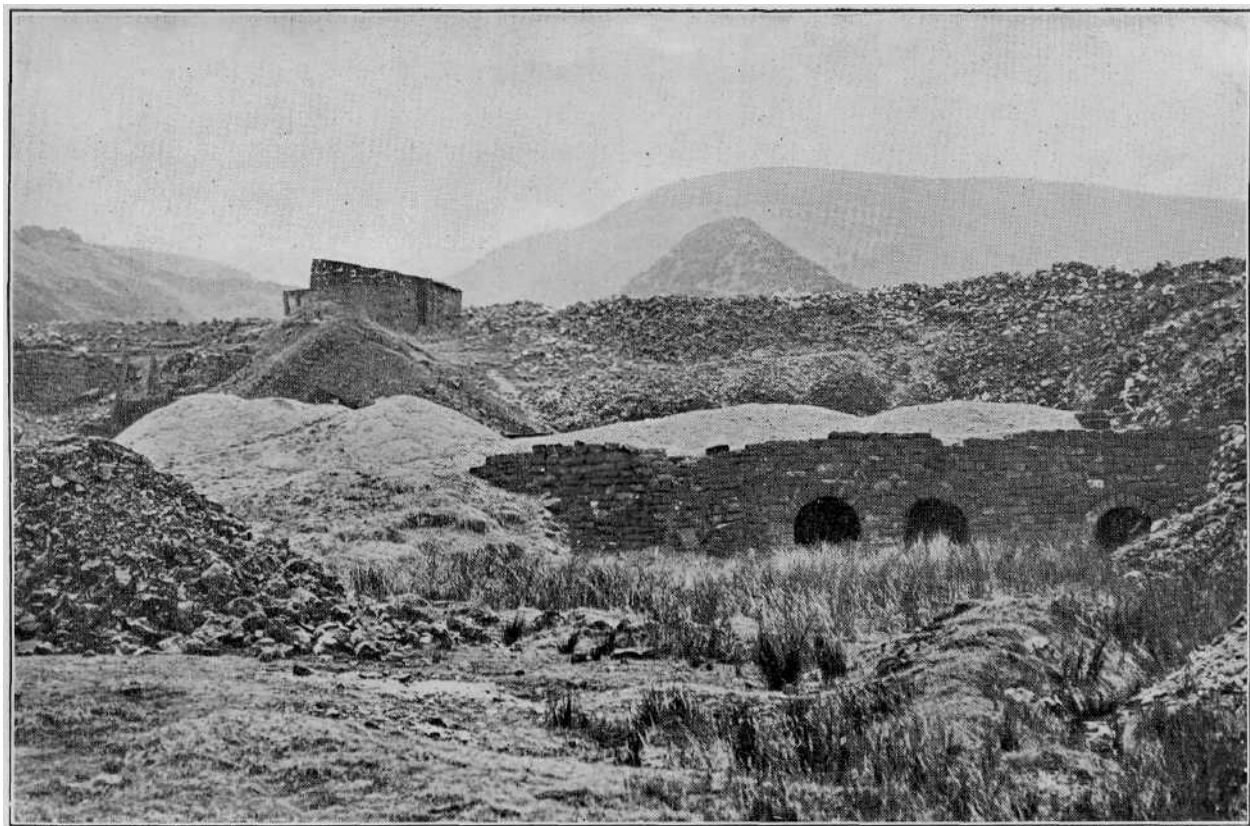


*The*  
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*The*  
*O r g a n*  
*of the*  
KIPLING  
SOCIETY

No. 15

OCTOBER, 1930



ON GREENHOW HILL—THE COCKHILL LEAD MINE,

# The Kipling Journal.

The Organ of the Kipling Society.

QUARTERLY

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Mr. Harvey had it from a mining engineer who has explored it thoroughly, and to whom he is indebted for the following details:—The mine is situated beneath the main road over Greenhow Hill from Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire. It is entered by a number of shafts and "adits," or horizontal tunnels driven into the hillside, which lead into a perfect honeycomb of underground roadways, totalling over five miles in length. It was undoubtedly worked by the Romans, and two pigs of lead bearing the stamp of the Emperor Domitian have been found on the site of a Roman camp about two miles away. One of the entrance adits bears unmistakable signs of having been driven before gunpowder was used as a blasting agent.

About three-quarters of a mile in, there is a large cave or chamber containing the boilers used in conjunction with a beam engine which pumped water from a shaft sixty yards deep—"a cave place as big as Leeds Town Hall, with a engine pumpin' water from workin's 'at went deeper still"—and it was due to the breakdown of this engine in 1881, when the pump rods fell down the shaft, that the mine was abandoned. It was unwatered in 1926 with a view to re-opening the workings, but was again abandoned owing to the slump in the price of lead. Learoyd's description tallies faithfully with the ramifications of the workings,

but Garstang's Copper-hole is not known by that name in the neighbourhood. The photograph shows the dressing-floor where the ore was crushed by hand upon stone slabs. The white heaps are the remains of crushed ore. The ruined building in the middle distance was a stable for the ponies which, as Learoyd tells us, were used to draw the wagons of ore out of the workings. While the entrance to the mine is out of the picture on the left, a very good idea is given of the desolate nature of the country and of the forlorn appearance of the derelict mine " Moors an' moors an' moors, wi' never a tree for shelter."

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

Number 1 has been reprinted with just sufficient changes to make it not exactly a facsimile of the original issue. That was inevitable owing to the change of printing office since March 1927. The differences also will not disturb the value that attaches to the first issue, a point which will be appreciated by those members who joined the Society at the time it was founded. No. 1 contains many items of special interest, among them the only article the President has contributed to the pages of the Journal. Sir George MacMunn's work for that issue, a sketch of the Irish Soldier of the Kipling early books, and M'Turk was in a reminiscent mood. Here also was the story of Mr. Kipling's early association with journalism in India by Mr. Clive Rattigan, formerly the Editor of *The Pioneer* at Allahabad. The price of this reprint has been fixed at half-a-crown, post free, from the Secretary.

x                    x                    x                    x                    x

Excavation and walling up are in progress along the line of the Roman Wall between Newcastle and Carlisle under the supervision of a body known as the North of England Excavation Committee. In the course of excavations near Stagshaw Bank, in the Hexham neighbourhood, according to the *Newcastle Journal* of July 15, the excavators came upon a milecastle gateway entirely built up in Roman times. " Never before, it appears, has a milecastle gateway been discovered completely built or blocked up in this way.

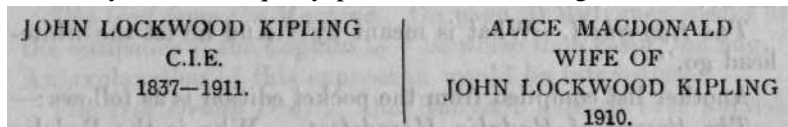
"The discovery, too, was a curious one, as the place where the find was made is only 200 yards away from the the great gateway at Portgate which Rudyard Kipling, in " Puck of Pook's Hill," pictured as having been built up during the last days of the Roman Occupation.

"In his book, it will be recalled, Kipling speaks of a Roman officer who took a company of soldiers to the foot of Hunnum, or, as it is now known, Halton Chesters. There, it was stated, the officer went to the gateway through which the great road to the North, Dere Street, passed through the Wall at Portgate and found it built up.

As the milecastle gateway discovered is the only one known to have been completely built up by the Romans, Northern archaeologists not unnaturally are acclaiming the great author as one who has been gifted, at any rate in this particular instance, with extraordinary second sense."

x            x            x            x            x

The English home of Mr. and Mrs. -I. Lockwood Kipling after their return from India was "The Gables," Tisbury, Wilts. It stands, writes a member who has been holiday making in the county, on the high ground above the village, about half a mile along the road to Fonthill Bishop, and overlooks the lovely valley traversed by the Salisbury-Exeter main line of the Southern Railway; near the entrance is a small studio carefully placed for north light. Tisbury is a large and picturesque village, and its Church is of great architectural interest; the tower crossing dates from the late 12th century, and the remainder shows examples of the work of the three following centuries. In the Churchyard, near the S.E. angle of the chancel, are two plain granite horizontal tombstones, on which one may read, in equally plain metal lettering:



x            x            x            x            x

During the quarter just past four contributions from Mr. Kipling's pen have appeared in English Magazines. *Cassell's Magazine* for August contained, a "doggy" story entitled "Thy Servant a Dog," being the first of a short series describing "episodes in the lives of two Aberdeen Terriers, as told by one of them." The second, to be found in the September issue of the same magazine, is entitled "The Great Play Hunt." Both are illustrated by Mr. G. L. Stampa, the well-known *Punch* artist, and Messrs. Macmillan announce a small quarto volume containing both stories with a third, "Toby Dog." The book

will be ready in October, and should take a prominent place among the gift-books of the coming season. We hear the price is to be 5s. net.

x            x            x            x            x

The third story that has already appeared in magazine form is "The Manner of Men," and describes by means of the oblique narration form the journey of Saint Paul to Rome, and the wreck of the ship on the shore of Melita. The story follows very closely that set down in Chapter XXVII of *The Acts of the Apostles*. This will be found in *The London* for September. The latest of all is "unprofessional" in the October Story-Teller, in our opinion easily the best of the lot. It relates what happened when a young millionaire handed out fat cheques to three friends, equally young and keen on scientific research.

#### *More Crypticisms.*

Several members having submitted fresh Crypticisms, we have completed another list, and solicit opinions and explanatory comment thereon.

*The Education of Otis Yeere*:—What is "an immature 'stunt?'"

*Belts*:—"An Irish regiment an' English cavalree." Is it known what regiments are suggested? What lies behind the line "They called us 'Delhi Rebels,' an' we answered 'Three's about!'"

*The Egg-Shell*.—What is meant by "And he let the white-head go."

Another list compiled from the pocket edition is as follows:—

*The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot*. Who is the Badalia mentioned in the opening paragraph of this story?

*Judson and the Empire*. What is the significance contained in the sentence on page 336, "the. . . bosun. . . gave a new coat of pure raw pea green to the two big cannon balls that stood, one on each side, of the Admiral's gates?"

*The Disturber of Traffic*. On page 4 the lighthouse keeper says "If you put my coat on that chair you'll feel more so-fash, sir."

What is the meaning of the word so-fash?

*One View of the Question*. One would like to know who are the several people alluded to in this story.

*Love o' Women.* Which regiment are the Jock Elliotts and Fly by Nights spoken of in this story? On page 287 Mulvaney says "I saw a horse and a tattoo latherin' down the road." What is such a tattoo?

What is the meaning of the word "Issiwasti" which occurs twice on page 298? What are E.P. tents referred to in this story and in *My Lord the Elephant*? Does anyone know the tune of the song with which this finely told story closes?

*The Mutiny of the Mavericks.* On page 234 it says "there is a legend of an English Regiment that lay by its arms under fire chanting 'Sam Hall.'" Is anything known of this song?

*Baa Baa Black Sheep.* On page 310 the sentence occurs "You're a little pagal!" What is a pagal?

*The Man who would be King.* What is the significance of the allusion to Sarawak on page 212? In two or three instances Dravot speaks of the mountaineous country. I always wonder when reading this story whether Dravot called it a mountaineous country or a mountaineous country. What do the members say? Who was Rajah Brooke, spoken of on page 236?

*The Education of Otis Yeere.* What are the meanings of the words "Kala Juggah" and "Burra Khana," which are found in this story?

*A Second Rate Woman.* What is a Shigramitish woman? (see page 75).

*The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes.* What is the story of the ill-fated Mignonette (see page 186)?

*The God from the Machine.* On page 10 Mulvaney speaks of the escapades of the Captain to "be worse than easin' the flag." An explanation of this expression would be interesting.

*The Big Drunk Draf.* Did Rudyard Kipling ever publish Mulvaney's story, mentioned on page 33, of how Horker Kelley went into clink as nakid as Phoebus Appolonius?

*Black Jack.* Who was the woman at Devizes? (see page 97).

*The Sending of Dana Da.* Who were slade and Houdin? (see page 312).

Sir George MacMunn adds a few notes on the previous list. G.E. has nothing to do with Grand Races, but is the well-known short term for *Gentleman Rider*, much in use in the days in India when far more officers rode and trained race-horses than now. T.G. does not stand for Globe-Trotter, but for Travelling Gent, an earlier name than Globe-Trotter, for the visitor to the East.

*Memorials on the Western Front.*

MR. KIPLING PRESENT AT A GREAT ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY.

On August 4 four memorials to more than fifty thousand British soldiers who have no known grave were unveiled at war cemeteries in France on the sixteenth anniversary of the declaration of war between Great Britain and Germany. The memorials, which were unveiled by distinguished British Generals, are in the Vis-en-Artois Cemetery, Pas-de-Calais; at Dud Corner Cemetery, Loos; at Pozières Cemetery (Somme); and at Louverval Cemetery, Cambrai. Mr. Kipling attended the ceremony at Loos, where the name of John Kipling, his only son, who was an officer in the Irish Guards, is commemorated on the panels carved on the walls of the memorial.

On behalf of the Imperial War Graves Commission, Mr. Rudyard Kipling invited General Sir Nevil Macready to unveil the memorial. In doing so, he assured Sir Nevil of the gratitude of all those who lost sons, husbands, and brothers in the war for the effective support and constant sympathy which during the war and since he had given to the work.

In unveiling the memorial, General Macready said the present ceremony was in honour of the officers and men who fell in the Battles of Loos and Bethune, but it was in especial honour to those whose tombs were known only to God himself. He quoted Lord Plumer's saying—"He is not missing; he is here." The men who fell around Loos, he recalled, belonged to the "First 100,000." "At sunset and at sunrise," concluded Sir Nevil, "we shall remember them."

The Sub-Prefect of Bethune also delivered an address. Buglers of the Irish Guards sounded the Last Post, and then there was a minute's silence. Afterwards wreaths were laid on the monuments.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was to have spoken, but he was completely overcome by emotion and could only ask General Sir Nevil Macready to unveil the memorial.



*Kipling as Expert on Surveying.*

BY W. C. D. WIGGINS, NIGERIA.

MAY I venture to add to the criticisms of Mr. Kipling? Though usually so careful in his detail on professional subjects he displays a surprising ignorance of surveying and its instruments. It is chiefly in *Kim* that he writes of surveying. The two Russians who came down from the North-West were, I suppose, primarily surveyors. They seem to have carried all their instruments and books in a "red topped kilta." I do not know what a "kilta" is, but it must have been an enormous affair, and if all their loads were equal in weight I am not surprised that the coolies were "nearly mutinous." This kilta contained, among a vast number of other things, "a superb prismatic compass and a shiny topped theodolite." What exactly is the significance of this order and the curious adjectives? It may, I suppose, be accounted for by Kim's very elementary knowledge of surveying, so elementary that he did not know much about a theodolite.

The theodolite is a very delicate instrument. The slightest knock throws out its optical adjustment, and every instrument is, and was, supplied by the makers with a strong baize-lined wooden box into which it fits exactly. *Kim* was written in 1901; in those days theodolites were quite twice the size and weight of the present ones. Further, a theodolite needs a tripod but none is mentioned, though even the limited intelligence of the coolies would have connected the two and brought it along to Kim, or asked what to do with it.

The two Russians would have used, not a theodolite, but a plane table outfit, with possibly occasional theodolite astronomical observations to check their position. The plane table is the only method by which they could have achieved anything approaching a map of a large area in 8 months. Again, what are "survey logarithms?" Kim is mentioned as being an exceptional mathematician, so this cannot be his mistake.

In "The End of the Passage," the surveyor—I forget his name—said that he spent his time "spitting on the sextant to keep it cool and trying to teach a sub-surveyor that an error of 5° per angle is not as small as it looks." I can well believe the last half of this statement, but why a sextant? In this case it is far more likely to have been a theodolite. My quotations are from memory, but are, I think, nearly word for word.

*Kipling Among the Critics,*

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

(Concluded from Ko. 14).

An anthology compiled by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, entitled *From Bridges to Kipling* (Poets and Poetry of the XIXth Century), revised to 1906, has a good little summary of Kipling's work and a forecast which hints that the author will do yet greater things—Mr. Miles seems to think that at that date that Kipling had yet, in the fuller sense, to arrive; he does not make the usual statement about being out of date or of another age:—"The future of Mr. Kipling in connection with literature it would be foolish to attempt to forecast; but considering the work he has already done, and the measure of life that he may reasonably be supposed to have before him, we are justified in hoping great things of him, and in feeling that he has but to remain true to himself and the culture of his art, and to resist the syren songs that seek to woo him to wander among the beaten tracks of journalism, in order to take a permanent place in the literature of the century." I quote this little critique, because it is so refreshingly different to the usual one that speaks of the glory in the 'nineties and present-day oblivion.

That "devil among the tailors," Mr. Henry Murray, plays to Kipling the part, as he himself says, of Devil's Advocate. In a book (1901), called *Robert Buchanan and Other Essays* there is a short and rather grumbling article, which begins as a slating of Mr. Monkshood's appreciation. Mr. Murray makes many impishly satirical remarks on things in general, and blames Kipling because he takes up the cudgels on behalf of England; but after a long commination he interjects:—"I have received much pleasure from Mr. Kipling's work in the past, and hope to receive much more in the future. As a story-teller, as a writer with the power of transporting me beyond the cares and worries of every-day existence, he has a high place in my affection."

Whole-hearted admiration is the note of Mr. Ian Hay's brief reference to Kipling in *A Knight on Wheels*: "'Romance brought up the nine-fifteen—eh? I must introduce you to a kindred spirit.' And he led Philip to a shelf filled with a row of books. Some were bound in dark blue, and consisted mainly of short stories; the others, smaller and slimmer, were dark red, and contained poetry. 'There,' said Mr. Mablethorpe, 'are

the works of the man whom I regard as the head of our profession.' (Mablethorpe was a novelist). . . . There were many other books in the library, upon which Philip browsed voraciously. But he came back again and again to the shelf containing the red and blue volumes, and the magician who dwelt therein never failed him."

*The Irish Guards in the Great War* was reviewed for *The Times* by Mr. John Buchan, who, at the end of his second column, sums up briskly:—"Throughout the long narrative there is no slackening of grip, and what might easily have been a flat chronicle of the over-familiar comes to the mind of the reader with a fresh significance." In *The Literature and Art of the Empire* Mr. Edward Salmon writes with high, though not fulsome, praise: "Rudyard Kipling has discovered the inward and spiritual, as well as the outward and visible, in patriotism, just as others have discovered love in the abstract and in the concrete. No modern ship is a mere material thing to those who know their Kipling. And to know Kipling is to understand that if he puts heart into machinery, he makes his men and women as human as any character in Dickens or Thackeray."

Another novelist-critic is Mr. G. B. Burgin who, in his *Memoirs of a Clubman*, comments upon Kipling's marvellous accuracy of detail where marine matters are concerned—the subject was "The Ship that found Herself": "Half a dozen Glasgow shipbuilders wrote to me to say that they had held solemn conclave together and were able to find two mistakes in the story, and on one of these they were not agreed." Mr. Burgin next describes Kipling's method of working, from the mouth of the late Robert Barr: "Why, Kipling will write a thing five times over. . . . Bailey Aldrich once compressed a poem of fourteen stanzas into two. Kipling does very nearly the same. . . . Care like that, however, is the price of success; all the fame Kipling has won he deserves. There is no rocket-and-a-stick business about him. The celebrity into which he has sprung appears to be sudden, but it isn't. He sentenced himself to seven years' hard labour to attain it. Of course, hard work alone would not win such a success, but hard work and genius make a strong team when rightly driven, and Kipling knows how to drive."

Going back a number of years we hear the voice of one who was rightly regarded as a master of literature and literary criticism, the late Sir Edmund Gosse, to whom Kipling addressed

the lines where his early works are termed, " the lawless offspring of their head "—he found that Gosse had collected and had bound a number of his uncollected articles. Sir Edmund compares him with Pierre Loti:—" Nor is the attitude of the French novelist to his sailor friends at all unlike that of the Anglo-Indian civilian to his soldier chums. To distinguish we must note very carefully the difference between Mulvaney and *mon frère Yves*; it is not altogether to the advantage of the latter. The old rhetorical manner of criticism was not meant for the discussion of such writers as these. The only way in which, as it seems to me, we can possibly approach them, is by a frank confession of their personal relation to the feelings of the critic. I will therefore admit that I cannot pretend to be indifferent to the charm of what Mr. Kipling writes. From the first moment of my acquaintance with it, it has held me fast." Yet there is no note of idle adulation in the very thorough review which follows these lines; there is, however, both fairness and consummate literary judgment in the careful study that one would expect from such a writer. Towards the end he notes the genuine humour in " Fuzzy-Wuzzy " and similar ballads, and concludes: " and it is with the exquisite melody of his own ballad of " Mandalay " that we leave the author who has so strangely moved and fascinated us, who has enlarged our horizon on one wholly neglected side, and from whom, in the near future, we have a right to expect so much splendid invigoration." Though this was written in 1891, who among the eminent in the world of letters will say that he has disappointed us?

A good, all-round criticism is to be found in Mr. Patrick Braybrooke's *Kipling and His Soldiers*. It deals with many more subjects than Tommy Atkins—I cull this extract from a chapter on The Hill Tales:—" They have an uncanny way of making us convinced that there is a great deal more in them than appears. The author who can write a story with really nothing in it and yet make the reader think that he has found a gem, is a genius; the author who can write a story with something in it, and yet not drive the reader to a state of uneasy wakefulness is an arch genius. And quite possibly Kipling is the possessor of this superlative form of genius." One thing Mr. Braybrooke brings out very strongly: Kipling's love for, and knowledge of, common and ordinary people: " Kipling is nearly always on the side of the people who do the spade work

of the world. And, after all, it is the spade-work men and women, the men and women who get no worldly honours; it is these, who make the world fit to live in." Very naturally *Captains Courageous* in a book that Mr. Braybrooke rates high; one hears that it had a mixed reception when it first came out, for " it sings of common things " and its real charm and wonderful literary technique will become plain after many re-readings. " *Captains Courageous* may be the work by which Kipling will achieve immortality, for it treats of three eternal: the ocean, those who catch the inhabitants of troubled waters, and that wonderful, inscrutable quality we call human nature."

We now come to three opinions expressed by professors of English literature: Professors Elliott and Foerster in the United States of America; M. Andre Chevrillon in France; and Professor George Saintsbury in England. The U.S.A. verdict is in some ways the most interesting, as it is cool, scholarly, and without the note of excessive praise that is often found on the other side of the Atlantic. For these reasons it is valuable, and, even if one does not agree with all its conclusions, it must strike the disinterested reader as calm and unbiassed; its general temper will be seen from the summary with which it ends: "The ultimate rank of Kipling among the poets of his time cannot be predicted with confidence. A very large amount of his political verse is of ephemeral interest; its day has passed with the situations that gave rise to it. His mannerisms and tricks of style may weigh against his enduring quality; and, more than these, the fact that he is so largely untouched by finer intellectual and spiritual issues—that his code is, to use Arnold's terminology, so largely Hebraic, so little Hellenistic. If he is not among the greater poets, he is assuredly among the greater men of letters of his century. One index of his greatness is the number of Kipling phrases which have become as much a part of English speech as anything in Gray or Pope. That in itself is a token of very impressive literary power."

The longest of his *Three Studies in English Literature* written by Mons. Chevrillon is devoted to a careful study of Kipling's poems—a study that is far more thorough and far more accurate than anything England has produced. Here is one example: " But with the crisis in the Transvaal the point of view changes, and other watchwords must be accepted. The spiritual union of the English peoples is accomplished, needless now to quicken the sense of it by extolling the Empire. The

stirring music that was to awaken the pride of race is stilled. It is a notable trait that in the so-called Imperialist poet, that the war provoked him to no martial gesture, no word of hatred or defiance to the enemy." New beauties are discovered for us, for M. Chevrillon is not one who believes that Kipling's poetic gift begins and ends with *Barrack Room Ballads*; *The Years Between* particularly appeals to him, especially "A Nativity," of which he writes. "A heart-rending lamentation, so simple—its sharp anguish suggested by the repetition of certain words that echo in this tortured soul. We have heard many chords in Kipling's poetry, but none quite like this. The lines go through us, like the long drawn notes of a fine violin." Official Labour and Trade Union circles hold the view that Kipling is not sympathetic with the under-dog; the glaring inaccuracy of this opinion is first pilloried, among literary men, by a Frenchman! "There are winged spirits. . . . They see what we cannot see, but they dwell apart. Not among these does our poet seek his kin. And here he reveals the warm humanity of a mind we might have supposed to be purely aristocratic and stoical. Those he loves, those he claims as his brethren, are the men who toil together with other men. . . . all those obscure millions whose daily labour strengthens and augments the achievement of our race." And again: "On such a vessel (a fishing smack), there is none, from cabin boy to captain, who has not learnt to serve in the pitiless school of the sea; none who does not owe to others his just, exact and daily need of service. In all ranks of society these are the men he admires and respects." Those who know their Kipling will understand that there is no need to enlarge upon this point, but it is interesting to observe how clearly it comes out to the foreigner.

Professor Saintsbury, perhaps the leading authority in this country and certainly the fairest assessor of literary merit, very seldom speaks about living writers, but on two occasions he has mentioned Kipling, first in connection with the laureateship: "There seemed to be no doubt that for that purpose there were only four possible candidates. . . . These were the present holder (Mr. Bridges), Mr. W. B. Teats and Mr. Dobson himself. They would all "pass" in poetry as far as poetry was concerned." This simple statement from such a source is quite enough to condemn the immature or biased judgment of the New Clever or the Little Englander. But the professor becomes more enthusiastic in the Dedication at the beginning of his

*Notes on a Cellar Book:* " To R.K., One of the best of fellows—The best Poet and Tale-teller of his generation—and one than whom no living Englishman has done more to foster the spirit that won the war in 1914-18 I offer this my first and last dedication in place of the many reviews and the many bottles of which by some cantrip of fortune it has never been my lot or luck during some thirty years' acquaintance to offer him one."

This is a note on which we may fitly close. It appeared to me as I was going through many criticisms, favourable and hostile, and trying to select the most important of all sorts of opinions, that many of them, even many of those that were favourable, seemed to betray a lack of understanding—sometimes an apparently complete lack of knowledge—of the work criticised. Others there are in which the writers—notably Mr. Gardner and Mr. Sassoon—may be said to be sinning against the light. The main grievance seems to be that Kipling writes on subjects of which the " Wee Free " Liberals, the un-free democrats, and the New Clever, disapprove: he attacked the Decadents in the early nineties, the " intense " school of the first years of the present century, and the flutterbat, casual-minded folk of more recent days.

One may evaluate most of the rabidly adverse criticism of Kipling's work by asking the critics to what they really object: one will be told that this poem is Imperialistic, that another is jingoistic, and a third is undemocratic, that such and such a story is Conservative in tone, and so forth; it counts for nothing that the work upon which this kind of judgment is delivered may have been highly appraised in a literary sense by those fit to commend. The pseudo-scholarly will aver that Kipling uses ear instead of eye rhymes, forgetting that Swinburne was very fond of doing this. It will be urged that *The Light that Failed* is morbid, that there is no love interest in *Kim*, that the animals in the *Jungle Books* are unnatural, that the sea is not salt in *Captains Courageous*. The real truth is that Kipling has not justified his reviewers: he has not gone the way they said he would go; his talent has ripened, and what he has lost in freshness he has more than gained in style and depth. The final verdict, and here deeds and not words are the points scored, is given by the public which still reads and buys his books.

[\* I have purposely omitted Mr. le Gallienne, and some good N. American criticism, owing to lack of space].

*Tales that will Last.*

MR. Harold Laski, the well known lecturer and writer on economics, contributed an article on Rudyard Kipling to the *Daily Herald*, August 30. We cull from it some characteristic passages:—

" No one now denies that Mr. Kipling was, and is, a great story-teller. He has a photographic mind, so that the picture he sees can be transferred to the printed page with almost exquisite precision. He has an uncanny insight into the Anglo-Indian mind. In his masterly tales he has revealed it to the world. He knows the feelings of the common soldier with the insight of genius: " Barrack Room Ballads " are an epoch in military history. They bred a new humanism in Whitehall.

" His years in India gave him a knowledge of its problems which, if limited, was profound. So vividly did he see it that, ever since, we have seen those problems at least in part through his eyes. He has clarity of mind, intensity of vision, a passionate conviction that makes it difficult not to be affected by his mood. He feels the things he does feel with a depth of emotion that has hardly been surpassed in our time. Yet, as we look back upon his triumphs it is difficult enough now to share them. He was the poet of materialistic power. He loved England; but the England he loved was a strident and greedy Britannia, shrieking defiance of a world which did not appreciate her strength.

" War and its glories, power for its own sake, the splendid complexity of the machine, conquest for the sake of victory, the pride of knowing no equal—these, for Mr. Kipling, were the supreme virtues. What thrilled him was the size of the army, the dull steel of battleships, the sense that the sun never sets upon the Empire. For him bigness as such has never been the sole reality. Justice, tranquillity, the humble and contrite heart, the quiet glory of peace, the inner vision—these have meant nothing to him. For him the gospel of success was the only orthodoxy. He had not an atom of sympathy for the pro-Boer, the pro-Indian, the " walking delegate " who was protecting the workers' standard of life."

" Thirty years have passed; and Mr. Kipling still seems to live in the same realm of nightmare ecstasy. The truth is that Mr. Kipling has never been a really adult mind. He sees the world like a boy who plays at soldiers, and wins immense



victories without having to pay the cost. He tempts us to win the whole world; he is not mature enough to count the cost of victory. He thinks energy and action splendid, and it has never occurred to him to ask why, for he regards them as ends in themselves.

"So that Mr. Kipling has really no philosophy, since that implies a system of reasoned principles. What he has is a passionate faith that bigness is the same as greatness, that a nation is judged by its guns and its Napoleonic figures. He would have hated Socrates and Saint Francis; but he would have admired Pizarro and Stafford and revelled in the Elizabethan freebooters. Life for him is a military parade ground; and so long as we troop the colour all goes well.

"Yet Mr. Kipling is destined to live in literature not merely as the prophet of those baser values by which England was obsessed for a generation. There is the Kipling of "Just So Stories," and the "Jungle Books," the man who, with Lewis Carroll, has supremely captured the heart of the children of half of the world. For this Kipling no praise can be too high. Himself a child at heart, he has been able to tell the fairy tales as children want to hear them.

"The Kipling of the poems and stories outside this realm will live only in the historian's note-book as a man who did in England what Bernhardt and Treitschke did in Germany. He will be referred to as the symptom of a mood which England threw off like a baleful fever. He will symbolise the literature of hate, of malignant grandiosity, and jingo ambition. But the historian will mention with pride that, in the end, men turned from the altar at which he worshipped."

#### *Androgynous Fiction.*

IN an article on "Men, Women, and Thrillers" by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, printed in the Summer 1930 issue of *The Yale Quarterly*, a literary journal published by the Yale University Press, there occur the following passages:—

"Virginia Woolf, in her extremely interesting essay *A Room of One's Own* after giving valid practical reasons for women's inachievement in creative fiction, proceeds to throw out certain interesting conjectures as to the importance of sex in the making

of literature. According to Mrs. Woolf, great fiction can proceed only from the androgynous mind. The woman who writes as a woman only, the man who writes as a man only, can never reach the heights of literary performance. She mentions, quite incidentally, a few "androgynous" authors—Shakespeare and Cowper among them. Galsworthy and Kipling she considers purely masculine. Mrs. Woolf would be the last person to expect her readers to agree with her individual choices. It shows the value of her argument that one is tempted to assent to her proposition, though many of her corroborative instances seem to one a little wild. I have known Cowpers, without the madness and without the gift, and there were certainly not androgynous minds. (Did Mrs. Woolf choose him because he wrote 'In the morning, I walk with one lady or the other; in the afternoon, I wind thread?') Would she rate Cowper above Milton because she thinks Cowper's mind androgynous and Milton's not? And what does she do with Dante?

"These are interesting matters, if not for us. The point I should wish to make is that there is fiction which is meat for men and fiction which is meat for women, and that to distinguish these products is a curious and engaging business. Let us grant Mrs. Woolf her Kipling instance; let us call him purely male. As far as I am concerned, it will be done over my lusty protest, for I consider Kipling absolutely first-rate, and if, to be first-rate, you must have an androgynous mind, then here is one vote for Kipling's having an androgynous mind. Never will I confess that he is meat for men alone. I have known, for that matter, quite as many Kipling devotees among women as among men; and however male may be the appeal of his work, why should its maleness deprive him of women readers, anyhow?

"The male mind is a mystery to me; yet I cannot help believing that men are frequently interested in novels of which they would not at all care to be the heroes. Men, being more confident, are less personal in their demands on fiction; they are not always seeking hints as to how to behave, or compliments paid to their own type. A woman is apt to try on characters and situations as she tries on frocks, rejecting the unbecoming ones; to go shopping among points of view. Pre-vaillingly, she does not like the novels of which she would not care to be the heroine."

*A Plain Tale about Kipling.*

AN ABSTRACT FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE LONDON CIRCLE  
BY MR. PATRICK BRAYBROOKE.

**I** HAPPENED once to be lecturing' on Mr. Kipling's work when the Chairman failed to turn up. At the back of the hall sat an eccentric and charming peer, whom the President of the Society persuaded to take the chair. Before getting up to speak he whispered, " Let me see, your lecture this afternoon is about Kipling—he writes books does he not?" That story sounds incredible, but it is true and not more strange than the case of the lady who sat next to Mr. H. G. Wells at a dinner and remarked to him in all seriousness, " Oh, Mr. Wells, I hear you have written a book!" I am only too aware that every word I say will be a word thrown down before, not only Kipling experts, but Kipling lovers who are not ashamed to say before all the world that they delight to do honour to one of the most famous of contemporary literary artists.

Let us look for a short space of time at the versatility of Kipling, and are we not amazed that one mind can produce so many masterpieces? May we start away with a consideration of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, which were more than stories; they were miniature philosophies. Take two examples: Mrs. Hauksbee, as Kipling sees her in a flash of his anger over the suicide of a subaltern. Mrs. Hauksbee is a Kipling character who, although disagreeable, is not morose. She naturally likes the husbands, who have no right to be liked by her at all. She naturally hates the wives, who have every right to love the husbands she would wish to like. At the end of one of the tales she comes off second best, and despite modern-day drama and fiction, we are shown that men prefer their own wives. Kipling puts into the mouth of Mrs. Hauksbee a smart saying:—"\* Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man, but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool."

It was quite obvious to Kipling that it would be impossible to write for long before realising that it was necessary to touch on tragedy. Have you ever considered seriously what would have been the fate of literature had the world never held any tragedies? In *Plain Tales from the Hills*, there is one really dreadful story of a subaltern who shoots himself because a girl, not worth the waste of the price of the bullet, says some-

thing so acid that the boy takes his life. Mark the caustic and uncompromising way in which Kipling puts the whole tragedy. It indicates in no little measure his genius for saying not only a great deal in a few words, but is a picture of his mixture of severeness and judicial attitude to people which has ever made him so eminent an example of the Man of Letters who is also the Man of Life.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I suggest that Kipling is not in the accepted sense, a novelist; the novels he has written seem almost mere digressions from his other work. Legitimate novelists of to-day have only one digression from the writing of novels, and that is to write in the public press of every single subject except fiction. Go out into the street and ask quite casually the first chance acquaintance that comes your way, "What do you know of Kipling?" and probably the answer will be "Well, I haven't studied Kipling very deeply, but I do know well his novel, *The Light that Failed*."

Many people who do not know much of Kipling's works appear to know and delight in *The Light that Failed*, and the reason is not difficult to find, for that story never tires with repeated readings: the impending tragedy all the way through, the coming of the inscrutably tragic climax, are made up of master emotions handled by a literary genius. Kipling relies in *The Light that Failed* on his great powers of characterisation. The story fits the characters, the characters are not made to fit the story. Kipling has no use for inartistic manoeuvring—his characters work their own way through the book. They cause the situations, the situations do not cause them. Torpenhow quite naturally goes along with Dick: he is not brought into the story just to make the story. I think that Dick's blindness (the only possible "story making") is perfectly natural and is consistent with all Dick's life and experience up to that point. The Kipling story is consistent with itself, psychologically, the characters commit no extravagances.

Come now to the Jungle literature, face to face with a sudden Kipling excursion into the realms of brilliant imagination, and witness also Kipling as a humanitarian. All through the Jungle literature a broad humanity progresses, a sense that animals have souls, and reason, and also, if we treat them properly, think a good deal of man. The obvious question arising out of a reading of *The Jungle Book* is in what sense are they fairy tales. We are beginning to realise that the fairy tale is a far wider thing

than many seem to imagine. The idea that the fairy tale consists necessarily of abnormal creations who have abnormal powers is losing ground. Can I make it plain in what sense I do not consider the creations in *The Jungle Book* abnormal beings. They are not abnormal in the sense that (excluding speech) they participate in actions outside what we imagine is their special essence. The tiger does not turn into a prince, the wolf does not prove to be but the wicked witch. The animals in *The Jungle Book* behave consistently—the tiger roars, the wolf growls. Yet these are fairy books because they deal with situations outside our knowledge.

There is always something pure about the fairy tale: intolerance of the triumph of evil, and in the primitive beauty of the fairy beings, the suggestion of other worldliness. Through *The Jungle Books* runs a feeling of purity, and the detestation of the triumph of evil. We are in a different world from our own.

From a mass of descriptive travel writing we see Kipling as an impressionist and also a philosopher. His word pictures of American life and civilisation, or barbarism, whichever you like, are perhaps most characteristic of his brilliant descriptive powers. Who but Kipling could sum up San Francisco so admirably as this?

" San Francisco is a mad city, inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of remarkable beauty."

The law of compensation is, obviously then, not absent from American cities. Then, a little later, we have Kipling hurling an accusation at Chicago and, incidentally, hurling an accusation at the commercialism which is turning all our cities into slag heaps.

Kipling's philosophy of travel is an interesting one. There is nothing of the " globe trotter " about it. His opinion is that, given a chance, most men are lovable, and that underneath there is some unity between nations and peoples.

*The Letter Bag.*

In the No. 13 Journal, among the Crypticisms, Major Bewley writes about a matter which must have puzzled many people—namely, the many inaccuracies in "Mandalay." I can give an explanation of sorts, though I don't think Major Bewley will find it a very satisfying one. In 1925 I was travelling up the Irrawaddy by river-steamer, and as we approached Mandalay I was talking to a fellow-pasenger, a young Chinese who had lately returned home after spending a good many years at an English university and in Europe. We were discussing Mandalay, and the subject of Kipling's poem came up, and I wondered at these same inaccuracies. My companion told me that, some years before, he had met Kipling at a dinner or some such function. In the course of conversation with him he had asked him why, in that poem, he had made such a number of puzzling statements, and Kipling had merely laughed and answered, "Well, you must allow me some poetic licence!—*Rachel M. Lloyd, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.*

I saw a notice of the Kipling Society reunion luncheon in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. I am very interested in Rudyard Kipling's work, but we have no Society out here. I am writing a thesis on Kipling—"Has England repudiated Kipling?" and as I have not been home since 1910 I have lost touch to some extent with affairs. Would it be possible for some of your Society to discuss the question, or would some of the members send me their opinions, etc?—*A. R. Bamber, 5, Broughton Street, Concord, Sydney, N.S.W.*

"Does this interest you? I've been wanting to unburden myself about it to a fellow member ever since I joined. I possess a letter in Kipling's handwriting, but I don't suppose it will ever be of value as it is not signed. It happened in this wise. When I was a youngster at school I instituted a secret society called the Prowl, members of which were all characters from the Mowgli stories, I being Mowgli the Frog. At first we had the medley of characters mentioned in the stories, but finally I decreed that we should be the Seonee Wolf Pack

only. At that time there were six of us. Four were to be Mowgli's lair brothers, i.e., Gray Brother and the Three and the fifth Rhao who succeeded Akela as leader. But the trouble was we didn't know the names of the Three. So greatly daring we concocted a letter couched in Jungle Book phrasing, asking " the Author of the Jungle Books " to tell us, and smuggled it off. The answer came back in the same vein:—

' From the Author of the Jungle Books to Mowgli the Frog, Rhao, Gray Brother and the Three. Be it known unto you O Pack that the names of the Three are these." There followed three names with explanation of their meanings, and then, wholeheartedly entering into the game, he gave " their lair names which their mother gave them " again with an explanation of their meaning. The letter ended with " They had also names among themselves. Good Hunting!"

You can imagine the excitement that letter caused in the Prowl. What a secret to hug to one's bosom. And we six were the only ones among the thousands of Jungle Book readers who knew the names of Mowgli's three lair brothers. Of course, we wrote a letter of thanks cribbed mostly from Mowgli's speech of thanks to Kaa after his rescue from the Bandarlog at Cold Lairs. I still have the letter in its original envelope with the postage stamp stuck on upside down and crookedly. This seemed to add to the thrill of it. What cared we for the conventional tag that a stamp upside down meant lack of reverence due to Royalty.—*S. Evelyn Cotterill, Nakuru, Kenya Colony, East Africa.*

With regard to my letter in No. 14 of the " Journal " anent " This is the Ocean bright and blue." Some time after I wrote you about this quatrain I came across another copy of the "Grand Magazine " for January, 1907, and after a very diligent search I discovered the lines in an article entitled " causeries of the Grand Club." The lines are quoted by one of the characters, the rest of the dialogue has nothing to do with Kipling, however. My first failure to find these lines was due to the fact that I was searching through the volume in the Editor's private room, where I felt that I was rather in the way; consequently the search was rather a hurried one. We have yet to find Baden

Powell's sketch that went with and was the reason for this quatrain. I fear, however, this sketch has never appeared in any Magazine.—*William G. B. Maitland, Chelsea, S.W.3.*

In a letter declining regretfully an invitation to the Luncheon, the following passage of much interest occurs:—I can recall Rudyard Kipling in the days when we both worked in the *Civil and Military Gazette* office—slaves in the same galley *vide* his poems. I rather think I saw him first when his parents brought him home. Mrs. Lockwood Kipling, his mother, had been a friend of an aunt of mine and went to see her at Clifton when I happened to be visiting the same aunt. I saw him again in London about 1882 when I was in England on leave; and when he came to Lahore his father and I met him at the railway station. Not very important facts, but enough to show that it is long since he and I got to know one another.—*Stephen Wheeler, Streatham.*

### *Kipling Prices Current.*

Since we last quoted prices from Sotheby's Sale Rooms, the following have been auctioned:

*In May.*

*Many Inventions*, FIRST EDITION, autograph inscription signed by Sarah Grand, the novelist, on p. 1, original cloth, 1893. £1 1s.

*Just So Stories*, FIRST EDITION, Autograph Signature of the Author on a slip pasted to back of half-title, illustrations, original cloth, 1902. £7

*Absent-Minded Beggar*, special edition printed on satin for Mrs. Langtry, folded to form three panels (without the silk fringe). Daily Mail Pub. Co. 1899. £4 10s.

*Soldiers Three*, FIRST EDITION, FIRST ISSUE, original wrappers, back defective. Allahabad, 1888. £9 10s.

*The Story of the Gadsbys*, FIRST EDITION, second issue, original wrappers, back slightly defective. ib. 1888. £9

*Under the Deodars*, FIRST EDITION, FIRST ISSUE, original wrappers, back slightly defective. ib. 1888, £10 10s.



*The Phantom 'Rickshaw and other Tales*, FIRST EDITION, original wrappers. ib. 1888. £10

*In June.*

*The White Man's Burden*, superb autograph manuscript, six eight-line stanzas (omitting the original fifth), 48 lines in all, with title at head and the Author's full signature at foot, written in a small neat hand on one side of a single folio page, enclosed in a red cloth folder. One of the finest Kipling manuscripts ever offered for sale: these lines are of the most widely-known and most freely quoted in all the author's writings and stand pre-eminent among his "Imperial" verse. This manuscript omits the original fifth stanza, which attracted political criticism. It contains one verbal emendation ("dusky," vol. V, 1. 7, for the published "sullen"), and one erasure and correction ("hope," as published, for "toil," vol. III, 1. 8). £800

*The School Budget*, Horsmonden School, Kent. Vol. I, Nos. 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14 to 17 and Sports No. with duplicates of Nos. 9, 11, 17; Vol. II, Nos. 1 to 5 and 7, and duplicates of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and an extra No. 2, in all 25 numbers, Cyclostyle production with drawings, original wrappers. No. 13 contains Kipling's letter and "Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette." The outside of cover conforms with Livingstone's second issue but has the advertisements. No. 14 contains a caricature of Kipling by Max Beerbohm. 8vo. 1898. £30

*In July.*

*Plain Tales from the Hills*, FIRST EDITION, FIRST ISSUE, 24 pages of Indian advertisements at end dated December 1887, original Indian olive green cloth, with design on front cover and lettered "By Rudyard Kipling," some worm-holes at beginning and end penetrating the binding. Calcutta, 1887. £41

*Captains Courageous*, FIRST EDITION, illustrations with the Author's autograph signature on the title, original cloth. 8vo. 1897. £33

*Letters of Marque*, FIRST EDITION, early issue, stamp dated 5 Oct. 91, with two leaves of advertisements at the beginning and three leaves at the end, original red and blue cloth. Allahabad, 1891 £9 10s.

*Kipling's Advice to "The Hat"* In Response to an Appeal from an Old-Timer of Medicine Hat, Alberta, FIRST EDITION, original wrappers of red, yellow and black. (Private press of

George Parker Winship, Charles River, Mass.) At the Sign of the George [1922] These two letters were printed originally in the Medicine Hat "News" for Dec. 22, 1910. There are two bindings, red, yellow and black, as above, and a maple-leaf design. There is no priority but the maple-leaf design, is the scarcer. Livingston, 471.

*Steam Tactics.*

Mr J. De Laney Ferguson, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, U.S.A., makes some additions to and suggests revisions in Mr. Maitland's Identification of places in "Steam Tactics." He writes:—

The narrator overtakes Agg on the road just west of Cuckfield "Bromlingeigh" is Bolney, and "Pigginfold" Cowfold. The short cut across Sir Michael Gregory's park is plainly shown on my Bartholomew half-inch road-map.

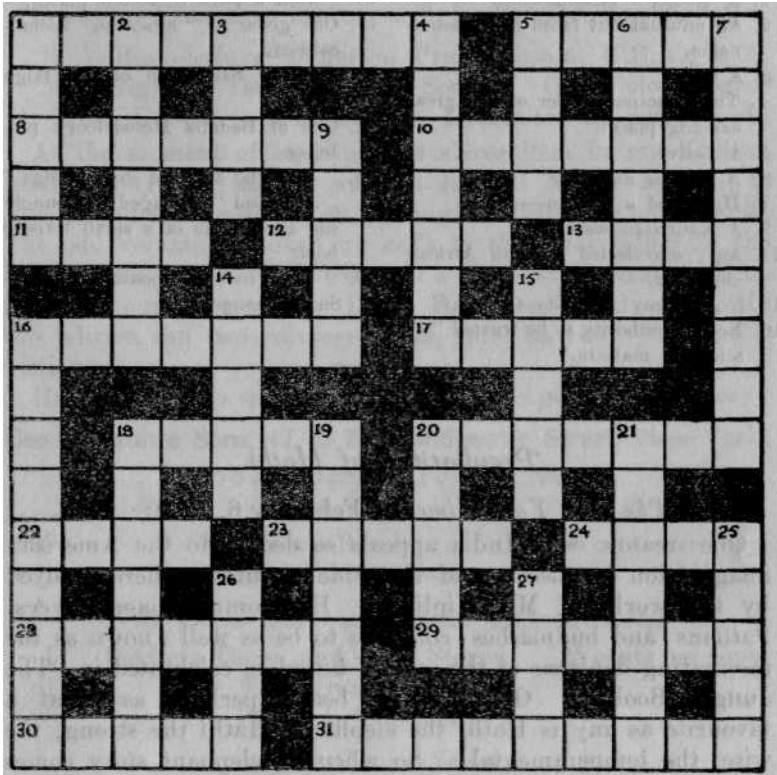
"Linghurst" is probably Horsham—later mentioned under its own name—and Lower Seeding seems the likeliest identification of "Instead Wick," though I rather incline to the belief that "Instead Wick" is a fictitious town, for not all the references to it seem to fit Lower Beeding. A dead-end road such as Mr. Kipling describes is shown on the map between Birchenbridge House and Sedgewick Castle, about two miles south-east of Horsham.

From Forest Row ("Park Row") the pilgrims pass through "some towns"—Tunbridge Wells in particular—and come "by way of the Hastings road" to Cramberhurst, "which is a deep pit." This is Lamberhurst, not Crowborough—the aptness of the description must impress anyone who has ever ridden up or down the steep dip into Lamberhurst.

Mr. Maitland's other identifications are correct, "Penfield Green" is undoubtedly Henfield, and "Cassocks," is Hassocks. "Parsley Green" is probably Partridge Green.

The trip thus mapped becomes a vast circuit, and "Robert" is apparently dropped at a spot not far from his home. The map shows a hammer pond to the north of the secondary road between Handcross and Horsham, and about midway between the two towns, but there are so many hammer ponds in Sussex that it is unwise to insist on this as the one mentioned in the story.

A Kipling Cross-Word Puzzles.



CLUES.

Across.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. "In the cattle business, equipped with riding-crops, top boots and . . . money."<br/>                 5. The second name of the instigator of a domestic feud.<br/>                 8. " Snuffling up the hillside. She must have broken her pickets."<br/>                 10. One of " the Red Ox freighters."<br/>                 11. One of the times between.<br/>                 12. Met with in <i>Kim</i>, <i>Puck of Pooks Hill</i>, and <i>Debts and Credits</i>.<br/>                 13. A jealous beast.<br/>                 16. Suggests sweetmeats and smokes.<br/>                 17. A giant's bane.</p> | <p>18. " Something worse than an imposter."<br/>                 20. Was present when Mrs. Hauksbee decided to sit out.<br/>                 22. " Good, docile and virtuous. . . . naked as the dawn."<br/>                 23. Individual things.<br/>                 24. Magician and Sprite.<br/>                 28. " Imperturbable dreamer of the heavens."<br/>                 29. Of the tribe of the Witch of Endor.<br/>                 30. A grammarian of ill repute.<br/>                 31. His " unrequited attachment. . . had grown dear in the using."</p> |
|---|---|

**Down.**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. A soldier's nickname.                                    | 18. " Just a pack o' rotten plates."  |
| 2. An unusual but familiar Christian name.                  | 19. One given to " miscallin' Technicalities."  |
| 3. A horse.   | 20. A Good Samaritan of the High Hills.   |
| 4. The sometime owner of a " great dancing place."          | 21. One of Badalia Herodsfoot's proteges.   |
| 5. A native.  | 25. " One who despised small things . . . and " managed to bungle the slinging in of a small torpedo boat." |
| 6. A famous author.   | 26. " That cool rest-house. . . ."  |
| 7. He called a woman—names.                                 | 27 Small change.  |
| 9. A Kafiristan warrior.                                    |   |
| 14. An " uncollected " South African character.             |   |
| 15. "A balmy Barnado Orphan."                               |   |
| 16. Not an authority to be trusted "on scientific matters." |   |

*Peculiarities of Hathi.*

From *The New York Times* of February 6, 1930 :—

One reason why India appeals so deeply to the American imagination is because of the wide circulation here enjoyed by the works of Mr. Kipling. His, commissioners, syces, Pathans and budmashes continue to be as well known as the fascinating denizens of the animal kingdom celebrated in "The Jungle Books." Of all these beasts perhaps as great a favourite as any is Hathi the elephant—Hathi the strong, the wise, the temperamental. So when an elephant story comes from India—as it did the other day from Bombay—American newspapers publish it with relish; in that spirit it is read.

This Bombay elephant was in a religious procession with some others. He enjoyed a reputation for stability. But all of a sudden, for any of the reasons which those acquainted with Hathi will understand, this elephant ran amuck, spilled and injured a number of devotees, charged a crowd and lumbered up the Trunk Road in a carefree manner which would have brought great annoyance to the celebrated Ranee, the friend of Kim. He might have been captured by measures known to man, but they would have been slow and difficult. So two other elephants, for the moment in good temper, were sent after him. They neatly surrounded the rebellious one, and in a little while they marched him back to his docile place in Indian civilization.

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL.91

## *Mainly Bibliographical.*

NOTES ON PIRATICAL ISSUES BY T. E. ELWELL, LIVERPOOL.

Edition-de-luxe—Jefferson Press, Boston, U.S.A., 1909.

Copyright by the Edinburgh Society. Green cloth, paper label, limited to 1,000 copies. Illustrated by Kimpatrik.

At the moment of entering the above item in my Kipling bibliography, the eagerly awaited Journal No. 14 arrived, to give me an eerie moment on reading the third par on page 35, The odd volume I picked up adds to the information in the Journal, the name of publisher and a different illustrator. Mine is the second volume of "Life's Handicap," and apparently this edition ran two volumes to one title, like our "Service" edition.

Have you cargo space for a few more captured "Pirates?"

**George Munro Sons, 17 to 27, Vandewater Street, New York.**

### *Munro's Library of Popular Novels.*

Series No.	Title.	Price.
190	Mine Own People	10 cents per copy.
191	Courting of Dinah Shadd	" " "

### *The Royal Series of Popular Paper Novels.*

1	Soldiers Three, and other Stories	25 cents per copy.
61	Plain Tales from the Hills	" " "
108	The Phantom 'Rickshaw	" " "

### *The Crown Series.*

37	The Courting of Dinah Shadd	25 cents per copy.
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### *The Seaside Library, April 1st, 1896.*

Series No.	Title.	p.p.	Price.
1369	Wee Willie Winkie	187	25 cents per copy.
1439	Plain Tales from the Hills	287	" " "
1443	Soldiers Three	216	" " "
1479	The Phantom 'Rickshaw	205	" " "
1499	The Story of the Gadsbys	173	" " "
1719	The Light that Failed	186	" " "
1809	Under the Deodars		" " "
1909	Mine Own People		" " "
2131	May 12th, 1894, American Notes		" " "
2133	The Courting of Dinah Shadd		" " "
2194	Ballads and other Verses	<b>160</b>	" " "

**The Mershon Company.**

Under the Deodars. 108 p.p. N.D. Salmon Cloth. Decorated.

**M. J. Ivers and Co., 86, Nassan Street, New York.**

American Notes and Stevenson's Bottle Imp.

*Neely's Gem Library.*

**F. Tennyson Neely, 114, Fifth Avenue, New York,**

and 96, Queen Street, London.

The Light that Failed (Happy ending').

Perhaps the last item is copyright. It has an unsigned eight page foreword.

On some of Munro's paper covers, actual dates of publication are given, but will the chameleon changes of the American pirate editions *ever* be known. Had the Kipling Society been in existence forty years ago, we might have induced the pirate crews of America to sign articles with us, and, if unwilling to sail under honest colours, at least to supply us with a well-kept log of their multifarious misdeeds. As it is, I am afraid the combined bibliographical fleets of the world will have to mark their charts "biblia incognita."

*Kipling Verse Headings*

COMPILED BY CAPTAIN L. H. CHANDLER.

(Continued from No. 14).

**T.**

The sun went down an hour ago (author unidentified). *The Light that Failed. Chapter xiii.*

The toad beneath the harrow knows (Kipling). *Pagett, M.P.*

The torn boughs trailing o'er the tusks aslant (Kipling). *Beast and Man in India. Chapter ix.*

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky " (author unknown). *Poor Dear Mamma.*

The wind went down with the sunset (Kipling). *Their Lawful Occasions. Part ii.*

The Word of the Lord by night (Emerson). *The Second Sailing of the Mayflower.*

The world hath set its heavy yoke (Kipling). *Tods' Amendment.*

The wolf-cub at even lay hid in the corn (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter iv.*

- The year's at the spring (R. Browning). *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot.*
- Then a pile of heads he laid (Kipling). *His Chance in Life.*
- Then spoke der captain Stossenheim (Leland). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xxiii.*
- Then we brought the lances down, then the bugles blew (Kipling). *The Light that Failed Chapter ii.*
- There are men, both good and great, who hold that in a future state (Graham). " *Sleipner* " late " *Thurinda.*"
- There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin (Campbell, adapted). *Namgay Doola.*
- There is a tide in the affairs of men (Shakespeare). *Kidnapped.*
- There is pleasure in the wet, wet clay (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter vii.*
- There was a strife 'twixt man and maid (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter i.*
- There were three friends that buried the fourth (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter xii.*
- There's a convict more in the Central Jail (Kipling). *The Head of the District.*
- There's a widow in sleepy Chester (Kipling). *The Grave of the Hundred Head.*
- These were never your true love's eyes (Kipling). *A Serpent of Old Nile.*
- They are fools **who** kiss and tell (Kipling). *Pink Dominoes.*
- They burnt a corpse upon the sand (Kipling). *In Error.*
- They killed a child to please the gods (Kipling). *Beast and Man in India. Chapter vi.*
- This ditty is a string of lies (Kipling). *Study of an Elevation in Indian Ink.*
- This I saw when the rites were done (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter xii.*
- This is a simple legend (quite as truthful as the rest). (Kipling). *The Legend of the Lilly (The Mare's Nest).*
- This is the ballad of Boh Da Thone (Kipling). *The Ballad of Boh Da Thone.*
- This is the reason why Rustum Beg (Kipling). *A Legend of the Foreign Office.*
- Thou canst not wave thy staff in air (Emerson). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xi.*
- Though tangled and twisted the course of true love (Kipling). *The Post that Failed,*

Thou thou love her as thyself (Emerson). *The Children of the Zodiac.*

Three things make earth unquiet (Kipling). *Labour.*

Thus for a season they fought it fair (Kipling). *The Rescue of Pluffles.*

To love's low voice she lent a careless ear (Mrs. John Lockwood Kipling). *On Greenhow Hill.*

To the wake of Tim O'Hara (Buchanan). *Black Jack.*

To-night God knows what thing shall tide (Kipling). *False Dawn.*

Too late, alas, the song (Kipling). *The Plea of the Simla Dancers.*

'Twas not while England's sword unsheathed (Kipling). *A History of England. Chapter xi.*

'Twas when the rain fell steady and the ark was pitched and ready (Kipling). *Man and Beast in India. Chapter iv.*

Tweed said tae Till (author unknown). *In Flood Time.*

Twelve hundred million men are spread (Kipling). *The Last Department.*

Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew (Kipling). *A History of England. Chapter I.* (Also), *The River's Tale.*

#### U.

Unto whose use the pregnant suns are poised (Kipling). *Kim. Chapter vii.*

#### V.

Very sadly did we leave it, but we gave our hearts in pledge (Kipling). *From Sea to Sea. Letter ,xxii.*

#### W.

Walpole talks of " a man and his price " (Kipling). *Public Waste.*

Was a woman such a woman—cheeks so round and lips so red (R. Browning). *Concerning Lucia.*

We are not divided (Hymn). *From Sea to Sea. Letter vi.*

We be the gods of the East (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter xix.*

We have another Viceroy now—the days are dead and gone (Kipling). *Delilah.*

We meet in an evil land (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter ix.*



- We now held in captivity (Kipling). *The Ship that Found Herself.*
- We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome (Kipling). *The Big Drunk Draf.*
- Were my heart as some men's are thy errors would not move me (Tampion). *A Conclusion.*
- What did the colonel's lady think? (Kipling). *The Cowling of Dinah Shadd.*
- What man would read and read the self-same faces (Lowell). *From Sea to Sea. Letter xxxiii.*
- What rendered vain their deep desire (M. Arnold). *The Hill of Illusion.*
- What's yon that follows at my side? (Kipling). *The Light that Failed. Chapter iv.*
- Whatever a man of the sons of men (Swinburne). *A Madonna of the Trenches.*
- When a Lover hies abroad (Kipling). *The Naulahka. Chapter viii.*
- When all the world is young, lad (Kingsley). *From Sea to Sea. Letter i.*
- When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed (Campbell) *A Rhodian Portrait.*

(To be concluded).

## KIPLING SOCIETY

### Roll of Members to 6th September, 1930

Nos. 988 to 998.

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*The Secretary's Page*  
*Meetings for 1930—1931.*

The following tentative arrangements have been made for the London Circle for the coming" season.—

Wednesday, October 15, 1930	1st Ord. 5.30 p.m., Hotel Rubens.
Thursday, November 13, 1930	2nd Ord. 4.30 p.m., Hotel Rubens.
Wednesday, December 3, 1930	3rd Ord. 8 p.m., Hotel Rembrandt.
Wednesday, January 14, 1931	4th Ord. 5.15 p.m., Hotel Rubens.
Wednesday, March 11, 1931	5th Ord. 8 p.m., Hotel Rembrandt.
Wednesday, April 15, 1931...	6th Ord. 4.30 p.m., Hotel Rubens.
Thursday, May 7, 1931	7th Ord. 5 p.m., Hotel Rubens.
Wednesday, June 10, 1931 ...	Annual Conference and Lunch as usual, Hotel Rembrandt.

All are subject to confirmation by card (or letter) as usual.

The arrangements for papers, mentioned below, give promise of a session of exceptional interest.

October 15.—Sir "Francis Goodenough, C.B.E., " The Business Man's Debt to Kipling."

December 3.—Mr. Gilbert Frankau, " Rudyard Kipling and the Female of the Species."

January 14.—Lt.-Gen. Sir G. E. MacMunn (subject to be announced).

The Secretary has arranged for the book-case to be opened at the Rubens Hotel for one hour before each ordinary afternoon meeting that is held there. January 14th has been fixed hoping that Associate Members on holiday may be able to attend.

#### MEMBERSHIP SCHEME.

With reference to the printed circular sent to all members in July last, will members kindly insert the words " or more " after " a lump sum of five guineas " under heading " Life Members." It is not intended to limit the payment to five guineas only (see leaflet).

*U.S.A.* " Donor " Members, who have arranged to pay their annual subscription through Admiral Chandler, should also pay their extra subscriptions as " Donor " Members through him in order to avoid complications.

*U.S.A.* Members desirous of becoming " Life Members " may forward their payment either through Admiral Chandler or direct to the General Secretary as they wish. It is notified for information that it is allowable to become both a " Life " Member and a " Donor " Member if desired.

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