

She was pale and trembling, but finally found her voice.

"I came two thousand miles to get away from myself," she said defiantly. "I can't imagine why you won't let me do it."

"I have got to help you do it," he answered cheerfully.

"You can't."

"I can and will."

His eyes held hers and forced her to speak.

"You don't understand," she said; and then she hurried on with broken vehemence. "I have high ideals, but life is so commonplace—men are so commonplace; and when I try to find friends they all turn into lovers and blame me for leading them on."

"Perhaps I have—sometimes," she added, as though forced into the confession; "but I can't help it—I am attracted or repelled, unless there is complete negation, and then I am simply bored. You have made me tell you these things, but you may be sorry yet—I am trying to avoid men who attract me, because they nearly all fall in love with me, and then I find out they are commonplace." She paused, clenching her hands in her excitement and breathing rapidly.

"I will take the risk," he said, in a quiet tone.

"I am not commonplace."

She looked at him for a moment with aggressive defiance. His face was set in strong lines, and there was a colorless glow in it. How tall and big and masterful he looked!

Ethel dropped her eyes and clasped her hands appealingly. She had grown pale.

He came a step nearer and took her clasped hands in his.

"I love you. Am I commonplace?" he said.

"No," she answered, after a thrilling minute.

"May I help you?"

"You have."

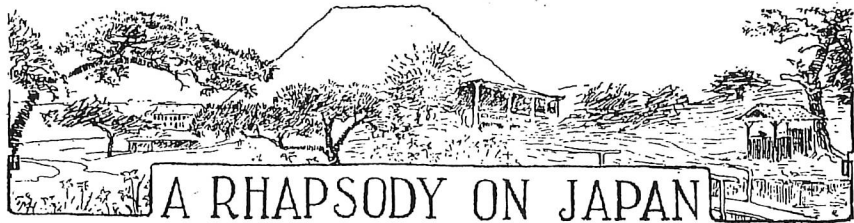
"May I help you always?"

"Yes."

A long time later they were going home.

"We met only two weeks ago," said Ethel, stopping suddenly, with a little gasp.

"We met before this world was born," he answered.



By Onoto Watanna

"JAPAN is not a land where men need pray, for 'tis itself divine," sang the poet Hitomara more than a thousand years ago, and another clever Japanese writer said: "Holding the brush of infinite genius the Creator began to work upon his canvas—the universe. A touch of his finger produced land and sea, beautiful and sublime. When his hand moved on, there in the farthest east of the world a land was raised out of water. I know not why, but the painter favored this land with a special color. 'Japan' they call it—surnamed 'The Land of Sunrise.'"

Thereafter the sun smiled more broadly over that fair island—caressed and bathed it in a perpetual glow, until the skies, and the waters which

of the seaport Miazu. It furnishes a passage from shore to shore, save in one place, where the waters have burst through, and ferry boats ply back and forth. The beach is covered with pure white sand, mingled with which are pebbles and shells of varied color and size. Can you imagine a natural bridge, made up of graceful pine trees, intensely green in comparison with the whiteness of the sands which are washed by the waters and the swish of the willows, spanning an expanse of blue green waters and gilded with glory by the passion of an oriental sun? Such is Hashidate—nature's princess of bridges, beautiful as the face of a sleeping babe.

Surrounded by five lakes in the central part of the main island stands the most beautiful and highest mountain in Japan, Mt. Fuji-Yama. Snow clad and majestic it towers—its lofty peaks meeting the rosy beams of the vivid sky. Its slopes are nobly and symmetrically curved. It rises to the noble height of 12,490 feet. I cannot tell why, but there is something in this mountain, in its silent grandeur and majesty, which appeals to the best in us; which makes us hold our breaths in awe as though in the presence of a deity, and which inspires us with a calm and peace past understanding. Alone it stands, surrounded by its blue lakes, clear cut against the bluer skies. Seasons come and



FROM AN ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH

"THE BLUE WISTARIA"

A HOME-MADE INSECTIDE.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

IN MY June article on roses I spoke of some good insecticides for outdoor use, but since that was written I have been experimenting with a new one which I have found perfectly satisfactory, and because it can be prepared so easily from material found in nearly every home, and at the minimum of expense, I send this as a sort of postscript to the article referred to.

Take a quarter of a pound of ivory soap—the ordinary article used in the household—and cut it up into fine pieces. Cover it with water and set it on the stove to dissolve. Have five gallons of warm water ready and when the soap is liquid pour it into the water. When lukewarm apply it to your roses with a syringe, throwing a fine spray, or with a portable spray-pump, taking care to have it reach every portion of the plant. This is very important. Be sure to get at the under side of all the leaves. Do this after sundown, or before the sun reaches the plant in the morning. You will be delighted with the result. The insects that infest your roses will be killed and the plants will not be injured. If you have many plants to apply it to, prepare a larger quantity in the proportions named above. It will be found very effective and, unlike most insecticides, pleasant to use.

Carnations are easily raised from seed. Sown in June or July, they will make good robust plants before frost, which will bloom the following summer. Some of them will be single, perhaps, and these can be removed.

in their clearness mirrored its glory, became as huge rainbows of ever changing and brilliant colors. Color is surely contagious; for the little birds that sang deliriously wore coats which dazzled the eye; the trees and foliage, the grass and flowers were tinged with a beauty found nowhere else on earth, and even the human inhabitants caught the spirit of the color queen and fashioned their clothes to harmonize with their surroundings; so also the artists of Japan painted pictures that had no shadows, and the people built their houses and colored them in accord with nature.

There is a bay called Matsushima, on the northeastern coast of Japan. Countless rocks of huge size and form are scattered in it, and these rocks are covered with pine trees which were planted by the hand of God. Unnamed flowers bloom also on these rocks, and burn their surface with flaring colors. It may be that the rocks are more nutritious than the earth itself, for the tall pines that take their roots in them seem more graceful and delicate than those found on land, and the flowers were more fragrant and lovely as the flowers of a fairyland dream. About eight miles from the northern shore, where rests a little secluded village, towers Mt. Tomi, and it is from this point that Matsushima can be seen best. In winter the pines are covered with snow, which gleam dazzlingly from the reflection of the sunshine on the eastern hills. Surely if I attempt to describe such a paradise I will do it cruel injustice.

Amano-Hashidate is a narrow strip of land, west

go, each one adding a grander and calmer beauty; earthquakes have forced smaller hills at its base, and volcanoes have crashed through its peaks, but the grand old monarch has stood firmly through all; inspiring all who approach it with an infinite sense of longing and desire. What is there in this mountain which has baffled the tongue and pen of poet and singer alike, forcing the acknowledgment that silence, eloquent and profound is the sole tribute?

Perhaps in no other spot on the earth do the flowers bloom with such extravagance and abandon as in Japan—the home of the flowers. In April the hills and fields are tinged with cherry blossoms. These sweet feathery flowers are a source of never ending wonder and pleasure to the lover of nature, and 'tis with a sigh of regret and pain we watch them fade, even when to make room for the giddy blazing azalea or the wild blue wistaria. But the month of October, although considered a desolate month in Japan, because the gods are said to be absent, is nevertheless surely the most beautiful of all. October, the month of the kiku—or chrysanthemum. Greatest beauty is said to come just before decay. October is the month preceding the death of the flowers, the month when one is filled with a joy of repletion that is akin to pain. What sight more beautiful than the dying rays of an October sun in an oriental sky! How it fills the soul with a rapture of ecstasy till we wait and watch for the moon to rise, and replace with its quiet splendor the wildness of the dying sun.