

## THE YELLOW PEARL

larger type of manhood, grandmother?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear, I do not know, I do not know," returned grandmother.

I stopped talking to grandmother, because she looked worried, but I could not stop *thinking*, I am both the Yellow Pearl, and the yellow peril! Why am I here? What were four hundred millions of us born into the world for? Is yellow badness any worse than white badness?

*June 20th, 1—*

What a heavenly time we are having, grandmother, Uncle Theodore, and myself, living our nice, quiet lives without distraction! Sometimes we have Professor Ballington in to dinner, then he drops in evenings quite often when he is not formally invited. Other old friends