

a stream, and had some green stuff, or *gula*y on hand ready to cook when the hunters should return.

When they heard the men returning, they ran out to meet them, and uttered loud exclamations of delight at the size of the python that had been killed.

They took the meat from the men and carried it the short distance to camp. Then they cut part of it into thin strips and hung it up to dry, and the rest of it they roasted over their little open fires.

One old woman took a few little pieces of the python and laid them on a leaf on the ground just beyond the settlement. These were for the *diwata*, or spirits. And she made them a short speech thanking them for the successful hunt and asking them for more such good fortune.

Soon the feasting began and lasted the rest of the day. Huge quantities of food disappeared: for primitive people leading the hand-to-mouth existence of the Negritos have the *camél's* philosophy of food. Often they had very little food, or none at all; and, on the other hand, when there was plenty, they ate an astonishing amount.

Again there was singing and dancing. They sang the same song as they had the previous night; and then one man sang a love song, repeating it several times. Pablo asked for another song, but the Negritos said that they did not know any others.

When darkness closed in, everyone was sleepy, and soon the encampment was dark and silent.

Next morning, as soon as Pablo and Ulan had had breakfast, they made their farewells—Pablo thanking his hosts for their hospitality—and started on their way to the stream of the shining substance.

All morning they followed tiny paths and clambored up and down stream beds. A little after noon they stopped to rest and eat a few pieces of cooked camote and roasted python that they had brought along. The last stream bed up which they had climbed was dry at this season of the year. They were on a ridge, and the chances were that they would have to descend a long way before finding any more water. It was an unusually hot day, and Pablo was thirstier than he had ever been in all his life. But no water was to be seen, so he accepted the situation fatalistically, and said nothing about it.

But when they had rested only a moment, Ulan jumped up. "I'm thirsty. Aren't you?" he said, and began walking around looking for something.

"Here it is!" he called. "Come here and drink."

He had found a vine, which he cut into sections. From each section, as soon as it was cut, flowed clear, cool water. The boys threw back their heads and

## To MOTHER



There's a melody sung through years,  
A rhapsody found on mortal lips,  
A chansonette of love and joy  
My mother! My mother!

There's a story that fills the heart,  
Told and re-told through ages past,  
There's a tale of which none tires,  
My mother! My mother!

A picture hangs on every wall,  
Of gray hair and wrinkled brows,  
Though webbed with years 'tis loved by all  
My mother! My mother!

Dear mother, you're a deathless song,  
A never to-be forgotten lore,  
An image worshipped by the throng—  
Ah—most loved and blessed of all!

—Lulu de la Paz

caught in their open mouths the water as it descended from the pieces of vine which they held above them. They drank huge quantities of this miraculous water, and Pablo's admiration for Ulan mounted still higher.

(To be continued)