

it suffered the vetoes of its appropriations by unfriendly governors, the loss of the main building by fire, and the results of disastrous bickering and quarreling by the people of the community.

Devotion and courageous fighting spirit have characterized the friends of the school, and the dedication of this volume to Senator W. J. Sutton is a tribute worthily bestowed—a recognition of the optimism, courage, sacrifice which have stood the school in good stead in its troublous days. The later chapters detail the struggle for the new buildings, the development of the campus and building plans, the construction of the curriculum, and the recent effort to secure the right to bestow the baccalaureate degree.

The careful development of numerous biographical, historical, and legislative notes and comments constitutes a valuable part of the material, and has called into play the historical training of the writer.

A word of commendation is due the mechanical makeup of the volume, for the cover, paper, printing, type, and editorial work are unusually good.

ALEXANDER C. ROBERTS.

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*Indian Days in the Canadian Rockies.* By MARIUS BARBEAU. Illustrations by W. Langdon Kihn. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1923. Pp. 208. 15 illustrations.)

The title of this book conveys an accurate idea of the contents of the book. "We have tried in the following chapters to visualize the advent of the white man into the northwest from the Indian standpoint," writes the author in the introduction. . . . "To the reader some of the following chapters—*An Indian Seer*, and *Tchatka*, for instance—may seem pure fiction or Indian fairy tales. Yet they are not. They are true narratvies of Indian lives substantially as reported from native sources. Beeny, the seer, was perhaps the first Indian of the uplands who foretold the coming of Europeans and obtained vague notions of the Christian faith. In his quality of juggler, he was only too anxious to show his power, to predict the future, and to accomplish marvels that would astonish his people; and his theme was the white man—the 'Sky being' as he termed him. He was imposing on the popular credulity and unconsciously at the same time on his own."

Writers there have been sufficient to recount the glorious march of Europeans across the continent of North America. They have told us how the frontier has shaped the course of American

history; how a great continent has been wrested from the wilds by the courage and the perseverance of the pioneer folk. All of which is true. But there is another side of the picture about which fewer writers have written. This other side is the story of the aboriginal inhabitants, who were crowded farther and farther westward as the white men swept over the continent like a great tidal wave. The success of one was the ruin of the other. Unable to accommodate himself to the ways of the white man, the Indian is about to disappear, just as the buffalo upon which he subsisted has disappeared from the great plains.

"The present-day Indians of the western prairies and the Rocky Mountains are no longer what they used to be. They have dwindled in numbers; their ancient customs are gone, their character is lost. They are a vanishing race. In the white man's pageants or in silver screen views of the wild west, they may still appear to us, when garbed in buckskin and feathers, as spectacular personalities dwelling in a sphere apart from the rest of mankind; but when visited at home, on the reserves, they seldom live up to the fanciful expectations we derive from literature and pictorial art."

In the pages of this book one gets a little glimpse into the mind of the Indian of the northwest before the coming of the white men. We are told how Beeny, the seer, predicted the coming of the white men, the "sky beings," who were to make life easy for the children of the forests. The white men came, but they came to trade; with them came disease which decimated the ranks of the red men; weapons which the Indians were taught to use successfully in destroying each other. Today the freedom of the children of the forests is no more. Tucked away on reservations, mere fragments of the vast empire over which they wandered in the long ago, the Indians appear to be nearing the end of the trail. They are completely disillusioned. The white man's medicine was too strong for them.

In reading the pages of this book one feels with the author that the passing of the Indian "is one of the great tragedies of the American continent. It is a sacrifice to the new Moloch—the white man who now dominates the planet, unwillingly crushing life wherever he tramples. Yet it remains unheralded for want of panegyrists, unregretted for want of outspoken sympathizers."

The author has written this book to entertain, and he has succeeded.

J. ORIN OLIPHANT.