14.

HOW BREITMANN BECAME PRESIDENT ON THE BICYCLE TICKET

By RUDYARD KIPLING

(With all apologies to C.G. Leland)

[The *New York World*, 26 April, 1896]

Der Americanische bolitig,
 Mit all dat bolitig means,
 Defelops on lines of cleafage
 More mixed ash a pag of peans;
 Und a man must follow his barty,
 His knife und his life in his hand,
 But dis is how Hans vas Bresident
 Of der whole of Yangee land.

He go to der same old circus,
 He hear der favorite son,
 He see der panners flyin',
 For der same old *sine Quay non*.
 Dey safe und betray der gountry
 Not more dan a hoondert dimes,
 Till Breitmann capture Ameriga
 Mit dese earth-schoopin' rhymes:

"Verdamt be der minor McKinley,¹
 Likewise der Major Reed.²
 I speak in der name of Schnitzerl,
 Dot make der philosopede. *
 De philosopede she killdt him,
 Boot he say pefore he die:
 'Dere is more in der vheelin' pizness
 Dan meet der casual eye.

" 'Wheel auf: my soul to her Maker!
 Vatch out! For she come again.
 Bestrident a batent safety,
 Mit a plue self-oilin' chain;
 Und dot vision of fear und vonder,
 In der after-coming night,
 Shall guide you to better mansions—
 Und I guess dey are bainted white.³

" I see der feet of a nation
 Der nefer touch der groundt—
 Der legs of die noble madchen
 All wafin' roundt und roundt!
 Ten million bells are ringin'—
 Ten million lamps are lit—
 Der holy anchels gall me,
 Und Breitmann you are it!

"Der Schnitzerl he is buried,
 Der vision it is gone;
 But I see der legs of der madchen,
 Der madchen mit ploomers on—
 Dey wafe from der sands of Bortlandt,
 To der Oregonian pines,
 Und so I defelop my bolicy
 On strictly picycle lines.

"Oh plind and jolted people.
 Der faint beneat' your loads
 Der foorst-lasd need of our nation
 Is roads—und roads—und roads!
 Dey safe more money on haulin'
 Dan efen Grofer⁴ can spend:
 Und dey are der farmer's banker,
 Und dey are de lofer's friend.

"Dink of our Youth und Peauty,
 In Indian-file dey crawl,
 Most full of human longin's
 But hangin' on for a fall!
 Make smooth deir path und broader—
 Der girl's peside der man's—
 Dis is der only certain way
 Of makin' Amerigans!"

Den Reed, who is shoost beginnin'
 On a bicycle built for—ten,
 He feel he haf slipped his pedal,
 Und so he instruct his men.
 He can cow der House in her anger,
 He can curb der House in her pride,
 Boot when he meet mit an avalanche,
 Tom Reed can let her slide.

"Der goot road pring der farmer-man,
 Dot pring der pedder crop,
 Dot pring his wife, dot pring die nurse,
 Und die nurse-girl bring der cop;
 Und der cop he pring der bier-saloon,
 Dot buys der Legilate—
 Und so we gits to der workin'-blant
 Of a Sofereign Gristian State.

"I stand for honest highways,
 By honest labor made,
 On State abbrobriations
 Mit Federal grants-in-aid;
 Und dot means blenty of gontracts
 Ash a child may oonderstand,
 Or, priefly, stealin' und veelin'
 Troo der length und der breadth of der land!"

Dis pankrupt der little McKinley—
 He vas like Napoleon,
 He hear der Deutscher's gannon
 Und know dot his shance vas gone—
 For in bolitigs ash in poker,
 Der greater surprises der less,
 Und "St. Helena und Blazes!"
 Vas McKinley's last address.

"Now dis is my single bromise,
 For I don't abbrove of deals,
 Boot—put me into der White House
 Und I lowers der price on vheels;
 We moost crush der bloated monopolies,
 Mit all deir accursed gain,
 Und, py shings, if dey will not tumble
 We moost vheel in blood to der chain!"

Dot dickle der Western benches,
 Where der winds und der words haf Waite,⁵
 Where foorst dey borrow on mortgage
 Und den dey Peffericate;
 But der Eastern delegates snicker—
 Dey know how he git der dust—
 (Nota Pene—Hans vas nominee
 Of der Central Bicycle Trust.)⁶

"Now—ash to der Silver Question⁷
 Dot so is searchin' our hearts,
 I peliefe in der workshop magsim
 Of inderchangeable barts;
 Der wheel you haf puy in Boston
 In Denver you can repair—
 We moost make it so mit our dollar
 For der best goes aferywhere.

"On alien immicration
 My blatform is simple und soundt—
 Shoost help dem into deir saddles
 Und let dem wapple around;
 So der Bole und der Finn und der Dago—
 Dey are all of dem crazy to ride—
 Bicks oop some points of each oder
 Und der rule of der road peside.

"In der matter of foreign gollisions
 Und indernational jars,
 Ardillery cuts der chausees,
 So I don't pelieve in wars;
 Und it vould not help our gountry
 At der close of a century run,
 To gear der vheels of brogress
A la guerre of sixty-one.⁸

"On afery oder issue
 Dot man or der Teufel haf frame,
 From dariffs to Cuban cake-walks,⁹
 My answer is shoost der same;
 We moost not scorch in der cities,
 Nor drafel mitout our light;
 We moost go to der left in passin'
 Und in meetin' keep to der right.

"Finale, und in gonclusion
 (I am anxious to meet my end),
 I stand for der L. A. W.¹⁰
 Und all she comprehend;
 Which is Law if you go by der spellin',
 Majistic, unbought und clean,
 Boot yet, for der weaker brethren
 Mit liddle let-oops between."

* * *

Like a wafe dot exalt der nations
 On der vild Atlantic shweep,
 Ven der Dutch are sick in der steerage
 Und deep is callin' to deep.
 Mit der roar of a young volcano
 Und a yell dot shplit der heafen,
 Dey nominated der Breitmann
 Ash der model for '97! ¹¹

So Hans he dank dem (et cetera),
 Und pefore der broceedin's close
 Der foorst crate national issue
 Was opened under his nose—
 For der foorst crate national issue
 Is: "Shendlemans, what you dakes?"
 Und der meetin' sung "Hail Columbia" ¹²
 Ingludin' all oder makes!

*

Herr Schniterl make a ph'losopede,
 Von of der pullyest kind;
 It vent mitout a vheel in front,
 And hadn't none pehind.
 ("Schnitzerl's Philosopede." *The Breitmann Ballads*, C.G. Leland)

NOTES

By THE EDITOR

When these verses appeared in the "Sunday Magazine" section of the *New York World*, they were under the headline "Kipling's Poem on American Politics." The Stewart/Yeats *Bibliographical Catalogue* records that it was Uncollected, but that it appears in one Unauthorised Edition where the publisher was not indicated. This had the title *Two Breitmann Ballads*, 1924[?], the other poem being "Hans Breitmann as an Administrator". The text printed here is drawn directly from the *New York World* and has minor differences from the text printed in Harbord's *Readers' Guide*, the source of which is not known.

1896 was a Presidential Election year in the U.S.A., and the battle lines had already been drawn when Kipling contributed this poem. The sitting President was Grover Cleveland for the Democrats whilst the Republican challenger was William McKinley. The poem makes many references to the topics that were exercising the minds of the population at that time, some of which were quite complex.

In 2000, the students at Vassar College worked with their Asst Prof of History, Rebecca Edwards, to carry out a project on the 1896 Presidential Campaign. They created a website of information on the campaign, profusely illustrated with photographs, cartoons and advertisements from the period, covering in detail the Leaders of the various political parties, the Themes of the Campaign, and articles on Popular Culture in the 1890s including the Bicycle Craze. Vassar sets the scene in the opening sentence:

The 1896 presidential election was one of the most exciting and complicated in U.S. history. This website provides an introduction to one aspect of the campaign: the hundreds of political cartoons published in newspapers around the country. Most of these cartoons have been buried in archival microfilms, where students can't reach them. They offer a window into political structures and issues, society, and culture in the United States, just before the turn of the last century.

I am very grateful to Prof Edwards for permission to draw on the website. <http://projects.vassar.edu/1896/1896home.html>

1. William McKinley, Republican President 1897-1901. He was assassinated during his second term by a deranged anarchist.
<http://www.whitehouse.gov/history/presidents/wm25.html>
2. Thomas Reed was Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1896. He was a strong Republican. The title "Major" is probably a reference to his political significance compared to the "minor" McKinley at the date of the poem. I have not found any report of military service by Reed other than as acting assistant paymaster in the U.S. Navy. However, McKinley reached the rank of Brevet Major in the Union Army.
<http://ap.grolier.com/article?assetid=0264920-00>
3. A reference to The White House in Washington.
4. Grover Cleveland, Democratic President 1885-89 and 1893-97. He did not stand in the 1896 election, the Democratic nominee being William Jennings Bryan. [Vassar Project].
5. This is possibly a reference to the Post Office opened especially for Kipling in Dummerston, Vermont in June 1895. The postmistress was Mrs Anna F. Waite and the postmark was "Waite, Vermont".
<http://www.virtualvermont.com/index.php?loc=http://www.virtualvermont.com/towns/dummerston.html>

6. ". . . the larger bicycle manufacturers also consolidated, ostensibly to reduce competition. "Trust" was the popular name (and, in the 1880s, the legal instrument) for many companies consolidated into one large company to reduce competition. In the 1890s, the holding company, a company which owned other companies, was the preferred method of consolidation. In response to the depression that started in 1893, companies increasingly merged, a movement that peaked between 1895 and 1904."
Thomas Burr, January 2001, "Markets as Interactions of Producers and Consumers: The American and French Bicycle Markets. 1890-1910".
<http://www.iir.berkeley.edu/culture/conference/burr.pdf>
7. The "Silver Question" concerned the value of the U.S. Dollar, and whether silver or gold should be the monometallic Standard. The bimetallic legal definition of the Dollar was 371 grains of pure silver or 23.5 grains of pure gold, a ratio of 16:1, *i.e.* a pound of silver for an ounce of gold. However on the open market, the prices of the two metals diverged and it was possible to have the lower-priced metal converted to coinage by the U.S. Mint and achieve an automatic uplift in the value. The Democrats favoured dropping gold as the Standard and using silver, whereas the Republicans favoured a gold Standard. Bryan was said to have secured the Democratic nomination as a result of his "No Cross of Gold" speech to the National Democratic Convention on 9 July 1896. [Vassar Project].
8. The American Civil War of 1861-65.
9. In 1896, Cuba was in the throes of a Civil War after the Cubans had rebelled against the Spanish. The U.S.A. Congress passed a Resolution on 28 February affirming U.S. support for the rebels, and on 24 March approved \$50,000 to send to Cuba in order to aid victims of the Civil War. [Vassar Project].
10. The L.A.W. was The League of American Wheelmen, an "organization . . . composed of men interested in bicycling in all its many branches, in the construction of good roads, and in the protection of the rights of all others who are riding wheels." Extract from "The Bicycling Department", Vol.XVII, No.871 of *Harper's Round Table*, 7 July 1896.
<http://www.bikelib.org/mapstrails/law1896ride.htm>
11. The Presidential candidate elected in 1896 took Office in 1897.
12. Up until the 1890s "Hail Columbia" was played as the *defacto* American National Anthem.
<http://memory.loc.gov/cocoon/ihhas/loc.natlib.ihhas.200000008/default.html>

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

Mr J.D. Arkell (*Ingatestone, Essex*)
Mr Frank Folz (*New York, New York, U.S.A.*)
Mr Matthew Gordon (*London E1 7*)
Mr Douglas Harris (*Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland*)
Mr Ian Hazlehurst (*Isle of Angelsey, Gwynedd*)
Mr Michael Parker (*Farnborough, Hampshire*)
Mr Derek Presley (*Minehead, Somerset*)
Mr David Smith (*Middlesborough, Cleveland*)
Mr David Teasdale (*Liverpool L18*)
Mr R.L. Thompson (*Langholm, Dumfriesshire*)
Mr Richard Whatmoor (*London WU*)

SUBSCRIPTIONS - RENEWAL DATES.

On joining, all new members are sent a complementary copy of the most recent issue of the *Kipling Journal* and their first year's subscription will cover the next four issues. Members who pay annually by cash, cheque or bank transfer will get a reminder of their renewal date on the address carrier sheet with every *Kipling Journal*, with the last issue of their membership year carrying a reminder in red that renewal is due before the next issue can be sent to them. Renewal should be made as advised on the reverse of the address carrier sheet **before** the end of the month shown.

Members who pay by bank standing order will have no reminder on the address carrier sheet and are unaffected by the above.

Roger Ayers, Hon. Membership Secretary

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DENEGILD

From: Mr A.A. Turner, 118, Cottage Lane, Marlbrook, Bromsgrove, Worcs B60 1DT

Dear Sir,

Da Englishcan Gesi-das (The English Companions) have an annual prize for Anglo-Saxon writing. This year's prize is given for "translation . . . from an *identified* piece of Modern English into Old English . . . anything that is reasonably well known." You may be interested in one entry which is a translation of "Dane-Geld" [*A History of England*]. While I am able to follow it, I am not qualified to comment on the quality of the Old English translation.

Yours faithfully
A. A TURNER

ÞÆT DENEGILD

| | |
|---|--|
| <i>Bip hwæmlícra hrórra Néahþéod genéosan Éow inswéogon wé níwe, þylæs gé ús gielden</i> | <i>hereþéode costnung ond nebwlátunge cweðan níðplegan wé gearwe gafol tó belæfenne</i> |
| <i>OND þæt hátte æt man OND hie þe ofgangap þe gé ágon him ágielðan þá weorþe man áliesed</i> | <i>ofgangan þæt denegild hie áreccaþ þús ænlíce þæt denegild éac sóþ of þæm dene!</i> |
| <i>Bip æhtspédigre þéode Mid ofer móðignesse Wé æmetigiap tó micla</i> | <i>ond æswindre costnung ond orgelworde forþsecgan þeah ofermeahten wé gewisse,</i> |
| <i>þæs wé éow gielðap</i> | <i>gafol tó belæfenne</i> |
| <i>OND þæt hátte tó man Ac wé geypp-ton þe gif gé áene him þá ne weorþe man ne áliesed</i> | <i>tyllan þæt denegild oft ond gelóme guldon þæt denegild náfre of þæm dene!</i> |
| <i>Bip unriht gefyxan þylæs þe ádwelie þæs þá man ofgængþ éow þá síe éow</i> | <i>folc on costnung ond onbúge hit elcora oferfielþ tó hígunge sélra oncweðan</i> |
| <i>Wé náenigum ne gielðap Síe lytel síe micel For þon endap on æwisce OND forwierþ hit</i> | <i>nealles nán denegild sceawunge bútan ond orwyrðu þæt gomen þæt folc þætte gielðap</i> |

[The translation is by James Sinclair, a Swedish member of Da Englishan Gesi-das, and appeared for the first time in their journal *Withowinde* as an entry in their annual Alfred prize competition.

Da Englishan Gesi-das (The English Companions) was founded in 1966 as a means of educating the general public about the Anglo-Saxon / Old English period. They welcome membership enquiries from all, regardless of race or ethnicity, and their website may be found at www.tha-englishan-gesithas.org.uk or they can be contacted via BMBBox 4336, London, WC1 3XX.

I am very grateful to the Karl Wittwer, Editor of *Withowind* and James Sinclair for permission to reproduce the poem here. - Ed.]

SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART: YOUR ENGLAND

From: Mr Sharad Keskar, 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS

Dear Sir,

The common practice of compilers of concise encyclopaedias to record dates of birth and death simply by year and not also by month, can mislead. Kipling, for instance, was seventy, not seventy-one, although the year of his death is 1936. In his book *Your England* (Putnam, 1955), Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart falls into this trap. But it matters little. He admired Kipling and recalls with gratitude the pleasure Kipling's books gave him at school and in the Malayan jungle. "For fifty years his [Kipling] works had been part and parcel of the life of every Englishman and every Scot who had gone East."

As one of Lord Beaverbrook's inner circle, Sir Robert knew not only that Kipling was godfather to Beaverbrook's second son, but also that Kipling broke with [p.178] Beaverbrook over the Irish Treaty.

Bruce Lockhart saw Kipling, for the first and last time, at a "Canada Club dinner" in Kipling's honour. Those were the last days, and Sir Robert's moving description of the 'skull beneath the skin' Kipling, touches a nerve. But it is heartening to learn that among those who spoke eloquently was Winston Churchill "at his best."

Yours sincerely
SHARAD KESKAR

TROTTING AND 'SUNOL'

From: Cdr Alastair Wilson, 'Jolyon', Salthill Road, Fishbourne, Chichester, W. Sussex PO19 3PY

Dear Sir,

It was with interest that I read Dr. Underwood's article on 'Sunol' and

'Sahi', in our December '06 issue, but particularly his information about 'Sunol'. Coincidentally, I was in the middle of researching references for New Reader's Guide notes on "A Walking Delegate".

It may be suggested that the Kiplings were "into" trotting in quite a big way. According to Kipling, both Rod and Rick, and Nip and Tuck (real horses who feature in that tale), had noted trotters as sires in their direct, and close, bloodline. And Kipling specifically says, in *Something of Myself*, of their period in Vermont, "The wife's passion, I discovered, was driving trotters."

I have been unable to find any specific references to trotting as a sport in Kipling's correspondence of the period, nor in Stuart Murray's *Kipling in Vermont*, and I would conjecture that trotting was something which Beatty Balestier was also enthusiastic about: it would be entirely in keeping with what we know of his character.

But of course, all that was lost when they settled in England, trotting being a very minority sport over here, whereas in the U.S.A. it was, and possibly still is, as great an attraction as track racing

Yours faithfully
ALASTAIR WILSON

THE VICTORIAN MILITARY SOCIETY

One of our members, Andy Smith, recently sent me a copy of the December 2006 issue of the *Soldiers of the Queen*, the *Journal* of the Victorian Military Society, of which he is the Editor. It is a splendidly produced quarterly A4 magazine of 32 pages, with a full-colour cover. The articles in this issue cover such interesting topics as "Wolseley and the War Correspondents", "The Civilian Victoria Crosses", and "French Naval Operations in Tunisia and the Far East 1881-1884".

The Victorian Military Society is an international society, founded in 1974 whose principal aim is to encourage and foster the study of military aspects of the Victorian era, though the dates of study have been extended from 1837 to 1914, in order to include the period between the end of Queen Victoria's reign and the beginning of World War I.

In addition to *S. O. T. Q.*, the Society also publishes a newsletter and holds an annual military fair. It encompasses the Anglo-Boer War Memorials Project and several specialist study groups, such as the Sudan Group, the Wargames Group, and the award-winning Diehards re-enactment group. The website of the Society can be found at www.victorianmilitarysociety.org.uk, the postal address being P.O. Box 5837, Newbury RG14 7FJ. The website has many fascinating photographs, including one of a screw-gun which was displayed at their 2006 Fair. -Ed.

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

- maintaining a specialised Library in City University, London,
- answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request,
- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- running the web-site at **www.kipling.org.uk** for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling,
- and publishing the ***Kipling Journal***, every quarter.

The *Journal* of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal - only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the *Journal* is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing - letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 72 Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9RG, England or email to jwawalker@gmail.com**

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is happy to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 1000 - 4000 are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 32 Merton Road, Harrow HA2 OAB, England or email to davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

