

reputation as a sport. And lastly, he is killing something.

With science on your side to insure absolute safety, to get out in the early morning and kill something is fine fun.

There are some misguided critics who assert that to make deer hunting a really true and manly sport, the deer ought to have the same chance to kill the man as the man has to kill the deer.

Furthermore, they seem to feel that to lie in wait for a beautiful and innocent animal, and deliberately murder it, is not developing the most humanitarian instincts.

But these critics are old fogies.

To slaughter is always the prerogative of the "dead game sport."—Tom Masson, in *Life*.

THE RACE ISSUE AMONG THE INDIANS.

A letter which appeared in the *Baltimore American* of Oct. 12.

A friend writes me from North Dakota that echoes of the Democratic campaign in Maryland have reached the "wards of the nation"—the Indians—in that State. These Indians, in a somewhat vague fashion (as politics is not clearly understood by them), have learned that in the East, where white men are very plentiful, one Negro is esteemed to be superior to four white men, in that it is feared that the one Negro shall ultimately dominate the four white men, by reason of his superior excellence bodily and mental. It will thus be seen that these Indians have gotten hold of the Democratic contention in the present Maryland campaign. These Indians have given a name to this tribe of whites which, being translated, means "The Tribe of - the - Four - White - Men - Afraid - of - One - Negro," and have arranged a totem for this name in their sign language consisting of four white figures done in chalk lying prostrate with a black figure done in pitch holding a rod over the white figures. These Indians regard this matter as one of importance to themselves. No Indian of good sense will admit his inferiority in any way to a Negro. Upon the contrary, he believes that he can beat the African in any game he undertakes, whether in peace or war. The average Indian would regard it as a gross insult even to intimate that the Negro is superior. In this respect he differs entirely from the Maryland Democrat, who holds that he is not quite equal in ability to a quarter of a Negro.

The Indians are talking of holding a

"sun dance" of the tribes of the Northwest to discuss this question. They think they see a great opportunity for themselves in this state of affairs. Their logic is that if four white men, by their votes, acknowledge their fear of being dominated by one Negro the time of the Indian has come. They fully believe that one Indian is at least equal to one Negro, and, generally speaking, greatly his superior. They think they can whip the Negroes, notwithstanding the difficulty they have experienced in taking the scalps of Negro soldiers whom they have met on the field of battle and regard as "black devils."

This is a curiously odd phase of the political situation, and would certainly bring a smile to the lips of the average citizen if it were not so sad to think that in the evil days which have come upon us when we have no political leaders worthy of the name we have to resort to such absurd political humbug as the cry of "Negro domination."

WILLIAM N. HILL, M. D.

Baltimore, October 10, 1903.

THOSE WHO SWEAT FOR IT.

From "the *Pride of Telfair*," by Elliott Peake. Harper Bros.

"Here are some very interesting papers—to me," observed Davenport, socially taking them up. "They are the abstract and deed of the Holbrook farm, out in Turtle township. I bought the farm on Tuesday, held it two days, sold it on Thursday and made \$2,000."

Bowman started.

"That's more money than I make in a year," said he.

"It's more than I make in two days," answered Morris, laughing. Perhaps he was not wholly blind to the operations going on behind Bowman's high, white scholarly forehead, and rather enjoyed the situation.

"It's easy money for you, Morris, but somebody sweat for it," the minister could not help saying.

"Yes, I have thought of that," said Davenport. "But with me it's come easy, go easy."

"In that case I don't know that you could do better than let \$50 of it go toward the piano for the Sunday school," suggested Bowman, only half in earnest.

"I'll do it," said Davenport, and wrote Bowman a check for the amount. "But did you ever stop to think just who it was that sweat for that money? Not the man who has just bought the farm, for he will make money on the investment. Not Holbrook, who has just sold the farm, for he bought the land for \$30 an acre and sold it for \$100, and has

lived off it for a quarter of a century besides, and lived well. Not the first white man that owned it, for he got the tract and thousands of acres besides from the Indians for a barrel of cheap whisky. Not the Indians, for they never did anything for it except to hunt over it."

"I should say the people who sweat for that money were the laborers who have worked on the land all these years and improved it."

"No, for they received a due wage for their labor. Now, I'll tell you who it was. Not to go back too far, it was the people who made the State of Illinois, guaranteeing protection to life and property. It was the people who built the cities of this and neighboring States, creating a market for the wheat and corn and stock which came off that farm. It was the railroads which made it possible to carry this wheat and corn and stock to a market. It was the men who made the steel which made the railroads possible. These people, thousands upon thousands in number, sweat for that money, as I see it."

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: There is no sense, not a bit, in Canada gettin' mad. Trouble with Canada is she did not study her geography lesson when she was small. Why, law me! that northwest boundary has been about as well fixed as anything else for fifty year. But you lead me in one thing, John. You turned out a man who placed his principles above his party. I don't believe you have two of 'em; and I'm mightily afeared I have none at all, leastways, not in my controllin' party. I mind when the Hayes-Tilden presidential election went to my Supreme Court, there was no Lord Alverstone in the bunch. They divided on party lines, six to seven, I disremember, like carters in a tavern. They all had principles, my justices had, but they was rudimentary, and not conflictin' with party ties, and I've never had no great conceit of my Supreme Court since. Same way with my politicians. At the end of the Spanish war they took all that Spain had in the Philippines; and then took all that she didn't have.

Now suppose a similar case. Suppose gold was found in Canada West, and I should suddenly discover that my line did not run through the middle of the chain of great lakes, but through the middle of Hudson Bay. You'd say, "Rats!" and we'd appoint a joint commission to sit on it. I would appoint on my side the head-lights of my Republican