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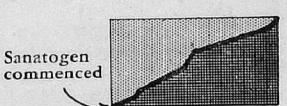

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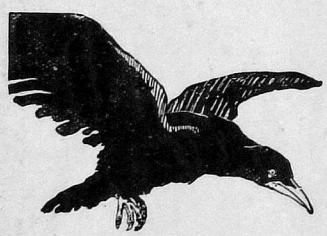

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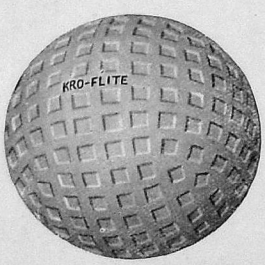

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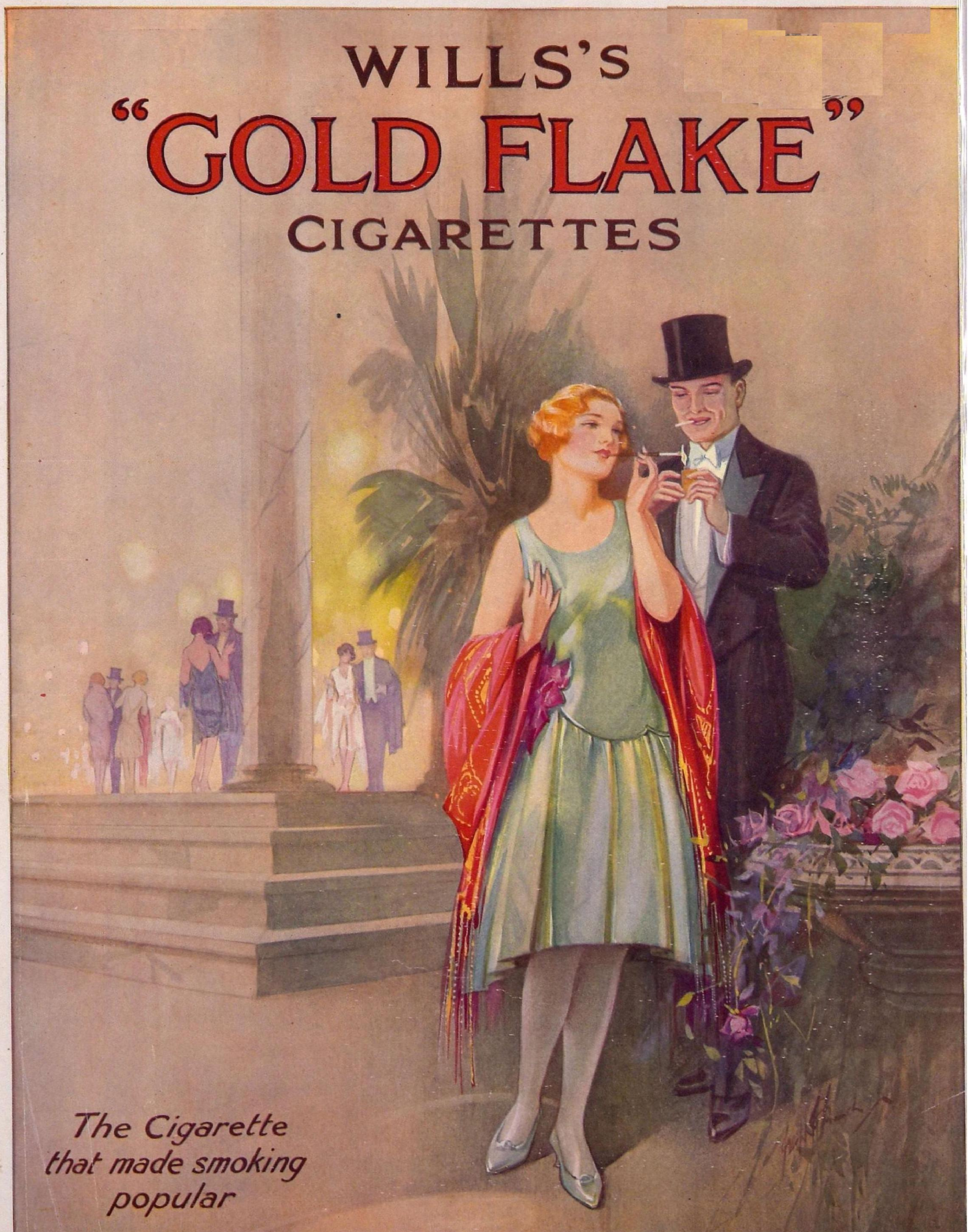

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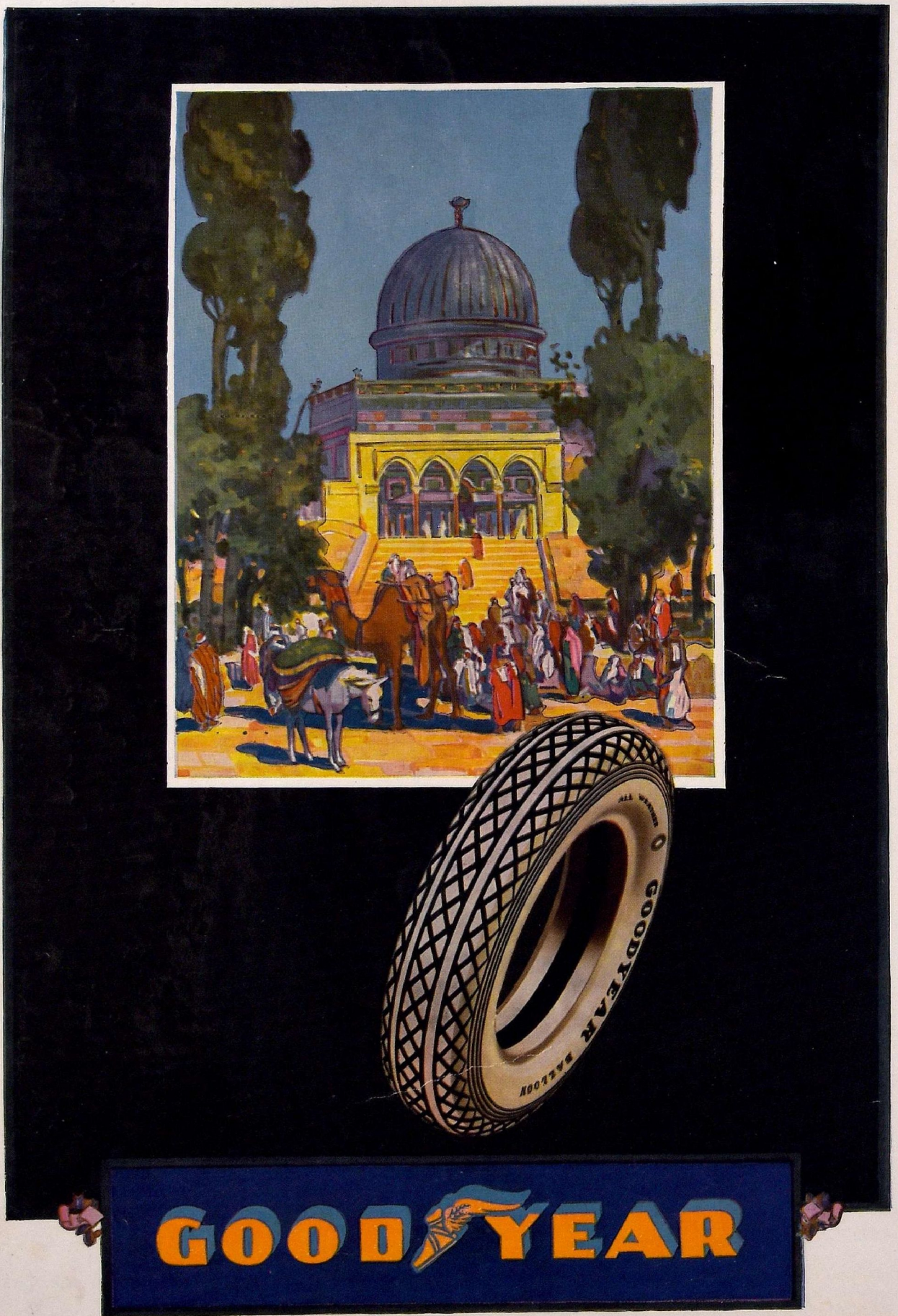
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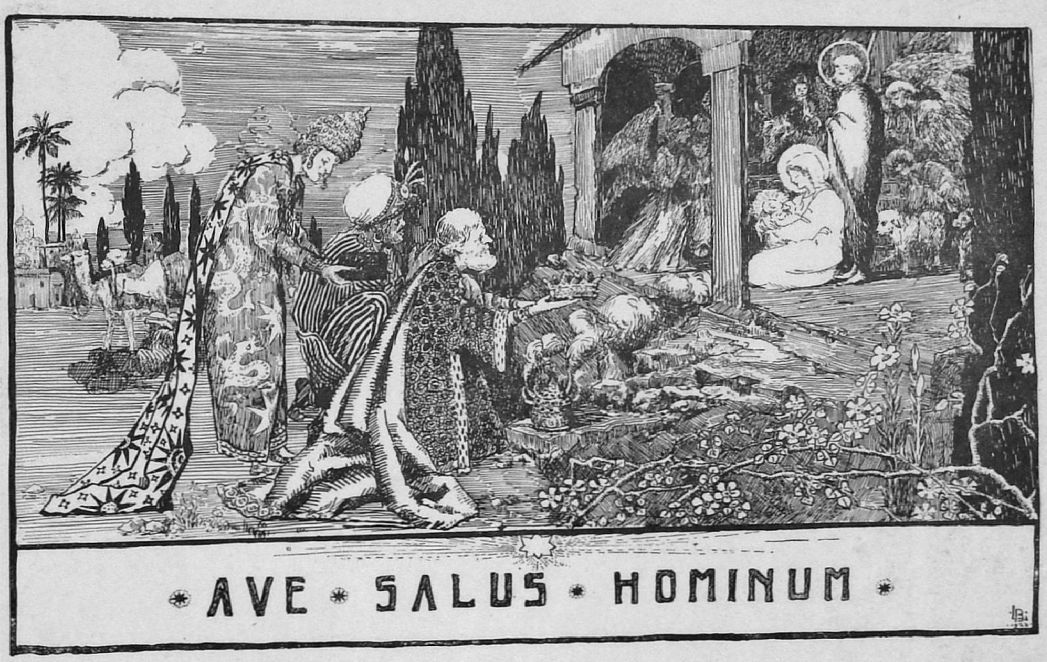


In yᵗ Bedlem Hostelrie
There was nat ne Roum for The
Quhen to Erd thi Godhead com,
  Ave, Salus Hominum!

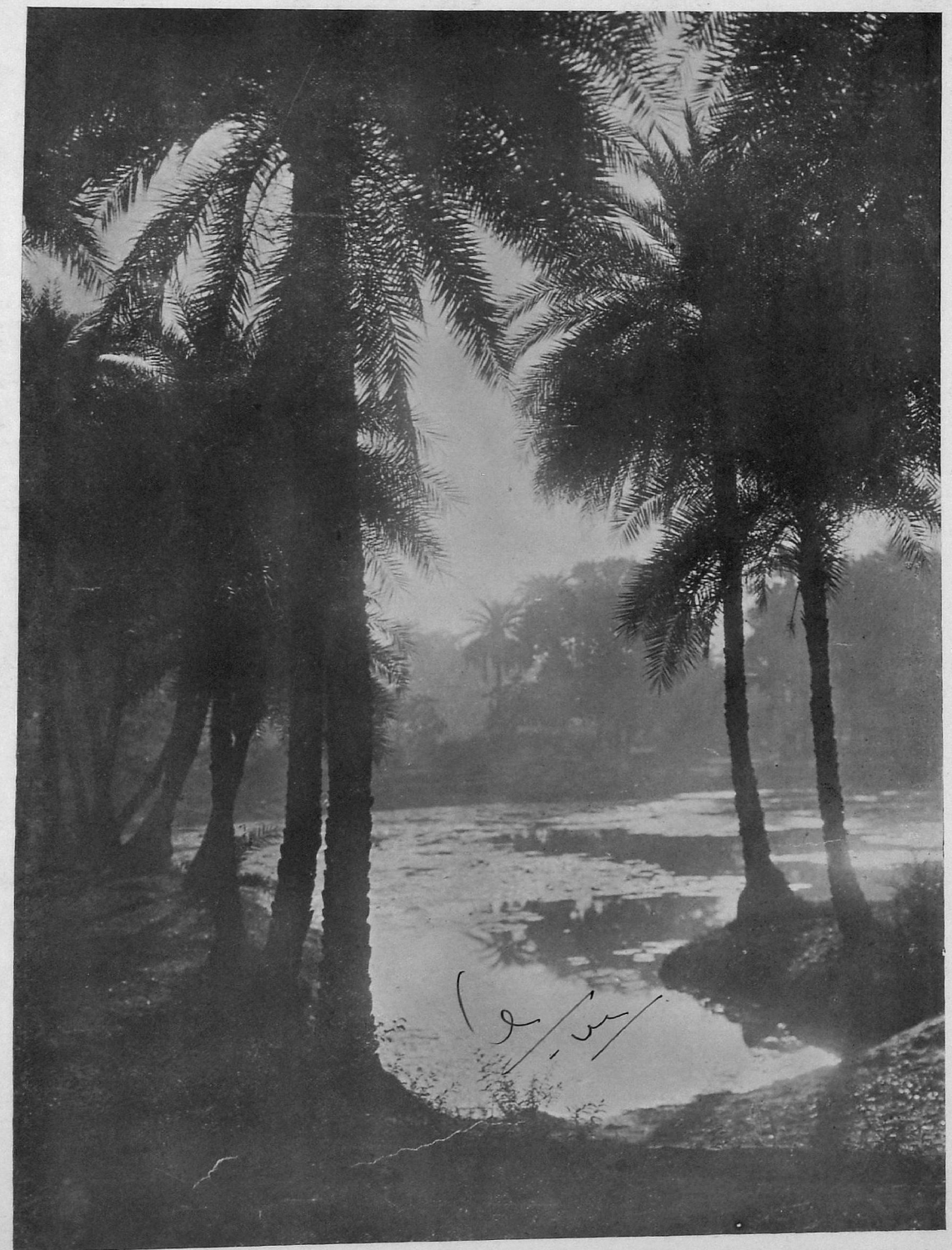
Ichot ye silly Kine yᵗ fedde
Round thi Maiden-moderes bedde,
Offred The first Gretinge dumb;
  Ave, Salus Hominum!

Herdis, yᵗ through ye niht on wake
Marked ye Musicke Aungels make,
Hasted, bringende thir Welcom.
  Ave, Salus Hominum!

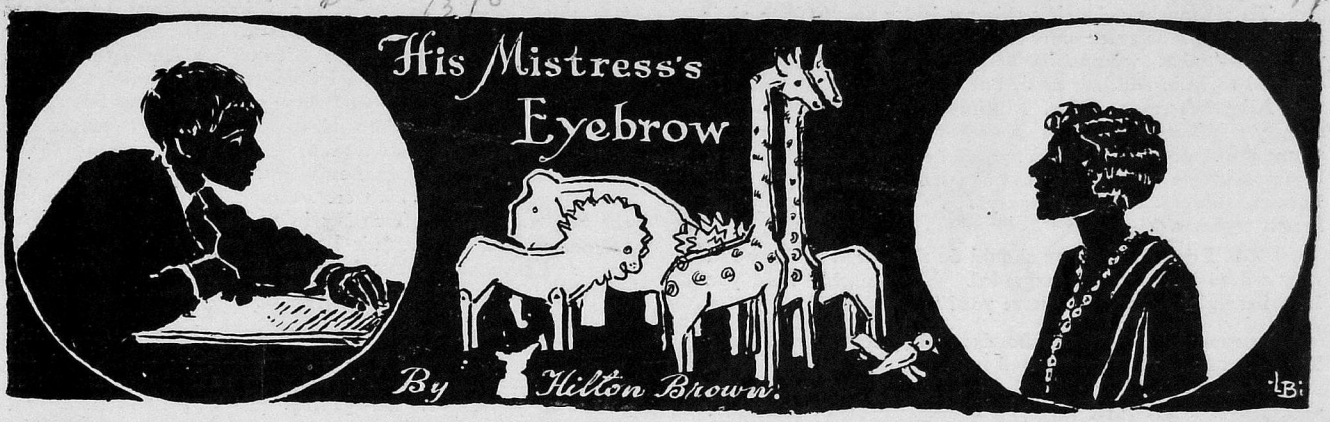
Sages from ye Misticke Est
Followende ye Starlit quest
Join in adoracioun,
  Ave, Salus Hominum!

Nu, al ffolkis, on this morn
Quhen ye Lhord of Life was born,
Add ure voicis to ye Summe:
  Ave, Salus Hominum!

C. E. S.



Early Morning. *Photo by Klein and Peyerl.*



THE outstanding and determining features about Claud Milliner were his name—which could hardly have been worse—and his brains—which could hardly have been better. In person he was a blend of the two.

Claud "wrote." In this concise manner at least the suburban pleasaunce of Sydnett summed up his activities. It didn't say what he wrote—perhaps it didn't know; but he "wrote" anyway. It was Sydnett's method of fitting him with a monomark without which no resident was complete. I need not describe Sydnett; many readers of these words must have lived in it—or in places so like it as to make no odds. In Sydnett every one has a label, an identification disc, an essential occupation which in most cases has little to do with his real business in life. A sings, B dances, C golfs, D organizes motor-cycle competitions, without E's assistance no picnic has a hope. Claud Milliner "wrote."

In point of fact this particular monomark more nearly expressed the entire Claud than did the others their respective owners. Claud wrote, and if he didn't write very much, he did even less of anything else. He lived with his widowed, affluent and doting—but watchful—mother in an imitation timbered house with a hundred yards of lawn and a hundred square feet of rock garden. A crazy pavement separated the one from the other—and a crazy mother separated Claud from the opportunity of doing useful work.

Sydnett was interested in Claud, as it was interested—intensely and critically—in every unit in its little cosmos. And especially interested was feminine Sydnett; because Claud was a very good-looking boy. He was dark and sleek and he had a gift for clothes which his contemporaries could never quite capture. A very good-looking boy.

"A very good-looking girl," Stevenson Forrester would have roared at you, grinding his teeth on an amber mouthpiece and slashing at a daisy with his niblick. A manly fellow, Stevenson; Sydnett's monomark for him was "Plus Two."

Said Alice Westrope, "I feel that if Claud could just realize himself he'd do something *good*. Yes, *good*."

Stevenson glowered. "He hasn't done much so far anyway."

"His poetry?"

"Poetry," said Stevenson heavily, "is quoted at the moment at thirty shillings a ton."

The Sydnett humorist saw an opening.

"Twenty-five shillings, Claud's," he said promptly.

So that was how Claud stood with Sydnett. They kept an open mind about him; they weren't going to say he had set the Thames on fire (in truth, they couldn't), but they weren't going to say either that he never would. He was a family joke meantime but they watched him. And he was a very useful card to play when Crupp's Wood, the next-door suburb, became uppish on the strength of Addison Stent who occasionally had an article in the middle page of the *Daily Messenger*.

"Journalese!" said Sydnett, "Claud doesn't write *these* things."

"But then Addison sells his," said Crupp's Wood sweetly.

And only Claud Milliner knew that there were times when he would give anything on earth to be Addison Stent.

When people said in his presence—and many were ill-advised enough to do so—that Claud could at once become a known and popular writer by the simple process of debasing his talents, Claud used to listen and smile. That in itself must show that he wasn't so bad as his name; if he had been, he would have listened and agreed. Smiling silently thus, he sat through many arguments. Sydnett held—it was stupid enough for that—that all best-sellers are the conscious and deliberate production of debased persons writing with their dishonourable tongues wedged into their dishonest cheeks. Sydnett said—it was unoriginal enough for that also—they "prostituted their talents." Claud sat and smiled; Claud knew better.

"Claud couldn't write down," said Alice Westrope, "Oh no."

Claud—miserably—knew it was all too true. For the truth was that Claud was tired of writing *vers libre* and yearned above all things to see his name in big red letters on the vulgar cover of an ordinary magazine on an ordinary station bookstall. He didn't want to be a highbrow at all.

He sat one wet day with his mother and idly turned over the leaves of *Night Musings* (net sales 27 copies) and *Abracadabra* (net sales 32). The books were beautifully bound, one in vellum and one in tooled leather; Messrs Findlay and Fort had received from Claud one hundred pounds in each case for an edition of five hundred copies, and Mrs. Milliner had accounted for most of the net sales. Claud had halted in his wanderings before a poem—it was in *Abracadabra*—called, for no very apparent reason, "Euphrosyne."

> "She is in a restaurant," (said the poem)
> "this woman of the city.
> her fingers break bread like waves eating away the coast.
> Sea-waves.....
> her hat is a bird riding a horse.
> her stockings are twin snakes and her feet
> are altogether the heads of pythons.
> her face is a cloud of glass,
> Grey glass,
> or perhaps it is yellow."

"You know, mother," said Claud, looking up suddenly—he was sitting on the hearth-rug—"I think some of this stuff is rather rot."

"My darling!" The blasphemous utterance startled Mrs. Milliner into unwonted activity.

"Your stockings aren't the least like snakes, you know." Mrs. Milliner hastily re-arranged her skirts.

"Good gracious, no! Of course not."

"And how the devil could you have a "cloud of glass?" It's just words." Claud hurled *Abracadabra* petulantly into the corner and strolled over to the window.

"You know, mother, what I'd like to do awfully? I'd like to try my hand at a novel."

To all mothers, hearing this particular speech from their sons, there has occurred since history began one and the same thought—"what woman is at the bottom of this?" It occurred to Mrs. Milliner now, but she knew the answer. It was Alice Westrope. Mrs. Milliner cursed Alice Westrope silently. When a girl has succeeded in driving a promising young poet to blaspheme his Euphrosynes and to contemplate a common vulgar novel about love and sex and reality and other horrors, things have gone pretty far. Mrs. Milliner pulled herself together.

"Oh, I don't think you should do that, dear. The novel now-a-days is very much degraded. Very much. And you have hardly the experience, have you?"

"I've enough," said Claud shortly; and by that Mrs. Milliner knew that he had. She changed tack.

"But your beautiful verses. The fine thoughts you have. You couldn't put these into common prose. You remember what that reviewer said."

"I remember what that reviewer said. He said, 'Mr. Milliner is above the ordinary head'. I don't want to be above the ordinary head. I'm coming down."

Mrs. Milliner tried sarcasm. "Sheiks and Tarzans?"

Claud turned a face suddenly white. "I wish I *had* written these. I'd be somebody then. I'd have done something. I'd have given pleasure. And I'd have made a lot of money."

"You don't need money, darling. And a novel—"

"I'm going to try, anyway," said Claud, and went out of the room.

Mrs. Milliner thoughtfully picked up *Abracadabra* and smoothed the chance page at which it had fallen open. Unconsciously she read.

> "She is like a white beast,
> one of the white wooden beasts out of my ark.
> is it the lion, I wonder, or is she rather
> the very tall giraffe?
> how nice my Ark is!"

Mrs. Milliner sighed. So long as young females appeared in the semblance of white wooden giraffes or terminated in twin snakes with altogether the heads of pythons, mothers were pretty safe. But when sons started to write novels—



AMONG THE EARLIEST READERS OF "WOODEN TOYS."

2

Now as to this Alice Westrope. She was a rather plump young woman and Nature—against whom she strove hard—had intended her to be pretty. She had fine red-gold hair and grey eyes and she culminated in an over-resolute mouth which summed her up. Sydnett monomarked her as Queer; and after all, as Queerness consists in being what Sydnett calls Queer, we must say that she was. She was a girl of many contradictions and therefore a girl of many choices. She had the choice of being pretty or brainy and she chose the latter. She had the choice between popularity and leadership; the latter won again. By virtue of her contradictions she attracted those opposites Claud Milliner and Stevenson Forrester; by virtue of her choice she inclined almost to each. Poor child! she was very largely a battlefield—which would have accounted to a kindly observer for much of her Queerness. But the observation of Sydnett was as kindly as a serpent's.

Alice led—let us say, rather, Alice had created and now led—the Moderate Party in Sydnett. The Moderate Party staked out its claim between the Literary Circle and the Tennis Club—that is, between the Highbrows and the purely sporting set. Before Alice there had been no alternatives but these; Alice's innate contradictions drove her into deadly compromise Alice's love of leadership made her collect company. She liked "intelligent conversation" (her own phrase) and she liked "a good game." Sweet reasonableness, that essence of the Moderate, flowed from her in unlimited profusion. The Highbrows, serene on their literary Parnassus, looked down once and then away; but heavens! how the sporting school, grovelling in the Boeotian mud of the tennis courts, hated Alice!

The trouble with Alice was that she was sufficiently Victorian to be interested in men—interested, that is, in the only way that matters. The amazing, asexual camaraderie of post-War youth left her gaping. It was like the sexual gambolling of animals—except that nothing ever came of it. Mabel Trudgeon (who had once lapped Brooklands at ninety-five) could go out all Sunday in Johnny Farquhar's two-seater; and the two would rag and caper and disport themselves together for ten undisturbed hours—and on Monday it would be as if Sunday had never been. Alice couldn't have done that. Ada Trant (who could drive two hundred yards) would sit and have coffee at the Baths with Stevenson Forrester and Dick Kelly, clad only in a very tight, very wet, bathing-dress. Nobody seemed to think anything of it; Alice would have been thinking of it the whole time. "You've a nass-ty mind, my dear," a friend had said to her once when she had ventured some timid exposition of her case. But she hadn't—only a mind a little out of date.

It was this out-of-date mind of hers that led Alice into her crowning sin in the eyes of Sydnett—her famous lecture at the Literary. It was in the early days of the Moderates—in fact it was a sort of banner-raising or consolidation of that party. The subject of the paper was "The Task of Modern Woman." Alice said—to an audience, mark you, of Mabel Trudgeons on the one hand and Highbrows on the other—that the task of modern woman was the same as that of ancient woman and any other woman—in fact, *tout court*, to marry and make a home and have babies. Sydnett existed as a pleasant and comfortable little suburb solely because the older women present had adopted this very role; but Oh! how angry young Sydnett was with Alice. "We'll get back on her for this," said they.

"What's the matter with Alice?" said Mabel Trudgeon, "She wants to be a Highbrow but she hasn't quite got the brains, poor dear."

"And she's eighteen at golf," supplemented her friend. "So what is she after all? She sounds like an advertisement on the underground. Metroland Homes. Babies. Pah!"

"Then why doesn't she get married?" said a third detractor, "There's Claud Milliner. And there's Stevenson."

"Oh, my God!" said Miss Trudgeon elegantly, "What a hope!"

3

Sydnett prides itself, not without justice, on self-contained organization. The unvouched-for stranger arriving within its gates is apt to find himself indefinitely ignored, but the accepted member is continuously employed.

It is Sydnett's habit to give weekly private dances during the year; as it is understood that the same persons will invariably attend, no invitations are issued. The same band officiates and the order of dances is always the same. Fox-trot, valse, fox-trot, one-step, fox-trot, valse—and so on; as it was last week so it is this, and will be next. The system has obvious advantages; hostesses are not put to the expense of programmes and pencils, nor guests to the fatigue of soliciting partners. At the beginning of the season each young lady fixes up a season's programme, allotting each dance by number to a particular swain. This, death, disease or desertion alone can alter.

Alice liked it. You knew right through the week just when Claud would come or Stevenson; you could put your mind in order. Claud was always 5 and 9, Stevenson always 4 and 11.

On the Saturday after Claud's resolve about his novel, the dance was at the Seymour Sanderson's; Stevenson was promptly on the mark at number 4. Alice had one fault at dances, Stevenson thought—she would be intense, she would forget that after 36 holes a man doesn't want to discuss problems. To-night, for example, she wanted to know what was the evidence for the existence of fairies. The obvious answer, of course, was "You!" but Stevenson hadn't the head to think of that. He wanted to say he was damned if he knew—or cared; he muttered something about faked photographs and generally failed badly to keep up his end. Alice went on to number 5 with the feeling that Stevenson, though a dear fellow, was not quite—no, definitely not—up to her intellectual standard.

Claud was in form and 5 went unusually well. It is an understood thing at Sydnett dances that people wish to discuss problems and the intervals are long. Claud took advantage of this admirable arrangement.

"You know, Alice," he said, "I'm thinking of tackling a novel."

Alice sparkled at him. "A novel! How splendid!"

"I'm glad you think so." Claud was gratified.

"Oh, but of course! A novel. I am so glad. I do think it is time you got down to more serious work. One can do so much with a novel."

"Can I?" said Claud.

"*You?* Of course you can. Who better?" Alice believed her metier to be that of the inspiring force and was ready to go on at length; but Claud had something to say.

"There's one thing I can do with it anyway."

Alice raised her dark eyebrows. "Only one?"

"One thing anyway. I can dedicate it."

Alice was at check. "Dedicate it?"

"Yes. To you."

"Oh!" said Alice and was for the moment silenced. A heart she had thought better trained than to do anything of the sort began to beat impressively. Claud watched her anxiously.

"You'd accept it?"

"I'll be honest," Alice told herself, "I won't coquette, I won't shilly-shally." Aloud she said, "But of course, Claud. Anybody would. It's an honour. I'd be proud of it. But—" her resolution failed—"but Claud—your first novel. Your mother ought to have that."

"My mother doesn't approve of novels," said Claud shortly, and "I see," thought Alice. It was as if he had said "My mother doesn't approve of *you*." Very well, then—battle.

At 9 they dropped problems and talked about the novel—a problem in itself sufficiently grave. "What'll it be about?" said Alice; but Claud skipped over that, for, honestly, he wasn't very sure. Then Alice became coy.

"You haven't changed your mind about the dedication?"

"Not unless you have." Claud was firm, but he smiled his whimsical smile. "You know in the old days when a fellow was—er—fond of a girl" (Alice caught her breath) "he always wrote something to her. That's about the only thing we can still do in this rotten age. So I'm going to."

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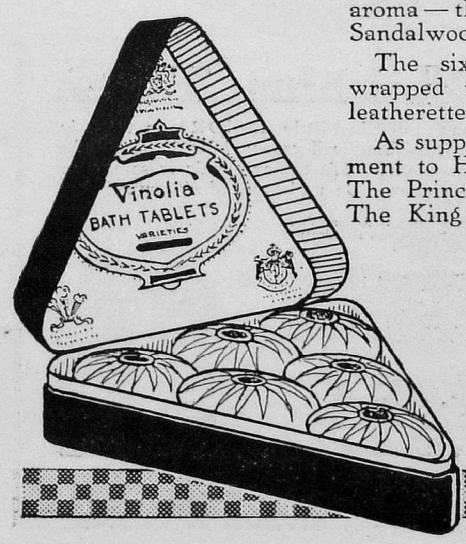

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52 X V

Alice sought refuge in a silvery laugh. "A sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow." The band struck up the next dance and she decided to take a hazard. She said softly. "I'll love it, Claud," and for a brief second her hand trembled on his arm.

At 11 Stevenson came back. He was rather more tired than he had been, rather more depressed, rather more wearied, much more disinclined for problems. So, being the bovine, blundering honesty that he was, he chose that moment to propose to Alice.

Steve was no poet and his proposal was neither ornate nor eloquent. "I say, Alice dear, I'm awfully fond of you; couldn't we be engaged or something?" It was hardly quite so bald as that but hardly more elaborate either. It was one of the easiest proposals to rebuff that was ever made by mortal man.

"I'm sorry, Steve," said Alice. "I'm awfully, awfully sorry. But—no."

Stevenson looked her very straight in the eyes for a long ten seconds.

"I see," he said. . . ."Claud?"

Alice found the silvery laugh was still at her command.

"Oh dear, no! Claud's far too busy to think about that sort of thing. He's—he's writing a novel."

It was a gross over-statement—Claud was still writing merely a dedication, but it impressed Stevenson.

"Good God!" said he, making things worse.

Alice was not unjustifiably offended. "You've no right to speak like that. It's time Claud wrote something bigger, something more solid."

"There I agree with you," said Steve grimly. "High time."

"And besides—" Alice had meant to let her secret leak out through the usual channels, but pique forced it out of her prematurely—"besides, he's going to dedicate it to me."

Stevenson looked at her again. Disconcertingly he grinned and began to quote in an execrable parody of the Scots tongue.

"'Oh wad some poo'er the giftie gi'e us tae see oorsel's as ithers see us.' We'll see you as Claud sees you anyway. I say, what a rag!"

"Nothing of the kind." Alice felt herself growing hot. "I shan't appear in it at all."

"Yes, you will." Stevenson was remorseless. "The poor blighter hasn't the imagination of a sheep. He'll put you into it all right. Me too, very likely. It *will* be a rag. We'll all know who everybody is. I say! Some book!"

But this time Alice was more than offended. She rose to her feet.

"I think you're horrible. How you could have thought there could ever be anything between us—" She left him.

The grin faded from Stevenson's face.

"Oh, hell!" he said.

4

How many novels have been written solely because their authors possessed the phrases—or the object—for an effective dedication? More, I venture, than might be supposed. We know that *Wooden Toys* (Wooden Toys; A Novel of Youth. Claud Milliner. Blatting and Fenton. 7/6) was not so written, or at any rate not so begun; but it is fair to enquire whether, but for that dedication, it would ever have been finished. Snippety little poems in twenty to forty lines of *vers libre* are one thing: the day-in, day-out grind of a novel is another. Claud was no toiler, and I am pretty sure that he was frequently tempted to throw down the *Toys* and revert to easier Euphrosynes. "Unstable as water," as an older writer would have told him, "thou shalt not excel."

Well, he did not excel. It would be a strange thing if there were not numbered among the readers of these lines some few who have also read *Wooden Toys;* and so I need say little about it here. It wasn't a bad novel—Claud was clever and Claud could write—but it was simply undistinguished. I will wager that those who read it can't remember now what it was about, that their recollection of it is confused and scanty, that they have mixed it up with other books they read at the same time. John Merriman; Douglas Chantrey; Pamela Loring: what, I ask them, if anything, do these names convey to them now? Did Pamela marry John or Douglas or neither, or both? Was Pamela dark or fair? They don't remember? I didn't expect they would.



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Pamela Loring (in the book) was that not very original figure, a thoughtful, intelligent girl smothered in a hopelessly suburban home. John Merriman was an honest bonehead who wished to marry her, and she liked him; but all he could offer her was an indefinite continuation of intolerable suburbia. So she fled and took a post as a conductress of exclusive parties wandering on the Continent (Chantrey's Tours). She was pursued unpleasantly by Douglas Chantrey, and they were stranded together in an Austrian hotel in the days just before the outbreak of the War. Awkward complications threatened, but John turned up (somewhat, I am afraid, *ex machina*), realized that the situation was less compromising than it looked, and married Pamela before he enlisted . . . It was an honest, competent little book, a straightforward bid for the public Claud Milliner wanted; but not memorable.

Now nobody in Sydnett would have credited Stevenson Forrester with much acumen; but he had hit one nail firmly and truly on the head when he said that Claud was lacking in imagination. Claud would have denied this vehemently—he conceived himself as creating vigorously all the time—but the fact remains that he unconsciously drew from models. Pamela in the book was copper haired and intellectual and rather talkative; she regarded herself as too good for her suburban surroundings and not infrequently said so; and as things went on and Douglas Chantrey became more and more offensive, she became more and more an angel of purity and sweetness. Claud had found himself confronted with the most difficult task of fiction writers—the portrayal of an ordinary, nice, good woman. In common with most of us he made a hash of it. Pamela Loring began by being an etherealized, and ended by being an impossibly rarified, Alice Westrope.

I should think it probable that Alice Westrope was among the earliest readers of *Wooden Toys*. (Why did he call it *Wooden Toys?* I have no idea unless it was a cast-back to the Ark of *Abracadabra.*) She was too clever a girl not to be disappointed, not to realize that on the whole Claud had missed fire. And she was much too clever not to realize that to some extent she was looking into a mirror. "Pamela" had mannerisms which Alice knew to be her own—because she practised them; "Pamela" wore clothes which Alice thought she could remember; "Pamela" had ideals and convictions which seemed to Alice to have been discussed during intervals at the Seymour Sanderson's and elsewhere. In the latter part of the book "Pamela" said things which might almost have been quotations from that notorious lecture at the Sydnett Literary. But after all, that didn't very much matter. Pamela was a fine character—terriby fine; and even if her conduct towards the close of the book was a shade idiotic it remained indubitably noble. She was nothing to be ashamed of. On the whole Alice was pleased.

As for Sydnett, it behaved as do all communities when the prophet in his own country writes a work of fiction. That is to say, it renounced its own imagination entirely and denied any in its author. Alice thought that Pamela was perhaps based to some extent upon herself; Sydnett knew that she *was* Alice. In the same way Sydnett knew that John Merriman was Stevenson Forrester. Douglas Chantrey checked them for a moment, but they speedily identified him also—a man with whom the present narrative has no concern. So with all the other characters; one by one Sydnett "recognized" them. And of course it recognized instantly "Parrett's Hill," the unspeakable suburb of the book: and Sydnett was very angry.

"I'm suffocated here," said Pamela in the book to her long-suffering parents. "This place is packed in medicated cotton, it's overgrown with moss, fungus, mildew. It's in darkness. The people are like cows—except that they hit balls about instead of giving milk. They're comatose."

"Oh! is it?" said the infuriated Sydnett, "Oh! are we?"

5

The first copies of *Wooden Toys* were on sale in Sydnett on a Monday, and throughout that week Sydnett read assiduously. On the Saturday night there was a dance as usual—at the Langfords'.

To Alice Westrope this was *the* most interesting dance there had ever been, and numbers 4, 5, 9 and 11 the most exciting items that had ever figured on any programme. The novel had to be discussed in the first place with Stevenson Forrester; for some reason she could not have put into words, Alice was intensely anxious to see what Stevenson would say about it. Then—for 5 and 9—there was the matter of the dedication and the enthralling entertainment of talking over the book with the author himself. She had written Claud an eight-page letter on receipt of the presentation copy but that was only the overture to delights—the mere *hors d'oeuvres* to the banquet.

She wouldn't, she thought, be too kind to Claud. The first part of the book, she would tell him, was the best—the part where he so well described the feelings of a girl cooped with slightly inferior company, where he got home so well on these inane, ball-swiping idiots, where he showed so brilliantly the superiority of a girl with brains, a balanced girl holding the middle course. Yes, that was the best bit; she would praise that. But she wouldn't fail to tell him that he had made his girl develop into a terrible prig, that she was too good and noble altogether, that in the final scenes he had degenerated into a good deal of slop. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend;" she would be faithful to Claud.

She dressed with immense care and had her coppery hair cut and waved by the local hairdresser in an effective manner. She was late in arriving, and a well-filled cloak-room greeted her with a gratifying hush of interest.

It was less gratifying when Mabel Trudgeon, smoking an evil cigarette, lounged across the room and stared deliberately at the back of her head.

"It *is* copper coloured, you know," she said.

A friend, evidently acting on a prepared cue, joined in.

"Do let me look. Yes! Burnished Copper. How do you burnish it, darling? I've always wondered."

Now Claud—it was his worst banality—had given his Pamela copper-coloured hair—burnished at that.

Alice reached the ball-room with a becomingly heightened colour and collided in the doorway with that terrible fellow the Sydnett humorist. He made a pretence of brushing something from the shoulder-strap of her dress.

"Scuse me," he said. "A little moss, I think. Or may be fungus." And passed on.

Dance number 1 was always Mr. Dudley, a staid married man and a friend of the Westrope family. Either he had not read *Wooden Toys* or he chose to be merciful; at any rate he made no reference. But number 2 was Johnny Farquhar, and Johnny was neither married nor staid—nor merciful. The waltz was hardly begun when he looked down at her fatuously.

"Grey eyes!" he said, "Grey o' the sea."

"Don't be a fool," said Alice sharply.

"Grey o' the clouds, grey o' the rocks, grey o' these old, old stones." (I grieve to remind you that this was Douglas on a Chantrey's Tour in Rome.)

"*Will* you be quiet," said his persecuted partner.

In the interval he brought her a glass of claret-cup and put it in her hands.

"My life, dear," he said simply, "Take it"—as John said it on the last page of the *Toys*.

"You've read it, haven't you?" said Alice with desperate sarcasm; but Johnny was wide-eyed with innocence.

In the ball-room, as they returned, the Sydnett humorist was posturing before a shrieking group.

"Moo-oo!" he was saying, "Moo-oo! I'm a cow. Milk me somebody!"

"It doesn't take much to make some people laugh," said Alice severely; but Johnny had laid a friendly arm about the humorist's shoulder.

"Ah, no, dee-ar!" he said—and if it wasn't a quotation, it was very near it—"I know you better. You are my own grey-eyed sea bird o' the north. Kiss me, grey-eyes, kiss me."

The humorist did—amid shrieks.

Number 3 should have been young Abercrombie, but Alice, for the first time in her life, cut a dance and spent it in the cloak-room. She was feeling decidedly fluttered and more than decidedly cross with Claud. The cloak-room was untenanted save for a brief visitation from a hockey-playing chit who took time, as she powdered herself, to observe—

"Oh! what will he think of me, what will he think of me? Alone here—and with Douglas."

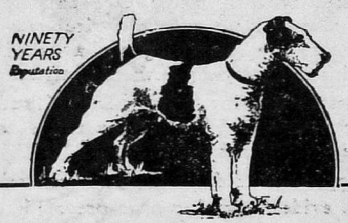
She fled, having undone most of poor Alice's recovery.

Anyway, 4 would be Stevenson Forrester. For some inexpressible reason, that was a tremendous sheet-anchor to hang to. Steve wouldn't be a beast.

It was not till she was back in the ball-room and the band had begun that she realized that Stevenson was not there. And in the same moment she felt a hand on her arm. She swung round to face the master-tormentor, the Sydnett humorist.

"Gyirl!" he snarled, "we are alone in this hotel. In ten minutes war will be declared. I alone can save you. Choose now—an hour with me or a lifetime in a Gerr-man pa-rison. Which, grey sea-bird, which?"

"Are you asking me to dance, Mr. Kelly?" said Alice with tottering dignity and tortured eyes.



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"If you put it like that," said the humorist a little shamefacedly. He was not a bad fellow really, only cursed with a comedian's repute.

Alice danced; any other course would have meant capitulation—and that must not be. She danced erect and stiff, bright-eyed and with hardening of the resolute mouth. She was thinking what she would say to Claud at the next dance. It wouldn't be at all what she had intended that afternoon.

The humorist behaved; that is to say, he meant to and he tried to. But the masters of our mirth are not masters of themselves. He took a glass of champagne and, as he brought Alice back to the ball-room, he met the expectant eyes of Mabel Trudgeon. It was as much as his reputation was worth not to be funny at that moment. His audience, his patrons, waited. He forgot himself altogether.

He hooked Alice in the chiffon scarf he was carrying, and in a stentorian bellow quoted John Merriman on the eve of enlistment. Whether he thought of that Literary lecture or not, I cannot say.

"Never mind, Grey-eyes. If I go out, there'll be another little soldier now to carry on. Another—"

Mabel Trudgeon sprang forward with an ecstatic shriek. She at least remembered.

"I want it," she yelled—now this was verbatim—"I want it. It's what I've *always* wanted."

The room rocked.

6

I am not in a position to report what Alice said to Claud during the interval after number 5. Only Claud could tell us that—and I fancy he has his own reasons for forgetting it.

It is on record, however, that Alice went home at number 6; and that a belated Steve arrived at number 7 and wanted to know why. Various friends gave him a joyous résumé of the reasons, and he departed in search of Mr. Kelly.

He found the humorist gloomily solacing himself with another glass of champagne. He was a good fellow at heart, as I have said, and knew when he had gone too far.

Steve greeted him without preamble.

"Kelly, you scum, you're for it."

Mr. Kelly set down his glass and backed down the buffet.

"Hold hard, Steve," he said. "I'm sorry and all that. But it wasn't her we were ragging, you know, not really. It was that blighter Claud."

"You apologize?" said Stevenson, pursuing remorselessly.

"Of course, of course," said Kelly. "If you're going to take it like that—perhaps we did lay it on a bit thick. But it was that ass's fault." A light broke suddenly on his brain. "And it hasn't done *you* any harm anyway."

Stevenson stared at him. "Meaning?"

"Meaning the hated rival business," said Mr. Kelly; and led his friend in a condition of stupefied but brightening reflection towards the refreshment table.

If Claud Milliner has written a second novel he has done it under a nom-de-plume and concealed his tracks very cleverly. But I don't think he has. I do know, however, that his wedding present to Stevenson and Alice Forrester was a beautifully bound copy of *Decrescendo* (Findlay and Fort; net sales, so far, 6). On page 14 thereof, very neatly marked with red-ink crosses, was the following:—

i took a tool out of my box
to make myself a new toy.
i would have made a sailing-ship
or perhaps a little house
with doors and windows.
But the tool bit me and so
i threw it down.
change is a two-edged tool:
it Bites and hurts one.
i Hate it.

So Claud Milliner. Well—*ne sutor ultra crepidam.* I hope he sticks to it.



THE PRIEST

By Choudhuri



A VETERANS ADVICE



By C. F. Hill

Advice to Ladies about to proceed to India.

Oh come! Ye gay and hopeful brides,
And hearken unto me!
I'll show you what a Mem Sahib's life
In India's like to be.

Your hearts with hopes are bursting;
The glamour of the East
Portrayed by fond fiancés
Swells every gentle breast.

Each sees herself—sweet maiden—
Reigning, a white-robed queen,
O'er troops of dusky servitors,
Who worship her unseen.

Her cook will be a treasure:
With confidence she may
Have G. O. C's to dinner,
Such art can he display.

Ponies, and traps await her;
Dogs she can have galore;
The durzis there make dresses
Equal to Harrods store!

So to this land of wonder,
You turn with longing heart,
Yet hear some simple stories
About it ere you start.

SCENE 1.

She's danced till three, and wearied,
Strict orders have been given
That no one may disturb her
Till quarter to eleven.



"Chota Hazri hai."

Yet lo! ere daylight breaketh,
Or morning gilds the sky,
She hears a voice insisting
Her "Chota Hazri hai"!

SCENE 2.

Perchance she has elected
That hunting she will go,
And at a certain time and place
Will join the merry show.

The syce is well instructed
Which pony she will ride,
And when the hour it striketh,
Here he must be, outside.

In darkness she upriseth,
And dons her riding kit;
She goes to the verandah,
And finds this pleasing chit.

"Dear Mrs B," it runneth,
"My wife just bids me say
Thanks awfully for the pony
You're sending her to-day.

Her own is scarcely fit yet,
"'T will be a longish run,
Sorry you cannot ride yourself,
We're sure to have some fun."

Oh, words cannot do justice
To the still fire that burns
With fury in the Mem Sahib's breast,
Until that syce returns.

SCENE 3.

But now the durzi cometh,
With solemn serious air;
He goes to the verandah
And sits cross-legged there.

The Mem Sahib to him hastens,
Her arms with chiffons fall,
"Now durzi! Jaldi Karo,
For I cannot keep cool.

To-morrow big Tamasha!
"And burra Mem Sahibs there,
So here is silk to make me
A frock beyond compare.

"And here are all the trimmings,
Insertion, lace and such;
Now cut it out most carefully
Because there's none too much."

"Bahut accha Mem" ! the durzi says,
And bows upon his knees.
An hour has passed, she gaily comes
And this is what she sees.

With chalk in hand, and wrinkled brow,
The durzi—so efficient—
Regards the frock, all "done cut out,"
With half a sleeve deficient!

SCENE 4.

At last, when tiffin's over,
Exhausted she retires
To seek beneath the punkah,
The rest she so requires—

And soon in pensive memory,
Her thoughts are far away;
Till suddenly, a voice breaks in!
"Mem Sahib, this dhobi day" !



The Dhobi.

In wrath she goeth to him,
With rising wrath, to find
That every garment she most wants
Has "Done been left behind."



The Durzi.

And look! that ducky little frock,
The one "he likes me in
Is torn to bits, no buttons left,
And—well! It is a sin" !

Then to the club she hastens,
And strives throughout each set
Of splendidly played tennis,
Her trials to forget.

SCENE 5.

At sunset home she goeth,
Her heart full of delight
In thinking of those charming friends
Whom she will see to-night.

To dinner they are coming;
Her dinners, she decrees,
Are better planned, and smarter,
Than those she elsewhere sees.

She'll just see all is ready,
And give the final touch,
The little magic something
That always means so much.

A curious silence reigneth,
Her heart stands still with fear,
Then, "Cook done gone got drunk,
Mem Sahib!"
Is whispered in her ear!

So, maiden young, who'd hither come,
Dreaming of bliss unbroken,
I pray you tarry, before you marry,
And hear the truth now spoken.

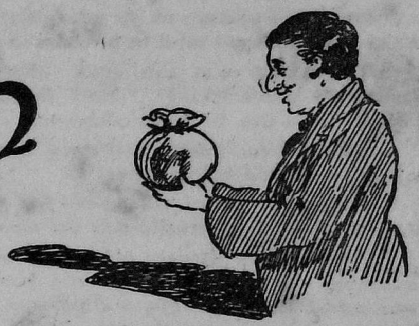
Practise the while, in England's Isle
All trials to meet undaunted,
For once you're here, be sure my dear,
Job's patience will be wanted.



"Cook done gone got drunk."



Reform



By D. Stephens.

HOLDING no brief for practical jokers, such as Morgan, R.F.A., let us not forget the old adage that "out of evil comes, somehow, good."

Of Joseph Marks' ancestry nothing was known; but the name gives one an idea which was supported by hard facts. Marks was rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and dressed beautifully in expensive silk suits, supported by a gold cigarette case and too large a ring on the third finger of his right hand.

He was a merchant and, during the war, when leather was at a premium, he put through some deals which would have staggered even the romancers.

He lived in an expensive house, was a member of the clubs, and subscribed to the hounds the minimum which entitled him to wear a pink coat.

Discussing the question of a shortage of Hunt funds, Morgan, who was also a rich man, remarked one day that he would share the deficit equally with anyone. Whereupon a few comments upon Marks were passed which gave Morgan, then new to Sivarapore, furiously to think.

"Marks never gives a bob to anything!" Jarvis remarked, as they discussed ways and means in the Club bar. "If he could hunt without subscribing, he would, but even *he* hasn't the face to do that."

"The fellow's a Jew," said Farrar, "and a bad Jew—watch him now."

They sat at a table away from the bar and saw Marks stroll in, tapping a cigarette against his gold case.

He went up to a group and stood waiting to be spoken to; one nodded, two departed, two were left and called for drinks. Marks collected one. A little later he moved away to another group where he collected another.

The Sivarapore Club bar is a very large one, and at 8 o'clock in the evening it is generally crowded.

By working up to its entire length, Marks collected six drinks, looked along the thin line of members remaining, and then disappeared down the passage, towards the library, which also leads to where the cars stand.

"What do you think of that?" asked Farrar.

"He seems popular," said Morgan sagaciously.

"Oh yes—I should say so," Jarvis agreed. "I'll guarantee he'd clear the bar in half an hour any day of the week."

"Very excellent for temperance!" said Morgan, "How much did you say the Hunt wanted?"

"Two thousand rupees," said Jarvis gloomily.

Later, left alone at the table, Morgan sat wrapt in thought until the gong boomed the warning for dinner.

Then he strolled to the desk where the Hunt Special Appeal lay.

He picked up a pen and stood thinking. Then he made an entry on the list, in a handwriting that no one could attribute to him, and walked out to his car, humming quietly to himself.

Two days later Marks received a letter from the Hunt Secretary which disturbed him considerably. "It is most awfully good of you to be so generous to us," it ran, "and I want to thank you personally for your sporting donation."

"What the devil does he mean?" he muttered. "If they think they're going to get more than a fair subscription out of me, by a silly joke of this sort, they're jolly well mistaken."

But he made a point of looking at the list when he got to the Club that night, and there was emblazoned his name for Rs. 1,000.

He was standing there dumbfounded, when Farrar accosted him.

"I say, Marks, you *are* a sport."

"I—"

But before he could frame the expostulation that struggled for expression, Jarvis strolled up and slapped him hard on the back.

"You're a brick," he said, "come and have a drink."

"We'll give him two," said Farrar, "one for the promise and one for the fulfilment thereof."

"Fulfil—?" gasped Marks.

But he could get no further, for at that moment Morgan arrived and was introduced; and when that was over, drinks appeared and, with them, Long M.F.H., red of the face, and wreathed in smiles.

"My dear Sir," he said, "you've taken our breath away."

Interruption followed interruption. In vain Marks tried to speak; but, each time he began, Morgan launched out into some fresh conversational direction which drinks and good humour stimulated into overwhelming heartiness.

Before he was able to collect his wits, Marks was the centre of a cheery crowd and, in a new-found popularity, he found himself even enjoying the situation, though at the back of his fertile brain there was the uneasy consciousness that he was booked to pay heavily.

Remorse cometh often with the morning, and he sat looking gloomily at his cheque book, cursing his weakness in not repudiating the whole matter on the spot.

Savagely he signed his name to the covering letter and banged on the envelope before he threw it into his "out" box.

Then he settled down to the work of the day, drove his staff to the verge of lunacy, and at 5 o'clock stormed out to his car and drove furiously home.

Who the devil had dared play this joke upon him?—that was his dominating thought. He stalked into the house and cursed his butler, and he stalked to the hall-table and collected his letters.

A few bills, an invitation to dinner, an advertisement, and one with the Hunt crest on the envelope.

"That's the blooming receipt, I suppose," he grumbled as he tore it open.

Then he sat down heavily and ran thin fingers through his immaculate hair.

For a time he sat speechless, heart thumping; and a silence brooded throughout the house only broken by the ecstatic scratching of his dog.

"Stop that will you!" he yelled, and in the deeper silence that followed he re-read his letter.

"My dear Marx, (spelt wrong, the fool!)

The arrival of your second donation of Rs. 1,000 makes me quite breathless. I got the notes yesterday O.K. and thought your generosity good enough, but your cheque just in is a noble bit of work and I wish to heaven there were a few more sportsmen like you. I enclose the Hunt receipt for Rs. 2,000.

Yours,
T. Jarvis."

"Now what the blazes—?"

He dashed upstairs to the porch verandah and paced amid chairs and tables too solid to be thrown about.

The thing was too thick altogether—inexplicable—damnable—heartbreaking. Yes! heartbreaking—because if he'd waited a day he needn't have sent that cheque after all.

He called for a drink and threw himself into a long chair where he smoked volcanically.

Now what was it? Some one had put his name down for Rs. 1,000 and had actually sent the money—Why?

The more he thought of this the more chaotic became his reasoning. If the money had *not* been sent he could have understood the joke—up to a point. But to put his name down and send the money! What subtle form of jest was this?

If he had repudiated the first subscription no one would have believed him, because the money, in notes, had been sent. If he had not sent his cheque his name would still be down for the first Rs. 1,000. But he *had* sent the infernal cheque and now his name was down for Rs. 2,000, which placed him in a false position for all time, because he would be expected to subscribe heavily every year now, and he wasn't sure that he would have the courage to refuse.

The prospect of this filled him with gloom and he called for another drink as he settled down to the problem.

The second peg steadied him, and in a calmer atmosphere his brain began to work connectedly. He dropped his feet to the ground and looked out over the tops. Then, suddenly, he sat very still and rather an oily grin spread over his face.

Some one had played a joke on him, had he? Some one had forced Rs. 1,000 out of him. Very clever! Oh *very* clever. Subtle? Yes. Oh, very subtle!

He nodded sweetly to the stars and his grin spread and enveloped him—gathered way—developed into a chuckle—spread—gathered more way—and set him back in his chair roaring with a laughter which made his servants below think regretfully of the whisky decanter with its thrice damned patent lock.

Quietened by the consciousness of apparent inanity, he pulled himself together and stood up. Then he strolled across to his writing table and, on his emblazoned note paper (a whole coat of arms), he wrote to the Hunt Secretary.

"My dear Jarvis,

How stupid of me! The cheque was a mistake. I clean forgot about those notes. Sorry to disappoint you but I feel sure you will understand. Will you return the cheque.

Yours,

J. Marks."

"And that," said Joseph with a contented sigh, "is that."

"Touché by gad!" said Morgan, when he heard about it. And then, enigmatic as ever, "En garde mon ami."

II.

In this world charity begins at home—and very often ends there.

And if you live in Sivarapore it is temporarily your home. At any rate that is what is indicated by the number of subscription lists that beset the perspiring resident. There are the usual nursing homes and orphan asylums, the Church Restoration Fund, the convents and the "down and outs;" to say nothing of the good-looking young ladies who smell of violet powder and invade the offices with smiles and perfume and tickets for concerts.

Needless to say, the latter had long since given up Joseph in despair, but, hope springing eternal in the human breast, subscription books continued to find their way on to his table, and hungry, were not fed.

A personal letter from the Bishop, thanking him for a donation of Rs. 200 to the Church Restoration Fund, was the first intimation which Joseph had that the unknown was still operating.

This happened about a fortnight after the Hunt subscription episode; just when the neat way he had scored in that matter had been mellowed by time into a sweet and tender memory.

He very slowly folded the Bishop's letter and stared blankly at the wall opposite.

So it was not just a bit of skylarking among a few of the hunting crowd, but something deeper.

His office was very silent at the moment, and he felt that if he was interrupted, while he straightened things out, he'd probably commit murder.

He began to polish his glasses and noticed that his hands were not steady.

He turned his swivel chair round to the light and then, as he heard some one coming, made a dash for his dressing-room where he locked himself in to think.

Here he was, a sane business man, not given to chucking his money about; and some unknown madman, who apparently had more money than wits, was broadcasting his name as a public benefactor.

"Wits!"

He rather stuck at the word. This thing could not be just a passing jest. There must be some definite intention behind it; and, as Joseph pondered the idea, a fierce wave of resentment flushed his soul—the first rose-hued touches of his dawn.



For resentment is the mother of self-respect, and Joseph suddenly became dimly conscious that there must be a trait in his character which men had noticed and deplored.

Serene in prosperity and the spurious social acceptance which riches give, it had not occurred to him that things had been noted against him. Few of us are conscious of our faults, unless we possess a friend, and Joseph was naturally a lonely man.



A Street in Triplicane.

Had he known who did the thing, the force behind it would have been dissipated. But the mystery possessed a power that frightened him; and the thought of facing his fellow-men, not knowing who had judged him, stirred in Joseph's heart a new-found demand for introspection.

Was there, after all, something that he lacked which some one wished to give him? If it were a joke it was humiliating enough. If it were more than a joke then he was eating the dust of debasement. For he had been found out, judged and condemned, and he stood in the dock before some relentless and mysterious power—like God—who touched him not, spoke not at all, but implied that he, Joseph, was but dust upon the earth.

Joseph was no fool.

But he was half a Jew, and you cannot change the habits of a lifetime after five minutes' psycho-analysis in a dressing-room. He went back to his office, a humbler man, it is true, and he did take up his pen and get so far as to start a letter: "My dear Bishop"—but there he stopped.

After all why not? Let the silly ass, whoever he was, pay. He'd tire of the game first. It was an expensive one and it cost Joseph nothing.

He grinned as he thought of that and went on with his work, confidence again restored.

It cost Joseph nothing?

III

The student of nature is aware that the scorpion carries his tail well over his back and that only in that position can he sting.

But a psychologist cannot tell us whether the physical attitude is due to irritation or a happy exuberance of spirits.

There was no doubt that in the months that followed, Joseph, whose name headed each successive subscription list, had his tail well up; and Morgan, now well into his stride would have given much more to know whether it was rage or a new-found popularity that stimulated his patient.

For Joseph was becoming a personage; and the charitable committees on which he served benefited from the employment of his extremely able brain.

But you cannot live happily in a false position, and behind the pleasure of new-found interests lurked with Joseph a constant fear.

Yet he was developing rapidly. The discovery of pleasure in doing something for his fellow-men exhilarated him; and hidden traits of character, never suspected, came to the surface, like lilies, and spread out and bloomed upon the waters of his life.

Morgan watched this metamorphosis amazed. It was not only the change in the man that astonished him, but the complete sang-froid with which he carried off the business.

He had pluck. Undoubtedly he had pluck; for he must know that at any moment some unseen hand could break him. Yet, with the stoical indifference of a sound poker player, he flinched not at all but went forward from strength to strength, fighting his blind duel, apparently confident and undismayed.

Here was a man undoubtedly worthy of his bow and spear, and Morgan felt that he could no more call a halt than give the show away.

Yet the business was getting expensive, and there *were* moments when Morgan questioned if the game were worth the candle.

But it was the pluck of the man! a weaker character would have backed out long ago; and here was Marks passing from strength to strength, scintillating, blossoming, unfolding fresh petals daily.

"The brute's got me," grumbled Morgan into his shaving glass as he lathered furiously. "I can't show him up, he's such a little sport; and he's winning hands down!"

But Joseph, when his apparent benefactions totalled a sum of Rs. 5,000, began to flag.

To call a halt obsessed him, waking and sleeping. It was not only that he instinctively rebelled against extravagance, but that the nightmare of uncertainty, the mystery of this battle, found self-respect which was daily growing dearer to him.

It had been a test of endurance and he had been determined to wear his opponent down. But the thing went on, and the trouble was that whilst, at the start, it had seemed to him to be an easy matter at any moment to lower his sword, now, as his reputation grew, he knew that to do so by repudiating some donation would lead to questions which would be difficult to answer.

And there was another reason. He wanted to go on. For all these new things in which he was interested gave him fresh zest in life. He was being re-born as he found generous instincts developing mind and heart.



As the months passed he realized all this—that it was something more than pride that was at stake—that it was his happiness—and, riding one morning before breakfast, the first of two intuitions came to him and sent him cantering homewards.

Of course! Too easy! All he had to do was to go one better than the other fellow, outbid him. Genuinely subscribe magnificently to something—startle him into inactivity.

And if this meant he lost the fight—what did it matter? What did anything matter provided he could have peace—with honour?

It meant so much to him that he never hesitated—which is the way to treat some intuitions, only you never know which.

Some days later he came across Morgan at the Club, and, calling for drinks, he sat down and produced the gold cigarette case.

"I've just had a chat with H. E.," he said.

"Oh," said Morgan, taking one. "H. E. regards himself as the best beggar in India. What has he touched you for, this time?"

"Five thousand rupees," grinned Joseph, and then, as he looked across at Morgan, his second intuition came to him. Perhaps it was easy for a quick brain like Joseph's—who knows?—but no doubt Morgan helped the issue.

For why should Morgan's hands have paused on the way to lighting his cigarette? Why should the match burn his fingers, and why was Morgan looking across at him with blank amazement on his face?

It was over so quickly that no one watching them would have suspected the end had come; and yet, in that brief moment, Morgan, born fencer, stood disarmed before that quick and eager brain.

Joseph stood up—inscrutable.

"Will you dine with me to-morrow?" he asked with his most friendly smile.

"Thanks, short coat?"

"Oh yes—hot-weather kit—there will be nobody else."

IV.

Joseph looked into his dining-room and saw that it was good. There was fizz on ice and the table was just right. Chairs were out on the porch-verandah upstairs, where the lights were dim. The scene was laid.

He wandered about, nervously touching this and that, and, just for a brief moment, when he heard a car coming up the drive, he gripped the back of a chair and wished to heaven that this thing were over.

Then he went out to his guest and, over short drinks in the hall, they talked easily of anything.

Dinner went quickly but he could not eat. He drank perhaps rather more than was good for him and toyed with his food.

Morgan, suspecting much, but understanding little, felt that a crisis was approaching and fortified himself accordingly.

What was the little man getting at? He watched him carefully, expecting anything. With fellows like this you never knew. He felt pretty sure Marks had guessed; and the problem was—what was he going to do? The dinner was excellent. It was the overture to what?

If there was going to be violence, Morgan was quite capable of defending himself. If it was to be a battle of words, he'd be damned before he'd apologize. But what was going to happen?

He munched at his salted almonds and sipped his brandy as a silence grew and brooded between them—a lull before the storm?

Joseph helped himself to a cigarette and pushed the silver box across the table.

"We will smoke upstairs," he said as he fumbled with a match.

"Right," said Morgan selecting a cheroot. And they rose and climbed the stairs in silence, like self-conscious schoolboys at a party.

There is a lot to be said for the conventions, and anyone watching would but have seen two men stretch out comfortably, at ease, in long chairs. But, within, suspense reigned, bred



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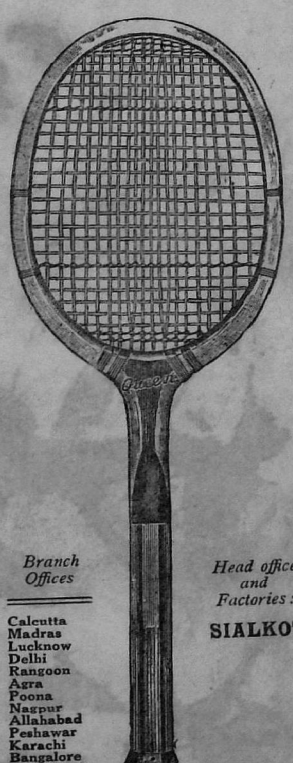

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in the one by nervousness, and in the other by a watching, interested alertness.

They smoked in silence till an owl screeched in a tree close at hand—coarse laughter out of the night. Then Joseph stood up and leant over the verandah, thinking.

Presently he turned round and faced Morgan, who flicked his cheroot ash into space and settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"I've got something I want specially to say," said Joseph, clearing his throat which had grown irritatingly husky. "Do you mind?"

"Fire away," said Morgan, "I'm a good listener."

Joseph sat down again, with his hands between his knees, very tense, very still, and the stars took unwinking stock of them and a faint breeze from the sea set the branches rustling.

"It's like this," he began, "you were, I believe, at Winchester and The Shop?"

Morgan grunted an affirmative.

"Well, my father was an insignificant assistant to a pawnbroker whose daughter married him."

Morgan's cheroot ceased to glow.

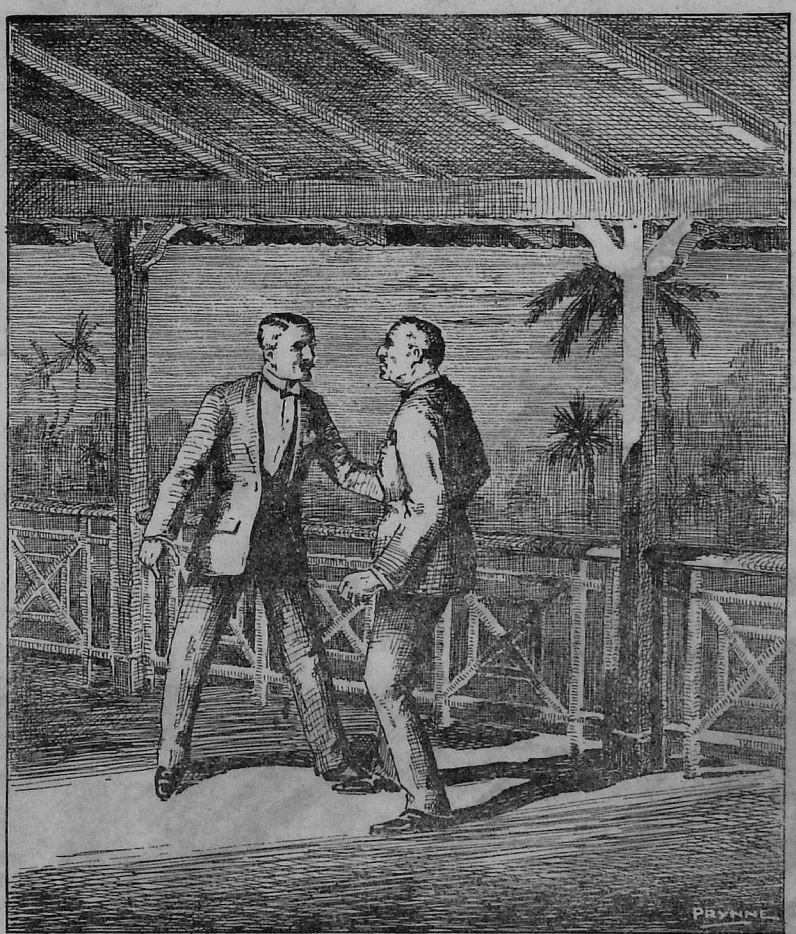
"We did not know there would be any money until it was too late for the public schools—I was sixteen. You do not know what it is to live on herrings for tea and to be sent out to buy another loaf of bread half way through a meal. You haven't come across a collegiate school. I started life like that. Then my grandfather died and my mother sent me round the world with a tutor. He wasn't much of a fellow—you see we didn't know where to look for one. And when I got back I was shot into business.

"Briefly, that sketches my career. A very forceful mother, a very incompetent but lovable father, and no knowledge of—you fellows.

"I don't think I cared particularly; except that I began by funking you all; I suppose that was my father in me. But funking you, made my mother's side assertive—self-defence I suppose—and resentment. Briefly, that sketches my attitude towards life here."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"More than a year ago," he went on, "things began to happen, strange things which hurt me fiendishly and whipped me awake. You know the result. I have taken my whipping."



THE TWO MEN STOOD PEERING AT EACH OTHER IN THE GLOOM.

Morgan threw his dead cheroot away and lay very still.

"Now," continued Joseph, "I can't let things drift any longer. I've done what I can to put a stopper on; but there's something more that I want. What has happened is still on the slate and it has to be wiped off—here and now."

Morgan looked up quickly.

"Why do you say all this to me?" he asked, quietly, "and how do you propose to wipe, whatever it is, off the slate?"

Scenting battle he was ready, and when Joseph stood up he was quickly on his feet, tense and still. Joseph went close up to Morgan with his hand in his right coat-pocket. Quick as light Morgan held it there, and the two stood peering at each other in the gloom.

Then Joseph laughed and the tension slackened.

"My dear Sir, I'm not going to do anything violent," he said, "really I'm not armed."

Morgan released him and stood back a pace.

"Sorry," he said, "but what are you getting at?"

"Just this," said Joseph: "here is a cheque for Rs. 5,000 and, if you are the man I think you are, you will take it and cash it. You know why I ask you to do so. It is the greatest favour you could do me and I can never thank you enough."

Morgan swung away from him and leant with his back against the verandah railing, contemplating his feet.

The other cheek, by God!—and he had looked for violence!

The quick change in the situation found him speechless. It was so utterly unexpected—so entirely different to plan. One of those damned unconventional, and therefore disconcerting, happenings for which no single part of his training had provided.

Had he been struck, he would have known what to do. Had he been cursed, he could have cursed heartily back. Had Joseph roared with laughter, he could have met him on his own ground.

Instead of which he was launched into a melodramatic anti-climax, dominated by this little scrap of a fellow who stood there so intensely still—a mere shadow in the darkness.

What to do?

To take that cheque was surely impossible. To walk out of the house would be too contemptibly weak.

He turned and looked at the night, vividly conscious of the quiet figure behind him, and, as he looked up at the stars, the trees, till then stirred softly by a faint breeze, ceased whispering and were still.

With the cessation of movement it seemed to Morgan that the world had stopped breathing, that the very stars hung waiting. And, in that brief silence, the chaotic whirlpool of his thoughts flowed softly into some quiet backwater of his soul, eddied for a while, settling gently till at rest.

Clearly, then, there came to him vision of his course.

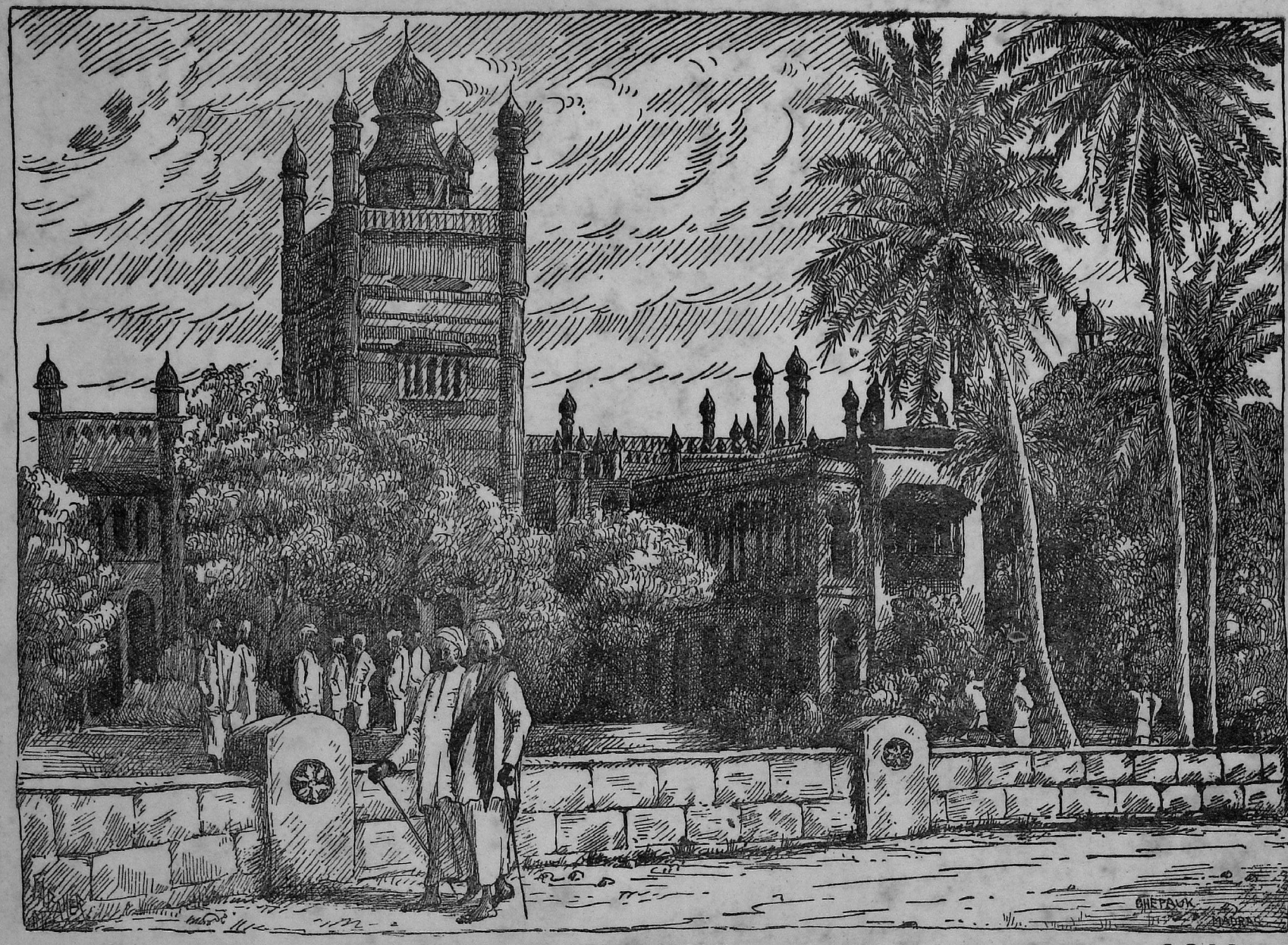
He must meet this little man on his own ground and do the decent thing.

And with this decision came back movement to the world. For the night, momentarily breathless, stirred again as the shy breeze, with fresh force, came laughing out of the shadows and chuckled through the trees.

He went up to Joseph and gripped him by the shoulder.

"I'll cash it," he said as he took the cheque, "and I apologize."

And the rest is written in the sealed book of the gods. For men like not the emotions, and Joseph was more than half a Jew.



CHEPAUK, MADRAS. *By D. R. Fyson.*

The Hill Forts of Mysore.

Written and Illustrated by A. R. SLATER.

SCATTERED over the Mysore State are a considerable number of hill forts, among which are some of the most interesting in South India. Most of them are associated, directly or indirectly, with Hyder Ali or Tipu Sultan, and they were the scene of severe struggles, in some cases with the Palegars, and in others with the British. The names of Savandrug, Chitaldrug, Munjerabad, Devarayadrug, Nundidrug, Mulbugal, are connected with important events in the history of Mysore, and are well worth a visit, not only on account of this historic interest, but also for the fine scenery in the vicinity of these fortified hills. Some of the forts have been completely dismantled, and only the bare walls can be traced, with here and there a massive gateway which serves to give some idea of the original strength of the fortifications. In others, such as Nundidrug, and Chitaldrug, the walls are still intact, and there is no difficulty in following the methods of defence adopted in the various sieges to which they were subjected. Though, from a modern point of view, few of these forts would be capable of standing a siege of many days, there can be no doubt that, with the limited means at their disposal, the armies of those days found the capture of these hill forts a real problem. Some of the lesser known forts have been neglected, and the ascent can now be made only with great difficulty. Others are carefully kept, and in the case of Nundidrug, the Government have made it into a sanatorium which is becoming increasingly popular in South India.



WATER SUPPLY IN NUNDIDRUG FORT.

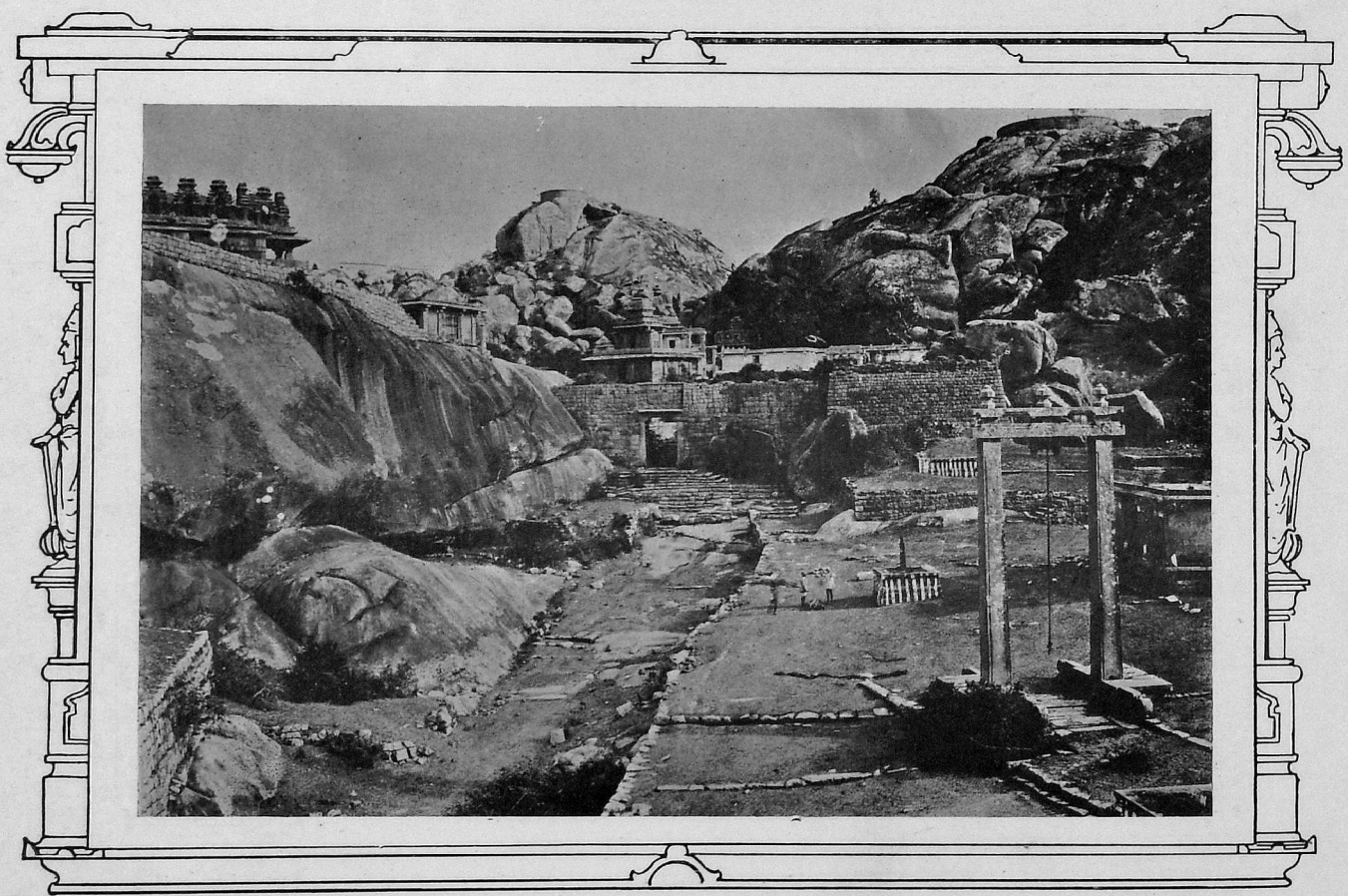
In the north of the State the fort of Chitaldrug holds the premier position, and the history of the various sieges by Hyder against the Palegars holding it is one full of deeds of valour. When Timmanna was the ruling Palegar of Chitaldrug he got into conflict with the Raja of Vijayanagar, and with the object of stealing away the king's favourite charger he stole into the king's camp. But the approach of the stranger caused the horse to pull up its picket and waken the groom. The Palegar quickly concealed himself among the litter, and the groom in replacing the picket drove it through the hand of the Palegar, who bore the pain without flinching. When the groom had fallen asleep, the Palegar, finding it impossible to remove the picket without noise, drew out his knife and severed his own hand at the wrist. He quickly mounted his horse and returned to his stronghold. Chitaldrug was greatly desired by Hyder, and though the siege was not conducted with any great skill he succeeded, through the treachery of some Muhammadan officers in the employ of the Palegar, in capturing the fort in 1779. The Beders showed unexampled bravery, every day after performing their devotions at the shrine of the goddess of the fort, sallying forth into the camp of Hyder, always returning with a number of heads to offer at the shrine of Kali. It was in this fort that Tipu confined many of the British prisoners taken when he recaptured Bednur. In the account written by one Francis Robson, captain in the Honourable East India Company's forces, we have a fine description of the experiences through which they passed until they were released as the result of a treaty made with Tipu. There is nothing finer in the history of the fort than the wonderful loyalty of the Indian soldiers who were taken captive along with their British officers. "Our sepoys had been frequently asked to enter the enemy's service, and

threatened to be hanged in case they refused to do so, being told at the same time that all the Europeans had taken service, but our sepoys disregarded their threats, and told them, with a firm resolution, that not a man of them would enter their service, that they would sooner die working as coolies, and that they knew that none of the European officers had taken, or would take, service."

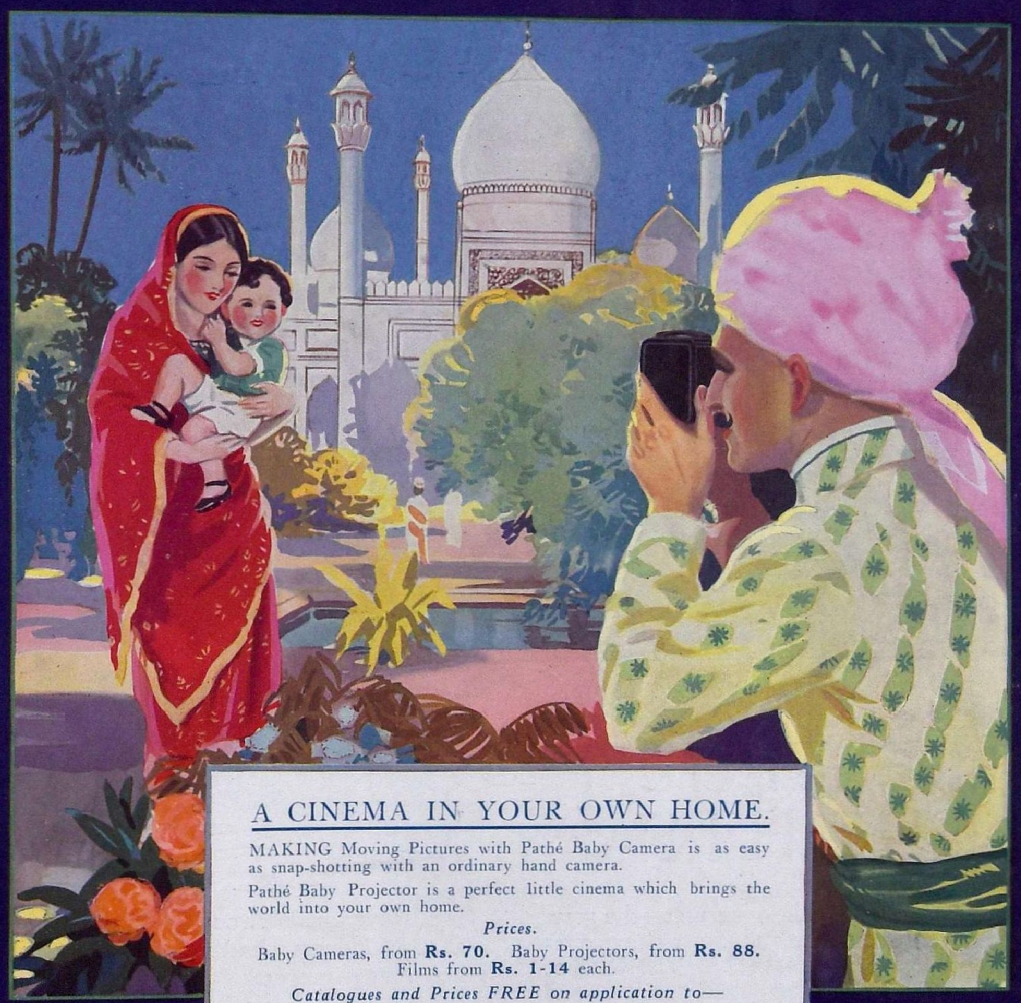
The fort consists of extensive fortifications along the hill range, with here and there batteries and strong bastions which must have defied the enemy for a long time. The gates are strong, and presented the invader with a really difficult problem. On every hand is to be seen the work of master engineers. Passing through the gateways we soon reach the central part of the fort in which are to be seen several temples, a fine stone swing and a stone pillar of considerable height which was used as a lamp pillar. One can ramble many hours over these extensive ruins, and if one allows the imagination full play it will not be difficult to picture stirring events associated with Chitaldrug.

Turning now to a less important hill fort, the Devarayadrug, in the Tumkur District, we find here but little of the strong and extensive fortifications which proved a bar to many an invading force. This old fort is situated in a semi-circle of hills about nine miles from the town of Tumkur, and to-day it is frequently visited, as it has been transformed into a small sanatorium. Here is a Travellers' Bungalow, and a small bungalow used by the members of the Wesleyan Mission in the hot weather. It is still possible to trace some of the ancient walls, and one of the gateways is in a fair state of perservation. Though to-day it presents no problem to the soldier, history records the failure of a British force to effect an entrance. In 1791 Captain Little made an attempt to capture Devarayadrug, but it does not appear to have been a very serious effort. They were, however, surprised to find that the fort has thirteen gates, and though they had little difficulty in passing through six of the gates, they found their way blocked at the seventh. Here the defenders had lined the wall, and as the army under Captain Little made the attack, they poured a sharp volley of shot, with serious results, though not so disastrous as would have been the case if they had waited until the invaders were under the wall, before firing. Seeing it was almost impossible to effect a breach, as the attacking party had no ladders, the force retired. A six-pounder gun was dragged to the top of the rocky hill known as "Spion Kop" but its range was too short, and the ill-starred expedition was abandoned. From the top of the Temple Hill one gets a wonderful view of the surrounding country, much of which is wild jungle, a favourite shikar area.

The fort of Nundidrug is perhaps the best known on account of its nearness to Bangalore and the fact that, in recent years, much money has been spent on making it a suitable place of resort in the hot season. There are several bungalows on the hill, all well furnished by the Government, and available for residence to the public at a moderate rent. A good road runs from Bangalore, but the ascent of the hill is somewhat difficult, chairs being necessary for all but good walkers. But it is well worth all the trouble involved. Here is a fort which enables one to see very clearly the type of defence adopted by Tipu, as well as his predecessors, against troublesome neighbours. For the most part the walls are intact, though here and there can be seen the effect of the attacking party's artillery. The fort itself is built on a huge block of gneiss, three such blocks, as it were, being united together. On two sides it is almost inaccessible, and it is protected by a double line of ramparts. The fort on the drug encircles a small plateau of about two acres. It is well worth while making a tour of the outer fortifications, one of the most interesting features to be seen near them being the famous



A VIEW OF CHITALDRUG FORT, SHOWING THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL.



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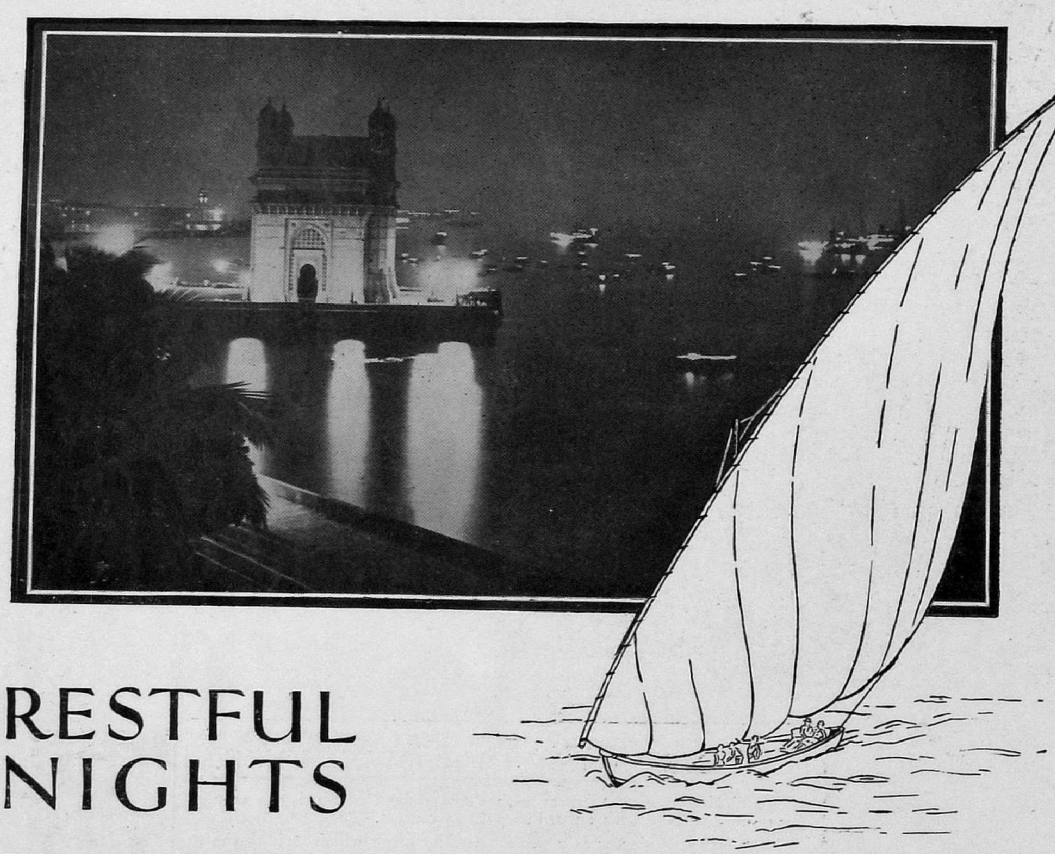

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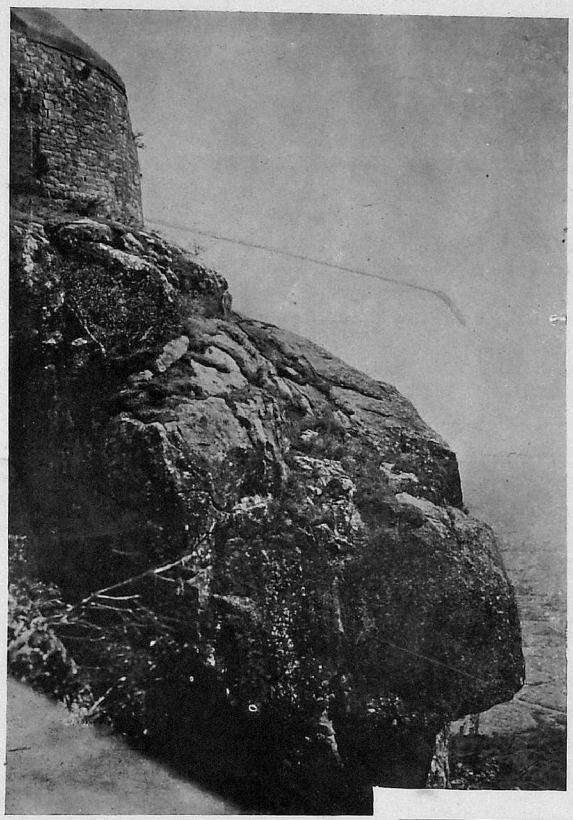
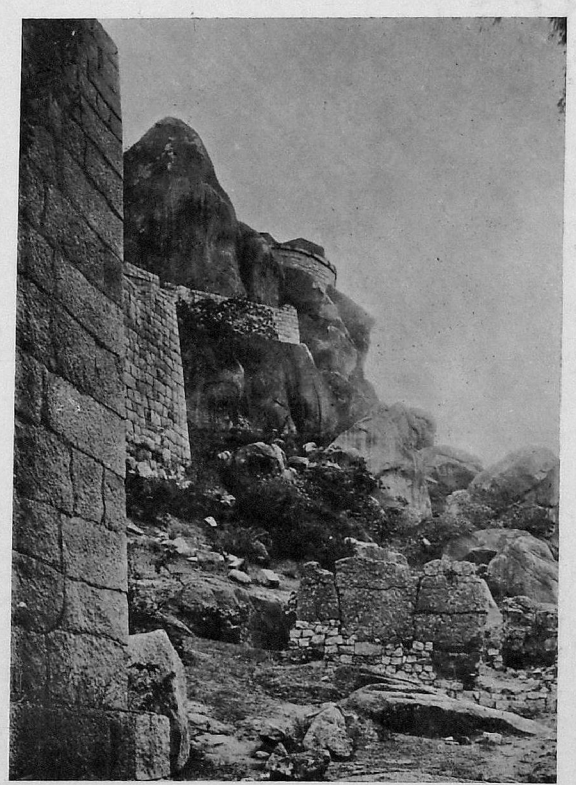


"TIPU'S DROP" ON NUNDIDRUG.

"Tipu's Drop." It is true that many places are reputed to have similar overhanging rocks from which Tipu threw his prisoners, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, but it is probable that this particular rock in Nundidrug can be more definitely identified than most others, from the accounts that have been written of prisoners in the fort. Whether or no it was from this rock that Tipu cast his prisoners, no one who sees it can fail to see how attractive it must have been to a soldier of the type of Tipu, who seemed to have exercised all his wits to devise cruel means of treating his prisoners. It is not difficult to trace the movements of the British forces that attacked and captured the fort in 1791. Nundidrug was manned by the forces of Tipu under Sulf Ali Beg, one of his finest officers. Major Gowdie's Brigade marched to the foot of the hill, and he was joined by the 10th Madras and the 13th Bengal Native Infantry, in all six battalions of sepoys, six battery guns and four mortars. The only accessible parts of the fort were defended by two strong walls and an outwork that covered the gateway. Breaching guns were brought up by elephants, and after a fortnight's incessant labour two breaches were made. On the 17th of October the army sent by Lord Cornwallis encamped within four miles of the rock, and on the morning of the 19th, in bright moonlight the attack was launched. In spite of strong opposition the trenches were carried and the fort was entered, over 600 of the garrison being killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. When Lord Cornwallis saw the work of the troops he issued a general order complimenting the troops on their extraordinary exertions in overcoming the obstacles met with, both of nature and of art, and the firmness and exertions manifested in all ranks in carrying on the operations of the siege. Those who stand to-day on the heights of Nundidrug and note the way the attackers came will not wonder that the General was greatly impressed.

The summit of Nundidrug is 4,851 feet above the level of the sea, and nearly 2,000 feet above the plains below. The temperature is much cooler, especially at night, the average being ten degrees less than below. The bungalows on the hill, first used by European officials, were erected in the middle of last century, and are now being greatly used in the hot months of the year.



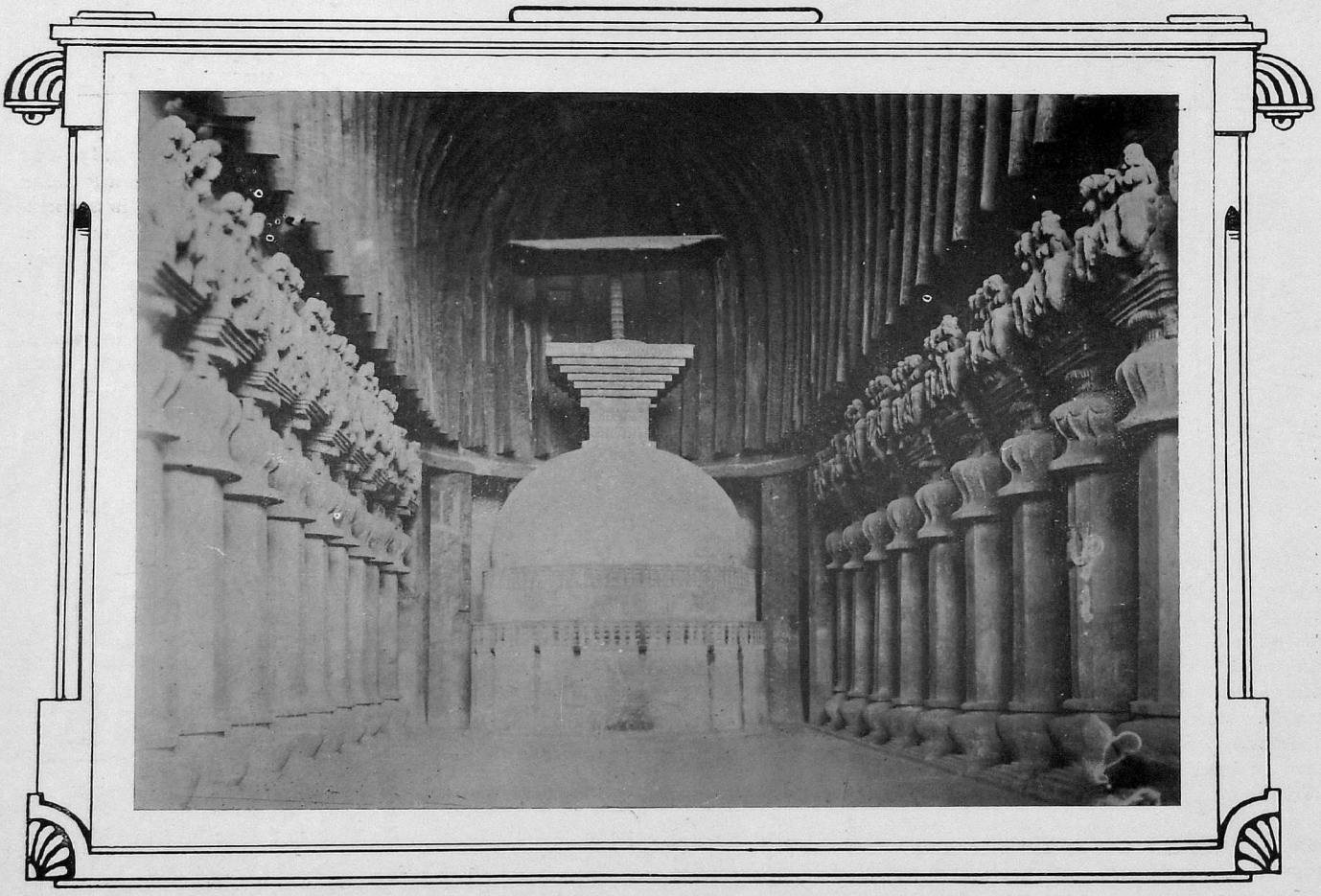
CHITALDRUG FORT SHOWING THE FORTIFICATIONS.

The Umbrella in India.

THE EMBLEM OF DIGNITY AND FAITH.

Written and Illustrated by E. M. ROBB.

WHEREAS, in the West, the umbrella has little but a utilitarian significance, in the East it has always held a highly honourable position. It is quite true that nowadays the umbrella is almost universal as a protection against rain; yet one is often coming across little practices that show that the old ideas connected with its use by royalty are not completely forgotten. Its position, as a religious symbol, has not yet been usurped and in all the ancient ceremonies connected with the Indian Royal Houses, we find prominence still given to this emblem of majesty. But there was a time when it was as much as a man's life was worth to venture abroad sporting an umbrella, unless he had received a specific permission to do so. It was essentially the monopoly of the rulers of India, and very tenaciously did they keep hold on this right and privilege. The great Mahratta princes were always known as the "Lords of the Umbrella," a title of which they were inordinately proud, for it signified high lineage and dignity. When the King of Burmah was addressing the Governor-General of India in 1855 he called himself "the monarch who reigns over the greatest umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries," than which there could be no greater claim to authority, at least in his mind. One of the old chroniclers tells us that "whenever the Sultan of Delhi mounts his horse, they carry an umbrella above his head. But when he starts on the march to war, or on a long journey, you see carried over his head seven umbrellas, two of which are covered with jewels of inestimable value." Doubtless the umbrellas were believed to give not only dignity and the impression of power, but also to afford some sign of good luck in the campaign on which the ruler had entered. When Lord Valentia visited India in the beginning of the nineteenth century he visited the ruling prince of Tanjore in South India, and he tells us that the chief mark of his dignity was a white umbrella which "in this country gives a particular title of honour." The prince was greatly chagrined when he heard that the Madras Government had sent only two silver sticks when he had hoped for an umbrella.

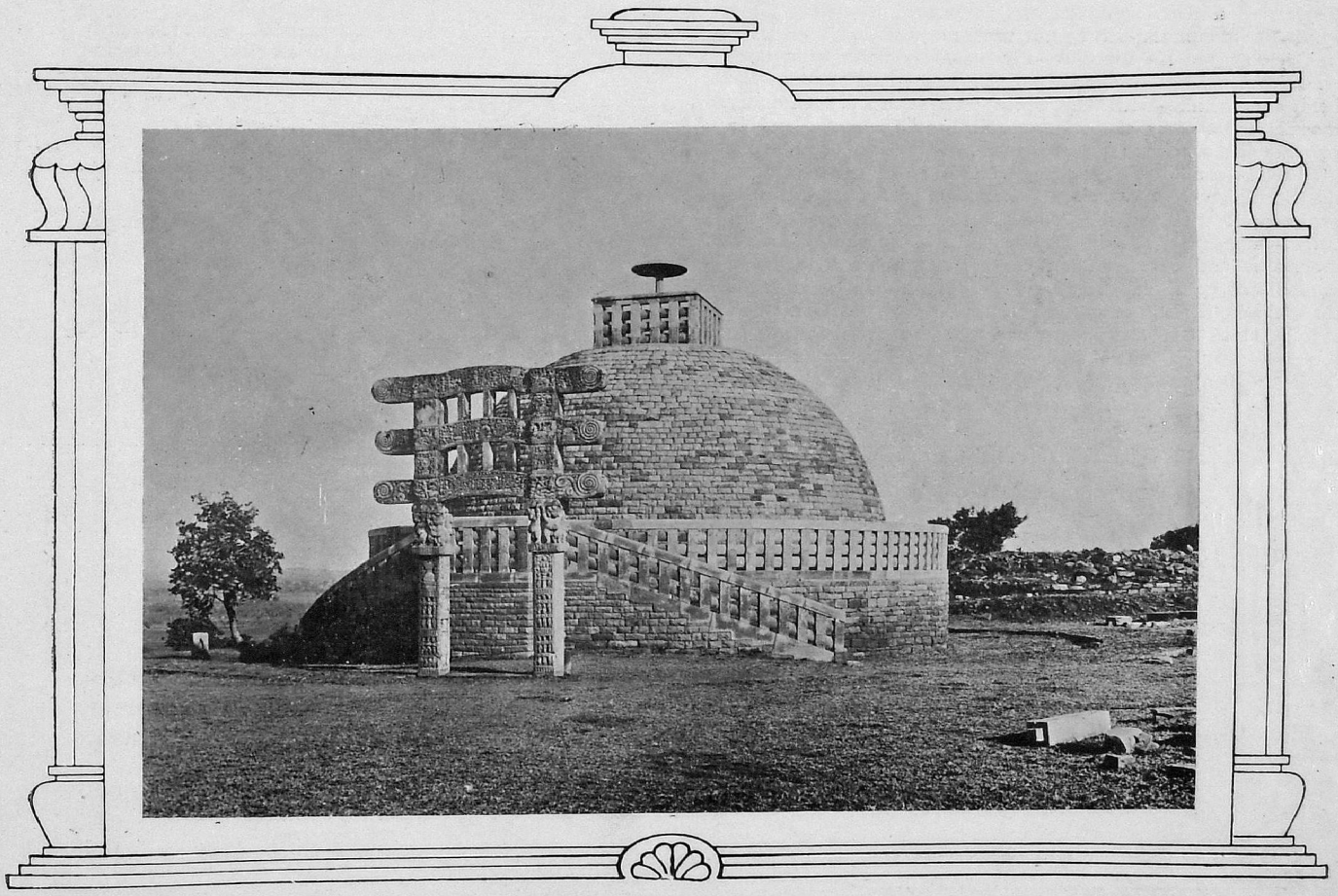


THE WOODEN UMBRELLA IN KARLA CAVE, 2000 YEARS OLD.

His followers had coloured umbrellas. No greater gift was in the hand of the ruling prince than that of an umbrella, and when it was desired to show a special mark of favour this article was selected. There are many references in the history of the East to presents given by one ruler to another. When the great Mughal fighter, Ala-ud-din, after capturing the fort of Deogiri, took Rama Rao prisoner, he sent him to his capital, Delhi, and as a signal mark of favour he gave him the title of "Rai Rayan" with permission to use the white umbrella.

We have many descriptions of the picturesque processions of the Indian rajahs and the prominent place held by the royal umbrella in them. Large sums of money were, and are still, spent on making these umbrellas valuable, and many rulers would never dream of leaving their palace unless accompanied by one or more of these costly articles, used merely as emblems of dignity and power. Says old Ibn Batuta, the historian: "They hoist upon their elephants as many *chatras* or umbrellas of silk, mounted with precious stones and with handles of pure gold." Whenever the ruler holds a

Durbar, he sits under the umbrella, and, as a rule, when he rides out on his elephant or his horse, it is considered necessary to so arrange an umbrella that his head is covered. But the idea of dignity being conferred by the use of the umbrella was not confined to Indian princes, for, in the old records of the European occupation of India, the accounts of the traders of the various European nations that opened up trade show that these dignitaries affected the use of this article. Some interesting descriptions can be found in the books dealing with this period. The Portuguese in Goa used the umbrella, and wherever the rich went they had a large number of lackeys in gay and fanciful liveries, some of them holding large umbrellas over them. Those of moderate means followed suit. In order to maintain the air of grandeur, some who lived together had a few suits of silk clothes in common. When they went out they hired the services of a man to hold an umbrella over them as they strutted through the streets. We are told that the Portuguese captains of the ships that came into port had a great idea of themselves, and they liked to make a show. "Not satisfied with one umbrella carried over his head a man of high rank required two or three, ornamented with hanging fringes and silver buttons; the bearers were coffres or negroes clothed in red coats and they were accompanied by other coffres who bore long swords and acted as bravoes for their masters." We find that in the time of the East India Company, the authorities found it necessary to formulate a number of rules relating to the use of the umbrella. Among the regulations laid down for the guidance of the Company's servants we find the following: "That except by the Members of Council, those that have formerly been in that quality, Chiefs of Factories, Commanders of the ships out of England, and the chaplains, roundels (umbrellas) held by an attendant shall not be worne by any man in the town without the Governor's permission; and by no women below the degree of Factors' wives and Ensigns' wives except by such as the Governors shall permit. This last clause to be put up at the Fort Gate for Publike View." Even the bishops are reported to have laid great stress on the importance of maintaining their dignity by the use of the umbrella. It is said of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta that, whenever he approached a town of importance, a red umbrella was held above the palanquin by a peon in gorgeous uniform. He believed that this was the surest way of impressing the people with the dignity of his office. It was a symbol they understood, and he made use of it. The women of Calcutta who thought anything of themselves were very jealous about the use of the umbrella, and one writer tells us that the umbrella, suspended over the lady's head gave her the true Eastern grandeur of appearance. It may be mentioned that in the treasured bronze tablet given to the Jews who settled in Cranganore on the West Coast of India, by Perumal, about the fifth century, among the privileges granted to "the worthy Joseph Rabbaic" was that of being allowed to carry a large umbrella and to walk on a white carpet which might be spread before him. There is very clear evidence that all the European nationalities that held power in India recognized the importance of keeping up the dignity of the umbrella, and they adapted their practices to those of the people of the land. It was a symbol understood and the Governors were right in laying down regulations governing its use. Since those days the umbrella is ubiquitous, and even the poorest feels he is justified in travelling about with his cheap umbrella. This change will naturally soon destroy the old idea of dignity, and the umbrellas of the royal princes will be looked upon more as decoration than as symbols of their high office.



THE UMBRELLA ON TOP OF SANCHI TOPE.

But we find that, apart from its significance as an emblem of dignity, the umbrella has an important part in religious matters. It is believed by some that the umbrella used in the religious ceremonies is really associated with the royal idea. "The Royal Umbrella raised on the top of the stupa was not mere religious symbolism; it was in the first instance a recognition of the social rank, real or assumed, of the spiritual teacher whose ashes were deposited there," says Havel in his book dealing with Indian Architecture. Whatever truth there

may be in this contention, it is certain that the umbrella was looked upon as a religious symbol by the Buddhists, as it is to-day by other faiths. On the stupa at Sanchi, now rebuilt under the guidance of the Archaeological Department, there is a fine specimen of a stone umbrella. It is very likely that all the stupas, where the ashes of great Buddhist religious leaders were placed, had such an emblem surmounting the whole. In the west of India, there is a fine example of a Buddhist rock cave at a place called Karla. Inside the cave there is a dagaba, and on the top is a large umbrella made of wood which probably dates back some two thousand years. This is the only ancient wooden one now known, though at one time they must have been very plentiful. On the walls of the Ajanta caves are many paintings still in a fair state of preservation though dating back to some time B.C. The elephants are portrayed in procession, flags and umbrellas being borne before them. In Cave No. 19 of this group of caves can be seen a dagaba which has three stone umbrellas rising till they reach the roof of the cave, making it quite clear that to the Buddhists the umbrella was a sacred article. When we turn to the Buddhist customs in Ceylon we find the umbrella had an important place. "The symbolic honour implied by the umbrella used to be very real in Ceylon when the Buddhist priests shared with the monarch alone the privilege of having an unfolded Talipot palm-leaf held over them, with the broad end forward. Ordinary mortals must carry the narrow stalk end foremost, and in presence of a superior must even turn aside so as to expose their head to the sun," The King of Cambodia sent as a present to the Buddhist College of Maligakanda in 1884 an umbrella ornamented with precious stones. In the Temple of the Sacred Tooth in Kandy we see quite a number of silver umbrellas, and over the box containing the sacred relic an umbrella of gold and silver has been placed. In other faiths the umbrella is also used as an emblem, and we sometimes find a huge stone one outside a temple. This article, now so common and undignified, has a history that is worth tracing, for it has been associated, not only with the highest dignitaries of the land, but with most faiths of the people.

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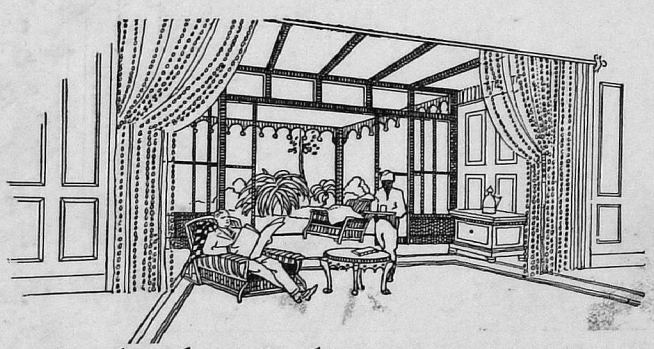

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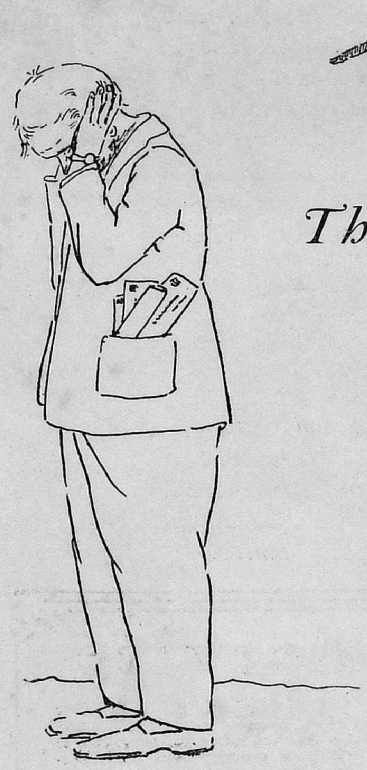
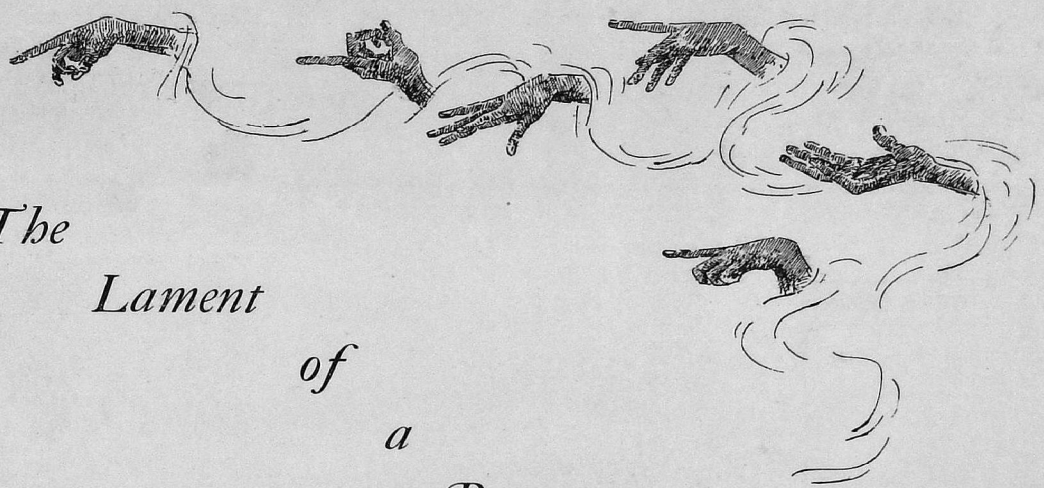




The Lament of a Bureaucrat.

By A. D. N.

I wonder what the Lord was at
When he made me a Bureaucrat.
I often sit and groan and groan
To think I have a heart of stone.

My hide's too thick for me to feel,
And, underneath, my frame's of steel,
And yet it pierces me with pain
To know I'm what they call a "drain"
(Though not, I am relieved, a sewer)
And grind the faces of the poor,
And only do not grind the rich
Because, through me, there aint no sich.

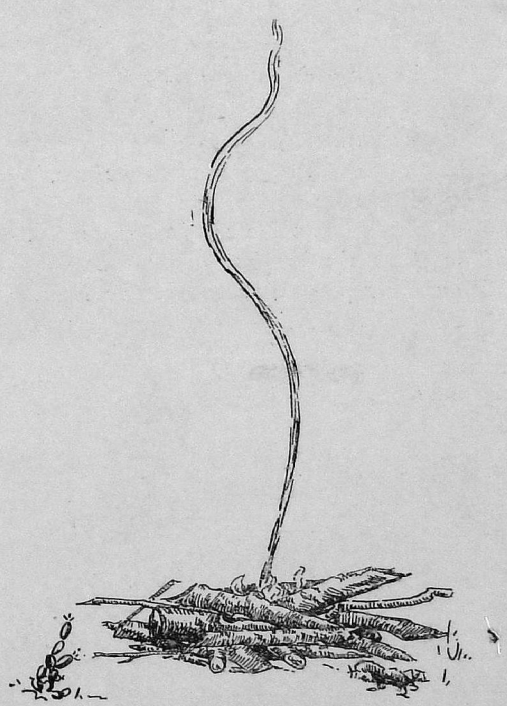
It's very hard that I should be
The chap to stifle Liberty,
Not once a month or once a week
But every day make Freedom shriek



"I often sit and groan and groan."

On seeing mount the funeral pyre
Some Pandit Kosciusko Ayyar,
Who every moment he draws breath
Says "Give me Liberty or Death,"
One morning (to his great surprise)
Is taken at his word—and dies.

While every patriot I view
I needs must make a détenu.



"The funeral pyre."

Of course I know they're innocent,
And if one made a bomb he meant,
Before it blew me to the skies,
To have at least two alibis.
If I for bombs am thought too brittle,
Should he be robbed of his acquittal?
If he believes he's doing right,
Why shouldn't he use dynamite?

A bomb indeed would be less crude
Than my own way of doing good.

I know, I know, with grief I know,
If I would but arise and go,



"If I would but arise and go."

The Mussalman would spare the cow
Yet get his joint of beef somehow,
The Hindu on procession bent
Would play a noiseless instrument,
The Brahmin in that joyful dawn
Would clasp, pollutionless, the Non,



"Telling him he must be good."

And Andhra-Dravs, the Adi-such,
Be oh so pleasant to the touch,
The alien army disappear
Supplanted by one Volunteer
Who would turn back the fierce Mahsud
By telling him he must be good,
Famine would vanish and disease,
Bengal have virgins and rupees,
And a new heaven come to Ind
With my "Peccavi"—who'd have Sind?

I know all this and yet I stay
Because I can't give up my pay;
In pity see my bosom rent
Betwixt the Right and Increment.
I often wish that I were dead
Or that I were Lord Birkenhead,
For my prestige would be a myth,
If I retired as merely Smith.

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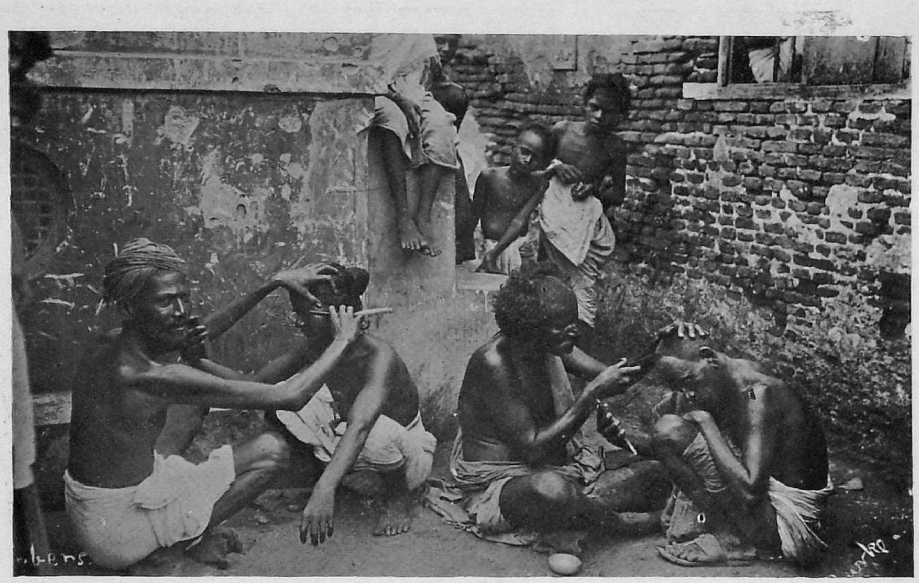

The Village Barber's Shop.

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PHOTO BY WILLIE BURKE.



A SCHOOL KOLLATTAM.

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Getting Ready for the Day's Work.

CATAMARANS AT MADRAS

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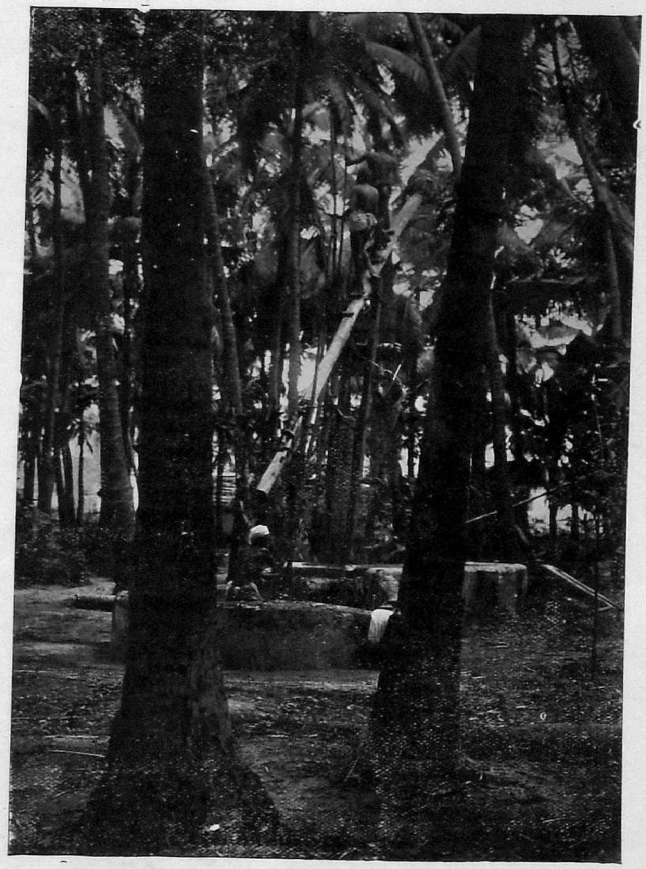

PIKKOTAH AMIDST THE PALMS.
Photo by Klein and Peyerl.



PIKKOTAH, THE WATER POURING FROM THE BUCKET.
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A KITCHEN MAID. *Photo by Klein and Peyerl.*



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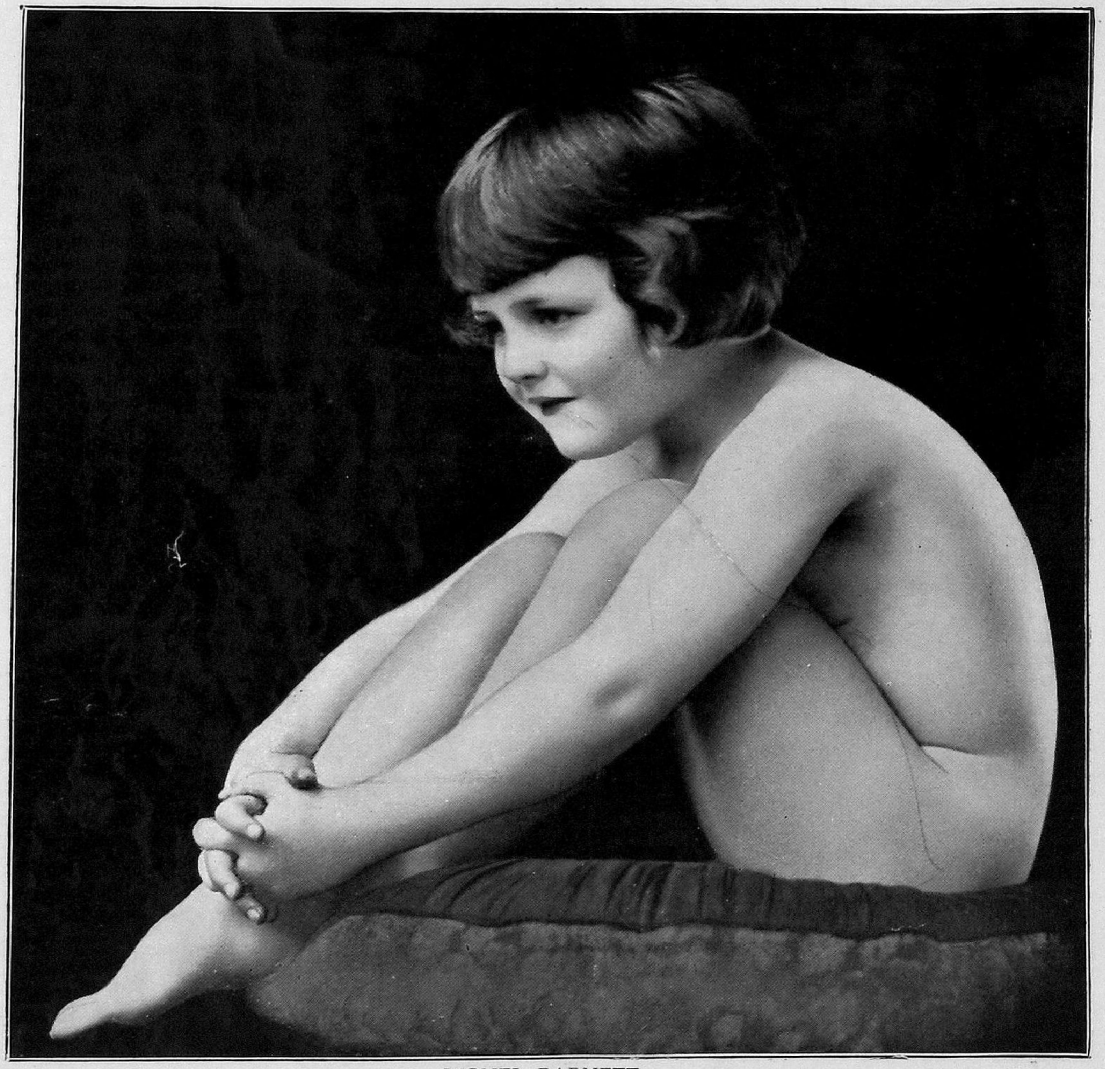

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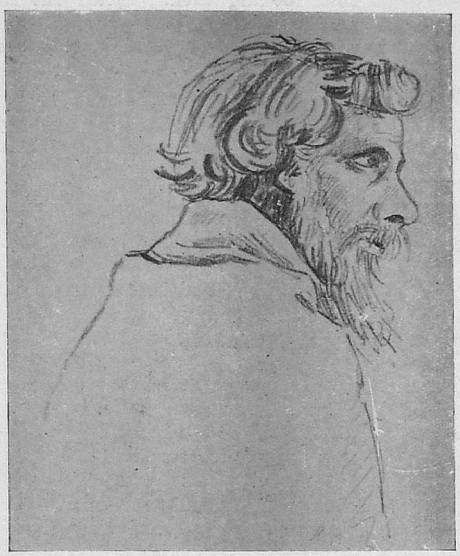


THE TODAS

By P. GROVER

Illustrated by D. R. Fyson.

VISITORS to the Nilgiris need no introduction to the Todas. They are well known as the aborigines of these hills, and their fine physique, picturesque dress, and quaint huts draw the attention of all. The three questions most frequently asked about them are: where have they come from? what is their religion? and what is their occupation or means of livelihood?

Ask them where they come from—they will tell you they came straight down from Heaven; God made first a Toda buffalo and placed it in Narsh Mund, where the Conical Toda Temple stands, above the Seegur Ghaut Road. Then God made a Toda man to look after the buffalo. (Where the woman came in, history does not say, though two erect stones on the Kodanaad side are said to represent the first man and woman.) There is an interesting suggestion regarding their origin which dates it back to the visit of the Pandavas to the Nilgiris; as we read in the Mahabharata, these brothers, with their one wife Draupadi, visited these hills during their exile from their kingdom. Polyandry, a custom among the Todas, by which the wife of one brother is considered the wife of all, may have had its origin at this time.

Their religion is Animism, Nature Worship. Different hills are said to be the abode of different spirits, and the Toda as he strides over the downs is careful to do homage to these deities. Muthanad, the hill where Narsh Mund is, is said to represent a woman, the mother of seven sons, and these sons reside in the different hills. The ceremonies connected with the Thi, or Conical Temple, are the most important. Though this Mund belongs to the lay division, (Thortharsh All) of Todas, the priests (Thevalli All) alone can officiate, and they take the gains which accrue from that and all other temples. To become priest of a Thi, a man must remain two days and nights by himself in the jungle, drinking only water or the juice of a certain tree. The assistant priest or Levite, is generally one of the priest caste, but there is one family of the lay caste from which an assistant priest may be chosen. If any male of Narsh Mund dies, at his second funeral (which is explained later), the women of that family, though of the lay caste, go into the Thi there and stay one night. Otherwise women must never go near these special temples, and there are some roads they may not use because they pass too near to these sacred precincts. The priest, called Palol or milkman, because he milks the sacred buffaloes, must not be spoken to by any women during his time of office. Even men must not speak to the priest except at a distance. He wears a black loin-cloth only, and must go from one temple to another by unfrequented paths. In going into the Thi he must not put the right foot first. He must not go to funerals. The assistant priest has to attend funerals, to prepare the buffalo for sacrifice, put a bell on its neck, etc., and smear its horns with butter.

There is a rule that the priest-caste women are not allowed to visit lay-caste Munds, and the following story is supposed to give the reason for that. In ancient times a Thevalli All woman visited Narsh Mund. The Thortharsh woman had a son. The Thevalli woman came to her hut asking for rice. The Thortharsh woman got some rice to give her. Now this woman was a sly one. Said she, "I'll stay where I am, give me some rice here. Give me for me and my son."



LORD OF THE SOIL.

Saying this, she put up her knee and made it appear like a child. So the other gave rice for two people. The woman took the food, ate some, and got up to go away. "I am going home," said she. "Since I have my son, give me money for the two of us." The Thortharsh woman fetched the money and said, "Let me give it into the child's hand." But she saw no child. Then the other said, "I lied; I was putting up my knee; I have no son." So the other woman said, "You demon! you are not to come to my Mund any more. You are not to drink any buttermilk or ghee of mine." So Thevalli All women do not come to visit Thortharsh All women any more.

The family at Narsh Mund is considered of some importance among the lay-caste Todas. A short time ago a ceremony was going on there and the women were all sent away from the Mund for several days. On enquiry, the following reason was given. This family has hitherto had another family considered to be on an equality with it, and which could be brought in to settle disputes when they arose.

As this other family had completely died out, it was necessary to appoint another to serve the purpose. This new family was now being initiated into the rites.

The special hill, Mukurty, from which the spirits of the Todas are said to rise to the regions above, is the place where the goddess buried her golden broom with which she had been accustomed to raise the dead, until she found the people making merry at the funerals in newly washed cloths, when she decided that they no longer needed her help, and so she buried her broom. The Todas do not worship their buffaloes, but they consider some of the herd sacred, and the milk from these is placed in the temple adjacent to each "Mund." or village. As the buffalo is so necessary to them in this life, they think they must have it in the next, and so one or two buffaloes are slain at each funeral; and every Toda, man or woman, has two funerals. The first, or green funeral, takes place a few days after death, when the corpse is burnt. Before burning the body, the hair is shaved off, and the nails cut, and these relics are carefully kept between two pieces of tree bark, and tied up in a cloth, to take the place of the corpse in the second, or dry funeral, which is held two to eight months later. There are special Munds for the dead.



TODA MUND.

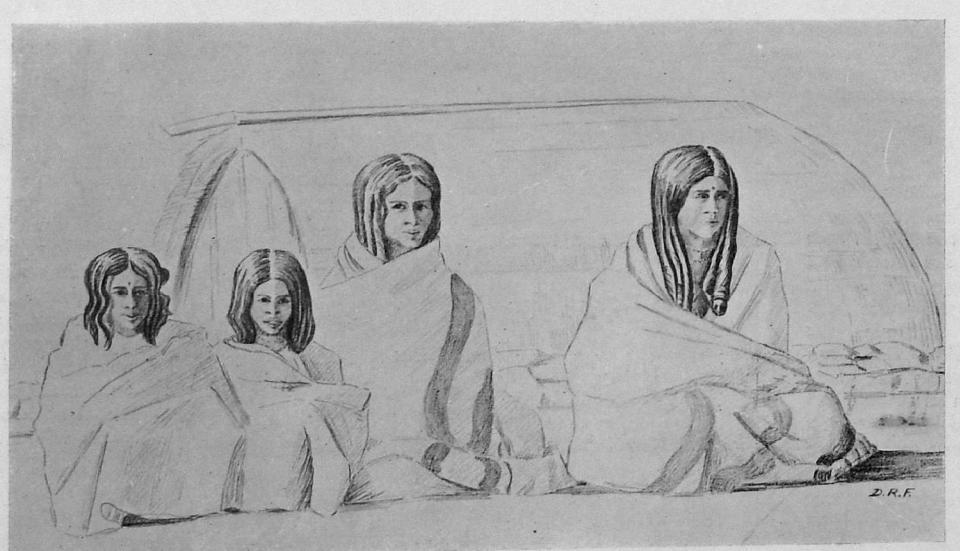
At this second funeral all the people arrive in freshly washed cloths, rice and "sami" are put in front of the newly built hut, and then the men play and dance around. The Kotas (another hill tribe, considered lower than the Todas because they eat carrion) arrive, with their musical instruments, horns and drums, and in payment for their performance, they will receive the carcases of the buffaloes. The women gather near the hut in a circle, put their heads together, and wail a mournful dirge. Then the men form up in three long lines, they walk towards the hut singing a kind of dirge, and each in turn does obeisance to the corpse, kneeling before it and making salaam. Two buffaloes have to be caught and driven in for sacrifice, and for this purpose the young men race down the hill to the herd grazing near, separate the two which have been chosen and then drive them towards the hut, almost riding on their horns; after which they are clubbed to death and another funeral dirge is sung over their carcases. Then comes the feast of rice and sugar, after which all the people disperse, except the near relatives of the dead person, who stay on all night. About 4 a.m. next day they burn the "corpse," cloth, turban (in case of a man) and the hut, and the ashes are put into a hole with a stone over them. A new earthen pot is broken on the stone and each of the men present comes forward, puts his forehead to the stone and goes off without looking back. When the sun is up, these men have their heads shaved, for since the death of the relative they have allowed hair and beard to grow long.



"HUSH-A-BYE BABY."

The Todas are a pastoral people. The grazing of their buffaloes, churning the milk, carrying the ghee for sale, form their chief occupations, and leave them with too much time on their hands. The women may often be seen in some shade near the Mund, with long needles darning their peculiar kind of embroidery upon the end of the man's cloth which hangs over his shoulder. These patterns have not been taught them by outsiders, but are traditional and represent in their eyes different natural objects such as the butterfly, the squirrel, the eye in a peacock's tail, etc. Their folk-lore contains many stories of the hills. The following tale recounts the origin of the Pykara River.

Once upon a time two milkmen went in search of honey. As they could find none they decided to go different ways, agreeing that whatever they found they would put together and divide equally. One of them found a large quantity, and thinking it would be a pity to have to divide it with the other man, hid it in a certain place and went back to the other and said he had found none. So they divided the small amount the other had, and so went home. Next day the man went back to take the honey he had hidden. He had put it in a bamboo milk-pail, and as he went to take it down the vessel broke in two, one part becoming a snake and the other a hare. The snake turned to attack the man, who then threw his cloth over the hare so that the snake might pursue the hare instead. As the snake went a trail of honey followed, and this became the Pykara River. The hare ran into the sea, the snake following. Then the hare went to the sun for protection. But the sun said, "Do not come to me, I am too hot. Go to the moon." So the hare went to the moon. And now at full moon you can see a hare in the moon. Every time the snake tries to catch the hare there is a lunar eclipse.

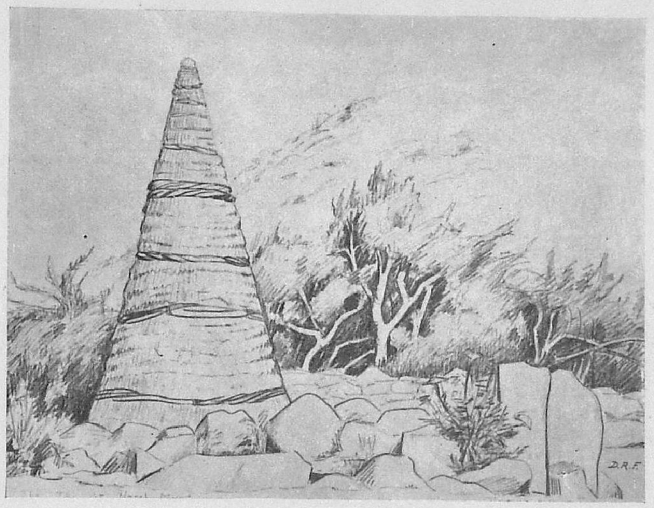


TODA WOMEN.

The Todas are the lords of the soil on these hills, and to those who meet them in a fair way they behave in the spirit of equals, and their sense of humour is keen. Those living near Ootacamund are accused of being "frightful beggars." the result probably of the many visitors in the past who have looked upon them as curiosities.

Though not shut up in zenanas for life, nor even for certain years of her life, as many an Indian woman is, the Toda woman, with all her seeming freedom, is yet looked upon as an inferior being. At one time female infanticide was practised.

The salute which a woman must give to certain male relatives, bending down while he raises his foot for her to make salaam below it, is one outward sign of her position.



THE THI AT NARSH MUND.

Marriage is performed in infancy. The parents of a boy will send a cloth to a baby girl, indicating thereby the marriage of the two children. But that marriage is rarely consummated. When, however, that girl becomes the wife of another man, he has to free her from her former marriage by the giving of a buffalo. If a man runs off with another man's wife, the matter is settled by payment in buffaloes, not only to the man who has been wronged, but also to the members of the Panchayat who have settled the matter. According to polyandry, when a girl becomes the wife of a boy, it is usually understood that she becomes also the wife of his brothers. In nearly every case the husbands of a woman are own brothers. In a few cases, though not brothers, they are of the same clan: very rarely do they belong to different clans. One of the most interesting features of Toda polyandry is the method by which it is arranged who shall be regarded as the father of a child. For all social and legal purposes, the father of a child is the man who performed a certain ceremony about the seventh month of pregnancy, in which an imitation bow and arrow are given to the woman. When the husbands are own brothers, the eldest brother usually gives the bow and arrow and is the father of the child, though so long as the brothers live together the others are also regarded as fathers. Dr. Rivers tells how fatherhood being determined so absolutely by this ceremony, there was an instance of a man who had been dead for several years being regarded as the father of any children borne by his widow since no other man had given her the bow and arrow. There is no doubt that in former times the polyandry of the Todas was associated with female infanticide.



THE LAND OF THE TODAS.

There are some people who lament the fact that when any of the Todas become Christians, they have been separated from their people and leave off their interesting habits and picturesque dress. Those who have more intimate acquaintance with their ways realize that such separation is necessary if moral ideas are aimed at. To those who have visited these hills and seen anything of the Todas, the name of Miss Ling of the Church of England Zenana Mission is inseparably connected with the uplift of these people. Though but a few of them have become Christians, there is not one who has not been brought under her influence, and thus been pointed to the way of righteousness. Amongst those who have become Christians, are some whose motives were mixed. Sometimes one wonders if they could have pure motives while living in such an atmosphere Dr. Rivers, who has given the result of his study of these people in a large volume, once remarked that he thought mission work amongst them was hopeless, for he had never met a people so low in the moral scale. Some have come away from their people, seeking for freedom from those immoral customs which would drive them down to depths from which their souls revolted. One such, a girl of thirteen, shrank so from a peculiarly evil ceremony, that she would have thrown herself into the lake if a kindly person had not suggested that she should go to "Ling Missie."

She followed the advice, and soon learned the way of righteousness.

The Todas Welfare Committee, with the Collector of the District as its President, is making great efforts for the amelioration of these people at the present time, seeking to free them from the hands of money lenders, and to encourage them to honest labour in cultivating small plots of land near their Munds. A Toda Welfare Centre now established at Thomund (a Christian settlement) is also doing good work, as the nurse from there visits many of the Munds around.



TODA EMBROIDERY.

SUBSTITUTES

by. C. M.

I

FOR CHRISTMAS CHEER

When all our children are away
With uncle or with granny,
In loco pueri we essay,
Although it seem uncanny,
To celebrate with cocktails' aid
A merry Christmas breezily,
Which children do on lemonade
And ginger-beer quite easily.

It's mother's duty then to flap
Instead of flapper daughters,
And father in a cracker cap
Deliberately slaughters
The reputation that he had
For staid official sanity,
And romps around all fancy clad,
A prey to childish vanity.

As substitute for Christmas tree
We deck the casuarina,
And for the sparkling jollity
Of frost our parched arena
Provides us sport, as gay as that
The ancient yule-tide seneschal
Arranged, with golf club and with bat,
With cartridge, and with tennis ball.

One thing alone admits no change—
Is true to Christmas sample,
When Ramaswami from his range
Serves up the dinner, ample
With all the old familiar food,
Each Christmas-time comestible,
Mince pies, and pudding, quite as good,
And quite as indigestible.



II

FOR HOLLY.

The dreary exile who out here
Would fain recapture Xmas cheer
To stagnant marshes goes,
Where with a leaf extremely like
Our holly with its twisted spike
A blue acanthus blows.

And this entwined around the room
Should dissipate all tropic gloom,
Should give him what he lacks ;
While, for the berries, let him try
Our lavish Government's supply
Of bright red sealing wax.

III

FOR MISTLETOE.

I sit with Chloe on the couch,
When our electrical supply
Pops out—at my own end I crouch
Enjoining on myself that I
Must show the Angels how I can
Be quite the perfect gentleman.
The light goes up ; she looks askance
With—can it be reproachful glance ?

Or does it only mean relief ?
I'm torn each way. First dire remorse
Possesses me with gnawing grief ;
And next I feel that she of course
Respects a man of lofty soul
Who can exhibit such control ;
My conduct was correct. . .And then
The kindly light goes out again !





IV

FOR SNAPDRAGON.

Years, years ago I played the game
With darkened room and lambent flame,
When each familiar face was seen
Too hideous peering through the green.

The lurid atmosphere, the look
Of soul tormented, how it took
Me back to childhood when I'd seen
Our Christmas golfers on the green!



LB.

V

FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS.

O why are the cards all celluloid,
Shocking our horrified gaze?
Paste-board robins we all enjoyed,
Then why are the cards all celluloid?

With bilious blues and pinks alloyed,
Jappy gelatinous glaze!
But when we burn them all, celluloid
Is just the stuff for a blaze.

VI

FOR CHRISTMAS GAMES.

1

At General Past, wich none can win
But Secretariat players,
They send the man who settles in
Quite snugly at Cape Comorin,
To join at Himalayas.

2

In Clumps the politicians show
Inspired imagination;
While Government say Yes or No
To an interminable flow
Of fool interrogation.

3

At Blind-man's-Buff police delight
To show off their agility;
They say the handkerchief is tight,
And yet exhibit power of sight
Beyond all credibility.

4

Up Jenkins! is the Judge's game;
Him no one can canoodle
With pleas of alibi; he'll name
With grim precision all the same
The hand that holds the boodle.

5

The D. P. W. profess
Proficiency at Meccano
Boys will be boys; but will their mess
Be all cleared up? Their answer Yes
It may be safe to reckon No.

6

The I. M. S. is hardly sound
At Ring a Ring o' Roses;
In happy health we skip around,
Tishu, Tishu, and one is downed
By what none diagnoses.

7

Imperial Customs think it grand
To play at Hunt the Slipper,
And tear around while contraband
Is deftly passed from hand to hand
By passenger or shipper.

8

Round and Round the Mulberry Bush
A harmless game imparted
To D. F. O's; so when they push
Development with wild hurrush,
We're back to where we started.

9

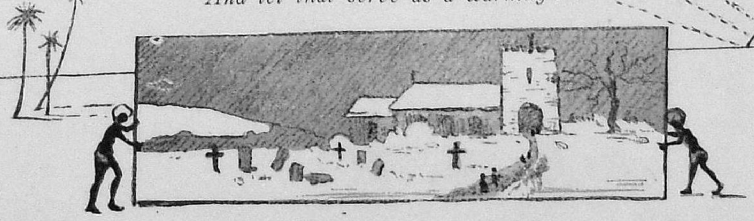
Our Educationists confess
Towards Charades a leaning;
In weird accoutrements they dress
Their graduates, and make us guess
At what can be their meaning.

10

Post Office did this game invent,
So they of course adopt it;
A letter to my love I sent,
Alas! unregistered it went,
So on the way they dropped it.

11

Good padres play at Nuts in May
On a fine and frosty morning;
For gathering nuts in May is play
To gathering souls on Christmas Day,
And let that serve as a warning!



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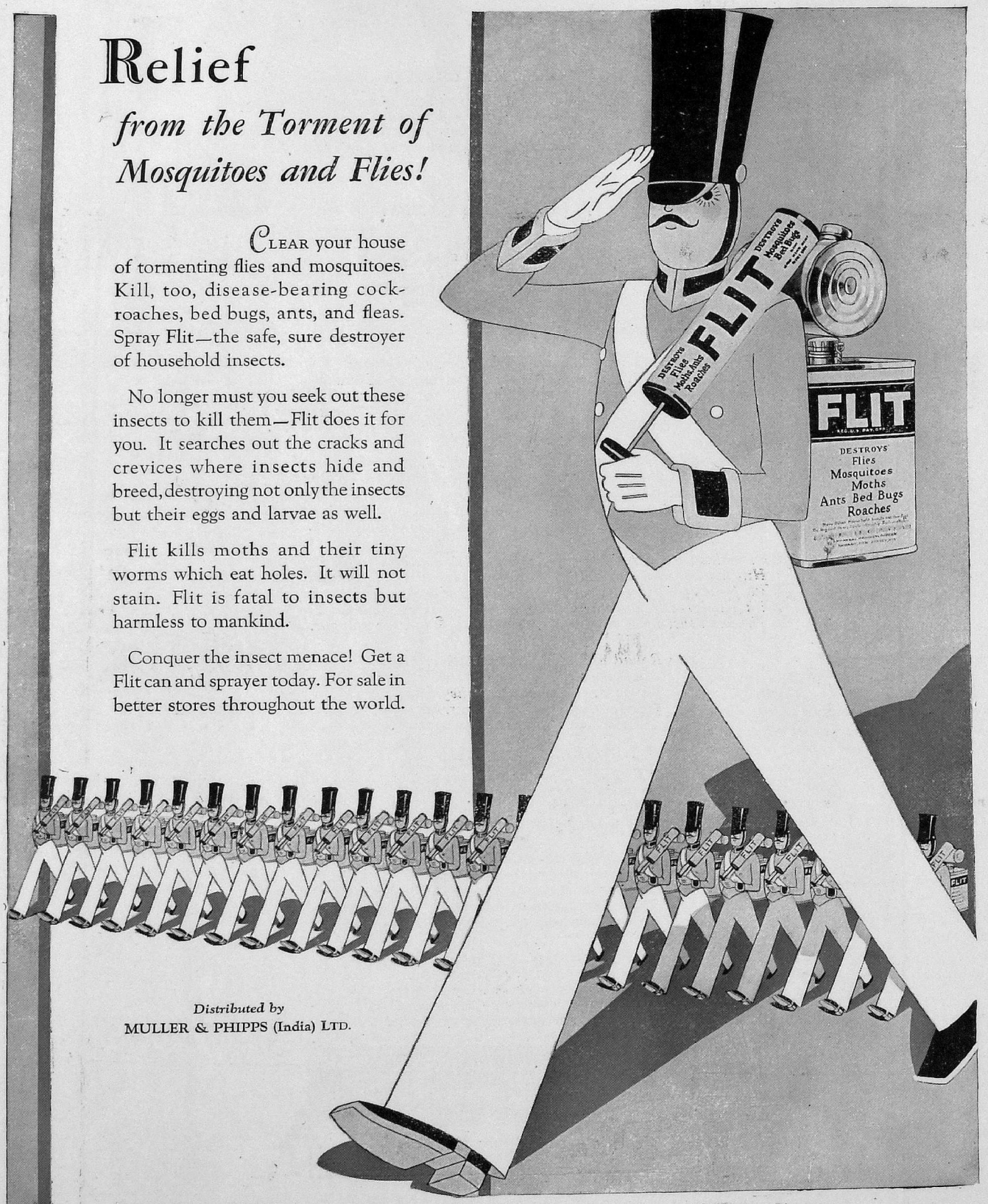

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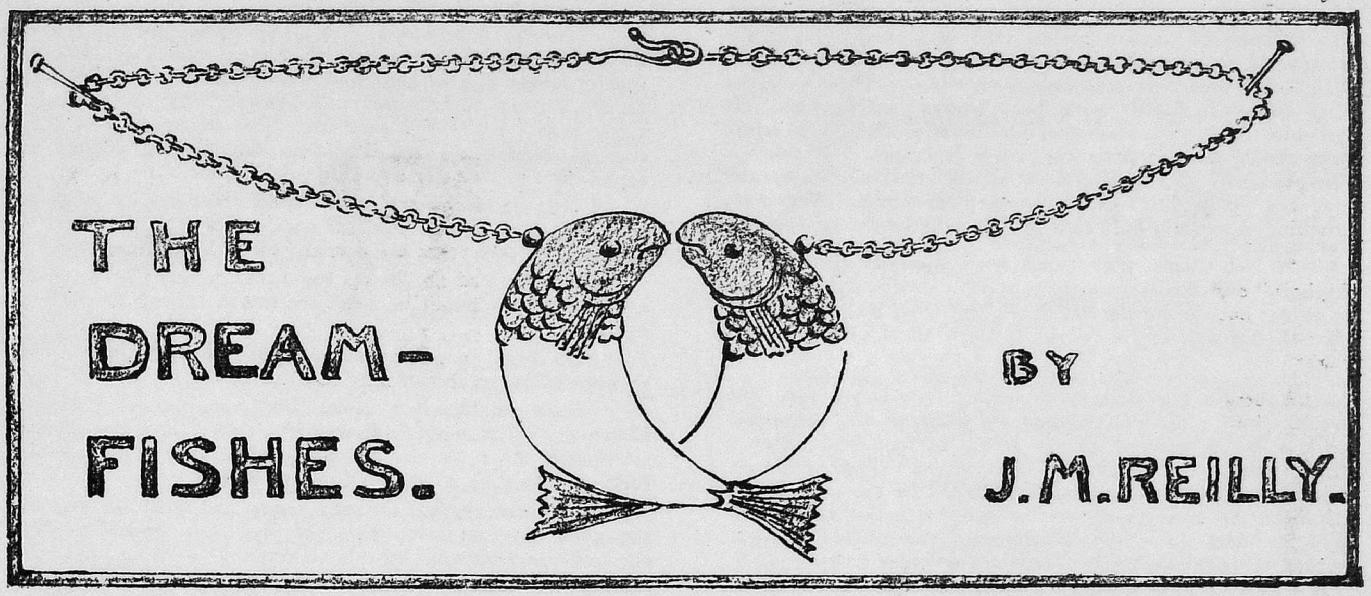


UNDER a big banyan tree sat a little girl on a low chair; beside her stretched out at full length on a grass mat lay a small boy, face downwards with his chin propped up on his two hands.

"So we yunned down the lane ever so fast we did. You know the lane I mean Andloo; the one with all the twisty turns, past the temple with the bell. And all the time the goberlins was coming after us; goberlins wiv wound eyes and peacocks' fevvers in their caps. They could yun d'edfully quick they could."

"Were we frightened Jennefer?" asked the boy, looking up with keen interest.

"I fink I were. You wasn't a bit. You stopped and frew your orange at the biggest goberlin's head."

"Did it hit him? I *hope* it did." Andrew's toes beat a tattoo on the grass matting. "Go on Jenny tell me more."

"I didn't stop to see. I was finking all the time of the Palas' mudrum tank. If only we could get there we'd be safe. You know those stone stairs that go down to it? When we got there the goberlins was so close that one neely caught me and I just flew down the steps wivvout touching them wiv my feets: and in the water at the bottom who do you fink were waiting for us? Our own dear fisses; grown simply 'normous, and we jumped on their backs and swam away. Your fiss had green wibbons in its mouf and mine had blue ones, so we could drive them like horses."

"And the gorberlins?" enquired Andrew.

"They couldn't swim. You see they hadn't got paddle feet but thin toes like chickenses. But they was welly cross. They tored the peel off your orange and frew all the pigs at us they did."

"They couldn't have hurt us much; all squashy and juicy," said Andrew with a laugh.

"Only they wasn't a bit like that; they was majicked," explained Jennefer solemnly. "They turned to squib things like the boys in the bazaar frow about at Dus'ra; and they comed down all wound us and sizzled when they touched the water."

"And then?" queried Andrew.

"Bath time Jenny-missy." It was ayah who spoke; a large, fat comfortable ayah with a big apron tied round her middle and a broad smile on her round face. Behind her stood her ally, the chokra. "Done pour little master's hot water," said he.

"Bother!" exclaimed Andrew, and again, "bother! Tell me some more first Jennefer."

But Jennefer shook her head. "We didn't get much farver than that we didn't," said she, "yiding across the tank wiv the lovely cool water touching our toes. Suppose you have the fisses to-night and see what happened next." As she spoke she lifted her hands to her neck and tried to take off a curious ornament that hung there—a flat pendant in the shape of two fishes with golden heads and tails.

"No it's no use Jenny; you know you lent it me before. It doesn't work with me. Perhaps it gives me dreams, but I don't know, they all go when I wake in the morning. Seems as if I hadn't any room in the pockets of my memory for dreams."

Jennefer put her strange ornament back into place; her little fingers patted it lovingly. "They give me lovely times," she said, "my darling fisses. I like going to sleep I do. And then tomollow-day I'll tell you all our 'ventures."

A little later Andrew's Mummy and Daddy stood by his bed.

"Dosen't he look a cherub?" said Mrs. Ferguson, "and isn't it a blessing he never walks in his sleep nowadays!"

"He hasn't since you gave up letting him have supper," said her husband: "I told you it wasn't good for him."

"It wasn't that," Mrs. Ferguson whispered. "It was Jennefer who cured him. What a blessing that child has been!" As she spoke she led the way into an adjoining room where through the mosquito curtains Jennefer could be seen fast asleep in her cot with a smile on her chubby face and her hands clasping the precious dream-fishes. She was a great contrast to Andrew with his smooth sandy head and freckled nose and blue eyes. Jennefer's eyes were tight shut now, but when she opened them they were brown and so was her curly hair. She had no freckles at all, rather to her distress, and though she was almost as old as Andrew (who was nearly five), she did not look it. They were not brother and sister, nor even cousins, but just, as they themselves expressed it, "bestest friends;" and how Jennefer had come to be Andrew's playmate was, to grown-up people, rather a sad story, but to Andrew the most wonderful thing in the world.

Till he was nearly four years old Andrew was a lonely child. He had no brothers and sisters, and his father was Sub-collector in an out-of-the-way station where there were no other English people; so except when the Tahsildar's wife came to pay her respect to "my honourable madam" (which meant Andrew's Mummy) and brought her little girl with her he had nobody to play with.

As there were no children handy, Andrew tried making friends with other sorts of people. He sprinkled crumbs for the squirrels, but alas! they grew too tame; they came into the drawing-room and nibbled the backs off the books. So the squirrels had to be banished.

Then there were the monkeys that lived in the mango tope and came now and then to visit the Sub-collector's garden. Andrew found them very interesting and used to go out into the compound and feed them with jellabies and plantains. But these acquaintances too had to be driven away, for one afternoon when Mrs. Ferguson came out to tea on the verandah she found a big, grey monkey running away from the table with the cake under his arm.

Then Andrew turned his attention to smaller game. There were the loveliest spiders who spun their webs in the corners of the verandah; green spiders with touches of gold on them, and blue ones decorated with silver. They were not easy to make friends with but Andrew did his best. He provided them with a comfortable house of their own where they would be safe from the sweeper's broom. It was his toy-box really; but he turned out all the bricks and things and put the spiders in instead—twenty of them. The next morning there were only two left—a suspiciously fat couple.

"I don't sink they could have squeezed through the keyhole," said Andrew tearfully, and his mother did not think so either; but she did not like to tell him what had happened—that the fat pair of survivors had eaten all the others in the night.

Andrew's last attempt at making friends got him into trouble with ayah who, finding the basin in the bath-room with a lot of squirmy things at the bottom, had rather a fright; she thought at first they were snakes. They were only earthworms that Andrew had collected. In the kindness of his heart he had given them a cold bath, for the garden was hot and dry; but unfortunately the worms did not appreciate his thoughtfulness any more than Lakshmi did. They showed their disapproval differently, though, they all died; while Lakshmi went and complained to the Memsahib.

"Can't we go now Arokiasawmy?" he asked.

"Too far little master; and plenty thorns got it," replied the chokra; but seeing the look of disappointment on "baba's" usually happy face he suggested a compromise. A little way up the hill rose an old, grey watch-tower; why not go there? Little master had never seen that close to either. So they climbed, scrambling over boulders, skirting big clumps of euphorbia and carefully avoiding prickly pear.

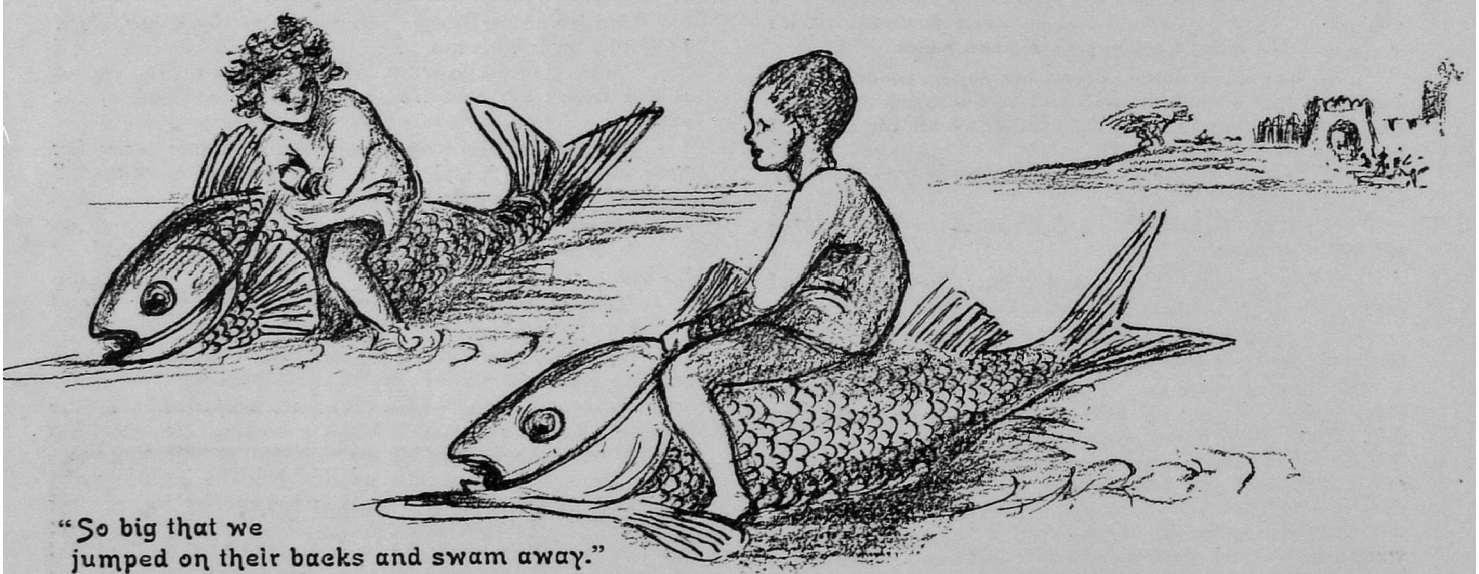
"Let's go in chokra," cried Andrew delightedly when at last they found themselves at the open doorway of the tower—there was no door; that had dropped off its hinges long ago.

But ruins had no charms for Arokiasawmy; he was full of fears of what might be inside the tower, though he did not like to say so.

"Do come," urged Andrew for the twentieth time, "I do so want to go up those funny stairs."

"Little master got shoes on," said Arokiasawmy, "scorpions no stinging Andrew-master's toe," and the chokra sat himself down on the doorstep, balancing himself on his heels, and lighting a beedee refused to budge.

So Andrew climbed the stairs alone, and when he came to the top of them he gave a shout of joy. On the last step of all, thickly covered with dust, lay a new toy—two odd-looking fishes joined nose to nose and with a thin chain fastened to their backs.



"So big that we jumped on their backs and swam away."

"My dear Andrew," said Mrs. Ferguson, "you really mustn't bring all these queer creatures into the house, you know. They aren't meant to live in houses, and they don't really like it."

"Then do get me a sister or a brother," said Andrew. "Why can't you order one from the shop?"

Mrs. Ferguson was busy on the back verandah checking the stores. A case had just come from Madras, and while the butler set packets of candles and rows of jam jars on the table she ticked them off on sheets of flimsy paper.

"Would it cost a great lot of money to buy a little boy for me to play with?" asked Andrew. "I'd give all the pennies in my china pig."

Andrew's Mummy looked up from her lists. "There are some things, dearest, that no amount of money can buy," said she, and Andrew strolled away disconsolately down the verandah steps. "Why don't you go for a nice walk?" she called after him. "Chokra can go with you. I'm too busy to come out yet awhile."

Andrew's walk that evening was a pleasantly exciting one. First they met all the village cattle coming back from grazing, and to get away from the dust they turned off the main road and took a narrow track that led up the hill behind the town. At the very top was an old fort and it was Andrew's great ambition to get there.

Andrew never stopped to look at the view, though it was a very pretty one; he turned and trotted down the stairs again.

"Just see Arokiasawmy!" he swung the fishes on the end of their chain.

"Andrew very lucky master," grunted the chokra, half wishing perhaps that his fears had not kept him on the doorstep. "Those one great big tiger's claws."

"But they're *fishes!*" expostulated Andrew; and they argued the matter all the way home.

As a matter of fact both Andrew and the chokra were right. The ornament was made of tiger's claws, but to each was added a fish's head and a tail of beaten gold. For quite a fortnight this new treasure was the joy of Andrew's life; during the day he wore it suspended round his neck, at night he slept with it under his pillow or clasped tight in his hands.

And then a miserable thing happened and even the fishes had no power to comfort Andrew. Mrs. Ferguson went away suddenly, not even saying when she would be home again, and Andrew, puzzled and lonely, found the days longer than they had ever been.

One morning at chota time on the top of Mr. Ferguson's great pile of tappal lay a telegram. So many telegrams came to him all day long that he did not open it at once; then when he did, his face grew grave and he handed it across the table. "It's for you, Catherine," he said; "Can you catch the 9.40 train to Bangalore do you think?"

Mrs. Ferguson read the telegram aloud. "Eileen desperately ill. Regiment ordered Quetta. What can I do with Jennefer? Can you possibly come? Trelawny."

Andrew did not understand anything about it at the time but afterwards he learnt that "Eileen" had been Mummy's greatest friend since they were little girls at school together. Just then all he thought of was the bustle the house was in—ayah called from her morning coffee to help Mummy pack a suit-case—Daddy out in the garage seeing to the car instead of eating his chota, and the boy peeling Andrew's orange for him and not doing it the way he liked. Andrew protested, but nobody took any notice.

And then Mummy went away, and the house was very dull and quiet, and more than ever Andrew longed for some one to play with. There were no bedtime stories now, for Mr. Ferguson was too busy to read nursery rhymes as Mummy did; and though he took his small son out in the car whenever he could they were both so lonely that they did not manage to cheer each other up very much.

Mr. Ferguson sat up late at night "working off arrears" and Andrew took to walking in his sleep. Perhaps the lamp on the office table in the verandah had a little to do with it for the light came through the open doorway of Andrew's room and fell across his bed; but nobody happened to notice that.

A speckled owl flew into the room one night and perched on the chair by Andrew's cot. "Good evening," said he, "why aren't you asleep?"

"My Mummy is away and I'm mis'able," replied Andrew, "and I've no one to play with or tell me stories."

"Well then why not go to sleep?" asked the owl wisely; "you'd forget all your troubles then. It is quite time little boys were asleep; the moon is above the toothbrush mosque."

"Why aren't you asleep yourself then?" enquired Andrew.

"What an absurd child you are!" exclaimed the owl ruffling his feathers. "This is just the time I love. I have splendid fun at night when all you humans are quiet in your houses and the bats and the fairies and myself have the world to ourselves. Haven't you heard 'all under the sun belongs to men; all under the moon to the fairies?' "

"Fairies!" said Andrew, and sat bolt upright in bed. "Are there fairies here?"

"You ought to know that," said the owl severely; "I saw you walking round the toothbrush mosque with the Duffadar only the other day and looking at the big tree. Do you imagine that a toothbrush would ever grow in a place where there were no fairies?"

Andrew thought of his own toothbrush sticking out of its china pot in the bath-room with its smooth handle and stiff white bristle and the little blue stripes on its back. "I don't think my toothbrush would grow anywhere," he remarked after due consideration.

"That's because it's the wrong sort," explained the owl. "The fakir's toothbrush grew all right as you have seen for yourself. It's a beautiful tree: old as old, with plenty of hiding places in it for the birds and room for any number of fairies. I believe the queen is there now."

"O take me to see her! Do, do," pleaded Andrew.

"She's very busy to-night," objected the owl. "She is granting wishes and I don't think she would like to be disturbed."

"But I've got a wish!" cried Andrew. "It's a much suitable time. I want something *termenjusly*. Let me come." And he lifted the mosquito curtain and slid out of bed. His slippers were on the matting and he sat down and very carefully poked his feet into them. (It was always a puzzle to know which foot and which slipper belonged.) The owl looked on in silence. "You are quite sure you want to see the queen?" he asked at last; "and about that wish? What would you give to have it granted?"

Andrew wrinkled his brows in thought. "There's Dobbin," he said, "but his ear has gone. And there's Baloo; but so much stuffing has come out of the hole where the rat ate him that he doesn't sit up properly any more. He'd never do to give the queen; and the little red motor car has lost its key and wont run now." He put a thumb in his mouth and sucked it; but in a minute the thumb came out again and he jumped to his feet and felt under his pillow. He pulled out the fishes: the beaten gold of their scales gleamed in the moonlight. "Will this do?" he asked.

"We'll see what the queen says," answered the owl; "come along."

How Andrew got to the toothbrush tree he never quite knew; but there he was; and the stars twinkled down at him through the branches, and the fireflies twinkled among the leaves; and amongst the twinkles sat a very lovely lady in a sari of woven gold.

What's your wish little boy?" she asked in the softest voice in the world, and her kind eyes looked him through and through.

"You know all about it," he cried. "Just some one to play with please." And he made a very low salaam and put the fishes into the queen's outstretched hand.

After that he didn't remember any more till he woke in the morning, not in his own but his Daddy's room.

The Duffadar going back very late to his house near the mosque had seen a little figure in pyjamas curled up asleep beneath the toothbrush tree, and picking up the chota sahib had carried him still sleeping back to the bungalow.

In the morning the Duffadar went to look for Andrew-master's bedroom slippers. He found them under the tree, and something else also, which he took with him to the station when he went to meet Mrs. Ferguson; she was expected back that very morning.

Andrew did not go to meet her: he was so tired that he overslept himself. The noise of the motor car woke him up though, and hearing his Mummy's voice he sprang out of bed and dashed on to the verandah. And there was Jennefer!—a little girl in a black and white frock who came to meet him with outstretched hands.

"Look Andloo," she said as if she had known him all her life, "there's your fisses."

"Your fishes now," replied Andrew, "the queen must have gived them to you her very own self."

So Jennefer kept the dream-fishes; and every night they told her a new story, and she and Andrew lived happily ever afterwards.

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Ghosts of Western India

by Circare

GHOSTS in European countries are individualities. Each has a marked personality if not an individual name. The Christmas annuals in England relate ghost stories; when lights are lowered the family circle gather round the fire and tell stories of eerie romance with bated voice, but the stories are all of individual ghosts. Haunted houses have their special spectres, but the indiscriminate throng of ghosts that haunt the threshold has slipped away from memory; scenes of violence are haunted by ghosts of the dead, but story does not dwell upon a ghostly race that meets in cemeteries and graveyards; stories of the sea describe phantom ships with their phantom crews, but one does not read of the sea peopled by the countless dead that have fallen beneath the wave. The ghost story, in fine, in the West is now no longer based on fear but on romance, and personalities are the secret of romance; in similar wise the worship of Pan has taken on a new note, nature is as articulate as it was in the Middle Ages but its fear has gone and in its place we have the curiosity of romance. Ghosts, fairies, even dragons, are created in numbers to satisfy the craving for romance, and romance finds it difficult to deal with formless hordes and indeterminate bodies of beings whether of this world or of another.

In India the reverse is the case. The family of ghosts is all-important; the individual ghost is the exception, and among ghosts as among living men when formed in tribe and clan, the individual counts but little. The tribe of ghosts has few names to be remembered, and even the few ghosts that have special names are not really separate entities but single types. The Deccan, for instance, has a ghostly Munja, but though Munja has certain definite features, dresses in a particular way, has his own insignia and acts in a special way, he is not an individual but a type. Anyone who chooses or whose chance it is to die unmarried may become on death a Munja.

India treats the personality of man with little consideration in the world of ghosts. Men become ghosts on the happening of certain things; they are the mechanical issue of certain factors; when one set of causes operates a man becomes one type of ghost, when another is in play he becomes another type, on other occasions he is lost in a crowd of indeterminate features. In no case does a man retain as a ghost the characteristics he showed in life; the miser does not continue to count his treasured hoard in ghostly form; a dead Don Juan does not pursue his ghostly loves, the ghost of the pirate does not sweep the seas in lust unquenched by death, and the Helen of many Troys does not proceed to become a ghostly siren of seductive charm. When a man dies in India and becomes a ghost he loses his free will, his individuality, he must obey ghostly laws and assume the role already predetermined for him. If he dies young and unmarried he becomes a Munja; if he dies like a river reaching the sea through the never ending mazes of a delta, in full strength but with wishes unfulfilled, he becomes a Khavis. If a strong man dies of violence he becomes a Jhoting, whilst if a woman dies in childbirth she becomes a Hedali or Churel, one of the most dreaded ghosts of India.

These ghosts have certain stereotyped attributes. Munja wears a black blanket and carries a black pole; the hair of his body is a foot long, his feet are a foot wide, his head is two feet wide and his height four feet. Khavis differs little from this figure; he too carries a black blanket, and a pole on the end of which are five balls of metal which jingle as he walks. If seen by anyone he grows and grows in stature until he exceeds eight feet in height. In some parts of the Deccan he has other features; he has a small head like Munja; is dressed entirely in white and when seen expands to the height of fifteen feet. Hedali wears white and always carries a child; she has dark black eyes, is of surpassing beauty though her feet are reversed and her hair hangs down wet as if she has just emerged from a bath.

The activities of these ghosts are as strictly defined as are their external features. From fear of Munja none will build a house under a pipal tree for he would have no progeny; in apparent revenge for having passed an unmarried life on earth this ghost sees that other people do not have issue, though stories connected with him are inconsistent, and women fear coming near a pipal tree lest they become enceinte. Jhoting is a ghost that has to be propitiated on the threshing floor, or in retaliation for neglect he appears in various animal forms to annoy; he appears as a wandering cow and butts against the fragile home of him who has forgotten him, then perhaps becomes a dog and howls unceasingly, or a stray donkey of persistent curiosity that will not be driven away. All of these male ghosts too like a combat with a strong man. When at sunset a villager is seen running towards the jungle his companions know he has been challenged to combat by one of these ghosts; they follow to save him but in vain, for he speeds faster than they can go. The next dawn sees him returning in pain to the village, bearing unmistakably the signs of a fight; he vomits profusely and to cure him the village "bhagat" pours over him different kinds of grains in succession until the right kind is found that exorcises the ghost that has possessed him.

Of all these ghosts Hedali, known also as Jakhin, is the most dreaded. Her seductive charm is beyond resisting and she allures men to destruction, frequently assuming human form. In the district where I write a municipal servant died



THE POET

By Chugtai

recently from fright on discovery that he had unwittingly married a Hedali, as he found out one day when he accompanied his wife to the village well which was of great depth. They had forgotten to bring a rope, and his wife forgetting also her disguise suddenly leant over the parapet of the well and lengthened her arms until she could fill her pail in the depths of the well. The district officer too from time to time comes across stories the full import of which it is impossible to grasp. I have heard that the offspring of man and ghost or of woman and ghost are supposed to be born with one or more long protruding teeth and that such demon babes are destroyed at once.

The ghosts of India are not characteristic of India alone. The idea, for instance, that a man who dies unmarried becomes an evil spirit is found in Morocco; the belief that violent death is followed by life as a ghost is of course familiar all over the world; the counterpart of the Indian Hedali is found in the East India Archipelago; in the Moluccas this ghost is Putiana, and in the Netherlands whirlwinds are called the "travailing mother." Indian ghosts represent indeed desire thwarted; a death by violence entails the unfulfilment of many hopes; death before marriage and death in childbirth again connote desire unfulfilled, and it is significant that in the worship of Yirs and Suplis, an ancestral worship common to many castes and tribes, only those ancestors are worshipped for a span of years who have left an estate unattended or other worldly cares unprovided for. Restlessness of desire therefore is the great creative factor that engenders Indian ghosts, and these ghosts are typified in certain fixed types according to the desire thwarted or the manner in which it was thwarted.

There remains one other ghost again of a type but with some semblance of human personality. It is often nameless, but, when a male, is known in the Konkan as "purushvara," no name being given to it when a female. This ghost represents nothing more than human jealousy—the jealousy of a deceased man or woman when the surviving partner in life takes another wife or husband. Readers of Maupassant will recall how the persistent interference of a ghost prevented the consummation of a marriage; Sir Walter Scott in "The Pirate" relates how an Orcadian girl to prevent the attentions of the ghost of her former lover had to replight her love to his corpse before she could take another lover, and it is only a few years since a divorce was granted in one of the States of America because the activities of the ghost of a deceased partner were too obtrusive for the peace of a married pair. This same fear of the jealousy of the dead is very apparent both in the death and in the marriage ceremonies of India.

When a woman dies before her husband in the Deccan, grains of *Rale* are scattered behind the bier as it is carried to the ghat, to prevent the return of the ghost to the house, and the husband following the bier may not look backwards lest he encourage the ghost to return. A Maratha with the same object will fasten four or five pins into the hair of the dead woman as soon as the corpse has left the house. For five days too after his wife's death he must carry a small knife in his hands, carefully depositing the same near by whenever from necessity, as when he dines or sleeps, he is compelled to discard it. Sometimes the widower goes to a devrushi in an effort to get rid of his wife's troublesome ghost. The devrushi takes a bottle with a large mouth and imprisons the ghost in the bottle. He then bungs up the bottle with a lemon in which many needles have been stuck, and carrying the bottle and its contents to a lonely part of the jungle buries it deep. During the days of mourning immediately following the death of his wife, a man will call in a devrushi who entraps the ghost of the woman in a coconut and then smashes the coconut by dashing it on the ground. Eggs are sometimes used in much the same way, and nails are hammered into the threshold of the house to prevent the ghost entering the house.

In the ritual of marriage the ghost of the dead partner plays a great part and is the primal cause and reason for mock marriages of which there are many kinds. When a man has already had two or three deceased wives he cannot marry again before formally marrying himself to a Rui or a Shami tree. This tree is decked in the bangles of a woman and sometimes, in strict accordance with the rules of exogamy, must be chosen from a village other than that of the bridegroom. A tree so used can never in some villages be cut down and is supposed gradually to wither and die; in other villages it is deliberately cut down and buried or burned with the ordinary funeral ceremony as the more reliable way of removing the ire of the dead.

But besides a tree there are other mediums which can take unto themselves the ire and jealousy of the deceased. On a second or third marriage a Katkari will hold a cock under his or her arm during the marriage ceremony, and this cock invariably dies before the ceremony ends. Others kill a cock at various stages in the marriage ceremony or make the bride dip her feet in the blood of a slain goat. Sometimes again a sacrifice is performed with the object of transferring the ghost to the custody of the spirits that guard or reside on the village boundary.



HEDALI * * * * ALLURES MEN TO DESTRUCTION.

Another group of precautions take the form of mild deception, of identifying the bride with the deceased wife. Around the neck of the bride are tied metal plates inscribed with the name of the dead woman or with a rough female head as her portrait. Another custom rapidly dying out is to give to the second wife the name of the first. Presents too are made in the name of the deceased wife to women who already have living husbands, or a caste feast in her name is given of eggs and bread made from three grains which have the property of expelling ghosts.

Beyond all these types of ghosts there remains the indeterminate mass of ghosts, nameless and featureless, but still playing a great part in adding to the factors occasioning fear in the daily life of the countryman. Many a small incident in ordinary village life illustrates the omnipresence of ghosts. The woman taking water from a well will not place her vessel down till she reaches home lest a ghost drink therefrom, and at night the housewife will not leave any water pot in the house empty lest a ghost take up his residence therein. Bread cannot be eaten in the dark lest ghosts eat a portion thereof. The falling suddenly of a twig from a tree means the presence of a

ghost; ghosts are the cause when a man stumbles without cause or when a pitcher breaks without apparent reason. Little piles of thorny twigs on the road surmounted by a stone mean that some traveller has found himself followed by a ghost and has made for it a painful prison. For him who can read there are myriad signs of the belief in the omnipresence of ghosts.

In the mass of ghosts, however, we reach a new phase of thought. In the Maratha-speaking countries there is no word to distinguish spirit from ghost, both are called "bhut:" what is more, a person stricken by the evil-eye is called "bhutavlya," and the names of many trees from which *drishtmani* or amulets to avert the evil-eye are made, are compounds including the word "bhut." The evils that ghosts, evil spirits and the evil-eye, even the evils that follow from the *paygun* or luck that attaches to the foot of man, are all visioned in similar terms. The precautions taken to avert them are the same; the persons they particularly attack are precisely the same, and they prevail on the same occasions. In fine, when one passes from a few types of ghosts to the mass of ghosts, to the ghostly world in general, one passes to the Indian concept of abstract Evil and its antagonism to Good. All Indian ghosts, therefore, in a sense are mental abstractions; the types represented by a few ghosts of special names are the creation of mental desire, whilst beyond these are the myriad ghostly beings that represent merely abstract Evil.



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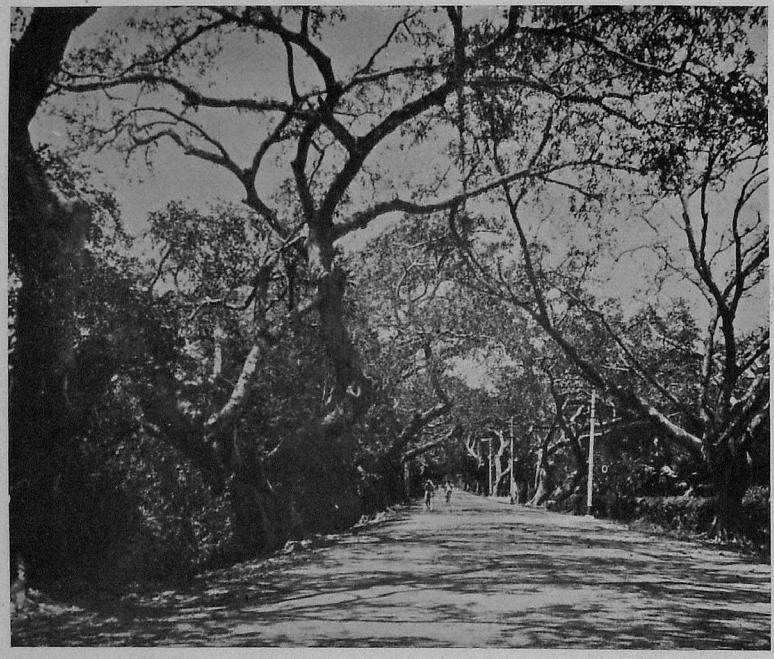
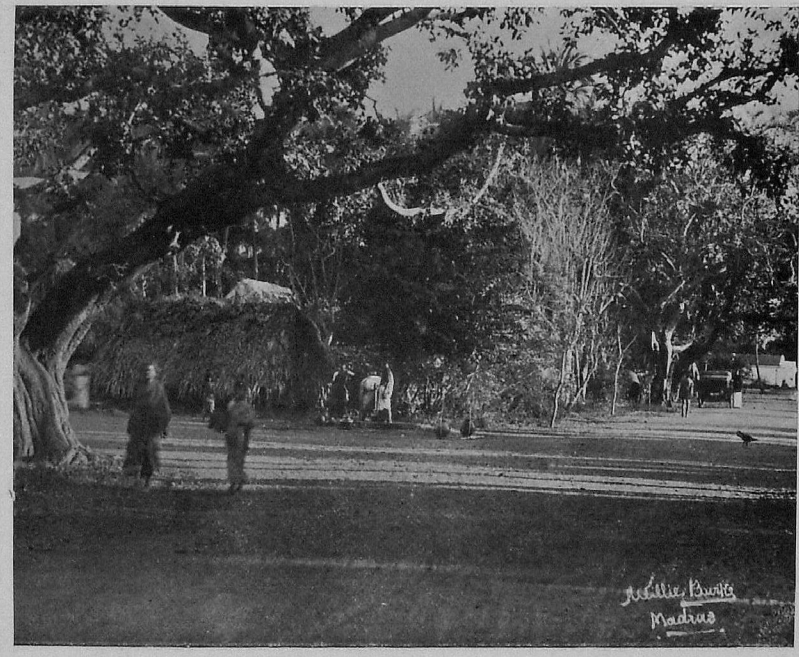
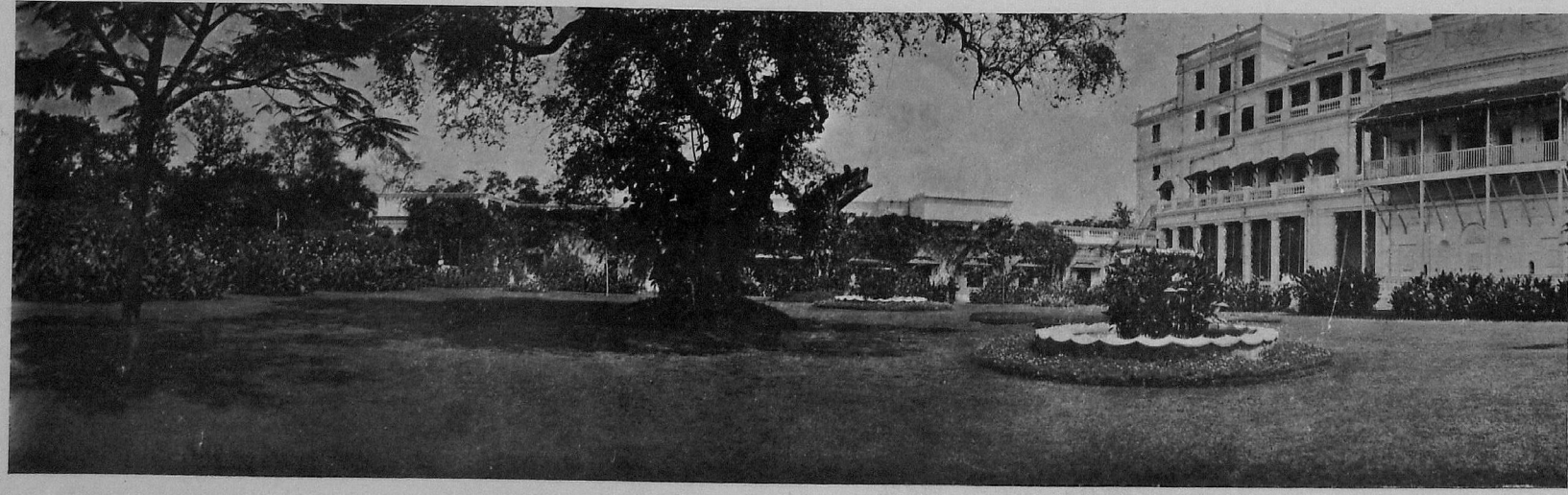


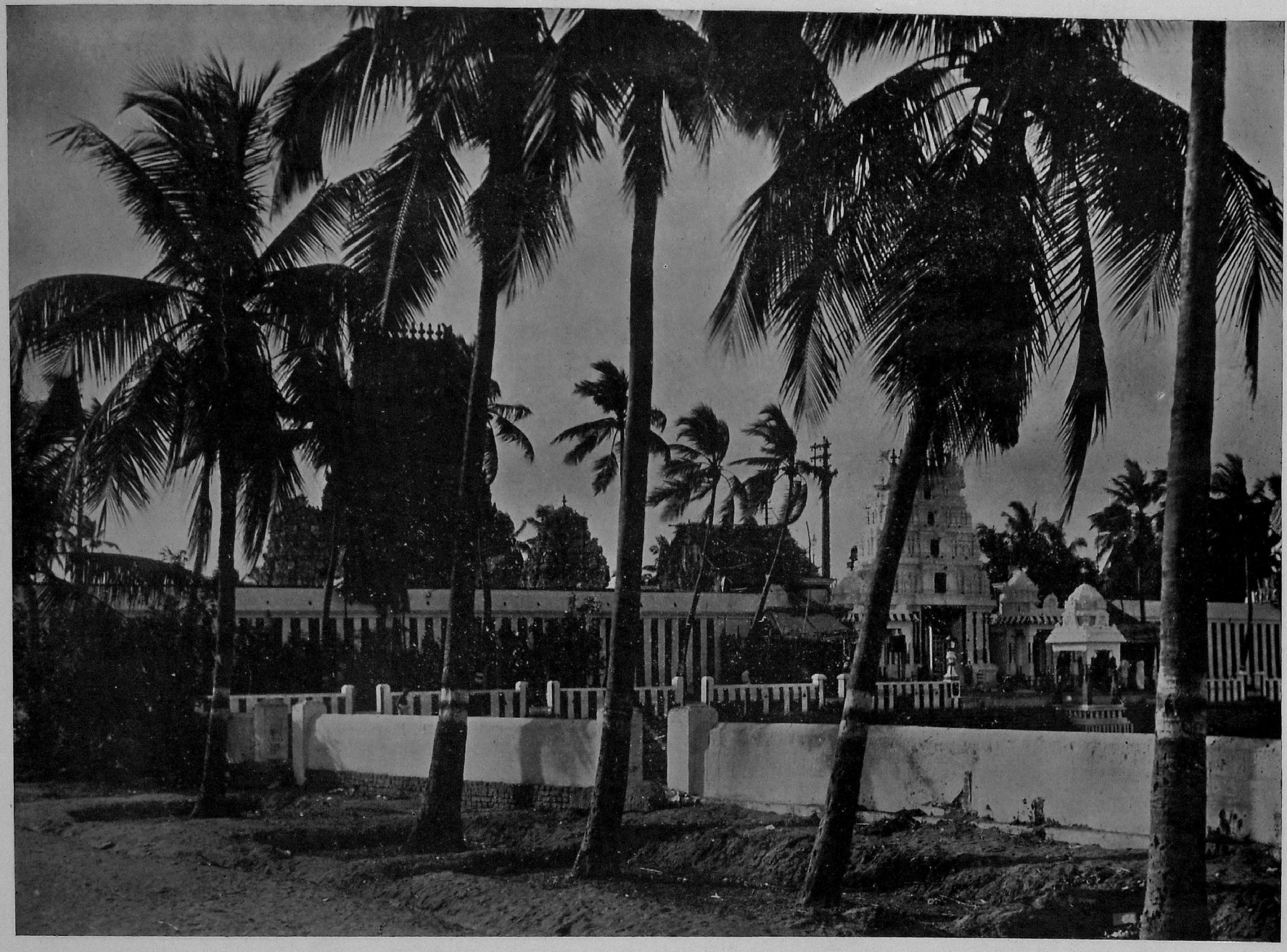
MOWBRAY'S ROAD. *Photo by Willie Burke.*



A DRINK BY THE WAYSIDE. *Photo by Willie Burke.*



GOVERNMENT HOUSE. *Photo by Willie Burke.*



THE MYLAPORE TEMPLE.

Photo by Klein and Peyerl.



THE SILENT POOL.

Photo by Klein and Peyert.

12775



OFF FOR THE FISHING.

Photo by Klein and Peyerl.



The Fate of Jaya

By J.M.R.



MOST folk in India know that many deaths occur each year through people falling into wells and getting drowned, but it is not generally realized how often these deaths of young women and girls (for they are the usual victims), are connected with marriage arrangements.

There was one such drowning fatality in a district not far from Madras a year or so back, and as the ceremonies that followed it were curious and unusual an account of them may perhaps be of interest.

"Jaya" belonged to a caste where the marriage of girls to their maternal uncles is the recognized custom. In accordance with this custom and strongly against her own wishes Jaya was to become the wife of her mother's eldest brother. One evening just at sunset when the mother was away in the bazaar Jaya went off to the well with her two pots—an earthen one for drawing water and a big brass pot to pour it into. Darkness came down and a little brother left alone in the house grew anxious; he greeted his mother on her return with the words "Jaya has been away a long long time."

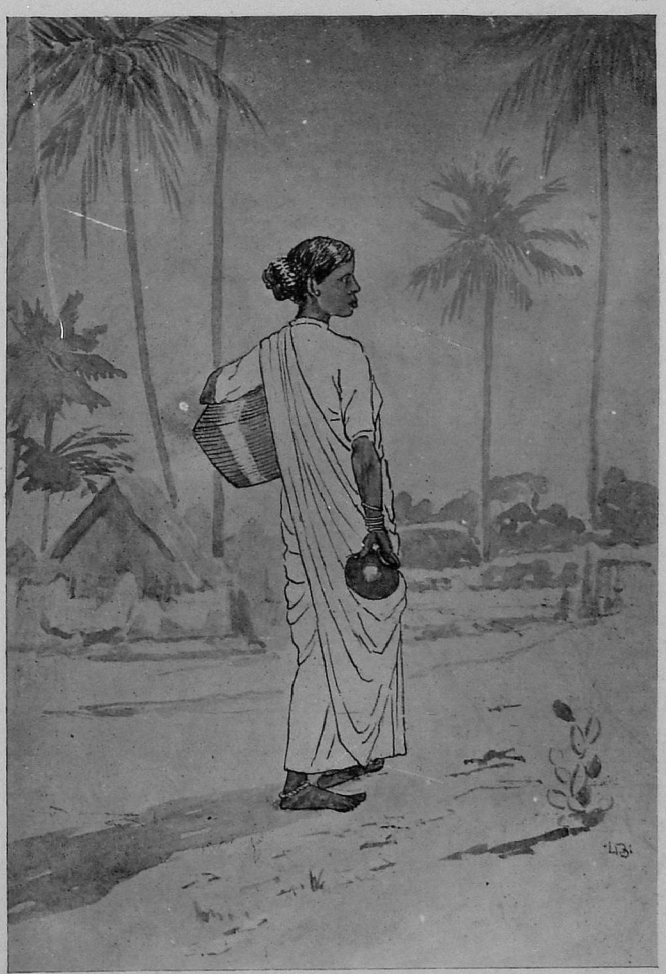
The woman seems to have guessed at once what had happened (her daughter had made no secret of the fact that she would prefer death to the bridegroom her family had chosen), and collecting her neighbours she ran wailing and screaming to the well.

The father went too; and they all wept and shrieked together, wringing their hands and beating their mouths but taking no active steps to get the girl's body out of the well, though there might still have been a faint spark of life remaining. Nothing was done till an Englishman and his wife who lived near by, hearing the sound of lamentation came out with a lantern. Then ropes were brought and under Mr. Smith's directions three men went down the well. Even then there was nearly twenty minutes' delay, for the men feared "the spirit" would drag them in and were frightened to touch the body. Mr. Smith (long past his first youth and too heavy to trust himself to a country-made rope), turned to the father who was rolling on the ground howling. "Why don't you go?" he asked indignantly, "if it were my child I'd have been in after her straightaway."

"Would you indeed?" came the amazed and amazing answer; "then you are a man in a thousand. I think of my family," and the bereaved parent clawed at the ground and resumed his howling.

At last Mr. Smith succeeded in getting ropes put round the girl's shoulders and she was drawn up. The light of the lantern shone on a slender figure, the drenched sari still neatly tied, the hair smooth and decked with flowers, the eyes closed and the face as placid as if asleep. For Jaya death had had no sting; she had nothing more to fear.

Not so however those she left behind. The terrors of an unappeased and angry spirit haunted them; the fear lest unknown evils should fall upon them; perhaps also the torture of an uneasy conscience.



"JAYA WENT OFF TO THE WELL * * *"

Twelve days after Jaya's death the propitiation ceremonies began. First of all food—rice and coconuts—were taken to the grave and milk poured into a hole in the ground so that the dead body might drink; but this was only a formal preliminary. The revengeful spirit was still down the well every one believed, waiting to drag in other victims; and it was there by the side of the well that the real pooja took place.

From a distant village four wild-looking men had been brought; men whose strange occupation it is to hold intercourse with the other world and bring back the spirits of the departed. They began their operations by placing a little image smothered in flowers close to the well, with a lime on the point of a small spear stuck in the ground in front of it and another half lime balanced on the idol's head. Then with rusty swords upon their shoulders they marched round and round the well chanting. The next step was the drenching of three small boys (one of them Jaya's brother) with pot after pot of water drawn from the well. These little fellows with bent heads and folded hands were placed in a row before the idol, and after the preparation of the well the ceremony proper began. The preparation was elaborate. A rope was fixed to the coping on the side from which Jaya had fallen; opposite long strands of thin twine were hung for the spirit to climb up by. A sheep was killed and the blood sprinkled on the water; rice soaked in the blood was also thrown in. Lest the spirit should be hungry a cloth containing mangoes, plantains and coconuts was lowered carefully down on a string entwined with jasmine, and cut limes were dropped down too.

After all this, when any reasonable spirit might be considered somewhat appeased the invocation began. The four men circled round and round the drenched and shivering boys. One man beat a tom-tom; the second blew upon a gourd; the third rattled chains, and the fourth rang a big brass bell, all four yelling simultaneously "Come back! Speak, speak! Come back!"

It ought to have been enough—the noise, the excitement, the frightening gestures—to have driven any small boy to a state of frenzy; but these children were impervious, and after twenty minutes of concentrated effort and unabated din the exorcists gave them up. Then it was the old mother's turn. She also was drenched with well water, and then shaking with cold, her face drawn with grief, she took her stand before the idol while the four ruffians yelled and howled round her. After a while hopeful signs were visible; she rolled her eyes and the whites showed.

Then her husband came before her and in an attitude of prayer humbly addressed her—not as his wife but as the medium through whom he would hear again the voice of his daughter. "Ay-o amma," he whined, "come to me! Tell me, did I ever deny you anything? Did I ever hurt you? What is it you want? Come back and tell me Amma! Amma! Come back!"



The old man acted to perfection the part of the afflicted parent and was profoundly moved by his own eloquence, though he knew well enough how he had wronged his child. The spirits of the dead, however, would not seem to be easily imposed upon; all his tears, entreaties and salaams were in vain. No sound came from the lips of the woman before him, gradually her face resumed its normal expression and the exorcists realized their exertions were useless. They made one more attempt though; this time with a man chosen from the crowd of spectators. He had probably been instructed beforehand, for he proved a more docile medium, and after a reasonable amount of tom-toming and bell-ringing the spirit of the dead girl spoke through his lips. "I'm very angry," the voice said, "I will not speak to-day; but in three months' time try once more and perhaps I will come."

A wholly satisfactory result from the point of view of the exorcists.

The Secret of real Beauty

If you asked all the clear-skinned, beautiful women you met the secret of their beauty, the reply in many cases would be Icilma Cream.

No other cream can take the place of Icilma Cream, for no other contains the famous Icilma Water with its marvellous beautifying properties.

Icilma not only protects your complexion and forms a perfect base for powder, it also soothes and invigorates the delicate tissues of the skin, preserving into the years of maturity the suppleness and fresh glow of youth.



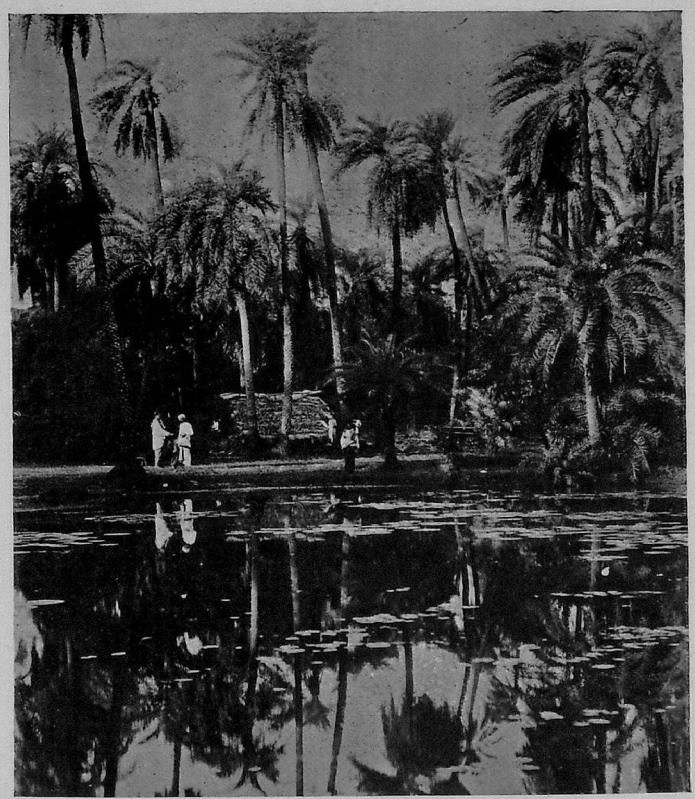
Icilma
CREAM

In beautiful jade coloured jars. Choice of two perfumes—Bouquet, Blue Carton, Red Seals; Magnolia, Green Carton, Green Seals.

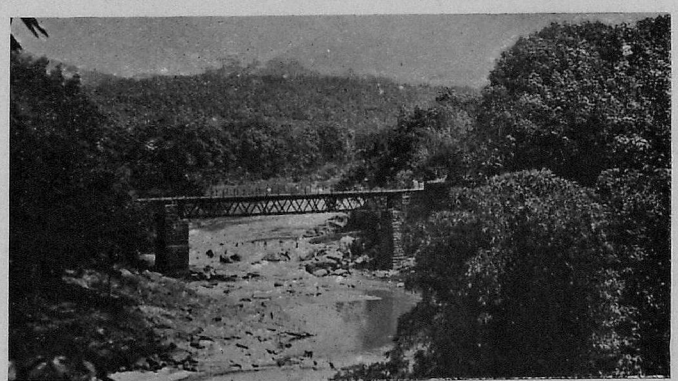
You can trust Icilma Face Powder. It adheres lightly but securely to the skin, and successfully defeats any tendency to shininess.

This clinging quality of Icilma is due to its superlative fineness, which gives that wonderful pearly smoothness that is the very essence of beauty.

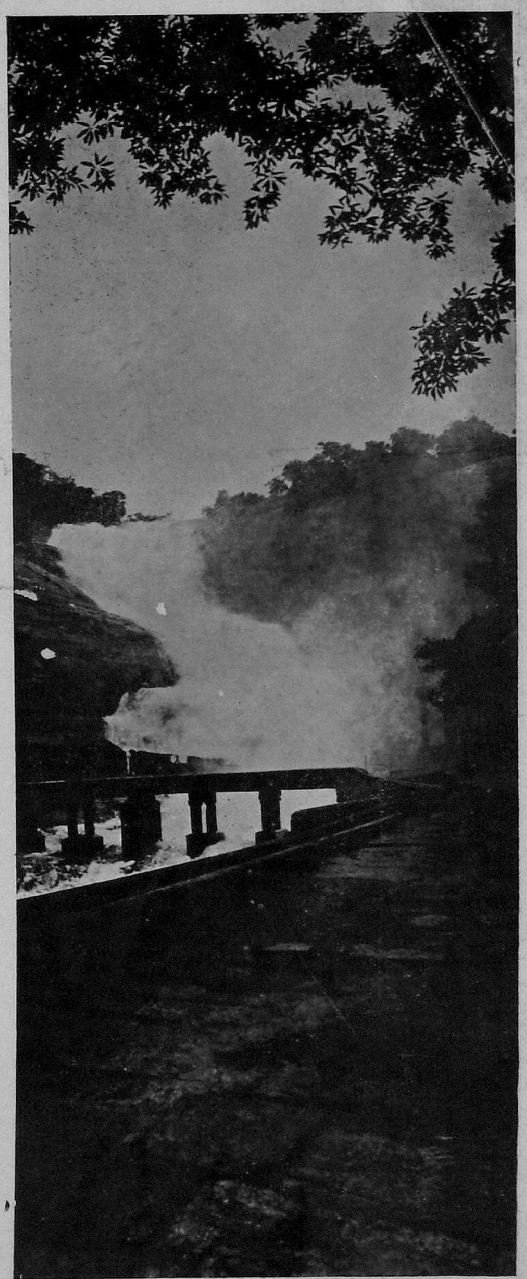
Two tints—Naturelle suits most complexions, Crème is for Brunettes.



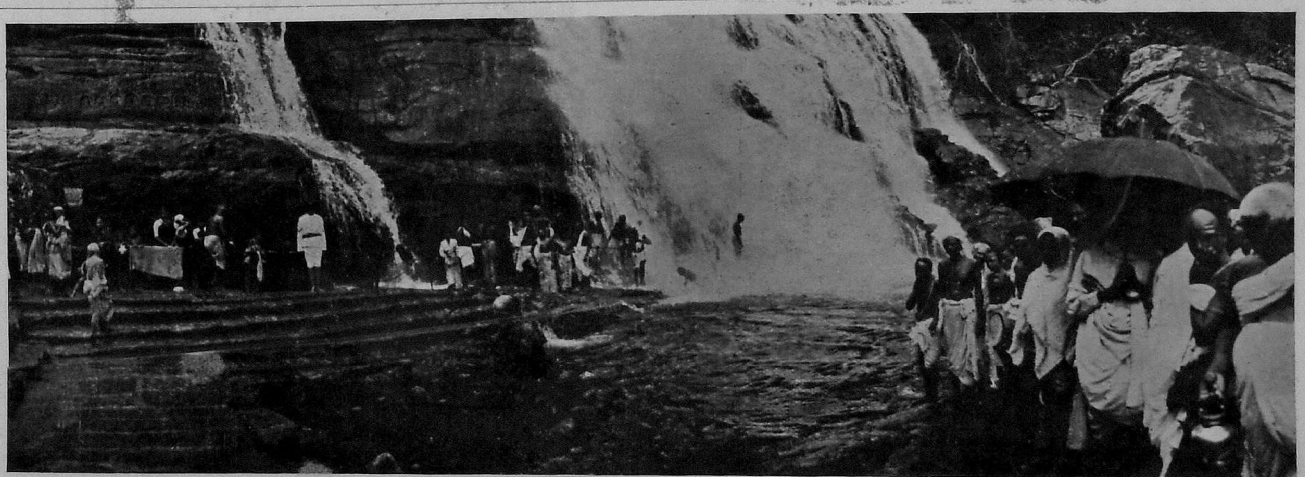
THE TEMPLE TANK. *Photo by Willie Burke.*



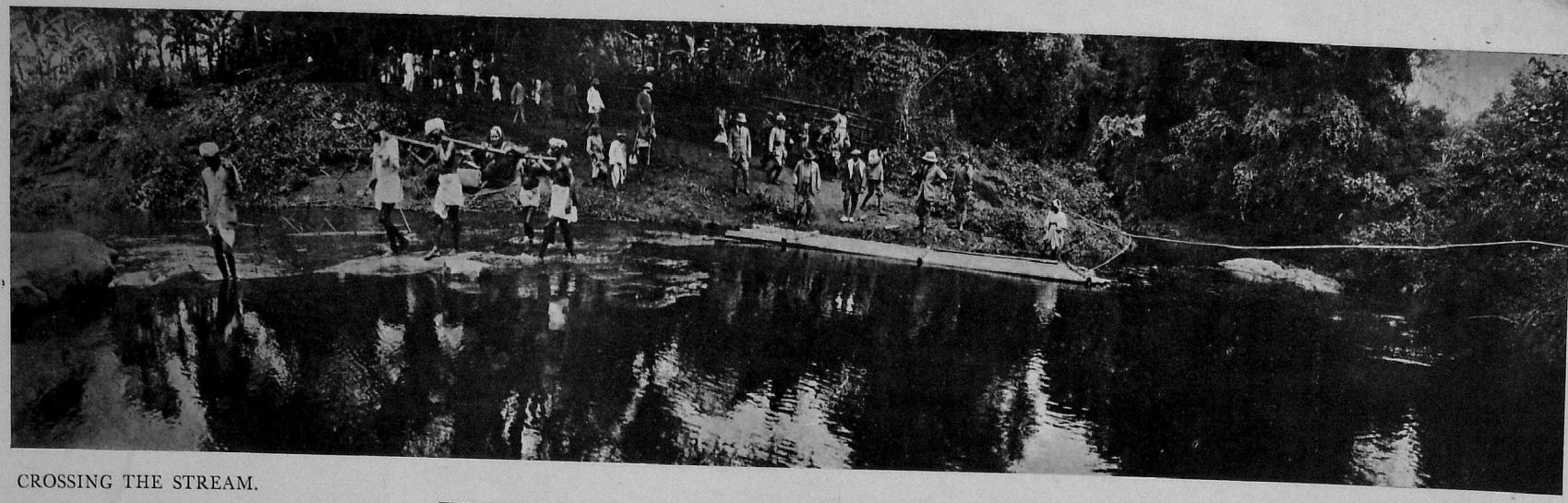
A RIVER SCENE. *Photo by A. M. Swaine, Chikmagalur.*



COURTALLAM FALLS. *Photo by Willie Burke.*



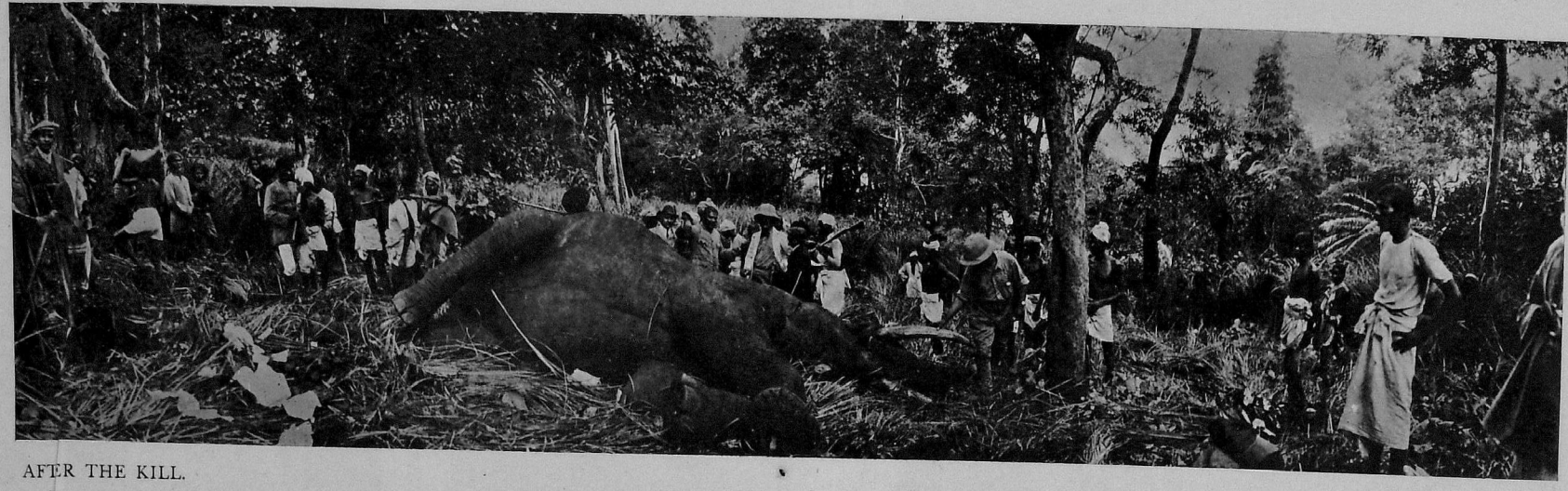
COURTALLAM FALLS. *Photo by Willie Burke.*



CROSSING THE STREAM.

Photo by Willie Burke.

On the West Coast: The Hunt.



AFTER THE KILL.

Photo by Willie Burke.



THE PALM ISLANDS.

Photo by Willie Burke.

On the West Coast: Backwater Beauty.



A WAYSIDE VILLAGE.

Photo by Willie Burke.



LORD SIVA ATTENDED BY CELESTIAL DEVOTEES RECEIVES MANIKKA VASAKAR AS HIS DISCIPLE.

Jackal-horses and the Mud-carrier.

From the Tamil, by A. C. Clayton.

(Ancient Tamil stories from the temple books of Madura, and of Tiruvathavur, not far away, tell of the "Holy Jesting" of Lord Siva, and of the trials and devotion of the famous Tamil saint and psalmist, Manikka Vasakar. Illustrations reproduced from *Tiruvilaiyadal Puranam* by courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Namasivaya Mudaliyar.)

KING PANDYA'S COURT.

A THOUSAND years ago the great drums in the palace square of King Pandya at Madura boomed. King Pandya was about to hold his court.

The royal elephants and chariots paraded before the Hall of Audience. Soldiers in gorgeous uniforms guarded its long cloisters and porticoes. The King's ministers took their places of honour to the right and left of the throne. Nobles, priests, scribes and learned men stood before it. In the vast Place of Assembly merchants from all parts of India, Greek traders from Alexandria, Arabs from Red Sea ports, and Chinese from the Far East bargained about silk or sandalwood,

Heralded by his guards, King Pandya entered the Hall of Audience and seated himself on his throne. The business of the assembly began. By and by a man, panting and covered with dust, hurried in. "A message for the King," whispers or rice. Weavers of garlands, goldsmiths, pearl sellers, acrobats, dancers, painters, animal tamers, smiths, religious beggars, villagers and townsfolk found standing room where they could. But all gave a little room to the sinister group of the King's executioners.
one court officer to the next, and way is made for the messenger to the very presence of the King.

A nod from King Pandya permits the man to speak. "Horse dealers from far lands have landed many fine horses at the Great Port on the east coast," is the news sent by the governor at the Great Port.

Now King Pandya needed horses for his cavalry. Moreover a king ought to have the best horses in his dominions. And King Pandya meant to have them every one.

He must send at once some one whom he could trust. He looked round the circle of his obsequious ministers asking himself whom he should send.

His eye fell on the youngest of them, a mere lad, but the gayest and most luxurious courtier among them all, whom King Pandya had made his Vizier, to the disgust of many an older councillor, because he was remarkably clever at his books.

"Go thou," said the King, "take what money thou needest from my treasury, buy those horses and bring them back. All good luck be thine."

MANIKKA VASAKAR GOES TO BUY HORSES AND MEETS LORD SIVA.

In his heart the young Vizier wanted to find the Teacher who would demand his loyalty and save him from the treachery of his own passions. But to all outward appearance he was anything but a saint, "plunged deep in love for girls with crimson lips."

He set out to buy the horses for King Pandya with all the pomp of a powerful king's chief minister. Noble attendants waited on him. He travelled in a palankeen adorned with gold and jewels.

As the cavalcade drew near to the Great Port it had to pass a grove of wide-spring trees. The Chief Minister was amazed to see gathered in the grove hundreds and hundreds of devotees, chanting and reading the sacred books, and doing reverence to a venerable and majestic Teacher. The favourite of King Pandya halted his escort, and went to inquire what it was all about.

As he entered the grove and came nearer to the Teacher, used as he was to courts and kings, a great awe filled his heart. By the rosary of scarlet beads which the Teacher wore, by the dazzling white ash smeared on the Teacher's body, and by the mystic third eye glowing in the Teacher's forehead, King Pandya's Vizier knew that he had come into the presence of a king greater than any Pandya. The Lord Siva had taken on himself the form of a Teacher and had met King Pandya's Prime Minister to claim him as his servant.

Humbly the youth put off his courtly raiment. Humbly he cast away his jewels and marked himself Lord Siva's



THE TEMPLE DANCERS.

Photo by Klein and Peyerl.

bondman with white ashes. Humbly he took the begging bowl of the mendicant.

And with complete forgetfulness of all earthly responsibility, he offered to the divine Teacher all the treasure which King Pandya had put into his hands to buy the precious horses. In love of Lord Siva all other loves were thrust out. The King's Chief Minister had become Lord Siva's slave.

From that moment the gift of rapturous song was bestowed on the new devotee, and so exquisite were his verses that he has always since been called "The Singer of Verses like Rubies," Manikka Vasakar.

The King's wrath.

The escort returned to King Pandya and told what they had seen, with no lack of malice. King Pandya raged at his Vizier's faithlessness, and sent a message to him, calling him back on the instant to give account of the treasure he had misused. The disciple took the King's command to his Teacher. The Teacher, planning a merry jest in vindication of his enthusiastic worshipper, gave him a wonderful ruby and court dress and sent him back to the King.

"Go back to the King," commanded the Teacher. "Give him this ruby. Be his Minister again for a time. Tell him the horses will come on the 19th day of the month Avani"*

The gift of the ruby appeased the King. Then Manikka Vasakar explained that the horses were coming. "Such horses ought to enter the city on a lucky day. The 19th day of the month Avani is the day. The horses will come then." King Pandya believed him, and received him into favour again.

Two days before the day named, an enemy of the restored Vizier found the King alone, and hinted that all that Manikka Vasakar had said was false, and that no horses were coming. "If the horses are to be here in two days' time," said the unbeliever, "they must be on the road and not far away now. Let the King send out scouts to see if there are horses on any road leading to his city."

The King was impressed by the insinuation. He sent out scouts mounted on swift steeds. They scoured the land. Not a sign of the promised horses could they find, and they told the King so. King Pandya's anger against Manikka Vasakar blazed out again. "Take the thief," he cried to his executioners, "take him and plague him till he has paid back every single coin that he took out of my treasury."

The tormentors, willing enough to try their cruelty on a man who had been their master while he held the King's favour, dragged Manikka Vasakar away to jail, bound him in fetters, and thrust a great stone on his head. The sun set rather than see the agony of the faithful "Slave of Siva."

The Jackal-horses.

Lord Siva had not forgotten his disciple. Even while the tormentors were at work, the Teacher was bringing horses from the Great Port to Madura City.

Lord Siva's divine attendants were the grooms and guards. And Lord Siva himself, for the jest, laid aside his awful form, and rode behind as the master merchant.

There never were such horses! Chargers and chariot horses, with every lucky mark on them that any horse dealer might want, a whole army of perfect steeds!

When the cavalcade appeared at the gateway of Madura City in a cloud of red dust, bewildered guards fled to the palace, crying, "The horses have come, the horses have come!" The palace sentinels passed the news in to the King's apartments. King Pandya was overwhelmed with remorse and ordered the release of Manikka Vasakar, restored him to office, and sent him to tell the merchant to bring the horses to the royal presence.

The horses were examined and found faultless. The King completed the bargain by putting his own halters on the steeds, and called up the horse dealer to receive a dress of honour. The dealer came for it whip in hand, caught it up on his whip and did not even bow to the King.

King Pandya was vexed at the rudeness, but overlooked it as the fault of a foreigner. The horses were handed over to the King's grooms and stabled. The uncouth horse-dealer and his mates went off whence they had come. Only Manikka Vasakar had recognized his Teacher. But even Manikka Vasakar was not prepared for what followed.

Night fell. The King dismissed his courtiers to their homes. All citizens shut their doors. Only the watchmen paraded the streets. Madura City was all asleep. Suddenly an uproar rose in the King's stables, heard over the whole city.

The new horses had changed their form. They were no longer horses, but hordes of howling jackals, bold because of

* Avani is the fifth month in the Tamil year and corresponds to the latter part of August and the earlier part of September.



King Pandya concludes purchase of the Jackal-horses, by putting a halter on one of them.



THE JACKAL-HORSES BECOME JACKALS AND ATTACK THE KING'S HORSES.

their numbers, biting and tearing the life out of all the King's other horses, fighting and quarrelling over their prey.

For the Lord Siva sometimes wills to mystify his servants, and in such sport he had taken jackals from the jungle and turned them into horses; and by his will the horses became jackals again.

As dawn came they rushed out of the King's stables, along the streets of Madura, through the great gateway, away into the jungle, and were gone.

Then the King, in greater anger than ever before, called for Manikka Vasakar, and once more handed him over to the executioners.

"How he has done it I know not," raged the King, "but that this false Minister of mine has had to do with the coming of these jackal-horses, none can doubt. Take him away! Stretch him out in the sun! Let him stay there! And take all the wealth he has, all I have given to him!"

The ruthless executioners again seized Lord Siva's servant, laid him out under the scorching sun, on the bare ground, and left him to die in torment.

But even in that torment the disciple was mindful of his Teacher, and prayed for aid, trusting against appearances that the Lord Siva would not forsake his slave.

And Lord Siva answered the appeal.

From the ravines of the distant mountains, where the Vaigai River takes its rise, came a mighty flood of water which surrounded the ramparts of Madura, and threatened to wipe away the whole city.

The flood was the work of the Goddess Gangai, for Gangai dwells amid the locks of hair on Lord Siva's head, and obeys his will. It did not take long for King Pandya to see that the flood was Lord Siva's rebuke to him for his treatment of Lord Siva's slave. At last the King was convinced that Manikka Vasakar was under the special protection of his divine Teacher. He recalled his tormentors, begged his forgiveness, besought him to save the city from the flood, and once more gave [illegible] authority to do all in the King's name that he thought good to do. Siva's humblest slave was once more the great King's Chief Minister.

LORD SIVA CARRIES MUD.

Without loss of time Manikka Vasakar proclaimed by beat of drum throughout the city: "Every man and woman in Madura must bring shovel and basket and each one must build a given length of a dam that shall hold back the flood and save the city."

A bent old woman called Selvi lived in Madura and made a poor living by selling rice-cakes. She was a devout worshipper of Manikka Vasakar's Teacher, the Lord Siva. Like all the rest she was told to build a part of the dam. But the King's inspectors found Selvi's part undone, and blamed and threatened her.

What could she do? She rushed off to the temple of Lord Siva in the heart of Madura City and prayed, "Lord, Lord, what am I but an old woman who sells rice-cakes! I've never had any worries! I didn't even know where the sun rose! But now the King's officers put trouble on me indeed! And there's no one to help me, no sons, no relatives, nobody! Is this any credit to Thee? I can't even find a fellow to do my bit of work for me before the King's folk come back to beat me! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The Lord Siva heard her, and came to her help—but in his own quaint, sportive fashion.

As old Selvi turned away from the temple, she saw a young labourer, in ragged cloth, bearing an empty basket for carrying earth on his head, and carrying a sort of shovel over his shoulder. Quick as thought old Selvi cried to the lad, "Wilt thou work for me, my lad?"

"What wilt thou give me if I do?" asked the lad.

"I'll feed thee full with the rice-cakes I have here and give thee any money I take," replied she.

"I'm hungry," said the lad.

She fed him and then showed him the work given her to do. The lad began to work. But never did cooly work in such a fashion. He dug some mud. He filled his basket. He threw some here. He threw some there. He shook his head. He danced. He laughed. He sang.

Old Selvi was frightened and tried to stop him. "Go home mother," he cried, "I'll build up thy bit of the dam. Have no fear, but go!"

Off she went. And as soon as she was gone, the lad lay down and went to sleep, with his basket as a pillow. The river Vaigai knew her Lord, and "did reverence to him with her hands the waves."

But the King's inspector had no respect for the day labourer, when he found him asleep, and his task undone, and

reported the matter to the King when the King came to see the work.

"Bring the fellow here," was the King's order, "I will teach him to go to sleep when he ought to work."

Officious guards at once rushed at the sleeping cooly, woke him up, caught him by the arm, and marched him to the King's presence.

"This is the lazy scoundrel," they cried. King Pandya, in undiscerning anger, raised the golden staff in his hand and struck the mud-carrier across the back.

At the blow the universe trembled. King Pandya, his queen, his ministers, his guards, and every man, woman and child in his dominions felt the blow. All creation groaned. And the lad with his basket and spade was gone. The mud-digger was none other than Manikka Vasakar's holy Teacher, the Lord Siva himself.

As Manikka Vasakar sung:—

"Lord of the Great Port's shrine!
For wage of rice-cakes
Thou didst carry mud,
O Madman Divine!"

* * *

"In Madura he ate the cakes,
Was struck by Pandya's rod."

MANIKKA VASAKAR THE SAGE.

When Manikka Vasakar heard how the Lord Siva had carried mud, he was deeply grieved that he had not seen the vision, and fully determined that he would never again be turned aside from worship of his Teacher to wordly cares.

King Pandya offered his kingdom to him, but "Siva's Slave" finally laid aside his courtier's dress, took the garb of an ascetic, lived on what the charitable gave him, wandered from shrine to shrine, and dedicated his whole life and his great poetic powers to singing the praises of Lord Siva.

It was in Chidambaram that he won his greatest victory for Lord Siva. The King of Ceylon, a Buddhist, with his dumb daughter, came there, on a visit to King Chola. And a Buddhist teacher and his disciples chose that occasion to come there also and air their views. Manikka Vasakar called on the Goddess of Wisdom to confound the Buddhists. And at his word they were all struck dumb. On which the Buddhist King of Ceylon renounced Buddhism and became a worshipper of the Lord Siva, and the dumb princes had speech given to her and followed her father in the path of devotion.

And so the years went by in pilgrimage and song, and Manikka Vasakar grew famous as a poet and a saint.

THE DIVINE SCRIBE.

Then one day an old Brahman came to the saint and asked to hear the songs that he had sung. "And I will write them down," he added.

The saint recited his verses, the songs gathered in the *Tiru Vasakam*, and the aged Brahman wrote them down toilsomely with an iron stylus on strips of palmyra leaf. When he had finished the task, the old scribe gathered up the palm leaves, tied them together—and vanished.

Lord Siva had come with genial thoughtfulness from the shrine at Madura and had honoured his servant's verses by writing them out. More than that, the Supreme Teacher took the bundle of palm leaves to his own heavenly home and read them there to the assembly of the celestials, and Manikka Vasakar's verses made all heaven glad. And, says the chronicle, next day the book in the handwriting of Lord Siva and signed by Lord Siva, was found lying in the temple at Chidambaram.

The devotees of the temple took up the book and began to sing flawless verses. But the meaning of the sonorous words was hidden from them, learned though they were. They sought out the saint. "Master tell us the treasure in thy words," they urged.

The saint led the way back to the temple, into the Golden Hall. There he pointed to the image of Lord Siva, the Master of the Assembly. "He is the meaning of my poor words," he said.

"Bowed at Thy holy feet
Men know and say
The meaning of my song."

As "Siva's Slave" thus proclaimed the whole purpose of his psalms, he passed from the sight of his fellow-worshippers. The Teacher had called the disciple to himself.

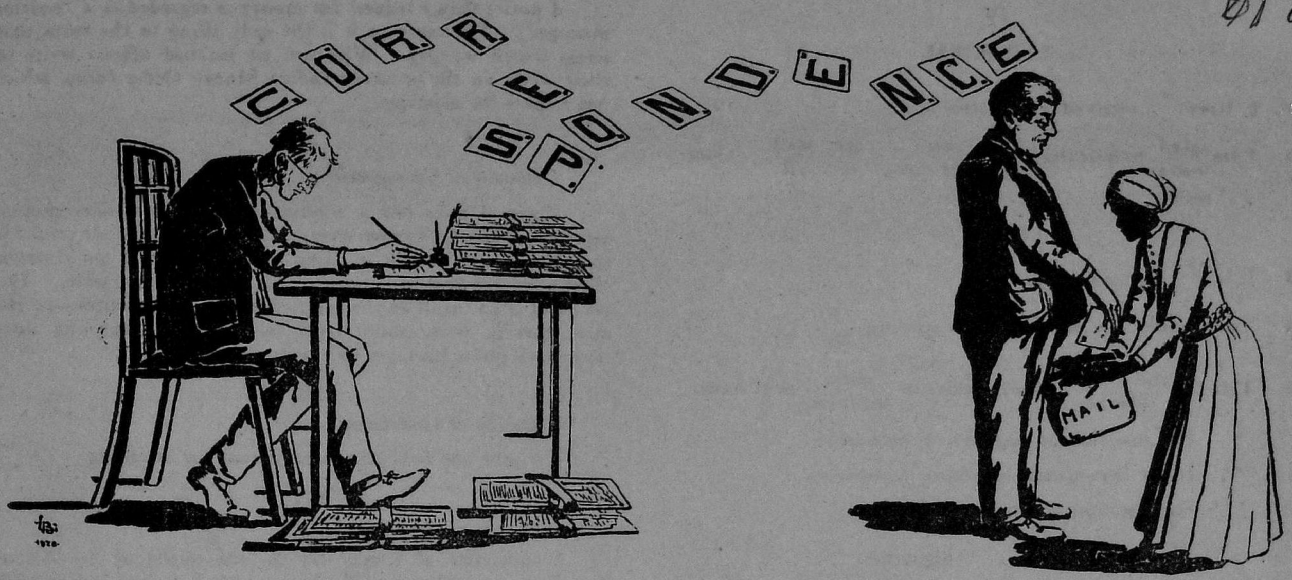
OLD SELVI VENDS HER RICE-CAKES TO THE COOLY.

THE KING'S PEON CALLS THE COOLY.



THE COOLY AT WORK.

THE KING'S OFFICER REBUKING SELVI.



(*Contents, of course, fictitious. Time: ten years before the advent of Swaraj.*)

WRITERS.

G. L. TOMKINS, I.C.S. District Judge. "Knows how to answer Government" and has no hopes of promotion to deter him from answering as he knows how. Too old to quiver, but quiver too full to go.

SIR ALFRED BASSETT. Member of Council (long since retired). Rose by taking everything (Tomkins and himself included) seriously. Sole and only begetter of Memorandum No. 932. Master passion (at the time of the Memorandum) "the standardization of official correspondence."

SECRETARY TO THE BOARD. The Board, *c'est moi!*

THE FULL BOARD. Of wisdom or of years?

THE COLLECTORS OF TINNIVELLORE, GODAVAMAD, CUDDARAM, BELLARCOT.

CHINGLETRICHY. The possessor of all the finer feelings except a sense of humour.

ANANTAGODA. Geoffrey Climber, Esq., O.B.E.

I.

The Secretary to Government, Public Department, to G. L. Tomkins, I.C.S.

Government have been informed that Mr. Tomkins does not sit on Thursdays until after lunch, and does not sit at all on Saturdays. Mr. Tomkins is requested to report if this information is true, and, if it is, to explain why he so absents himself from court.

II.

G. L. Tomkins to the Secretary to Government, Public Department.

I note that Government have received certain information about me. I think I am entitled to know who the informant is. I have no doubt he will prove to be a disappointed clerk or a snubbed vakil.

But, though the source is tainted, the information is true. I do not sit on Saturdays. (Mr. Tomkins then proceeds to say what all District Judges say about Saturdays.)

On Thursdays the post to England goes at 2 p.m. I have several children whom I have not seen for years, Government having denied me more than one free passage, while giving four to young bachelors. My only hope of keeping in touch with them is to write to them regularly every week. I trust (I wish I did so with greater confidence than I feel) that Government will recognize that a duty lies on me in this regard. I cannot write to them on Sundays. For, if a judge does not "turn out," as the horrible, but apt, phrase goes, judgment after judgment on Sundays, he cannot "attain the standard outturn," i. e., do his year's task of piece-work. For the same reason, I have had, regretfully, to say that I can no longer be a Lay Trustee. I cannot write on Wednesday evening, because by the time a man has been in court from 11 to 5—judges have not yet to punch time clocks, but that will come—his hand, not to speak of his mind, can do no more. Accordingly I give Thursday morning to my letters, and I cannot believe that Government will rule that one morning a week is more than an officer should devote to his private affairs.

III.

Memorandum No. 932 (Confidential).

An officer who was requested to explain why he did not attend court until after lunch on a particular working day in each week has replied that it is his custom to use the morning of that day for correspondence with those members of his family who are not in India. Sir Alfred Bassett cannot accept the principle that an officer may absent himself from his court or office during working hours for any private purpose, however laudable. At the same time Sir Alfred recognizes that it is the moral duty of officers of European domicile to carry on a weekly correspondence with wives and children from whom they happen to be separated, and that this duty is, in many cases, a heavy burden on a hard-worked officer, especially if his family be of large proportions. As this burden may fairly be regarded as arising out of the exigencies of service in India it is one that Government may legitimately endeavour to alleviate.

Sir Alfred Bassett thinks that at any rate a partial reconcilement of the principles of attention to official work during office hours with the duty of corresponding with a family may be effected by the provision of a standard form of post card which will enable officers expeditiously to dispose of such correspondence. A tentative form is given in the annexure. The Board of Revenue is requested to consider this form, in consultation with selected Collectors, and to suggest alterations, if any should appear necessary. Such suggestions should be consistent with the three principles on which the form has been drawn up. These are:

(1) The form must contain all the routine messages that pass between an officer and his family.

(2) It must have a space for unusual or unprecedented messages.

(3) It must be of post card size.

IV.

THE FORM.

1. I have*....received your letter of.....19..

2. I am $\frac{\text{glad}}{\text{sorry}}$ to hear that $\frac{\text{you}}{\text{the child (ren)}}$ $\frac{\text{are}}{\text{is}}$ $\frac{\text{well}}{\text{ill}}$. I am $\frac{\text{well}}{\text{ill}}$**

3. It is***....hot/cool/rainy.

4. Your request for money. I am sending $\frac{£}{\text{Nil}}$

5. Tell the $\frac{\text{child (ren)}}{\text{Mother}}$ I will write to $\frac{\text{them}}{\text{her/him}}$ next week.

* For insertion of negative, if necessary.

** Insert here nature of illness (concisely).

*** For insertion of adverb (e.g. "very").

Signature.....

Date.....

I notice that a request for money is regarded as a "routine message." The reply to it is the only thing in the form that seems worth writing. Why not let married officers write to their wives on the ordinary Indian Money Order form, which has a space for messages?

X.

Collector of Chingletrichy.

Twice I have felt it a humiliation to be a Government servant—when Collectors were ordered to see that we paid for the chickens we bought in camp, and now that I am thought capable of sending type-design post cards to my wife. The proposal is an insult to the married men of the services—to the men, that is, who cannot repel the insult by resigning since they have given hostages to Government.

XI.

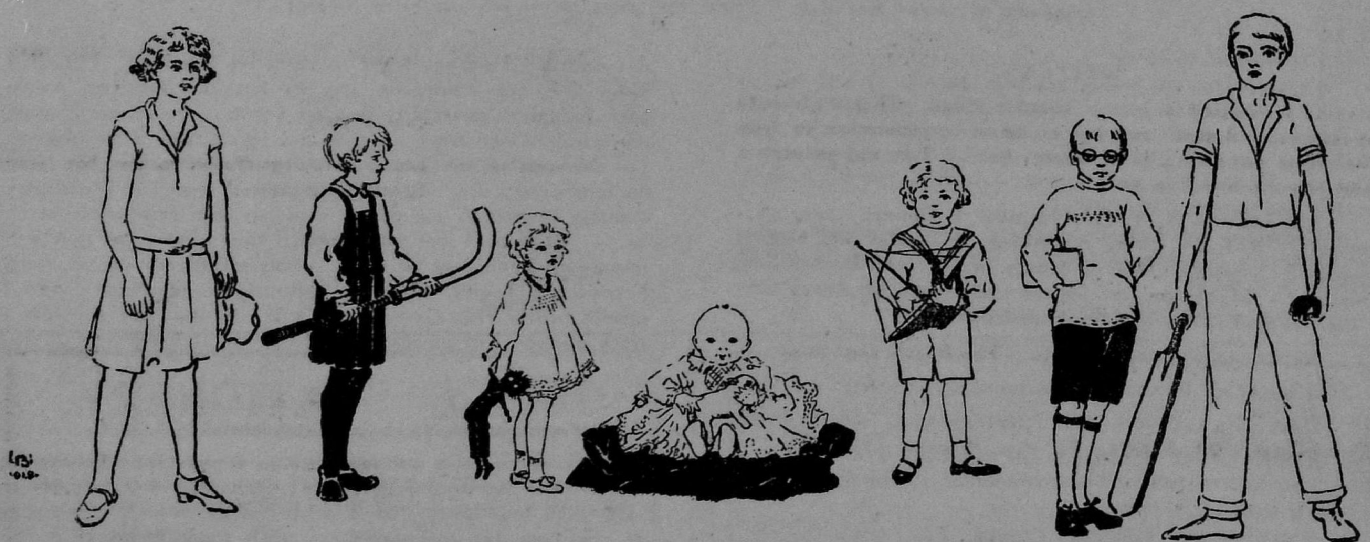
Collector of Godavarnad.

I would not have the form altered for anything.

XII.

Collector of Anantagoda.

I appreciate, if I may say so, the object of Sir Alfred Bassett, but speaking entirely for myself, I do not feel in need of such assistance. I find that I have time for my private letters. It is, perhaps, in economy of time rather than in the provision of what I may call mechanical aids that the solution of the problem really lies, but I quite see that Government can provide the one while it cannot ensure the other. The purpose of the post card being what it is, the form seems to me to suit that purpose admirably, but I would suggest that it be a letter card, not a post card. I venture to think that that would not infringe the third principle laid down, while it would add a greatly-to-be-desired element of privacy.



"HOSTAGES TO GOVERNMENT."

V.

The Reverse.	
Space for unusual communication	Address.
	Mrs./Miss/Master.

VI.

Note of Secretary to the Board of Revenue to the Full Board.

VII.

Remarks of the Full Board.

* * * *

* * * *

VIII.

Letter to Selected Collectors.

(VII above bowdlerised.)

IX.

Reply of the Collector of Tinnivellore.

I do not know why I have been asked for an opinion. The Board knows I am unmarried. I presume it is willing to infer that I have no children.

XIII.

Collector of Cuddaram.

I have consulted my married Sub-Collectors. One replied: "Better burn (post cards) than marry." The Board may or may not find this helpful but I think it will agree with me that the Sub-Collector is wrong in attributing the quotation to St. Paul.

My other Sub-Collector replied by what purports to be a "specimen card." It reads: "1. I have received your letter of.....19... 2. I am*** $\frac{\text{well}}{\text{ill}}$." The asterisks are mine; the adverb, which I suppress, is entirely the Collector's. In the "space for unusual communication" he wrote a very unusual communication, which might relieve, but would not help the Board.

I did not consult my Assistant Collector. The scheme, I take it, does not apply to him. I understand that, officially,

all Assistant Collectors are unmarried. Their wives (if any) are only "acting." Till they become pukka (i.e. Sub-Collectrices) they are not entitled to bungalows or, a fortiori, post cards.

A business man of my acquaintance has, however, given me two valuable suggestions. He would amalgamate "messages" 1 and 2 into:

1. Yours of ult./inst. to hand. Note you $\frac{\text{well}}{\text{ill}}$.

Self $\frac{\text{do.}}{\text{do.}}$

Apart from the economy of space, I think "to hand" more human and affectionate than "received." At the end of message No. 4 my friend would put "Overdraft Rs....." That would certainly take the chill off "Nil."

It has occurred to me that message No. 3 might be omitted. It is so seldom cool in this Presidency and the monsoons have been so scanty in recent years that two of the adjectives seem scarcely necessary. Wives who have fled from the climate do not need to be told it is hot. It is certainly not necessary to provide for an adverb before "hot." Each wife will know her husband's favourite.

For 3 I would substitute (and renumber as 2): "The Accountant-General has....." ***

*** Insert here the latest iniquity.

XIV.

Collector of Bellarcot.

I take it that the policy has been settled. I will confine myself to practical points of detail. Could use not be made of colours? A pink card would indicate, without words, that the sender was very well; a yellow that his liver was normal; a blue that he had been passed over; a brown that his Indianisation had gone a stage further.

Cards for Sub-Collectors should be of cardboard, thin; for Collectors of cardboard, thick. I presume that the indent will be in terms of

average consumption minus stock in hand.

Superintendent of Stationery.

It is of the highest importance that, once the wording of the card is fixed, unauthorized alteration of it be strictly forbidden. I presume that married officers will have to make monthly returns of the number of post cards used by them, and, if the return should be "Nil," to explain why.

XV.

Leader in "The Voice of Freedom."

If what we hear is true and, knowing that the hearts of the hide-bound never change, we are sure it is true, another sop is to be given to our pampered bureaucracy. The steel frame is to be stiffened by post cards. The salt of the People is taxed but the post card of the official is to be free. Free post cards, it is true, are but a fleabite in the Lee loot. But let the bureaucracy beware! This flea may wake India from her slavish slumbers.

XVI.

Note of successor of Sir Alfred Bassett (elevated).

Office. See the enclosed (XV above). What's this about? Any papers?

XVII.

Office Note.

File submitted. As Mr. Tomkins has retired this may be recorded.

XVIII.

Feelings of successor on reading Memorandum No. 932 (See VII above).

XIX.

Order.

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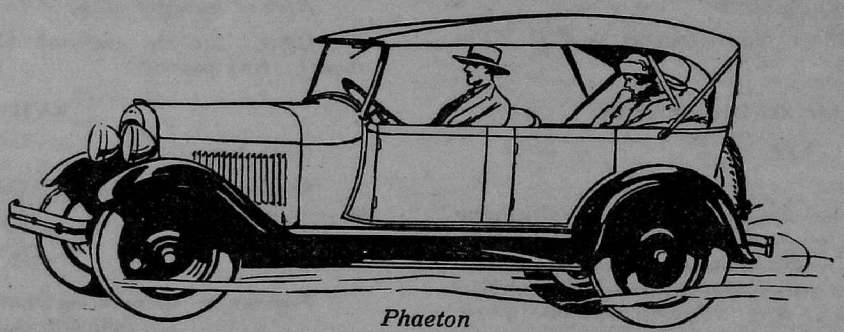

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A Short Story

By E. H. B.



"WHAT shall we do this Christmas?" Jim Hathaway asked his wife, sitting opposite to her at the breakfast table.

Clare stirred her tea thoughtfully. "What about a camp?" she suggested.

"But won't you mind missing the Christmas Eve dance?"

"Not in the least. I'm sick of life in the station. Let's get right away into the back of beyond. Shall we camp by that lake, what's its-name?"

"Taniraza? Yes, I think it could be arranged. Will you fix up to start on the twenty-third, directly after breakfast?"

When he had gone off to his work, Clare rested her chin on her hands and gazed thoughtfully into the sunshine outside. She was counting very much on this Christmas camp, for of late, since she had come out to Jim in September, she had felt that all was not well in their matrimonial affairs. It was not that there was any other woman in his life, or another man in hers; it was just that they had reached a critical stage. Their only child, Elaine, had been married at home in April, and now that Clare was alone with Jim, she found a man absorbed in his work, who had surrounded himself with an impenetrable barrier of reserve. Hurt by his attitude more than she cared to show, she had submerged herself in the gaieties of the station and filled her days with tennis, golf, bridge and entertaining; yet of late she had found this life more and more dissatisfying. Perhaps a week alone with her husband at the back of beyond would help them to reach a better understanding of one another.

Yet when the time for the longed-for Christmas camp arrived, she found it bitterly disappointing. No place could have been better chosen, certainly. Their tents were pitched beside a great sheet of water, that reflected the unclouded turquoise of the sky above, while round the shores rose abrupt hills, covered with dense verdure. Where it was not dotted with these hills, the plain stretched away to the horizon, with only an occasional tamarind tree standing up here and there. But in spite of these idyllic surroundings, husband and wife seemed no closer than before. At least so Clare thought, as she paced slowly to and fro in a plantain grove before breakfast one morning, waiting for Jim to return from an early snipe-shoot.

She was interrupted in her reverie by the sight of a man, a magnificent type of the aboriginal jungle-folk who lived round the shores of the lake. Clare noticed that his left cheek was disfigured by a great, puckered weal that stretched from brow to chin. When she first came up, he was stooping down with his face apparently pressed to one of the trees; but directly he saw her, he rose and salaamed deeply. She noticed then that his mouth and chin were covered with green moss from the trunk of the tree, and thinking that perhaps she was in the presence of a madman, she turned and walked hastily back to the camp.

She thought no more of the matter till after tiffin, when she heard a great commotion outside the tents. She went out and found a crowd of villagers assembled in front of her husband, two of whom, the man she had seen that morning and a beardless youth, seemed to be disputing together.

"This will amuse you, Clare," said Jim as she came forward and stood at his elbow, "Do you see that plantain grove down there? Well, the owner of it recently died, and these two men claim to be the heirs. There is an ancient custom that the man who first eats the bark of one of the trees in the grove shall be the owner. Now this young man has just performed the ceremony in front of a crowd of witnesses; but the other man claims to have done it early this morning, alone."

"So he did," said Clare laughing. "I saw him when I was walking there before breakfast. I couldn't understand what he was doing."

"That settles it," said her husband. He turned and spoke a few words to the villagers, who departed with unimpaired cheerfulness, all except the man with the scar, who refused to go till he had poured out a flood of unintelligible thanks to Clare.

"Do you see that terrible scar on his face?" remarked Jim. "He got that in killing a panther."

"Are there panthers about here?" she asked.

"Rather. That reminds me, the muttadar says there are plenty of snipe at a place about ten miles away, so I'll go over there to-morrow if you've no other plan."

"No," she answered, a trifle wistfully. "Will you take the car?"

"I can't. There's no road. I'll have to go on foot. Please tell the cook to put me up a few sandwiches."

Accordingly, he went off next morning and Clare was left alone. She was just about to take her sewing and a book down to the plantain grove, when Kissan Khan, one of the peons, came running in.

"When Master coming back?" he asked.

"I don't know, Kissan Khan. Probably not till evening. Why?"

He held out a white envelope. She saw that it was a telegram, marked "Urgent."

"Tappaul runner bringing—just now," explained the peon.

She gazed at it in doubt, for though Jim often received wires, she felt instinctively that this one was important. For a moment she hesitated, then she took her topi from the table. She knew that Jim could not have gone far, and she hoped to catch him up and show him the telegram.

Sure enough, before she had been walking many minutes she heard a muffled gun-shot in the distance. She calculated that Jim would be the other side of the small hill at the foot



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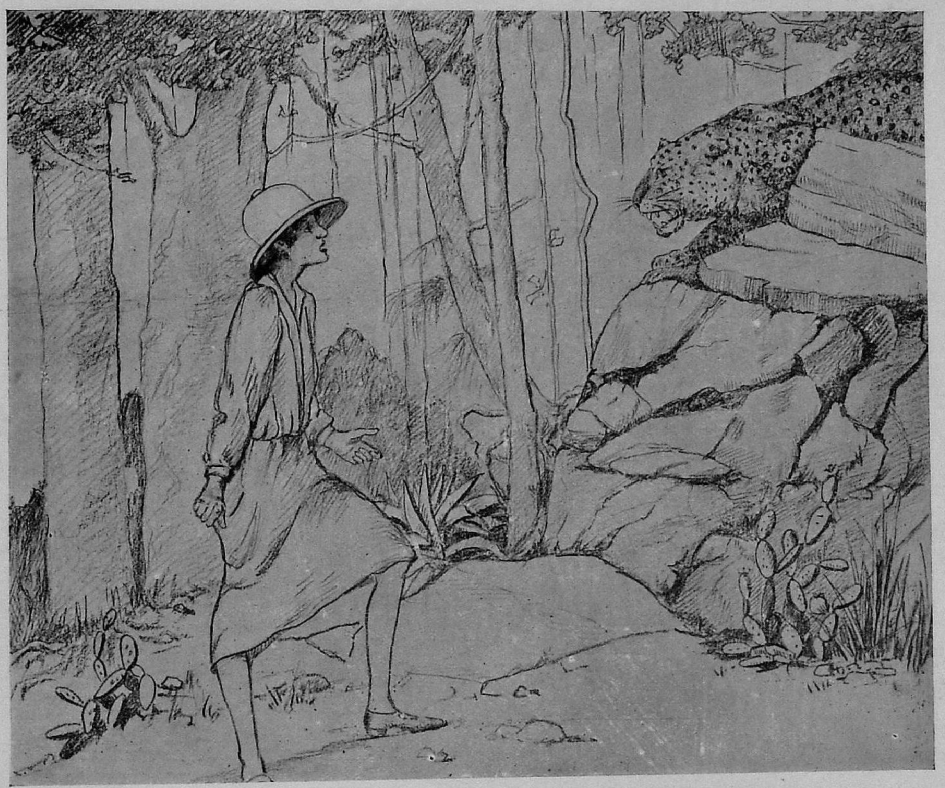
of which she was standing, and that if she climbed the hill she could attract his attention from the summit. The under-



A FULL-GROWN PANTHER.

growth was not dense, and she thought that it would not take her more than twenty minutes to reach the top. Telling the peon to wait, for he was old and rather short-winded, she set off quite gaily.

The first part was easy, though several times she slipped on the dry, loose earth; then she found that she had reached a piece of fairly dense undergrowth, where the bushes nearly met overhead, and at the same moment she noticed a tiny, but quite distinct path winding up through the rocks.

Then suddenly, in that sun-drenched place, where only the whispering of the leaves broke the utter stillness, fear came and laid its hand upon her heart. She felt entirely and terribly alone in the immensity of nature. "Go back," said a still, small voice in her heart. "There is danger here. Go back!"

She turned unsteadily and took a few faltering steps down the hill; but immediately she heard the noise of a gun-shot below her, on the other side. At once the spell broke, and, with a tremulous laugh at her own foolishness, she glanced down at the envelope in her hand and decided that, for Jim's sake, she must push on. She would never forgive herself if the telegram turned out to be of real importance and, through her cowardice, it failed to reach Jim in time. She resolutely parted the bushes and ran up the few yards that led her to the summit. She was just peering over, searching for the figure of her husband in the plain below, when there fell on her ears that most dread of all sounds, the snarl of a wild animal at bay. She wheeled round and saw, crouched under a piece of overhanging rock, a full-grown panther with two tiny cubs sprawled beside it.

For what seemed an eternity she stood there, face to face with the wild beast, knowing that only a movement on her part was needed for it to spring. Suddenly there came a sound in her ear like the flight of a bee, and before her eyes the panther leapt into the air and then fell twitching on to the rock with three arrows buried in its breast.

Then, and only then, Clare screamed. A tall man stepped out of the bushes, carrying a six-foot bow in his hand and salaamed deeply before her. The last thing she saw before she lost consciousness was the puckered scar that ran from brow to chin down his left cheek.

* * *

"What I can't understand," said Jim, as they sat in the car that bore them back to head-quarters, whither he had been recalled by the fateful telegram, "is what you were doing at the top of the hill."

"I came to look for you," answered Clare "I thought the telegram might be important."

"It was, very. But if anything had happened to you—"

"Jim," she said suddenly, "do I really mean more to you than your work?"

"Clare!"

"Sometimes," she said diffidently, "you've seemed so absorbed. A wall of reserve seemed to be growing up between us."

"My dear, I've always thought that you weren't interested in what I did. I imagined that you only cared for your bridge and tennis and the rest of the station life."

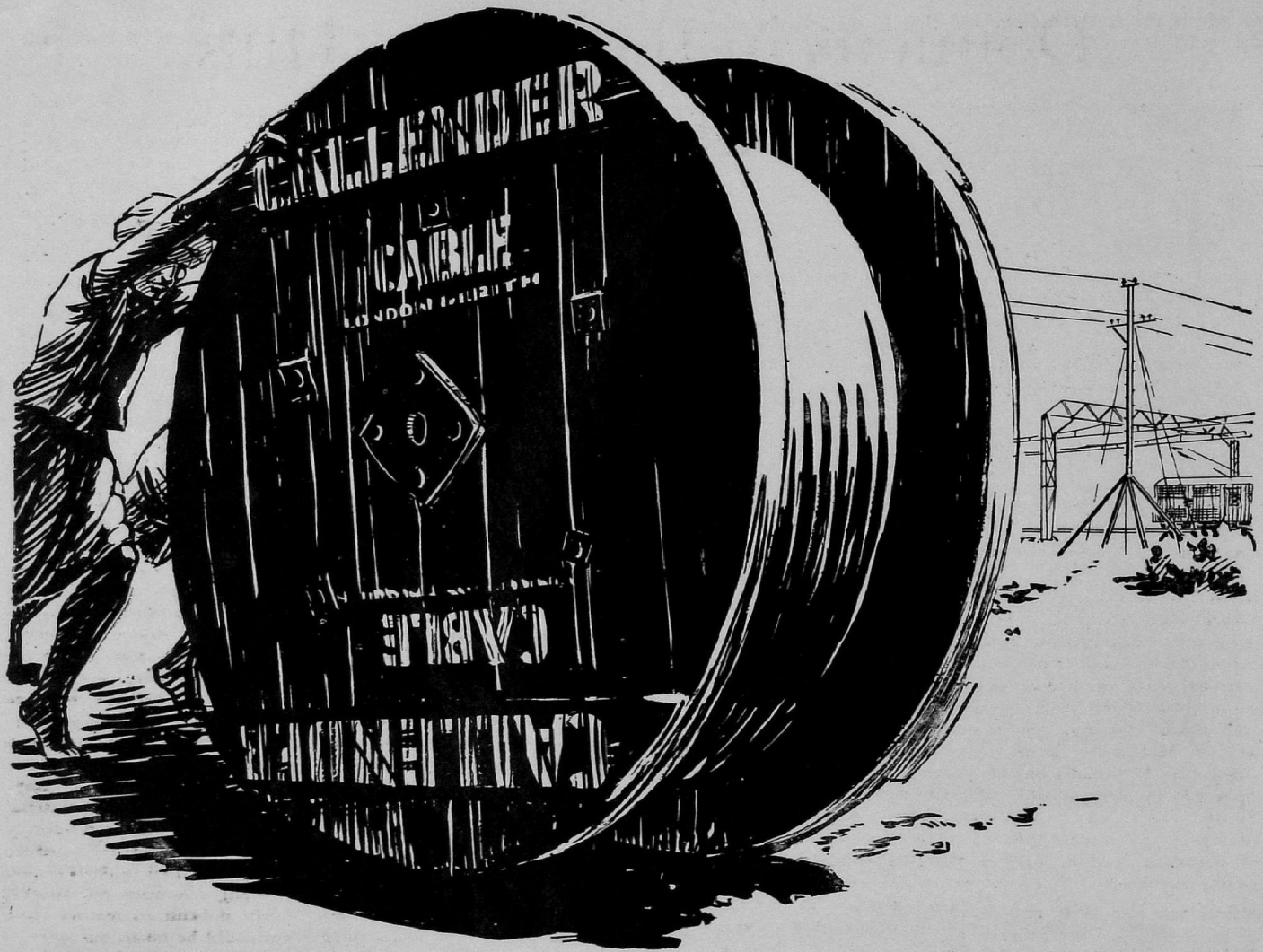
"Oh, Jim," she slipped her arm through his. "Dear," she said, "We've been misunderstanding each other—horribly. Tell me, when does this urgent business of yours end?"

"In about a week."

"Well, when it's over, let's go back to our camp by the lake and start all over again."



"HIS FACE PRESSED TO ONE OF THE TREES."



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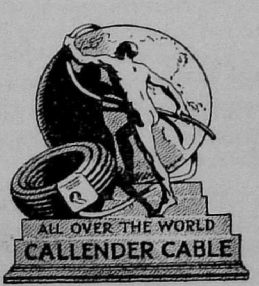


Dolmens in the Palani Hills, South India.

By ALBERT J. SAUNDERS, Ph.D.

"The record of the human past is not all contained in printed books. * * * To collect the implements, weapons, pottery, costume and furniture of races is to contribute materials not only to the history of mining, metallurgy, spinning, weaving, dyeing, carpentry, and the life arts which minister to civilization, but also to illustrate the physical history of the countries where these arts were practised." [1] *Sir C. T. Newton.*

THE term "Dolmen" is a Breton word meaning table (dol) of stone (men); they are funeral chambers, which vary much in size and shape. Some consist of a single chamber, while others contain many chambers.[2] De Morgan says: "A dolmen is a stone monument of varying dimensions, composed of vertical walls formed of great blocks set on end with one or more larger slabs forming the roof."[3] Dolmens have a wide geographic distribution, being found in large numbers in Asia, Africa, and Europe. There are many of them in various parts of India, and they do not differ in general from those found in France and other parts of Europe. The question of the origin of dolmens is an interesting speculation, and as MacCurdy in his "Human Origins" points out,[4] it brings up the broader one of multiple origin of a given idea as opposed to transmission of the idea by contact. Elliot Smith,[5] followed by Gilbert Slater,[6] suggests the claims of Egypt as the probable centre from which spread the cult of the dead, and he believes that the dolmens are degraded Mastabas, the earliest known form of Egyptian tomb. On the other hand De Morgan says:[7] "It remains for us to suppose that the idea of constructing these huge tombs was born at different dates in different countries, since the cult of the dead is far too ancient and widely distributed for us to explain its general acceptance by propagation from any one centre. Apparently the solution of the problem must come from a combination of hypotheses, for it is impossible to connect the monuments of Japan, Madagascar, and South America with the great groups of Asiatic-European dolmens." The cult of the dead and the history of these dolmens, as well as the larger study of prehistoric religions are all very difficult, because we have so little evidence to help us.

IN THE TRAVANCORE HILLS.

"An important find of graves of the Iron Age was made at the foot of the North Travancore Hills (in Southern India), four miles from Bodinayakanur, in the Periyakulam Taluk. This find was made during the construction of the Bodinayakanur—Kotagudi Road in 1899. The objects found were large earthenware vessels, chatties (urns), and numerous old iron swords. A large number of chatties were found close together, all buried about four feet below the surface and many, if not all, containing human bones * * * The shape of the chatties were remarkable; they are like very wide-mouthed chatties with very deep narrow bodies and round bases."[8]

Rev. W. W. Wallace of the American College and Dr. E. W. Wilder of the Albert Victor Hospital, Madura, made an interesting find in May, 1925, in the North Travancore Hills.[9] The place they visited was called Tondimalai, named from the fact that it was a favourite burial-place in prehistoric times. The numerous dolmens found there at the present time is evidence that a large population must have inhabited that region in the early Iron Age. These megalithic tombs are found generally on prominent hill-tops or ridges, and are placed in groups. Choosing a place where several of these old graves were discovered, the visitors proceeded to open up some of them to see what they contained. In all, six of these graves were excavated. They were situated in a straight row, the graves being placed close to one another. After removing the broken stones that marked the spot about one and a half feet below the surface of the ground was found a flat circular stone that gave a hollow sound to a light tapping with crowbar or pickaxe. Underneath the covering stone was found a large urn, the mouth of which was about fifteen inches in diameter and the vertical height about three and a half feet, placed in a vertical position in the ground and firmly imbedded in clay and gravel. Each one of the six presented the same general appearance, varying only in size and ornamentation. All of them were somewhat broken at the neck owing to the weight of earth and stone and perhaps the tread of elephants upon them, and were more or less cracked and penetrated with roots. Inside each of these large urns were found six or eight small urns, eating and drinking vessels, vases, chatties, of various shapes and sizes, some of red clay, others black polished inside and outside, of very thin material and very brittle to handle. They were firmly imbedded in fine red clay that seemed to have silted in and partly filled up the large urn, and the small vessels were filled with the same clay very tightly packed, and were wedged in upon one another in such positions as to make it very difficult to remove them unbroken. The majority of them could be taken out only in fragments. Bones were found imbedded with the vessels in one urn, and bones crumbled and mixed with clay in others. The Doctor was able to identify one of these bones as the hip bone of a man. On the top of one urn was found the blade of a sword, almost completely rusted through about two and half feet long with no sign of a handle. It may have had originally a wooden or bone handle that had become completely decayed. Inside the same urn were found two iron spear-heads and what appears to be an iron chisel. On the top of the covering stone of another urn was found a piece of a sword, the rest having apparently rusted away.

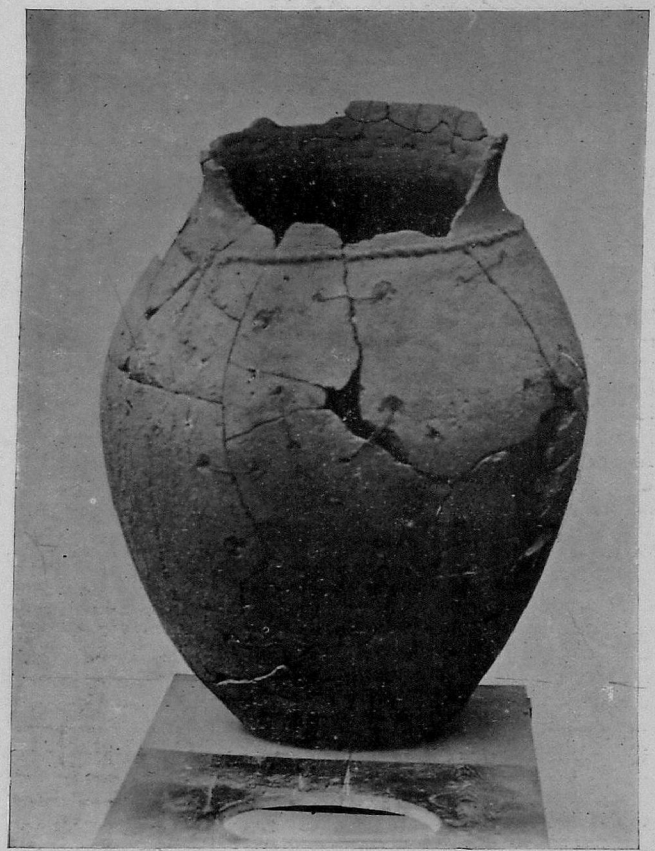
It would appear that weapons and implements were placed on top of the covering stone of the urn: those found inside having apparently fallen in, as the covering stone of this urn was broken in pieces and displaced.

One of the large urns, though badly cracked, was taken out nearly whole; the lid was somewhat broken. It is three and a half feet in height and two and a half feet in diameter at the bulge. It has a wide curving neck, round the base of which is a fillet of raised finger-tip marks, with two diverging side sweeps of the same on one side.

The urn itself and the vessels found inside conform to the various types of what is called "Iron Age Pottery" in the Catalogue of Prehistoric Antiquities in the Government Museum, Madras; some of which were taken from Tandigudi in the Palani Hills and other parts of the Madura District, but most of which are from the Nilgiris, the Coimbatore, Malabar and Tinnevelly districts.

1. *On the Study of Archæology.* Sir C. T. Newton. p. 12.
2. *Human Origins.* G. G. MacCurdy. Vol. II, p. 111.
3. *Prehistoric Man.* De Morgan. p. 235.
4. *Human Origins.* G. G. MacCurdy. Vol. II. p. 122.
5. *The Ancient Egyptians and the Origin of Civilisation.* G. Elliot Smith. 1923.
6. *Dravidian Element in Indian Culture.* Gilbert Slater. 1924.
7. *Prehistoric Man.* De Morgan. p. 239. 1924.
8. *Foote Collection of Indian Prehistoric Antiquities.* R. B. Foote. p. 53. 1916.
9. *American College Magazine.* August, 1925. pp. 28-29.

Illustration No. 1 is of one of these urns found in a grave in Tondimalai, Travancore Hills.



BURIAL URN FOUND AT TONDIMALAI. (NO. 1).

IN THE PALANI HILLS.

One of the early investigators of the dolmens in the Palani Hills was Father H. Hosten, S.J., whose discoveries and writings on these prehistoric remains are still of importance to the student in this field. Mr. Foote has this to say:[10] "Megalithic tombs (dolmens) are known to occur in some numbers on the Palani Hills (in Southern India), especially around the great Perumal-malai peak. Some of them have been beautifully figured by Father H. Hosten, S.J., in his capital paper on the megalithic monuments of the Palani plateau * * * Other monuments as cairns have furnished the specimens of black and red pottery shown in the collections, Nos. 82 b and 82 c, found by Mr. C. Mickie Smith, F.R.S.C., in connection with cairns near Kodaikanal * * * It is quite evident that the Palani Hills and their environs must have been a great settlement of the early Iron Age people." Father Hosten himself says: "Le musee de Madras vient d'acquerir une collection remarquable d'instruments in bronze et en fer trouves dans les anciens tombeaux de Tinnevelly."[11]

It is one of the pastimes of interested people who visit the hill-station, Kodaikanal, during the hot season (April-June), to go and inspect the dolmens within reach of the station. There are a large number of these prehistoric monuments scattered all over these hills, but the most extensive and interesting collection of these dolmens in this section of the country is some distance off the main Ghat road leading to Kodaikanal between the 14th and 16th mileposts. Illustration No. 2 will give a general idea of the country in which these dolmens are found.

10. *Indian Prehistoric and Protohistoric Antiquities.* R. B. Foote, p. 53. 1916.

11. *Dolmens et Cromlechs dans les Palanis.* Pere Hosten. p. 96. 1902.



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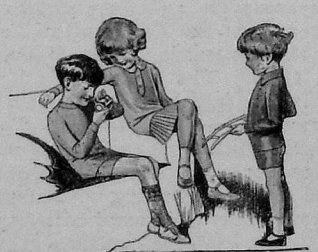

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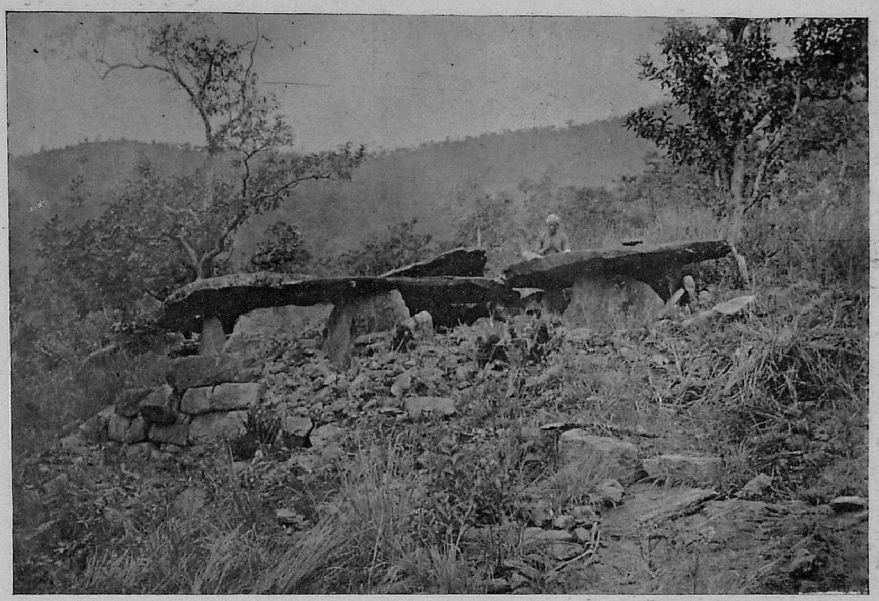


THE DOLMEN COUNTRY, PALANI HILLS. (NO. 2).

Illustrations Nos. 3 and 4 show the well-known features of the South Indian dolmens. The simplest form is two upright stones, either at the ends or the sides of the construction, and a large covering stone forming the roof. Others have the sides also enclosed with two stones placed upright.

Some of these dolmens of the Palani Hills are quite large, for six people can sit down comfortably within the chamber. The roof stone on some of them is particularly large and heavy; one which we saw measured over fourteen feet long by four feet wide. The question is how such a huge stone was raised and put in position. Another significant fact is that the Palani dolmens are found in groups of from two to fourteen in a group and each group is surrounded by a stone wall. The next illustration (No. 5) will show a group of dolmens, and also the enclosing wall in ruins.

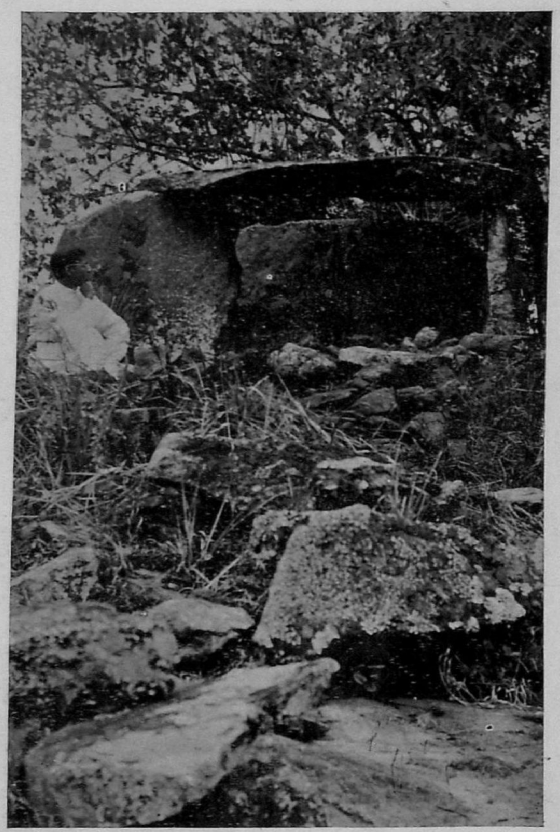
In many of these groups by the side of a large dolmen is found also a small one. If these dolmens are burial chambers, then it would seem as though these small ones were for the children. These stone buildings are evidently very old, for no iron implements have been found in them, except some which are evidently modern and were left casually in the dolmens long after the original construction. As far as I remember there have not been found burial urns or human bones in these dolmens of the Palanis; so that their original purpose is still a matter of conjecture.

The dolmens of the Palani Hills seem to be much older than the megalithic tombs of the Travancore Hills which are not far distant, for, while burial urns and human bones and iron tools have been found in numbers in the latter, in the former they are rare. That fact would seem to point to the suggestion which has been made that the Palani and Travancore Hills furnish evidence of probably two settlements representing an earlier and a later age; the dolmens being the earlier and Stone Age, while the burial urns represent the later, or early Iron Age. This evidently was the case in France, for Monro says:[12] "For it has been proved by the contents of the dolmens, and other sepulchral tombs, that two distinct races lived contemporaneously with each other in the south of France. In the artificial caves of Petit-Morin (Marne), investigated by Baron de Baye, the two races seemed to have more or less coalesced." This may be the explanation of the stone and iron aspects of the dolmens in the Palani and other near-by hills in Southern India. Another thing which adds to the mystery about these Palani dolmens is the fact that recently several buried dolmens have been discovered; the usual type are all on the surface, but some have now been found which are buried several feet in the ground. They differ in some respects from the surface ones, but more work will have to be done on them before a definite opinion can be expressed about them.

12. *Prehistoric Problems*, p. 160. Edinburgh. 1897.



SIMPLE DOLMEN. (NO. 3).



SIMPLE DOLMEN. (NO. 4).

As one ascends Mt. Perumal, on the left side of the mountain about half way to the top, there are to be seen a large number of stones two-thirds in the ground and one-third exposed, all placed in circles about four feet in diameter. These are supposed to be the stone foundations on which the village huts of the hill-dwellers were erected. This place probably marks the site of their village, while the place of the dolmens was their cemetery.

CONCLUSION.

We have in the Palani Hills megalithic remains which belong to a very early age, and bespeak a numerous settlement of prehistoric people. The dolmens of the Palanis would seem to be older than the graves and burial urns of the near-by Travancore Hills; the former probably represent the late Stone Age, while the latter may represent the early Iron Age. These remains suggest large settlements of these people in the hills of Southern India.

The question of the purpose for which these dolmens were erected is one of considerable doubt. The majority of investigators in the field are convinced that they are burial chambers, but of a very early period, for all trace, or to be exact, nearly all traces, of burial urns and human bones have long since disappeared. Father Newton, S.J., who is continuing the work begun by Père Hosten, and who is the Principal of the Shembaganur College, near Kodaikanal, does not accept the belief that these dolmens are burial chambers. He suggests that they were (1) either living chambers built in that way for protection against the wild beasts of the jungle, or (2) they were fortresses to which the people fled from their enemies. Those, of course, are possible explanations, but they are not without their difficulties. The general opinion remains that these dolmens of the Palani Hills are burial chambers of prehistoric dwellers of those parts, and represent a very early civilization.



A GROUP OF DOLMENS, PALANI HILLS. (NO. 5).

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8. *Human Origins. A Manual of Prehistory.* By G. G. MacCurdy. New York. 1924. Vol. II.

~~83~~ 81



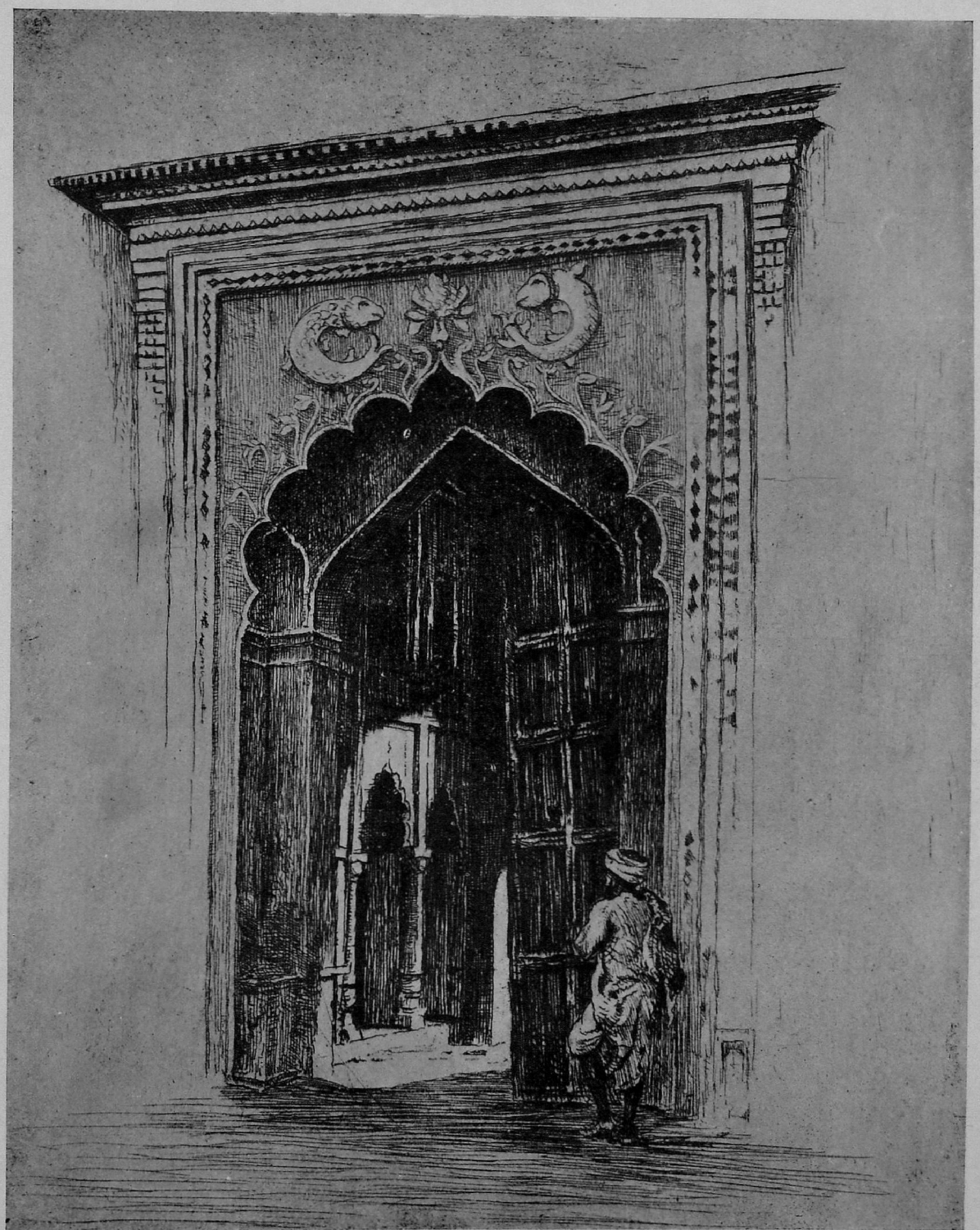
PEARS' SOAP

PURE AS THE LOTUS

LEARN WITHOUT SORROW, THE ETERNAL TRUTH
THAT YOUTH IS GODLIKE AND BEAUTY IS YOUTH


"Centuries ago, the ships that sailed from Amsterdam were seen in every port. The Amstel, the river of Amsterdam, was a name familiar over all the then known world. To-day, "Amstel" is still more famous as the name of Holland's finest beer.
Don't merely order a "beer"—get "Amstel" beer.
As soon as you taste it, you know it's the best."

~~85~~ 83



GATEWAY IN LUCKNOW. *By J. Reginald Taylor.*

The Great Imambara Lucknow.

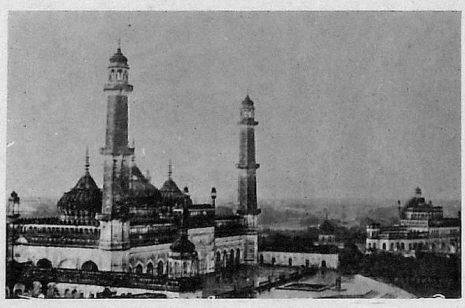
By F. Howard Oakley.



The dummy entrance seen on right of the first picture.



Close view of back of Rumi Darwarza.



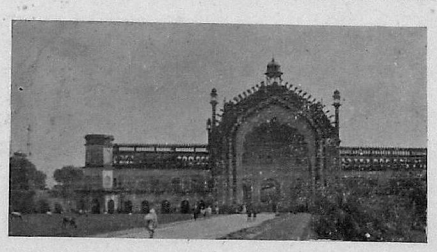
The mosque of the Great Imambara as seen from the roof. (Note the Rumi Darwarza on extreme right.)

The Great Imambara built by Asaf-ud-Daula as a relief work in time of famine. The Nawab and architect Kifayat are buried here. The hall is reputed to be the largest vaulted apartment in the world, measuring 162 ft. by 53½ ft. in width.





Aurangzib's mosque and the gate to Imambara as seen through the arches. A picture giving some idea of the huge size of the apparently small arches which decorate the top of the roof of the Great Imambara.



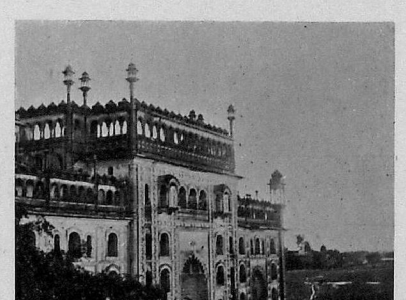
Close view of front of Rumi Darwarza. The original design of the doorway was an immense dome cut in two. This view shows the inside of the cleavage.



On left the entrance to Imambara court-yard; in centre the Rumi Darwarza; on right a dummy gateway facing real entrance.



The gate taken from roof showing court-yard buildings, some of which are used as a school.



The end of Great Imambara as seen from the turret in front of mosque.

87 85

Husainabad Imambara, Lucknow.

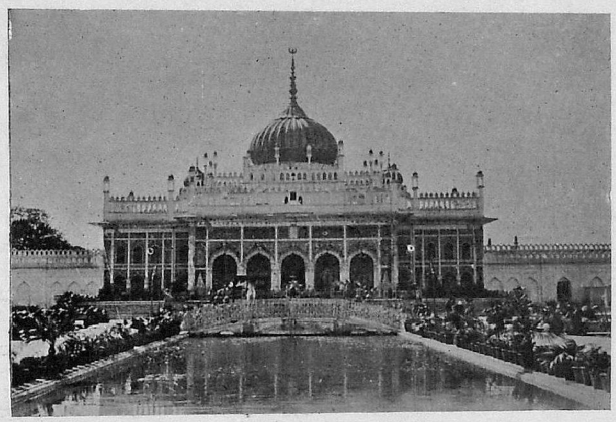
By F. Howard Oakley.



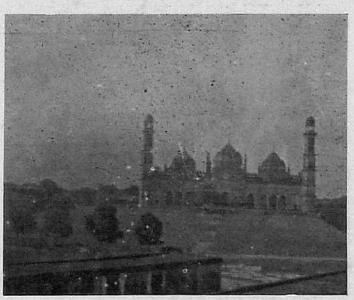
The entrance to Gelo Khana or Decorated Place. The approach to the bazaar enclosure in front of the Imambara.



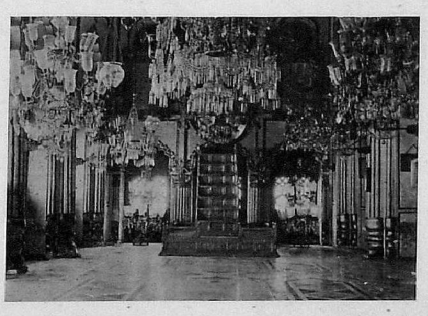
Gateway into court-yard garden of the Imambara as seen from roof of Imambara. The building on right is a mausoleum and has a corresponding one on left—a very poor copy in miniature of the Taj. The latter contains the remains of Muhammad Ali Shah's daughter, Zenab Asiya.



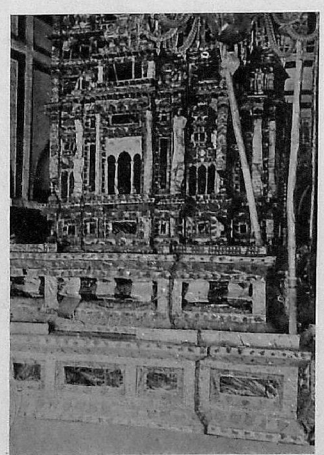
The Imambara built by Muhammad Ali Shah containing the remains of the king and his mother. The golden dome springing out of the white building surmounted by the soaring spire and glittering crescent and star make an impressive picture.



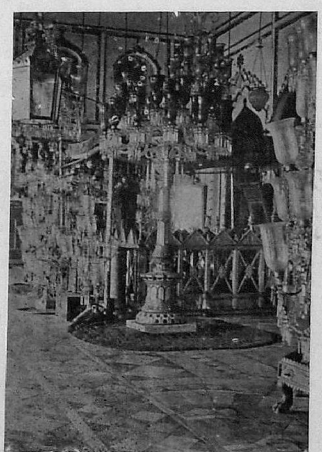
Jama Masjid or Mosque seen from the top of roof of Imambara. Said by many to be the best specimen of pure Moslem architecture in Lucknow.



The front hall of the Palace of Lights, as the Imambara is called, showing the silver pulpit in centre.



Paper and wax model of tomb of Muhammad Husain taken out and buried on the annual anniversary of his death.



The interior showing crystal chandeliers and the tombs surrounded by silver railings and tall, glass candelabra.

Scenes in Lovely MYSORE.



THE PALACE.



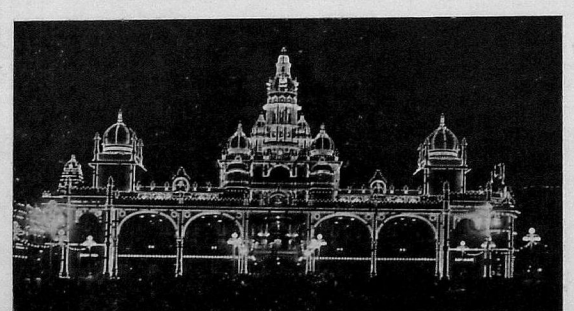
NEW GUESTS MANSION.



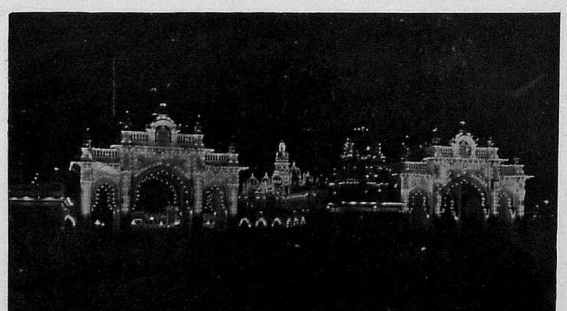
THE ORIENTAL LIBRARY.



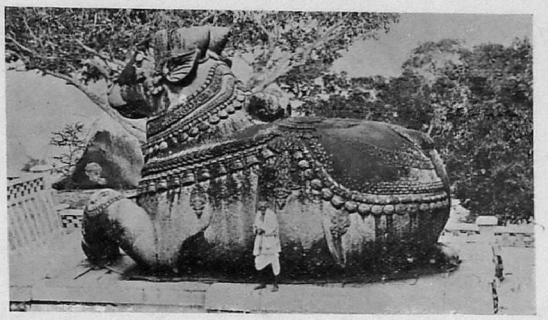
KRISHNARAJENDRA HOSPITAL.



THE PALACE BY NIGHT.



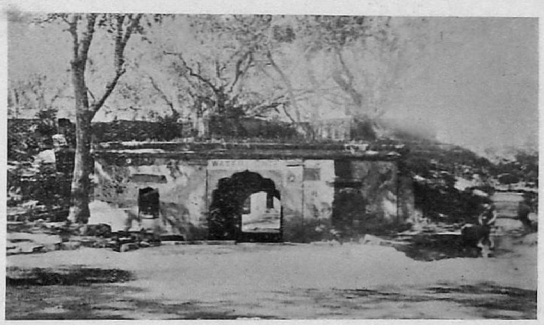
FORT GATES BY NIGHT.



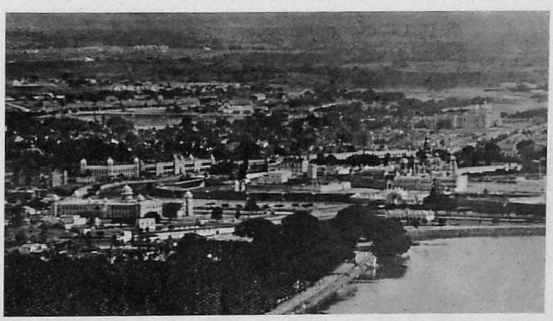
CHAMUNDI BULL.



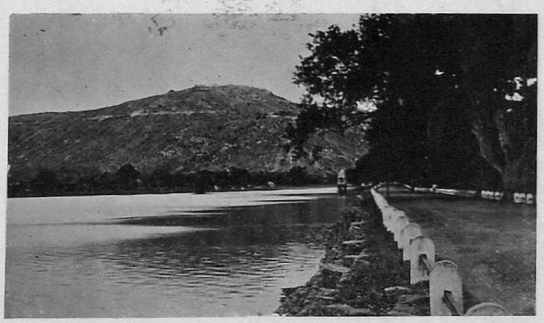
THE PALACE FROM THE RACE COURSE.



THE WATER GATE, SERINGAPATAM.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MYSORE.



TANK AND HILL VIEW.



TIPPU'S TOMB.

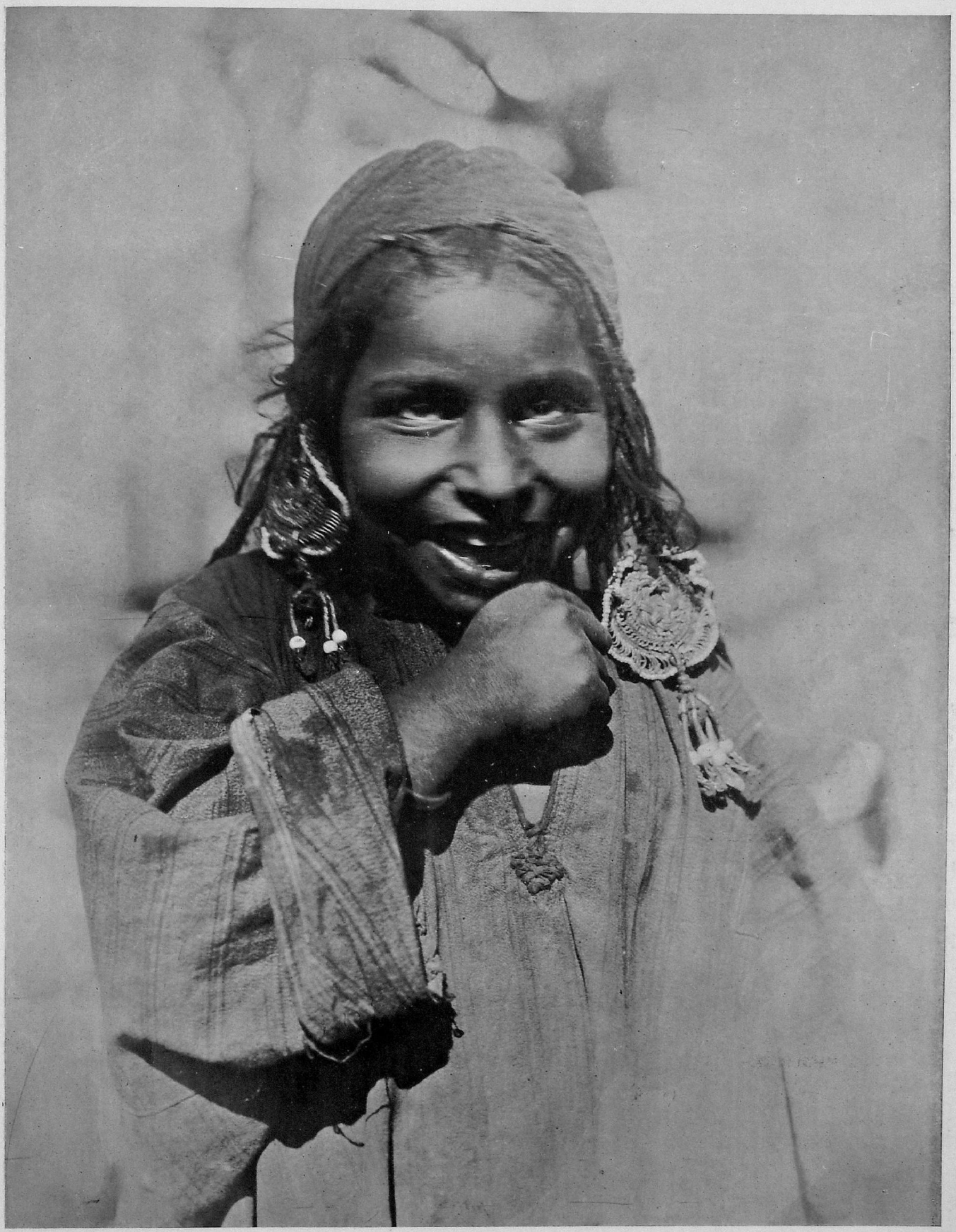


KRISHNA RAJA SAGAR DAM.

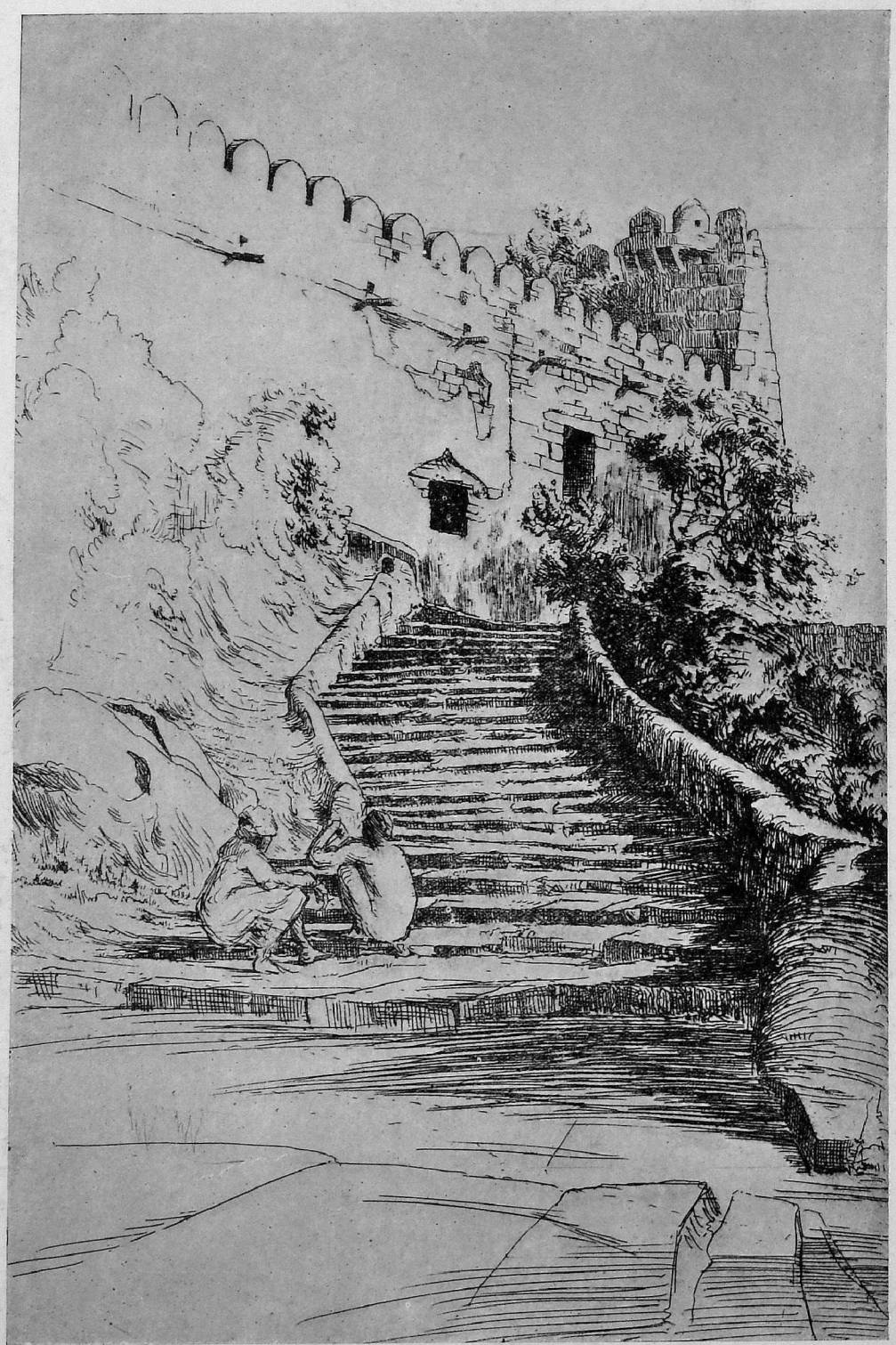


AN INDIAN ASTROLOGER. *Photo by E. Watts.*

94 89



"SMILE PLEASE." *Photo by E. Watts.*



STEPS AT GOLCONDA. *By J. Reginald Taylor.*



JAPANESE GIRLIES FROM OVER THE SEAS
COME WITH BRIGHT BLOSSOMS FROM PINK CHERRY TREES,
TRIPPING SO GAILY, WE LAUGH AND WE SING,
DECKING OUR HOMES WITH THE FLOWERS WE BRING.

LOOK AT OUR KITES HOW THEY FLOAT IN THE SKY,
HIGH, AND YET HIGHER, AND EVER SO HIGH,
SPREADING THEIR TAILS, AS A PEACOCK SO VAIN
SPREADS THE BLUE EYES OF HIS WONDERFUL TRAIN.

COME TO OUR BEAUTIFUL LAND OF JAPAN,
SAIL O'ER THE SEA IN A FAIRY SAMPAN;
GLOW-WORMS WILL LEND YOU THEIR LIGHT AS YOU FLY,
FAIRIES WILL SING YOU A SWEET LULLABY,

SILK-WORMS WILL SPIN FOR YOU GARMENTS SO FINE,
PIXIES WILL DIG YOU BRIGHT GEMS FROM THE MINE;
SO COME IN YOUR DREAM-TIME, AND STAY BUT TO SEE
THIS WONDERFUL COUNTRY THAT'S OVER THE SEA.

F. A. BAKER

Manufactured by
Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire,
England, and untouched by hand during
manufacture and packing.

Swiftly,
Safely,
Surely—

Take two Genasprin tablets when Headaches, Dengue or Nerve Pains attack you. *Swiftly* the pain-relieving powers of Genasprin come into action, the nerves are soothed and before long no trace of the pain remains. Because of its absolute purity, Genasprin brings this wonderful relief *safely*, without disturbing the digestion or endangering the heart and acts *surely* in even the most distressing headaches or nerve pains.

—that's how

GENASPRIN

The *Safe* Brand of Aspirin

Makes
Pain
Fade
Away

Obtainable at all Chemists and
Stores in bottles of 35 tablets.

95 93



DREAM MAGIC

By, A.S.W.



THANKS very largely to the Austrian physician and psycho-analyst, Sigmund Freud, the modern western world is immensely interested in dreams. There is comparatively little of the old attitude which think of dreams as

"the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconsistent than the wind."

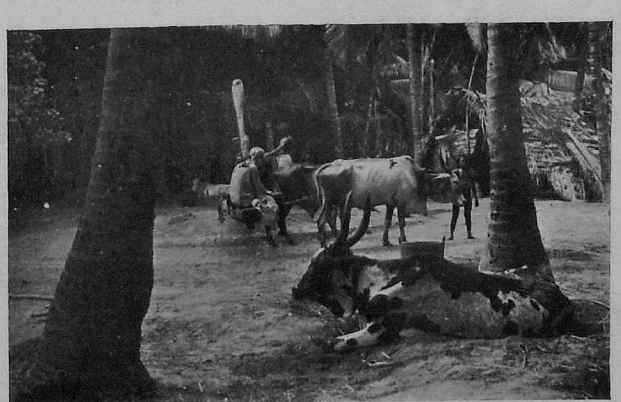
But there was no need for a Freud to arise to interest India in dreams. The entire Orient has always been sure that dreams are more than mere plays of fancy or medleys of disjointed things. To-day, as for centuries past, the Indian peasant believes that dreams carry meanings, and it is one of his interested concerns to find the key that will unlock the secrets of his own nightly imaginings.

The world in which the ordinary peasant thinks and moves is one in which anything may happen, and indeed one in which anything may be made to happen if one has possessed himself of the appropriate magical technique. It is a world in which there are no hard and fast divisions between the possible and the impossible, the natural and the miraculous. The dream world is a part of the real world, and may be even a higher plane of it than the waking world because of its occult properties. It is a sphere in which one may come into contact and communication with the spirits of deceased ancestors. Sleep, like death, has the ability to release the spirit from the bondage of the body for a while, and dreams show that the sleeping and the dead may join together in spirit communion. The interpretation of dreams is thus inextricably bound up with animistic and magical notions which are in fact the instruments through which dreams must be understood.

A familiar animistic belief in South India is that the spirits of the dead make visitations to the living in dreams. They frequently choose this channel of communication to make known their desires, and especially their disapproval of anything the living may happen to be doing or neglecting. It is commonly believed that, if a ceremony of any kind is being allowed to lapse, the ancestral spirit or deity who is being neglected will appear in a dream and warn the person or family of the dangers involved in negligence. An informant tells of a Kanarese woman of the cooly class who made a vow to a certain deity if she recovered from a serious illness that befell her. After recovery in due course she went on the pledged pilgrimage with a gift of twenty rupees which she had sworn to give to the goddess. When she arrived at the place she began to think that her gift was more than she could afford, and accordingly she reduced it to ten rupees. On the night of her return home she dreamed that the goddess came and, accusing her of breach of a sacred trust, dragged her out to her court-yard. Awakening to find herself in the court-yard, she was assured that it was a divine visitation. Another informant tells of the visitation in a dream of a family deity to assure a fifteen-year-old girl that she would be married four weeks from the following Thursday, a promise in reward for the girl's importunity and devotion; and the wedding took place that very day, despite the fact that no arrangement had been begun at the date of the dream. Sometimes the spirit appears to the dreamer in the guise of an ascetic, giving directions or warnings as the case demands. There is a widespread belief that such means are employed to warn people of defilement concerning which they had not been conscious, so that necessary purification may be undertaken.

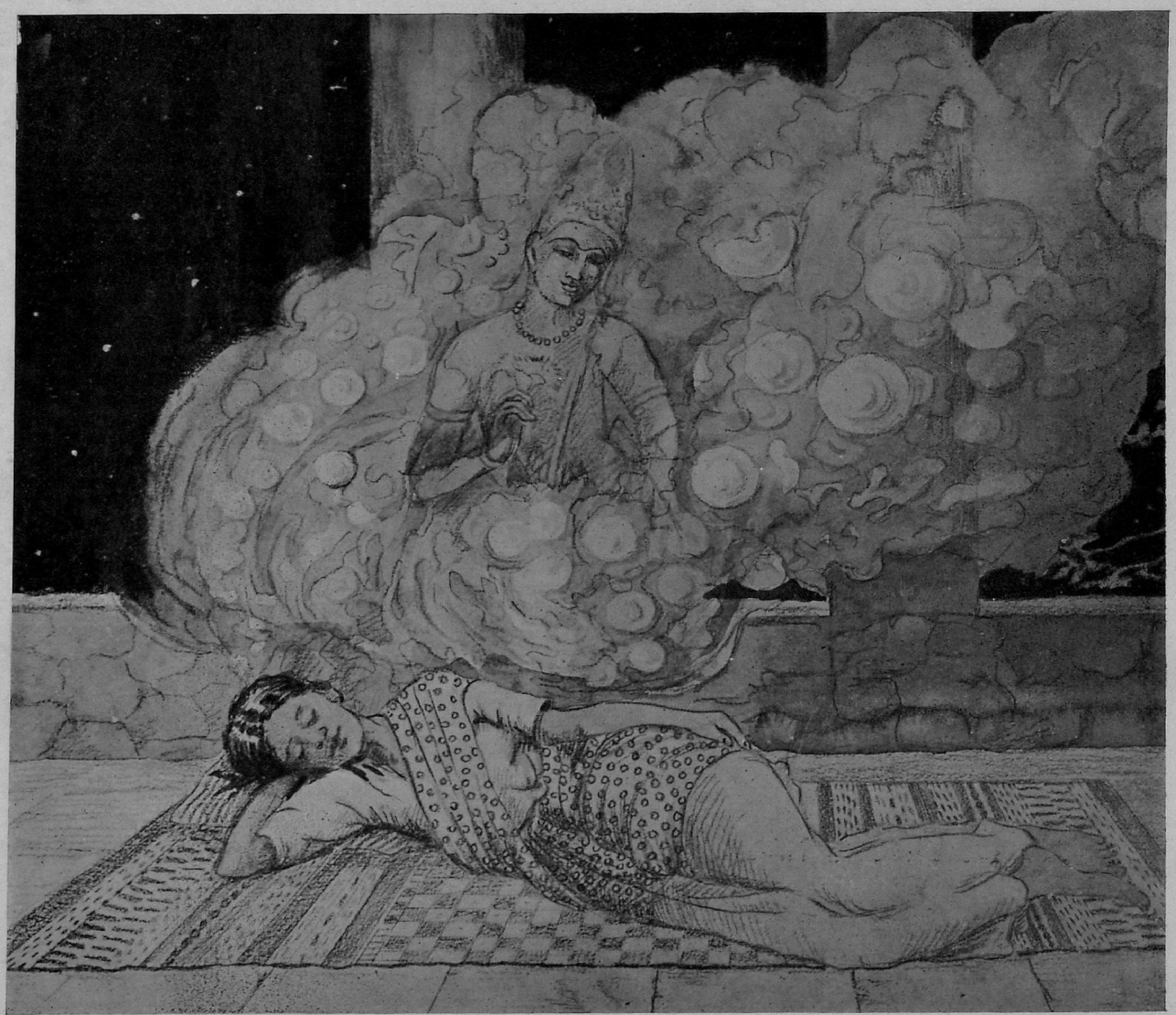
Many instances are recorded of warnings being given in dreams, by patron deities, by dead relatives, and sometimes by animals. Dreams in which patron deities appear are usually in connection with the neglect of ceremonials, the cowardice of conscience being particularly vital in the dream state. The dead are in the habit of giving instructions to the living about their own requirements, or about matters which concern the welfare of the family, and happy is the family that heeds such extraordinary instructions. It was reported that an Andhra woman dreamed that a huge serpent appeared to her and warned her in human voice that it would destroy the whole family if they did not shift from that house the next day. Though she communicated the warning to her husband, he paid no heed to it. The very next night a serpent exactly like the one that had appeared in the dream fell from the roof on the woman and bit her. She awakened to see the snake crawling towards her husband, and heroically caught it, trying to prevent it from reaching him. As a result she was bitten several times. Meanwhile her husband awoke and came to her rescue and was bitten also. But the poison was obviously used on his wife, so that he survived, though his wife died.

Dreams are thus a medium through which supernatural guidance is given and received. In the dream state there is no physical hindrance to stand in the way of communication between spirits, human and divine. The peasant class regard this as an established fact, and think that any man who does not advantage himself of such information is a fool. To disobey a command received in this way is to court disaster, and an abundance of tales can always be recited to convince the sceptical. In many cases no spirit appears in the dream, but advice and threats are interpreted symbolically in accordance with the science of omens. As in waking consciousness, so in dreams there is a most elaborate sastra which explains the significance of various signs and appearances. Among those dream appearances which are regarded as harbingers of good luck are included fruit, jungles, curd, liquor, a cow, and a prostitute. Among those which presage evil may be mentioned a black cat, an eclipse, a cloudy day, torrents of rain and a thunderbolt. But the dream sastras go into detail as to the type of good or evil fortune that may be anticipated in



THE OIL MILL. *Photo by Klein and Peyerl.*

association with the particular appearances. This is considered to be sufficiently important for some of the more common or important to be included in the almanac (*panchangam*). Riches and other blessings are in store for the one who dreams of going upstairs, over a mountain, up a tree, mounting a chariot or an elephant; also for those who see in their dreams a horse, a palanquin, the sun or moon, or any white substance, or who hold conversation with kings or lords; also for those who dream that they had died, had presented others with fruit and flowers, or who dream that they were studying, had just had a bath in the sacred Ganges, or who beheld gods, goddesses, cows or oxen. Dreams of the receipt of money through a lady. Standing in the midst of waters in one's dream presages tantalizing calamities. To dream of flowing water is a sign of unexpected wealth. If the kitchen should be on fire in one's dream, one may expect the cook to fall ill. But if he dreams of seeing brilliant torches it indicates an addition to his family or to his wealth. If in the dream state one flies a kite, he will enjoy promotion and honour. To see a bright sky is a sign that one will recover some lost property, or succeed in a law-suit. But dark and cloudy skies have no silver linings; they promise nothing but calamity. In sleep, as in waking consciousness, the appearance of a widow is a bad omen; trouble is inevitable. Strange to



"VISITATION IN A DREAM FROM A FAMILY DEITY."

such nightly visitors as those just mentioned prognosticate great wealth for the dreamer. In contrast with these one is in danger of poverty overtaking him if he dreams of serpents, cruel animals, castor-oil, bones, cotton, burning charcoal or iron. Some dreams are forebodings of evils corresponding to what one dreams, such as drowning, being imprisoned, being shorn of his limbs, falling ill, or hearing the news of a death. According to the Telugu panchangam from which these prognostications are taken, day-dreams are of no significance.

Another Telugu book that deals with luck of all kinds classifies dreams into ten groups in accordance with the subject-matter, in each case interpreting the meaning. These classes are earth, water, fire, air, sky, humanity, animals, birds, food, and miscellaneous. One or two samples from each group will show the type of symbolism that is followed. Dreaming of an earthquake presages defeat in some undertaking. Dreaming of a gift of land foreshadows marriage to a beautiful lady, or say, the sight of a corpse which when awake is unlucky, is lucky in a dream; it foretells new acquisitions, feasting, or other enjoyment. A long list of interpretations tells what one should expect after dreaming of various things happening to oneself. If in the dream one is a victim of smallpox, he may expect a good amount of money; if he dreams of being scratched, he will lose money as the result of flattery; if he dreams of having horns on his head, he may anticipate a good appointment. To dream of scorpions or snakes entering a house forebodes enmity; whereas dreaming of fish or frogs is a good omen. If one dreams of eating boiled rice he will be ill; but if he is giving it to another person, it is a token of money coming in.

There seems to be a fair degree of unanimity in dream interpretation, but it is not absolute. The same dream is occasionally given a different meaning in different localities. The Kanarese almanac tells us that the sight of a tiger is an

indication of the strengthening of one's moral endeavours. The Telugu book referred to interprets it in terms of enmity with strong people. Another curious difference is that some dreams are supposed to be interpreted positively, and others negatively. Some are thought to "come true;" others to "go by opposites." There is a belief among the Tamils that if one has a good dream, and, rising early, tells it into the ear of a cow, that dream will come true. One informant assured the writer that he had proved this efficacious in the case of a dream about ending hostility between himself and a former friend. On the other hand it is possible by magical means to avert the evils whose forebodings are indicated in dreams. The Toda women wear about their necks copper plates wound in spiral form on which mantras have been inscribed, in the faith that such charms will protect them from the harms with which demons threaten them in dreams. It is commonly supposed that good dreams, to be efficacious, must be kept secret. Bad dreams are sometimes rendered harmless and their evil effects averted by going to sleep again. If one has two dreams in the same night, only the later of the two will be realized. The consequence of that belief is that if one awakens from a good and auspicious dream, he should make an effort to keep awake the rest of the night, and wealthy people have been known to employ a servant to prevent them from going to sleep. Contrariwise, if one has awakened from an inauspicious dream, he tries to sleep again in the hope that he will have another and better dream that will render the earlier one harmless.

The time when a dream or its significance will be realized may be calculated by noting the time of night when the dream takes place, an obviously difficult matter if one does not waken until morning. The effect of dreams dreamed during the first quarter of the night will be realized within a year; those dreamed the second quarter within six months; those dreamed in the third quarter of the night will be realized within a month; but those dreamed before dawn will be realized within twelve days; finally those dreamed immediately before the sunrise will be fulfilled within one day.

It has been remarked that dream interpretation is a sastra. But everybody does not know the sastras. In this as in other sciences there are experts. Magicians and astrologers are the classes that are thought to have expert information in dream matters, and many people who are in doubt about the meaning of their dreams go to these men for counsel. The astrologer is the psycho-analyst of the Indian village, and patients go to him to have their dreams analyzed. Interestingly enough, he has believed for centuries what our so-called moderns think they have just discovered—that dream images are symbolic in character. He does not bother his head with talk about repression and the relation between meanings and images, and all the jargon of modern psycho-analysis. But he has learned from his elders who learned from their elders that certain dreams symbolize certain meanings, and these he proceeds to unfold in mammul fashion. Successful interpretations are usually reported far and wide, whereas scarcely anybody pays any attention to failures. So the oriental analyst builds up his reputation and increases his clientele. Among the Lhota Nagas of Assam there is a class of professional dreamers whom the people consult before they begin any new undertaking such as the building of a house, or taking up a new piece of land. In case of a bad dream the Lhota will change his plans. In fact, change of plans in accordance with the good or evil portent of dreams is quite common throughout India. Many times journeys are postponed and other plans altered in accordance with warnings intimated through dreams. It was reported that a certain South Indian prince desired to have all the houses in front of his palace removed, and the order included a temple standing diagonally opposite. But the family goddess appeared to him in a dream and warned him to desist in the interest of the welfare of the State. So the temple was allowed to remain.

Neither Indian dream-magic nor psycho-analysis claim that all dreams are alike significant. Some are nothing more than a confusion of pictures, tumbling pell-mell over one another in rapid succession. The key to the understanding of such dreams is not wish-fulfilment nor occult symbolism, but indigestion, alcoholism, or some form of ill-health. Such dreams carry no meaning. But the records show that the sages and kings of ancient India came to believe that many dreams functioned in warning, prognostication and guidance, and they employed learned men to interpret for them. The belief in the significance of dreams, a significance sometimes veiled in symbols, is still widespread. Even criticism of some of the animistic and magical notions that accompanied the belief in earlier days has not destroyed that faith. For one thing there are enough temporal coincidences to keep the belief alive. Again there is a reaction to-day, even in the western world, away from the pooh-poohing attitude towards dreams, towards an understanding of them as more vitally connected with life's serious moments.



"If you can dream, and not make dreams your master,
* * * you'll be a Man, my son."



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The Stork and the Crab.

A FOLK TALE IN VERSE.

By H. R. S.

"Why so sad, so melancholy
Standest thou, O Stork, to-day?
Is it not the veriest folly
Whilst there's sunshine, not to play?"

"True, O Fishes, what you've spoken
Yet my heart is full of grief;
Tears are falling as a token
Of my anguish past relief.

Comes a fisherman to-morrow
With a net to catch you all.
So I suffer grievous sorrow
Such disaster should befall."

"Save us from the threat'ning danger,
Father Stork, we do implore.
We are simple; you're no stranger
To the world beyond our shore."

"If you want my aid, then hearken
To my plan for your escape,
Ere the day begins to darken
And the shadows lengthen shape,

To another tank I'll bear you
In my beak one at a time.
There you'll lead, with naught to scare you,
Happier life in fresher clime."

Eagerly the fishes swimming
To the bank assembled there,
Cheerful hearts with joy overbrimming,
Buoyant spirits freed from care.

Little did they dream of falsehood,
Cunning trick and broken word.
Little think that Father Stork would
Prove himself a treach'rous bird.

But the Stork with joy malicious
Dropped each fish upon a rock.
"Ha," he said, "what food delicious!
No one else must share my stock."

Then a Crab who loved the fishes
Asked the Stork where they had gone.
He replied, "If now your wish is
To rejoin your friends, come on.

For I heard a fisher saying
Through the tank he'd drag his net.
Hasten, there's no use delaying,
You may win to safety yet.

All the fishes have I carried
To a refuge safe and sure.
Thus the stroke of death they've parried
And will live a few years more.





In my beak I'll bear you strongly,
'Tis no distance for a flight.
If you come not you'll act wrongly,
Find yourself in sorry plight."

"Then, indeed, I'll stay no longer
To await the stroke of death.
Pity 'tis your beak's no stronger
And you're sadly out of breath.

Rest awhile, before you bear me.
I will choose your neck instead;
Weakness in your beak doth scare me.
If you dropped me, I'd be dead."

Finally, with claws fast clinging
Round the neck of Father Stork,
Soared the Crab most blithely singing
"Lo, the fisher's net we baulk."

Down he glanced as they were flying,
And his heart received a shock,
For he saw the fishes lying
Dead, below, upon a rock.

"Friendly Stork, wilt save my brothers?
I forgot them in my haste,
Selfishly deserting others,
Fearing death myself to taste.

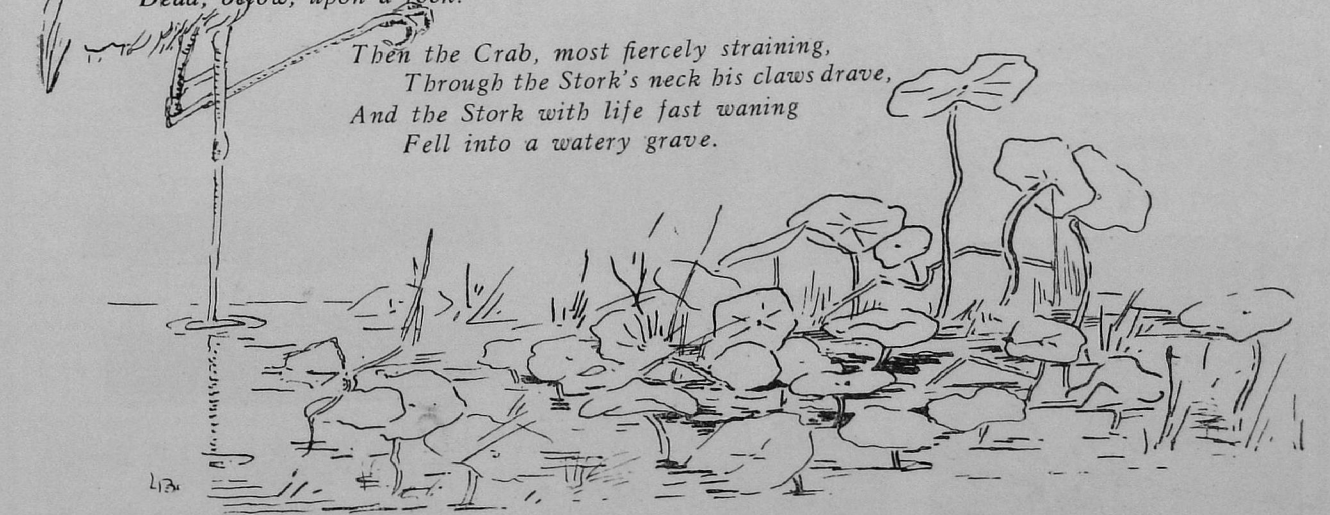
Come, I'll show you where they're hidden
In the mud and in the slime.
They will come when they are bidden
And we'll save them just in time."

Lazy was the Stork and greedy,
Thought he, "Now my food's secure,
If my journeyings are speedy,
For at least a twelvemonth more."

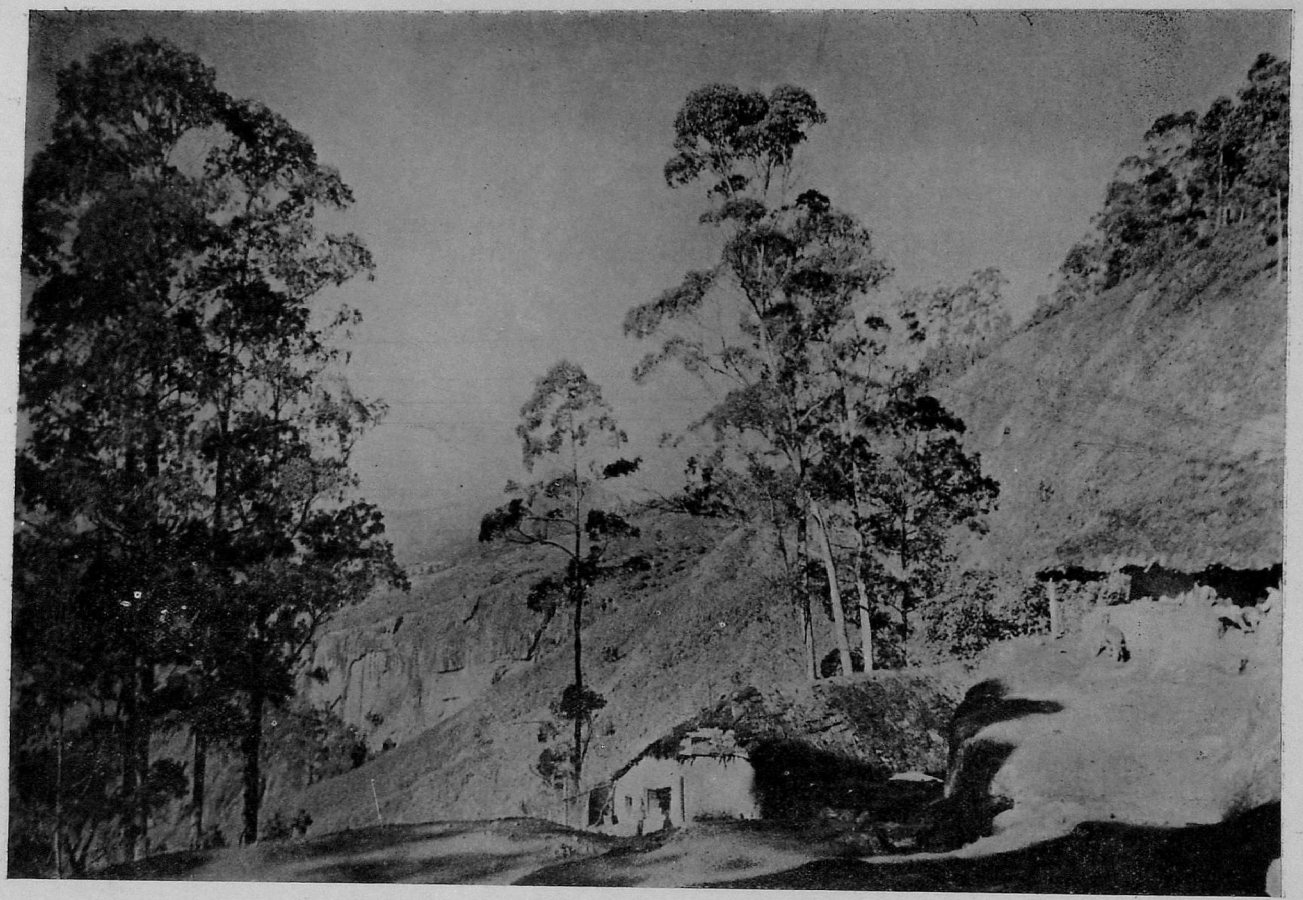
They, at last, on their returning
Saw the water down below.
But the Stork, no crabs discerning
Said, "O Crab, your brothers show."

"Hover slowly o'er the water,
Through the surface you will see
Recking naught of coming slaughter
Crawling crabs of all degree."

Then the Crab, most fiercely straining,
Through the Stork's neck his claws drave,
And the Stork with life fast waning
Fell into a watery grave.







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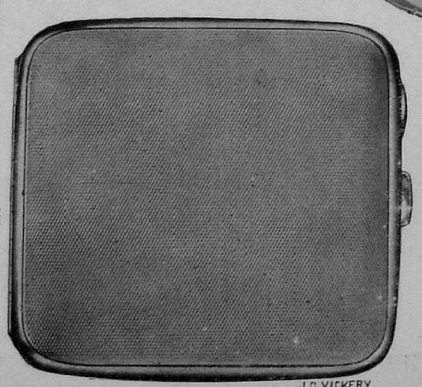

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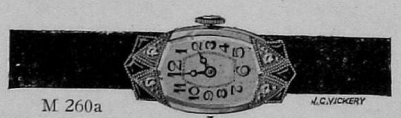

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Inspections Formal and Informal.

By H. Tempest Reilly.

"SO MAY the outward shows be least themselves, the world is still deceived with ornament."

Eyewash, some cynical relation of Sir Boyle Roche has said, is the breath of life to the Indian bureaucrat; and there is certainly no official however exalted or however humble who does not either receive or provide that useful unguent. Every Government servant spends a considerable portion of his time either inspecting or being inspected. The joy which the smaller fry derive from hoodwinking the greater is probably equalled by that given to the latter by the discoveries which they note for future guidance. The highest alone seem to be doomed to perpetual illusion; to drive along carefully sanded roads with all their potholes temporarily filled up; to be screened from the sun by avenue trees transplanted specially for H.E's benefit, (trees that have been known to droop dismally on the auspicious occasion when for some reason the gubernatorial visit has been delayed); to shoot tigers trained to appear at an appropriate moment; and to inspect hospitals where all the beds are occupied, the patients neatly attired, and the wards as attractive as extra cleanliness and unusual flowers can make them.

Occasionally a governor of exceptional temerity and enterprise, like Sir Arthur Havelock, looks inside a three-chatty filter and finds the water-man's turban occupying the topmost tier, or makes enquiries as to the villages and maladies of the patients and finds a surprising number come from the same locality and are suffering from undiagnosed diseases. But as a rule the highest in the land see what is arranged for them to see, and no more; they visit a lunatic asylum—there has just been a spring-cleaning, the lunatics' coarse garments are replaced for the nonce by borrowed plumes, gloomy quarters enlivened by imported crotons; there is nothing squalid, nothing horrifying, so every one is pleased and H.E. duly "gratified." It is possible that H.E. might be equally gratified if now and then he were permitted to see things as they usually are. It might interest him to behold a constable in a frowsty uniform carrying his turban tied up in a rag, like a pudding basin in a cloth, or to attend a luncheon party where his host had arranged a row of Xantippe's weapons all down the centre of the table, very decorative ones with gilding on them and handles, "so convenient for putting flowers in" as the emissary who had brought them from Madras explained. Alas! an Englishwoman called in to give a final look round decreed that those commodious flower vases should be removed, so the Government House party was spared any shock to their delicacy.

These, however, are lofty themes: the orbits of lesser luminaries afford quite as much entertainment to the onlooker. I have known a Member of Council, newly come to office, and eager to show himself upcountry to "the people" spend some heated hours walking through the bazaars of a Deccan town to the great interest of several small boys. Unfortunately I had forgotten to provide either the expected petitioners or grievances.

One of the weightiest inspections I ever experienced was that of two sanitary commissioners who, with the wife of one, came to see some plague disinfection. Fifty-six stone of sanitary commissioner took tiffin with my A.P.O. and myself. We had taken the precaution to test our camp chairs beforehand by jumping on them. The senior of the two commissioners was a real enthusiast, and those who have seen him instructing a row of reluctant village officers in Jewish sanitary methods are never likely to forget that impressive if somewhat Rabelaisian spectacle. In many sub-jails in the Presidency to-day a Jewish spade still lingers among the stores, but there is no one left to demonstrate its correct usage.



A FEMALE PRISONER

Sub-jail inspections are the bugbear both of superintendents and inspecting officers. Is the guard to be considered duly posted and alert when it leaps hastily to its feet and dives into turban and belt? And is it reasonable to wash prisoners so as to be able to decide if they have been vaccinated? It seems impossible for the acute minds of the sub-magistracy to descend to such practical details as the food, accommodation, and employment of their prisoners. Each cell has a legend showing the number of prisoners it can accommodate—six or three usually—but any inspection of a sub-jail where there are more than six prisoners is almost certain to show half a dozen in one cell, the rest in another and the remaining cells vacant. Cell No. 1 is filled up first and the others in numerical order. When there is a cell marked for females the Sub-magistrate's tender consideration for that sex will never permit him to allow any male to occupy it, however crowded the other cells may be, and however much of a *rara avis* a female prisoner is in his experience. The only time that the depressed classes score socially is when they go to jail. I have found three at their ease in a large cell with ten castemen crowded together next-door. The jail regulations are meticulous in their prescription of a varied diet, but such rules do not appeal to the ordinary S.M., and he not infrequently leaves these matters to his clerk and the contractor, who are all for simplification. Cooking and gardening are the two ways of employing the prisoners and they illustrate some of the foibles of the official temperament. Dangerous prisoners have to be guarded, so while they are in the cook-room preparing food two or three constables are always on duty outside; but not infrequently the constables' weapons are inside out of the sun, *with the prisoners*. Gardening as carried on in sub-jails is seldom anything so utilitarian as raising vegetables or flowers. It means arranging rows of whitewashed stones on either side of the dusty paths of the compound and then making those paths still more dusty by carefully sweeping away any little inequalities.

A taluq office inspection is a portentous affair judged by the hundreds of questions the Board of Revenue expects to have answered during it, but it is seldom as dull as might be expected, for the excuses made to cover shortcomings are often refreshingly varied. A worthy tahsildar, now probably re-incarnated as a professor of English, explained the poor state of his income-tax work as due to the fact that "the ryot had not yet realized the privilege of contributing to the upkeep of the Behemoth of the British raj on which the sun never sets." The same individual excused himself for having given his head clerk thirteen black marks without taking any other action against him, by saying, "Sir, a black mark to a clerk is a blot on the horizon of eternity."

Who could fail to be persuaded of the veracity of a clerk who pleads the loss of a voucher as follows:—"I beg with due reverence to your honour to submit that it is a fact as true as anything that the A sanctioned batta voucher was in the file submitted along with detailed bill B and that I would prefer an honest confession of a fault to repairing it with an unsound mean patchwork of base cowardly lying."

In the pre-reform days revenue officials found in visits to schools a relief from their routine inspections. Now-a-days it would probably be as much as their job is worth to inspect any institution belonging to a local body without legislative sanction. Recitations, readings and play-acting were then as now the chief ways of exhibiting the pupils' proficiency, as well as the pitfalls of the English language. The juvenile idea English herbivora was once



THE BEHEMOTH OF THE BRITISH RAJ

illustrated by a small boy who had correctly recited "Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow." When asked what a fleece was he replied unhesitatingly. "One sort poochi sir." How much Indian history does a boy acquire who is forced to study it in English? When he reads aloud of "sics and puttens" while his master smiles bland approval, does he realize that the subject is his fellow-countrymen the Sikhs and Pathans?

Shakespeare is an unfailing resource for the school plays and he would himself, I believe, have enjoyed seeing Shylock in a long black frock coat, white trousers, brown canvas shoes and a red turban, with his large tow beard tied on to his ears with string. In the trial scene he carried a table-knife which he sharpened on his rubber "sole." Portia and Nerissa were in short yoke frocks girt about the waist with cricket belts, and on their heads leghorn hats with pigtails sewn to the brims behind.

Prizegivings used to be arranged for such days of inspection, but those prizegivings were not the occasions for presenting sordid rewards for strenuous labour, but a delicate recognition of the condescension of the scholars in attending school. This was especially the case in girls' schools, and I recollect one where not only did every girl receive a prize but every girl was paid for coming to school; and the "salary" of those in the higher classes was actually more than the emolument of the teachers in the lower ones. It was the enlightened administration of one of our model South Indian States which thus encouraged female education.



AN HONEST CONFESSION OF A FAULT.

It is difficult very often to recognize from their attire some of the castes to which school children belong, but I was once able to diagnose the professions of the fathers of a whole mission school in a way which rather chagrined the enthusiastic young missionary who was making his first essay in the educational line. The sons of railway officials, police officers, post-office, telegraphs, forest, salt and abkari, registration and other minor officials, all disclosed the occupations of their fathers by writing their exercises on forms belonging to the parental departments.

The Wanderers.

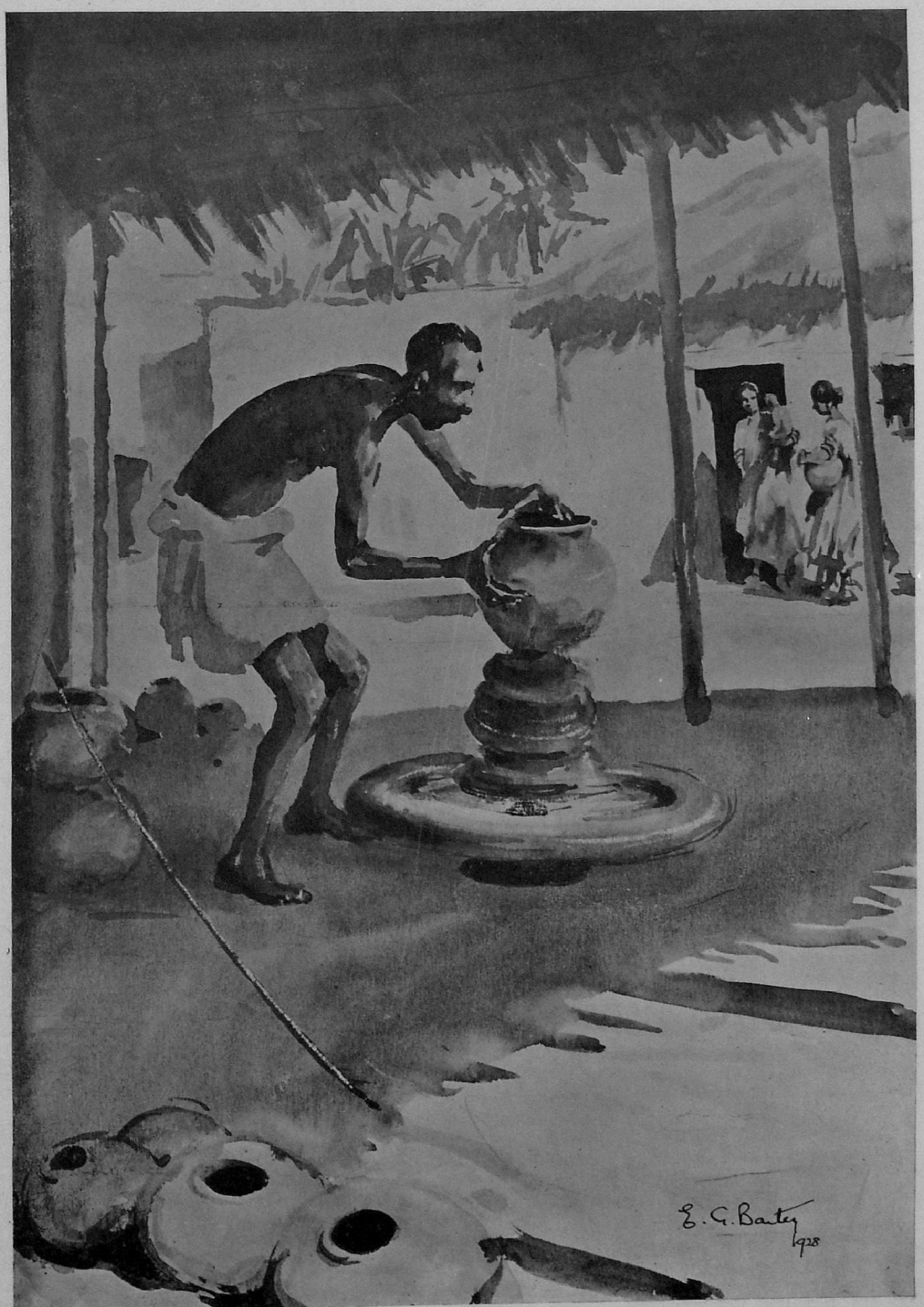


This scene depicts the wayside camp of a forest tribe of Southern India. Their chief occupation is the trapping of birds and small animals, which they either sell, or if driven to necessity, eat.

Extremely primitive in their habits and customs, these homeless wanderers travel about in groups of ten or twelve persons, their luggage, if so it may be called, slung about the shoulders of their women folk. A few of them train as acrobats, while others sell beads and small trinkets to augment the feeble resources of a family purse.

The men are but scantily clad, wearing usually a mere band of cloth about their loins. They are literally weather-proof, and in spite of an extreme shabbiness of appearance are remarkable for their healthy bodies.

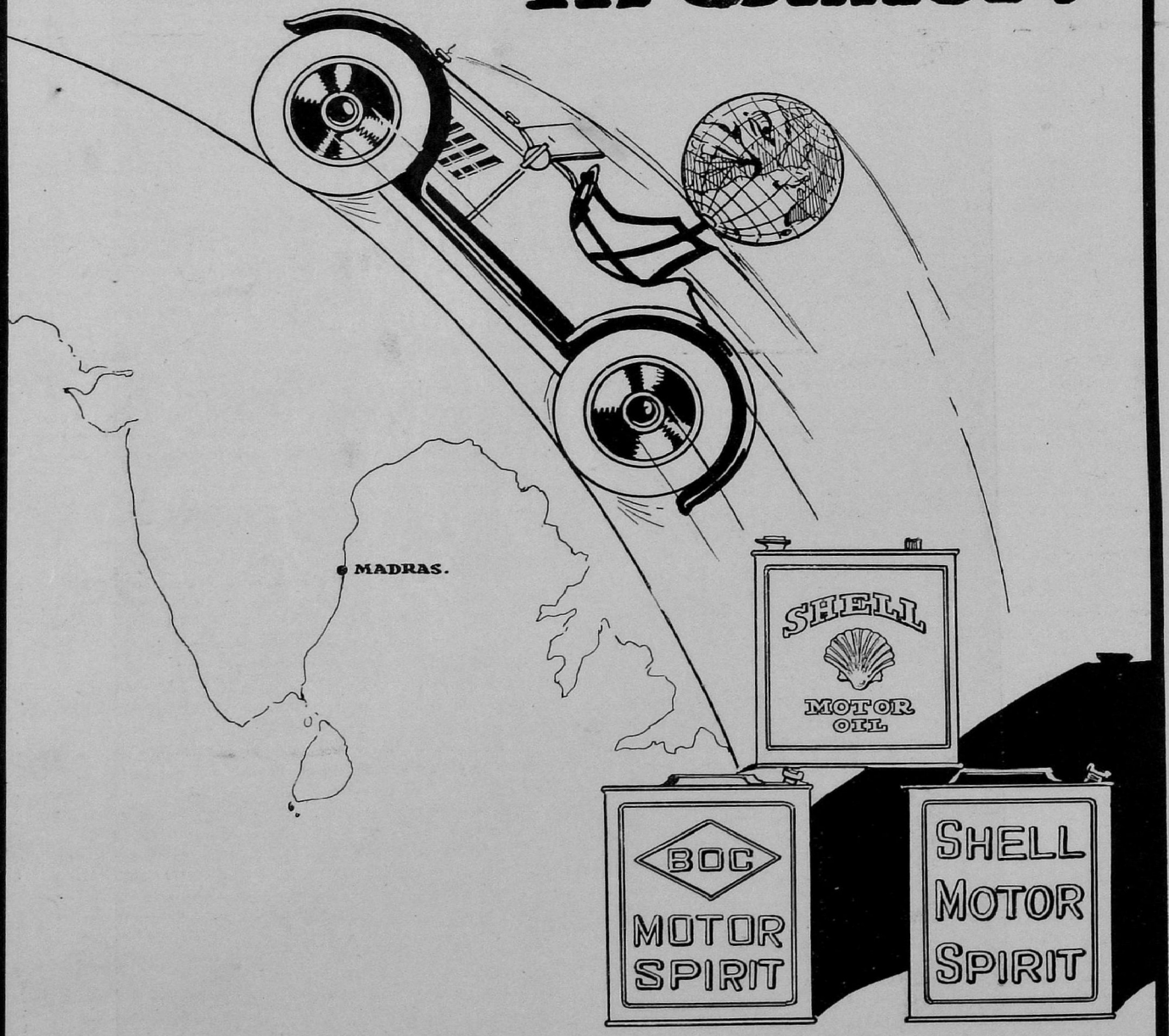
Living a hand-to-mouth existence, with absolutely nothing in the way of luxury except an occasional draught of "toddy" from a village shop, these children of the forest live a wild and primitive life, self-contained, self-centred and self-contented, enjoying their little pleasures and suffering the hardships and sorrows that Nature and an unsympathetic world have taught them to endure.



THE POTTER.

By E. G. Barter.

ROUND the WORLD in Comfort



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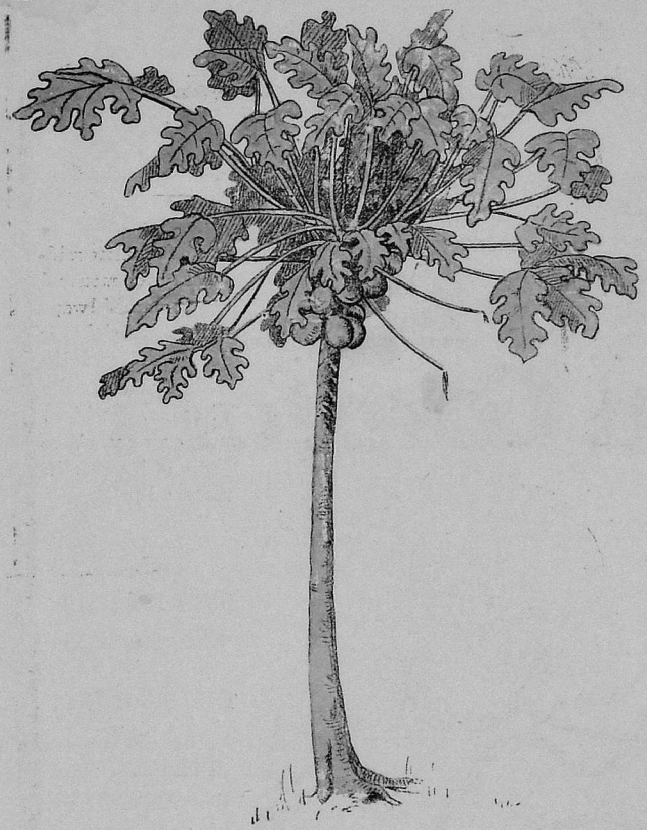
The Birth of a Feud.

By W.



"I WILL not be treated like this!" shouted the Chairman, whose temper had for some time been rising and was now quite out of control. "For three years I have slaved to make this town fit to live in and now I am insulted by a pack of rascals!"

At this word a hush fell on the excited meeting and every one realized that it was a declaration of war. For in this country you can call a man a cheat and a liar almost with impunity: you can attack the morals of his female relatives without causing more than a passing resentment; but to call him a rascal is to stir up a fire of hatred which years cannot extinguish. Krishna Reddy, the leader of the opposition, was conscious of deadly hate surging through his veins. He rose to his feet, stood silent for a few moments as if bereft of words, and then said simply: "Chettiar, you will live to be sorry for that speech."

The meeting broke up in a silence pregnant with intense excitement, the members of the two factions avoiding each other's eyes. Subbaraya Chetty, the Chairman, shepherded his flock into the large house in the Bazaar Street, wherein were devised all his famous schemes for combining the betterment of the town of Kachipur with the advancement of his own family. It was here that he elaborated his plans for road improvements, which had increased the beauty of the town and the private fortune of the Chairman's brother-in-law, who had the contract. It was here that he sketched the new street-lighting scheme, which impoverished the local burglars and greatly enriched the kerosine-oil contractor, who happened to be the Chairman's uncle. Here too he devised his ingenious system for watering the roads where his supporters mainly lived, and dumping garbage near the houses of his adversaries. There can be no doubt that Subbaraya Chetty had a genius for administration. He got things done. He made the writers write, the sweepers sweep, and the tax-collectors collect —always, of course, with lenience towards the Chairman's chief supporters. As the Chairman used to say: "A good man will pay his taxes, so why worry him? But you must give no peace to the bad men."

But with all his zeal and ability, Subbarayan was not popular. Narrow-minded citizens objected to paying taxes at all and loathed paying them punctually. No one seriously argued that a municipal chairman should not benefit his relatives. To do so would not only be unreasonable, but would be to invite reprisals when the turn of the tide brought the other side in. But there was a great deal of genuine feeling regarding the location of the garbage dumps, which was thought to be carrying the party system a little bit too far. And above all they hated the domineering manner of the Chairman and his constant assumption that he was running the town so much better than it had ever been run before. And now his insulting reference to the other party left only one question in doubt—where the first blow would fall.

* * *

It fell in an unexpected quarter. Subbaraya was undoubtedly a very respectable man and no one thought him the less so because, in addition to the family house in the Bazaar Street, he had a little private establishment behind the temple, where he kept his *chere amie*, Pushpavati. It would be a gross exaggeration to call Pushpavati an immoral woman. True, she made a show of dancing before the god on feast days, in order to retain the perquisites of her hereditary office. And it cannot be denied that, twenty years ago, when a maiden of fifteen, she had sold herself to Subbarayan for a goodly sum in golden sovereigns. But then Lalita, his legitimate spouse, was the subject of a similar transaction, the chief difference being that she was the purchaser instead of the seller. Both had been equally faithful to him—Lalita because she dared not be otherwise, Pushpavati because she was really fond of him. And Subbarayan's enemies knew well that if they wanted to hit hard, they must strike, not against the pretentious house in the Bazaar Street, but at the discreet little cottage behind the temple.

* * *

It was late afternoon, and the Chairman was sitting on his pial, dictating suit notices to his many debtors, as a preliminary to the recruitment of an army of witnesses, if his enemies should drag him into the courts. A ragged urchin sidled up to him and salaamed. Subbarayan recognized him and motioned him to come near. "Pushpavati has been taken by the police and put in the lock-up," whispered the urchin with breathless excitement.

Subbarayan turned a sickly grey. The snuff-seller over the way, who was in the pay of the opposite faction, noted with glee that the blow had struck home.

It was a blow which was the result of much thought and clever staff-work. Pushpavati had a neighbour, by name Sundari, who was also a hereditary member of "the oldest profession in the world," and, being neighbours, the two women had the usual neighbourly quarrel about the ownership of a little bit of land lying midway between their two plots. By way of scoring a point in her own favour, Sundari had planted a papaya tree in the disputed ground, and it was obvious that matters would come to a head as soon as the fruits of the tree matured. This promising little squabble was noted with satisfaction by Ramudu, a low-caste loafer living on the opposite side of the street, who, besides his more disreputable occupations, was wont to earn an honest penny by acting as tout to a pleader of rather more than dubious antecedents. Ramudu, scenting a commission, told his principal the news of this interesting dispute. The pleader, who happened to be also a member of Krishna Reddy's faction, passed the news on to the headquarters of the party; and in due course a junior adherent was told off to effect the conquest of Sundari's rather facile affections. At the same time the local Sub-Inspector of Police was plied with suitable attentions.





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The plot thickened and the fruits ripened, watched jealously by the two women, who both watered the tree so regularly that the fruits soon swelled to a prodigious size. Now Pushpavati was rather a gourmand and there was nothing she loved better than a fat and juicy papaya. To satisfy her greed, annoy her neighbour and at the same time assert her right in the disputed patch of ground would be to kill three birds with one stone. So one afternoon, when every one was apparently asleep, she took a long stick, stole out into her back-yard and proceeded to poke off the ripe fruits.

This was the moment for which the enemies of the Chairman had been waiting and watching. Eager eyes noted every movement of Pushpavati, and the moment she was back inside her own house, the disreputable Ramudu was sent running for the police. Before very long the obliging Sub-Inspector arrived with a posse of constables, recorded a complaint of theft from Sundari and searched the house of her rival from roof to floor. When the house had been thoroughly looted, Pushpavati was haled off to the cells, weeping and struggling and vowing vengeance.

When Subbarayan arrived at the station, unwonted exercise and unbounded wrath had reduced him to a state bordering on apoplexy. For a while he could do nothing but splutter and pant. Gradually his breath returned and, addressing the zealous Sub-Inspector, he burst into a torrent of abuse.

"You son of shameful parents! You thief! You Budmash! How dare you break into this lady's house? How dare you lock her up? I'll see that you pay for it! I'll wire to the D.S.P.! I'll report you to the I.G.! I'll have questions asked in the Legislative Council! I'll—"

He paused for breath, and the Sub-Inspector, who was a bit nervous and inclined to think that he might get into trouble if these threats were carried out, took advantage of the pause to suggest that things were not as bad as they seemed.

"I was obliged to arrest the lady, Chairman. But if you will go bail for her, I shall be delighted to let her out and you need not waste your money on all these telegrams. I am sure I don't want to keep her in the lock-up a minute longer than is absolutely necessary."



"SHE TOOK A LONG STICK * * * AND PROCEEDED TO POKE OFF THE RIPE FRUITS."

The angry man was somewhat mollified, though he still suspected that the Sub-Inspector was in the pay of his enemies. But realizing that no good would come of open threats, he accepted the offer with the best grace that he could muster and in a few minutes was escorting the injured lady home, followed at a discreet distance by a crowd of impudent urchins, who could be trusted to miss no feature of the occurrence which would add to the spiciness of the scandal. There was no getting away from the scandal, and Subbarayan's blood boiled as he thought of all the gossips of the town licking their lips over the story of the day's events and rejoicing openly at the Chairman's discomfiture. However it was no good crying over spilt milk and there was much work to be done to prepare for the coming battle.

* * *

That is five years ago now and the fight is still going on. Those wretched papaya fruits kept the courts busy for the best part of two years, and the complicated questions of law and fact arising from their loss were eventually solved by the combined wisdom of three learned judges of the High Court, whose epoch-making observations occupy some fifteen pages in half a dozen different law journals. Then came a crop of perjury cases, which is not to be wondered at when one contemplates the reams of lies which formed the basis of their Lordships' learned judgment. Then came a suit for malicious prosecution, in the midst of which Subbarayan, broken-hearted and nearly bankrupt, was gathered to his fathers. But not even death can stop a faction fight, when once it has got into full swing. Subbarayan's son stepped into his father's shoes and mortgaged the family house for the defence of the family honour. Poor Pushpavati has long since been forgotten and has retired to obscurity to await the coming of old age, endeavouring to soften its bitterness by the contemplation of the charms of her youthful daughter, whose education in the art of attracting the opposite sex is now her mother's only interest.

And if you wish to know the moral of this veracious chronicle it is this:—If you have an enemy, call him a rogue and a vagabond if you like, but don't call him a rascal. And don't make love to a lady who is over-fond of fruit.



THE FISHER'S ART. *Photo by Klein and Peyerl.*



DHOBIES AT WORK. *Photo by Klein and Peyerl*



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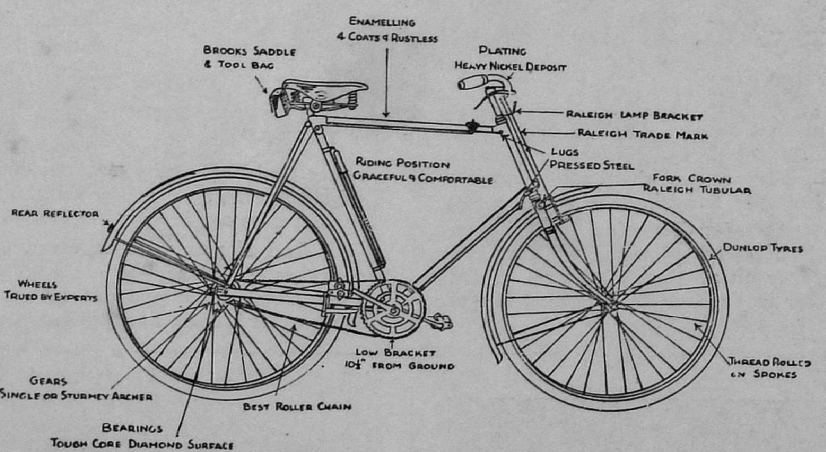

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JOHN'S ROCKERY

BY D. R. FYSON



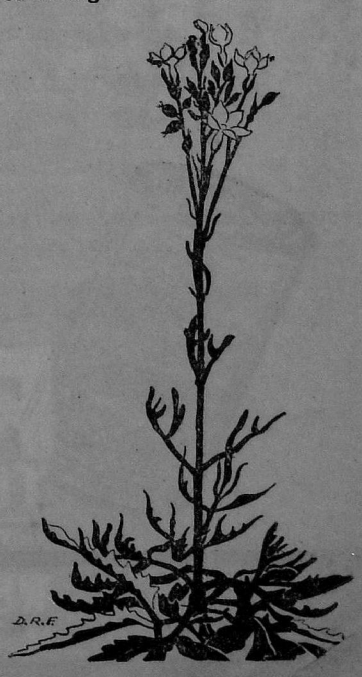
"WHAT can I do with all this rubbish"? pondered John as he looked at the untidy mess left by the builders after repairing the godowns. There were heaps of broken bricks, tiles and plaster; and scattered stones that had been thrown aside when the road was remade. John was an orderly man and these unsightly things were an affliction to him. He turned and walked towards the bungalow. He had only lately taken possession and in the interval of several months between his own arrival and the departure of his predecessor the neighbours' goats and buffaloes had made free with the garden. He looked round disconsolately. This was the hot weather and the shade of the big banyan invited him to rest. John called for a chair and sat down to think it out. There must be a better garden when his wife came out in November. The big banyan spread a wide circle of shade, but he had already laid out a line of flower-beds in the strip of sunshine between the tree and the house. The view tailed off into a wilderness. "A bank of something would hide that," he thought; then, jumping up, "I have it," he cried, "a rockery"; and the boy came out to see what he wanted. Tracing a line on the ground he explained, and soon a band of puzzled but uncomplaining coolies were carrying that unsightly rubbish load by load, and piling it up within the magic circle. There were mounds in the compound, relics perhaps of former gardening operatons, grassed over and forgotten. These provided soil, and the rockery grew apace. When it was a bank some three feet high and eighteen feet long, John ordered the surface to be covered with those loose red stones, and the coolies scattered over the compound like hounds casting for a lost scent. The rockery began to look like a wayside heap of laterite waiting for the roadmender's hammer. Meanwhile the Agri-horticultural Gardens ("why do they give it such a mouthful of a name," grumbled John as he wrote the chit) had been preparing young plants; cuttings and offshoots from their own established rockery. When the July rains came these were planted among the stones. "May this greet your inquisitive noses," John thought, as he planted a particularly prickly prickly-pear where the rockery blocked a path worn by marauding cattle.



Prickly-pear.

John's friends laughed. "What is your railway-embankment?" they asked; "are you raising a memorial cairn over your favourite horse?" John smiled and said, "Wait and see."

A "rockery" to English ears conjures up visions of gem-like flowers from the Alps, blue gentians and cushions of saxifrage. The Madras rockery is a very different matter. Here we may grow the quaint contorted plants of desert-lands; cactus, and euphorbia, the great agaves that grow rapidly to one flowering and then die, the gentler aloes and the stiff-leaved yucca. Hardy creatures they are, and once established require little attention or watering. John's plants settled themselves happily in their new site and when his wife arrived he could show off his rockery with



Kalanchoe.

"Baby first — then me, Ayah"



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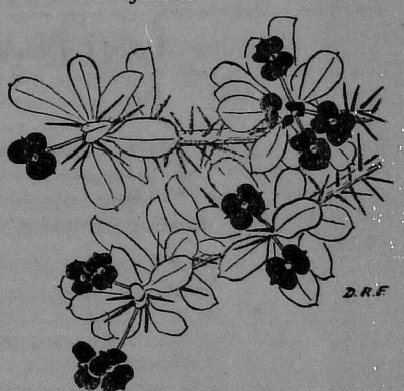
Euphorbia antiquorum.

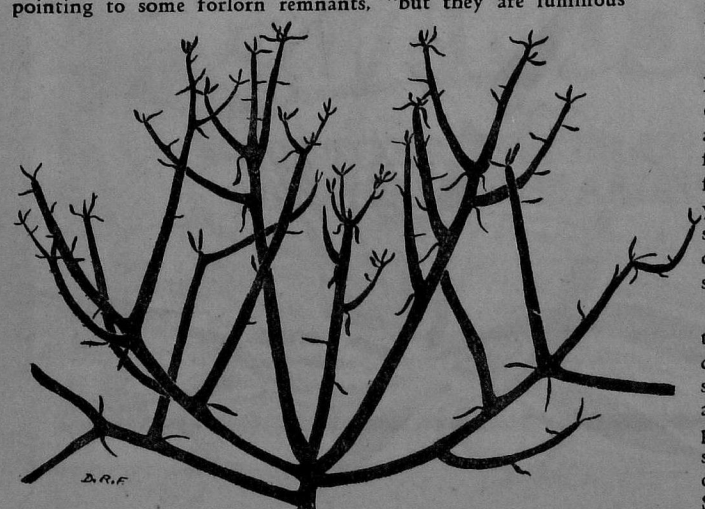


E. trigonum. *E. tortilis.*

pride. She was enthusiastic at once. "Let us extend it," she said, "is there any more rubbish?" There was: there generally is in an Indian compound: and the rockery was extended forthwith. An offshoot from the main range was thrown out in front, with a valley between, a further range grew in a curve to the side, with an uprooted tree-stump as its culminating peak. A nursery, in a large seed-pan, was established for cuttings and young plants. Friends helped with contributions from other rockeries, and a walk on Pallaveram Hill provided slips from the wild rock-gardens of those parts. By the end of the cold weather the new extensions were clothed, and terminated in a great agave that was near the zenith of its growth. Agaves are usually large with broad thick leaves tapering to a point and edged with sharp prickles. The stem does not branch and the flowers have what botanists call an "inferior ovary," which means it is below the sepals and petals, as in the daffodil and the "spider-lily" (*Crinum*). Aloes are smaller and softer, the stem is often branched and the ovary is "superior" as in the true lilies. Aloes are best for a small rockery. Some of them have grey-green leaves flushed with pink; some have red thorns and others have wavy or spotted leaves. The plant of similar type with a rosette of very rigid leaves is yucca. "Those variegated yuccas and agaves looked lovely when I first put them in," said John, pointing to some forlorn remnants, "but they are luminous at night and attracted the wandering cow. The yucca flower is a long spike of creamy bells." John knew all these things but his wife had to learn them. The rockery was constantly providing new interests. There was that queer cactus (*Cereus*) which crawled like a lizard over the rocks, and the round one (*Echinopsis*) which looked like a sea-urchin. There were the different kinds of Kalanchoe which produced masses of yellow, red, or white flowers. She loved the beautiful scarlet flowers of the Crown of Thorns (*Euphorbia pulcherrima*) and the curious forms of the other euphorbias. These are desert-loving plants which have learnt to protect themselves against drought by storing up moisture in their succulent branches, and against browsing beasts by fearsome thorns and a poisonous milky juice.



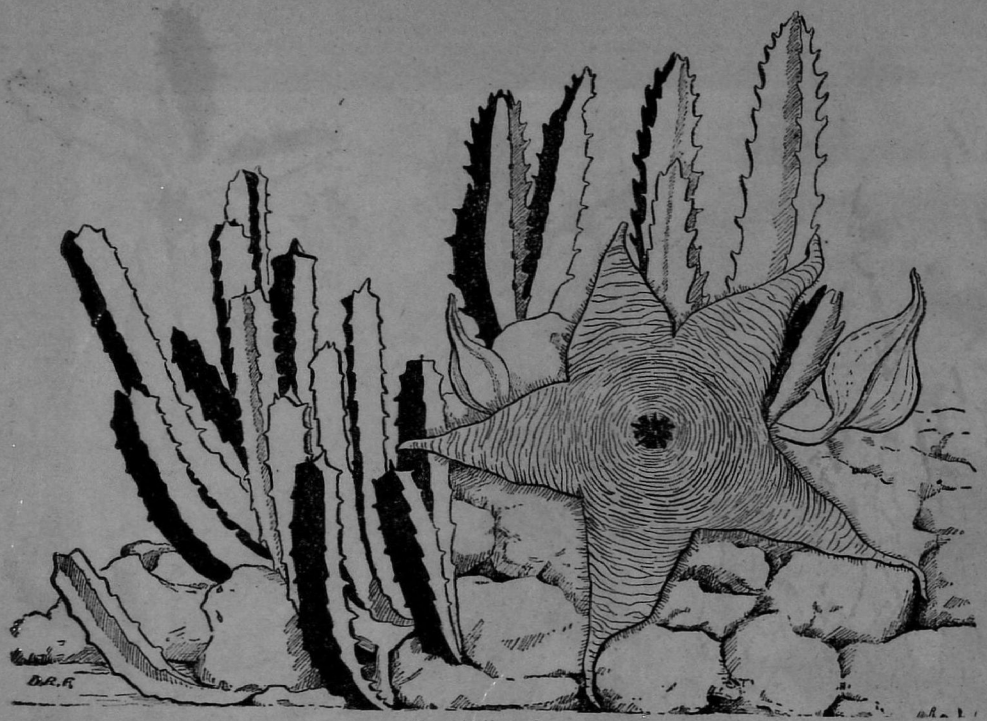
Euphorbia pulcherrima.



Euphorbia tirukalli.

When they returned in June from a holiday in the hills, Euphorbia nivulia which has a bare, thorny stem and a bunch of leaves at the top, had grown into almost a tree. The old agave had made its last effort and thrown up a tall spike of flowers. "Then it will die," said John. Later when the flowering spike had snapped they picked up a basketful of young plants, the ovaries having matured and sprouted while still on the stem, so that a thousand plants sprang from the death of one. "One of Nature's compensations," said John sententiously.

"Oh, look here!" called his wife, who had moved round the back of the rockery, "it is like a starfish," and she bent down to examine the strange flower that had opened and spread itself over the stones; "but it smells like dead rats," she added, and drew back in disgust. "Look how it curls its petals round the rocks, clinging to them like a live creature," she said. "And the fine lines on them are like a spider's web," continued John, "if you want to multiply similies. It is the Starfish cactus—Staphelia gigantea." There were buds, beautiful green inflated things, "like Chinese lanterns," said



Staphelia gigantea.

the wife, undeterred by John's sarcasm. They watched for new flowers daily during the next month or so.

In the Agri-horticultural Gardens they found a tall fierce-looking cactus (*Cereus hexagonus*) had produced a great white sweet-scented flower. Two agaves were flowering and several prickly-pears. Some of these have no prickles. One with long, limp segments has pale spots where the spines should be, and its flower is like a flat pink rose set on the top of a fat green ovary. "Ours will flower like that when they are older," said John, "but I prefer the plants while they are small and young."

later and noted sadly the loss of many other treasures which had failed to survive a burning summer, they turned to the Rockery with relief. "Hot weather evidently suits the Rockery," they said, "it looks more exuberant than ever."

John and his wife took home some new plants and tucked them in among the stones. "They seem to like growing here," said John: "see how that Boucherosia has spread." Boucherosias (there are several species) have narrow tapering stems which bear, near the summit, star-shaped, almost black, flowers. "So has this green thing that looks so strong but never flowers," his wife added, pointing to a sprawling bush of Portulacca, "and the Lizard cactus has crawled right across the rockery."

The Rockery, founded on a rubbish heap, continued to flourish exceedingly. When John and his wife returned from home-leave two years



Boucherosia.



Aloes and variegated agaves.



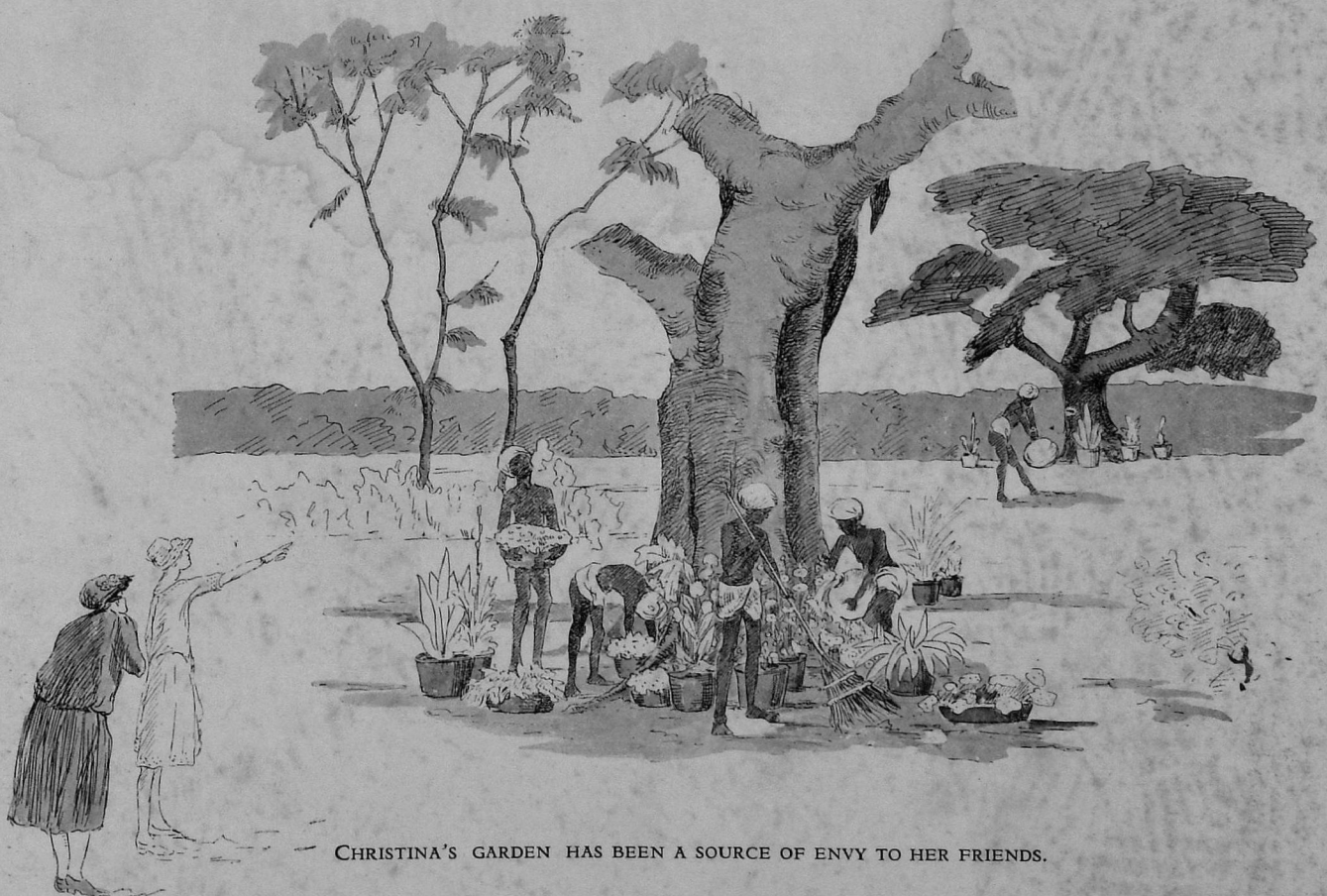
The Reformation of Govinda Naidu



By C.R. Milton.

THE charge of an Indian jail is not altogether a sinecure. It is up to the Superintendent to see that each gentleman-resident is supplied with the form of nourishment most palatable to him, and in a manner agreeable to the prejudices of his caste; that his surroundings are bright and sanitary and gay with flowers, and, most particularly, that his weight shows a marked and steady increase. The jail must in fact be run on lines calculated to meet the wishes of those who disapprove of all jails.

But on the other hand you have at your disposal an almost unlimited supply of the only disciplined labour in India, and since I took on the job Christina's garden has been a source of envy to her friends and of corresponding pride to herself.



CHRISTINA'S GARDEN HAS BEEN A SOURCE OF ENVY TO HER FRIENDS.

She is allowed to make no remuneration to the gangs who delve for her until the day comes when they appear beneath the front verandah divested of the clean check-duster suits of servitude and restored to the pleasantly heterogeneous rags of their earlier life. Then, standing on the steps above them as a monitory angel should, she bestows on each one a rupee and on all conjointly a homily. The moral uplift of that discourse is amazing. The liberati are told of the joys of truth and honesty and sobriety; happiness and prosperity are—somewhat rashly—promised to ex-convicts who follow in the narrow path of honest toil. They tie the rupees safely in their loin-cloths and go away.

But one morning one of them did not go away; he fell upon his knees on the bottom step, and begged in fluent Tamil to be allowed to remain in the service of a Memsahib so virtuous, noble, and given to good works.

"It's rather touching," Christina told me; "he thinks that being with me will give him a real fresh start. And he'll be useful in a hundred ways."

The hundred ways were not among those we first tried. Car cleaning had to be ruled out, as Govinda Naidu said he had never carried water. (One cannot of course take ungenerous advantage of a discharged prisoner, and remind him of certain enforced labours in the past.) Gardening seemed on the face of it to offer hope, until it transpired that he couldn't water, couldn't dig, and couldn't plant out seedlings without a woman squatting at his feet to manipulate the earth for him. When furniture polishing had been added to the list of eliminated subjects I ventured a suggestion that he should seek his vocation on some one else's premises. Christina sighed.

"I believe," she said, "that I am the mistress of this house—I wish I might be allowed to manage it in my own way."

Govinda Naidu had pleased and touched her very much by announcing a desire "to take Memsahib's religion." His conversion soon became a *fait accompli;* he adopted, for reasons known to himself and his sponsors, the name of Solomon John, and soon afterwards found his vocation.

"The thing he really wants to be," Christina told me, "is an Evangelist."

"A WHAT?" I asked.

"An Evangelist," said she coldly, adding: "It is very low pay—only thirteen rupees a month; but he says he doesn't mind that as it is good work. He wants to go back and convert his village"

He seemed to be a brave fellow, not to say a bit of an optimist, seeing that his village must chiefly remember him by reason of certain happenings connected with their property. But I offered no comment. Christina has a way of dismissing all comment with one remark:—"How like a man!" and I hate class distinctions.

Solomon John duly departed for the Mission field, having previously laid at my wife's feet all his earthly goods—a broken vase, a photograph frame without a strut, a pair of braces, and two medicine bottles without stoppers.

"He wanted to give me some silver medals that had belonged to his father—*those*. The father was a sepoy, and a dying officer left him the medals; Solomon said they were the only thing he cared about, and he would like them to be with Memsahib. Of course I couldn't take them from him, but I persuaded him to let me buy them."

"What," I asked, "was the original owner's name?"

"How can I tell?"

"By reading round the edge." I said it with the quiet patience of a man accustomed to hear his wife admire a Hindu's endurance of the Ramazan fast, and express genial hopes that a Muhammadan will enjoy the Dusserah festival.

At that moment our butler burst into the room, his portly dignity disfigured by tears.

"My money!" he flung at us: "Memsahib's money! The servants' wages money!"

"The wages were paid five days ago," said Christina sternly; "what are you talking about?"

I guessed that her calm cloaked an uneasy pang. The mistress of an Indian household is on the horns of a monthly dilemma: unless the wages are paid through the butler he complains of lost authority and control; if they *are* paid through the butler they are, as the shipping documents say, "subject to drawback." I never know exactly what the shipping clerk means by the words, but I connect them with the 25 per cent I invariably lose when I try to economize by getting stores sent out from home.

Christina had recently assured me that she had succeeded in suppressing the percentage. It now dawned on me that the butler had sought compensation for this tyranny in letting the money out at usury while the servants waited—quite a tidy turnover could be earned by three-day loans of our wages bill in the bazaar.

"So much work got—-Memsahib giving trouble about the silver—the Sahib wanting guns cleaned. But to-day truly I was going to pay—please ask the servants! And now..." his voice rose to a shriek; "all gone! Not one single pie left! And my savings! And Memsahib's housekeeping money! Solomon John has taken it!"



"Go away!" said my wife, "and don't come back till you've found the money. Go at once!"

When Christina looks and speaks like that not even her children disobey her. I was glad it was the butler that had offended just then.

"Disgusting," she remarked as he left, "the way the absent man is blamed for everything!"

"Still," I said, "it is pretty clear that the money is really gone, or the butler would never have owned up to not having paid the wages. I think if I were you I should—"

"Am I," asked Christina, apparently of a portrait on the wall, "or am I not, the mistress of this house?"

The butler came in, the tears drying on his cheek, his eye brightened with cheerful anticipation.

"Did Memsahib buy silver medals from that mali?"



He knew it, of course; the question was merely the necessary premise for what was to come. Before she could nod a curt admission of the fact the delightful news was shot forth:—

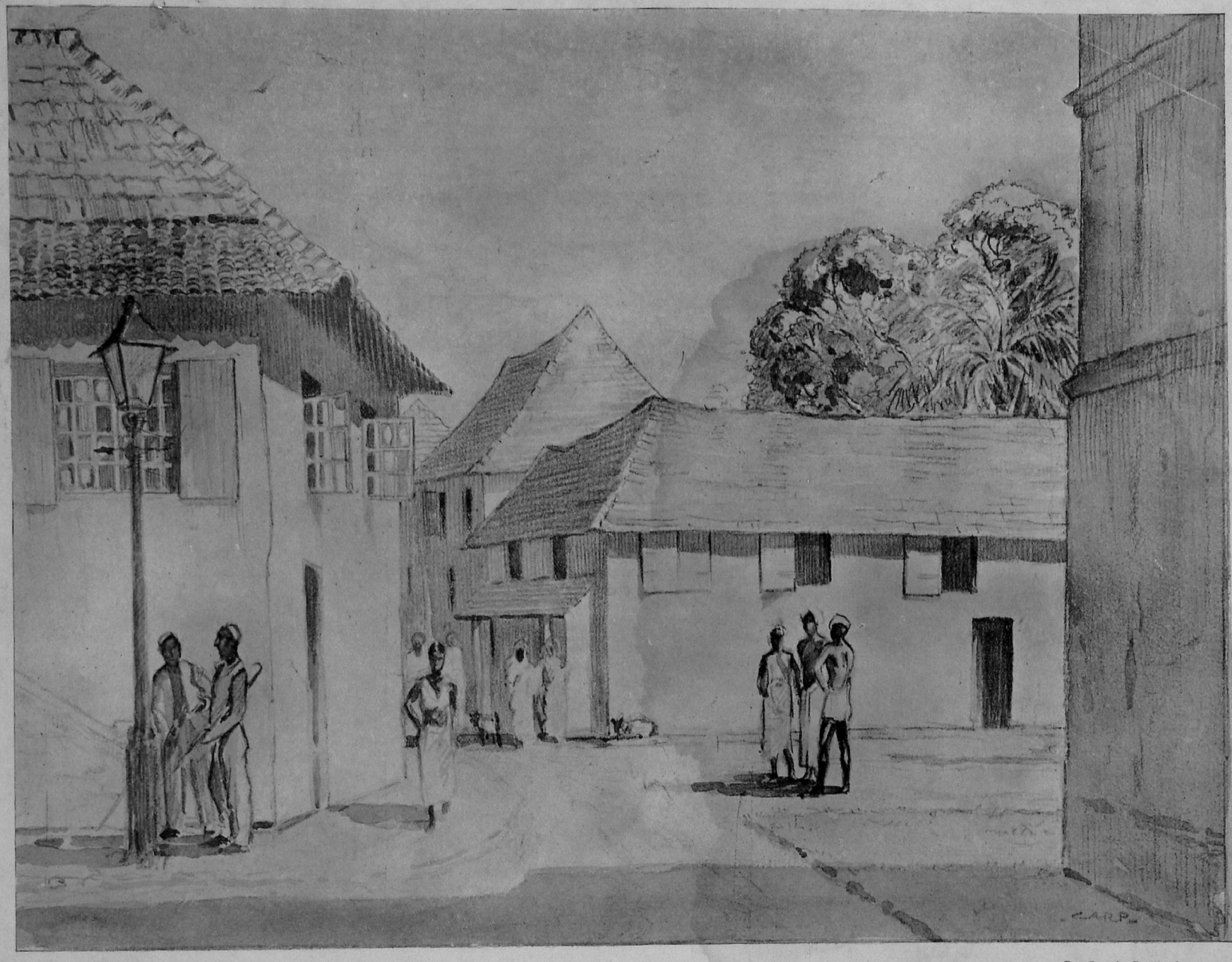
"Police constable is here: somebody stealing the General-Sahib's medals last night!"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Christina pick up a medal, look at the edge, and lay it slowly on the sofa again.

"I suppose you will have to see the constable." She spoke in a detached voice as she moved towards the door.

OIL MILLS.

By E. G. Barter.



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By C. A. R. Park, Quilon.



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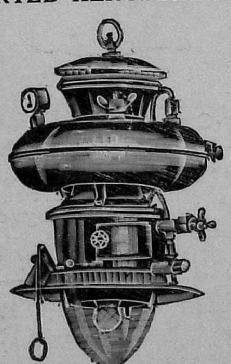

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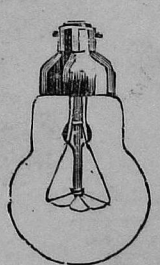

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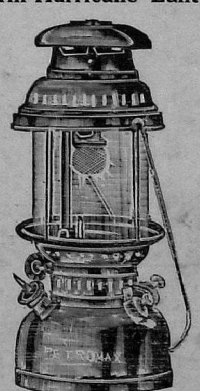

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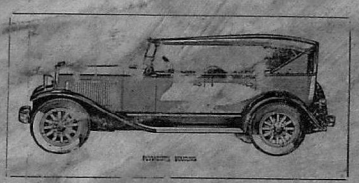

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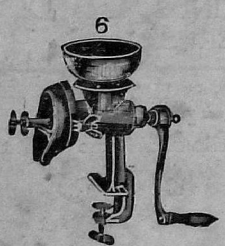

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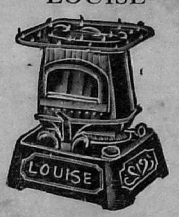

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