

CHAPTER III

MOST of the passengers were already on deck despite the early hour, some few of the male element arrayed in kimonos vying in splendour with the pyjamas they did their best to conceal. The voyage being over, the sleepy tenor of inaction was at an end, and now the pervading atmosphere was one of restless expectancy, men speculating as to the orders that lay in wait for them, and women, perchance, on the men who might be there to meet them. All were awake once more to the worries and cares of life and of the day's work that lay beyond.

The sun, newly risen, was tinting the domes and roofs of the city a faint, delicious pink, and the softness of outline was indescribable. Margaret Denham stood gazing at it, enchanted, as at a city of dreams, with mysterious buildings rising up elf-like from the waters and encircling the distant front like some giant girdle, and the masts of many ships looming up in the morning haze like "spirits from the vasty deep."

"Looks so beastly Eastern," a voice drawled close beside her, and the girl was brought with a