

in addition to these scattered grains of wild rice, either an Ojibwe familiar with English versification, or a white man so gifted, who can sympathetically absorb Ojibwe's viewpoint, will some day augment this slender wisp of *menomin* with a winnowed bushel of Ojibwe beauty.

Grains of Wild Rice

POEMS FROM THE OJIBWE

OJIBWE's concepts are deep. That is why they are simple. Probably that is why he sings them, reserving to speech his commonplaces. Wild rice is his staple. He sustains life on the few grains, augmented by such small game as the forest shares with him. Humanly, the woods Indian envies his plains brother. So he longs for his plains sister. This makes the drama of the Indian's life. I speak, of course, of the past. The white man's Indian never was. The Indian's Indian is no longer permitted. He lived beautifully, and beauty, as every one knows, is inherently uncommercial. These few grains of wild rice, among others, I gleaned from more than a year of association with Ojibwe at Bayfield, Wisconsin. Chief Sailing-

Home-Once-In-Awhile loaned me his eyes and his viewpoint.

I

OJIBWE LAMENT

LOVE laughed, and left me—
So he shall learn
I, alone, patiently
Wait his return.

Here it was he left me—
Here hid his face,
Turned, and bereft me
Of his embrace.

Pale are the birches,
Paler am I;
My heart with hunger
Surely will die.

He said "forever"—
O, but that is long!
He would come back to me
Heard he my song.

Ojibwe

Anogi'yayai'kidopun
A'wundjic'igoke
Ningac'kendum
Ka'mikwe'nimagin'.

II

NEW LOVE

Look at me no longer,
Daughter of the Bear;
Other love is stronger,
My heart is elsewhere.

I have been in battle,
I have fought the Sioux—
There I met a maiden
Lovelier than you.

You are like a poplar,
She a prairie flower—
Her eyes ever hold me,
Yours but an hour.

I shall gather young men,
Fall upon the Sioux,
Pluck my prairie flower
Lovelier than you!

Kawin'
Su
Gin
Gibaba'menimisinon
Baka'nizi'
Beba'menimug'
Nin.

III

SIOUX CAPTIVE

My heart with lead seems burdened,
The trees I do not love.
Their branches clutter up the sky
And bar the blue above.

They mock me while I sleep,
The tamarack and pine
They make the wind to weep
His captive tears with mine.

The breeze and I are twain
Ojibwe holds in fee,
And my kiss is bought with pain
That he may pity me.

Blue water and green woods
He loves—but I the plain,
And the unencumbered sky
I shall never see again.

Kata'tawu'
Waya'bamagin'
Nin'gaodji'ma
Keget'
Nin'jawe'nimig'.

IV

THE DEATH SONG OF
GO-GE-WE-OSH

THIS is not scent of balsam,
It is not cedar's breath,
That faintly fills my nostrils—
It is the smell of death.

The white sand where I stand
Shudders and turns red—

Soon shall my kinsmen weep,
Soon I shall be dead.

The smell of hydromel is sweet
But that of blood is dire—
Pau-guk has breathed upon my feet;
My life is his desire.

The odor of his hands
Is close about my face—
But so they closed on him I slew—
I go without disgrace.

Nima'jimandis
Nimi'jimandis
Ena'sumi'kiyan.

V

OLD SQUAW

Ai! Call yourself a man
My son—and well you may!
Now, scalp in belt and plume in hair—
Alas! But yesterday

You crept up to my knee
For a song about a star—
Now you are home again
With the bloody fruit of war!

The maidens' eyes grow bright,
Their bosoms rise and fall—
You smile on them. On me
You do not smile at all!

Ai! Call yourself a man:
I've had you while I may—
And your scalps I do not see,
But the stars of yesterday!





As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



THESE are the days when the "psychology of the child" receives grave attention from specialists; all I know of scientific psychology I learned from a five-dollar book called "The Human Intellect" by the Reverend Doctor Noah Porter, who is now in Heaven. I have forgotten everything I learned in this tome, which is perhaps not so bad as it might be, since the professor who taught us the book said that everything in it was wrong. He might have added in the words of Cleon,

And I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto,
And bringing us to ignorance again.

The best text-books on the psychology of the child that I have seen are "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Brown's School-days," and "Penrod."

Every child, after having its tonsils, adenoids, and appendix removed, and its teeth straightened expensively, should be brought up with a dog, a cat, and a book. There are so many books to-day written exclusively for children that one gazes at them in bewilderment; fortunately one can hardly make a wrong choice, because the art of preparing this mental fodder has reached such a degree of perfection that almost any work of this kind is both palatable and digestible. A good plan is to enter any bookshop, look over the children's department, and make your own selections. However, as many of my readers may be far away from such displays, I will

mention—I can hardly do more than that—some of the children's books that have recently appeared, and which seem to me especially good.

"Little Gold Nugget," by the accomplished writer, Frederic Taber Cooper; "Little Otis," by Cora B. Millay, verse as it ought to be, coming from such a name; "The Haunted Ship," by Kate Tucker, a juvenile novel; "Bob North by Canoe and Portage," a work of exploration written by a twelve-year-old boy, Robert Carver North, and with a foreword by an Indian, John Wesley; "Three Boy Scouts in Africa," containing the authentic adventures of boys with lions, as reported in their diaries; "Hiking and Tramping," by G. F. Morton, Headmaster of Leeds Modern School, giving a stirring account of mountain climbing carried on, with proper supervision, by boys; "The Boys' Life of Frémont," by Flora Warren Seymour, a biography of the picturesque Republican candidate for the presidency in 1856; "Prince Bantam, Being the Adventures of Yoshitsune the Brave," etc., set down and illustrated by May McNeer and Lynd Ward; "Silver and Gold," by Enid Blyton, a pleasant quartet of verses; "The Strange Search," from the French of Eugénie Foa, by Amena Pendleton, a good sea story; "The Boys' Life of John Burroughs," an admirable and valuable biography by the accomplished writer Dallas Lore Sharp; "Sparrow House," by N. J. Givaco-Grishina, with nineteen chapters