THE STORY OF IDO

HOW A JAPANESE HALF-CASTE CAME TO HIS OWN

By Osato Watanuma

Drawing by Louis Bettis

IDO worked in the neighboring silk mill. He was tall and lithe and strong, and the sun reflected in his hair and eyes. Every one in the little town knew his history, but no one knew Ido himself, for, although he worked among them and in their midst, yet he had always held himself aloof. When Ido had been a little boy at school, he had been very unhappy, because his schoolmates had laughed and jeered at his strangely-tinted hair and blue eyes. With an American or English boy they would have understood, and perhaps even envied it particularly; but with a Japanese? And when Ido was only fifteen years old his mother had died, and he was left utterly alone in the world. In the daytime he worked at the mill; at night he studied the English language. Far away across the waters lived his father's people.

Ido had never seen any of them, and he had never even heard of them; but he had never ceased to tell himself that he would know them and go to them some day. Had he been a happy child, had those about him not made him always feel that he was different from them, and—yes, that they despised and disliked him—perhaps Ido would never have dreamed of leaving Japan; but for many years, ever since his mother had died, in fact, he had lived a lonely, isolated life, with but one thought, one purpose; and that to cross the ocean and go out among those he imagined would be like himself and would understand him.

But the little mother was incommoded, and three years afterward, she, too, died, and Ido not only found himself alone in the world, but practically unprovided for. He had never known that, since his father's death, his mother had taught him both by doing dainty embroidery work for a large store in Tokyo, which was only a short distance from the little town where they lived. So Ido squared his young shoulders, left the school, crossed the fields and went to the great silk mill, the pulsations of which could be heard all over the little town.

"What is your name?" the stern-faced proprietor of the silk mill had asked him. "Ido Charles Montrose," the boy answered, quietly.

"Ido Charles' Arturo Montrose?" repeated the man. "That's queer name!" and added sharply, "What sort of name is that?"

"English," said the boy proudly. "Hem! I'm not English!" Ido nodded his head quietly. "I am a half-caste," he said. The man grunted a trifl, looking at the boy in his Japanese clothes, which were of the richest and finest silk.

"And you want work, like—a laborer—a workman—you in those clothes?" "Yes," the boy answered. "That is all I have; just these clothes. The man was still grimacing, as though amused at the idea. Ido took a step toward him, unbuttoning the pistol and laying his hand on the man's arm.

"See how strong I am! How brave!" He waited for the man to notice his big muscles on his arms, and then continued, "I can do much work in the factory, anything you wish me to do. I must work—must make money.

"What do you want to make so much money for?" "Just to live," he said. "I have no money—just the little house to live in.

"Well," said the man, slowly, "you can go to work but you better change those clothes you have on."

Afterward he said to the foreman, "That man has the red in his hair of the barbarian. He is big, and a beast, perhaps; but he is also strong and willing. Give him plenty of work."

And so Ido entered the employ of the silk mill. His life was no less desolate or isolated, for none of the men were companions for him and he felt sure that they would understand him no more than the little children had done in his schooldays.

Several years slipped by, and Ido was a youth of eighteen years. He was simple and gentle, and modest as a maiden. Many of the hands in the factory genuinely liked the boy, but none of them were intimate with him. In Japan the half-castes usually live to themselves; the Japanese look down on them. In the little town where Ido lived he alone was partly of English parentage. Perhaps, had he not been so sensitive, and had sought to mix with the people, he could have made many friends; but he was naturally shy and sensitive, and they did not approach him.

Once one of the men in the mill had said to him, "Ido, why don't you marry some one, instead of living all alone like a hermit?"

"Who would have me?" said Ido, with a sensitive
was such a wondrous voice that Margery instantly dried her eyes and looked at him.

He was a Japanese, that was certain; and yet Margery had never seen a Japanese with blue eyes in all her life! His was as blue as blue like skies.

That alone was enough to take her from her own sorrows for a moment.

"What a pity!" the looking Japanese you is," she remarked, gravely. "Please come down."

He had lifted her up. "I'm too big to be carried," she said, with great dignity. "If you Japanese, sure thing," she continued.

He smiled gently at her. "Just lie down."

"Oh!" Margery could not understand this.

"Well, I got lost," she said. "Please take me to my mamma and papa. I'm Margery Par- rish, and I'm only seven."

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know!" Her lip quivered, and she was going to cry again, but she pulled herself together. "Let me hear."

She stamped her little foot, impatiently. "You must take me to my mamma right away!" and she stamped her little foot, imperiously.

"But, I don't know where to look for you. You come home with me, on't mebbe I kin find those parents; then I tekin' yun to them. See—it gitving very dark."

The child was finally consoled by accompanying her, and permitted Ido to lift her in his arms, and carry her across the fields to his home.

She did not cry after they reached his house, but sat, very solemnly, on the little mat Ido placed for her, and ate the meal of rice and fish that he prepared for her, for she was very hungry.

"What a funny little house!" she said. "Do you live all alone?"

"Yes."

"Oh, poor man! widow all liddle gells and boys withouter?"

He nodded.

"Oh, that's too bad! If I didn't love my mamma and papa so much I'd like to stay and be your little girl," she looked very thoughtful a moment. "B'paps my papa and mamma don't mind me so much that you, a little little, just a little while."

She put her small hand around Ido's arm and crept into his lap. "You like me to stay little while with you?"

Ido nodded, mutely.

"Well, I'm going," she announced. She went to sleep in his arms, and all the night long Ido held her there, even after he had lain down himself.

Next morning he helped him tidy the little house all up, and started out, and she would chatter and prattle and laugh as she followed him about the house. Ido got old some play- things and trinkets he had had when a child, and then he carried them across the street, and for the first time in his life said a word to a neighbor.

He told them about his finding the child, and asked them if they wouldn't have the little one with them through the day to play with their several children and give her some pay—or pay for her herself, So, all morning. Margery played with the little Japanese children, and at noon Ido came home and ate his lunch with her, and went back to the factory, to return early. And after he got home Margery made him tell her tales—something he had never done before in his life, but which he did very well, making them all up out of his head. And Margery would raise her pretty little red lips, and say, "Kiss me, Ido," and he, blushing like a timid little boy, would bow over to be kissed; for, you see, the Japanese do not kiss, and Ido did not understand how to, either.

This lasted for a week. Margery was very good, and seemingly content. But every night she would say to Ido, "To-morrow I must go back to my mamma and papa," and when to-morrow came she would forget.

One day Ido wrote up a copy of the English "Hansel and Gretel," a weekly paper which is pub- lished at Tokyo in the English language, as well as Japanese. It was nearly a week old. Ido loved the paper, and often read it in his free hours—and he always devoured every bit of reading matter he could find. He read the little paper over eagerly, and even ran his eye down the advertisement column. Then he came to this column, in heavily- bolded type:

"LOST—Strayed from her nurse, somewhere in the woods, about fifteen miles from Tokyo, Mar- gery Dorothy Parish, only daughter of Edward Parish."

And then the advertisement went on to voice the anguish cry and prayer of the parents to any one finding her to return her at once. There was mention, too, of a reward, but Ido did not notice that. He had grown very pale, and was trembling. For a long time he stood looking out of the window, his mind and thoughts in confu- sion.

Margery had been the first gleam of san- shine that had come into his life since his mother's death, and he had learned to love her with all the intensity of his nature. Ido had always wished for a dear little sister. When he was a little boy, his mother's prayer to the gods was always, "Please—a little sister," but she had never come—till then.

The foreman called to him sharply to go on with his work—he had no more work to be done. Ido started and started, stopping at the window. "I must—go to Tokyo," he said, vaguely.

"What?"

"I must ask for a day to go to Tokyo."

They were very busy this day, and the foreman was ill-tempered.

"You can't go," he said, shortly.

"Ah, I must, surely."

"Very well, you can stay away then."

Ido grew paler and hysteric. But only for one day. He could not afford to lose his position.

"You stay or go," the man said, doggedly.

Ido went.

"Come, little Margery," he said to the child, and told her where he was going to take her. She held tight the playthings and hugged him ecstatically.

"Oh, you dear, good little girl," Ido smiled.

He had had her little white dress washed, and now put it, very gravely, on her, tied the sash and arranged the hair, trying to fix her like much which had found her as possi- ble. All the time she chatted, and danced with delight at the prospect.

Then he lifted her up in his arms, and set her lightly on his neck, and whispered that she loved her "dear, dear Ido."

Ido stopped to ask her, solemnly, "Forever?" and Margery agreed, with an emphatic hug.

As he passed the neighbor's house, whose children had played with her, he told the mother where he was going.

"And you are going to walk?" she said, in amazement.

"Yes," he said, simply, and started down the long dusty road which led to Tokyo.

It was very dark when he reached Tokyo, and Margery was sound asleep in his arms. Ido had never been in the city before. He stopped at a jin- riikasuya and asked the man to call himself to the English Windsor Hotel. The man told him, and he continued on his way.

On the plaza of the hotel a number of the guests were sitting; Ido went up the steps. They could not very well see who he was, in the semi-darkness, or what it was he was carrying; but he addressed a man who stood at the head of the steps.

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ON THE PLAINS WITH BUFFALO BILL
By Chester Tuttle
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BUFFALO BILL was a man of thirty-five years, and he had fought in
Sixty-five battles, and he had been in battle with the Comanches, the Cheyens,
the Sioux, and the Apache Indians. He had captured and killed many of their
chiefs, and he had saved the lives of many of his men. He was a brave man, and
he was a fearless man, and he was a man of great courage.

BUFFALO BILL was a man of great courage, and he was a man of great
skill. He was a great hunter, and he was a great tracker. He was a great
fighter, and he was a great leader. He was a great Christian, and he was a
great friend to all men.

BUFFALO BILL was a man of great skill, and he was a man of great
charm. He was a great speaker, and he was a great actor. He was a great
entertainer, and he was a great organizer. He was a great man, and he was a
great leader.

BUFFALO BILL was a man of great charm, and he was a man of great
dignity. He was a great gentleman, and he was a great statesman. He was a
great man, and he was a great leader.