

stripling writer from a New York newspaper, and telling the simple story of his retreating race. To measure the progress of civilized man, it is only necessary to meet a savage like Sitting Bull, to whom the names of Homer, Socrates, Moses, Galileo, Bacon, Shakespeare, Dante, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Alexander, Cromwell, and Napoleon were meaningless sounds. Imagine a man born on the American continent who never heard of Columbus or Washington or Lincoln! Not a man whose ancestry was debased and stunned by ages of slavery, but the descendant of free people, the heir of a continent teeming with riches.

This man was born thousands of years after Athens and Alexandria and Rome were built; yet he had roamed over the rich prairies, and the soil, his greatest heritage, had never spoken to him of the treasures germinating in its depths. Listening for the sounds of approaching conflict, he had not heard the voices of the unborn wheat and corn that were yet to conquer him and his ways. He was able to move a whole nation to battle, but a compass or a watch or a telegraph instrument or a newspaper was a mystery that baffled his imagination. The scribblings of the correspondent, which he regarded with disdain, suggested nothing to his mind of the irresistible power of publicity, that conqueror of armies and dynasties and civilizations. To him it was mere foolishness.