

with her, and be handed over to the care of his most honorable friends, as a person not capable of taking care of himself. Craig thought savagely, as he glared at the cherry blossoms: "But what can a man do when bribery and bluff and blarney have failed him? And really I don't understand in the least why my interesting friend, Lieutenant Asso Hondo, took my word for it that I was not a Russian; I certainly could not have blamed him for dealing with me off-hand as a spy."

Craig had protested against his being deported, and demanded to see somebody in authority, so Asso had ridden with him to the House of the Million Blossoms, and while they waited till the general was ready to receive them, they went through the part of the house under the Red Cross.

"All our nurses are men, who have been most carefully trained, at the great stationary hospitals in Tokio and elsewhere," explained Asso, "while our women nurses have all been called out, and will take the places of the men, who have gone to the front."

"What makes you think women are not so well qualified for field hospital work?" inquired Craig.

Asso smiled. "Doubtless any people who fought with your honorable nation, Mr. Craig, would not hesitate to leave their children as well as their women, where your soldiers might find them, for I believe your army would rather even lose its guns, than commit or condone the murder or outrage of a woman or little child—you would consider the disgrace less."

"I should rather hope we would," said Craig, dryly, "we're white men, Lieutenant Asso."

Asso bowed. "And like the honorable English," he said, "you are a very self-controlled people. But we are at war with the Russians, and knowing what their honorable nature is, and as war is an uncertain thing, I am glad we do not trust our women too near the enemy, even under the Red Cross."

Craig opened his lips to speak, then closed them without saying anything, and followed Asso silently into the room, where half a dozen Cossacks—scouts wounded and captured while raiding in Korea—were lying. The surgeon-in-chief, Dr. Toshio, was bending over one of the men who was under chloroform, and as he finished his examination before leaving his patient, Craig saw him take a tawdry gilded icon from the table, and hang it

carefully where its owner would see it as soon as he opened his eyes. And the visitor wondered if, after all, the West could not learn something from the East—this self-control so perfect that even where it hated and despised most, it let no touch of its feelings mar the absolute gentleness of its dealings with its helpless foes. Certainly Dr. Toshio was a Christian, but the government which authorized and commended his work was called heathen.

Then Craig was sent for into the little bare office, where the small, very mild-eyed general was sitting on his heels. After politely inquiring after his visitor's health, he said:

"I understand from Lieutenant Asso, Mr. Craig, that you have some complaint to make. Is it regarding him?"

"I only wished to know what authority he had for refusing to allow me to remain in Korea, sir," said Craig.

The general looked at him pensively. "I believe he had mine, Mr. Craig," he said softly. "You see I have reason to think there is a war going on in this country—a very dreadful war—and you must not stay here any longer, because you might get hurt."

Craig muttered an expletive under his breath, and the general looked amused, for even the mildest form of oaths are unknown in the language of Nippon.

"Have a sweetie, Mr. Craig," he said soothingly, bringing out a corked little bottle half full of white candies. "Have a sweetie; I don't smoke nor carry cigars, for I consider the use of tobacco foolish for any man who wishes to keep his mental powers at their best. But have a sweetie."

Craig took the sweet meekly, and went out into the garden again.

"They are treating me," he grumbled half aloud, "exactly as a policeman might a kid he found lost in the streets. I would like to know, though, how Asso was so confident that the story I told of myself was a true one."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Craig"—Dr. Toshio was standing smiling beside him—"but I believe my daughter, who came with me to Korea as my secretary, had the exceeding good fortune of being able to identify you, and save you from some possible annoyance."

"The good fortune was mine, I think," said Craig. "But still I don't understand things. I have no recollection of ever seeing or hearing of Miss Toshio till now."

"Lieutenant Asso reported his meeting