

A Loss and a Gain

By May Belleville Brown

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Hope Winslow gloried in the fact that she was a descendant of the Mayflower pilgrims. The three-volume genealogy on the library shelf, which showed the effects of frequent use, established the fact, as well as the letters and relics that, in the division and redistribution of household gods, had fallen to her branch of the family.

She proudly wore the badges of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of the Colonial Dames, and of the Mayflower Descendants, and sat in the councils of these orders. Her portrait had been painted in the fashion of the Puritan Hope Winslow, and she had a colonial room fitted up in her home.

"I think you are very provoking," she exclaimed, "and quite lacking in the right kind of pride. You know that your name was originally Alden, and that you could establish your line through the original Alden family."

"Of course," admitted the young man, good-naturedly; "but my father and grandfather were both John Elden, and their example is a good one for me to emulate in all things, since both left the world better for having lived in it."

"But you miss my meaning," persisted Hope, tapping the floor with her foot. "It would really be adding honor to their memory to establish such ancestry through them."

"How was John Elden any better than John Alden?" queried the young man a trifle indignantly. "What does history have to say of him more important than the fact that he was so thick-headed that poor little Priscilla had to propose to him? I don't think that the little crippled ones down at the Elden Home would revere my father's memory any more if I were to tell them that his ancestor came over in the Mayflower."

Hope coquettishly fenced his indignation. "Yes; but, John—I wish you would become eligible to attend the costume ball of our New England society, so that you might dance the minuet with me—and—oh! ever so many others!"

"Thank you," said John, still grimly; "you know I love to dance with you, Hope; but I only wear knee trousers when I golf, and since I left the football team I have given up long hair. I might as well tell you now, Hope, that your New England society seems a make-believe to me, when almost all your members were born in the Mississippi valley, and all of them live here. Your duty is to be doing something to build up the west, rather than—"

"That will do, Mr. Elden," glared Hope, rising to her feet. "Fortunately your opinion is a matter of indifference to me, so further enlargement upon the topic is unnecessary. And you will please excuse me now, as I have some committee work for the New England society this afternoon."

"I've done it," soliloquized the young man dejectedly, as he strode down street. "Made a fool of myself as usual, and now Hope is angry clear through. This will mean that Thurby, with his Declaration of Independence record, will have a clear field. I wish the memory of the Puritan Fathers was in Halifax, or that I could keep my beastly temper!"

And because of these circumstances the business of the North Star Milling company, the presidency and management of which had fallen by inheritance into John Elden's hands, received redoubled attention from him; while the forthcoming costume ball of the New England society became the apparent aim of Hope Winslow's existence.

But as she viewed herself in the mirror on the night of the ball, arrayed as a gray-gowned, white-capped Puritan maiden, she gave a little sigh for the John Alden of her dream.

Then she ran downstairs where her aunt, in the finery of a Martha Washington dame, was beaming upon Thurby, who, as a continental officer, was to act as their escort.

The ballroom was thronged with a picturesque crowd—Puritan and cavalier, quaker and courtier, straight locks and perfumed curls, homespun and brocade flashed back and forth as they marched and swung and courted in the old-time measures.

Hope's continental officer had excused himself during the evening, and only returned in time to put the two ladies into their carriage. He was breathless, rather disheveled and minus his sword and cocked hat. The situation plainly demanded an explanation.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I was to leave you, particularly without telling you the reason," he began, "but I did not want to spoil your evening."

"Has anything happened that concerns me?" queried Hope, leaning forward in alarm.

"Something that concerns one of your friends," returned the young man. "Fire started in the North Star elevators this evening, and when I heard of it I hurried across the city to see if I could help Elden—he and I were college chums, you know."

Hope had partly risen from the seat opposite, as she asked eagerly: "Oh, was it entirely destroyed?"

"Yes, Miss Winslow, was the reluctant answer. "Not only two of the elevators, but the mill, as well as three cars of flour. The buildings were so close together that with the high

wind it was impossible to save anything but elevator No. 3, which was on the other side of the wind. About 15,000 bushels of grain were destroyed, too, and while there was a large insurance, the loss is likely to cripple the company. I stayed with John until it was over, and I had persuaded him to go home—"

"Take me to him at once!" interrupted Hope, imperiously. Then, as the young man hesitated, and glanced at her aunt, she added pleadingly, "Please take me to him—you and Auntie—I am one of John's friends, too, and—oh, don't you see that I must go, just for a moment?"

Thurby turned a searching glance upon her, received a gesture of assent from the colonial dame beside her, and then leaning forward, gave an order to the coachman.

There was dejection as well as exhaustion in John Elden's attitude, as he sat deeply in his study chair, with one arm thrown limply across his desk. Smoke and grime marked his face and dress, and his eyes, looking darkly into the future, saw years of toil ahead of him. The weight of sudden and awful misfortune was heavy upon him.

"What's the use of trying?" he was asking himself. "There's no one to care—no one to work for."

The door from the hall opened softly, and a figure advanced to the lamp-light's rim. He stared as one in a trance. Before him stood a demure and sweet Priscilla, her gray-gowned figure thrown into relief against the dark red lining of her cloak—a lovely,



"I Just Heard About It, John."

white-capped Puritan maiden with changing color and shining eyes. For a moment longer he looked. "Hope! he whispered.

"I just heard about it, John," she said softly, "and I came right to you, to tell you how sorry I am."

He forgot his loss, forgot the black hours through which he had gone; a wonder seemed to fill him.

"And you came to me! You are not angry, you forgive my rudeness?"

"Why, John," she said, in sweet postulation, "how could I think of anything but your trouble?"

She stopped, and an agonized flush swept to her hair. A sense of all that was implied by her impulsive action overwhelmed her. Only for a moment did her confusion last, for the young man before her seemed to recall suddenly all that his trouble involved, and dropped his head upon his arm with a groan. In a moment Hope was at his side.

"You must not grieve," she said. "You are young, and have much ability, and can soon—"

"And I am practically ruined," he groaned. "I must not talk to you, nor think of you, nor belong to your world any more. I must go to the bottom of the ladder, and must put all sweetness and joy behind me."

"But indeed you must think of me," insisted Hope. "Now is when you need your friends more than ever in your life, and we will stand by you."

"But, Hope, you do not realize," he said, almost fiercely, "why I cannot, dare not think of you, I have had such thoughts, such longings—and now everything must be put behind me."

Hope was kneeling beside him now, her hands on his arm, as she answered, between laughing and crying:

"I verily believe, John, that you are a true descendant of John Alden. You called him thick-headed because poor little Priscilla had to propose to him, and you are every bit as bad!"

But if John Elden was as slow to realize his possible happiness as the Puritan lover, he had the twentieth century quickness of comprehension, and in the second's flash before he gathered his Priscilla into his arms he weighed the night's loss against the night's gain, and the burden rolled from his heart, leaving joy to reign there, along with a zest for the tasks ahead of him.

"THE WHITE PERIL"



BABA BHARATI

Far east is east and west is west,
And never the twain shall meet.

It is not improbable that Rudyard Kipling saw the gulf dividing the two civilizations in his early acquaintanceship with Baba Bharati when both were journalists in India. It is certain that Bharati saw it, for he came to the Occident avowedly to study the possibilities of bridging it. Now, after five years among us he has gone back to his own people, never, he says, to return. And with his perspective of time, old ideals of civilization and disinterestedness Baba Bharati, "citizen of the universe," ascetic, philosopher and apostle of the purely spiritual life, sees war impending between east and west; a war, not of the east against the "yellow peril," but of the east against what he calls the "white peril" of aggressiveness and materialism.

"The Orient will rise and drive the white man forth. This will happen in a very few years. By 1915, I believe, this conflict will be well under way. This is my own prophecy, but I find that Lafcadio Hearn made virtually the same forecast some years ago. It is the 'White Peril' from which we suffer in the Orient—Caucasian aggressiveness and soul-killing civilization."

Such was Bharati's parting message to the western world.

Baba (Father) Bharati is not to be confounded with the type of picturesque Hindu charlatans who, with appropriate scenery and costumes, have come to America from time to time to wheedle dollars from silly women and men who wear thumb rings. His sponsors were men of like standing with Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, Prof. Charles R. Lanman, of Harvard, and Dr. Felix Adler, of the Ethical Culture society. He is a Brahmin of the first order. His father was a magistrate and his uncle a judge of the high court of Calcutta. Twenty years ago he was editor of the Lahore Tribune when Kipling was a newspaper writer there. Later he became the editor and proprietor of a society paper in Calcutta. Then his religious instincts asserted themselves, and for 12 years he became an ascetic, a hermit, living a life of austere simplicity in Brindaban, most holy of India's holy lands. While here he met the great Joguee of Barada, a giant in stature, and believed to be the most spiritual man in India. Under his teachings Baba Bharati came to believe that he had a message to carry to the Caucasian world. He did not wish to go, and for a time he struggled against what he deemed a command from on high. Then he went forth, and now he regards his work well done. He is happy in the thought of return, yet has learned to love the American people and feels pangs of regret at leaving them forever.

The Orient for Orientals.

Large of frame, with the prayer cloth of his "Krishna," yellow and inscribed with wondrous words to the Hindu faith, wound around his turban, long raven black curls dropping down about his shoulders, with an eye as clear as Rhenish wine and a face of peculiarly benign mien, yet strongly chiseled, combining as it does a certain acquired western vigor with the placidity and calmness of the Orient—Baba Bharati is a striking figure. He has studied the Occident and its ways and declares that the aggression, the tremendous conceit and the blindness of the white race are going to bring about the uprising of all Asia—that Asia will be free at last from domina-

tion and oppression by foreign hands and that a new Monroe doctrine will be called into being and the Orient will be for the Orientals alone.

The western coast just now is aroused over the "Hindu Peril," as it is called. Hundreds, even thousands, of Hindus are coming across the Pacific, and the western states and western Canada fear a very deluge. So great has been the feeling in some places that the white laborers have driven the dusky invaders out, as the Chinese were sent forth from certain western cities in early days. But Baba Bharati declares there is no such thing as the "Hindu Peril." It is rather the "Japanese Peril" on this side of the Pacific, or the "White Peril" on the other side of the ocean.

"The Hindus that come to the American shore are really not Hindus in the common acceptance of the term; rather they are half Hindus, sikhs from Upper India, with a different religion and different ideas," said Baba Bharati in an interview I had with him at the Hotel Stander just before the Minnesota sailed. He continued: "There is no cause to fear an invasion, for only a few of the sikhs will come. And they are not an aggressive people. If they find they are not wanted they will not cross the Pacific. There is no cause to fear."

The Hindu philosopher and sage talked for an hour or more on this western world we know, his eastern world, religion, literature, modern conditions, his own life and experiences, his hopes, ambitions, and made predictions of such amazing nature regarding the future readjustment of relations across the Pacific as to startle any person who thinks on the shadows that portend coming events. In this interview he summed up a message he wished to convey in farewell to the America he is leaving.

Spirituality Not for Sale.

"The New York Herald gave me and my mission most helpful publicity, and then followed my first success since leaving my own shores. I was to lecture. Thirty persons came to hear me, and when I had finished speaking they placed upon the table \$30 in money. I almost wept. Then I explained that a Hindu cannot take coin for sustenance he gives either to the body or the soul. One can travel all through my country without being able to buy cooked food, and spirituality is not for barter and sale, either."

"This was merely the mistake of commercialized America. These New Yorkers thought, in their simple way, that money could pay for anything. Yet I found them warm hearted and altogether lovable, just as all other Americans are. When they can be halted for a few moments in their mad pursuit of gold they have admirable natures, I find."

"The trouble with America is that it is building on a material plane. It is making tremendous progress in all things material, but we of the Orient understand the spiritual. We live not for to-day, but for all time, and when you forget the soul, as you do, you are making a sad mistake. Your modern 'Churchianity' is spoiling your Christianity. Your ministers of the gospel want more spirituality. They do not elevate themselves above the level of the visible, material world. Your much vaunted progress counts for naught."

"You look at life on the surface; we of the Orient look at it in its depth. In the cool and quiet places, where there is no turbulence and no mad

scramble. America is afflicted with national nervousness, as I call it. In certain directions you call it frenzied finance. I see it in every phase of life. I observe it where you do not suppose it exists.

"In India religion is the chief business of life. All else is subordinate. It is the true anchor of the Hindu. In the morning he arises, and after his bath he gives up two hours to spiritual thought and contemplation—at least two hours. Then he looks after the needs of his body. All else is subordinate to this reverence for the Creator and those things which typify and represent Him.

Christianity Sublime.

"Christianity, in its teachings, is sublime. I preach Christ as much as I do my Krishna, who represents to me the great incarnation of God. God is love, as Christ says, and that is all there is to any religion. The Bible, which I respect and love, is merely a page from the Vedas of India. They contain all its truths, and more.

"But you can see only your own religion. I can see the good of all. When I became an ascetic in India I lost my nationality and became a citizen of the Universe. I love all people. When I was in London, even, I felt a deep heart interest in the Briton, even though he is oppressing my people.

"I did not come to America to thrust my religion upon you. I came to advance spirituality in whatever form I find it. Yet you send your missionaries to 'convert' us. We cannot help but smile, when we are the very incarnation of religion ourselves. With your religion, which is constantly changing, altering with the current of new thought, you seek to rejuvenate us, who are fastened inseparably to the great, deep truths of the universe; truths which know no mutation.

"We wonder how we ever got along without the helping hand of the New World missionaries.

"But the truth did come out not long ago, and now we know why your missionaries do come to visit us. Some one close to your richest man declared that missionaries are the best trade getters. There again your commercialism!

"The wine maker calls out: 'I have the best wines!' The soap maker calls out: 'My soap is the best!' The minister: 'There is no religion like unto mine!' It is pitiful. Christianity is reduced to commerciality."

Concerning Mr. Rockefeller.

Curious to know what Baba Bharati would say of the richest man in America, I asked him for his opinion of the president of the Standard Oil company.

"It is envy more than anything else that makes the average American condemn Rockefeller," he answered. "He thinks that Rockefeller has some of the millions that he should have."

"Please do not think that I am severe with Americans. I do not mean to be, but I cannot help observing how they contrast with us of the far east.

"But to turn to another phase of modern conditions. You in your materialistic progress have given the Orient implements of destruction, while through all the ages we gave you naught but peace. These weapons of warfare the Oriental, impersonated by the Japanese, turned upon the Russian, and the result was a war the like of which is unknown in history—not a single reverse for the men of Nippon. Those same Japanese, with reawakened China even greater than Japan, and India at the beck of both, are going to show the world a conflict that will make all others pale in comparison.

"America wants to exploit the whole world, but would shut out foreigners from her borders. Is it not likely that foreign nations will retaliate? And then what answer can America make?"

"The Mikado is one of the greatest rulers any nation has produced in modern times. When, ten years before the war with Russia, Japan was deprived of the fruits of her victory over China by the European powers the Mikado said nothing, but complied with apparently good grace. Then he quietly prepared to punish Russia as the most hated of those powers.

"Future events will come about in this way: President Roosevelt will suggest to Japan that an exclusion treaty be signed preventing Japanese of the lower classes from entering America. This will not meet with favor on the other side of the Pacific, but a storm will arise here which will force through congress some sort of an exclusion measure.

"The Mikado will still hold his peace, but soon after he will frame a message to be sent to Washington, reading something like this:

"You have found it necessary for the protection of your working classes to exclude Japanese from your borders. After careful consideration we find that our country will be benefited by prohibiting the entry of American trade, and a decree is hereby promulgated."

"What could America do but accede, at least for the time? Yet how could such a condition continue? The great conflict is coming, and while I hate to think of it, while I regret that peace cannot always prevail, still, the people of many countries will be benefited and those of my own India will be free.

"This seems a harsh prophecy to make upon leaving America for all time, but it is something neither you nor I can control. It is the inevitable."—N. Y. Herald.

Where the Dog is Valued.

In northern France, and in Belgium especially the dog is indeed the friend of man. He is made to work. He gets little play except that small amount deemed sufficient to prevent canine dullness, yet he is so loved and so well cared for by his owner that he becomes a most important member of the family. The farmer, the tradesman, the householder, the guardsman of the frontier worships his dog—one of the first things he thinks of when



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The Americans will lead all the white race in spirituality in the time to come. I went to England and found the English too self-satisfied and smugly contented with themselves to receive my message.

"But Americans yet are children from the spiritual viewpoint. Your minister who taught only spirituality would be boycotted.

"I know your literature and I love it. What is there finer in language than Irving? Mark Twain is the greatest living writer in the world. His 'Following the Equator' is a wonderful book. Through his works, in his humor, there runs that thread of the spiritual that places him high among the great men of letters.

foundling his little home. He takes delight in rousing the dog's intelligence, and loses no chance of pitting that intelligence against others. Local farmers vie with each other to improve a breed; dog clubs take up the work, holding exhibitions in villages and towns; cities challenge neighboring municipalities to contests on the grandest scale.—The Wide World Magazine.

No Sleeping Place.

Lily had lived in the most crowded part of a great city. On her first visit to the country she gazed in pity on the birds flitting about, observing: "Poor little birds, they haven't even a cage to sleep in!"