

of thunder, startling them all from their seats about the fire. For a moment the smoke of their peace-pipe had ceased to rise from the lips of the frightened rulers of the tribes. Fearful Indians had watched the Kitchie as he strode about the lodge in anger, muttering like distant thunder, "The white man shall possess your country. You shall be driven forth."

Stopping in the doorway he had shouted his last words, "When I awake there shall be no white man on the shores of my Big Sea Water."

The Great Sleeping Giant has not yet awakened. He is still sleeping in repose on the shores of his beautiful inland sea, named by the white men, Superior, his body chiselled in rough outline in the rocks; and many, many travellers have slipped quietly past the figure since he first stretched himself there. Half expectant to see him move, they gaze at the Giant, still sleeping. When the mists of early morning slowly lift and reveal the great head and firmly folded arms of the Gamma, and when the sun bursts in bright rays, covering the rocks with warmth, one might then imagine the Kitchie Gamma to rise. But no, he will not yet get up, even though the sun shines warm upon him and the blue waters of the lake dash about his feet noisily.

Even the mighty thunders of the Bay of Thunders have not awakened him. The jar of the air as in an earthquake has been heard about the waters and yet Kitchie Gamma sleeps. Nor does the voice of the fog, the booming of the danger signal which the white men have built at his very ear disturb him at all.

Some say the thunders have been louder since the Giant went to sleep, upon the order of Nana Boyo, who is god of thunders and wishes to awaken Kitchie.

But none of these have awakened him, because the white man is still upon the shores of the Big Sea Water, upon the shores of Lake Superior.

Guinea, '23.

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