

26 BABEL, THE HALF-BREED.

(Continued.)

Perhaps he mourns his people's fate (who own
the land by rights),
Down-trodden and polluted by the coming of
the Whites.

Perhaps he thinks accounts are square—grant-
ing the good we brought,
And does not feel ashamed of it, and who
can say he ought?

What matter if your white man's tongue
cannot pronounce his name,
If he can do a white man's work and play
a white man's game?

What matter if he come from Nootka, Skide-
gate or Beale,
If he knows how to tell the truth, and never
how to squeal?

What matter if he's fond of fish and loves a
gaudy dress?

What matter if his mother's brown, his father
just a guess?

Perhaps, when in the great "To Come" we
hear the trumpet call,
It may be just a half-breed who's the whitest
of us all.

April, 1916.

ELECTION PLATFORM ECHOES.

The "good old times" are still to come!
Don't say that they are past.

The days when we shall happy be
Are now approaching fast.

The City Fathers we have had
Have done the best they could,

But things have changed, to be arranged
By me (and Robert Wood*).