

# Yellow Men Sleep

By JEREMY LANE

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## LOVE AND ADVENTURE IN AN UNKNOWN LAND

Every American youngster with red blood and an imagination has day dreams of traveling to a strange land; of finding there a fair maiden ignorant of the world; of bringing her home in triumph; of teaching her to live and love. And here you have the thrilling romance of such a man and maid—an American with "imagination, vigor and a laugh," and 18-year-old Princess Helen of Tau Kuan, Empire of the Yellow Sun, beyond the Great Wall of China, older than the Tower of Babel, hidden from the eyes of all the world.

Adventure! It's in every column of this strange journey on a strange quest through a strange land where the traders and thieves, despite their ancient blood-feud, are always in league against the traveler who would pass to the still stranger land of Tau Kuan, where a strange people worship the strange "Koresh," with its odor of wine and cinnamon and its sleep with dreams of bliss.

This is no travel guide-book. The characters are not automatons. The hero is sophisticated and very human. The heroine is unsophisticated and very unhappy. And there's no chaperon in this story. Also, for good measure, there's an Arab maiden, whose "lips are red and her robes but veils." "What would you do?" is a question you will ask yourself more than once, be you man or woman reader.

### CHAPTER I

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#### The Waif

There was a quiet urge in her veins that took her to John Levington. It was a gray-feathered night in spring, and she refused to turn back. John held her hands in his, and could not accept as real the great beauty of the world. He had been writing verses as usual when she came to his door, and the gentle lines were as always of her, his Mary, his unattainable. Now the flame that he loved shone forth in her. She threaded her destiny with his. In the dim, dusky hallway outside his door he found her arms about his neck, and that springtime evening flowered in their kiss.

Mary would not go back. Her family, the proper Martins, had estranged her when they refused to receive the man of her choice. The fact that his verse had once appeared in print served only to whet their disapproval. He could not make three hundred a year that way. They would have no more of him, and no further talk. A shining new and silent electric had been brought to the porte-cochere, and long-desired pearls appeared on her dressing-table. These gifts and their bold object won only a storm from Mary. When she had locked her mother from the room, and had lain upon the floor to think and resent, the spring twilight had found her, had touched her cheek and raised her from the rug. It whispered to her, and caused again the familiar tumult in her heart. John, her poet! Twilight pressed the barb of desire in her flesh; her thoughts were bitter-sweet. She admitted to herself that it was not his writing she wanted, for he might not be a great poet. She forgot his delicate praise of her eyes, her light-brown hair, her young limbs. All of that might fade some day. She loved him the most for their moments of silence. So, while the last robin of the day caroled outside of her window, and the soft dusk sank upon the trees and lawn, she obeyed her own heart, and went to him.

"I will work," he said, when they went gaily down the stairs of the rooming-house.

"You will write, John," she said. "Yes, and work with my hands, too, for wages. I can make a song of it." "Where shall we go now?" she asked.

Before another sunset they had forgotten the name of the sallow minister who had sanctioned their joy.

They went to a small Michigan town. John worked in a stove factory, and came home each night with grimy face and bruised hands, to a small house that was lit with happiness. Mary was in a shining dream. The world was a place of beauty and tenderness and passion. John's day-labor was something to laugh at. He was strong, and his bench-mates never suspected him of writing poetry. With his beloved he would go down-town on the summer evenings, carrying a basket, to buy groceries. They found delight in simple things in this small Dowagiac, Michigan. Their cottage was radiant with cleanliness. John grew robust from his work. His pale-blue eyes shone with a light from within. He took lightly the mistakes that often cost him a day's wages. There was enough. To him the universe was overflowing with sunlight.

The police came, but went away, smiling and powerless. Then the old butler from Mary's house came, and they kept him overnight, until he forgot his errand of malice, and found himself gripping the hand of John Levington when they parted. The butler lost his position, and later Mary's father came. Her mother, also, but the mother remained in the railway station, refusing to set eyes

had learned of his writing, and he was condemned. He permitted "this poor young thing, in that condition," to suffer want. One especially soiled lady had been coming twice every day to see if Mary might not be getting worse. In truth, Mary was. John knew it. He banished the harpies from the room. Even the patient happiness in Mary's eyes seemed to reproach him, and he went out into the snow, fearing the gods of the slated skies.

The city poormaster called, and corn meal followed his visit. There was no sign from the city mansion.

Winter broke, and even the cold was no longer a decent white. The world was bedraggled and sodden. John Levington's dreams had withered, and any memory was pain.

For the young mother April was approaching to a new country, gray, mysterious beyond any words, and in May its subtle boundary was reached.

Dowagiac's city council took a hand in the matter, having passed a resolution that luck was against one John Levington and his wife. The dirty woman who dwelt next door came often, until her visits left a trail through the house. John could not scrub it away. Mary went to the hospital, her eyes radiant with heaven's fever, and she never returned.

Of the four days that followed her death, John retained only certain films of horror. A pink, puckered man-child, placed in his arms a moment and then taken away; black carriages

dark boys, while his father worked on a truck. The juvenile blacks liked the white infant, and tousled him with friendly fists.

At the end of the alley was a high board fence. The older boys were always climbing over, but this was denied Con. What was on the other side? How many worlds of delicious terror, and what passages in the gray forbidden maze of Memphis? The small white person pondered on the alley stones, twisted his dress, and sniffed the sky.

He did not cry, because his father would come soon and give him a bath, and they would eat supper together.

With a few dollars saved, John Levington went on in the spring, and the two-year-old rolled across the plains in a day-coach, lulled by its dusty rhythms, enchanted with the reaches of space. Con discovered the stars, but he was always too sleepy to hold them, so the discovery was endlessly new. Great snowy ranges printed a wonder-story on the fresh mind; the monster rocks were fabulous in color and dimension.

A logging-train carried them around the swelling base of Shasta, to a saw-mill. John found here a sharp renewal of his anguish, his sensibilities quickened in the presence of the mountain, his old grief welling afresh in the clean coolness. He toiled with the loggers, while Con rode with the driver of the banty-engine, or helped the horses uphill by shouting.

The great peak across the gulf of air became a part of the boy. He breathed its purity. Men of the camp were loud friends, the two women pleasant large creatures, but the woods were inexpressibly alluring, and the mountain—that was fine! Here he began to know himself, to fix his own identity as something more than an answer to the name Con. This food nourished more than body.

When he was three, his father let go their moorings; the old tide of restless yearning swayed him, and they went to San Francisco. John Levington could not forget. He drank as other men drink, but no cup was deep enough. And there were other forms of soul-dark to be had along Dory street, where they dwelt—the gentle, deep sins of the Orient. John Levington's eyes seemed gradually to be sinking into gray shadows. Little Con, now a genuine companion, a very honest young person, became more and more dear to him, though never drawing a tittle of the other love.

They shipped to the Philippines, and Con forgot all that had gone before, except the mountain, and he thought of that only when the waves ran high. The steamer was a gray tramp, wet inside and full of smells. There were sails, too, and Malays in the crew. The cook was a Chinese named Bill, and he screamed at Con—a mad laughter which only himself and the small boy seemed to comprehend.

One still night in the harbor of Elopura, when a dozen lights shone inshore through the gloom, and the ship made gentle creaking sounds above the faint shore noises, a brown Celebrian returned to the decks very drunk. He was in his home waters; he would show that Chiney. Con was with the cook, listening to fairy-stories told in their original tongue, when the drunk ripped the Chinese across with a broad knife. Thus some old racial grudge was settled. John Levington found his son waiting patiently beside the dead man. Con discovered that stories are not always finished. Solemnly he went to bed.

Con, Chee Ming and the small leather sack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Shape of Shells.

"Modern long-range shells are cigar-shaped. They taper both at the front and at the rear. This tapering of the rear end is called 'boat-tailing.' You have noticed that racing automobiles have torpedo-shaped sterns. A square-tailed shell or automobile is actually held back at high speeds because of the vacuum created behind it by the velocity of its movement. Tapering the tail leads the air gently and easily into the hole that the shell or the racing car bores in the atmosphere and thus lessens vacuum's impeding grip on the flying object."—Everybody's Magazine.

#### Sure-Footed Goral.

Among the strange animals that came under the observation of Roy Andrews, who conducted an expedition into farther China for the American Museum of Natural History, was the goral, a mountain goat. "I have seen a goral," says the explorer, "run at full speed down the side of a cliff that appeared to be almost perpendicular."

#### London Cats.

Thirty thousand starving cats are rescued from London streets every year. They are painlessly killed, their skins being used for muffs and gloves.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

# GOOD TALES of the CITIES



## New System Results in Country Schools



**C**HICAGO.—Garrett Triezenberg, a sixteen-year-old graduate of the Evergreen Park school, is a hustling argument in favor of the back to the farm movement. In two years, by doing chores on a farm, selling the onion crop from one acre, and making a profit of \$30 on a pig which he raised, Garrett has saved \$1,596.

Garrett was one of thirty-nine graduates of the new achievement classes of the Cook county public schools, who were awarded medals in the offices of County Superintendent Edward J. Tobin. All of them, boys and girls, have achieved distinction through their earning capacity at gardening, canning, sewing, music and baking.

The class was the first to graduate under Superintendent Tobin's new

system of combining practical and theoretical study in the county schools. The system provides for seven country life directors, who have charge of the students the year around, both at school and at home.

Tillie Guadagni, seventeen years old and a graduate of the Stickney school at State road and Seventy-ninth street, has earned almost as much as Garrett. She boasts of saving of \$1,200, the result of canning. She is saving her money for a college education.

"My father has given me a plot of ground in exchange for my help on the farm," she said. "I help him with the hoeing and planting and weeding, and in my spare time I take care of my 25 by 425 feet of tomatoes. In the winter I sew for the family."

Elizabeth Vanderwall, fifteen years old, of Blue Island, has no bank account, but she has turned to good advantage what she has learned in the achievement class.

"Mother was sick last winter," she said, "and I was able to take care of her and the family. I did all the cooking. Then I sew all the clothes for my two sisters, even their winter serge dresses. I make mother's house dresses."

## Face Slapped; Woman Scorned; Revenge!

**S**AN FRANCISCO.—Because he lost his temper and slapped his girl's face, Anthony de Filipo, alias Blake, is in the city prison as a fugitive from justice en route to Newark, N. J., where he is wanted in connection with the murder of two men. With him is his pal, Peter Ruggero, alias Jack Stanley, alias Jack Rosenberg, wanted by Newark police in connection with the same case.

In a lover's quarrel De Filipo slapped the girl's face and said, "I ought to give you more." The slap changed the girl from a trusting sweetheart to a woman scorned. She appeared at police headquarters.

"I know where there are two men wanted for murder in Newark. I will lead you to them provided you don't ask my name and will protect me against their wrath," she told the sergeant at the detective bureau. "It's all true, for they confided in me and they have newspaper clippings on the case."

De Filipo and Ruggero were arrested. Newspaper clippings in their possession told the story. Members of two different "gangs" happened upon one another in the Florence Gardens, an Italian restaurant in Newark, on the night of March 26. A fight followed and shots were fired. When the police arrived the gangsters were dispersed and two men were lying dead on the floor.

During a short courtship here, the girl told the police, De Filipo confided in her that he and Ruggero were wanted in connection with the double murder. He said, according to the girl, that his father is worth half a million dollars and that as soon as the trouble was smoothed over they would go back together and his father would settle part of the estate on him.

Her revenge complete at the sight of De Filipo and Ruggero wearing handcuffs, she left the hall of justice to take the next train for Pleasanton, an Italian restaurant in Newark, on the night of March 26. A fight followed part of the estate on him.

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