

fully arranged hair barely hid her mutilation. "And then what happened?" he said.

"Oh, our men got some sampans, and, picking up the women, managed to escape from the harbor, and down the coast to Dalny."

"I heard part of the story," said Craig, slowly, "but to be out in open boats that bitter winter's night with women and little children in a heavy sea."

"Yes, they had a deal of trouble with the boats, many were drowned, and others died of exposure, the children's mother among them. The rest reached Dalny and, with the help of the honorable English consul, escaped to Wei-Hai-Wei. The children were brought by friends to Korea, and Madame Kabokusai came from Tokio to fetch them. And now I think I ought to apologize for talking of such unpleasant things, Mr. Craig. I fear I am keeping you from enjoying yourself by my foolish and depressing talk."

Craig looked at her cheerful, placid face. "You are a strange people, Miss Toshio," he said. "Does nothing ever madden you, not even such stories as Tasshee San's?"

"Of course, we know that if we let the Russians cross the Yalu in force, such things will be done in every Korean city. Still we think it is not best to excite ourselves with such tales. Hate is an agitating thing, and it is better for a soldier to think of the enemy with gentle indifference, and go to battle calmly determined to win."

"You have a tremendous confidence in yourselves, Miss Toshio. You seem to think of the war as won before it is fought."

"We read history, Mr. Craig, and with the one exception of the conquest of Rome by the Goths, there has never been a civilized people conquered by an uncivilized one. And that is why we have no hate for the Russians; it shows the strength of a man when he is always able to make allowances while dealing with savages."

"Dolly was right about her being intelligent enough," thought Craig, "and her dress is the most sensible one she could wear, only she is so perfectly cool about it. I don't believe she cares more for my opinion than that of the family cat. I wonder what on earth makes her keep her hair cut."

And Noshi was thinking, "After all, he is Saxon, not a Slav. You could see that by the way he looked when I told him

of Tasshee San. He may not be very clever, but he seems brave and self-controlled. I think I might like him, if only he would not always remember that I am a woman."

The port of Gensan had been full of shipping when Craig left it that morning for the House of a Million Blossoms, but when he returned that evening, on April 23, Vice-Admiral Kamimura's squadron had gone, presumably to continue operations against Vladivostok, but Craig felt that he might as well be a thousand miles away as far as seeing anything that was worth seeing was concerned, and even if he did, post and telegraph were closed to him as completely as if they did not exist.

"I might write a book," he thought, discontentedly, "on Nippon in a new light, and call it 'O Noshi San.'"

He saw her again on the next day, which was Sunday, and they met at the little service to which he had been invited. Afterwards Dolly spoke to him:

"I am leaving this afternoon," he said, smiling, "and might I ask that, with the honorable manners of your nation, you will condescend to be a friend to Madame Kabokusai and my daughter until they reach Nippon."

So the camp by Gensan was broken up, part of the soldiers marching off that Sunday "to an unknown destination," while the small remainder embarked on the transport "Kinshu Maru," which left with her destroyer escort at daybreak on Monday, for where, or what, no one in Gensan to whom Craig spoke seemed to have the least idea.

The "Goya Maru" took her passengers on board about noon. Only Craig lingered on shore till the last moment, hoping against hope that he might hear something. The squadron whose movements he had noted, might be doing anything or everything, but though Gensan lay so near to Vladivostok that her interest in Nippon's success or failure in maintaining the blockade there must be very personal, the Korean part of the population seemed amiably indifferent to war matters, and the little people who lived in their own quarter, with its always clean streets and homes, where they worked and laughed and chattered as if all their work was play, never spoke of what their own soldiers might be doing, nor seemed to notice what happened before their eyes.

Craig went to say "good-bye" to the