

could see her no longer another face appeared on that side of his head: as she went behind a third face was there and two more eyes to gaze at her; lastly, a fourth took shape on the right side of the god's head: he assumed his name of Chaturmukha, the four-faced, and could finish his prayers at leisure, without missing a single gesture of the delightful dancer.

Yes, it could be thou, Brahma, whom I now see in this temple of Cambodia; it would be thine eyes that ache for the forms of a woman; it would be thy mouth craving for the kiss of a girl. * * * And who knows that the ghost of Tilottama, dancing with the same voluptuousness, does not come to haunt the dream of all these stone colossi when they feel lonely and forlorn?

flaming mouth at the gate beneath them. And with heroic promptness they dumped the drums. Right there was where they learned that the fluid they had supposed to be water was an article called gasoline, which is very thin stuff and never has been known to satisfy a real thirsty fire dragon.

The guards rushed to the street and spread the alarm and there came presently a red wagon known to the Japanese as a fire engine—presumably a chariot for the transportation of the fire dragon. For a time the guards were afraid that the silly Japanese would offer the dragon a ride. But they didn't. They went through some incantations with a pair of copper jars, and the fire dragon went away leaving nothing but the cinders of a rubbish fire in his wake.

The fire department claimed credit for the victory. And the guards merely smiled with suitable tolerance. They knew, as every body knows, that the dragon had fled when they recited form prayer No. 27. But you can't tell that to a Japanese.

Korea Deplores Japanese Ignorance of Fire Dragons

By ROBERT J. CASEY*

Seoul, Korea, Nov. 7.—Out past the south gate and far beyond the summit of Nan San lives the fire dragon. But it seems silly to mention it. Everybody ought to know about that.

The fire dragon has always lived there. The mountain was his home even in those dim ages before Korea became the center of the world's culture and scientific advancement—which was, of course, many years ago.

Not a bad chap, the dragon * * * lazy, of course, but in this case laziness is a virtue rather than a vice. He has been singularly inactive since mud replaced wood in the construction of dwelling places and offerings placed in the hills to placate him have been more effective than even the soothsayers had hoped.

Not to be Trusted.

However, it is not a good idea to trust dragons even when sleeping. They may be good-hearted and all that, but they are dumb animals, and when a fire dragon comes in to pay a town a visit his good intentions are a minor consideration. His flaming laughter is too much for his moral votaries to withstand.

So, purely as a matter of safety first, the south gate has always been equipped with protective materials and a brace of fire dragon sentries who know just what to do should he take a notion to wander out of his mountain home.

Since the day when the gate was built, large drums have been placed in the upper gallery beneath the overhang of its pagoda roof. And it is the duty of the fire dragon sentries to see that these drums are kept filled with water which may be used to slake the thirst of the dragon and cause him to go home without entering the town and making ashes of it.

Keep Up Defense.

When the Japanese came there was some argument about the usefulness of the dragon guard. You just can't get even a simple notion through the skull of a Japanese official. But in the end there was a compromise. Japanese sentries took over the gate, but the Korean gendarmie continued to supply the tub fillers for the upper gallery.

Things changed in Seoul, of course, after the coming of the Japanese. For example, the old well that used to supply the water for the tubs went dry, and a thing called a garage was built across the path over which the sentinels might in an emergency haul water from another well. However, the Koreans are a determined people. Eventually they arranged with the proprietor of a shop near by to give them what they needed. Once a month they were to pour out what water remained in the drums and obtain a fresh supply. This regular procedure, it was hoped, would insure a constant watchfulness and maintain the equipment at a point of necessary efficiency.

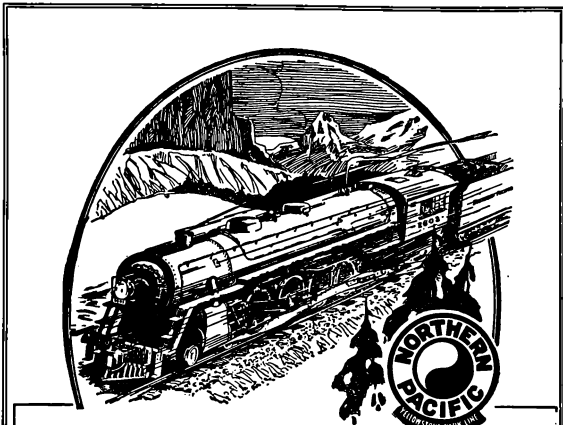
All went well until last night, when the Korean guards were called away to a conference and left their work in the hands of the Japanese. The Japanese promised to empty the drums and get them refilled at the shop. Which goes to show how useless it is to trust a Japanese.

One Hitch in Plans.

The soldiers went through all the motions of emptying the drums and called them empty for refilling. But in their lamentable ignorance they went not to the shop but to the garage.

"Fill these drums," said the sergeant of the guard, "and charge to the Korean Dragon Protective association."

And the garage man did. The guards returned at midnight unaware of the error and, of course, that had to be the time for the rousing of the fire dragon. Scarcely had they taken their places in the balcony when they saw his



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*Captain Robert J. Casey's regular job is a front-page feature story daily in the *Chicago Daily News*, but he is on a tour of the Far East just now, picking up such odd bits as the one reproduced here.—ED.