

bring him to utter destruction, she would never have forgiven herself.

Hooper was on the rack all the time. The signs which an anxious mother interpreted as lassitude and a weariness of spirit were clear evidence to him that Karl was suffering an agony of restraint.

"I was at my wits' end what to say or do," he told me subsequently. "I was afraid that Karl might crack up at any moment. Brain fever was the best thing I could hope for him, but somehow, though doctoring is a science I know less of than conchology, I felt that relief would not come in that way. Once or twice I managed to touch his hand as if by accident. He was cool and firm as a block of ice. He knew what I was up to and smiled at me in such despair! Guess I had a cold chill down my spine enough to give a rhinoceros influenza!"

"It was a heavy risk I took," went on my fellow-conspirator; "but I was sure that Karl was more taxed by his mother's close observation than by the manifold demands on his stamina entailed by other considerations. So I bluffed. Oxford was a natural goal. I suggested that he and I should visit our old varsity next day, and Mrs. Grier approved of the idea. That is how I managed to install him in our sitting-room at the hotel early the following morning. There he was at peace."

Karl showed a great desire at that time to discuss his sixth sense fully and freely with one who

might be trusted to listen without skepticism. He acquainted Hooper with many marvels which reached my ears in due course. And happily the freedom from restraint had the good effect of inducing a slight drowsiness. He would not admit it, but Hooper was convinced that he had not slept in the preceding four days at least. That afternoon he yielded sufficiently to the demands of outraged nature to sink into a heavy sleep, though we found on inquiry—not from him but from those whose well-being he was protecting at his own irreparable loss—that his control over them never slackened.

Thinking that the best thing possible had happened, Hooper calmly locked him in, and told the floor attendant to ask Grier to await his (Hooper's) return if he woke up and rang. Then, fast as a hansom could carry him, he hurried to Sandilands House, there to learn that the Hon. Nora Cazenove had driven to the Griers', with laudable intent to take Mrs. Grier and Karl to Hurlingham.

Hooper ascertained that Miss Cazenove would return home about half-past six to dress for dinner and the opera. Racing back to the hotel, Hooper found Karl still asleep. At six-thirty-five p. m. he coolly telephoned to Miss Nora, and just as coolly read her my letter of introduction over the wire.

"I guess I shook her up good and hard," he said to me, in the exchange of further confidences.

He pressed inflexibly for an immediate interview.

At all hazards now he was determined to make known to her the dangerous atmosphere in which her fiancé was existing.

"Her voice was a bit scared as she discussed things," he declared; "but after chewing on it for a minute or two she asked me to meet her at the opera at eight o'clock sharp. The woman who would chaperon her, and some other friends, would not be there until nearly nine. She would go in advance, leaving a message for her chaperon, and we could talk undisturbed. I allow I rather cottoned onto a girl who could fix things as slick as that."

Karl was seemingly sunk in the sleep of sheer weakness. Hooper counted on meeting Nora and returning to the hotel in time to arouse Karl for a late meal, and then see him safely home, or even detain him for the night after explaining matters to his father and mother. Indeed, things were going so well that he was buoyed up with a new hope. He dressed rapidly, reached Covent Garden, and saw a woman whom he took to be Nora Cazenove enter from a brougham, cross the vestibule while darting an interrogative glance at its denizens, and hasten up the stairs. He was right. An attendant took his card, the woman halted smilingly, and Hooper made himself known.

A well-bred, bright-eyed, alert young American is seldom at a discount under such conditions. The

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THE EMPEROR'S GARDEN PARTY

A VERITABLE "Happy Valley" did the Mikado's Park appear one glorious day in autumn, when at his command a brilliant company of foreign diplomats and ministers of state assembled in the enchanting environments to enjoy the hospitality of their imperial host. It was a chrysanthemum fête, and all, including the Emperor himself, had assembled to do homage to the royal flower of Japan.

Meeting in one of the beautiful rooms of the palace, the procession of dignitaries formed and took its way toward the rendezvous. A most picturesque and striking effect was produced by the gay dresses of the European women, the brilliantly uniformed attachés, the members of the different legations in their national costumes, and the ancient court dresses of the Japanese women, which transformed them from little gray moth-like creatures, into great splendid butterflies, all crimson, purple, green and gold. All this splendid display of brilliant coloring, glittering helmets and jewel-encrusted swords was headed by a venerable, stately figure in plain citizen's clothing, the Ambassador of the United States.

Under cover and shaded by curtains of royal purple bearing the Emperor's crest in gold, the chrysanthemums, Japan's pride and glory, the chosen emblem of the imperial house, bloomed in royal state. Brought to a wonderful degree of perfection, the blooms were infinite in variety and exquisite in coloring. None but the patient nature-loving Japanese gardener ever could have succeeded in attaining such perfection. Some of the stalks bore from five to eight hundred flowers each, while others were cultivated to produce one gorgeous bloom.

Each variety had a separate name indicated upon a small tablet, suggested by its appearance. Some of the names were poetical and pretty. One great scarlet-and-golden flower was called "Golden Dragon." An oval golden-yellow cluster was named "Golden Bells." A pure-white variety with wide petals was "The Moon on the Snow," while another white one of pyramid shape was "The Snow Mount." A lovely one of pink was named "Pretty Girl." One beautiful variety of buff with a sunset red lining was called "The Robe of Autumn Leaves." "Graceful Stork," "Lamp on the Snow," "Eternal Spring," "Dancing Girl," "Rampant Lion," were some of the fanciful names attached to various plants, all suggestive of the beauty of the flowers.

A poem hung to one of the stems which the guests were eager to read. It was written in a childish hand and roughly translated read:

When I visited this garden
Not a cloud was in the sky,
Not a breath of wind on earth.
The charming flowers were dressed as gaily
As the lovely ladies who came to view them,
Both showing forth the skill of the gardener
And the wisdom of their Creator

Slowly the brilliant procession passed on through the chrysanthemum pavilions, until they joined a company of Japanese of rank who were await-

By Clara Whitney Kaji



ing the approach of the diplomats under some trees near the bend of a wide avenue, where genial greetings and introductions of dignitaries took place and much stately courtesy was interchanged.

Of the meetings with the men who since distinguished themselves in the war with Russia, none is more pleasant to recall than the Marquis Oyama, who has been Marshal of the Japanese armies in Manchuria. A tall, stout, broad-shouldered man, with frank almost boyish face and an infectious laugh, he had no suggestion of the grim warrior, the terror of the Russians. When a friendly viscount presented the General to me, there seemed a certain incongruity between the portly figure with the broad breast covered with decorations and orders and the peculiar light and waltzing step with which he advanced. He proved a pleasing personality, however, and a delightful half-hour was spent in his company. He could not speak English, but was fluent in the use of French, and quick at catching one's meaning when attempts at Japanese were made by the halting foreign tongue.

Our pleasant converse was brought to a halt by a call to proceed to an open space a short distance away, to greet the Emperor and Empress, who were on their way. The diplomats arranged themselves on one side of the graveled path, with attachés and invited guests on the other. Our group came first, as our minister was doyen of the diplomatic corps and was given precedence everywhere. The others, French, German, Italian, Austrian, Russian and Chinese, all in brilliant uniforms, stood in their order down the line.

The imperial procession approached, headed by the Emperor in the uniform of Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Japan. He was taller and much better-looking than his pictures would cause one to believe. He appeared to be about five feet ten in height, of rather a stout build, with a light-

olive complexion, rather heavy features, a quick eye and a mild benevolent expression on his face as he cordially shook the hands of the diplomats and their ladies, bowing gracefully as he was made to understand their polite speeches through an interpreter. He wore a mustache and goatee which gave a length to a face already long—not handsome, but a face full of dignity and character when at rest. When he held out his hand to a German Countess, she bent in a swift curtsy over it on one knee to the ground. Those nearest the Mikado caught a surprised, half-amused expression on his face as if he thought: "Well, this is a new kind of obeisance!"

It was interesting to learn from one of the Japanese men that the Emperor objects to extremes of fashion of any kind, and when wide sleeves puffed at the shoulders were in fashion some years ago he objected to the Empress wearing them on her foreign dresses, and so, like a dutiful wife, she appeared with moderate-sized sleeves when everyone else wore the immense balloon-sleeves of the period.

The Empress followed, dressed in Japanese court robes of beautiful brocade. The outer robe was of a lovely deep blue, upon which were many rich and beautiful designs in gold tracery. Her under-robe just showing at the neck and bosom was snowy white, while her kilted skirt, visible where the rich outer robe swept back, was a rich crimson. She wore shoes, and carried a French parasol the deep fringe of which hung down so as almost to conceal her face. She was dainty, but small—not larger than a child of ten in America—and had a pleasant oval face, with the high aristocratic features and full under lip, so much admired in Japan. She was powdered profusely, and wore her hair flattened out on a halo-like frame all round her head, with a well-oiled tress hanging nearly to the hem of her robe at the back. The maids of honor who followed her were all in brilliant court dress of brocade in purple, scarlet, green and blue.

The procession headed by their majesties then reformed and followed the royal host to a pavilion, where a fine collation was spread, of which we partook in the royal presence. The Emperor and Empress on their elevated seats sipped lemonade and in silence observed their strange guests, but ate nothing themselves. They were doubtless shocked to see the European women waited upon by princes, counts, lords, admirals and other dignitaries, ordering them to bring them this or that dainty or to remove their plates, and eating—yes actually eating in company! The younger Japanese men vied with the others in polite attentions, and must have presented a strange sight to the older generation who had been accustomed to see the women wait upon the men.

The imperial party soon afterward left the pavilion, the guests all standing with bowed heads as they retired, and then followed leisurely to their various conveyances at the gates and were soon out of the charming palace grounds into the prosaic streets of Tokio, hieing homeward with pleasant recollections of an Emperor's hospitality.