

WHEN YOU ARE ABROAD

Do Not Let Your Country Down

A TRAVELLER'S WARNING

A much-travelled Scot, supporting the C.N.'s denunciation of the Litter Lout, suggests that we should do equally well if we reminded British holiday-makers abroad to mind their manners.

He gives us from his own observations several instances of very bad manners by British tourists and visitors in foreign lands. Some of them behave as if they owned the whole town where they happen to be, and as if everything they do becomes them, when really they are appearing very boorish to foreign eyes.

Nearly all his illustrations of this unconscious hooliganism refer to obtrusive uses of the camera. Here is one that will serve for all.

An Ugly Picture

An ex-soldier, lame, was selling picture postcards, and had with him a little cart to which a pair of nice dogs were attached. Several tourists put their children in the cart to be photographed, then thanked the lame man and purchased some of his wares.

But along came three hefty English Misses, mounted the tiny cart, ordered their male companions to "shoot," then got out and marched off giggling, with no recognition of the man whose cart they had invaded. The place was Bruges.

An ugly picture, is it not? Need more be said?

There are no kinder people in the world than British people, but they do not appear half so polite as the average foreigner; and when they let themselves go and become obtrusive they let their country down badly. It is a point that not a few need to remember.

NEW CABLE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

The First Telephone Line

The first telephone cable is to be laid across the Atlantic.

The cable will be laid from a point in County Mayo in Ireland. All the cables across the Atlantic at the present time are used only for telegraphy, and so far people have been able to talk from Europe to America only by means of wireless.

At first sight it seems rather like going backward to lay an old-fashioned cable, when the Atlantic has been bridged by wireless, but the fact is that so many people want to talk by wireless that the ether might soon get congested. Many great difficulties arise in attempting to telephone over a cable of this immense length, but electrical engineers have completely overcome them, and all necessary arrangements have now been made for the laying of this the first telephone cable.

TEACHING A PUPPY

This account of a grown dog's instinct for teaching a puppy what it should do comes from a Newcastle reader.

Yesterday a friend of mine took her dog, a fair-sized animal, for a walk. On the other side of the road a gentleman was taking his dog (a spaniel) with her wee puppy for an airing.

When the puppy saw my friend's dog it came across the road to make its acquaintance, and its owner became very anxious lest the bigger dog should do it any harm. He called to it repeatedly to come back, but it took no notice of him.

Imagine, then, the surprise of the owners of both dogs when the big one picked up the puppy by the back of its neck and, carrying it carefully across the road, set it down beside its mother, and then returned to its own mistress.

A RED INDIAN'S OWN STORY

At last we know what a Red Indian is really like. Long Lance, a Blackfoot chief, has written his autobiography, and it is as exciting as the wildest Wild West romance.

The first thing he can remember is a fight. The camp was full of confusion, and women wept as they ran to their ponies. He saw blood running from his mother's hand. He was a baby then. Years afterwards he heard that Crow Indians had attacked the camp, and his uncle was among the slain.

Tests of Endurance

In his childhood the men moved about the prairies from camp to camp, and lived by hunting alone. Only in the winter, when the snows made travelling impossible, did they remain in one place for long. Then they lived on dried meat; and when supplies ran out, and the snows lingered, they endured great hunger. Long Lance remembers how he and other boys stole their mothers' rawhide bags to eat.

Yet the young Red Indians were very happy. They had all sorts of games to play, and were always dreaming of becoming great braves. They practised with blunt arrows, they wrestled, they had competitions in stone-throwing, and they ran races. Their elders ran foot races, too, and a favourite race for the men was from Blackfoot Crossing to Medicine Hat and back, about 240 miles. They would start one morning and return the next day. It was part of the Indian's religion to keep his body fit and a greedy or lazy man was treated as a pariah.

Two Great Shames

When Long Lance was five his big brother picked him up one morning early, carried him to the river, kicked a hole in the ice, and threw him in. Then he fished the gasping baby out.

Every Red Indian boy had to bathe in the river every morning, and he had to be whipped to teach him to endure pain bravely.

They were taught there were two great shames—to lie and to be a coward.

During the long days in winter camp the lads would ask their fathers to erect a whipping bar in the council lodge, a bar stretched across two poles at an average boy's height. One by one the boys would walk to the bar and hold it while someone flogged their bare backs with a bunch of stout fir branches. If a boy let go the bar it was a sign for the flogger to stop, and the boys vied in seeing how long they could hold out. They would also sit round the camp fire in the evening burning little piles of pine needles on the backs of their hands to inure themselves to pain.

A Deed of Heroism

This courage was a real thing. Chief Carry-the-Kettle, an Assiniboine, was once spying on a Piegan camp with his half-brother, who lay some distance from him in a coulee filled with undergrowth. The brother was discovered, and Carry-the-Kettle saw him led away to a big tepee in the camp.

Carry-the-Kettle could have returned safely to his own tribe. He had had no food for seven days. But he rose from his hiding-place and walking straight to the big tepee asked: "What are you going to do with my brother?"

He was seized at once. Word was sent round that there were two Assiniboines to kill. Presently the prisoners were led out into a crowd of angry men brandishing knives. The brothers prepared to die together.

But a tall man on a horse rode through the crowd and pushed them back. "This man who came to die with his comrade is too brave to kill," he said. It was the chief, and the crowd obeyed. He gave Carry-the-Kettle a gun and a pony, and sent the two brothers back to their homes.

The Red Men kept a constant look-out in those days. Once, when Long Lance's people were passing through

the Crow country, they paused to rest on the shores of the Upper Missouri River. Two braves were chaffing each other as to which was the better shot, and one said:

"All right. Do you see that bit of log floating in the middle of the stream?"

He fired, and the log leaped forward, waving two arms frantically for a moment. Then it drifted again. The marksman jumped into the river and after a struggle hauled the log ashore. It was not a log, but a cylinder of birch bark. A Crow spy had been swimming down the river with his body under water and watching the Blackfoot camp through holes in the cylinder.

A Buffalo Hunt

The buffalo was of tremendous importance to the Red men, who made tents and clothes of buffalo hide and prepared buffalo meat so that it could be stored for the winter months. Long Lance took part in a buffalo hunt when he was quite a lad. The men raced their horses after the flying herd, while the children and women followed as well as they could on ponies.

One boy called Shakes-the-Other-Fellow was riding right on his father's heels when a bull turned and faced the Red Indian's horse. Two other buffaloes bumped into the one which had turned, and buffaloes, pony, and boy all went down together. The next thing the hunters saw was Shakes-the-Other-Fellow on a buffalo's back being carried madly away. He had clutched at the woolly shoulders to save himself from being trampled underfoot.

Braves galloped after him, but it was a long time before they could get close enough to shoot the buffalo without risk of shooting the rider.

A Cree Crime

The Red men loved their dogs and their ponies. It was a terrible thing for the Blackfoot camp when all the ponies were stolen one night and driven off; but a still more terrible thing was to come. One winter a Blackfoot named Red Dog had pitched his tepees a little distance from the rest of the camp, and an old woman going to visit him one morning found five people there, murdered in their sleep. Red Dog's two daughters, Ermine Tail and Bird's Skin, had been carried off.

At once the Blackfeet set off to avenge the crime, following the trail of snowshoes for four weary, hungry days. In the end they caught up the two stolen girls, limping behind their captors, a party of seventy Cree Indians.

A Blackfoot crept up to the girls and whispered to them. The girls said the Crees made them stay up every night to dry and clean all the snowshoes. The Blackfoot told them to scorch the snowshoes and mix them up, so that each Cree should have a big and a small shoe.

The Odd Snowshoes

In the darkness the Blackfoot braves surrounded the Cree camp, and as dawn came they gave a war whoop and rushed down to avenge their kinsmen. The Crees tried to struggle into the odd pairs of snowshoes, but even when they succeeded the charred framework gave way, and they floundered helplessly in the slushy snow. There could only be victory for the Blackfeet.

In this battle a Blackfoot called Rock Thunder had a leg sinew cut. For several days two warriors helped him along, but at last he demanded that all should hear him.

"Brothers (he said) we must travel to the mountains before we are safe from the Crees. It is many days' march, and you are travelling slowly because of me. Better one should die than many: make my funeral pyre."

The warriors refused at first, but Rock Thunder besought them so passionately that at last they yielded. Logs and brushwood were gathered, and Rock Thunder climbed the pyre. With his own flints he lit it, and then he sang

A CAT OF GOOD MANNERS

Jimmy at Table

By Our Country Girl

What is the difference between being well known and famous?

Well, Jimmy's friends say that he is well known, but he would be famous if he got into the C.N.

Let us explain at once that Jimmy can never be famous as a poet or an artist, for he is a cat. Nor has he performed any heroic deed, such as swimming to rescue a drowning baby, or putting out a fire with his paws, for Jimmy is a real cat. He is merely remarkable for his behaviour at supper.

After all, did not old William of Wykeham give one of our oldest schools for a motto the good old *Manners Makyth Man*? Jimmy's friends do well to applaud his good manners.

Next to Mother

When supper-time brings all the family home from work, school, and play Jimmy comes too. Chairs are set round the table, and one is set for Jimmy. He refuses to sit anywhere except next to Mother. If someone takes his place he stalks about the floor using horrid language.

Everybody is helped before Jimmy, and he waits patiently, but if Mother forgets him altogether he puts one paw on her arm. Then she cuts up some bread and cheese, and puts it on the plate before him. Bread and cheese form Jimmy's daily supper.

When he has finished he walks upstairs to bed by himself. He is only two, and he knows youngsters must go to bed earlier than grown-ups. Let us hope Jimmy will live to enjoy all his nine lives.

Continued from the previous column

a chant of triumph, looking toward the mountains. So he died.

The other Blackfeet reached the mountains safely, and when spring came they set out to find a herd of wild horses to replace their stolen ponies.

Only the horse's inquisitive nature enables a man to catch him. The Red men, on finding a herd, came quietly up to it. Off galloped the horses; but they returned to watch the strange new animals. For ten days the Red men travelled quietly behind the herd, till the horses were convinced that men were harmless creatures like birds and rabbits. Then one night the braves slipped away to build a corral of logs against the two sides of a rock-bound ravine. Then every man, woman, and child combined to drive the herd into the corral. Five hundred wild horses stampeded into the trap. Next day zoo of the best had a rawhide lariat thrown about their necks, and the others were set free.

The Sun Dance Prayer

Long Lance loves the ways of his people, and he must have sorrowed when the white men made the Red Indians live in Reserves and send their children to school. But he can appreciate the things that are good in white civilisation; and for the sake of those things he enlisted in 1914, and won a commission together with a row of medals for gallantry.

And which of us could not join with him in his Sun Dance prayer?

Great Spirit, our Father, help us and teach us in the way of the truth; and keep me and my family and my tribe on our true Father's path, so that we may be in good condition in our minds and our bodies.

Teach all our little ones in Your way. Make peace over all the world. We thank You for the Sun and the good summer weather again; and we hope they will bring good crops of grass for the animals, and things to eat for all peoples.

With this prayer we take leave of Long Lance, who has written a true and beautiful book, showing the Red Indian in all his goodness and badness, as he lived in the days that are gone.