

# Lend Me Your TITLE

By ONOTO WATANNA

Author of "Me," "Marion," "A Japanese Nightingale," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

## PART II.

"**A** SKED the Count? Did you expect him to understand or answer you?"

"He is getting on remarkably — simply marvellously well with his English. He said with perfect fluency: 'Mister Dig' — It's so amusing and charming to hear him refer to Mr. Bradley as 'Dig' — 'Mr. Dig,' he said, 'say unto me. You marry wiz Mees Kitty Collins.' 'All lide, I say. Much 'bliged.'"

"He lies, mother. It is not true."

"I have told you more than once, that I will not have the word of a guest of ours impugned."

"Mother —"

"That will do!"

"Oh, mother, Dick couldn't —"

"Dick Bradley couldn't. Humph! He always was as fickle as the weather. I never had any faith in him at all, and the only action of his I have thoroughly approved of, is his sending to us his friend, the dear Count Ta — Oh, I wish I could say the whole name. It's so high-sounding! So aristocratic. So

You know, Kitty, all the royalties, even in Europe, have long names like that. Fancy it being your name, Kitty! Are you coming down?"

"Yes, shortly. I want — just a few moments to myself. Mamma, I'm going to write to Dick. I'm going to ask him."

"Ask him?"

"Yes, mother. Please—please—go! I want to be alone!"

## IX.

### TWO LETTERS AND SOME TEARS.

DEAR Mr. Bradley:

You know I am having my Fridays as usual. Do come and have a cup of tea with us. We would like to see you so much!

We find Count Ichijo so interesting. Really, if you don't come soon to see me, I'm afraid he is going to 'cut you out' with us all!

Cordially,

Katharine Field Collins.

My Dear Miss Collins:

I have your letter and would gladly accept the invitation to one of your delightful "teas," but for the fact that I expect to make a trip to Japan very shortly. Our friend, Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukawa Ichijo, has painted such glowing pictures of the country and people, that I've finally decided I can wait no longer to see it.

Take care of the Count for me, won't you? He's the best ever. In fact I think as much of him — more indeed — as of myself.

Talking of titles! Whew! He has one as big as the Mikado's own, and a Shiro (that's Japanese for castle) as old as Adam. The common Japanese consider descended from the gods, you know.

Well, good-bye pro tem. I will not see you again probably until June, when I hope to have the pleasure of wishing you many happy returns of the day of your twenty-first birthday.

Again commanding my friend, Count Ichijo, to your kindly consideration, I am, believe me,

Yours truly,

Richard Sheridan Bradley.

Sounds issuing from Miss Kitty Collins' pillow: "I hate you, Dick Bradley! I hate you! O-O-O-O-O-I hate you! Oh Dick, how could you? How could you?"

## X.—TEA

"**S**-s-s—Mees Collin! Goo-goo-goo—nide! Thus a beautiful day ad these house! Tangs. Aexcuse!" "Beautiful day! Why, it's pouring!" "Those beautiful pour! Tangs! Aexcuse!"



"We know all about you. You're an adventurer!"

"You like rain, do you?"

"Wis you — yaes!"

"Well, I hate it — with you!"

"Kit-ty!"

"Sir! How dare you call me that?"

"Thas nod you beautiful name? Tangs."

"Miss Collins, please!"

"Mister Dig — he tellin' me speag you name jol lig those — Kit-ty!"

"My goodness! He's even got Dick's inflection!"

"S-s-s-s-s!"

"You can tell Mr. Bradley from me that I appreciate —oh, so much — his kindness in giving permission to his friends to — yes, Anna? Just give me the cards. The Count won't bite you! Oh, certainly, I'll see them. Mother, it's Jimmy Bowker and Mr. Young."

"Indeed?"

"Jimmy — s-s-s-s-s-s-s!"

"Did you speak, Count Ichijo? Do come over here, mother. It's too bad to expect me all alone to — Ah, Jimmy! How well you're looking. Mr. Young — Perhaps I don't need to present you to Count Ichijo. I believe you were all at college together."

"Er — Count — ? How do you do? No, I don't recall you."

"S-s-s-s-s — sayonara!"

"Maybe Bowker remembers you."

"How do you do? No, I can't say —"

"S-s-s-s-s — Ohayo!"

"I remember a Japanese who entered just as we passed out. It may be — what year — ?"

"What year — ?"

"S-s-s-s-s — Nuruhoda!"

"Don't you speak English? If you went to Coll —"

"You see, the dear Count passed through college under most interesting circumstances. Dick has written us all about it. You see, being practically of the royal family, he could not very well mix in with the common students."

"Mother!"

"Kitty, allow me to finish. So he took the courses — unseen."

"Unseen!"

"Oh yes. As Dick explains it, in those days royalty was not allowed to be seen by ordinary mortals, and indeed a prince of the blood never even stepped his feet upon the ground. Of course things are changed since then."

"But about the course — ?"

"Yes, I'm coming to that. So dear Count Ichijo was obliged to take the courses unseen. The Professors

went to him, which was perfectly proper, under the circumstances."

"I never heard of — what year — ?"

"Well, Mr. Bowker, you know there are a great many things that the ordinary run of students really never hear anything at all about."

"Er — then he speaks English, of course?"

"Charmingly! Let me explain. You see, the Japanese have very peculiar etiquette. It's considered bad form to speak any but their own language when they first meet strangers. He was explaining it to us quite recently, and Dick — Mr. Bradley you know — wrote us all about it. Why, the first day he came to see us, he never spoke a single word save in Japanese, and when we think of the things we said — never dreaming he understood us — well, it was very embarrassing. But you have quite forgiven us, haven't you, dear Count Ichijo?"

"Hi, fu, mi, yo — Ss-s-s-s — Tee-hee-e-e-e-e!"

"And we would never have known the difference, but that Kitty recalled that Dick had said in his letter that they were at college together. So we pressed the Count — and the explanation shortly followed. Ah, I think it a charming custom! So reticent! So — er exclusive, don't you know. So — very characteristic — so ultra refined. None of — That's right, Kitty. I'll have a cup too. Count, do draw your chair up closer. There, I've put it right next to Kitty's."

"WHAT do you think of this, Bowker?"

"Think? I think he's a d — impostor. There's something curious here. I sniff it. He doesn't even look like a Jap."

"I'll drop in on Dick this evening. You don't s'pose this is some lark of his?"

"Not on your life. He's wild about her. Think he's going to spoil his own chances by doping them up with a thing like — that!"

"Let's pump the old lady. Did you ever see her so got up? Whee — I tell you what, it pays to be a little smutty-faced Count!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Young?"

"Tell us some more about this — Count. What does Dick say about him?"

"I have his letters right here. There, you may see one."

"Hum — That's queer!"

"Queer?"

"Yes, I never knew Bradley to lay himself out like this for anyone else before. It's his writing all right. Hm-m-m-m! Haven't seen him lately — Bowker, there's something wrong here. Something damn black. I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to look up this fellow's history. Can easily find out through friends of mine at Ottawa. I'll set them on to the Jap Consul there. If he's what he pretends to be — ?"

"Would you have believed, Young, that she'd have gone back on Bradley in this way? Just see how she's letting little slant eyes look at her. By Jove! did you see that? He's got his little yellow paw on top of hers."

"After that — I'm going."

"So'm I."

"Going, Mr. Young? So soon? Oh, what's your hurry?"

"Good-day, Mrs. Collins. Count — Ichi — what's your name?"

"It na, ya, ko."

"Your name, I said."

"Here's the Count's card. Isn't it pretty? Really, I do think our own insignificant bits of hideous white

cardboard look ridiculous when laid beside a gorgeous crested, crimson, artistic article like this. *Good-day, Mr. Bowker. Come soon again, do!*"

"So soon, Jimmy? So sorry!"

"Good-bye, Kitty. Have you seen—Bradley lately?"

"N—no. Do tell him when you see him, how perfectly delighted we — I am with Count Ichijo. Oh, good-bye, Mr. Young. So glad you came."

**N**OW they're gone, and I'm not going to pour another drop of tea. Mother will pour for you, Count Ichijo. My head is — splitting."

"You look exceedingly well, Kitty. That color — becoming, is it not, Count Ichijo?"

"Ah-h-h! Ss-s-s-s—Loftily, augustly loavely those red ad you chicks. Tangs. Much 'bliged."

"I hate compliments, Count Ichijo."

"Whas those — compli—?"

"Personal remarks — supposed to be flattering."

"You no lig? But you also got those person marks."

"I?"

"Yaes. S-s-s-s-s—Tangs. On top you honorable nose."

"My nose?"

"Ah, yaes! Those loavely person marks. I lig' those beautifullest spots of thad honorable sun."

"Oh, the idea! He means my freckles."

"I'm so pleased, dear Count Ichijo, that you admire Kitty's freckles. They have been the bane of the poor child's life, and I confess that I too have felt some distress about them, though my dear father used to say that freckles never went on anything that's foul."

"Ah-h—thas so? He no go on top those chickens?"

"How you do make us laugh, dear Count. No, not that kind of fowl. Our Kitty's a golf enthusiast. Mr. Bradley taught her. You know he has taken several cups. They do sa — people that don't approve of him, Count, that he has neglected all his opportunities for the sake of his golf. Personally I think it a very foolish, very senseless game. Er — it is so *easy* a game to play, and it does seem such a useless waste of time and force to be following a little ball around and hitting it once in a while. Really, that is all there is to the game. Do you play it in Japan?"

"Those gulop? No — thus western science we still got study."

"Not worth your time, dear Count. I marvel at Kitty spending so much time at it. Now Kitty's freckles —"

"Mother, please don't discuss my freckles with *him*. Now, I think, really, I've done my — duty for to-day, and I want to go to my room. Don't get up, Count Ichijo."

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s—"

"Mother, come here. I want to say just a word to you."

"Don't you know, Kitty, that it is very rude to whisper in company?"

"Then come up with me. Come—"

"Kitty! Really, I won't be pulled along in this manner —"

"My room at last! Oh, mother, mother, mother, I'm so m-m-miserable!"

"My poor Kitty, if indeed—"

"No, mother, I am going through with it. I let him even hold my hand. I knew they'd see, and tell — Dick!"

"It didn't hurt your hand, you see."

"No. I can't understand myself, mamma. When he was holding it, and looking at me, right into my eyes, I had the most curious feeling about him. A strange sort of emotion seized me. I — i — it almost seemed as if Dick were holding my hand, and looking into my eyes!"

"I'm surprised that you even mention his name."

"I must have no shame, mother. I think I—I *clung* on to the Count's hand. It seemed somehow as if Dick wished me to, and oh, what am I saying?"

"Kitty, will you never get over that childish habit of flinging yourself headlong on your bed in that fashion? My poor little —"

"Don't pity me, mamma. Something has happened to me. Yes, just this afternoon. When he held my hand — right before you all — a feeling of peace — of rest — seemed to flood my very being, and I clung to his hand — as if to a very anchor!"

## XI.

### ON THE LINKS

**I**SUPPOSE, Count Ichijo, that this is the first time you've ever been on golf links? I do hope you are going to like the game. We've got the best professional here to teach you."

"His name? Muldoon."

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"No, not a professor—a professional. You didn't look very *pleased* when I mentioned Mr. Muldoon's name. Maybe you've heard of him. Some people don't like his method. Now Dick — Mr. Bradley — goes by Braide only, and scorns any sort of advice of Mr. Muldoon's. But, I think him all right. Just think, he taught Mr. Carnegie and Mr. 'Dooley' and oh, all sorts of famous people. I take him along with me often, instead of a caddy, just to learn all about them. He's awfully interesting, if he is rather garrulous. His favorite expression is: 'The brains of the coon-tree are playing it, miss.' You look quite glum. Here he is. This way, Mr. Muldoon."

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"Now, you *will* be able to brag, Mr. Muldoon. I've brought you somebody worth teaching. Mr. Muldoon, Count — Oh dear, I can't say *all* of that way — just Count Ichijo, of Echizen, Japan. How queer you look. Count Ichijo! Have you met Mr. Muldoon before?"

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"Why, it's awfully funny, but you are picking up all sorts of American expressions. Of course you've got to stay here. You can't go out on the links first. You've got to learn first how to hold the club, then how to swing — and you've got to keep that up — oh-h for hours and hours, and maybe, if you're real smart, Mr. Muldoon will let you hit the ball presently, won't you, Mr. Muldoon?"

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"Nobody ever learned it in a few minutes. You've been listening to mamma. She doesn't know the first thing about it. She talks just like everyone who has never even held a club in his hands. It's a very difficult — a really scientific game. Now just be patient — and you'll soon learn."

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"That's the way! Why, didn't he bring that club up fine? So many beginners just chug it up. Now don't hurry Mr. Muldoon. He'll show you about it. Really I like his way of addressing the ball better than Mr. Bradley's."

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"Wh-why! You look like a real thundercloud! You want to learn properly, even if it takes time. You don't want to be a duffer in golf. Well, I'll be off now; I'm going to play with Mr. Young. See, he's waiting for me over there."

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"No, no — you can't come too. They don't let beginners on the links. Maybe, by and by. I'll just do the meadows, and then when I get back you can come with me over the hills, and caddy for me, if you like. Most of my friends think that a big — privilege. I'm coming, Mr. Young!"

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"Do you know, I really heard the Count — s-swear! Yes sir, a great big D——. Honestly! Ah ha-ha-ha! Oh, I feel so fine — so happy! It's these blessed links! They are as exhilarating as wine. Come on."

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"Yes s-sir, you've got to give me a great big handicap. I believe I'll use my cleek here. I can't manage my wooden clubs when there's anyone watching. Awful big crowd to-day, isn't there? Spring, tra-la! Now! Not a word!"

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"HOW mortifying! I know I'm as red as a beet. I never made such a poor shot before. I'll do better after we pass the first bunkers. The crowds make me nervous."

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"Oh, what a bully approach that shot was! Let them pass us, Mr. Young. I know we're a twosome; but I'm so slow, and I always make it a point to let really good players go by me. Let's call to them."

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"My goodness! Look who it is. Why, it's Count Ichijo! Wh-why — he is playing. Isn't that perfectly astonishing?"

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"Well, well, Muldoon, your pupil is growing away from you."

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"Learned in fifteen minutes! Says the Japanese learn everything quickly. Oh e-o-ome, Count Ichijo! There's a twinkle in Muldoon's eye anyhow. I believe you knew the game from the first. Just look where my ball is — right in the bunker. There, it's down. Now wait till I show you a pretty little trick to send it over in quite a long shot, too. Mr. Bradley taught me — See, I just turn my mashie up—so. Then it lifts the ball clear up of the bunkers and — That wasn't bad, was it?"

"Oh, oh, oh! You've made the green in two, and just look where your ball is!"

"Don't, Mr. Young. I want to see the Count putt. Oh! Oh! Oh-h! Did you see that? Made it in three. How many for you, Mr. Young? Eight? You, Mr. Muldoon, did you play? Five? Mine — I did it in bogey. I did! Why, the idea! Do you mean to insinuate, Mr. Young —"

"I'm so glad you play golf so beautifully, Count Ichijo. It's my favorite game. It was pretty modest of you to say nothing about it to us all."

"No, I didn't learn from Mr. Muldoon, nor a professional either, for that matter. Somebody better than a professional. A dear friend taught me."

"Do you know, if you weren't Japanese, I wouldn't answer half your questions. They are the most — impert — embarrassing things I ever heard. Well, his name, since you ask so bluntly, is Bradley. Yes, our mutual friend."

"Do you know, you've tee-ed my ball just as I — like it — as I'm used to it. Why, isn't that funny? You withdrew your fingers just like D—— Mr. Bradley used to do. He used to set the ball just pat on the bit of sand, with his two forefingers underneath, and withdraw them without touching the sand or any clumsy upset. Did he show you?"

"You showed him? Really! Now, isn't that curious? He told me that he made that particular trick up himself. I'm beginning to —"

"Yes, I'm all ready!"

"That's something like! Just because there's no one here to see. Oh, doesn't it make one feel good when we've made a good, long, clean, straight shot like that! Count Ichijo, you're a dandy mascot!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Young."

"Well — er — suppose you and Mr. Muldoon go on without us. I much prefer a twosome anyhow."

"Thank goodness, he's gone. An awful prig! Let's take our time. The boys will get the balls all right. You know, it's awfully strange, but somehow, out here on the links with you, you don't seem one bit Japanese — except your hair and your — er eyebrows. I mean your lash — Really I feel positively chummy with you! Just like I used to with Dick, when we played together. Anyhow, do you know, you remind me of him a lot."

"Well, I can't say just how."

"Ye-es, I think there is a resemblance."

"N-no, not the eyes, though they — they have something the same look and — color too! Oh, do you know, your eyes aren't black at all! I always thought Japanese had black eyes. Yours are blue! They really are!"

"Well, I never noticed Dick's nose particularly."

"He wore a moustache — a beauty — so I don't know what his mouth was like, but it felt — I think — it — was very attractive indeed."

"Goodness gracious, no! He had red hair — a perfect mop of bright red curls. His mother called it Titian, and I agreed with her. But it wasn't, it was just good old honest carrots. I like your hair better, Count Ichijo."

"I wish Dick could hear that!"

"Oh, what an embarrassing question. Yes, I did like him. There!"

"Better than you? Why — I detested you t-till recently."

"No, I don't want to sit here — of all places! Why, Dick pro—— I want to go on and finish the course."

"Do you know, you're the first Japanese I ever heard such expressions. If I were to close my eyes I could almost imagine it was Dick himself speaking."

"Have you heard from him?"



"There's a lady coming to meet us down the path."

"I'm glad he likes Japan so well. I suppose he's become infatuated with one of those fascinating little geisha girls one hears so much about. Are they so pretty and clever?"

"I suppose it's a matter of taste. Come on — let's play, not talk. It's a queer world, isn't it?"

## XII.

### BASE SUSPICIONS

"HELLO, Taku! Sitting up for me, huh? Take these. Don't touch that. I'll put it away. Any-one been here?"

"S-s-s-s— Yaes, sir. Aexcuse. Misterer Bowker and Misterer Young, he come. Tangs."

"What, again?"

"Aexcuse. Yaes, sir, S-s-s-s—"

"Leave any message?"

"No sir. They speag ad each udder. Say they tink thas lie thad you go unto Japan. Also that beeg one, Bowker—he loog unto you clothes — you brush for hair — you brush for tooth, etceterays."

"He did! Hoom! Why didn't you explain that I bought all new things to go away with?"

"I sesso. He say quig then: 'Whose those?' I bowing lig' those, say 'Thas honorable garment of most exalt illustrious Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo.'"

"Oh, that was a bad break, Taku. Don't you suppose they know my things?"

"S-s-s-s—aexcuse. Tangs. Yaes certinly. So Imek explain. I sesso thad you mek present all those honorable clothes unto you fiend thad Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"What! Oh I say, you've put me in bad here. You think I want it all over town that I'm wearing the seconndhand clothes of myself!"

"Thas no disgrace! Ss-s-s-s Many Japanese do! Count Ichijo velly poor. He got wear mebbe second, mebbe third, mebbe fourth hand clothes."

"Not this Count Ichijo. He's a swell dandy. Taku, I'm going to be a credit to your race! You Japs are

going to be proud to acknowledge me! What else did they say?"

"Misterer Young, he say, wiz some wet on his eye, thus he suspect they's fowl plays ad thees 'partment!'"

"Young has the instinct of a Sherlock Holmes all right-oh. He used to go round at college just sniffing up mysteries. I'll be he's got good old Bowker all stirred up. There's the bell! Now remember, Mr. Bradley in Japan. Count Ichijo royally invisible."

"Hoshi, hoshi. Oh mi moshi!"

"None of that. You speak English all right. Now if you know what's good for yourself, you'll own up and make a clean breast of it. Where is Bradley?"

"S-s-s-s-s— Tee-eee-e-e-e-e! Ho-ho! Whee!"

"Cut that out. Where's Brádley, I say?"

"S-s-s-s-s-s— Tee-eee-e-e-e-e!"

"We know all about you. You're a damned little adventurer. We've looked up your record with the Japanese Consul or in Ottawa. Thought that'd make you sit up and take notice a bit — What's the matter with you, Taku? You look as if you're going to explode. I suppose this Count is a friend of yours, huh? Well, Mr. Count Ichijo, you may as well own up. What have you done with Mr. Bradley?"

"Won't answer, huh? Well, let me loosen up a bit and tell you what we've found out about you. You're a Count, all right—in Japan. We don't deny that. But here in America, you're nothing but a servant — a butler — a valet, a handy man. We got that straight from the consul — Look out there, Bowker, that Jap is going to spring at you!"

"Taku! You go — Leave the room!"

"So you can speak English after all. Delighted to hear you! Suppose now you tell us what your little game is. You can't make us believe that Bradley has gone off, leaving you — a Japanese butler—in his place — using his clothes and all his personal articles. I don't believe it. Go ahead, ring the bell. We know

Browning, the manager of this place. We'll tell him a thing or two ourselves."

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Mr Browning, Send — up!"

"Good evening, Count. Want to see me? What can I do for you?"

"Inject — those cuttam flieid, Mr. Bradley!"

"Mr. Bradley's friends! Why, what's the trouble? I know these gentlemen well."

"Thank you, Browning. Bowker and I want to know what's become of Bradley. We don't like the looks of the thing."

"Mr. Bradley has gone to Japan."

"Without his clothes?"

"Seems so."

"It's incredible."

"I saw him the day he went, Mr. Young. He stepped in the office to wish me good-bye. Said he was starting off on a sudden impulse. Said while he was gone his rooms would be occupied by his friend, Count Ichijo."

"You are quite sure it was Bradley?"

"Oh, absolutely. I had a long chat with him. He had all sorts of nice things to say of his friend, the Count here."

"Well, if this is so, then all I — we've got to say, is we're blanked sorry we --er—that our—er suspicions against you seem unfounded. Good night."

## XIII

### JUST A — BUTLER

"BUT a butler — a valet — a common servant, Kitty! Oh, it's quite impossible! I'm so sorry my poor little girl!"

"Mother, you know, and everyone else does, that many Japanese of the finest families go to work in America in the most menial capacities. And really, when it comes down to an analysis of the thing, what

*Continued on page 66*

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American and European Plans

## General Von Lettow-Vorbeck

Extraordinary Career of a German Leader.

In an article in the *English Review*, entitled "Some Military Lessons of the World War," Major Darnley Stuart-Stephens credits much credit for military skill to the German general who for nearly four years held out against overwhelming odds in East Africa. The methods of the man were typically Prussian, but it is impossible to withhold credit for the feats that he performed. The writer says:

The Boer, De Wet, was merely a vulgar raider, a trifler at his task, compared with this desperate swashbuckler from Prussia. Railroads had an insatiable attraction for him, the destruction of a suspension bridge rejoiced his soul, he could have died happy when he enjoyed the fierce delight of sending under full steam a great train of wagons with food and ammunition for 10,000 men for a week at full speed along a lofty viaduct with a broken arch headlong down an East African river. No fierce Confederate irregular cavalry chief played such utter havoc as General von Lettow-Vorbeck. Were J. E. B. Stuart alive he would have confessed that this extraordinary Prussian soldier would have put him to the blush for pure hardihood and sustained recklessness enlisted under the very incarnation of rapine and ruin. His theatre of operations was immense beyond all precedent, and characterized by a variety of natural features, among which was a very superior development of mud, miasma, mosquitoes, and malaria. The area over which he played Follow-my-Neighbor

was greater than France, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain put together. He united in his own person the experience of age and the activity of youth. He displayed a sound knowledge of strategy so as to appreciate the relations between the fronts of our opposing expeditionary columns and the best directions of attack against his enemy. He must have been a kind of military Byron; his enterprises required a lively imagination. Prosaic duty and ordinary courage and cut-and-dried rules were nothing to him. He preferred to break than keep a rule. I learn that he had many of the faults of his genius, but his follies will probably become fashionable in Berlin and his vices may be there regarded like those of Dr. Carl Peters, as charming eccentricities. One of his principal weapons was diffusing fiction with the trained zeal of a Northcliffe journalist. He spread exaggerated rumors through judiciously selected native sources as to the strength and condition of his own forces. He kept the imagination of even our own tame Boers and British-Africans in a constant state of excitement, doubt, and fear. I wonder if the last-named had ever read what the great Emperor said *apropos* of this feature of partisan warfare to the Duke of Almy? "The greatest service that you can render to partisans is to pay serious attention to the rumors which it is their interest to circulate." Thus, with regard to the least as well as the greatest concerns in his art Napoleon was the master. But the fact remains that of all partisan chiefs I know of in military history von Lettow-Vorbeck easily remains an indisputable first.

## How Russia is Governed

A Definite Statement of the Bolshevik Constitution and Aims.

A TRANSLATION of the new Russian constitution appears in the *Nation*, and affords an illuminating view-point on conditions under the Lenin-Trotzky regime. A few significant sections of this constitution follow:

"The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic considers work the duty of every citizen of the Republic, and proclaims as its motto: "He shall not eat who does not work."

"The coat of arms of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red background on which a golden scythe and a hammer are placed (crosswise, handles downward) in sun-rays and surrounded by a wreath, inscribed:

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"The commercial, naval, and army flag of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red cloth, in the left corner of which (on top, near the pole) there are in golden characters the letters R. S. F. S. R., or the inscription: Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

"The All-Russian Central Executive Committee is the supreme legislative, executive, and controlling organ of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

"The All-Russian Central Executive Committee directs in a general way the activity of the workers' and peasants' Government and of all organs of the Soviet authority in the country, and it co-ordinates and regulates the operation of the Soviet Constitution and of the resolutions of the All-Russian Con-

gresses and of the central organs of the Soviet power.

"For the purpose of securing to the toilers real freedom of conscience, the church is to be separated from the state and the school from the church, and the right of religious and anti-religious propaganda is accorded to every citizen.

"The following persons enjoy neither the right to vote nor the right to be voted for, even though they belong to one of the categories enumerated above, namely:

a. Persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase in profits.

b. Persons who have an income without doing any work, such as interest from capital, receipts from property, etc.

c. Private merchants, trade and commercial brokers.

d. Monks and clergy of all denominations.

e. Employees and agents of the former police, the gendarmerie corps, and the Okhrana (Czar's secret service), also members of the former reigning dynasty.

f. Persons who have in legal form been declared demented or mentally deficient, and also persons under guardianship.

"For the purpose of realizing the socialization of land, all private property in land is abolished, and the entire land is declared to be national property and is to be apportioned among husbandmen without any compensation to the former owners, in the measure of each one's ability to till it.

"All forests, treasures of the earth, and waters of general public utility, all implements whether animate or inanimate, model farms and agricultural enterprises, are declared to be national property.

## Lend Me Your Title

Continued from page 19

is there degrading in that kind of work, anyhow? It's honest, isn't it?"

"But, my dear Kitty, consider. You wouldn't want to marry well—Gonji, for instance, if he proved to be a nobleman in Japan."

"I don't see why not—if I liked him. No, mother, there's no use arguing on that ground. Besides, the Count's record is excellent in every way. It's not his fault he is poor and had to work—in that way. And just think, mother, he

comes of one of the most illustrious families in Japan. Why, I think he's to be pitied—yes, and applauded too, for his heroism in doing such a thing."

"Well, Kitty, this Japanese nobility is suspicious. I don't like it."

"Oh mamma, don't be so narrow. I'm sure I'd just as lieve be a Japanese princess as a Hungarian one—yes, I would!"

"Kitty, will nothing dissuade you from your mad course? I can't tell you how upset I am—and—yes—I refused this morning to see the Count—or permit you to see him—when he called."

"Do you mean he's been here to-day? And that you sent him away?"

"I felt it my duty."

Well, once and for all, mother, please understand that I am of age—and have been ever since I was eighteen. This is my affair—not yours at all. I'm sorry to speak to you in this way, but you know, you drove away poor Dick Bradley, and now—why now you are actually trying to do something that will—injure us all—yes, all of us!"

"Kitty, I'm too broken up to even argue with you. It was a terrible shock. Just a but—ler! It's too mortifying!"

"You haven't given him a chance to explain."

"He couldn't. He can't explain that away. It's down in black and white, under the word: Employment: And on the paper with the letter head of the Japanese Consul at Ottawa. There's no getting around it. If it hadn't been for Mr. Young—and really Kitty, he is a splendid young man and worth—. I can't help thinking—"

"Well, just stop thinking. I wouldn't have Mr. Young if he were the only man on earth, do you understand? This is a matter I'm going to decide for myself. And I have decided in fact. I'm going to marry Count Ichijo!"

"No, Kitty. The papers'd get hold of the facts. We will become laughing stocks!"

"I don't care. Let them get hold of it. Do you want my eight little brothers and sisters brought down to poverty?"

"Boo-oo-ooo-o-o—How can you be so cruel, Kitty?"

"You asked me the same question not very long ago, and I've got to marry by July, haven't I?"

"We can rush over to France or It—"

"We don't need to. I'm going to marry Count Ichijo."

"Kitty!"  
"You needn't look at me like that. It's true. And I believe I'm going to be happy, too. Let me tell you something, mother. Ever since I lost—Dick, I—I've been like one reaching out for something—for someone to cling to—and—and—oh, you don't know how good—how splendid—how really grand he has been!"

"I consider Dick Bradley's conduct anything but splendid. I believe he deliberately precipitated us into this humiliating mess in a spirit of revenge—yes, mean, cowardly—revenge!"

"I didn't mean Dick, mother. No—he is not—splendid! I once thought him so. I learned I was mistaken. But I mean the Count. He is splendid! Yes, indeed, indeed he is!"

"That—little—rat!"

"How dare you say that? I won't stand it. No, I won't even from you, my own mother."

"Kitty! Now, it is time I asserted myself. I see what has happened to you. He has hypnotized you—yes, practised some wicked Oriental art upon you. Let me open your eyes. I repeat he is a rat—a snake—to inveigle his way into a Canadian home like this, and—"

"Stop! I won't listen to you. You'll be sorry afterwards."

"I will not. I will say what I please. From the first I have found this—butler—repugnant!"

"Why, mother, you fairly raved about him. You know you did!"

"I—I was blinded—as you are now. I'll confess the bitter truth. Besides, I was thinking of my poor children and eagerly seized this opportunity to save us all from poverty. But now the scales have fallen from my eyes. No—not even for the sake of your uncle's

money, will I consent to the marriage of my own daughter with a painted up, lisping, bobbing, hissing little ex-butler like that!"

"It's perfectly true, the Count is fixed up. I've noticed it myself, around the eyes. But it's the custom of the country, and one gets used to it after a while, and one can see beneath the paint! Mother, I did! and—oh, mother—I saw under it—a man!"

"What am I to think of you, Kitty? It's not six months since you boldly asserted you loved Richard Bradley. Do you wish me to believe you are now in love with this—butler?"

"Mo-other, don't! don't! Don't say anything more about him. I can't bear it!"

"You are hysterical! There's witchcraft here. Yes, of some horrible Oriental sort. Tell me the truth, Kitty. Are you in love with Count Ichijo?"

"Mother, mother, I don't know. I don't know!"

"What is it, Anna? Again!"

"Who is it, mother? Let me see the card!"

"You will say, Anna, that Miss Collins will not—"

"Anna! Listen to me. Tell Count Ichijo that I'll be down—right away."

"You wild, crazy girl! Marry that monkey then!"

"He isn't a monkey. I deny it. It's a lie! He has a beautiful head, and his eyes—"

"You have lost your wits, my poor girl. I shall call in an alienist."

"Do! And let him examine the Count, too, and see if they don't say he is as fine and noble a specimen of man as ever lived. Let go of me. I tell you—I'm going down!"

#### XIV.

##### NEWSPAPER STORY

FRIENDS of Richard Sheridan Bradley and Miss Katharine Collins, who were reputed to be engaged, are discussing the extraordinary disappearance of the former. It appears that some time previous to his disappearance, Mr. Bradley introduced to the heiress the Count Ichijo, who, while a descendant of an illustrious Japanese family, has earned his living while in this country in the humble capacity of a butler. Bradley, it is said, took pity upon the destitute titled Japanese, and generously offered to assist him financially and socially. Through Bradley's agency, the Japanese was launched upon society, and there received with open arms.

It was shortly observed, however, that the beautiful fiancée of Mr. Bradley was more often seen in the company of the Count than the Canadian, and presently Bradley's friends had associates saw him no more. It was said he had gone to Japan.

The curious situation was then revealed that the Canadian had not only given up his sweetheart to the Japanese, but also the greater part of his own fortune. Investigation shows that the Japanese has been paying all bills with checks signed by his friend, Mr. Bradley.

There are those among Mr. Bradley's friends who question whether the Canadian has actually gone to Japan, since no one, save the Japanese, has heard a word from the missing man since he left, supposedly, these shores.

A reporter calling at the Collin's house, was met by a curt explicit denial of any engagement whatever between the Count and Miss Collins. From servants it was learned that the heiress and her mother had departed hurriedly upon some trip.

A call at the bachelor apartments, where Count Ichijo has made his home in the rooms previously occupied by Mr. Bradley, revealed the fact that the Japanese, too, had departed for parts unknown.

All information was denied to the reporters, the manager of the place briefly stating that the Count was gone, and he had nothing to say. Asked if he had heard from Mr. Bradley, the manager admitted, reluctantly, he had



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not, but claimed to have seen him the day he sailed.

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### XVI.

#### IN HONORABLE JAPAN

"PULL your veil well down over your face, Kitty. I believe there are reporters—even in Japan!"

"What nonsense, mother. Indeed I'm not going to cover my face. Isn't this fascinating?"

"It's very uncomfortable. How I miss our limousine!"

"Oh, mamma, these jinrikishas are sweet!"

"When you are as f—old as I am, Kitty, you won't find it sweet to be bumped up and down in this fashion."

"I suppose not. Shall I tell the Djin to slow down a bit?"

"No. I am anxious to get there quickly."

"Why, look at the curious change. We seem to be in the heart of the country. What a funny city—a maze of bizarre streets and noises, and then, all of a sudden, silence and a stretch of open country. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, I know I'm going to be so happy here!"

"Yes, possibly, Kitty. I am glad, too, now that the matter is finally settled. The cablegram from Dick Bradley, of course, explained everything. Kitty, I feel very badly when I think how I berated the dear Count!"

"Now, don't cry again, mother. Those Djins see out of the backs of their heads, and the Japanese despise people who show their emotions. It isn't considered civilized. So if you're going to be mother-in-law to a Japanese countess—Oh! What a bump! Djin, how much farther? I wish I could speak Japanese. I will some day. Even now I can say 'He!' and 'Iya!'"

"What do they mean?"

"I don't know. But something sweet, because when the Count taught me, he looked into my eyes so—so deeply, mother. It was before he began speaking English so fluently."

"We ought to be pretty nearly there."

"Aren't the shops interesting, with their blue hangings? And those darling little blue roofs sloping up to the second stories. They're made of paper, you know, mamma. When they are lighted at night they look like lanterns."

"The Count's place is a great distance from Shimbashi station, isn't it?"

"Oh, the family seat, you know, is in Echizen. Dick's been staying at their city place. He said it was quite a distance out. I wonder what they said to each other—the Count and Dick—when they met. Wasn't it nice of Dick to cable from Japan, denying that hateful newspaper story? Goodness, it was a couple of months of agony, until he did!"

"Yes, I'm glad Dick cleared everything up—especially about that butler business, and the fact that they merely exchanged homes, Dick going to the Count's place, and the Count putting up at his."

"Yes—I, too, was glad, though I would have married him whether he had been a butler or not."

"Oh, I suppose you would, Kitty. I daresay it was very heroic for him to work that way for diplomatic purposes. Still, I must say, Kitty, I don't like the idea of your husband acting as a spy—yes, it's practically that—upon your own countrymen."

"Goodness, mother, he wasn't my husband then! Mother, I feel like a figure in some lovely romance, and I'm so happy, I don't know what to do. I can't wait, hardly, to get there. And yet—and yet, do you know I don't know whether it is the Count or Dick I—I am so wild to see!"

"I'm surprised at you, Kitty. The Count is a gentleman. As for Dick, it was his stupid blundering that made

such a muddle of the whole affair. Look, he's stopping. This must be the place."

"Why, it's just a little cottage. But isn't it pretty? Oh, mother, look at the little children. Aren't they cunning? Oh, what a sweetie! Did you ever see anything so cute? See the baby strapped on that little toddler's back. See, there are five of them. They can't be relatives of the Count's!"

"Hush, Kitty. There's a lady coming to meet us down the path. How gracefully she bows at every step. Djin, you said you spoke English. Translate for us what this lady is saying."

"She says: Honorable lady of the interior deign to welcome exalted ladies of outside country. Pray you condescend to step upon the honorable insides of house."

"Thank her, Djin. Thank her."

"Oh, what a lovely room, mother! Where are we to sit? Djin, what is the lady saying now?"

"She says that foreign ladies of outside country condescend to accept hospitality of those house!"

"Who is she—the lady who has welcomed us?"

"She the Countess Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"The Countess—"

"Kitty, what an extraordinarily young woman to be mother of the Count. Who are the children, Djin?"

"The honorable lady of the interior say they are honorably hers and the Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo's."

"Sisters and brothers of the Count Ichijo, who was in America?"

"No. Honorably hees children. Thas hees—wife!"

"Mother!"

"Kitty!"

"Djin! Ask this Japanese woman if she is the wife or the mother of the Count Ichijo, who is expecting us today—the Count Ichijo, who was in America? What is she laughing about?"

"She laugh, foreign Mrs., account she jos twenty-five year ole. How she kin be mother unto count thirty year ole?"

### XVI. EXPLANATION

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-Kitty!"

"How dare you! How dare you call me that? How dare you even look at me? Who are you? What are you? We know all about you? You're a cruel, wicked, horrible wretch."

"Kitty!"

"Deny it, then. Tell me that woman was not your wife!"

"I swear it—she is not!"

"And those children?"

"Why, they're Taku's infants."

"Taku?"

"Yes."

"The Djin said they were the children of the Count Ichijo?"

"Well, they're not. I'm the Count Ichijo, and they're not mine."

"Oh, you make me so glad! So happy! Ichijo, won't you for—"

"Don't call me that. Kitty, look me full in the face. Don't you know me? My eyebrows have grown in and I haven't the varnish on, either. There, I'll take off this black monstrosity. There's only my moustache missing now. Why—"

"Dick!"

"Beg pardon. S-s-s-s—I'm the Count Ichijo of Echizen, Japan!"

"Dick! Oh, my own, own Dick! I knew it—all the time!"

"Oh, Kitty, you feel so good—in my arms! But you didn't know it all the same. That's a fib."

"I did! Away down in my heart—I felt it. I felt in loving that horrible little—"

"I like that!"

"—it was you I was loving all the time! Oh, do look at poor mamma."

"Cheer up, Mrs. Collins. I'm not so bad as all that!"

"Oh, Dick—Boo-hoo-o-o-o-o—I've nothing against you, and it's r-r-really a relief to know our Kitty is to marry someone like herself. B-b-b-but I c-can't bear to think of all that money going to f-f-fund a home for D-d-des—"

"Well, why should they have it?



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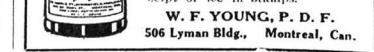
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Kitty won't be twenty-one till next week, will she? Well, we can get married to-day. See? Then we'll take a dizzy whirl around the world on Uncle Dan's money."

"But how can we? If I marry you, Dick, you know very well I'll lose the money. Under the will I've simply got to marry a man of title."

"And so you will, when you tie up to me, Kitty."

"Please don't fool any more, Dick dear."

"I'm not fooling. I never was more serious in my life. In America Taku lent me his title, didn't he? In Japan he sold it to me! Legally and bindingly by law, and now by every legal right and title. I am, in fact, the Count Toodle-oo-doodle-oo-doodle, umpteen dumpty Ichijo!"

THE END

## The Strange Adventure of the Nile-Green Roadster

*Continued from Page 21*

to me, I couldn't help leaning close to my speak-easy crevice and listening to that worthy trio as they seated themselves within six feet of where I stood, Latreille and old Crotty with their backs to me, the untidy individual whom they addressed as The Doc sitting facing the wall that shielded me.

"Swell kipping!" contentedly murmured one of that trio, out of their momentary silence.

AND at that I promptly pricked up A my ears, for I knew that 'swell kipping' in the vernacular of the underworld stood for easy harvesting.

"What'll it be, boys?" interrupted a voice which I recognized as the bartender's.

"Bourbon," barked Latreille.

"A slug o' square-face, Mickey," companionably announced the old gentleman known as Crotty.

"Deep beer," sighed he who was designated as The Doc. Then came the sound of a match being struck, the scrape of chair-leg, and the clump of a fist on the table-top, followed by a quietly contented laugh.

"It's a pipe!" announced a solemnly exultant voice. And I knew the speaker to be my distinguished ex-chaufer. "It's sure one grand little cinch!"

"Nothing's a cinch until you get the goods in your jeans," contended Crotty, with the not unnatural scepticism of age.

"But didn't she hand her hundred and ten over to The Doc, just to cover running-expenses? Aint that worth rememberin'? And ain't she got the fear o' Gawd thrown into her? And ain't she comin' back-to-night wit' that wine-jelly and old Port and her own check-book?"

This allocution was followed by an appreciative silence.

"But it's old Lockwood who's gotta come across," that individual known as The Doc. finally reminded his *confrères*.

This brought a snort of contempt from Latreille.

"I tell you again old Lockwood 'll fight you to the drop of the hat. The girl's your meat. She's your mark. You've got her! And if you've only got the brains to milk her right she's good for forty thousand. She's weakened already. She's on the skids. And she's got a pile of her own to pull from!"

"Forty thousand?" echoed the other, with a smack of the lips.

"That's thirteen thousand apiece," amended Latreille, largely, "with one over for Car-Step Sadie."

"Cut out that name," commanded Crotty.

"Well, Babbie then, if that suits you better. And it's a landslide for her!"

"Aint she earned it?" demanded her silvery-haired old guardian.

"Strikes me as being pretty good pay for gettin' bunted over with a play-car and not even a shin-bruise."

"Well, aint her trainin' worth something, in this work?"

"Sure it is—but how 'n hell did she get that blood streakin' across her face so nice and life-like?"

The silvery-haired old gentleman chuckled as he put down his glass of square-face.

"That's sure our Babbie's one little grand-stand play. You see, she keeps the pulp exposed in one o' her back teeth. Then a little suck with her tongue over it makes it bleed, on a half-minute notice. That's how she worked the hemorrhage-game with old Bron-

chial Bill all last winter, before the beak sent him up the River."

I STOOD there, leaning against the soiled shelf across which must have passed so much of the liquid that cheers depressed humanity. But never before, I feel sure, did anything quite so cheering come through that sordid little speak-easy. I was no longer afraid of that malignant-looking trio, so contentedly exulting over their ill-gotten victory.

"Well, it's a cinch," went on the droning voice, "if The Doc 'll only cut out the dope for a couple o' days and your Babbie doesn't get to buckin' over the footboard!"

"It aint Babbie I'm worryin' over," explained old Crotty. "That girl 'll do what's expected of her. She's got to. I've wised her up on that. What's worryin' me more is that cuff-shooter who butted in over there on the Island."

Still again I could hear Latreille's little snort of open contempt.

"Well, you can put that bug out of your head," quietly averred my ex-chaufer. "You seem to've forgotten that guy, Zachy. That's the boob we unloaded the Senator's town car on. And that's the Hindoo I framed, away back on Hallowe'en night. You remember that, don't you?"

I leaned closer, with my heart pounding under my midriff and singing in my ears. But old Crotty didn't seem to remember.

"On Hallowe'en night?" he ruminated aloud.

"Why, the stiff I asked you to stand ready to give the glad word to, if he happened round for any *habeas-corpus* song and dance!" prompted the somewhat impatient voice of Latreille. "Don't you mind, back on last Hallowe'en, how the big Hill boys stuffed that suit of old clothes with straw and rags and then stuck it up in the street? And how we hit that dummy, and how I made the chicken-hearted pen-wiper think that he'd killed a man and coyoted from the scene?"

I don't know what old Crotty's reply to those questions were. I wasn't interested in his reply. It wasn't even rage that swept through me as I stood listening to those only too-enraging words.

The first thing that I felt was a sense of relief, a vague yet vast consciousness of deliverance, like a sleepy lifer with a governor's pardon being waved in his face. I was no longer afraid for Mary. I was no longer afraid of life, afraid of myself, afraid of my fellows. My slate was clean. And above all, I was in no way any longer afraid of Latreille. I was the chicken-hearted pen-wiper—and I hated him for that word—who had been "framed." I was the over-timorous victim of their sweet-scented conspiracies. I was the boob who had been made to shuffle and suffer and sweat. But that time was over and done with, forever. And the great wave of relief that swept through me surged back again, this time crested with anger, and then still again towered and broke in a misty rush of pity for Mary Lockwood. I thought of her as something soft and feathered in the triple coils of those three reptilian conspirators as something clean and timid and fragile, being slowly slathered over by the fangs which were to fasten themselves upon her innocence, which were to feed upon her goodness of heart. And I decided that she would never



## How Much Will You Pay For This Amount of Energy?

The large package of Quaker Oats yields 6,221 calories of energy. It costs 35 cents.

That means little more than five cents per 1,000 calories, for the greatest food that any price can buy.

At this writing, that same energy value costs in other foods as follows:

### Cost of 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	-	-	\$0.35
In Round Steak	-	-	2.56
In Veal Cutlets	-	-	3.56
In Hens' Eggs	-	-	4.25
In Halibut	-	-	3.31
In Salt Codfish	-	-	4.67
In Canned Peas	-	-	3.35

### A 35-cent Package Equals in Calories



7 Pound Round Steak



1/3 Bushels Potatoes



22 Pounds Perch



9 Quarts Milk



21 Cans Peas

## Quaker Oats

*Queen Grains Only*

Quaker Oats is the supreme grade of oat food. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Thus you get exquisite flavor without extra price. Simply specify Quaker Oats.

To make the oat dish popular, serve it at its best.

*Two Sizes: 35c and 15c—Except in the Far West*

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Peterborough, Canada

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Saskatoon, Canada