

oabe, the yoke-yellow robe of a pongee, the vehement scarlet belt and badge of a muslin-clad chuprassy—bands and whorls, dots and patches of color, as if the whole palette had been wasted abroad with one gigantic spatter-brush. Camberwell went blinking and hurrying through it all, random-footed and random-minded as well.

"I must remember this!" gloated Camberwell, and tried to make sure of it, clicking the mental camera furiously. But the folk swept him on and each vista blotted out the one that went before and made it seem poor and meager and altogether insignificant.

How on earth was a man to remember anything, any one aspect, when another was always shifting in—equally surprising and equally true. The best he could do was to clutch his guide-book the tighter and blink the faster, and mop his bewildered beaming face in a heat that waxed about him like a steam-bath and go tearing on—seeing, still seeing.

A mad sort of pilgrimage, and before evening it had led him the extended round. To the bazaars and the forts and the race-course. To the Chinese millionaire's—an immense carved glove-box in cinnabar, lampblack and chrome. To the Mohammedan mosque—a wedding cake of frosty white, and the Hindu temple—a birthday cake of pink icing. Finally, to the municipal gardens, where fantastic vegetation from the most expensive hot houses in the world had been recklessly heaped right outdoors to display every tinge, wash, stain, tincture, or complexion that man ever named, and many more they never would—every blooming color, as Davison had said.

"This is it!" decided Camberwell, again and again. But how was a fellow to choose.

And when, at last, the seeker after truth took refuge in a big open-faced hotel by the Bunder—hot, tired, dry and dusty—happy, but somehow baffled, satiated but yet unsatisfied—when he called for refreshment in a broad dim bar of tables and pillars and swaying unkahs where "Manhatoctail" and "Thos. Collins; I Do!" lent an erratic familiarity to the decorations—by one of those co-incidental errors that triumph over any studied irony—lo!—a stupid Goaboy waiter set out before him the wrong glass—a thin finger-depth of variegated sparkling liquor.

"Pousse-cafe!" exploded Camberwell then. "Half way around the world to find this! . . . Pousse-cafe?"

He turned with a human impulse to divide at large the inestimable humor of it; with the same gesture he flung open his well-crammed wallet to make payment. And that was the precise moment at which he met the inquiring, brilliant smile of the little gentleman from Macao.

The little gentleman from Macao occupied the adjoining table. It was wholly natural for him to reply with winning and easy politeness. "Pardon," he said. "Is your order wrong, the steward? Maybe I can do a service. If you will allow me—"

He appeared to be only some casual merchant, clerk, or agent of the port. With his suit of spotless drill and low-brimmed Panama, with his languid glance and pruned moustache, there was nothing to set him apart in the class of resident local whites and superior Eurasians. Camberwell had been vaguely aware of such a class. He even thought for an instant he must have seen this gentleman before somewhere. But that was hardly possible. The gentleman from Macao had been trailing him half the day, and it would have been very poor business indeed if he had intruded himself so clumsily. A certain experience in these affairs had taught the gentleman from Macao to be neat as a pin, inconspicuous as a cat, smooth and deft always. Which he was and, except for his smile, completely colorless.

"You don't like?" he queried. "Why no; I don't," said Camberwell, readily in somewhat ruefully. "The way it comes, they certainly put one over on me. I leave it to you. Here I've been running in circles since early morn to discover the special domestic attraction of your burg—and here's the answer I get slipped to me after all. A common, everyday mixed drink!"

"Ah-ha! Too common? Not amusing enough?" "Oh, it's amusing. But exasperating," Camberwell held up the glass. "I didn't come for this!" "No," agreed the other. "No, of course you didn't. The same 'sing you get at 'ome—eh? And 'ere you expected somesing new—somesing different!"

"Mister, you've said it!" returned Camberwell. "A most intelligent little person—this gentleman from Macao. He nodded. "I onerstan'. If you please wait one second—"

To the stolid Goaboy, still hovering near, he passed a few swift, purring phrases. It was a curious detail that he used a Portuguese dialect which is almost as safe as a

secret code, even in the babel of a far eastern town. But nobody could have noticed the order he gave, nor how he gave it; nobody could have suspected him of taking any interest in the visitor. Only, after the fresh drink had been brought—

"Ow you like that?" "Great!" The stuff looked exactly like liquid topaz, tasted exactly as topaz ought to taste—delicate, keen and pungent. "It's great!" admitted Camberwell, sipping.

Only then, the gentleman from Macao leaned a trifle closer. "And about these amusement. These att-

the eagerness. . . and the brightness of his dreams came back with a rush. As a pilgrim re-inspired he turned to the quest one come.

"By George! It's a fact, I still have the night, haven't I? Mister, you're a wiz! If you happen to keep that address on you—the region, the whereabouts—"

A minute later, the gentleman from Macao had taken himself and his unfailing smile elsewhere, leaving a card behind him on the table with the polite murmured direction:

"Tell any 'rickshaw-man."

brass cash under the banker's pale yellow fingers. The bronze of intent faces, the gamboge and citrine of downward-flaring lamps, the amethyst drift of smoke. Puce and mauve and maroon among the clustered players. Turquoise and violet and crimson among the dresses of the women. He liked them all. He liked them better as he won and won.

And that was easy, too. You shoved your bet on one of the four numbers, and then they counted your number from the bowl and gave you white banknotes to match your greenish bills. . . . At least, they did at first. Easy! With that little nina to help you pick up the profits, whispering and nudging at you in the most kindly fashion, waiting upon you with her great, soft-tender glance. Really, an awful pretty girl—yong, too. Though he could not understand why there should be teardrops caught in her

or two, and stopped, and wrung her hands. A smart blow fell upon the door. Voices were babbling inside there. The house was up against them. A perception common to all trapped creatures reached Camberwell.

"There must be a way out of this."

"Yes—but you can never get to it!"

"Show me, please. Which side?"

Again she led him a few steps toward the far corner of the room, and again she stopped and held him back. They had to pass the second window if they were going to move any further. The girl held to him with stiffened fingers while a tattoo struck the door. She could not turn either way.

"Why?" she cried, despairing, "Oah, why did you ever come 'ere? Yop 'ave lost your money; you got no money for it!" In fact the wallet he still kept in his hand was sadly shrunken. "Didn't you know on-lee had an' wicked come to such a place? What you come after, you?"

He regarded her, and, by the solemn logic of drink, it seemed to him that she meant a legitimate question. She was so very pretty—so troubled and fearful for him, but brave and true, too. So like any right kind of girl to whom a man can and should tell these matters.

For the third time within his twenty-four hours, the explorer through strange foreign parts explained himself in all good faith.

"Well, I tell you," he said, swaying; "y'know—I wanted to buy some little things to take home with me. I wanted some little presents for my—my mother and sisters, y'know. Kimonas or shawls or things. And I thought—I thought, wouldn't it be great if I could only get the right colors? . . . Colors, good colors—I love 'em, and I wanted—the true color of the East to bring back. That's all. But of course," he added mournfully, showing the wallet, "I can't do it now."

Then it was the turn of the half-caste girl to look into his face and his eyes—the rather remarkable eyes of Camberwell—and she looked, long and deep, from her agony of despair and life-weariness.

"Mother?" she breathed. "Sisters—you 'ave? An' you can speak of them 'ere?" He nodded, unvexed. "Boy!" she said, with something like a sob. "You—you boy from far a-way! You have the clean heart—the sweet heart!" She caught him closer. "Do not remember me—never, never think of me a'gain. But now—will you on-lee kiss me once bifer' you go?"

Well she looked the sort of girl one kisses. And, besides, having asked—

He drew the back of his hand across his mouth. Her own was quite close, quite tempting. They were standing by the window. But in the long moment while she clung to him and their lips met, she swung him round, so that she leaned among the curtains herself.

A thundering assault fell upon the door, and at the same time she thrust him away from her so violently that he staggered toward the far corner and almost fell, literally, down the well of the rear staircase that guided him to the street.

There the second officer met him, wandering in the unprophetic dawn, and picked him up with a great roar of relief.

"Thank God, Mr. Camberwell, sir! I've been looking all about for you. You gave me a fright, I can tell you. I was feared you might be over in here in this here gambling-hole on the next block. A tough place! The police raided it last night, and it seems they caught a little murdering yellow rat of a Macao Portuguese—"

Camberwell stopped him. "Never mind any of that. I don't care. The only thing I want to know is when the ship sails."

"On the tide, sir—half-an-hour."

"Come along then, won't you?"

"Why, sir?" was Davison's query.

"Have you had enough of this queer port and these queer people?"

"Yes," said the student of local color. "Yes; I've had enough. Let's go!"

As they started along the waterfront he rubbed his lips surreptitiously, as a man will do, on the back of his hand. And when he looked, there was a red smear. Red! That was the final discovery of Camberwell in the Far East. Red. The color of life, everywhere the same. Just common red. In a sudden brusque gesture of distaste and disillusion, he scrubbed it with his handkerchief. . . . For he thought, and he went on thinking, and he always would think, that the stuff was nothing but rouge.

(Copyright, 1923.)

ASTHMA
Cured Before You Pay
Just your name and address will bring you all charges prepaid—full sized bottle of Lane's Famous Goaboy. No matter how long you have suffered or where you live, try my remedy without cost to you. It has cured thousands and does not cost you a cent until you are cured—then send me only \$1.50. Write me today.
D. J. LANE, 491 Lane Bldg., St. Mary, Kans.



"Mother?" she breathed. "Sisters—you 'ave? An' you can speak of them 'ere?"

reaction you speak of. Maybe I could 'elp you also. Suppose, now," he went on, in a voice of infinite suggestion, "suppose you go see a lid'l dance—eh? Music dancers. Very special—very different indeed! A lid'l sing-song—" He stopped, for the visitor had drawn back.

"Thanks," said Camberwell, without offense. "That's not quite what I'm after."

"No?" exclaimed the gentleman from Macao, and it was his turn to ask, as Davison had asked before him: "No! But what is it you are after?"

So again, for the second time since dawn, Camberwell had to give account of himself in the East.

"The dope," he said simply. "Just the true dope. I want what this place can show—the inwardness, the meaning, the color. I want the color of it, right?" he cried, with a sort of passion, and shook his head. "I've been looking and looking all day," he added whimsically. "But I haven't found it yet—not to be sure."

And again, in his turn, the gentleman from Macao searched Camberwell's face—just as Davison had done—met Camberwell's eyes, those rather remarkable eyes. Whatever he saw there, he made no sign to declare; perhaps could not have told any better than the second officer. The fact remains he adjusted to it with even greater celerity.

"Ah-ha! Yes,"—he nodded—"I onerstan'. But 'ave you ever reflect' to yourself," he offered, leaning still closer until his teeth glistened, "'ave you reflect' 'ow these dope of yours change? If you want the color, the true color—eh, what?—why not go at night-time?"

Camberwell sat up. There was a pleasant tingling in his veins; his fatigue and disappointment had lifted like fog from a channel. All

And while Camberwell read the jotted number, he chuckled aloud: "Too bad about the one the mate wouldn't give me! . . . Wonder if this is the same!"

As a matter of fact, it was the same—geographically a district, a section, public place. A famous place, in its way. Moreover, it was that identical place elsewhere toward which that obliging informant of his was even then gliding away through the clogged purlieus of the city and the sticky tropic night—keeping to the shadow like a sleek thing of prey which runs before to prepare its ambush.

Camberwell came in condition to enjoy it, to enjoy almost anything, thanks to the topaz drink and the mummy-faced Goaboy, who must have had some talent, too, for Camberwell was accurately and sufficiently within the penultimate limit. How he reached the main entrance, how he braved the portals of that famous place where angels certainly fear to tread, he could never have told; but in good time he tipped the grinning door-keeper a gold piece and bashed his sun helmet over the celestial head, hung his cane on a joss, shook hands with a Cantonese hatchet-man—the Oriental equivalent of a bouncer—elbowed through as choice a gang of cut-throats and half-caste outcasts as ever gathered between Hakodate and Suez, yanked a chair from under the worst of them, offered it to the nearest scared nina de salon and stood in to play. Easily. With complete enjoyment. . . .

For the colors were there. It was just as his casual little friend had said—the colors were there—mellowed and deepened in the night time; hot and bright and swinging around him now with the most entrancing gyrations. Seagreen on the table top—tiny twinkles of

lashes like a dew on a flower. Unless, perhaps, she was crying for him because he had begun to lose.

He plunged the heavier, to reassure her. He lost . . . Crying for the luck, was she? Charming girl, always plucking at his sleeve for some reason! But he would show her how well he could do this town in the night-time. He plunged . . . And he lost. Plunged again, until, in an unmeasured interval, and from an unmeasured distance, her sharp, urgent message filtered through his dazed senses.

"Come a-way; come a-way—quick, There is danger—danger—danger!"

He rallied to that call and tried to follow her through the crowd as she edged out. But it was not so easy this way—not nearly so easy to leave Li Chwan's as to enter it. Arms were put out to impede them. A mutter rose here and there. But they had reached the edge of the throng, the threshold of another apartment, before a moonfaced Chinaman came bustling up, chattered angrily at the girl and snatched her back toward him.

Camberwell drove a fist to the jaw with a gesture so natural as to be almost unconscious—abolished that Chinaman, sent him tumbling and clawing while the girl slammed a door and leaned there atremble.

"You said—some danger?" queried Camberwell gravely, surprised to find how slowly the words and thoughts came.

"Foah you—foah you!" she cried, prettier than ever in her distress. "I did try to make you go a-way. I tried! Now you are caught!"

He got the idea dimly. He looked round him. They were alone in a sort of closed alcove with heavy hangings all about the walls, and at the far side the curtains of two windows. The girl seemed to be looking toward the windows with a strained face. She led him a step