

sing like the Canadian birds. We have many crows too, not so large as our crows but even saucier, in fact Cocanada means "Crow town."

In our Compound we have a big banyan tree, almond trees, cocoanut palms, palmiras, (another palm), as well as many which I cannot name yet. So many of the trees have gay flowers. There is one that blooms when weather is hottest. It has bright red blossoms and is called the "Flame of the Forest." Another has flowers like big yellow hollyhocks. Quite near us there are large orange and banana orchards. But trees and flowers are by no means the most interesting things. There is something much more fascinating—that is the people. At first one is impressed with their numbers. Whenever one goes there are crowds. The bazaar is full of them, the trains are always crowded and there are always people passing our Compound from morning until night. I thought they were very dark at first but the people here are not nearly so dark as those farther South. Some of them are much fairer than the others, and they do delight in every degree of fairness they possess. My *munshi* even asked me one day if in my country people had disliked me at all because my hair was black. The *munshi* is my Telugu teacher you know. He certainly does not look like any teacher I ever had seen before. He can speak English very well indeed and he does love to quote English poetry, especially Gray's *Elegy*. His two sons and his daughter died, and he feels so badly about it. He tells me many strange things about the customs of the people. Every day when he goes away from our house, he bathes and prays before he eats because I have polluted him. One morning he went away quite early. I didn't know why, but in the afternoon he said he had been so thirsty that he could not do without water. So he went home. He wouldn't take a drink from me—I eat meat. To him all life is sacred so whatever I touch is polluted. I am very glad to say he has discovered that in the big Government

Office next door there is a Brahman who gives out water so he goes there now.

Another very interesting man is the *dhobie*. He calls every Saturday for one's soiled clothes. The following Saturday he brings back what is left of them. His specialty is breaking buttons. I was out one evening to the place where the clothes are washed. It was a lovely green place near the canal. There were many smooth flat stones turned against another stone at about the same angle as we would have a washboard. The *dhobie* dipped the clothes into a big vessel of water, then whack, whack, whack, on the stone. He repeated this process till he considered them worn out enough for this time. Then he laid them on the grass in the sunshine. In the evening his wife folded them, tied them in a bundle, put them on her head, and walked into the city as unconcerned as if she had had a hat on.

I do wish I could take you to the Bazaar, that is where you see the life, the dirt and the sordidness of India, as well as much that is interesting. On either side of the narrow road are little shops opening right on the street. Everybody jostles together, people of all kinds, in automobiles, on motor cycles, in carriages, ox carts, and many, many on foot. The coachmen call repeatedly for the people to clear a way but they don't pay much attention. Indeed often just as one thinks the way is clear, a little child will dart out, and run across in front of the horses or automobile for this is the land where the pedestrian comes into his own. There is one person you will not see among the throng—that is a high class woman. No woman except those of the lower castes walks along the road. Maybe you wonder just what you could buy in this Bazaar. Some of the tiniest stores consist of a box with a long bunch of Bananas hanging above it, or a few orange and soda bottles. You could buy the oranges for about a cent apiece but they are smaller than ours in Canada. Bananas are about 9 cents a dozen. They, too are smaller than the ones we buy in Canada. The bigger stores have cocoa-