Yellow and white

Dawe Carlton
YELLOW AND WHITE

The love of the white for the yellow,
The yellow for white;
Where music and laughter make mellow
The long Eastern night;
Where, rid of convention, a fellow
Does everything right.

The love of the brown for the white,
The white for the brown;
Eyes lazy, or languidly bright,
That sparkle or frown;
Soft hours that are passed in delight,
The moon looking down.

The love of the woman for man,
Sad love that shall mar.
Of woman, man's glory and ban,
For such women are,—
Though they dwell 'neath the skies of Japan,
The Westernmost star!
CONTENTS

YELLOW AND WHITE, ........................................ I
FAN-TAN, .................................................. 26
COOLIES, .................................................. 56
OSHIMA, ................................................... 83
SADA, ....................................................... 100
AMOK, ..................................................... 115
THE CITY OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT, .................. 133
KITSUNE, ................................................. 162
YELLOW AND WHITE

We were leaning on the rail watching the fast-receding land as the ship slipped through the Ly-ee-moon Pass on her journey to the north. Already the town of Hong Kong, or, to be more correct, the town of Victoria, was growing indistinct, and when we rounded the promontory near the sugar factory, nothing was seen of the island but the top of the Peak.

Gresham fixed his eyes on this with a look of such singular intensity that, absent-minded as I usually was, I could not fail to perceive it.

'What's the matter, old chap?' I asked.

'You look as though you were leaving everything you love.'

He laughed curiously, but I thought his mouth quivered even as he laughed.

'It might be almost as bad as that.'

A
'And yet you were sick enough of the place a week ago.'
'True; but I hadn't seen her then.'
'Her!'
What fair colonist had ensnared the heart of the redoubtable Gresham, and without my knowledge? It seemed to me that I had been everywhere with him, and yet I could recollect no occasion on which he paid particular attention to any too attractive damsel. Indeed, I had begun to think of him as one in whom the hope of love had long since died, or as one who had suffered in some way through women, and had eschewed the sex in consequence. That woman would be the loser I had not the slightest doubt; for Gresham with his large heart and large limbs, his handsome, melancholy face, was just the sort of fellow to set a woman's breast throbbing.

My surprise was therefore very real when I heard this pronounced misogynist make such a startling admission. I looked up at him incredulously.
'It's a fact,' he repeated. 'I hadn't seen her then.'
'Who was she, Gresham?' He did not