

CHAPTER XX

MY PRIVATE MAHATMA

BEFORE leaving home I had a conference with my own private Mahatma.

"What is the greatest need of the world to-day?" I asked.

"Sunshine."

"You mean — ?"

"Sunshine. Just the ordinary, everyday sunshine that you can get at this blessed minute on the south side of the straw-stack. Not moral or spiritual or intellectual sunshine, but the kind that is making the hens cackle — just listen to them — the kind that the red cow over there is soaking into her skin. Just let the brand of sunshine that is spilling over the world to-day work its way into your system and you will forget all your troubles. Get into the sunshine and keep there."

That was an unusually long speech for my