

rice beds. Numerous flocks of black birds and ducks feed upon it. From the middle of August until the beginning of October the beds are alive with these birds. But soon the October storms and November's nipping days shake and rend and sink the great fields of ripe yellow straw and when December comes hardly a vestige of the wild rice remains.



Ojibway Holding Wild Rice Stalk.

These rice beds are of quite large extent. It is estimated that as much as fifty thousand bushels come to maturity in a single season. The Ojibways gather about two thousand bushels and the game birds may eat double that amount but the greater amount of the rice sinks to seed for another spring.

"These are the gardens of the waters,
These the untilled fields bounteous
and beautiful."

—P. E. S., '10.

THE OLDEST DRAMA.

"It fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said to a lad, carry him to his mother. And he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed . . . and shut the door upon him, and went out."

These lines form the basis of a poem by John McCrae in *The University Magazine*.