

## The Leisure Class.

### LO! THE POOR INDIAN

We are told that thirty years ago it was common enough to see the red man walk the streets of old Fort Garry, in all his pomp and glory. Dressed in red, with a head dress of feathers, and smoking his long and much used pipe, he marched from post to post visiting his favorite haunts. Empty-handed he was and free from care, for did there not walk behind him his faithful squaw and all her daughters bearing the burdens which represented his whole material wealth. Ask him what he did for a living and he would gaze at you with wondering contempt. A Chieftain did not find it necessary, and it certainly was not becoming to work in order to live. Others might labor and he would enter into their labors. He was not of those who toil, and indeed he might be the human likeness of those lilies of the field of which it was written, "They toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He belonged to The Leisure Class.

The red man had his code of honor, and his etiquette was most pronounced. One good old rule stood out above the rest: "The chieftain shall not work." In times of war he mounted his pony and with sharpened tomahawk proceeded to the scene of carnage. It was allowable for him to seek glory—but what glory is there in menial work? When the roaming buffalo herd was sighted he gladly entered the chase, for here again was opportunity for distinction—but, the animals slain, it was not for him to save the hides, and strip the carcass or make the pemmican. This was work, and work is the portion of wives and daughters—the slaves always in primitive times, both here and elsewhere. There were other things possible, also, to leaders of the tribe. If he did not make his weapons and his canoes he added the aesthetic features. A whole forenoon employed in oiling a new bow, a whole day spent on the meagre trappings of his little steed. This was not toil, it was not necessary labor, but partook more of the nature of play, and play in any of its forms was the first right and the first necessity of the red man of the plains.

How did the Indian brave get this ascendancy in his household? Need one ask? In the end it was a question of physical force. In the good old days "Might was right," and the only standard of might was physical prowess. To the victor belong the spoils, to his wife the care and hardship involved in preserving the spoils. What could be more beautiful and simple! What more equitable division of duties!

### THE LEISURED SISTERHOOD

Old Indian brave first of your type, we salute thee Thou art progenitor of a mighty tribe. Truly thy descendants are as the sands of the sea. That old Fort Garry has given way to a great city and yet thou art not forgotten. The members of The Leisure Class, clad in fine linen and adorned with feathers and with gew gaws worthy of their class, parade the streets, with lackeys following in their train, and they say just as thou in the early days—"Behold me all you common people! See my splendor! See my smoke! I am not a toiler. I have won my way to physical and mental ease. I belong to The Leisure Class."

Two things have distinguished the leisure class in all ages. The first is "conspicuous consumption," to use a neat phrase invented by a Chicago writer, and the second is "conspicuous waste." How much more we consume than necessity demands,—in food, in clothing, in shelter in luxuries and comforts. A banquet costing five hundred dollars when fifty would have provided a feast; a cloak for seven hundred, when comfort and magnificence could have been secured for one fourth the sum, a retinue of servants for the sake of show, a brilliant equipage, a costly place of worship. The highest bidder gets the prize—the red ticket for first place in The Leisure Fraternity.

Waste—Time, money, opportunity how they go! What is evidence of preeminence if it is not capacity for waste? Why the afternoons given up to bridge-whist? Is it because the participants enjoy the game? By no means. Much would many of them prefer to live with their children in quietness and comfort, but they are in the running for the prize and they must play the game. As for the little stakes it is another opportunity for waste. Why not seize it? But want of time and money, what of that? She is the real heroine who can throw away her principles. The religion of childhood, the old fashioned virtues of modesty, clean speech and motherliness, will not a waste of these make a better showing than the waste of earthly substance? Is the picture overdrawn? Let those who know things answer.

### A TIRADE AGAINST WOMANKIND!

Nothing of the kind. These are not women any longer. They are but blind followers of custom. True women are as common to day as ever they were—they are as hard working, as patient, as gentle and as good, but with the growth of civilization they have a status that was formerly unknown, and as first to enter into their newly acquired freedom a few of them are bound to emulate the example of the red man of the plain and to show to the world at all costs that they belong to "The Leisure Sorority." Yet the majority delighted to emulate their mothers in work and worship.

### THE WOMEN WHO SERVE.

It was work for mothers in those olden days too. You can recall the family of almost a dozen children—how the mother cooked for them, and clothed them—not only making the clothes, but spinning the yarn. You remember how she did this and all the mending

### THE MAN OF THE WEST.

(Specially Written for W.H.M.)

Out on the billowy prairie  
Out where the grasses wave,  
Noble and strong and friendly  
Lingers my own true brave.

Straight and tall as the pine tree,  
Gay as the glancing light,  
Steadfast and true as the Rockies  
Capped with their snowsheets of white.

His voice sends a call and I hear it  
In the heart of the world where I stay,  
His heart sends a call from the forest,  
I hear it, but what shall I say?

Though I know he'd be tender and loving,  
My dearest, my darling, my best,  
Yet the sea rolls between us, the Heart of the World,  
And my hero, "The Man of the West."

—By May Heward

which followed, how she looked after the calves and hogs and poultry, how in addition she had time to to help her husband in the fields at times, and even give an occasional hour to visit her neighbors, when they needed help most sorely. And she had no maid. How did she do it? Because the life was simple in those days, and because—listen, a few of you who need the word—She did not feel it necessary to prove that she belonged to The Leisure Class.

### THE LEISURED FRATERNITY.

Still hard on womankind! Oh! No! Are there not men to day who are trading in the footsteps of the red chieftain? Never in the history of the world was there greater parade of wealth and possession than in this twentieth century of which we boast. Wagner has preached to us "The Simple Life." We read it and applaud, but go forth to show that we can afford to consume and waste in greater measure than our neighbors. Not a motor but the best motor, not a

seat in the parquette but in the boxes, not the home made cheese—the best in the world—but some English, Dutch, or German manufacture. And when it comes to education, Good Lord! preserve us from the nasty common public schools. There is the odor of sweat, and grime and axle grease. Give us the things that costs, at any price. And let our children learn the useless things, for they can afford to waste their time. Give them Latin—Nol by all that is holy! Latin is of some practical value—Give them Coptic and Syriac; let them study Logic which they never use, and Philosophy which pretends to wisdom but which makes no bread.

### THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Nol we have not yet completely escaped from savagery. We have not all chosen the quiet simple life, the life of work combined with play, the life of service and of song. Yet it is the life replete with all that unites man to his fellows and his God.

### A VOICE FROM THE FIELD'S.

Have you read David Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment?" If not get it. There is no book so copyrighted, but we shall take the risk of making a quotation and claim that it is free advertising. Grayson had given up the city rush. He had failed in health, and was down and out. Then it was he went to the farm and for eight years lived the simple unpretentious life—a life which had little leisure, but which was replete with joy. Here what he says. "When I first came to this farm I came empty handed. I was the veritable pattern of the city made failure. I believed that life had nothing in store for me. I was worn out physically mentally and indeed morally. I had diligently planned for success; and I had reaped defeat. I came here without plans. I plowed and harrowed and planted expecting nothing. In due time I began to reap. And it had been a growing marvel to me, the diverse and unexpected crops that I have produced within the uneven acres of earth. With sweat I planted corn, and I have here a crop not only of corn but of happiness and hope. My tilled fields have miraculously sprung up to friends! For a time in the new life I was happy to drunkenness—working, eating, sleeping. I was an animal again let out to run in green pastures. I was glad of the sunrise and sunset. I was glad of the noon. It delighted me when my muscles ached with work, and when, after supper, I could not keep my eyes open for sheer weariness. I stopped there in my field and looked up. And it seemed as if I had never looked up before. I discovered another world. It had been there before for long and long but I had never seen nor felt it. I had never known that the world had height nor color nor sweet sounds or that there was feeling in a hillside.

### THE CALL TO WORK

Aye, there is something better than a life of leisure. It is the call to work—and all work is worship. When a lady is busy let her thank God, but when she is so busy, let her borrow a few children from the orphan's home and begin to do things. When a man is busy and knows what body-sweat and brain-sweat means, let him too thank God; but if he is only a common sucker living on other men by his cunning and deceit, and parading his ill-gotten gains with a vulgarity that disgusts, let him study the red man of the prairies—the first true representative of "The Leisure Class."

We have written these words so that a great mass of our readers—the farming community—might take courage. They need not envy the class described. There is a growth in the number of representatives of that class in Western Canada just now because wealth has been made rapidly. It is the next generation that is in danger.

Parents beware of leaving your children too great a legacy. It will be their undoing. Give them rather that possession which cannot be taken away—See that they are fortified in soul so that they can resist all temptation and be strong in power to serve. It is for this they live. You remember the good Knight Sir Gareth who was urged by his mother to keep away from the court and join in the chase, and you remember too his noble reply.

"Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King. Speak truth, live pure, right wrong, follow the King Else wherefore born?"