

The Age of Fret

"Worry will add a nail to your coffin no doubt,
But a merry grin will draw one out."



IS THIS the age of fret? In the midst of all this hustle and bustle, push and perspiration, where is the calm dignity that knows its power and takes its own time for life's purpose? Where is that serenity of countenance and manner that betokens the current of a deeper life? Look around you any morning as you hurry to your work. Do the faces of your fellow passengers indicate hearts at peace with God and the world? Not many of them. Even in the house of God, where you would naturally expect to find a quiet spirit, the preacher is often confronted with an inflowing tide of restless and worried humanity.

This is the age of the "bicycle face," "century runs," "fast flyers," and "short stops." We are counting time, not by heart-throbs, but in fractions of a minute. Even the worship of God must go by the clock. Sentence prayers and brief testimonies are the order of the hour. To be "up to date" we must move along at the rate of seventy miles an hour. This is all right, providing the engineer is not drunk, and the switchman is not asleep. But hurry makes fretting easy. Hurry

breeds impatience, worry, discontent, criticism, and a large brood of other evils, both physical and moral. When a man is in a hurry he is tempted to go ahead of the providences of God, he is tempted to fret, and when fret hath conceived it bringeth forth doubt, and when doubt is finished, damnation is sure. "The race is not to the swift," and yet in the mad pursuit of gain, fools rush on where the wise go slow. "Haste trips up its own heels," but the old fable of the hare and the tortoise is enacted again and again, in every sphere of life, domestic, social and religious.

This insane desire to get ahead of the procession is killing more good people than the doctors can keep alive by the finest kind of medical skill. "Worried to death," is an expression as common as the experience, and if the sad truth were told we should know of other deaths where soul as well as body has been killed by worry.

Fret, Fret, Fret,

About this and that and the other;

And many a joyous smile and deed,
This soul-wearing fret doth smother.

Fret, Fret, Fret,

Worry, and grumble and stew;

But the tender grace of a day of peace
Will never come thus to you.

Is life so short, and business such an almighty necessity, as to be bought at the price of chains and slavery? No time to take the weary wife out to the park or to the seashore for even a day. No time to hear the children sing, or to talk to them about life's beautiful things. No time to make friends with the neighbor over the way, or to visit the sick friend and cheer him up a bit in his disappointments. No time to take a citizen's interest in the civic and moral welfare of the town. No time for the church, nor for prayer. No time for God. Business first, last and all the time—business! Where will it all end? Why, where does it end in thousands of cases? Nervous prostration, insanity or death without hope, and for no reason but the foolish desire to keep up with the crowd.

Yet there is time for everything under the sun. There is time to rest as well as to work; a time to laugh as well as to sweat; a time to get acquainted with wife and children as well as to make bargains; a time to fill the soul as well as the pocket.

The modern Indian.

The Custer Clarion thus graphically describes the appearance of a modern family of Indians:

"The other day we saw a happy family in town consisting of a buck Indian, a couple of squaws and several papooses of various ages. The buck had on a heavy coat and a blanket around his loins, the squaws had shawls over their heads and blankets about their middles; the older children were dressed in various imitations of civilization, and the littlest one had on buckskin leggings which reached half-way up his thighs and a shirt which came within about four inches of meeting the leggings."

The Cherokees.

The Cherokees excel all other Indians in literature, agricultural and mechanical pursuits and to verify this fact it is only necessary for one to travel through the Indian Territory and visit that portion occupied by the five tribes. The Cherokee nation lies north of the Creek and Choctaw nations with Arkansas and Missouri on the east, Kansas on the north and the Osage nation on the west, between the 35th and 37th degrees of latitude, being thus situated in the latitude where the summer heat never approaches the torrid zone, while the winters, on an average, are temperate. The climate is calculated to develop not only healthy, but vigorous, active types of woman and manhood, and that such is the case one can readily see from the physical appearance of the inhabitants and especially those who have lived there a majority of their years. They are a people having a great love, not only for their own section of the country, but for the United States at large, and are intensely patriotic. They have a high appreciation of the advantages of education and expend large sums of money for the support and maintenance of their schools. The majority of them are devout Christians, belonging to the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches.

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