

me. The ocean seized my eggs today. I told you more than once that we should move, but you were stupid as Fatalist and would not go. Now I am so sad at the loss of my children that I have decided to burn myself."

"My dear," said the plover, "wait until you witness my power, until I dry up that rascally ocean with my bill." But she replied: "My dear husband, how can you fight the ocean? Furthermore,

Gay simpletons who fight,
Not estimating right
The foe's power and their own,
Like moths in flame atone."

"My dear," said the plover, "you should not say such things.

The sun's new-risen beams
Upon the mountains fall:
Where glory is cognate,
Age matters not at all.

With this bill I shall dry up the water to the last drop, and turn the sea into dry land." "Darling," said his wife, "with a bill that holds one drop how will you dry up the ocean, into which pour without ceasing the Ganges and the Indus, bearing the water of nine times nine hundred tributary streams? Why talk nonsense?" But the plover said:

Success is rooted in the will;
And I possess an iron-strong bill;
Long days and nights before me lie:
Why should not ocean's flood go dry?

The highest glory to attain
Asks enterprise and manly strain:
The sun must first to Libra climb
Before he routs the cloudy time.

"Well," said his wife, "if you feel that you must make war on the ocean, at least call other birds to your aid before you begin. For the proverb says:

A host where each is weak
Brings victory to pass:
The elephant is bound
By woven ropes of grass.

And again:

Woodpecker and sparrow
With froggy and gnat,
Attacking *en masse*, laid
The elephant flat."

"How was that?" asked Sprawl. And Constance told the story of

THE DUEL BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND SPARROW

In a dense bit of jungle lived a sparrow and his wife, who had built their nest on the branch of a tamal tree, and in course of time a family appeared.

Now one day a jungle elephant with the spring fever was distressed by the heat, and came beneath that tamal tree in search of shade. Blinded by his fever, he pulled with the tip of his trunk at the branch where the sparrows had their nest, and broke it. In the process the sparrows' eggs were crushed, though

the parent-birds—further life being predestined—barely escaped death.

Then the hen-sparrow lamented, desolate with grief at the death of her chicks. And presently, hearing her lamentation, a woodpecker bird, a great friend of hers, came grieved at her grief, and said: "My dear friend, why lament in vain? For the Scripture says:

For lost and dead and past
The wise have no laments:
Between the wise and fools
Is just this difference.

And again:

No life deserves lament;
Fools borrow trouble,
Add sadness to the sad,
So make it double.

And yet again:

Since kinsmen's sticky tears
Clog the departed,
Bury them decently,
Tearless, whole-hearted."

"That is good doctrine," said the hen-sparrow, "but what of it? This elephant—curse his spring fever!—killed my babies. So if you are my friend, think of some plan to kill this big elephant. If that were done, I should feel less grief at the death of my children. You know the saying:

While one brings comfort in distress,
Another jeers at pain;
By paying both as they deserve,
A man is born again."

"Madam," said the woodpecker, "your remark is very true. For the proverb says:

A friend in need is a friend indeed,
Although of different caste;
The whole world is your eager friend
So long as riches last.

And again:

A friend in need is a friend indeed;
Fathers indeed are those who feed;
True comrades they, and wives indeed,
Whence trust and sweet content proceed.

"Now see what my wit can devise. But you must know that I, too, have a friend, a gnat called Lute-Buzz. I will return with her, so that this villainous beast of an elephant may be killed."

So he went with the hen-sparrow, found the gnat, and said: "Dear madam, this is my friend the hen-sparrow. She is mourning because a villainous elephant smashed her eggs. So you must lend your assistance while I work out a plan for killing him."

"My good friend," said the gnat, "there is only one possible answer. But I also have a very intimate friend, a frog named Cloud-Messenger. Let us do the right thing by calling him into consultation. For the proverb says:

A wise companion find,
Shrewd, learned, righteous, kind;
For plans by him designed
Are never undermined."

So all three went together and told Cloud-Messenger the entire story. And the frog said: "How feeble a thing is that wretched elephant when pitted against a great throng enraged! Gnat, you must go and buzz in his fevered ear, so that he may shut his eyes in delight at hearing your music. Then the woodpecker's bill will peck out his eyes. After that I will sit on the edge of a pit and croak. And he, being thirsty, will hear me, and will approach expecting to find a body of water. When he comes to the pit, he will fall in and perish."

When they carried out the plan, the fevered elephant shut his eyes in delight at the song of the gnat, was blinded by the woodpecker, wandered thirst-smitten at noonday, followed the croak of a frog, came to a great pit, fell in, and died.

"And that is why I say:

Woodpecker and sparrow,

and the rest of it."

"Very well," said the plover. "I will assemble my friends and dry up the ocean." With this in mind, he summoned all the birds and related his grief at the rape of his chicks. And they started to beat the ocean with their wings, as a means of bringing relief to his sorrow.

But one bird said: "Our desires will not be accomplished in this manner. Let us rather fill up the ocean with clods and dust." So they all brought what clods

and dust they could carry in the hollow of their bills and started to fill up the ocean.

Then another bird said: "It is plain that we are not equal to a contest with mighty ocean. So I will tell you what is now timely. There is an old gander who lives beside a banyan tree, who will give us sound and practical advice. Let us go and ask him. For there is a saying:

Take old folks' counsel (those are old
Who have experience)
The captive wild-goose flock was freed
By one old gander's sense."

"How was that?" asked the birds. And the speaker told the story of

THE SHREWD OLD GANDER

In a part of a forest was a fig tree with massive branches. In it lived a flock of wild geese. At the root of this tree appeared a creeping vine of the species called *koshambi*. Thereupon the old gander said: "This vine that is climbing our fig tree bodes ill to us. By means of it, someone might perhaps climb up here some day and kill us. Take it away while it is still slender and readily cut." But the geese despised his counsel and did not cut the vine, so that in course of time it wound its way up the tree.

Now one day when the geese were out foraging, a hunter climbed the fig tree by following the spiral vine, laid a snare among the nests, and went home.

When the geese, after food and recreation, returned at nightfall, they were caught to the last one. Whereupon the old gander said: "Well, the disaster has taken place. You are caught, having brought it on yourselves by not heeding my advice. We are all lost now."

Then the geese said to him: "Sir, the thing having come to pass, what ought we to do now?" And the old fellow replied: "If you will take my advice, play dead when that hateful hunter comes. And when the hunter, inferring that we are dead, throws the last one to the ground, we then must all rise simultaneously, flying over his head."

At early dawn the hunter arrived, and when he looked them over, everyone seemed as good as dead. He therefore freed them from the snare with perfect assurance, and threw them all to the ground, one after the other. But when they saw him preparing to descend, they all followed the shrewd plan of the old gander and flew up simultaneously.

"And that is why I say:

Take old folks' counsel,

and the rest of it."

When the story had been told, all the birds visited the old gander and related their grief at the rape of the chicks. Then the old gander said: "The king of us all is Garuda. Therefore, the timely course of action is this. You must all stir the feelings of Garuda

by a chorus of wailing lamentation. In consequence, he will remove our sorrow." With this purpose they sought Garuda.

Now Garuda had just been summoned by blessed Vishnu to take part in an impending battle between gods and demons. At just this moment the birds reported to their master, the king of the birds, what sorrow in the separation of loved ones had been wrought by the ocean when he seized the chicks. "O bird divine," they said, "while you gleam in royal radiance, we must live on what little is won by the labor of our bills. Because of our weak necessity of eating, the ocean has, in overbearing manner, carried away our young. Now there is a saying:

The poor are in peculiar need
Of being secret when they feed:
The lion killed the ram who could
Not check his appetite for food."

"How was that?" asked Garuda. And an old bird told the story of

THE LION AND THE RAM

In a part of a forest was a ram, separated from his flock. In the armor of his great fleece and horns, he roamed the wood, a tough customer.

Now one day a lion in that forest, who had a retinue of all kinds of animals, encountered him. At this unprecedented sight, since the wool so bristled in every direction as to conceal the body, the lion's

heart was troubled and invaded by fear. "Surely, he is more powerful than I am," thought he. "That is why he wanders here so fearlessly." And the lion edged away.

But on a later day the lion saw the same ram cropping grass on the forest floor, and he thought: "What! The fellow nibbles grass! His strength must be in relation to his diet." So he made a quick spring and killed the ram.

"And that is why I say:

The poor are in peculiar need
Of being secret when they feed,

and the rest of it."

While they were thus conferring, Vishnu's messenger returned and said: "Garuda, Lord Vishnu sends orders that you repair at once to the celestial city." On hearing this, Garuda proudly said to him: "Messenger, what will the master do with so poor a servant as I am?"

"Garuda," said the messenger, "it may be that the blessed one has spoken to you harshly. But why should you display pride toward the blessed one?" And Garuda replied: "The ocean, the resting-place of the blessed one, has stolen the eggs of the plover, who is my servant. If I do not chastise him, then I am not the servant of the blessed one. Make this report to the master."

Now when Vishnu learned from the messenger's

lips that Garuda was feigning anger, he thought: "Ah, he is dreadfully angry. I will therefore go in person, will address him, and bring him back with all honor. For the proverb says:

Shame no servant showing worth,
Loyalty, and noble birth;
Pet him ever like a son,
If you wish your business done.

And again:

Masters, fully satisfied,
Pay by gratifying pride;
Servants, for such honor's pay,
Gladly throw their lives away."

Having reached this conclusion, he hastened to Garuda, who, beholding his master a visitor in his own house, modestly gazed on the ground, bowed low, and said: "O blessed one, the ocean, made insolent by his service as your resting-place, has stolen—behold! has stolen the eggs of my servant, and thus brought shame upon me. From reverence for the blessed one, I have delayed. But if nothing is done, I myself will this day reduce him to dry land. For the proverb says:

A loyal servant dies, but shrinks
From doing deeds of such a kind
As bring contempt from common men
And lower him in his master's mind."

To this the blessed one replied: "O son of Vinata, your speech is justified. Because

For servants' crimes the master should
Be made to suffer, say the good,

So long as he does not erase
From service, cruel folk and base.

"Come, then, so that we may recover the eggs from ocean, may satisfy the plover, and then proceed to the celestial city on the gods' business." To this Garuda agreed, and the blessed one reproached the ocean, then fitted the fire-arrow to his bow and said: "Villain, give the plover his eggs. Else, I will reduce you to dry land."

On hearing this, the ocean, while all his train shook with fright, tremblingly took the eggs and restored them to the plover, as the blessed one directed.

"And that is why I say:

He loses fights who fights before
His foeman's power is reckoned,

and the rest of it."

Now when Lively understood the matter, he asked Victor: "Tell me, comrade. What is his fighting technique?" And Victor answered: "Formerly he would lie carelessly on a slab of stone, with limbs relaxed. If today his tail is drawn in at the very first, if his four paws are bunched and his ears pricked up, and if he is watching for you while you are still far off, then you may understand that he has treachery in mind."

Hereupon Victor visited Cheek, who asked: "What have you accomplished?" And he replied: "I have already set them at odds with each other."

"Have you really done it?" said Cheek. And Victor answered: "The outcome will show you." "Indeed," said Cheek, "it is not surprising. For the proverb says:

A well-devised estranging scheme
The firmest prudence shocks,
As constant floods of water split
The mountains' close-piled rocks."

Then Victor continued: "Having wrought an estrangement, a man should not fail to seek his own advantage in it. As the verse puts it:

The man who studies every book
And understands, yet does not look
To his advantage, learns in vain;
His books are merely mental strain."

"But in the final analysis," said Cheek, "there is no such thing as personal advantage. For

Since worms and filth and ashes cling,
The body is a loathsome thing;
What statecraft therefore may there be
In hurting it vicariously?"

"Ah," replied Victor, "you have no comprehension of the devious ways of statesmanship, the basic support of the profession of counselor. On this point there is a verse:

Let your speech like sugar be,
Steel your heart remorselessly;
Never draw a doubtful breath:
Pay for suffered wrongs with death.

And another thing. This Lively, even when killed, will provide us with nourishment. For you know,

The wise who wrongs another,
Pursuing selfish good,
Should keep his plans a secret,
As Smart did in the wood."

"How was that?" asked Cheek. And Victor told the story of

SMART, THE JACKAL

In a part of a forest lived a lion named Thunder-Fang, in company with three counselors, a wolf, a jackal, and a camel, whose names were Meat-Face, Smart, and Spike-Ear. One day he fought with a furious elephant whose sharp-pointed tusk so tore his body that he withdrew from the world.

Then, suffering from a seven-day fast, his body lean with hunger, he said to his famished advisers: "Round up some creature in the forest, so that, even in my present condition, I may provide needed nourishment for you." The moment he issued his orders, they roamed the wood, but found nothing.

Thereupon Smart reflected: "If Spike-Ear here were killed, then we should all be nourished for a few days. However, the master is kept from killing him by friendly feeling. In spite of that, my wit will put the master in a frame of mind to kill him. For, indeed,

All understanding may be won,
All things be slain, and all be done,
If mortals have sufficient wit;
For me, I make good use of it."

After these reflections, he said to Spike-Ear: "Friend Spike-Ear, the master lacks wholesome food,

and is starving. If the master goes, our death is also a certain thing. So I have a suggestion for your benefit and the master's. Please pay attention." "My good fellow," said Spike-Ear, "make haste to inform me, so that I may unhesitatingly do as you say. Besides, one earns credit for a hundred good deeds by serving his master."

And Smart said: "My good fellow, give your own body at 100 per cent interest, so that you may receive a double body, and the master may prolong his life." On hearing this proposal, Spike-Ear said: "If that is possible, my friend, my body shall be so devoted. Tell the master that this thing should be done. I stipulate only that the Death-God be requested to guarantee the bargain."

Having made their decision, they all went to visit the lion, and Smart said: "O King, we did not find a thing today, and the blessed sun is already near his setting." On hearing this, the lion fell into deep despondency. Then Smart continued: "O King, our friend Spike-Ear makes this proposal: 'If you call upon the Death-God to guarantee the bargain, and if you render it back with 100 per cent of interest, then I will give my body.'" "My good fellow," answered the lion, "yours is a beautiful act. Let it be as you say." On the basis of this pact, Spike-Ear was struck down by the lion's paw, his body was torn by the wolf and the jackal, and he died.

Then Smart reflected: "How can I get him all to

myself to eat?" With this thought in his mind, he noticed that the lion's body was smeared with blood, and he said: "Master, you must go to the river to bathe and worship the gods, while I stay here with Meat-Face to guard the food-supply." On hearing this, the lion went to the river.

When the lion was gone, Smart said to Meat-Face: "Friend Meat-Face, you are starving. You might eat some of this camel before the old master returns. I will make your apologies to the master." So Meat-Face took the hint, but had only taken a taste when Smart cried: "Drop it, Meat-Face. The master is coming."

Presently the lion returned, saw that the camel was minus a heart, and wrathfully roared: "Look here! Who turned this camel into leavings? I wish to kill him, too." Then Meat-Face peered into Smart's visage, as much as to say: "Come, now! Say something, so that he may calm down." But Smart laughed and said: "Come, come! You ate the camel's heart all by yourself. Why do you look at me?" And Meat-Face, hearing this, fled for his life, making for another country. But when the lion had pursued him a short distance, he turned back, thinking: "He, too, is unguipugnacious. I must not kill him."

At this moment, as fate would have it, there came that way a great camel caravan, heavily laden, making a tremendous jingling with the bells tied to the camels' necks. And when the lion heard the jingle of

the bells, loud even in the distance, he said to the jackal: "My good fellow, find out what this horrible noise may be."

On receiving this commission, Smart advanced a little in the forest, then darted back, and cried in great excitement: "Run, master! Run, if you *can* run!"

"My good fellow," said the lion, "why terrify me so? Tell me what it is." And Smart cried: "Master, the Death-God is coming, and he is in a rage against you because you brought untimely death upon his camel, and had him guarantee the bargain. He intends to make you pay a thousand fold for his camel. He has immense pride in his camels. He also plans to make inquiries about the father and grandfathers of that one. He is coming. He is near at hand."

When the lion heard this, he, too, abandoned the dead camel and scampered for dear life. Whereupon Smart ate the camel bit by bit, so that the meat lasted a long time.

"And that is why I say:

The wise who wrongs another,
Pursuing selfish good,

and the rest of it."

Now when Victor was gone, Lively reflected: "What am I to do? Suppose I go elsewhere, then some other merciless creature will kill me, for this is a wild wood. Indeed, when the master is furious, it is not possible even to depart. For the proverb says:

Impunity comes not
By fleeing far away:
The long arms of the shrewd
Make careless sinners pay.

"My best course is to approach the lion. He might regard me as a suppliant, might even spare my life."

Having thus set his mind in order, he started very slowly, with troubled spirit, and when he perceived the lion in the posture foretold by Victor, he sank down at some little distance, thinking: "Ah, the unfathomable character of kings! As the proverb says:

'Tis a house with serpents crawling,
Wood with beasts of prey appalling,
Lotus-pond where blossoms smile
O'er the lurking crocodile,
Spot that sneaking rogues deface
With repeated slanders base—
Timid servant never learns
Whither kingly purpose turns."

Rusty for his part, perceiving the bull in the attitude predicted by Victor, made a sudden spring at him. And Lively, though his body was torn by sharp claws as formidable as thunderbolts, also scored the lion's belly with his horns, contrived to break away from him, and stood in fighting posture, ready to gore again.

At this point Cheek perceived that both of them, red as dhak trees in blossom, were intent on killing each other, and he said reproachfully to Victor: "You

dunderhead! In setting these two at enmity, you have done a wicked deed. You have brought trouble and confusion into this entire forest, thus proving your ignorance of the true nature of statecraft. For the saying runs:

Those are counselors indeed,
Wise in statecraft, who succeed
In composing reckless strife
That, unhindered, threatens life:
Those on petty purpose bent,
Keen to visit punishment,
Quick in wrong and folly, bring
Risk to kingdom and to king.

Ah, poor fool!

Men of true discernment, first
Try conciliation;
For the victories of peace
Suffer no frustration.

Ah, poor simpleton! You seek the post of counselor, and are ignorant of the very name of conciliation. Your ambition is vain, since you love harsh measures. As the proverb puts it:

Lord Brahma bids the statesman try
Conciliation first,
Postpone or shun (it can be done)
Harsh deeds, of all deeds worst.

'Tis neither sun nor flashing gem
Nor fiery spark,
'Tis peace, from bitter foemen's hearts
That routs the dark.

And again:

Try peaceful means, not harsh, to make
Your quarrel flit:
Take sugar, not cucumber, for
A bilious fit.

And once again:

The doors that wit unlocks are three—
Peace, shrewd intrigue, and bribery;
The fourth device that brings success
In struggle, is plain manliness.

'Tis womanish, no doubt, to show
Small strength, abundant sense;
But power is merely bestial, if
Without intelligence.

Snake, lion, elephant, and fire,
With water, wind, and sun,
Have power. From undirected power
Is little profit won.

“Now if it was overweening pride in being the son
of a counselor that has led you to outrage decency, the
result will be merely your own ruin. As the proverb
says:

What is learning whose attaining
Sees no passion wane, no reigning
Love and self-control?
Does not make the mind a menial,
Finds in virtue no congenial
Path and final goal?
Whose attaining is but straining
For a name, and never gaining
Fame or peace of soul?

“Now in the treatises on the subject statesman-
ship is subsumed under five heads, to wit: proper in-
ception; resources, human and material; determina-
tion of place and time; countermeasures for mis-
chance; and successful accomplishment. At the pres-
ent moment, the master finds himself in serious peril.
So, if you have any such capacity, devise counter-
measures for his mischance. For the wisdom of a
counselor finds its test in the patching of friendship.
Ah, you fool! That you cannot do, because you have
a perverted mind. As the saying goes:

No scamp can further others' work,
But can deprave it:
The mole uproots the mulberry,
But cannot save it.

“After all, the fault is not yours, but rather the
master's, who trusts your words, dull-witted as you
are. And the proverb says:

Educating sluggish wit
Kills no pride but fosters it:
In the sunlight others find
Aid to vision; owls go blind.

Education thrusts aside
Man's fatuity and pride;
If it foster them, who can
Cure the educated man?
Remedies are useless when
Heaven's nectar poisons men.”

And Cheek, beholding his master in pitiful plight,
sank into deep dejection. “Dreadful,” he cried,

"dreadful is the penalty the master pays for taking evil counsel! Indeed, there is wisdom in the verse:

Monarchs who adopt a plan
From the mean and vicious man,
Who refuse to tread the way
That the prudent counsel—they
Enter misadventure's cage
Where the adversaries rage;
Thence deliverance's gate
Crowns an issue rugged, strait.

"Fool! Fool! All the world seeks the service of a master whose retinue is righteous. How, then, can such an evil counselor as you, who, like a beast, understand nothing but destruction—how can such a one enrich the master with righteous companions? For the proverb says:

Monarchs, ill-advised, repel,
Even though they purpose well:
Sweet and placid waters smile,
But beware the crocodile.

"Yet you, I suppose, seeking your own advantage, desire to have the king quite solitary. Ah, fool! Are you ignorant of the verse?

Kings shine as social beings, not
As solitaries;
Whoever wish them lonely are
Their adversaries.

And again:

Draw benefit from comments harsh;
No poison, this:
In flattery see treason, not
True nectar's bliss.

"And if you are grieved at seeing others happy and prosperous, that, too, is wicked. It is wrong to proceed thus when friends have fulfilled their nature.

For

Those who seek, through treason, friends;
Seek, through humbug, righteous ends;
Property by wronging neighbors;
Learning's wealth by easy labors;
Woman's love by cruel pride—
These are fools, self-stultified.

Likewise:

The happiness of subjects makes
The monarch gay and brave:
Nay, what would be the dancing sea
With no gem-flashing wave?

"Furthermore, for one who has enjoyed the master's favor, modesty is peculiarly proper. As the verse puts it:

According to his favored state,
A servant's modest, humble gait
Is notably appropriate.

"Your character, however, is marked by levity. And the proverb says:

The great are firm, though battered, as before;
Great ocean is not fouled by caving shore:
For petty cause the fickle change and pass;
The gentlest breezes ruffle pliant grass.

"When all is said, it is the master's fault. For in pursuit of virtue, money, and love, he recklessly takes counsel with one like you—one who lives by the mere pretense of administrative competence, in total ignor-

ance of the six expedients and the four devices for attaining success. Yes, there is wisdom in this:

If kings are satisfied
 With servants at their side
 Who ply a wheedling tongue,
 Whose bows are never strung,
 Then kingly glory goes
 Embracing manlier foes.

"Indeed, there is much sense in the story which is summed up in the familiar verse:

The counselor whose name was Strong
 Attained his dearest heart's desire:
 He won the favor of his king;
 He burned the naked monk with fire."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Cheek told the story of

THE MONK WHO LEFT HIS BODY BEHIND

In the Koshala country is a city called Unassailable. In it ruled a king named Fine-Chariot, over whose footstool rippled rays of light from the diadems of uncounted vassal princes.

One day a forest ranger came with this report: "Master, all the forest kings have become turbulent, and in their midst is the forest chief named Vindhya. It is the king's affair to teach him modest manners." On hearing this report, the king summoned Counselor Strong, and despatched him with orders to chastise the forest chieftains.

Now in the absence of the counselor, a naked monk arrived in the city at the end of the hot season. He was master of the astronomical specialties, such as problems and etymologies, rising of the zodiacal signs, augury, ecliptic intersection, and the decanate; also stellar mansions divided into nine parts, twelve parts, thirty parts; the shadow of the gnomon, eclipses, and numerous other mysteries. With these the fellow in a few days won the entire population, as if he had bought and paid for them.

Finally, as the matter went from mouth to mouth, the king heard a report of its character, and had the curiosity to summon the monk to his palace. There he offered him a seat and asked: "Is it true, Professor, as they say, that you read the thoughts of others?" "That will be demonstrated in the sequel," replied the monk, and by discourses adapted to the occasion he brought the poor king to the extreme pitch of curiosity.

One day he failed to appear at the regular hour, but the following day, on entering the palace, he announced: "O King, I bring you the best of good tidings. At dawn today I flung this body aside within my cell, assumed a body fit for the world of the gods, and, inspired with the knowledge that all the immortals thought of me with longing, I went to heaven and have just returned. While there, I was requested by the gods to inquire in their name after the king's welfare."

When he heard this, the king said, his extreme curiosity begetting a feeling of amazement: "What, Professor! You go to heaven?" "O mighty King," replied the fellow, "I go to heaven every day." This the king believed—poor dullard!—so that he grew negligent of all royal business and all duties toward the ladies, concentrating his attention on the monk.

While matters were in this state, Strong entered the king's presence, after settling all disturbances in the forest domain. He found the master wholly indifferent to every one of his counselors, withdrawn in private conference with that naked monk, discussing what seemed to be some miraculous occurrence, his lotus-face ablossom. And on learning the facts, Strong bowed low and said: "Victory, O King! May the gods give you wit!"

Thereupon the king inquired concerning the counselor's health, and said: "Sir, do you know this professor?" To which the counselor replied: "How could there be ignorance of one who is lord and creator of a whole school of professors? Moreover, I have heard that this professor goes to heaven. Is it a fact?" "Everything that you have heard," answered the king, "is beyond the shadow of doubt."

Thereupon the monk said: "If this counselor feels any curiosity, he may see for himself." With this he entered his cell, barred the door from within, and waited there. After the lapse of a mere moment, the counselor spoke: "O King," he said, "how soon will

he return?" And the king replied: "Why this impatience? You must know that he leaves his lifeless body within this cell, and returns with another, a heavenly body."

"If this is indeed the case," said Strong, "then bring a great quantity of firewood, so that I may set fire to this cell." "For what purpose?" asked the king. And the counselor continued: "So that, when this lifeless body has been burned, the gentleman may stand before the king in that other body which visits heaven. In this connection I will tell you the story of

THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A SNAKE

In Palace City lived a Brahman named Godly, whose childless wife wept bitterly when she saw the neighbors' youngsters. But one day the Brahman said: "Forget your sorrow, mother dear. See! When I was offering the sacrifice for birth of children, an invisible being said to me in the clearest words: 'Brahman, you shall have a son surpassing all mankind in beauty, character, and charm.'"

When she heard this, the wife felt her heart swell with supreme delight. "I only hope his promises come true," she said. Presently she conceived, and in course of time gave birth to a snake. When she saw him, she paid no attention to her companions, who all advised her to throw him away. Instead, she took him and bathed him, laid him with motherly tenderness in a large, clean box, and pampered him with

milk, fresh butter, and other good things, so that before many days had passed, he grew to maturity.

But one day the Brahman's wife was watching the marriage festival of a neighbor's son, and the tears streamed down her face as she said to her husband: "I know that you despise me, because you do nothing about a marriage festival for my boy." "My good wife," answered he, "am I to go to the depths of the underworld and beseech Vasuki the serpent-king? Who else, you foolish woman, would give his own daughter to this snake?"

But when he had spoken, he was disturbed at seeing the utter woe in his wife's countenance. He therefore packed provisions for a long journey, and undertook foreign travel from love of his wife. In the course of some months he arrived at a spot called Kutkuta City in a distant land. There in the house of a kinsman whom he could visit with pleasure since each respected the other's character, he was hospitably received, was given a bath, food, and the like, and there he spent the night.

Now at dawn, when he paid his respects to his Brahman host and made ready to depart, the other asked him: "What was your purpose in coming hither? And where will your errand lead you?"

To this he replied: "I have come in search of a fit wife for my son." "In that case," said his host, "I have a very beautiful daughter, and my own person is yours to command. Pray take her for your son."

So the Brahman took the girl with her attendants and returned to his own place.

But when the people of the country beheld her incomparable opulence of beauty, her supreme loveliness and superhuman graces, their eyes popped out with pleasure, and they said to her attendants: "How can right-thinking persons bestow such a pearl of a girl upon a snake?" On hearing this, all her elderly relatives without exception were troubled at heart, and they said: "Let her be taken from this imp-ridden creature." But the girl said: "No more of this mockery! Remember the text:

Do once, once only, these three things:
Once spoken, stands the word of kings;
The speech of saints has no miscarriage;
A maid is given once in marriage.

And again:

All fated happenings, derived
From any former state,
Must changeless stand: the very gods
Endured poor Blossom's fate."

Whereupon they all asked in chorus: "Who was this Blossom person?" And the girl told the story of

POOR BLOSSOM

God Indra once had a parrot named Blossom. He enjoyed supreme beauty, loveliness, and various graces, while his intelligence was not blunted by his extensive scientific attainments.

One day he was resting on the palm of great

Indra's hand, his body thrilling with delight at that contact, and was reciting a variety of authoritative formulas, when he caught sight of Yama, lord of death, who had come to pay his respects at the time appointed. Seeing the god, the parrot edged away. And all the thronging immortals asked him: "Why did you move away, sir, upon beholding that personage?" "But," said the parrot, "he brings harm to all living creatures. Why not move away from him?"

Upon hearing this, they all desired to calm his fears, so said to Yama: "As a favor to us, you must please not kill this parrot." And Yama replied: "I do not know about that. It is Time who determines these matters."

They therefore took Blossom with them, paid a visit to Time, and made the same request. To which Time replied: "It is Death who is posted in these affairs. Pray speak to him."

But when they did so, the parrot died at the mere sight of Death. And they were all distressed at seeing the occurrence, so that they said to Yama: "What does this mean?" And Yama said: "It was simply fated that he should die at the mere sight of Death." With this reply they went back to heaven.

"And that is why I say:

All fated happenings,

and the rest of it. Furthermore, I do not wish my father reproached for double dealing on the part of

his daughter." When she had said this, she married the snake, with the permission of her companions, and at once began devoted attendance upon him by offering milk to drink and performing other services.

One night the serpent issued from the generous chest which had been set for him in her chamber, and entered her bed. "Who is this?" she cried. "He has the form of a man." And thinking him a strange man, she started up, trembling in every limb, unlocked the door, and was about to dart away when she heard him say: "Stay, my dear wife. I am your husband." Then, in order to convince her, he re-entered the body which he had left behind in the chest, issued from it again, and came to her.

When she beheld him flashing with lofty diadem, with earrings, bracelets, armbands, and rings, she fell at his feet, and then they sank into a glad embrace.

Now his father, the Brahman, rose betimes and discovered how matters stood. He therefore seized the serpent's skin that lay in the chest, and consumed it with fire, for he thought: "I do not want him to enter that again." And in the morning he and his wife, with the greatest possible joy, introduced to everybody as their own an extraordinarily handsome son, quite wrapped up in his love affair.

After Strong had related this parallel case to the king, he set fire to the cell that contained the naked monk.

“And that is why I say:

The counselor whose name was Strong,
and the rest of it. Poor fool! Such men are true coun-
selsors, not creatures like you, who make a living by a
mere pretense of administrative competence, though
quite ignorant of the ways of statecraft. Your evil
conduct demonstrates an inherited lack of executive
capacity. Surely, your father before you was the
same kind of person. For

The character of sons
The father e'er reflects:
Who, from a screw-pine tree,
An emblic fruit expects?

“While in men of learning and native dignity, an
inner weakness is not detected even with the lapse
of time. It remains hidden, unless of their own accord
they cast dignity aside and display what is vulnerable
in their minds. For

Did not the silly peacock wheel
In giddy dance at thunder's peal,
What peering effort could reveal
His nakedness?

“Since, then, you are a villain, good advice is
thrown away upon you. As the saying goes:

No knife prevails against a stone;
Nor bends the unbending tree;
No good advice from Needle-Face
Helped indocility.”

“How was that?” asked Victor. And Cheek told
the story of

THE UNTEACHABLE MONKEY

In a part of a forest was a troop of monkeys who
found a firefly one winter evening when they were
dreadfully depressed. On examining the insect, they
believed it to be fire, so lifted it with care, covered it
with dry grass and leaves, thrust forward their arms,
sides, stomachs, and chests, scratched themselves,
and enjoyed imagining that they were warm. One of
the arboreal creatures in particular, being especially
chilly, blew repeatedly and with concentrated atten-
tion on the firefly.

Thereupon a bird named Needle-Face, driven by
hostile fate to her own destruction, flew down from
her tree and said to the monkey: “My dear sir, do
not put yourself to unnecessary trouble. This is not
fire. This is a firefly.” He, however, did not heed her
warning but blew again, nor did he stop when she
tried more than once to check him. To cut a long
story short, when she vexed him by coming close and
shouting in his ear, he seized her and dashed her on a
rock, crushing face, eyes, head, and neck so that she
died.

“And that is why I say:

No knife prevails against a stone;

and the rest of it. For, after all,

Educating minds unfit
Cannot rescue sluggish wit,
Just as house-lamps wasted are,
Set within a covered jar.

"Plainly, you are what is known as 'worse-born.'

The technical explanation runs:

Sons of four divergent kinds
Are discerned by well-trained minds:
'Born,' and 'like-born,' 'better-born';
Lastly, 'worse-born' has their scorn.

'Born' the mother's image gives;
'Like-born' like the father lives;
'Better-born' more nobly acts;
'Worse-born' morally subtracts.

"Ah, there is wisdom in the saying:

By whom far-piercing wisdom or
Great wealth or power is won
To lift the family, in him
A mother has a son.

Again:

A merely striking beauty
Is not so hard to find;
A rarer gem is wisdom,
Far-reaching power of mind.

"Yes, there is sense in the story:

Right-Mind was one, and Wrong-Mind two;
I know the tale by heart:
The son in smoke made father choke
By being supersmart."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Cheek told the story of

RIGHT-MIND AND WRONG-MIND

In a certain city lived two friends, sons of merchants, and their names were Right-Mind and

Wrong-Mind. These two traveled to another country far away in order to earn money. There the one named Right-Mind, as a consequence of favoring fortune, found a pot containing a thousand dinars, which had been hidden long before by a holy man. He debated the matter with Wrong-Mind, and they decided to go home, since their object was attained. So they returned together.

When they drew near their native city, Right-Mind said: "My good friend, a half of this falls to your share. Pray take it, so that, now that we are at home, we may cut a brilliant figure before our friends and those less friendly."

But Wrong-Mind, with a sneaking thought of his own advantage, said to the other: "My good friend, so long as we two hold this treasure in common, so long will our virtuous friendship suffer no interruption. Let us each take a hundred dinars, and go to our homes after burying the remainder. The decrease or increase of this treasure will serve as a test of our virtue."

Now Right-Mind, in the nobility of his nature, did not comprehend the hidden duplicity of his friend, and agreed to the proposal. Each then took a certain sum of money. They carefully hid the residue in the ground, and made their entrance into the city.

Before long, Wrong-Mind exhausted his preliminary portion because he practiced the vice of unwise expenditure and because his predetermined fate of-

ferred vulnerable points. He therefore made a second division with Right-Mind, each taking a second hundred. Within a year this, too, had slipped in the same way through Wrong-Mind's fingers. As a result, his thoughts took this form: "Suppose I divide another two hundred with him, then what is the good of the remainder, a paltry four hundred, even if I steal it? I think I prefer to steal a round six hundred." After this meditation, he went alone, removed the treasure, and leveled the ground.

A mere month later, he took the initiative, going to Right-Mind and saying: "My good friend, let us divide the rest of the money equally." So he and Right-Mind visited the spot and began to dig. When the excavation failed to reveal any treasure, that impudent Wrong-Mind first of all smote his own head with the empty pot, then shouted: "What became of that good lucre? Surely, Right-Mind, you must have stolen it. Give me my half. If you don't, I will bring you into court."

"Be silent, villain!" said the other. "My name is Right-Mind. Such thefts are not in my line. You know the verse:

A man right-minded sees but trash,
Mere clods of earth, in others' cash;
A mother in his neighbor's wife;
In all that lives, his own dear life."

So together they carried their dispute to court and related the theft of the money. And when the magis-

trates learned the facts, they decreed an ordeal for each. But Wrong-Mind said: "Come! This judgment is not proper. For the legal dictum runs:

Best evidence is written word;
Next, witnesses who saw and heard;
Then only let ordeals prevail
When witnesses completely fail.

In the present case, I have a witness, the goddess of the wood. She will reveal to you which one of us is guilty, which not guilty. And they replied: "You are quite right, sir. For there is a further saying:

To meanest witnesses, ordeals
Should never be preferred;
Of course much less, if you possess
A forest goddess' word.

Now we also feel a great interest in the case. You two must accompany us tomorrow morning to that part of the forest." With this they accepted bail from each and sent them home.

Then Wrong-Mind went home and asked his father's help. "Father dear," said he, "the dinars are in my hand. They only require one little word from you. This very night I am going to hide you, out of sight in a hole in the mimosa tree that grows near the spot where I dug out the treasure before. In the morning you must be my witness in the presence of the magistrates."

"Oh, my son," said the father, "we are both lost.

This is no kind of a scheme. There is wisdom in the old story:

The good and bad of given schemes
Wise thought must first reveal:
The stupid heron saw his chicks
Provide a mungoose meal."

"How was that?" asked Wrong-Mind. And his father told the story of

A REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

A flock of herons once had their nests on a fig tree in a part of a forest. In a hole in the tree lived a black snake who made a practice of eating the heron chicks before their wings sprouted.

At last one heron, in utter woe at seeing the young ones eaten by a snake, went to the shore of the pond, shed a flood of tears, and stood with downcast face. And a crab who noticed him in this attitude, said: "Uncle, why are you so tearful today?" "My good friend," said the heron, "what am I to do? Fate is against me. My babies and the youngsters belonging to my relatives have been eaten by a snake that lives in a hole in the fig tree. Grieved at their grief, I weep. Tell me, is there any possible device for killing him?"

On hearing this, the crab reflected: "After all, he is a natural-born enemy of my race. I will give him such advice—a kind of true lie—that other herons may also perish. For the proverb says:

Let your speech like butter be;
Steel your heart remorselessly:

Stir an enemy to action
That destroys him with his faction."

And he said aloud: "Uncle, conditions being as they are, scatter bits of fish all the way from the mungoose burrow to the snake's hole. The mungoose will follow that trail and will destroy the villainous snake."

When this had been done, the mungoose followed the bits of fish, killed the villainous snake, and also ate at his leisure all the herons who made their home in the tree.

"And that is why I say:

The good and bad of given schemes,
and the rest of it."

But Wrong-Mind disdained the paternal warning, and during the night he hid his father out of sight in the hole in the tree. When morning came, the scamp took a bath, put on clean garments, and followed Right-Mind and the magistrates to the mimosa tree, where he cried in piercing tones:

"Earth, heaven, and death, the feeling mind,
Sun, moon, and water, fire and wind,
Both twilights, justice, day and night
Discern man's conduct, wrong or right.

O blessed goddess of the wood, which of us two is the thief? Speak."

Then Wrong-Mind's father spoke from his hole in the mimosa: "Gentlemen, Right-Mind took that

money." And when all the king's men heard this statement, their eyes blossomed with astonishment, and they searched their minds to discover the appropriate legal penalty for stealing money, in order to visit it on Right-Mind.

Meanwhile Right-Mind heaped inflammable matter about the hole in the mimosa and set fire to it. As the mimosa burned, Wrong-Mind's father issued from the hole with a pitiful wail, his body scorched and his eyes popping out. And they all asked: "Why, sir! What does this mean?"

"It is all Wrong-Mind's doing," he replied. Whereupon the king's men hanged Wrong-Mind to a branch of the mimosa, while they commended Right-Mind and caused him satisfaction by conferring upon him the king's favor and other things.

"And that is why I say:

Right-mind was one, and Wrong-mind two,

and the rest of it."

After telling the story, Cheek continued: "Poor fool! By your oversubtle wisdom you have burned your own family. Yes, there is wisdom in the saying:

Rivers find their ending
In the salty sea;
Household peace, as soon as
Women disagree;
Secrets end that do not
Every traitor shun;
Families are ended
In a wicked son.

"Besides, who can trust a creature, whether human or not, that has two tongues in a single mouth? As the proverb says:

Mouths of snake and scamp
Bear a savage stamp;
Rough and ruthless still,
Only good for ill:
Where the tongue is double,
You may look for trouble.

"Consequently, your conduct makes me fearful for my own person. For

I would not trust a rascal;
His ways I understand:
The petted, pampered serpent
Will bite the feeding hand.

Again:

A fire will burn, though kindled
In fragrant sandalwood:
A rascal is a rascal,
Although his birth is good.

"After all, this is the very nature of rascals. As the proverb says:

Each self-advertising traitor,
Skilful as calumniator,
Fate condemns to ruin all
Who within his clutches fall.

Oh, any tongue in human mouth
That lends itself to slander's cant
Yet does not split a hundred times,
Is surely made of adamant.

Oh, may no evil e'er befall
 The lion-man who loves his kind,
 Who practices a silent vow
 When others' faults are in his mind.

"Ah, one must use great circumspection in making acquaintances. As the proverb says:

With the shrewd and upright man
 Seek a friendship rare;
 Exercise with shrewd and false
 Superheedful care;
 Pity for the upright fool
 Find within your heart;
 If a man be fool and false,
 Shun him from the start.

"Yes, your efforts have tended to the destruction not only of your own family, but, toward the last, of the master too. Since you reduce your own master to this state, other persons mean no more to you than withered grass. As the saying goes:

Where mice eat balance-beams of iron
 A thousand *pals* in weight,
 A hawk might steal an elephant;
 A boy is trifling freight."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Cheek told the story of

THE MICE THAT ATE IRON

In a certain town lived a merchant named Naduk, who lost his money and determined to travel abroad.
 For

The meanest of mankind is he
 Who, having lost his money, can

Inhabit lands or towns where once
 He spent it like a gentleman.

And again:

The neighbor gossips blame
 His poverty as shame
 Who long was wont to play
 Among them, proud and gay.

In his house was an iron balance-beam inherited from his ancestors, and it weighed a thousand *pals*. This he put in pawn with Merchant Lakshman before he departed for foreign countries.

Now after he had long traveled wherever business led him through foreign lands, he returned to his native city and said to Merchant Lakshman: "Friend Lakshman, return my deposit, the balance-beam." And Lakshman said: "Friend Naduk, your balance-beam has been eaten by mice."

To this Naduk replied: "Lakshman, you are in no way to blame, if it has been eaten by mice. Such is life. Nothing in the universe has any permanence. However, I am going to the river for a bath. Please send your boy Money-God with me, to carry my bathing things."

Since Lakshman was conscience-stricken at his own theft, he said to his son Money-God: "My dear boy, let me introduce Uncle Naduk, who is going to the river to bathe. You must go with him and carry his bathing things." Ah, there is too much truth in the saying:

There is no purely loving deed
Without a pinch of fear or greed
Or service of a selfish need.

And again:

Wherever there is fond attention
That does not seek a service pension,
Was there no timid apprehension?

So Lakshman's son took the bathing things and delightedly accompanied Naduk to the river. After Naduk had taken his bath, he thrust Lakshman's son Money-God into a mountain cave, blocked the entrance with a great rock, and returned to Lakshman's house. And when Lakshman said: "Friend Naduk, tell me what has become of my son Money-God who went with you," Naduk answered: "My good Lakshman, a hawk carried him off from the river-bank."

"Oh, Naduk!" cried Lakshman. "You liar! How could a hawk possibly carry off a big boy like Money-God?" "But, Lakshman," retorted Naduk, "the mice could eat a balance-beam made of iron. Give me my balance-beam, if you want your son."

Finally, they carried their dispute to the palace gate, where Lakshman cried in a piercing tone: "Help! Help! A ghastly deed! This Naduk person has carried off my son—his name is Money-God."

Thereupon the magistrates said to Naduk: "Sir, restore the boy to Lakshman." But Naduk pleaded: "What am I to do? Before my eyes a hawk carried him from the river-bank." "Come, Naduk!" said

they, "you are not telling the truth. How can a hawk carry off a fifteen-year-old boy?" Then Naduk laughed outright and said: "Gentlemen, listen to my words.

Where mice eat balance-beams of iron
A thousand *pals* in weight,
A hawk might steal an elephant;
A boy is trifling freight."

"How was that?" they asked, and Naduk told them the story of the balance-beam. At this they laughed and caused the restoration of balance-beam and boy to the respective owners.

"And that is why I say:

Where mice eat balance-beams of iron,

and the rest of it." And Cheek continued: "Dunderhead! You have done this because you could not cheerfully see Rusty's favor bestowed on Lively. Yes, yes, there is wisdom in the saying:

Cowards reproach the hero here on earth;
Base-born rascals blame the man of birth;
Misers, him who gives whate'er he can;
Misfit lovers blame the ladies' man;
Rogues, the righteous; cripples blame the straight;
Those unlucky blame the fortunate;
Last, the scholar—'tis the wretched rule—
Listens to reproaches from the fool.

Again:

Learnèd men from fools have hate;
Rich, from those less fortunate;

Men of virtue, from the vicious;
Wives, from creatures meretricious.

Yet, after all:

Wise men, even, carry through
What their nature bids them do:
Nature ever will direct;
What can punishment effect?

“Instruction has value only for him who grasps what has been said once. But you are like a stone—brainless, immovable. Why waste effort to instruct you? More than that, O fool! it is a mistake even to live beside you. A disaster might some day befall me from mere association with you. As the proverb says:

To live beside a dunderhead
In house or village, town or nation,
Is evil pure and simple, though
One may escape all litigation.

Better plunge in sea or fire,
Hell or deepest pit,
Than associate with one
Quite devoid of wit.

With the bad or good consort,
Vice or virtue clings;
Just as when the breezes in
Distant wanderings
Carry odors foul or sweet
On their restless wings.

“Indeed, there is wisdom in the old story:

Two birds were we. I and the other
One father had; we had one mother.

But I was taught by hermits, while
Beef-eaters gave him training vile.
Beef-eaters' speech, O King, he heard;
I listened to the hermits' word.
Our education, good and bad,
The obvious consequences had.”

“How was that?” asked Victor. And Cheek told the story of

THE RESULTS OF EDUCATION

On a part of a mountain a hen-parrot brought two chicks into the world. These chicks were caught by a hunter when the mother had left the nest to search for food. One of them—since fate decreed it—contrived to escape, while the other was kept in a cage and taught to speak. Meanwhile, the first chick encountered a wandering holy man, who caught him, took him to his own hermitage, and gave him kindly care.

While time was passing in this manner, a certain king, whose horse ran away and separated him from his guard, came to that part of the forest where the hunters lived. The moment he perceived the king's approach, the parrot straightway began to chuckle from his cage: “Come, come, my masters! Here comes somebody riding a horse. Bind him, bind him! Kill him, kill him!” And when the king heard the parrot's words, he quickly spurred his horse in another direction.

Now when the king came to another wood far

away, he saw a hermitage of holy men, and in it a parrot who addressed him from a cage: "Enter, O King, and find repose. Taste our cool water and our sweet fruit. Come, hermits! Pay him honor. Give him water to wash his feet in the cool shade of this tree."

When he heard this, the king's eyes blossomed wide, and he wonderingly pondered what it might mean. And he said to the parrot: "In another part of the forest I met another parrot who looked like you, but who had a cruel disposition. 'Bind him, bind him!' he cried; 'kill him, kill him!'" And the parrot replied to the king by giving a precise relation of the course of his life.

"And that is why I say:

Our education, good and bad,
The obvious consequences had.

Thus mere association with you is an evil. As the proverb says:

To foes of sense, not foolish friends,
'Tis wiser far to cling:
The robber for his victims died;
The monkey killed the king."

"How was that?" asked Victor. And Cheek told two stories, called

THE SENSIBLE ENEMY

There was once a prince who made friends with a merchant's son and the son of a man of learning.

Every day the three found entertainment in various diversions, flirtations, and pastimes in public squares, parks, and gardens. Every day the prince showed his aversion to the science of archery, to equitation and elephant-riding, to driving and hunting. At last, when his father one day gave him a wiggling, telling him that he showed no aptitude for kingly pursuits, he disclosed to his two friends the injury inflicted on his self-esteem.

And they rejoined: "Our fathers, too, are continually talking nonsense when we show our aversion to their business. This tribulation, however, we have not noticed for many days because of the pleasure we took in your friendship. But now that we see you also grieved with the same grief, we are grieved exceedingly."

Thereupon the prince said: "It would be unmanly to remain here after being insulted. Let us depart together, all grieved with the same grief, and go somewhere else. For

The truly self-respecting man
Discovers what he is, and can,
Deserves, and dares, and understands
By traveling in foreign lands."

So much being determined, they considered where it was advisable to go. And the merchant's son said: "You know that no desire is anywhere attained without money. Let us therefore go to Climbing Mountain, where we may find precious gems and enjoy

every heart's desire." The truth of this presentation they all recognized, so started for Climbing Mountain.

There, as fate decreed, each of them found a priceless, magnificent gem, whereupon they debated as follows: "How are we to guard these gems when we leave this spot by a forest trail thick with peril?" Then the son of the man of learning said: "You know I am the son of a counselor, and I have consequently thought out an appropriate plan, namely, that we swallow our gems and carry them in our stomachs. Thus we shall not be an object of interest to merchants, highwaymen, and other such people."

Having adopted this plan, each inserted his gem in a mouthful of food at dinner time, and swallowed it. But while they were doing so, a fellow who was resting unperceived on the mountain slope, observed them and reflected: "Look here! I, too, have tramped Climbing Mountain for many days, searching for gems. But I had no luck. I found nothing. So I will travel with them and wherever they grow weary and go to sleep, I will cut their stomachs open and take all three gems."

With this in mind, he came down the slope and overtook them, saying: "Good masters, I cannot pierce the frightful forest alone and reach my home. Let me join your caravan and travel with you." To this they assented, for they desired the increase of friendliness, and the four continued their journey.

Now in that forest, near the trail, was a Bhil village, nestling in a rugged bit of jungle. As the travelers passed through its outskirts, an old bird in a cage began to sing—this bird belonging to a numerous aviary kept as pets in the hut of the village chief.

This chief understood the meaning that all kinds of birds express in their song. He therefore comprehended the old bird's intention, and cried with great delight to his men: "Listen to what this bird tells us. He says that there are precious gems in the possession of yonder travelers on the trail, and that we ought to stop them. Catch them, and bring them here."

When the robbers had done so, the chief stripped the travelers with his own hand, but found nothing. So he set them free to resume their journey, clad in loincloths only. But the bird sang the same story, so that the village chief had them brought back, and freed them only after a most particular and minute inspection.

Once more they started, but when the bird impatiently screamed the same song, the chief recalled them once more and questioned them, saying: "I have tested this bird time and again, and he never tells a lie. Now he says there are gems in your possession. Where are they?" And they replied: "If there are gems in our possession, how did your most careful search fail to reveal them?"

But the chief retorted: "If this bird says the thing

over and over, the gems are certainly there, in your stomachs. It is now evening. At dawn I am determined to cut your stomachs open for gems." After this scolding, he had them thrust into a dungeon.

Then the captive thief reflected: "In the morning, when their stomachs are cut open and the chief finds such splendid gems, the greedy villain will be quite certain to slash my belly too. So my death is a certainty, whatever happens. What am I to do? Well, the proverb says:

When that last hour arrives, that none,
 However shrewd, may miss,
 A noble spirit serves his kind,
 And death itself is bliss.

It is best, then, to offer my own stomach first to the knife, saving the very men I had planned to kill. For when my stomach is cut open first of all and that villain finds nothing, grub as he may, then he will cease to suspect the existence of gems and, heartless though he be, will yet have mercy enough to renounce the cutting of the stomachs of those others. Thus, by giving them life and wealth I shall gain the glory of a generous deed in this world, and a rebirth in purity hereafter. This is, so to speak, a wise man's death, though I did not seek the opportunity." And so the night passed.

At dawn the village chief was preparing to cut open their stomachs when the thief clasped his hands and humbly entreated him. "I cannot," he said, "be-

hold the cutting of the stomachs of these my brothers. Pray be gracious, and cut my stomach first."

To this the chief mercifully agreed, but he found no sign of a gem in the stomach, cut as he would. Thereupon he penitently cried: "Woe, woe is me! Swelling with greed at the mere interpretation of a bird's song, I have done a ghastly deed. I infer that no more gems will be found in the other stomachs than in this." The three were therefore set free uninjured, and hastening through the forest, they reached a civilized spot.

"And that is why I say:

The robber for his victims died.

Better the sensible enemy than

THE FOOLISH FRIEND

In this spot they sold all three gems, the merchant's son serving as their agent. The considerable capital thus obtained he laid before the prince, who, having appointed the son of the man of learning his prime minister, planned to seize the kingdom of the monarch of that country, and made the merchant's son his secretary of the treasury. He then, by offering double pay, assembled an army of picked elephants, horse, and infantry, began hostilities with a prime minister intelligent in the six expedients, killed the king in battle, seized his kingdom, and himself became king. Next he delegated all burdensome ad-

ministrative functions to his two friends and consulted his ease in a life of graceful luxury.

After a time, as he dallied now and then in the ladies' apartments, he made a pet and constant companion of a monkey from the stable near by. For it is a well-known fact that kings take naturally to parrots, partridges, pigeons, rams, monkeys, and such creatures. In course of time the monkey, regaled with a variety of dainties from the royal hand, grew to be a big fellow, and became an object of respect to the entire court. The king, indeed, felt such confidence in the monkey and such affection that he made him his personal sword-bearer.

Now the king had near his palace a pleasure-grove made charming by clumps of trees of various species. When springtime came, he perceived how delightful was this grove, since it advertised the glory of Love in the humming of swarms of bees, and was fragrant with the perfumes of crowding blossoms. He therefore entered it with his queen in a passion of love, and all his human retinue were left behind at the entrance.

After a period of delighted wandering and gazing, the king grew weary and said to the monkey: "I shall rest and sleep a moment in this arbor. You must keep careful watch to prevent anyone from disturbing me." With this he went to sleep.

Presently a bee, drawn by the fragrance of flowers, of musk, and other perfumes, hovered over him and alighted on his head. On seeing this, the monkey

angrily thought: "What! Under my very eyes this wretched creature looks upon the king!" And he undertook to drive him away.

But when the bee, for all his efforts, continued to approach the king, the monkey went blind with rage, drew his sword, and fetched a blow at the bee—a blow that split the king's head.

And the queen, who was sleeping beside him, started up in terror, screaming when she beheld the incomprehensible fact: "You fool! You monkey! The king trusted you. How could you do it?"

Then the monkey told what had happened, after which everybody, by common consent, scolded him and shunned him.

"So there is reason in saying that one should not make friends with a fool, inasmuch as the monkey killed the king. Indeed, that is why I say:

To foes of sense, not foolish friends,
'Tis wiser far to cling:
The robber for his victims died;
The monkey killed the king."

And Cheek continued:

"Where *your* sort have the final word,
By whom friends' enmities are stirred,
Whose wisdom lies in tricky traps,
All efforts end in sad mishaps.

And again:

The saint, however deep his need,
Still shuns the guilt of evil deed;

Still does the deeds that bring no shame
To honorable name and fame.

Again:

The wise in need still does the deed
That keeps his honor bright:
The shell a peacock ate and dropped,
Remains a pearly white.

And the proverb says:

Wrong is wrong; the wise man never
Wrong as right will treat:
None would drink, however thirsty,
Water in the street.

To sum it all up:

Do the right, the right, the right,
Till the breath of death;
Shun the wrong, although the right
Lead to death of breath."

Hereupon, being a tortuous-minded creature to whom a sermon advocating such moral standards was sheer poison, Victor slunk away.

At this moment Rusty and Lively, their minds blinded by rage, renewed the battle. But when Rusty had killed Lively, his wrath subsided into pity at the memory of past affection. He wiped his weeping eyes with a blood-smearred paw and penitently said: "Ah, me! It was very wrong. Lively was almost my second life. In killing him, I have only hurt myself. For the proverb says:

When bits are lost of royal land
Or servants true who understand,

The servants' loss is deadly pain;
Lost lands are quickly won again."

But Victor, the impudent, perceiving that Rusty was mastered by irresolution, slowly crept near and said: "Master, what conduct is this—to show yourself irresolute after slaying a rival? For the saying runs:

None leaves a father, brother, son,
Or bosom-friend alive
Who treasonably threatens him,
If he desires to thrive.

Likewise:

A king compassionate,
A careless magistrate,
A wilful wife, a friend
Whose thoughts to treason tend,
A guzzling Brahman, or
A sulky servitor,
With all who do not know
Their business—let them go.

Go however far to find
Honest joy;
Learn from any who is wise,
Though a boy;
Give your life, the altruist's
Bliss to win;
Cut your very arm away,
If it sin.

"And the morality of kings has nothing in common with that of ordinary men. As the proverb says:

To ruling monarchs let no trace
Of common nature cling;

For what is vice in other men,
Is virtue in a king.

And once more:

Kings' policy is fickle, like
A woman of the town:
For now it hoards its money up,
Now flings it careless down;
'Tis rough and flattering by turns;
'Tis kind, and cruel too;
Exactng much and giving much,
At once 'tis false and true."

Hereupon Cheek, since Victor did not return, drew near, sat down beside the lion, and said to Victor: "Sir, you know nothing of the business of administration, since the stirring of strife means the destruction of those who had enjoyed mutual friendship. It is not the practice of genuine counselors, when objects of ambition are attainable through conciliation, bribery, or intrigue, to advise the master to fight his own servant, so bringing him into deadly danger. As the proverb says:

The god of wealth, the god of war,
The god of water, and
The god of fire have planned to win,
Then lost the fights they planned;
For victory is not a thing
That men or gods command.

And besides:

No wisdom lies in fighting, since
It is the fools who fight;

The wise discover in wise books
What course is wise and right,
And wise books in the course that is
Not violent, delight.

"Therefore a counselor should under no circumstances advise his master to fight. And there is another wise saying:

Where the palace harbors servants
Kindly, modest, pure,
Death to enemies, and deaf to
Avarice's lure,
Foes may struggle, but the royal
Honor is secure.

Therefore

Speak the truth, though harsh it be:
Fame is true enmity.

And again:

Where royal servants, asked or not,
Indulge in pleasant lies
That lead the royal mind astray,
The royal glory dies.

"Furthermore, counselors should be consulted severally by the master, who should thereupon make his own decision concerning the advice given by each, as tending to the king's loss or profit. For it happens at times that even an established fact seems otherwise to a wandering judgment. As the proverb says:

The firefly seems a fire, the sky looks flat;
Yet sky and fly are neither this nor that.

And again:

The true seem often false, the false seem true;
Appearances deceive, so think it through.

“Consequently, a master should not implicitly rely on the advice of a servant who lacks the administrative sense, inasmuch as rascally servants, for their personal profit, present matters to the master in a false light, and with bewildering eloquence. Hence, a master should undertake a matter only after full reflection. As the proverb says:

Let fit and friendly counsel first,
And more than once, be heard;
Then ponder on the plan proposed
From first to final word;
Then act, and harvest fame and wealth,
Avoiding the absurd.

“Finally, let no master suffer his mind to be twitched aside by others’ counsel. Let him always be mindful of the differences in men, let him fully consider the ultimate issue, whether favorable or the reverse, of various counsels, answers, and times of action. Let him *be* the master, a wise master, ever cognizant of the multiform complexities of duty.”

Here ends Book I, called “The Loss of Friends.”
The first verse runs:

The forest lion and the bull
Were linked in friendship, growing, full;
A jackal then estranged the friends
For greedy and malicious ends.

BOOK II

THE WINNING OF FRIENDS