often puts civilized man to the blush. Silence and modesty of demeanor in the young, reverence for elders, and general family decorum, were surely more characteristic of the Indian children of my day than of the average American household. Rudeness toward strangers, and especially toward the poorly dressed, the old or unfortunate, so commonly observed on the streets of every town, would never have been tolerated among us. Our rules of courtesy in the matter of salutations, visits, the taking or offering of food, and the like, were strictly observed, profanity or "slang" was unknown, intercourse between the sexes was closely guarded, and the whole fabric of our etiquette was more binding than written law.

In one further respect the Indian child under the old régime was unquestionably superior to the white child or to the product of the white man’s schools—that is, in the courage which comes only with complete self-reliance, and the power of independent initiative that is after all a certain test of education.

IN THE OLD APPLE ORCHARD

IN THE Spring she laughed to see them—snow-white blooms upon the bough,
As they fell, a May-time snow-storm, thick as fall the apples now.
Oh the wonder of the orchard, cool and fragrant with the fruit—
This is Arcady in Summer, and the world’s alarms are mute.

Far away the City thunders, and Life surges like a stream;
Here are afternoons of rapture, silence and a golden dream.
I am coming when they call me—Summer and my Summer maid—
Oh the wonder of the orchard, full of shadows and of shade.

I am going to the glory of the quiet orchard aisles,
Where the burning sun is vanquished—there is sun in her bright smiles:
We shall gather fruit and wisdom for the cheerless Winter days;
As we loiter in the orchard with its dim mysterious ways.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.