

and for the very love of doing it. Verses were they first, satirical ballads, with an occasional short story suitable for his paper, full of local colour and topical allusions. Four years later a number of these verses he collected and published under one cover, upon brown paper like a public document:—"On Her Majesty's Service Only, Departmental Ditties and Other Verses." So in 1886 was born the first book, "a brown baby with a pink string round its stomach" as he lovingly describes it. And in this wise Rudyard Kipling began the way, the old, arduous way, which leads from journalism to literature.

The home-life at Lahore, in his father's house, was an ideal one and rather famous throughout India. This father was more than an artist, he had become a scholar as well, and possessed of a polished literary style; being, moreover, a rare genial soul with a generous cynical sense of humour. He was at this time already at work upon his great book "Beast and Man in India." And Alice MacDonald, the mother, had kept woman's pace with her husband, while, in conventional phrase, preserving all the graces of her youth. In common with her two sisters in England, the one the wife of Sir Edward J. Poynter, the other the wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, she had developed a wide literary and artistic culture and was already noted for her bright, if occasionally caustic, wit. And with these two, their two children!

The sister, the early "Auntie Rosa" piety long since forgotten, a true daughter of her mother and in the intervals of her brother-worship—for this was