

"My children shall not go to school. Presence of white man bad enough. My children must not learn to be bad like white man."

In other words, if the leading intelligences of the aboriginal race could have their way, they would like to devise some scheme, "To develop the character of the American Pale Faces."

Donahoes.

It's Idleness that Kills.

By Francis X. Resch.

Does the average man or woman appreciate the blessing of work? Does the daily task seem too heavy? Listen, then, to the complaints of the idlers. They know better than any one else the weariness, the monotony of finding occupation, pleasurable or otherwise, to pass the time away. The lassitude of the idler is something to be feared terribly. Shun it as you would the plague, if you would be happy. Neither worldly goods, nor health, nor good fortune avail when one has nothing to do. Life is one long desert; each day is a mile to be beguiled in some way to make one forget similar yesterdays and numerous tomorrows.

But the satisfaction of work, well and faithfully done, who has not experienced it? He who has not has missed the greatest joy and contentment which we have within ourselves. The man who can say, "I created this by the exercise of my brains and hands," possesses what neither wealth nor power can give. Work, congenial, honest, creative work that calls for our best inspiration and effort, is the greatest enemy of discontent and unhappiness. Sorrow and pain are lessened and sometime even forgotten, while brain and hand are busy.

Let your work be a labor of love, if you can, but find something to do and do it well. There is no gratification, mental or physical, more ennobling than that of the labor in the accomplishment of a definite purpose; no pleasure