

A Mummy.

I stood looking at the mummy of an old Egyptian king which had been dug up seven thousand years after he was "planted" and was being exhibited in the City of New York. It was a bag of bones in a leathery, dessicated skin, swathed in high-smelling wrappings----the remains of one who, no doubt, had cut a wide swath in his day----one worshiped almost as a god while living, and he died, no doubt, with a faith gleaming in his last earthly vision, that his greatness would be immortal on earth. Pomp and splendor were with him in life and ^{went} with his body to the tomb, for which willing thousands had spent lives of toil and stress to build. But he died; his dynasty died; his people degenerated; his civilization passed away and profound darkness settled on the earth while centuries trod their slow pace, scattering the dust of decay over tomb, people and history, blotting all of them from earth's story. Then away down the vista of the years a new light dawned slowly over the earth and when this old land was hoary with dead centuries, a stranger came snooping around, picking and digging about to see what he could find. He dug up this forgotten god, boxed him up in unholy and undignified profanation, brought him here and placed him on exhibition at ten cents per gape. Tom, Dick and Harry came, gazed, cackled, giggled, joked and went away holding their noses and wondering among themselves whether "the old boy" would like it if he knew how his remains were being treated. What a tragedy if his so-called soul died with his body! Who knows?

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