

INDIAN STORIES

The following interesting stories were written by Spyna Howard as a test in English:

Wonder Man Nappie

Old man Nappie was strolling down the banks of the Marias river one day and chanced to look down in the deep water, and saw a large bunch of red berries known as buffalo berries. He was very hungry at this time and was so happy to see so many of the buffalo berries. Nappie tried to reach the berries, but he could not as the water was too deep. After four or five attempts at diving, only bringing up stones, he thought of a scheme to get the berries. He tied big stones to his neck and waist and jumped into the water. He nearly drowned. He went to the bottom. He saw there were no berries. He tore the rocks from his neck, and finally got on shore again.

He lay down on the bank to rest. He thought of his narrow escape. He looked up and there he beheld the berries. "Oh, there you are, so nice and red. I'll punish you for nearly causing me to drown." He took a stick and began to beat the berries from the tree, saying, "Now, this is the way you shall be taken from the tree." And to this day the berries are beaten from the trees and not picked.

The Lone Tree

In the olden days when Indian women and men never mixed, the women were ruled by a woman called Mitchawaukee and the men were ruled by a man called Nappie. One day the men sent a message to the women to meet them so they could all get mates. O did not put on her finery but went to meet the men in her everyday clothes. In those days their clothes were very few, so she told the rest of the women that she was going to choose Nappie, because he was the ruler of the men. When they met to choose mates, O was to choose first. She took Nappie, but he would not accept her. O called her charges away and they went and dressed in their best and returned. O forbade her women to have anything to do with Nappie. Each of the women took her man and left. Nappie saw that he was being left out, so he posed in front of each woman, but none chose him. He was left standing all alone.

At dawn the people of the Blackfoot tribe found a tree, standing alone, where Nappie was last seen standing. This tree is Nappie and can be seen until this day in the hills where the Blackfeet live.

WRONG DOING

From any point of consideration it does not pay to do wrong. Few of us ever fall so low that we are not in mental distress when we think of things which we have done that we should not have done. Wrongdoing is a source of constant distress to us while right-

doing is always a matter of pride and exaltation which brings to us a tower of strength.

It can never be pleasant for any-one to reflect upon acts which should not have been committed, but which are charged to his account. To feel that your fellows may consider you dishonest, untruthful, lacking in the real qualities that proclaim the lady or gentleman, cannot be pleasant. To carry with one the fear that an evil deed is soon to be detected and the blame placed against the perpetrator of the deed, must, in time, become almost unbearable. How must one feel who is compelled always to endeavor to hide something? There is always a sign by which evil-doers may be detected by those who know the sign and seek it out. It is possible that exactly what the deed was may not become apparent, but the effect of mental guilt will always show on the face of a guilty person.

Humanity seldom becomes so hardened that conscience is killed. The "wee small voice" is ever with us in the capacity of monitor. Do what we may, if we are guilty of evil, we hear that protesting little voice. It tells us what is right and warns us against that which is wrong. If we would listen how much better off we would be! We may fancy that we are succeeding in our attempt to hide our evil from our fellows, but we cannot hide it from our consciences, try as we may, nor can we stifle the constant murmuring of our inward monitor.

There is but one sensible way to live, just as there is but one right way to live, and that is the right way. Let us bear this fact in mind at all times and it will bring to us the respect of decent mankind and make our days longer and of greater worth. Merit is its own reward.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

How many or how few people really seek the reason for their failures in life? To have a trade or profession is not the main element in success—to be a master of a trade or profession is quite another thing, and without mastery no great amount of success is going to crown your efforts.

The fact that you have a business calling is good so far as it goes, but it is not the whole thing by any means. The successful business man must know his business "inside out." Every detail must be familiar to him. To illustrate our point we will mention the fact that at a recent convention of salesmen, held in Germany, a man who was recognized as the banner salesman of the Fatherland was asked the secret of his success. In reply to the question the German said: "I defy anybody in all Germany to ask me a question about my business that I cannot answer."

Here was the secret of this man's success. He knew his business—was master of it in every detail. The acquisition of such knowledge denoted the keenest interest in every detail of the business. Everything about the man bespoke inward, or real, merit and he was bound to be a success. Success of this character is possible for all of us who are possessed of average intelligence. Don't you think so?