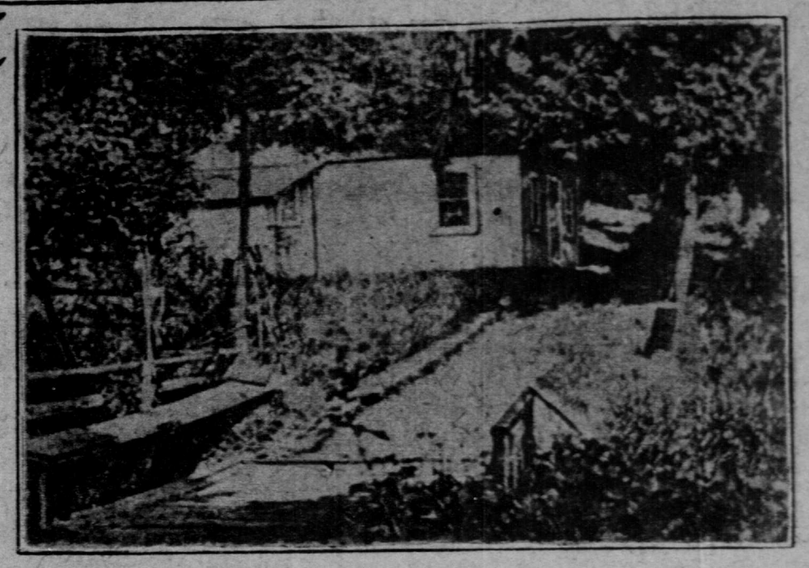
AMERICAN SCULPTRESS FINDS HER IDEAL IN A PAST OF THE SAMURAI



MISS BOYLE'S COTTAGE AT THE HEIGHTS NEAR JOAQUIN MILLER'S RESIDENCE

GERTRUDE F. BOYLE, DISCIPLE OF JOAQUIN MILLER, MARRIES BARON KANNO AND WITH HIM WILL ESTABLISH SCHOOL OF WESTERN ART AND PHILOSOPHY IN THE LAND OF SHINTOISM.

THREE PORTRAITS OF GERTRUDE BOYLE, NOW BARONESS KANNO, IN ORIENTAL COSTUME

BARON KANNO AND HIS BRIDE

WOULD you, if you were an American girl and had married a Japanese nobleman—would you sail for Japan on your honeymoon if your girl friends assured you that your haughty relations in law would chop your head off on your arrival; if they tearfully begged you not to put yourself into the clutches of oriental nobility by the intrusion of a Caucasian; if they assured you that the sweetest greetings of your baronial bridegroom meant merely a fearful and lingering death?

That is exactly what a beautiful and famous young sculptress of California proposes doing within a week, against the advice of her family, her friends and even the warning of her Japanese husband.

Advice and warning to a person who has been endowed by nature with utter fearlessness and love of peril and adventure mean absolutely nothing. This girl, yet in her early twenties, has already set the pace for intrepidity among girls of the golden west.

Four years ago she rode out into the great American desert with only an Indian guide as companion. Not one word of English could he speak, and yet the two traveled for a month through the wilds and attended the mystic rites of the Indian harvest time, called "The Ripening of the Corn." So far she has been the only white woman admitted to this strange ceremonial of the Navajos.

Lived in a Miner's Shack

Previous to this she had lived alone in a rough miner's shack in the Sierras, which she turned into a studio. Fully a day's journey from the nearest human habitation, she lived and worked upon what she believed to be her masterpiece.

After her trip into the desert she went to New York. Dressed in a short corduroy skirt, flannel shirt, sombrero and a necklace of silver beads as large as marbles, this girl walked calmly up Broadway and into one of the best known and most exclusive confectioner's and drank a cup of tea as unconcernedly as if dressed in the smartest tailor made costume.

From New York she traveled to Boston. The east failed to thrill her love of adventure, so she made adventures to suit her love of the daringly picturesque. One night while passing by a theater she noticed a crowd of small newsboys and street waifs gathered before the posters, whereupon she invited the lot to meet her forthwith at her hotel and took the whole lot to the theater, the only woman in the whole gallery of "gods."

It is now two months since the whole Pacific coast was startled by the announcement that Gertrude F. Boyle was to become the bride of Baron Takeshi Kanno, a scion of the most noble samurai, the ancient royal bodyguard of broadswordsmen.

Miss Boyle has been a pupil of Joaquin Miller. So has the baron. Up on the glorious crests of the Piedmont hills, back of Oakland, the twain had lived in the colony of Arcady founded there by Miller. Together they had studied art, philosophy, religion and, as an unconscious postgraduate course, both had taken degrees in the science of loving.

For three years Kanno had lived here in America. The call of the great, pulsing western world had come to the young Japanese nobleman, and in spite of the opposition of his family he had left Japan and made his home in California. Miller's heights was the first place he visited. Here he met his fellow countryman, Yone Nogouchi, a poet, Edwin Markham, and Gertrude Boyle. Kanno was a celebrated poet in his own land and a man after Miller's own heart.

"I am happy here," he told Miller.

"Remain as long as you are happy," said the poet of the Sierras.

Kanno remained. For two years he dwelt in one of the cabins on Miller's heights, studying, dreaming, seeking the secret of happiness.

In San Francisco Gertrude Boyle was seeking also, not happiness, but truth, fame, success, all the goals a woman's heart sets before it for a life quest before it has heard the magic call of love.

Two of her statues had already won her fame in the artistic circles of the coast. They were daringly conceived, daringly executed, almost roughly hewn. Yet they bore in lasting imagery the dreams that struggled within her own soul. It has been said that women in art have failed to reach the highest pinnacle because of their inborn cowardice. Miss Boyle was no coward. In the conception of her dream she wove the very fabric of her own being, her own longings, her own sense of woman's bondage and limitations.

One statue was called "Womanhood." It depicted a woman's form. Her body was veiled in long, clinging draperies. She seemed to strive for movement forward, but in the folds of her garments were forms that weighed her down and held her back—forms of children, of men, of her own mother and grandmother, of everything that falls to the lot of woman to hold her back from individual freedom.

Another statue that brought fame to the youthful sculptress was called by her "Truth." Over the top of a cliff the figure of a man struggled. He had gained a foothold on the rocks sufficient to enable him to look out over the top at the vast vista ahead. Crouching beside him, holding to his protecting arm, was a woman, and as he climbed he dragged her up after him in his own footsteps.

But even success and fame did not bring contentment. She sought freedom from the torment of her own unrest. On Miller's invitation Miss Boyle went up to the foothills to rest. There she lived in one of the many cabins that dot Miller's heights. There she met Kanno. Clad in flowing silk he wandered over the beautiful hills with her. He seemed the very personification of oriental mysticism. At a crucial moment in her life when all her being cried out for repose he typified the perfect spiritual poise that is the heritage of the ageless orient.

His First English Poem

One morning when the young sculptress opened her door to the sunrise she found pinned to it this poem in Kanno's handwriting. It was his first confession of love as well as his first English poem:

Through the mist of my clouded brain,
Through the gates of my tear damned soul
Love's magic power crept in;
It scattered the fog from my brain,
It freed the checked flood of my soul.

Miller had often begged the young poet to write in English, but heretofore he had been true to his mother tongue. Under the new stimulus of love, however, and the sympathetic interpretation given his work by the woman he loved, he began the translation of his poems.

These fragments of Japanese poesy, strange almost to weirdness, awakened by their very mysticism a responsive chord in her incomplete nature. Every morning she found one at her door. Here are a few that are typical:

Moon,
A dream.
The nameless sorrow of a God.
When the breath of earth ceases, in the emotion
of full passion,
The flower falls from the mother tree.
Sobbing wind of autumnal sorrow,
Combs her tangled hair.

After their first quarrel he spent nearly a whole night over in the graveyard among the mines of the canyon where Miller has buried his family. The next morning this was on the doorstep of his love's dwelling:

IN THE GRAVEYARD AT MIDNIGHT

Step by step
My feet bring me to the grave;
Night by night,
My life shorter than before;
A candle that burns at deep night;
A foam on rolling wave;
A flower in stormy field.
Ah, me, is this human life!
I faced my face to the waning moon;
She answered me in sadness,
Eternal silence!
Wept and weary I gazed on the flower
That smiled on the grave,
She whispered me in the stillness,
Eternal Now!

One week later their engagement was announced. This song poem, which reads like one of Walt Whitman's "Blades of Grass," was folded about her engagement ring when she received it.

My heart tangled with the invisible strings of sound,
And my soul following the dying music into silence.

Adopted Japanese Costume

One odd feature of this strange romance is that as their love grew so did each do better work, and each, throwing aside the manners and customs, even the dress of their different worlds, each adopted those of the one loved. Kanno left off his flowing silks, and appeared in American garb. Miss Boyle, on the contrary, discarding her jaunty western dress and fitted sombrero, in which she had appeared during her rugged mountain life, wore constantly the graceful kimono, the obi and the flowers in her abundant dark hair with which the Japanese maiden loves to deck her beauty.

MISS BOYLE, NOW BARONESS KANNO, IN HER RUGGED MOUNTAIN COSTUME

MISS BOYLE IN FANCY COSTUME

In September, the queen of months on the Pacific slope, this strangely assorted pair announced their coming bridal. They were refused a license to marry in California. The question of Japanese aggression was uppermost in San Francisco at the time, and everybody, even Joaquin Miller himself, tried to dissuade them from marrying. Within two weeks of the announcement the two were married on the beach, under the sky of heaven, at Seattle, Wash., in the presence of hundreds. The bride was clad in a white silk kimono heavily embroidered in gold. Kanno took this woman of the west to be his wedded wife dressed in civilian's garb.

"You will lose your artistic prestige, your friends, all that you have gained in life," Gertrude Kanno was told by the girl who acted as witness.

"I have gained nothing that I care for in life except Kanno," answered the young bride serenely.

Now, after a brief honeymoon up in the foothills, the two have set their faces toward the east. In Tokyo it is their avowed intention to establish two schools. Baron Kanno will be the head of a school of poetry of the western ethics. Gertrude Kanno will take her place, like Hypatia of old, as a young teacher of philosophy. Whether, like Hypatia, she will suffer martyrdom at the hands of her husband's people remains to be seen.

She has accepted the challenge. Within a week she sails for the orient with as little thought of the peril as the days when she rode out into the great Arizona desert to the Indian dance with only the guide for company.

It is the voice of fate that calls her as it called from the foothills when Kanno's poet soul cried out to her for unity.

Kipling's ringing rhyme might well form the keynote of her love and of Kanno's devotion to the tall, beautiful sculptress—

Oh, east is east and west is west,
And never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently
At God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither east nor west,
Border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.

Joaquin Miller has announced his intention of sailing with them in order to induce Kanno to give his poems to the American public.

The Use of Perfumes

NOT long ago there was a girl, a nice one, too, says the North American, whose instincts and tastes were usually of the utmost refinement, who suddenly developed a love of musk. Every place she went was pervaded by the heavy, sickening odor, to the amazement and annoyance of her acquaintances. Finally, after some weeks, a daring friend ventured to speak of this surprising use of perfume. The girl's amazement was ludicrous—a severe cold had destroyed her sense of smell for the time being and she was utterly unconscious of offending the canons of good taste.

A faint, elusive perfume is somehow a distinctive charm of the well-groomed woman. It embodies her interest in the minute details of the toilet, and mutely expresses extreme personal daintiness. But a perfume to be permissible must be subtle—a suspicion rather than an actuality. The use of a heavy, strong scent is more than unrefined, it often verges on selfishness, as there are many persons who are made ill by the heavy odor of even an expensive perfume.

The woman who uses a scent at all should aim to have it individual as well as elusive. Always choose the same perfume or sachet powder. The best effect is gained by keeping sachets of orris root among one's clothes. If the real Florentine orris is bought it keeps its strength indefinitely. If, however, a perfume is preferred, buy the very best you can afford, and then be downright stingy in the use of it. Remember, a mere suspicion of violets or heliotrope is mysteriously fascinating; to reek of them is decidedly vulgar.

It is useless to deny, however, that perfumes have their place on most well appointed toilet tables, and each season the perfumer brings out some novelty to appeal to a woman's love of artificial sweetness.

To have an orchid, or gardenia, or rose, ever at hand to lend us their subtle fragrance is a costly luxury—one that reminds us of the luxuriant decadent days of the French Louis.