

dubbed him a "clever pup" and piled the burden heavier till upon the young shoulders was laid the whole task of editing the paper. Still he flourished; from office to press room, where side by side the typesetters sweated, Hindu, Mohammedan and Sikh, and from press room to office he pistoned, always at top-speed, breathless and ink-bespattered till in his own phrase the issue of the next day "was put to bed." If you want to know what this putting-to-bed process was like in the hot weather read the pages of "The Man who would be King" beginning:—"It was cooler in the press room, only 96°. The night was pitchy black and the *loo*, the red-hot wind from the Westward was booming among the tinder-dry trees and now and again a single large drop of rain, almost boiling hot, would fall in the dust with the flop of a frog."

In addition he did much work as an outside reporter, so renewing his boyhood acquaintance with the natives, his brothers, the caste and casteless; was sent subsequently in the interests of his paper on many missions to the frontier and the native states, and so met on their own ground and face to face the officialdom and rank and file of the military and civil services; so came to know Simla from Jakko to "that cool rest house down the glen"; so encountered and grew to understand and love the greatest personage of them all 'Thomas Atkins.' 'Main Rukhn-ud-din' the Mahommedan foreman printer said, "Kupuleen Sahib! he does the work of three grown men."

Yet in the midst of all this maelstrom of activity Kipling stole time to write,—things of his very own