

FALLING LEAF

Far beyond the rolling prairie
Lived the fairest Indian maiden
Ever seen by mortal eyes;
She whose cheeks were like the roses,
The daughter of a warrior chief,
Sent to cheer their home in autumn,
And they called her Falling Leaf.

From the depths of a tangled forest,
On a quiet summer day,
Came a stranger lone and weary,
On his long and lonely way;
Weeks passed by and still he lingered,
"Gentle Falling Leaf," he cried—
With a smile of love she promised
To be his happy bride.

On one quiet day she wandered
O'er the prairie waste alone;
Long she watched and waited,
But his fate was never known;
With the summer leaves she faded,
With the autumn leaves she died,
And they closed her eyes in slumber
On that Blackfoot river side.

"Falling Leaf," the breezes whisper,
Of the spirit's early flight;
For within that lonely wigwam
There's a wail of woe tonight.

—*Albert Billetdoux, Junior.*

MY TRIP FROM ALASKA TO CHEMAWA

My home is in the southern part of Alaska. Look on the map and find Kodiak Island; that is my home. It was on the morning of January 14, 1912, when sister and I left Kodiak; the snow was on the ground. We had been on board the boat for about a week when one morning while I was in bed I felt the boat stop; this woke me up and I heard them talking on board the deck, "We are on the rock," they said.