

**Yates Stirling**



*A United States  
Midshipman  
in Japan*

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# Introduction

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PHILIP PERRY and Sydney Monroe are young officers in the United States navy. Although they have been out of the Naval Academy less than two years, and are still ranked as midshipmen, they have seen active service, as related in “A United States Midshipman Afloat” and “A United States Midshipman in China.” “A United States Midshipman in the Philippines” tells how Phil, with Sydney for executive officer, commanded a small gunboat in expeditions against the insurgents. Boatswain Jack O’Neil has been with the lads in many of their hazardous adventures, and the three are now on the “U. S. S. Alaska” in Japanese waters.

The story deals with a misunderstanding between the United States and the Island Kingdom. This complication causes a few days of anxiety to both nations, and gets some people into serious difficulties but, needless to say, it is purely fictitious.



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A United States Midshipman  
in Japan

# CHAPTER I

## THE MAN IN THE NEXT COMPARTMENT

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IT was one o'clock in the afternoon, and there was unusual activity in the railroad station at Yokohama. Uniformed officials were scurrying to and fro, bending every effort to dispose of the great crowd of stolid Japanese travelers and at the same time, with due formality and ceremony, provide a special train for their lately arrived American naval visitors.

So painstaking and anxious were these energetic and efficient little personages to please those whom their government had chosen to honor, that suddenly, at a signal, they stemmed the great influx of their own people, sidetracked the steady and ever-increasing flow of bright colored silks, and did it as easily as if they were but putting a freight train on a siding. Not one murmur was heard from the crowd delayed so abruptly; the travelers waited, talking and laughing joyfully. To them it was all pleasure. There was no necessity for haste. When the honorable railroad officials were ready, then there would be plenty of time for them to get on their trains. They had no thought of questioning the acts of their Emperor's officials, who wore the imperial badge of office—the sixteen petal chrysanthemum.

“Did you ever see such docility on the part of a traveling public?” Midshipman Philip Perry exclaimed, gazing wonderingly at the good-natured, smiling faces of the Japanese about him. “Imagine, if you can, a New York crowd



waiting like this at the Grand Central Station for a dozen Japanese officers to board a special train.”

The midshipman was one of a party of American naval officers, recently arrived in Japan, and journeying as the guests of the Japanese nation to their picturesque and historic capital—Tokyo.

Lieutenant Hugh Winston, one of the party, smiled knowingly as he read the wonder in the eyes of the two youngest of the party, Midshipmen Perry and Sydney Monroe. Winston was an officer of some years' standing, and the character of the Japanese subject was one with which he considered himself on very intimate terms, after three cruises on the Asiatic Station in American war-ships.

“You can compare the Mikado's loyal subjects to no others on earth,” Winston returned. “Every man you see in this crowd has served his country as a soldier or sailor. All recognize an order when they hear it, and I can tell you they obey, too.”

There was small doubt of their obedience. The good-humored crowd, increasing in numbers every minute, stood in orderly merriment watching the tall representatives of the United States of America, led by obsequious railroad officials, pass through their midst and into the coaches of a special train. Following the handful of naval officers in their severely plain civilian clothes came many score of American men-of-war's men dressed in the picturesque sailor garb, while walking hand in hand with them the little Japanese sailors, the hosts of their giant visitors, appeared in striking contrast.

The congestion in the traffic of the Tokaido Railroad was soon relieved; a shrill whistle from one of the officials—and immediately the wheels were again in motion and the patient Japanese were once more on their way to their waiting trains.

“A Japanese crowd has no terrors for the public officials,” Lieutenant Winston said by way of information, as he and the midshipmen settled themselves in one of the compartments of the tiny coaches of the train. “In Japan discipline begins at the mother’s knee. Filial obedience is part of their religion, and they are taught to obey their Emperor as the father of them all.”

“I have always heard that they are classed among the best fighters in the world,” Phil Perry said admiringly. “The fighting man with them is in a class by himself. Isn’t it so?” he asked the older officer at his side.

“The ‘Samurai,’ or fighting class, is the aristocracy of Japan,” Winston replied. “They symbolize the fighting barons of our middle ages; quick to resent an insult or avenge a wrong. Their code of honor is centuries old. These are the men you will meet in Tokyo. The naval and military officers are all recruited from the families of the ‘Samurai.’ You will see in them the most polite of a polite nation.”

“What is the object of the ‘Alaska’s’ visit to Japan?” Sydney Monroe suddenly asked as Winston ended his eulogy on the Japanese race. “Our relations are not over friendly, if we can believe some of our yellow journal newspapers.”

“That is not to be discussed except within an air-tight cell,” Winston returned gravely, a warning ring in his voice.

“We are here on a friendly visit to be present at the garden fête of the Emperor of Japan.”

Meanwhile the train had glided out of the long, low station shed and picked its way over a score of tracks to the one leading straight to the metropolis and capital of the island empire. Stations, consisting of miniature structures with their long, narrow platforms came noisily out of the world ahead and were left behind with a waning moan as if in protest at being given but a fleeting glimpse of the big strangers.

The conversation had come to an abrupt stop after Lieutenant Winston’s words of caution and the three Americans sat silently gazing out of their open windows at the ever-changing landscape.

The sailors with their Japanese escorts were in the cars ahead where they were leaning far out of the windows, excitedly acknowledging the “banzais” from the groups of peasants who had collected on the station platforms to see the Americans pass.

Philip Perry restlessly left his seat and walked slowly along the narrow aisle of the car. He noticed casually in passing that the door of the compartment next their own was closed, and the blinds drawn. The other two compartments he saw were empty, for the railroad officials had provided more than sufficient accommodations for their party. He reached the car ahead, and stood gazing for a second at the sailors within. Retracing his steps, he stopped at the side of the car opposite the compartment next his own. Suddenly he was conscious of a voice coming through the compartment door which from a closer inspection he

now saw was only ajar. The train had slackened its speed, then noisily stopped. While he listened the voice died away, and he was on the point of going to the platform to ascertain the cause of the stoppage of the train when the voice that had attracted his attention began again, this time clear and distinct. Phil unconsciously listened, believing the speaker was one of his brother officers, but what he heard caused him to catch his breath in surprise. He held himself rigid, straining to hear every word, while his indignation showed plainly in his set features.

“Baron, every day you put off this inevitable war with America makes Japan’s chance for success in the Orient the less,” were the startling words that Phil heard spoken with a marked British accent. “Now the opportunity is given you. Her fleet is in Manila, all naval men will tell you that it must be at a great disadvantage. It lacks supply ships and torpedo-boat destroyers. Your fleet is here at your source of supply. Depend upon it, Baron,” the voice declared, in excited, eager tones, “this cruise has come to mislead you. America knows the danger surrounding her fleet. She has blundered in sending it so far from home, and now wishes to safely withdraw it, or strengthen it with the Chinese ships. It is one thing or the other. You must increase your efforts with the ministers if your dreams are to be realized.”

Phil’s heart beat wildly as he stood listening, hardly daring to breathe lest he should betray his presence before he had heard all. The same voice was again speaking.

“You must know that whatever America will say, it will be insincere. America covets the entire trade of China, and unless your nation halts it as you did Russia she will through

her rapidly growing wealth accomplish her end. She is negotiating for the Chinese battle-ships while this cruiser here will endeavor to allay suspicion. Unless Japan acts promptly——”

With a succession of jolts the train was again noisily in motion, and the door of the compartment swung shut with a spiteful click. Phil was trembling with excitement. Here on the threshold of their visit he had surprised a plot to force his country into a war. What should he do? He could not go openly and accuse those in the compartment; that would be dramatic, but would be barren of results. His best course would be to discover the identity of the speaker and the man addressed as Baron, who Phil knew must be a Japanese nobleman, and then warn his captain of the conspiracy on foot. But how should he be able to discover their identity? Who could tell him their names?

He could pretend to enter their compartment by mistake, and impress their faces indelibly upon his memory, to be used at some future time. With this object in view Phil placed his hand on the door-knob trying to turn it, only to find the latch had fallen from within. Frustrated, he stood thinking excitedly as to what his next move should be. The door of his own compartment suddenly opened and Sydney Monroe, his companion and classmate at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, gazed in surprise at the stern set face of his friend.

“What’s the matter, Phil?” he exclaimed. “You look as if you’d just seen a ghost. Nothing’s wrong, is it?”

Phil held his hand up for silence and entered his own compartment.

“There are people in there,” he exclaimed excitedly, indicating with a nod, “whom we must recognize and remember. It’s the most barefaced case of conspiracy that I’ve ever known.” And then he detailed almost word for word what he had heard.

While he was yet talking and his two companions were listening eagerly, consternation growing in their excited minds, the train again came to a halt, but for just a moment, and then was off again.

A few minutes later it was plain that the country had been left behind and that the suburbs of Tokyo were at hand. The train passed through row after row of tiny wooden dwellings, built like card houses, appearing to be ready for some giant hand to smooth them flat. On sped the train across miniature stone bridges and through beautifully laid out parks, until a sudden screech of the whistle and the gripping of the brakes announced that the journey was over, and Tokyo had been reached.

Phil scarcely waited for the train to stop before he was in the passage, gazing about in the gloom (the passage being unlighted) for the occupants of the next compartment. Its door stood open, but they were not there. He rushed to the platform, but he saw no strange faces, only his brother officers and the sailors. What could it mean? Then he understood the meaning of the stop only a few miles before the train reached Tokyo. The occupants of the next compartment were men of consequence, and even a special train ordered by the Emperor of Japan could be stopped at their will.

“Well, I shan’t forget that voice, anyway,” Phil exclaimed disappointedly to his companions while the three moved slowly toward the exit gate.

## **CHAPTER II**

### **IN THE EMPEROR'S GARDENS**

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“If we could only have had a glimpse of the man’s face,” Phil Perry exclaimed dejectedly as the three naval men who had occupied the compartment together were driving rapidly from the railroad station. “Who can he be, and to whom was he talking?”

The streets fronting the depot were filled with a curious and enthusiastic crowd of Japanese, and as the Americans passed rapidly through in victorias, their mafoos wearing the royal liveries, the multitude gave voice to their welcome in repeated and prolonged shouts of “Banzai—Ten Thousand Years of Happiness!”

“Don’t give yourself too much credit for discovering a plot,” Lieutenant Winston returned sceptically, after their carriage had freed itself of the crowd and was moving along a quieter street. “What you heard is only the usual stereotyped opinion of our so-called friends here in the Far East. The European merchant and also the European resident in the Orient are trembling for fear the United States may get all the trade of China, which she might readily be doing now, if our merchant marine were equal to that of Germany or England.”

“I don’t see how that has any bearing on the subject,” Phil exclaimed, somewhat nettled at Winston’s tone of patronage.

“Simply that in order to put us out of the running they are doing their best to talk Japan and the United States into



a war," Winston replied. "To your face they are very friendly, but, behind your back! Well! it's really best to refrain from hearing, if you can, for it's never complimentary. They don't love Japan any too well, but the grasping Yankee——" he ended with an expressive wave of his hand, for the crunching of gravel under the wheels of their carriage drowned his voice completely. They were entering the courtyard of the Imperial Hotel. A few minutes later all had alighted in the spacious lobby, and were being led ceremoniously to their rooms, engaged by the imperial government, whose guests they were as long as they remained in Tokyo.

"They are doing things lavishly," Sydney exclaimed, after he had surveyed the street from his window. Great crowds of eager people had gathered about the hotel with small American flags in their hands to bid their guests welcome, while the avenue beyond as far as the eye could reach was festooned with the colors of the two nations.

"Here's a program of our entertainment," Winston called from his room adjoining. "They are certainly most hospitable."

Phil and Sydney looked closely at the printed program which the servant had brought them. It was carefully and handsomely arranged, giving a sketch map of Tokyo with all the important buildings marked, and the locations of the numerous places of entertainment.

"You'd think we were foreign princes instead of only common every-day naval officers," Sydney said as he finished reading. Phil's face was thoughtful.

“I wonder if this welcome is really sincere,” he questioned. “The newspapers say that the relations between the two countries are terribly strained. In America we could not display this mask of friendship if there was dislike in our hearts. But the Orientals, if one may believe the writers on the subject, are different. An order from their Emperor would be sufficient to freeze a smile on everyone’s face;—a perpetual smile, made for the occasion.”

The midshipmen and Winston were now fully dressed in their most official uniform, and were patiently waiting the summons to join their captain.

Captain Rodgers, in command of the United States cruiser “Alaska,” had arrived with his ship in Japan at the time of the annual garden fête, given at the height of bloom of the chrysanthemum, the sacred flower of Japan. It had been rumored that this was not the reason of the “Alaska’s” visit; but certain it was that His Majesty had immediately sent them out invitations for the royal fête, provided a special train, rooms at the Imperial Hotel, put carriages always at their disposal, and caused to be prepared an elaborate program of entertainment,—all for his unexpected American naval visitors.

All Tokyo was in gala dress. Everywhere the chrysanthemum was displayed, of all sizes and all colors. The holiday crowd was in good humor, and as the carriages of the naval men, in all their gold lace, drove rapidly along, they were greeted on all sides with welcoming “banzais” from hundreds of throats.

“There’s nothing belligerent in this welcome,” Lieutenant Winston exclaimed, as he waved gallantly to the smiling

faces below him.

They were soon approaching the residence of the ambassador; farther up the street the bridge, across which lay the sacred grounds of the Emperor's palace, came into view. The crowd here became more dense, and the carriages slowed to a snail's pace. The familiar uniform of the American sailors was seen, dotted here and there among the crowd. Some were in rikishas, while others were on foot; but all were thoroughly enjoying the novel spectacle.

The ambassador's carriage met the naval officers in front of his own gate and led the way toward the stone bridge. Many policemen were lined up on each side of the thoroughfare, intent upon keeping the roadway clear for the numerous state carriages. The little jinrikishas darted here and there between the carriages, making the onlooker almost fearful for the life of their occupants.

"If we were in New York, the traffic squad policeman would be on that fellow's trail," Sydney Monroe cried out as an automobile dashed by them.

The three watched the speeding machine with bated breath. A loud cry from the crowd and then a hoarse murmur of protest, and the machine had come to a stop alongside the next carriage ahead.

Phil's quick eye had seen the whole affair, and indignantly he jumped to the ground to see if the sailorman whose jinrikisha had been so ruthlessly bowled over had received injuries. The Japanese onlookers, quick to resent injustice, had formed a solid wall about the machine, their

intention evidently being not to allow the culprits to escape until the police had investigated the damages and injuries.

Phil helped the sailor occupant of the overturned jinrikisha to his feet. He was dazed but unhurt. One of the man's friends had excitedly taken the driver of the machine to task for his recklessness, and the answer was angry and, Phil thought, almost brutal.

"It served him jolly well right. What right have you sailors to block the roadway?"

A toot of the horn and the crowd melted away from in front of the machine. There are few who can stand calmly before an automobile if its engine is whirring and the loud screech of its siren bids you to step aside. But the lad was angry straight through, not only at the man's recklessness, but at his unfeeling answer to the sailor, and further, there was something familiar in the man's voice. Phil therefore stood his ground.

"Please, I'd like your number," he cried out, raising his hand impetuously to stay the machine. The car gave a quick leap, and Phil all but fell to the ground. Then it stopped, and as Phil recovered himself the picture he beheld was a very stirring one. The motor had come to a halt, but not voluntarily; a sailorman was standing on the step, the clutch lever held securely back, while the man in the car had taken off his goggles and was staring angrily at the bold American.

"How dare you lay hands on me!" he cried.

Jack O'Neil, boatswain's mate in the United States navy, might not have heard the angry exclamation, for all the answer he gave. He was awaiting orders from his superior officer.

“I’ve got him, sir,” he said quietly.

“We have his number, sir,” another sailor volunteered.

Phil waved his hand to O’Neil; the latter let go the clutch lever, and slid back into the gaping crowd, not however without a parting sally.

“Say, mister, remember next time when you’re in a hurry not to run over an American; he is liable to puncture your tire.”

The noise of the gears drowned his words, but from his gleeful chuckle O’Neil seemed to have enjoyed his own bit of pleasantries, and after all that was all that was necessary, for a foreigner could not be expected to understand American wit.

The little Japanese police had been hard by, and doubtless enjoyed the businesslike way in which O’Neil handled a delicate situation, but they were carrying out their orders received from no less an authority than the chief of police—to hold themselves aloof from the visiting man-of-war’s men, and under no circumstances to make arrests unless for the sailors’ own safety.

The little incident was all over in a few moments, and before the occupants of any other carriage could reach the scene to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, Phil was back again in his own carriage, writing the number given him by the sailor in his pocket note-book, to be saved for future reference.

“Not hurt, only jolted a bit,” was his explanation to the inquiries of his companions.

“Did you notice beauty in distress on the rear seat of the auto?” Lieutenant Winston’s eyes were twinkling. “There

were two of them, and, by Jove! I envied you standing there championing the fallen, with their admiring eyes upon you.”

He read the surprise in Phil’s face. “What, didn’t see them! My! it looked to me as if you were playing up to the part. I’ll wager that the chap driving will have a bad half hour with them for his recklessness.”

Phil decided not to announce his suspicions, for after all he might be mistaken. The man’s voice certainly sounded like the one in the next compartment in the train, but then there was a great similarity between English voices to an American ear.

The arrival of the leaders at the gates of the palace grounds cut short further speculation upon the incident.

“On foot from here,” they were told by obsequious gentlemen in waiting, and glad to be able to stretch their limbs after the drive, the officers alighted, and were conducted through the Emperor’s magnificent gardens to the large pavilion where the fête was to be held.

For the next half hour the two midshipmen felt that they were peeping at a scene from fairy-land. The grace and color of everything the eye touched upon was pleasing—the foliage of the trees, the profusion of flowers, the delicate perfume impregnating the air. Silks, satins, and gold lace were on every hand. Men whose names were household words for diplomacy and war were where a hand could be reached out to touch them.

“This is as near fame as I’ll ever get, probably,” Sydney whispered as the well-known features of the prime minister appeared at his elbow, their coat sleeves touching in the crowd.

“Look at Winston over there,” Phil returned in the same spirit of fun. “That’s as near to a naval hero as he’ll be for some time.”

So engrossed were the lads in noting the famous Japanese statesmen and celebrities of two foreign wars, whose likenesses had become familiar to them from studies of the history of this wonderful island kingdom, that an elderly gentleman had been striving to speak to them for several moments before they became aware of his presence.

Turning, both midshipmen grasped eagerly the outstretched hand of the American ambassador.

“I have you both here, after all, and I mean to hold on to you if I must imprison you to do it,” the Honorable Henry Tillotson exclaimed, shaking their hands warmly and smiling down upon them from his stand on the grassy embankment.

“Nothing would suit us better, eh, Syd?” Phil cried gladly.

A young girl, dressed all in white, stood at the ambassador’s side, but he paid her no attention, so delighted was he in welcoming the two lads. She smiled happily upon the scene, while her gloved hand plucked her father’s arm gently to remind him of her presence.

The passing crowd glanced admiringly at the group, and especially at the graceful American girl.

The ambassador was still oblivious of her. His kindly face beamed with pleasure, and he was loath to give up the sturdy brown hands within his own.

Then came a sudden pause, and the smile on Mr. Tillotson’s face died suddenly away. His thoughts had quickly traveled far off to the Philippine Islands, where he

had last seen these young men beside him. He had gone there to bring away the body of an only boy—a son whom he had loved, but who had grieved his father's heart by his wild and erratic life. A soldier's grave had sealed within it his boy and all the bitterness that had been in the father's breast for him. And these young men, barely more than boys, had been important actors in the closing tragedy of that son's life. One of them had led a forlorn hope in an endeavor to save him from the Filipino traitor who had taken his life, and yet there this boy stood—Philip Perry—in the bright sunlight, and he would never see his son again.

But his boy had been a soldier, and had died a soldier's death. The joy of the present must not be marred.

The ambassador was being attentively observed by the young girl at his elbow; she had seen his keen joy upon greeting these two striking young American officers, and then almost immediately had seen the smile fade and his shoulders perceptibly droop, and her womanly instinct was at once alert to help him overcome this burden of sorrow and dead hope.

"Father, I shall have to introduce myself, if you forget your parental duty," she whispered softly in his ear.

This brought the wandering thoughts of the sorrowing man to the scene before him.

He was again his jovial self. His arm went out and about the girlish waist and he drew her gently to his side.

"Why, child, I thought you were with the Kingsleys," he said. "My daughter, Helen," he added proudly.

The midshipmen bowed. Phil felt a deep blush mount to his face as he took her proffered fingers. He had expected to



see a child, and here was a grown up young lady. Yet he assured himself that he was not sorry.

“I feel as if I had known you both for years,” she said cordially. “We came in a motor,” she added to her father’s exclamation. “That was how we arrived before you.” Phil cast a swift glance of inquiry at her, and the quick look of understanding in Helen Tillotson’s face brought again the blush to his cheek. She had been one of the two ladies in the car he had stopped. Then she would know the name of the man who had run down the sailor. “I don’t want to go into the receiving tent with the Kingsleys, when I can go in with my own countrymen,” Helen continued coaxingly to her father.

“I must present Captain Rodgers and his officers, Helen,” the ambassador returned, his face anxious. “I thought you were quite satisfied with the plan. You are very uncertain,” he added in some annoyance. “You know how much the Japanese think of etiquette in these formal affairs.”

“Why not go in with Mr. Perry and me?” Sydney asked, as he stepped forward eagerly to the girl’s side. “We are not important—midshipmen don’t count for much with all this rank about.” Phil smiled broadly on his companion for so ably saving the situation; the ambassador appeared greatly relieved, while Helen gladly accepted the offered escort.

“They are going in now,” she exclaimed, letting go her father’s arm as a Japanese aide-de-camp of high naval rank bowed ceremoniously to the ambassador and offered himself as their companion to escort them into the presence of their Majesties.

The two midshipmen experienced that sensation that every one has felt who has marched behind a band as they walked slowly between two lines of Japanese imperial guards, their rifles held rigidly at the "present," while the Emperor's band played the impressive national anthem of Japan. Ahead of them were many notables; the diplomatic corps in their court dress, their breasts emblazoned with jeweled orders and decorations; officers of the army and navy, and with these were the naval and military attachés from foreign lands. Helen and her midshipmen followed after the military and naval men, while behind them came the court set of Tokyo.

Neither of the lads remembered afterward much of what happened when they were once inside of the spacious receiving tent; its walls hung with flags to represent one great red and white chrysanthemum, emblematic of both the flower and the Mikado's family crest. To Phil the Emperor's face had been a blur, while the Empress he could recall only as a slight figure in black with many sparkling jewels. It was over in a moment, and the three young people found themselves strolling together along one of the beautifully kept garden paths.

"Isn't it marvelous?" Helen exclaimed as she saw the wonder in the lads' faces. "The Japanese are the most artistic people in the world. Every place they touch turns into a fairy-land."

"What strikes me most forcibly," Phil replied enthusiastically, "is how such matter-of-fact, serious people as they are can find time to be so artistic. Now with us in America we find ourselves too busy keeping up with the

progress of the day to indulge in art and beauty. We leave that to those who have nothing else to do.”

“I know,” Helen said sorrowfully, “and more’s the pity. We are so prosaic in America; while here even the poorest artisan has the magic gift of beautifying what he creates. A thing that displeases the eye, never mind how strongly it is made, is a failure.”

“And all this fuss is being made over the blooming of a flower,” Sydney said questioningly. “We don’t have any such fête in our country.”

“I see you don’t know your own country,” Helen replied banteringly. “In California they have the flower battles when the roses are in full bloom, and they crown a king and queen, while in New Orleans they have the winter carnival. Both ideas are very similar to the flower fêtes in Japan, only here there is no necessity to crown a king.”

They stopped before a number of large plants which appeared covered with flowers; the stalk of each had been secured to a stick stuck in the ground to support its burden of blossoms.

“There is the highest chrysanthemum cultivation,” Helen said, indicating the bush; “you may count sometimes one thousand flowers on a single plant.”

The lads looked disappointedly at the tiny blossoms.

“They don’t look like the chrysanthemums we know,” Phil said. “They are so small. Ours are big and massive.”

“So were these before the Japanese began the cultivation,” the girl returned. “They consider our flowers crude and ugly. The highest art is accomplished when one small plant is grown to give many hundred blossoms.”

Phil strived to appear interested in the cultivation of Japan's national flower, but his thoughts were mostly upon the identity of the man in the next compartment on the train from Tokyo. He was on the point of inquiring from Helen Tillotson the name of the driver of the machine she had come in, but he decided that it would be more seemly if she first said something about the accident. The lad had not long to wait, for as they turned about Sydney left them and he found himself alone with the girl.

"You were splendid this afternoon," she said enthusiastically. "I was so glad to see Mr. Impey taken to task for his reckless driving."

"I had no idea you were in the machine," Phil returned, highly pleased at her friendliness. "I hope you weren't annoyed at being held there before such a crowd. I saw it happen and my anger got the better of me. I really didn't intend to be theatrical," he added, blushing fiercely.

"You weren't a bit," Helen hastened to assure him, "but I was so incensed at Mr. Impey's retort to the anxious sailor, who was only giving him some well-meant advice, that I have refused to ride back with the Kingsleys in his car."

"The sailor was not hurt," Phil said thoughtfully, "and I hope I haven't made one of your friends my enemy. He is here, I suppose?" he asked, his pulse beating quicker as he remembered the similarity in voice to the man on the train.

"Yes, we shall see him before long," she replied. "He goes everywhere, and knows every one in Tokyo worth knowing."

They had come to a crossway in the path; the conversation had died out from lack of a topic. Phil contemplated the regular profile of the girl beside him.