

THE ROAD TO GALLIEE

Rememberest thou the way In sandals shoes he came. Upon that day, that wonderful day They spoke His holy name? Hushed were the land and sea As with an angel's breath— It was the road to Galliee That leads from Nazareth.

THE PUBLIC WIFE.

In the shade of a tamarind tree beside the dirt road leading to the little mosque old Ahmat Sebam, guide and friend of the villager sat cross-legged. At his back was the kampong's drab cluster of huts; facing him, three youths, squatted, tracing designs in the dust with their brown fingers.

pleasant an existence or offers the same rewards as that of serving a white tuan in his house. "It is a position of honor, for a faithful servant becomes his master's friend and if the master is good the servant acquires merit from him. He eats plentifully and sleeps always in quarters secure from the night mist—both food and lodging being provided by the tuan. He may, therefore, lay by the greater part of his earnings against that day when he is no longer able to earn.

"But much is expected of a house servant. He must be clean in his person; he must be honest, truthful, willing and diligent. He must see all, hear all—and say nothing. At all times he is ignorant—except when questioned by his master. Then he knows everything. "My advice to you is to seek employment such as I followed. Be sure that you enter the service of a tuan who is upright in habit, for he will be generous of heart and his virtues will bring profit to you and ease to your declining years.

"It was my excellent fortune to serve such a tuan—Allah protect him in health and in sickness—and when he had finished here and returned to England he gave me a thousand guilders. That, added to what I had saved, made me a man of substance and enabled me to spend the evening of my life in honor among my own people. "It is said here in the village that I squander my money upon the decrepit and the unworthy and that misfortune will overtake me, but the white people have a saying that bread cast upon the waters will draw fish, and my master was forever repeating it. It is a fact that Providence rewarded him and I remember once—

crew, the gems that have been stolen during the working period. It is a simple matter to steal pearls. The old man, who had once been a lugger hand, told the boys how it was done. When the master is out of sight of the luggers, the shells are plunged into a bucket of hot water. This causes them to open, and if there are pearls inside they may be seen and removed. After a while the shells close again of their own accord and no one can tell that they have been tampered with. Many pearls are stolen each year in this way.

From the steamer that brings the women and pearl dealers to Dobo great quantities of bales and cases are sent ashore for the stores. These contain clothes and food, sake, beer and gin. The storekeepers are no longer idle but hasten to and fro in the heat swearing at the coolies who do not bring the stuff up from the beach quickly enough to suit them.

"In the stores there is much unpacking, and merchandise is laid out in readiness for the profitable season that is at hand. Rooms at the back of these stores are prepared for gambling and cock fighting. Then, when the muttering monsoon finally breaks, the pearling luggers are beached to be cleaned, painted and repaired. The divers, fenders and crew—Japanese and Malays, for the most part—are paid off and Satan comes to Dobo. Seven or eight hundred men who have been cooped up on shipboard for many months, each with a pouch of money, swarm over the place and turn it into hell.

simply, "The five hundred yen I did not counted shameful for a girl to engage in such an occupation, but I did not fully understand what it meant. My only thought was to help my parents, as my mother had helped hers. "With Arikki I signed the customs, ary contract. It provided that one-third of my earnings would be mine, another third would go to the yoshiwara, and the remaining third would be retained by him until the advance was cleared. After that I would be free to leave his service if I so desired. Most of the girls continue in the houses until they have saved enough money to attract a husband."

"When we came to Dobo I wept for many hours, whereupon the old woman in charge of the yoshiwara laughed at me and scolded me. Each day there have been more and more soundings because I—I am afraid. When the other girls put on their fine clothes, I run away to that step where you found me. "Arikki's old woman calls me timid and foolish and dishonest; she has threatened to cast me out into the street. That would force my parents to refund the advance and the cost of sending me to Dobo. It is a matter of law."

"Yes, I suppose it is," Hewlett nodded. "But Tuan," Otoya cried, "we cannot return the money, for it has been spent to repair the farm. I greatly fear Arikki will send my parents to prison. And yet how can I do what is required of me in the yoshiwara? Each day I promise that I will—but when night comes my courage fails." Tears of distress overflowed the speaker's eyes.

"Assuredly. My master would wish it," said the Malay. At this came a moan from the girl. There was insufficient light in the room to distinguish her features, but Ahmat could see from the sudden drooping of her figure that she had given way to a grief unutterable. She wilted down upon the floor beside him and for a while she rocked to and fro, swaying like a willow wand, whispering Hewlett's name over and over again. It was worse than death for her to leave.

"The hanging kerosene lamp revealed Otoya crouching in a corner; her kimono was torn, there were bruises on her arms and shoulders and red fingerprints upon her throat. Her eyes were distended with terror. Over her stood Horiguchi, shouting and waving his arms. He turned at Hewlett's entrance and his face fell into its usual insolent lines. Wholly ignoring him, the white man bent over Otoya and raised her. "What's the matter?" he inquired. "Have you been a bad girl?"

"No, Tuan. I have been a good wife but he goes with other women. When I beg him not to bring shame upon me he beats me. I am afraid he will—

"The man was blind with rage and bent upon murder, nevertheless the tuan seized him. He bent his arm back until it all but snapped, then he kicked him like a wet sack out into the street. A giant in strength and swift of action in moments of peril. Later that day I passed Horiguchi's house, where he lay groaning and weeping on his bed, and people laughed because he took the loss of a woman so deeply to heart.

"No, Tuan. It arises from those shells which are spilling in the storeroom. "Of course," said he. "I meant to open them, but—I've been half frantic. Fetch me a knife and I'll get rid of the things." "He was gone for five minutes; ten minutes; then he returned, walking like one in a sleep. He turned staring eyes upon me; his face was white.

"All the years he had spent in the islands my tuan had dreamed of a pearl like that. He was shaking like a woman and muttering something about the 'nick of time' and about its lying there for day while he was sick with worry. "Tuan, Tuan! I had to shake him to make him heed my voice. "Hide it quickly, and say nothing. Let no eyes in Dobo rest upon it. Our lives will not be worth a kipping Jewel of prodigious worth bring either great happiness or great misery; unless you are more than careful, this one will be red wit your blood before it leaves the island. "He nodded. Slowly his hand closed and he passed into his room. I never saw the pearl again, for which Allah be praised. "A month later my master sold his luggers and went home to England. We wept at our parting, for there was never a better tuan than he or a servant more loyal than I. Old Ahmat Sebam, guide and friend of the village youth, watched the faces of his listeners. "Assuredly the pearl was sent a reward for your noble master's generosity," one of them said, and the others nodded gravely. The was a moment of discussion which the first to speak interrupted by asking: "But Otoya—she gave you a kee sake in her fingers wet with tea? I am curious to know what was." Ahmat broke into a gratified smile. "I commend you as a blessing of wit. You have a memory for essentials. Purposely I withheld the flavor of the meal for the final bit Allah works his will in devotion." (Continued on page 8, Col. 5.)