THE JAPANESE IN SEATTLE

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Special Correspondence The Washington Herald.

Seattle, Wash., April 6.—There are more Japanese in Seattle than in any other city on the mainland of the United States, and they are making their presence felt in the commercial life of the Northwestern metropolis by rapidly pushing into every line of business. They have 50 tailoring establishments, 60 eating houses and restaurants, 40 barber shops, 2 banks, and 2 newspapers. They also have numerous rooming houses and hotels, shoe factories, bakeries, meat markets, groceries, and general stores.

They own and operate employment agencies, express and transportation lines, printing offices, and laundries.

Inasmuch as the Japanese are to be found in such great numbers in this particular American community, it will be important to know what sort of impression they have made upon the people among whom they have come to live. For weeks past these letters have been dealing with the situation from a foreign viewpoint, telling what Americans have to say who live among the Japanese in their own country. Now the opinion of Americans who have had experience with the Japanese in the United States will be given. One notable feature of the race question on the Pacific Coast is the way the people here at once begin to compare the Chinese with the Japanese, always to the detriment of the latter. At one time John Chinaman was a much abused person out this way, but since he has been excluded and the Japanese allowed to come into the country in swarms, the good reputation of the Chinaman has increased a thousandfold.

I called at a leading real estate and renting office in Seattle to inquire what kind of tenants the Japanese make. The head of the firm received me, and there was no mincing of matters in his reply. "They are no good," he said emphatically. "They are so unreliable and tricky that they almost worry the life out of us. It takes twice as many men to handle their business as it ought to. We used to get along so well with the Chinese that we went after the business of the Japanese when they began to come in, but we soon found to our sorrow that although they are both Orientals, there is a vast difference between doing business with a Japanese and a Chinaman."

"What is the difference between them?" I ventured to interrupt. Before he could answer, a Chinaman came in the door and lined up before the counter where a young lady clerk was writing receipts for rent. The head of the firm touched a button and told the boy who answered it to show the Chinaman into the private office, where this conversation took place between them. "John, your lease is up on your house. Do you want to stay there another year?" "Yes, I take him one more year if you bring new roof and make the rent no more big," said John. "How much is it you pay?" asked the agent. "I bring $50 a month plenty quick if you bring new roof. Can do?" The anxious tenant was told that the roof would be "brought" right away, and that settled the matter.

This particular Chinaman had been a tenant nine years and had never been late with his rent. The firm did not even have a written agreement with him, a plain understanding of the terms being all that was needed. When asked if this might not be an exceptional case, and if some Japanese might not have been just as prompt, the agent replied: "We have had years of experience with both of them and we have found that once a Chinaman enters into an agreement he will generally keep it, and that as a rule a Japanese will not keep any contract that he can break, if it is to his advantage to get out of it."

One of the principal lines of work that attract the Japanese is domestic service, but in this they fall far short of being as satisfactory as the Chinese. One great objection to them is that they are unreliable and will seldom hesitate to leave their employer in the lurch if some more lucrative position offers itself elsewhere. Impudence is another charge made against them, many instances having been reported where housewives have had to telephone for their husbands to come home at once because the Japanese servant had become insolent. However, it would doubtless be unfair to claim that this was a general fault of the Japanese in domestic service.

The universal complaint about them seems to be their lack of interest in their work. They invariably have a book around somewhere and are studying and working with their lessons at every spare moment. Of course, their ambition to gain knowledge and improve their station in life is commendable, but there can be no doubt that it detracts from their value as servants. When they accept employment as menials they ought to obey orders and do the work assigned them with a proper spirit. Instead of this, the average Japanese domestic takes his situation merely as a makeshift, and all the while he is performing a servant's tasks, he does so with the full belief that he is the equal or superior of every member of the household in which he is employed. The least little friction never fails to bring this point to the surface. One lady expressed the experience of many housewives on the Pacific Coast when she said: "The Japanese are too proud and sensitive to work out. I got so I was afraid to tell one of them to sprinkle the lawn for fear I would insult some of his ancestors, or step on the toes of the Mikado."

A saloon keeper who wanted a porter was heard bewailing the fact that he had to depend upon the Japanese for this kind of work. He formerly had a Chinese who stayed with him through a long term of years, and only gave up his job after he became too old to work. The old Chinaman pattered around the place in his sandals, doing his work quietly and painstakingly. He had no ambition, but he was a fine porter. Since the old man went away, there has been a succession of Japanese boys in his stead. As yet none of them have remained over six months. They invariably go to night school, study English around the place during the day, adopt American clothes, and soon quit their jobs.

While the ambition of the Japanese to rise above the level of menial labor is undoubtedly to their credit, the fact remains that this same ambition unfits them for the class of work for which they are most needed. The argument advanced for allowing them to come to this country is that their labor is necessary to develop its resources, but if they are going to work only a few weeks on the jobs where they are wanted, and then graduate into bankers and merchant princes, they are probably too smart for this climate. The main thing the Pacific Coast needs is muscle.

While Japanese officials are busy telling us how the Japanese love the United States and admire all Americans from Commodore Perry on down, the rank and file of their countrymen who are living here do not bear out their statements. The Japanese orators tell us of the gratitude of their nation for the lessons we have taught them, and the friendship we have shown them. This looks well in print, but how much appreciation do we actually find among the Japanese who live in the United States? Instead of trying to cultivate the good will of the people who only a few years ago welcomed them here, the Japanese have seemed utterly indifferent to the fact that many of their actions were irritating to their "traditional friends and benefactors."

In the White River Valley, between Seattle and Tacoma, the inhabitants are very much incensed at the Japanese because they insist on violating the law prohibiting the killing of robins, meadow larks, thrushes, and other kinds of song birds. It is said that the presence of the boisterous Japanese men and boys in large numbers in the parks of Seattle on Sundays and holidays has become so objectionable that many ladies and children have ceased to frequent these pleasant playgrounds. Still another cause for complaint is the importation of Japanese girls for immoral purposes. The law is evaded by means of bogus marriages, and the immigration officials have been put to much trouble in trying to stamp out the evil.

One point in favor of the Japanese as against the Chinese is that they are better customers for American-made goods. They immediately adopt American wearing apparel, while the average Chinaman is content to dress in the simple garb his fathers have worn for ages. The Japanese also buys more American-made food supplies and necessaries than the frugal Chinaman. When it comes to a show of public spirit, the Japanese again outranks the Chinaman. At the time the cruiser Washington visited Seattle the Japanese colony subscribed liberally to the funds for entertaining the sailors, and made handsome presents to the officers. They take a prominent part in Fourth of July celebrations and other American holidays, providing speakers, fireworks, and other regulation features of such occasions.

As a matter of fact the Japanese are right up to date in official representation wherever they may be found, at home or abroad. The trouble with them seems to be their inability to come up to specifications. Their diplomacy is always a few laps ahead of their ability to deliver the goods. As this failing becomes more generally recognized their speechmakers are going to experience much difficulty in keeping oil on the troubled waters. The individual Japanese has fallen so far short of expectations in regard to honesty, reliability, and compatibility, that he entirely discredits the fine utterances of his official orators. In short, he is such a disappointment that his future contact with Americans will cause diplomacy to have its hands full to keep the peace.

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To-morrow—The Rebuilding of Seattle.

LAST NIGHT AT LOCAL PLAYHOUSES

The Belasco—"Sherlock Holmes."

Really good melodrama always has appealed to the taste of the Anglo-Saxon theater-goer. It seems to answer some call in the blood, this drama of adventure and action, which takes little account of characterization so long as its moving incident works inexorably to the story's end, as it does in that most successful play, "Sherlock Holmes."

It was excellently done at the Belasco Theater last night by the fine company headed by Mr. Guy Standing; in playing, in staging, in accessories and illusion, the performance might well be compared to those of the original production under Mr. Gillette.

And such a play as "Sherlock Holmes" tests the mettle of a company of players, for it is a play abounding in action that must be suited to the word; it is sublimated melodrama of a high order containing much that was best in the famous detective stories of Dr. Conan Doyle, rather fragmentarily put together, to be sure, but still a thoroughly interesting, sensational, and moving play.

Quite naturally, of course, Mr. Guy Standing chose in his impersonation of the character of cocaine habitue and inductive detective to follow, in make-up and general style, the work of William Gillette. This was hardly to be avoided, as Mr. Gillette himself patterned his physical conception of the part on the description furnished by Dr. Conan Doyle, and on the illustrations in the early editions that were so widely read. Thus, in a measure, the appearance of this character has been fixed for all time, and it is too late to change it. Still there was of course some changes, and it certainly seemed more reasonable to think of a man of Mr. Standing's physique unafraid and able to handle burly ruffians than to think of the emaciated and slender character Mr. Gillette made of the part doing the same work.

Mr. Standing in the two plays previously put on this season has shown himself rather an impulsive actor; there is usually a strain of light-hearted buoyancy about what he does, and it is therefore much to his credit as a player that this usual manner of his was subdued, and that his Sherlock Holmes was the blase, imperturbable man of the world self-contained, self-sufficient, absolutely sure of himself at all times, and opposing an unruffled front to the dangers that came his way. It was a skillful bit of characterization, well conceived and admirably carried out.

Mr. Standing's support, greatly augmented for this week, was good throughout. For the nonce Miss Dorothy Hammond, the leading woman, has resigned that position. She plays Madge Larrabee, one of the opponents of Holmes, and she played the part with force and conviction, and looked so good in her black gown in the last act that the words of Holmes, "That's a fine woman, Watson," sounded very appropriate. Miss Vira Stowe played the leading part of Alice Faulkner, and in spite of a certain ingenue quality about her playing, she was very graceful and charming. Miss Alice Butler, an old favorite with Washington audiences, who has returned for a brief stay, played two bits well. Others in the cast who deserve mention for clever work are Mr. Sabine as Larrabee, Mr. Fairchild as Dr. Watson, clever George Gaston as Moriarity. A clever bit of make-up and character acting was done in the part of Craigin by Rob V. Ferguson.

The audience was large last night, and by frequent applause and many curtain calls testified its pleasure and enjoyment. It seems probable that "Sherlock Holmes" will prove a most popular bill all the week.

HECTOR FULLER.

New National—"Robin Hood."

A gala week for the popular Aborn Opera Company was inaugurated last night with the opening performance of Robin Hood, with an excellent cast, which contained at least four members of the famous, but now disbanded, Bostonians. Nothing equaling the spirit and eclat which characterized the opening last night has been seen during any engagement of the Aborn company, and it seemed to all the old-timers present as though a page of pleasant memories had been reopened and its bygone delights once more spread before them.

Of course, the recollections of the Bostonians can never be untinged with sadness and a regret for familiar faces gone and voices hushed forever, but the handful that remained and who, fortunately for Washington, were available for the present production, seemed so pleased to be back again singing and acting their old roles that the half-humorous, half-regretful little speech that Eugene Cowles made before the curtain struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of every one present.

Robin Hood has been so long the standard by which the native comic opera has been judged, and as it is doubtless the most popular work of its kind ever placed upon our stage, that any other than a dignified and high-class presentation would bring down a storm of protest from the loyal public, which holds the opera in affectionate regard. A poor, and even merely adequate, production of Robin Hood would be sacrilegious, and, realizing this, the Aborn company has put it on in splendid style with their usual good judgment in the matter of costuming and stage management. The company is noted for the smoothness of its first nights, last night being no exception, and but for the unfortunate mishap to Friar Tuck's soup kettle all went well. That worthy churchman, in giving too vigorous a stir to the contents of his delicious concoction—the audience being well aware of the nature of two of its ingredients—overturned the whole mess, but George B. Frothingham has played the role too often not to be resourceful enough to turn the accident into a comedy episode.

Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, Agnes Stone, and Frank Rushworth were members of last night's cast who sang with the Bostonians, and their entrances were warm expressions of grateful remembrance, the applause, particularly for Cowles and Frothingham, being so sustained that several moments elapsed before the thread of the opera could be resumed. In the case of Frothingham, the conductor had to lay down his baton while the comedian bowed his thanks. It was a touching tribute to one who has long been identified with the best character comedy work of our stage. Mr. Cowles has not sung his old role of Will Scarlet for ten years, so that last night was somewhat in the nature of a first night for him, but he was on familiar ground and among friends, who were glad to note that his magnificent basso voice still retains its vigor and beauty. His singing of "The Armorer's Song" and "It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man" made the audience enthusiastic. It is interesting to note that the knife Mr. Cowles uses in the latter song is one that has been used by him in the same song for more than 2,000 times.

Forrest Huff, as Little John, sang "Brown October Ale," with male chorus, in a manner that it has seldom, if ever, been sung before. Mr. Huff's voice is a fine barytone of rich quality and unusual purity. Jessie Bradbury surprised every one by her rendition of "O, Promise Me." She has a wonderful contralto organ which she uses to the best possible advantage. Phil Branson was clever as the Sheriff of Nottingham; Harry Hermsen, the loutish Guy of Gisborne, and Frank Rushworth sang his old role of Robin Hood.

Two excellent sopranos are in the cast. Miss d'Orsell, as Annabel, sang two songs very sweetly, indeed, and Miss Magda Dahl, a newcomer, gave eminent satisfaction as Maid Marian. Miss Stone was, of course, the shrewish Dame Durden.

Columbia—"John Glade's Honour."

At the Columbia Theater last night Mr. James K. Hackett and company began the third week of the supplementary season with the strong play, "John Glayde's Honour," by Alfred Sutro, the occasion being a benefit for the Potomac Boat Club, the conjunction of events crowding the house with the members and adherents of that famous organization. The audience was exceedingly enthusiastic and demonstrative. Mr. Hackett was presented with a magnificent bunch of roses by the club, and when called upon for a speech made graceful acknowledgment.

The play is one of striking situations and brilliant lines, a study of American business life and social conditions, really, with the scene laid in Paris, and performs the true function of a play in that it attempts to show how certain individuals might be affected by the prescribed circumstances, and how those certain persons might act when so affected, attempting at the same time to keep everything within the limits of their natures and temperaments.

John Glayde, an American master of finance, becomes so immersed in business that he neglects his wife, and when he awakes to the realization of his mistake, he finds her estranged by her love for another man, Trevar Lerode, an artist, and also discovers that all his attempts to win her back to him are without avail. His nature is strong, however, and he gives her up, retiring to a life bitter with the reflection that his passion for gain has cost him the thing which he most prizes. The action of the drama is rapid and the situations intensely interesting, hung together by brilliant dialogue.

As John Glayde, Mr. Hackett gives an example of the highest quality of art. He has no clashing swords or waving plumes to aid him, and success comes entirely from a convincing portrayal of a striking role. His mood is rather more gentle than is his wont, but the quiet interpretation is entirely satisfactory, and moments of intense passion are depicted with force. Altogether, the contrast is agreeable, and the delineation most interesting.

The principal receives his strongest support from Miss Katherine Kaelred, who appears as Muriel, the wife. She has a strongly attractive personality and is very effective in the character, especially in the emotional periods. Another good bit of work is furnished by Mr. Brigham Royce, who is cast as Michael Shurmer, the brilliant secretary, a character second only in intellectual interest to the great financier himself. Mr. Royce's portrayal is forceful, and serves to bring out clearly the eccentric yet able quality of his mentality.

The whole supporting company did good service as usual, including Mr. J. Clenay Matthews, as Collingham; Mr. Charles Bogel, as Branley; Miss Nina Morris, as Princess de Castenary; Miss Dorothy Hammack, as Mrs. Rennick, and Miss Ethel Luckett, as Dora Longman.

Chase's—Polite Vaudeville.

An admirable show was seen at Chase's yesterday afternoon and evening. The best numbers on the bill were Richard Golden and company in "A Case of Divorce," and "A Night With the Poets." Richard Golden's standing as a comedian of striking peculiarities and abilities has long been established. It is enough to say that in the part of Squire Bill Rawlins, a village attorney of extended—but not extensive—practice, he does some of the best work of his career. Ruth Hayes, Minnie Milne, and Frank Battin all portray rustic characters intelligently.

"A Night with the Poets" is a delightful entertainment that takes the audience into the land of the gratis license. Mr. James B. Reeves, in the part of Robert Lorraine, a simple lover of fireside cheer among his books, read from James Whitcomb Riley with great devotion and effect. His recitation of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" was particularly pleasing.

Living pictures illustrative of the poems accompanied them. A quartet made up of G. R. McWilliams, T. G. Heath, W. E. Avery, and A. F. Henry, every one of whom displayed most telling voices, brought down unanimous applause. This act was a charming bit.

Ida Grannon's method of singing up-to-date songs was one of the biggest successes of the show, judging by the encores she received. "The Three Rubes"—otherwise Bowers, Walters, and Crooker—capered around through amusing antics. Mary Dupont and Willard Hutchinson, in "A Leap Year Leap," have a dainty little comedy offering which seems to take. Klein and Clifton, in "The Dummy's Holiday," danced quite a good deal, which always appeals to the vaudeville audience. Some rare and startling gymnastics were given by Alvolo and Othelo. The vitagraph was there, too.

The Academy—"Sis Hopkins."

The inimitable Miss Rose Melville as "Sis Hopkins" is the attraction this week at the New Academy, and last evening that popular histrionic home was crowded to the doors by a greatly pleased audience.

This is Miss Melville's ninth season in her unique character of "Sis Hopkins."

The popularity of the pretty play increases, if possible, with each annual appearance, and is always most gladly welcomed by old friends and enthusiastic audiences, who never tire of the story of the simple, honest country girl, homely, but wholesome, loyal, tender, and true, as presented and developed by Miss Melville and her talented company.

The songs and other specialties introduced during the progress of the play are simple and appealing, blending naturally into the several scenes and properly belonging to them—not forced and out of place.

The supporting company is capable. Mr. H. G. Leinming as Addison Vilbert, the villain of the play, made such a handsome and plausible villain that the audience came very near condoning his villainy, and the hero and lover, as given by Mr. Frank Minezy, was in every way pleasing and attractive. The quaint epitaphs and laughable sayings of Obadiah Odlum, the country undertaker, as given by Mr. J. T. Ray, were very clever and had the odor of originality. Mr. George H. Maxwell as Pa Hopkins is entitled to high commendation for his fine portrayal of the difficult character he assumed, particularly in the third act.

Miss Melville's engagement will close the regular season of the New Academy.

The Lyceum—Burlesque.

Hughey Kernan's "Washington Society Girls" made their second bow of the season at the Lyceum yesterday. Two good burlettas were presented and the comedians were funny. The comedy parts were well played by Leo Stevens, Fred Bullo, and Jack Marshall.

The olio consisted of Mile. Morey's "Living Pictures of Art," some good singing by Miss Georgie Nelson, the Marlo Trio in gymnastic stunts, and Jack Marshall in a good comedy sketch, including several imitations.

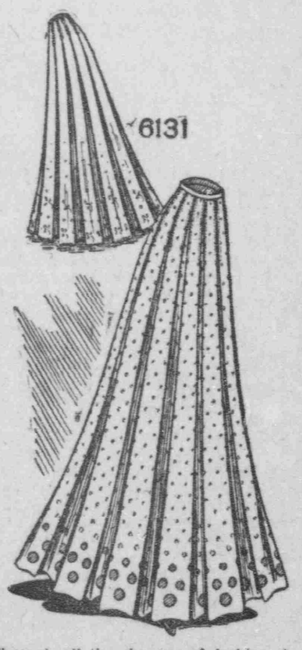
The chorus is beautifully costumed and the songs were well rendered.

The Gayety—Burlesque.

The Golden Crook Burlesque Company began a week's engagement yesterday at the Gayety before two appreciative audiences at both the afternoon and evening performances. The burlesques were mediocre, but contained a chorus that was conspicuous for its vivacity and numbers.

The vaudeville was contributed by Higgins and Phelps, the Ballet of the Roses, with La Alvora as a feature, Yale and Rogers, Charles Ahern, and the Busch-De Vere Trio.

GRACEFUL ONE-PIECE SKIRT.



Through all the changes of fashion the one-piece pleated skirt retains its popularity, and it is especially favored by the discriminating woman who values the good effect of the flare at the hem. The box-pleated, straight-edged skirt, illustrated, is one of the smartest of the new models designed for development in the exquisite bordure fabrics, that are the special vogue of the season, and will be found most becoming. The pleats are stitched down as far as the hips, but below hang free to the hem. No trimming is required other than the border, if bordered material is used, or a fold, if plain goods are chosen. A printed shantung was used for the development shown, but any of the modish fabrics would make up satisfactorily on the same lines. For the medium size 10 yards of 24-inch goods, or 5 yards of bordered material (46 inches wide) will be needed.

Five sizes, 22 to 30 inches, waist measure.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents to the Pattern Department of the Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, and indicating number (6163) and size desired.

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ITALIAN SILK VESTS, in white, light blue, and pink, with embroidered fronts; low neck; no sleeves; trimmed in lace and hemstitching. Priced at $2.75, $3.25, $4.25

UMBRELLA DRAWERS, with woven bands, trimmed in cotton torchon lace; full cut. 3 pairs for $1.00; a pair.. 35c

NOVELTY RIBBED VESTS, low neck, no sleeves; crochet yokes, with butterfly motifs; choice of pink, light blue, or white, at..... 50c

SWISS RIBBED VESTS, lace-trimmed, and seconds of the 19c grade. Choice..... 12½c

RICHELIEU RIBBED VESTS, low neck, no sleeves; taped. EXTRA SIZES FOR STOUT WOMEN. Only..... 12½c

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THE SOUL OF CROESUS

BY GERALD VILLIERS-STUART.

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CHAPTER IX.

Fabian Dare had meant to be a clergyman, but he had never really been orthodox. It was not so much that he did not believe in revealed religion, as that he dreamed that more was being revealed to him than had yet been written in the Bible. He was too vague and poetic to notice whether the ideas which came to him clashed with accepted theology or not; he simply considered that they enriched it. His experience of life for the last few months had made him drift more than ever from the church as he knew it; yet his first thought was, that if he got this ten thousand pounds, he would resume his studies, and be ordained. All his sufferings had only increased his longing to deliver his message. The church was the only channel he could conceive of.

He was too numbed by suffering to entirely realize what a terrible thing he was doing by submitting his will to be experimented on by hypnotism. If the temptation had come in any conventional manner—if he had been told that what he was doing was very near selling his soul to the devil in the medieval fashion, he would probably have resisted. But there were no horns or hoofs on the devil who had tempted him in Leicester Square, and, after all, he was not much more than a boy.

Every day von Tarsenheim threw him into a hypnotic sleep for at least two hours. The fact that he always woke up feeling none the worse, encouraged him to hope that he was going to earn his money easily, though the largeness of the sum often caused him wonder.

Von Tarsenheim was kind enough to Fabian, in his curious, mocking way. He sent out and got clothes for him, to replace his rags, and all the little things a gentleman needs he provided. Also, Fabian noticed that the food was of the best, and calculated to build him up. His host also gave him some tonic drug which was magical in its effect.

Each day which followed remained a blurred dream in Fabian Dare's memory. He did not even distinguish between waking and sleeping. The dream simply went forward.

He had always kept a journal since the writing impulse had come to him. It was not the orderly diary of the methodical man, who jots down each night the commonplace doings of the day, in an effort to save the nothingness of his life from a kindly oblivion, but a fragmentary record of bizarre sensations. During the last few months it read as though an electric pen had been attached to the ends of his tortured nerves. All through it rang the cry, "I can feel so much—I can do so little! Where does it lead?"

The first night under von Tarsenheim's roof he wrote:

"I begin to see a meaning in it all. I have sold myself to be experimented on. Why not? We are all being experimented on, and without pay. We are only microbes in the culture tube, and the scientist never tells the microbe the result of the experiment. Out of it all the Great Scientist will make something wonderful—something worth keeping."

There are some men on whom the knowledge of affinity between themselves and any woman dawns gradually, like the point of a joke on a slow-moving brain. There are others who know what place a woman is going to take in the story of their lives after five minutes' conversation, as well as though they had passed through every phase, from acquaintanceship to intellectual friendship; through soulful silence to love itself. It is a matter of intuition, in which women are seldom surprised into a mistake. They diagnose emotional symptoms admirably, and, just as admirably, conceal their knowledge till the proper or improper moment arises to stop fencing.

Fabian Dare was one of the men who decide immediately whether a woman attracts them or not. It would be wrong to say that he fell in love with Elsa at first sight, but he felt that he would fall in love with her if he saw much of her. If von Tarsenheim had cared to explain such a trivial matter as human affinity in its relation to love, he would have demonstrated to Fabian that his soul and Elsa's inhabited the same star, and that they were, therefore, liable to be attracted toward love by the spiritual road, the entrance to which is so hidden by subtle mists that few ever find it.

The following extract from the diary of Fabian Dare, on the fourth day, shows that he recognized this spiritual affinity, though his perception was slightly blurred by Elsa's physical beauty. The extract is from a page in which he had tried to write down some meaning for all the sufferings he had undergone:

"Meaning! Isn't Elsa meaning enough?

"Every pinch of hunger! I thank you.

"Every crushed hope! I give you my gratitude.

"Humiliations! sordidness! grim realities! I am beholden to you; you have led me at Elsa. I have not fallen in love with you at first sight, Elsa; that is not possible. I have known you always. I recognized your voice before I saw you. I knew everything about you, except—except that your name was Elsa.

"I knew that your hair steamed down in a burnished plait, for I have seen molten gold escaping from the furnace. Your face is luminous with the hazy dawn of womanhood. I have had such visions at dawn—golden with the intangible lights of sunset in a wood. I have seen such visions in the clouds at sunset.

"The blue of your eyes begins before I come to them, as I have seen the azure lights in a forest glade foreshadow the wonderful pool at the end.

"They are vaguely troubled, Elsa. I remember that the pool was also stirred, for overhead, and far away, the wind stirred in the tree tops—the wind that blows between dawn and sunrise.

"The wonder of the dawn is in your face, Elsa, but the wisdom of the night has not left it; and so you will know what I feel. For never nature lifted the veil, to give me a glimpse of you, but you caught a glimpse of me."

And Fabian was not lying to his journal, for, although Elsa could not analyze her sensations as he could, she dimly felt that the haggard youth her father had brought home stirred more than her sense of pity. Being a woman, her consciousness recoiled, vaguely resenting the intrusion, scenting the danger that lies ambushed in all great loves.

Her life had been curiously secluded in the midst of great cities and much travel. She had dim infant recollections of a world of sand, tawny faces moving among tents, under palm trees; but her real consciousness was of Vienna, New York, and, lately, of London. But always she and her father had been people apart. Even in the crowded apartment house in New York, not far removed from the tenement class, where one life overflowed into other lives because they were so similar, people had looked at them only with curiosity or mistrust.

No doubt the Oriental instinct toward female seclusion had something to do with the manner of their lives. Then, too, Abdul von Tarsenheim, with his mocking smile, and strong, saturnine face, aroused the superstitious dread of the evil eye in neighbors, mostly Irish. They salved their fear by lumping them, contemptuously, as Dagoes, but kept a respectful distance.

Elsa's mother died in Vienna when Elsa was ten years old. She had had many lessons on the violin, and acquired a mechanical knowledge of the instrument, but she had no natural love or talent or ear for music, as her mother had.

One day, not long after her mother's death, her father had hypnotized her. When she woke up she realized a change, as though she was not quite the same person. She was taken to a concert to hear a great violinist, and found that music had suddenly acquired a meaning for her. When she went home she was able to play everything she had heard. Her music lessons ceased. She never again heard a note of music but she could improvise, or repeat what she heard. Her father made her play to him a great deal, dictating the nature of the music, and, as she played, he would begin to concentrate his mind on something. Then his face would wear the look of a man searching for the elusive. At last he would say, "Yes, I have it! You may cease, Elsa." He never told her what it was, or took her into his confidence in any way. She had no feeling of love for him, and, as far as she knew, he had none for her. Their relations were more those of master and servant.

It was the sixth day of Fabian's imprisonment in St. Martin's street, for the occultist never left the flat without locking the door and taking the key.

Fabian had heard him go out, after speaking rather angrily to Elsa, while he himself was confiding to his diary:

"Elsa's not a real woman," he wrote. "She is not yet in contact with the earth at any point. Only the nebula of a woman drifting down toward reality. I see her as a crystal taking shape. Will it be my touch which shall dictate her form? She——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the girl herself. Her pretty face looked troubled. The young man wondered whether it had anything to do with the altercation he had heard between herself and her father.

She came and stood in front of Fabian. "You must tell me, Mr. Crawley," she said, earnestly, "what is this experiment in which you help my father? I ask him, and he only laugh." There was a suggestion of terror in her wide-open eyes.

The young man rose from his chair. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, no! Tell me! It is something I must know!"

"But—— Well, the fact is, I don't know anything about it."

"Then how can you help him? You cannot," she said, getting more agitated. "I tell you, you will be the experiment. He is my father, but he is not as other men. He will do terrible things to you. He will hypnotize you, and take something out of you and put things into you. What he will do I do not know, but it will be terrible! You must go—quickly, before he comes back—and you must never let him see you again! I have a key my father knows not of."

In her excitement she came up to him and took him by the arm. It was the first time she had touched him. He knew now she was a real woman. She tried to push him toward the door, repeating, "You must go! You must go!"

"But you do not understand. I cannot go! I am pledged—I have taken money—it would be most dishonorable!

But it is very kind of you, all——"

"Oh, yes, Elsa is always most kind!" Abdul von Tarsenheim stood in the door, smiling on them. "But our young friend will not care to tear himself away, for to-morrow is the day arranged for the so interesting experiment, which will make us all so rich."

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

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