

White Pariahs in the Orient

Notes.—According to the late Mr. Noah Webster, a pariah is as follows: "One belonging to the lowest class in parts of India; an outcast; one who is despised by society; one of the lowest caste; a mendicant who beats the village drum."

BY F. CUNLIFFE OWEN.
WITH a little good will and diplomacy, the Asiatic exclusion laws of the United States, which are a source of so much bitterness on the part of Japan and China against the United States, might be applied in such a fashion as to disarm resentment and to work out to mutual advantage and benefit. The exclusion laws of the United States are regarded by these two great powers of the Orient as constituting an affront to their National pride. This sense of affront would disappear if the United States were to request the co-operation of the authorities of Japan and China in assisting them to bar from their soil undesirable Americans and other objectionable whites.

The people against whom the United States' exclusion laws are aimed are the undesirable aliens. China and Japan should assist America to keep them out, in so far as they hail from the Orient, as they create a prejudice here against all Asiatics and are injurious, therefore, to the interests of the Far East.

Now, there are undesirable Americans and Europeans, just in the same way as there are objectionable Orientals—men whose presence in all that portion of the world described by Rudyard Kipling as "East of Suez," tends more than anything else to lower the prestige which we formerly as a race enjoyed in Asiatic countries. In our own interest the individuals should be rigorously barred from Japan, from China and from all other lands on yonder side of the Pacific, and the powers which they do not now possess should be granted to the consular officials of the United States and Europe to co-operate with the governments of these Eastern nations, excluding those individuals who can best be described by the term employed by negroes in the South to designate the white hoboes there, namely, "white trash."

The white pariah is one of the most difficult problems with which the United States and the great powers of Europe having colonial dependencies and commercial and political interests in Asia and in Africa are confronted. It is a problem that has come home to America with increased force since it has added the Philippine Islands to its possessions. For these white misrepresentatives of Western civilization in the Orient are a source of endless trouble not only to the authorities in the Philippines, but also to the American consular officials at the various Chinese, Japanese and Siamese ports to which they drift over from Manila when they have made the archipelago too hot to hold them. I have before me as I write a report by the United States Consul-General at Shanghai concerning the injury which they have wrought to American interests in China. Indeed, there are few Americans or Europeans living in the Orient who would not rejoice if some of the laws existing in the United States for the purpose of barring undesirable aliens could be adapted to the exclusion from Oriental ports of white men and also white women who are calculated to bring their fellow countrymen into disrepute among the natives and to disgrace us east of Suez.

Problem for Consuls.
These undesirable whites may be divided for purposes of classification into several categories. There are, first of all, the men who have been tempted to try their luck in the Orient in business, who have failed and who find themselves destitute. For a white man to be utterly without resources in that part of the world, an object of charity to his fellow countrymen and, worse still, to the natives, is about as disagreeable a fate as it is possible to conceive, and every foreign Consul or colonial magistrate should have at his disposal means for the immediate repatriation of these individuals before they are driven by desperation to crime or to have recourse to drink and those deleterious narcotics, such as hashish, opium, etc., that end by converting them into complete physical and mental wrecks and objects of loathing, alike to their fellow countrymen and to the natives.

The atmosphere of the Orient, especially the climate of those countries of the Far East that are tropical, is terribly injurious to the ordinary white man. Great Britain, indeed, and other European nations, are accustomed to increase by 30 to 50 per cent the rate of pay of those civil officials who are assigned to duty in the hot countries of Asia and Africa, while the years spent there usually count double in making up the term of service required in order to qualify for pensions. That it is necessary to hold out inducements of this kind in the shape of extra emoluments is shown by the fact that the vast majority of folk who have spent any time in the Orient return home with sadly impaired constitutions, fortunate, indeed, if they get back alive. For the tropics are known as the white man's grave.

Harmful as is the life in the hot countries of the Far East to the physical health of white folk, it is infinitely more deleterious to their moral well-being. Indeed, the people of such strong character, high principle and keen sense of self-respect to remain entirely unaffected by the contaminating influences of the tainted atmosphere which prevails, that those who are aware of conditions there are disposed to pity, rather than condemn those unhappy whites who in one way or another have fallen from grace. The standard of honor, nay, even of common honesty, are so different there from those that prevail here and the ethics in matters of morality are so incredibly lax that the only matter for surprise is that not more whites should go wrong in the Orient.

Few realize until they take up their residence in the Orient how much they have been restricted in their conduct by the conventionalities of life in the United States and in Europe. It may sound cynical, but there is no doubt that our social discipline is maintained



governors to the children of the Japanese race. It was reported in the municipal office of Yokohama that it was in November, 1913, for license as a geisha, or dancing girl. There was some delay about granting the license, owing to the fact that no such request had ever been made by a white woman before, and in the meantime English and Americans in Japan who had learned of the affair brought every sort of pressure to bear upon the young woman to induce her to abandon her project, offering not only to pay her fare back to England but to give her a sum of money besides if she would leave for home. But she was deaf to all their entreaties and arguments, and finally succeeded in obtaining a license from the Yokohama police authorities, bearing the date of December 25, 1913—that is to say, Christmas day.

The geisha, as everybody knows, is the professional dancing and singing girl of Dai Nippon, the counterpart of the Egyptian alme and of the nautches and bayaderas of India. Foreign writers, from Pierre Loti downward, have sought to endow the geisha with a halo of poetry and romance, and a particularly charming opera of the Gilbert and Sullivan order, entitled "The Geisha," has represented her name so familiar and attractive to our theatergoing public that her distinctive garb has become a favorite costume for young women at fancy dress entertainments in this country and in Europe.

The fact of the matter is that the role of the geisha is but one remove above that of those women so justly described as "unfortunate." The latter are, indeed, in some respects better off. For they are segregated in a portion of each Japanese city or town restricted exclusively to their use, and sophistically styled the Yoshiwara, or Flower Garden. There, secluded from public view, they can in a measure hide their shame; whereas the dancing girl has to go here, there and everywhere, in response to the summons of men who wish to hire her to promenade at their feasts and banquets. Her mission is to render the entertainment a success by inducing the men to drink and be merry and to amuse them by her songs, as well as by her dancing and contortions, that are expressive rather than elegant and which are apt to degenerate as the guests become influenced by the good cheer and the sake cup to cast restraint to the winds. It must be borne in mind that all dancing in the Orient is lascivious in its origin—even the religious dancing.

Constantly in Western civilization has had the effect of imposing certain curb upon its public manifestations of this character, which it must be admitted the Japanese government has done its best to discourage. But the authorities do not attempt to interfere with any dancing of the Japanese in private residences or teahouses, and the entertainment offered by the geishas on these occasions too often shows a tendency to hark back in a manner scarcely calculated to commend itself to Mrs. Grundy. The geisha has nothing in common with the Japanese actress. The latter is trained to become an adept in the dramatic art, while the dancing girl is trained, like the bayadere of India, solely with a view to afford pastime and amusement to men for hire. It is this and the lascivious origin of Oriental dancing, to which I have alluded above, that caused the calling of the dancing girl to take so very low a place in the social scale throughout the length and breadth of Asia.

If I have painted the lot of the geisha in darker colors than the ordinary writer about Japan, who but too often is a mere tourist; if I have robbed her of the glamour with which she has been surrounded in portrayals of this character, it is in order to explain the indignation, and even the horror, aroused among the reputable foreign element in Japan by the action of this young English one-time governess in taking out a police license at Yokohama as a dancing girl.

European Women in harems.
Then, too, there are a far greater number of white women than persons here would be willing to believe who have of late years been deserting civilization for Oriental life, some of them becoming the inmates of Oriental harems and the wives of more or less civilized Asiatics. Anyone who is inclined to doubt this assertion I would refer to the well-known stories of Lady Hester Stanhope, favorite niece of English Prime Minister, William Pitt, and the Countess of Ellenborough, both of whom died as the wives of Arab sheikhs in Syria. They have many counterparts at the present day—even titled ones.

That I have laid so much stress on the harm done to the prestige of the white race in the Orient by what may

be described as the female white pariah there is because nowhere is the position of our women more delicate than "East of Suez." The Asiatic entertains little or no respect for women, whom he regards for the most part as creatures of an altogether inferior order, devoid of much intelligence, resembling brutes in being without a soul. It is a matter of extreme difficulty to bring any untraveled Oriental to comprehend the deference which the men of western nations pay to women. The latter, in his eyes, are solely fitted to act as the handmaids, even as the slave, of the stronger sex. The native woman is fortunate indeed if she can secure the sort of contemptuous liking and pitying indulgence with which men are accustomed to regard pet animals.

Why Women Can't Keep Quiet.

An amusing illustration of the contempt which men in the Orient entertain for their women is to be found in that story current throughout the Moslem world, according to which our Mother Eve was fashioned, not from the rib of Adam, but from the tail of a dog—that is to say, of the animal which is regarded by the Koran as ranking next in uncleanness to the hog, the dog being the scavenger par excellence to Asiatic cities, towns and villages. It seems that Allah, having cut out the rib from Adam, laid it on the ground beside him, while engaged in sewing up the wound made by the excision. A dog happened along, and, catching sight of the rib, snapped it up, and bolted therewith, Allah in hot pursuit. Allah had difficulty in catching the dog. He finally succeeded, however, in clutching the animal's tail with such vigor that it remained in his hand, the dog escaping with his booty. Allah accordingly resolved to make the best of a bad job, and used the dog's tail in lieu of Adam's rib for the construction of Dame Eve. It is in this lowly canine origin of the mother of mankind that the restlessness of women is ascribed. They can no more be kept motionless than can the dog's tail be prevented from wagging.

Another class of the undesirable whites in the Orient are those who are prompted either by distaste for the trammels and prejudices of civilization or by mere moral obliquity to withdraw from their accustomed haunts, here and in Europe, to go forth and cast their lot among Oriental nations, where they are free from every kind of restraint and at liberty to give rein to their oft ignoble instincts. Occasionally they are men of birth and fortune, and in this connection I have a case in mind, of a wealthy American, who, according to the late Dr. Barry, the eminent specialist for diseases of the mind, severed all his ties to the land of his birth and took up his abode in Japan, where he consorted, not with the educated classes, but with the so-called hainin, or people of the most degraded and lowest type, whose mode of existence differs only slightly from that of the brute beast, and who are accustomed to perform those kinds of labor which no one else in the Orient will undertake for fear of contamination and loss of caste. Their very names indicate their bestial nature; for the Japanese word "hainin" means "not human." Imagine the effect created among the untraveled Japanese by a white man of birth, education and wealth casting in his lot by choice with the hainin, not for the sake of ameliorating their moral and material condition, but solely for the purpose of lowering himself to their level of degradation.

White Dervishes in India.

In British India there have been in the last 30 or 40 years a number of Englishmen yielding to some form of monomania, who have ended their days as such, subjecting themselves to all sorts of cruel forms of asceticism and penance practiced by the Indian dervishes. Mentally unbalanced as they undoubtedly have been, they are in every respect more worthy of sympathy and interest than those degraded whites who, partly in consequence of mere shiftness and partly in consequence of degenerate tastes developed by a residence in the morally tainted atmosphere of the Orient, ally themselves to the most degraded and lowest class of natives in India, the very contact of whose mere shadow is regarded by the high cast Hindus as defilement as much as it is the prestige of the white man and the native belief in his superiority, which alone enables Great Britain to exercise with a mere handful of soldiers and civilian officials beneficent but autocratic sway over the vast empire of Hindustan, which, its teeming population of more than 300,000,000, it readily will be understood that the white pariah is not only a source of trouble but even of danger to the British government at Delhi.

One of the most curious cases of this form of atavism on the part of white men that have come under my notice has been that of August Bethmann, a publisher of Alsbach, in Germany, who was led by this yearning for freedom from all restraint to dispose of his prosperous business in the Fatherland and to emigrate to Kabakon, one of the islands of the Bonin Archipelago, in the Pacific, north of Australia. There he acquired a large plantation and lived alone among the natives, adopting all their manners and customs, even to the dispensing with every vestige of clothing.

Finally there are men who have been driven, by their own errors, to their expense or by some domestic tragedy to withdraw from civilization. There are plenty of such men to be found in the wilds of Asia and in Africa, and they are, perhaps, the white deserters from civilization who are the most deserving of sympathy. I remember one such case across several years in my time, and I recall in particular a very dervish of the name of Sidi Achmet, who, when in Africa, was known as Ey Kef, in Southern Tunis, in the odor of Moslem sanctity. Although for many years a teacher of Moslem theology at the great University of Kairouan in Tunis, and also at the 100-year-old El Azhar, at Cairo, that educational center of Mohammedan orthodoxy, he turned out to have been the son of one of Napoleon III's most powerful Ministers of State, Mr. Lefebvre Duroffe. In the palace days of the Tuilleries he was one of the gayest members of the Imperial Court. But becoming implicated in a love affair that culminated in a fatal duel and in the suicide of the woman, he shook the dust of France from his feet, emigrated first to Asia, then via Arabia and Egypt to Tripoli and Tunis, becoming a convert to Islam and an adept in its lore.

to an infinitely greater degree by conventionality than by principle. It is far less a question of conscience than the fear of what our friends and neighbors will say that keeps us in the right path, and most people are in greater dread of forfeiting the regard and esteem of those among whom they are living than their own self-respect. Take men of this class, men who have been kept from straying from the paths of honor and morality, chiefly by conventionality—that is to say, by a terror of losing the good opinion of their fellow citizens—and place them suddenly in the midst of a community where official corruption and private dishonesty are regarded as a matter of course, where no ethics of morality in our sense of the word exist to act as a restraint on the animal passions, and where it is not dishonesty and profligacy, but rectitude and decency, that are regarded as unconventional, and they will soon lose all notions of right and wrong and become as depraved as the lunatics by which they are surrounded.

Loneliness of the East.
Add to this the sense of loneliness. There is no loneliness so great as that which every white man, unless he has with him his wife and family or lives in a great community of his fellow countrymen, is apt to feel, not occasionally but very often, in the Orient. Even the most charming and cultured of native society falls on one. One longs to get away from it. The feeling of homesickness becomes intolerable. One sinks to the lowest depths of depression, and then, unless a man has strong principle and self-respect, he has recourse either to the brandy bottle or opium. They are equally noxious. Both play havoc with one's moral and physical condition, especially in the Orient. Noxious as they may be in the more temperate and civilized climes of America and Europe, they are rank

poison in the Far East and hasten the inevitable descent to the appalling and loathsome role of the white pariah. Among the latter the white women, alas, figure largely. Sometimes victims of circumstances and sometimes through a lack of moral poise, they seem destined to demonstrate to the natives of the Far East how foolish are white men to treat their women

folk with so much comparative respect and chivalrous regard. Of course the white woman, by reason of her color, is an object of mark throughout the Orient. She lives in all intents and purposes in the limelight, which attracts widespread attention to every one of her shortcomings. It is bad enough, in all conscience, for a white man to expose himself to the contempt

blows delivered upon the front door, followed a moment later by heavily pounding feet as the raiding detectives, headed by Captain Brackett, came storming up the stairs. For once the Laughing Mask coolly stood his ground and made no attempt to evade the approaching officers, who had so long and persistently tracked him. As they spread through the house he could hear their startled cries of surprise and, presently, with Enoch Golden and the heavy-armed captain in the lead, they came crowding into the room where he and Margory were waiting. In the grasp of those astounded detectives were no less than four Laughing Masks, each one an exact counterpart of the other.

pend in the past to injure her would not go for nothing, and the vengeance he had sworn to exact would be complete. With this fiendish purpose simmering in his brain he advanced unobtrusively in her direction.

The affrighted girl shrank back into a corner as the man with the wolfish face bore down upon her. But even as his cruel iron claw reached out toward her white throat, the poison took effect. His breath came in hurried gasps, and tearing away his collar, he fought for air to relieve his congested lungs. With distended eyes and foam-flecked lips he suddenly pitched headlong to the floor where he lay writhing and twisting like a soul in torment. As the relentless poison ate into his vitals his convulsive struggles weakened, and death stilled forever his thrashing iron claw.

Then the shuddering girl became conscious that the Laughing Mask was standing near, and as he stooped and took the confession from the stiffening fingers of the dead criminal she saw his yellow visor was torn and splashed with blood. He stood for a moment staring at Legar in shocked silence, for the upturned scar-marked face was like that of an extremely old man, with sagging hollows in the cheeks and the parchment-like skin deeply seamed by a network of wrinkles. His black hair had turned completely white. Skidmon's theory had been completely and fearfully demonstrated.

Some of the women are driven to by want, others by a disordered moral sense. Thus, not long ago, an English girl of decent parentage, who for three or four years had been employed as

Golden. That man of mystery silently extended Skidmon's confession to the police captain, who glanced hastily through it.

"Well, I guess that lets you off," he muttered with evident disappointment, "but now you're clear of the 'what's the use of hidin' under that mask'."

THE IRON CLAW BY ARTHUR STRINGER

(Continued From Page 1.)
seen Jenkins, the detective, die in agony from the prick of a needle dipped in the poison excreted by these same kermes, and he had literally coated his own open wound with that deadly virus.

Already he could feel a contraction in his throat and stinging pains which numbed his body. Then followed a strange paradox; for Legar seemed to throw off his craven fear, and to face the terrible death in store for him with something almost approaching calmness.

With an effort he took from the pocket where he had thrust it the confession absolving the Laughing Mask from the crimes which he, Jules Legar, had committed. Before he went he would at least have the satisfaction of destroying this proof of the innocence of his detected enemy. He realized that even his powerful body must speedily yield to the terrible poison with which he was inoculated. He was about to bend the paper with his iron book when he caught sight of a white-faced girl staring at him in wide-eyed horror from the adjoining room.

THE END.