

subscribers and readers are scattered all over the country, and where the railroad does not penetrate the papers are transferred to mail carts; and, way in the jungles and interior, are carried by naked native runners, who make marvelously rapid time over great distances. We are our own copy readers, and a superabundance of work is our happy privilege in an atmosphere where everything seems to melt away. The American journalist would last about three months if he tried to work in India as here. He would literally trash himself to death.

"You are undoubtedly struck with the great number of pages of advertising—twenty to twenty-four. All the large shops in the cities advertise their wares extensively, and carry on their extensive trades that way, or their customers live hundreds of miles in the interior and the jungles. A purchaser reads the advertisement, sends in his order, and the goods are shipped to him by a system called the "Valuable Payable Parcels Post," similar to your "C. O. D." system, only the Post is owned by the Government. An enormous trade is thus transacted."

INDIAN JOURNALISM.

STEAM PRESSES WORKED BY MAN POWER.

A Country Where Men Work From Eight Cents a Day to Eight Dollars a Month.

"Your city delights me and the climate is positively enchanting."

The gentleman who made this remark to a CHRONICLE reporter at the Palace Hotel yesterday was Rudyard Kipling, an Englishman, and one of the editors of the Pioneer, a newspaper published in Allahabad, India. Mr. Kipling is touring the world on a six months' pleasure trip.

"What I have seen of American journalism and of the American daily is so utterly different from my school that I am struck with wonder," continued Mr. Kipling, folding up a copy of the CHRONICLE and putting it in his pocket. "With us in India newspaper work is essentially different from American or English standards. Take our paper, the Allahabad Pioneer, for instance. We issue each afternoon from twenty-six to thirty-two pages, in size about half as large as a sheet of the CHRONICLE. We run from six to twenty columns of telegraphic news and from twenty to twenty-four pages of advertisements. Our telegraphic matter comes mainly from the Indian seat of government at Calcutta, or in the hot months, from Simla, a place 7000 feet in altitude and 1100 miles from Calcutta. Then, at certain seasons of the year, the Viceroy and his suite make tours of inspection over the country. Our correspondents, of course, are in constant attendance, and every movement of Government officials or their action is telegraphed daily to us. Our local news is comparatively limited. The ubiquitous reporter is unknown with us. It is too hot for one thing, and again he is not needed, and is absolutely unknown. We employ probably 200 men to get out our paper, using steam presses worked by man power. Everything is done by man power. The pressmen earn the princely sum of 8 cents a day, while the native compositors are your body and soul at from \$5 to \$8 a month. They know the English characters and read the language, but set the type not understanding what the copy says. Our daily circulation is between 6000 and 10,000, and the paper goes all over India, three mails being dispatched nightly. Of course, our