

MISCELLANY

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

For The Public.

All cozy and snug, in an elegant home,
With never a thought of worry or care,
He thrills with the story of Greece and of
Rome,

As he lolls in a soft-cushioned chair.

He swells with the thought, what a glory to
stand

Full in the light of the calcium glare,
With helmet upraised, a sword in his hand,
The breeze of applause blowing fresh
through his hair.

Away, then, away with contentment and
ease;

There's glory and fame in turmoil and
strife;

No calm for him, but a foam-tossing breeze;
He preaches the creed of the strenuous
life.

But when he grows languid, retires for
awhile,

His spirit revives in the cool mountain
air;

And then he returns as fresh as a smile,
All laden with trophies of wild cat and
bear.

And calls the poor devils who toil in the
smoke,

All to quick step to the tune of his fife;
No limping old laggard, no slow going
moke;

For his is the creed of the strenuous life.

He leaps in the saddle, is off with a shout;
He rides a big horse, at a rattling good
gait.

Who can't keep the pace, we muster them
out;

We're all in a hurry; there's no time to
wait.

Step sprightly; keep moving, plan, scheme
and contrive

Ten hours every day for potatoes and
flour;

For judges, I'm told, who only work five,
Earn more in a minute than you in an
hour.

Out early, work late and arduous strive
To gather the golden honey.
So preaches the master who owns the hive,
The gospel of glory and money.

ATRABILARIOUS.

THE INDIANS SHOULD BE BROUGHT
TO CITIZENSHIP.

There is strong evidence of two essential truths having an evident practical value in relation to the solution of our present Indian problem.

First. The comparative willingness of the Indian to accept civilization when it is offered to him by those whose character and methods win his confidence.

Second. The great—and I must admit the hitherto insurmountable—difficulty of attaining those conditions under which the work of civilizing a barbarous people can be carried to mature success on account of the greed, violence or prejudice of our own race.

Our work is to bring to bear upon

the Indian the essence of Christianity—that power which alone has benefited him in the past—the gospel of right thinking and right doing, of charity and of the moral law, with, of course, the necessary sequence of an intellectual and physical development in industry of the mind and of the body.

At the same time our even more important and difficult work is to persuade a majority of the American people that the Indian has rights which the white man is bound to respect, and that the great boon of life, law and education shall be granted him.

If the public sentiment of the country will say "aye" to this second proposition then a place, albeit a humble one, is assured to the red man in these United States, hitherto the home and refuge for all people—him only excepted.

It is our simple duty to bring the Indian to citizenship and citizenship to the Indian, and by couching my subject in these terms I endeavor to intimate that the problem is quite as much of bringing ourselves to the point of willingness to grant the boon of civilization as it is of inducing the Indian to accept it.

The work is twofold in that it contemplates infusing new life into the Indian, arousing him to a perception of the critical position in which he is placed as the white man thunders at his gate, and at the same time it involves constant watchfulness and restraint upon the white man who wishes the Indians' land, and the best portions of it, at once.—Herbert Welsh, in Philadelphia North American.

TWO HORRORS THAT PASS ALMOST
UNNOTICED, AND WHY.

In a tenement fire in one of our great cities five human beings perished, two women and three children.

This horror does not stir the community in the least and will be forgotten by the public in a day.

Had the fire been in a palace, and the lives lost been those of a millionaire's family, the whole country would be reading the tragedy with shocked interest and sorrowful sympathy.

When the French Revolution comes up in your mind, what is it you first think of? The guillotine, of course, and the beheaded King and Marie Antoinette, and the graceful, dainty nobles who went so gallantly to the knife while the Terrorists had their few months of power.

Mark Twain, who is much more than a humorist, reminds the world in one

of his books that there were two Terrors in France—one, the long, slow Terror that lasted a thousand years, in which the lives of whole generations of men and women were made not worth the living, and the short, sharp Terror, when the blood shed, measured against that squeezed and tortured from humanity in the Long Terror, bore the proportion of a drop to a hog's head.

The death of a monarch or a nobleman on the scaffold is ever so much more dramatic and picturesque than the death of a peasant in his hut from want. That is why, in part, the one death makes an ineffaceable impression while the other is unnoted. Besides, the noble's exit under the guillotine has the striking quality of rarity. Myriads of peasants have died of hunger for every noble that has ascended the scaffold.

A nation of twenty-six million people were starved in order that Louis and his court at Versailles might glitter in luxury. The Revolution wiped out Louis and his court, but it gave France and the fruits of France's soil and of their own industry to the French people. Yet mankind has not recovered from the tremors that shook shuddering society when the Revolution, with its guillotine and furious massacres, freed France and emancipated the civilized world from the superstition that subjects were made for kings and not kings for their subjects. Ever since "the ever-blessed French Revolution," as Mark Twain calls it, gave the race the sunshine of liberty in exchange for the night of tyranny the pens of the literary caste have been asking sympathy for Louis and Versailles and loathing for all concerned in destroying the hideous and murderous ancient regime. For the literary caste is by instinct parasitic. It plays by preference the role of lackey to wealth, and its power to influence the habitual modes of thought of nearly all of us is enormous and continuous.

Democracy, which is so specious, and so is no respecter of persons, grows slowly. We are the one of us, that human life is so and now we don't mean it. If we did mean it we could not have plenty and comfort, it is itself when we looked at and the children into factories or set my work in the coal mines. We must be democratic, really Christian, should feel one human life is as good as any other. Five lives in a tenement fire would be as good as five lives lost in a moderate fire,