

The Ojibway. A Novel of Indian Life of the Period of the Early Advance of Civilization in the Great Northwest. By Joseph A. Gilfillan. New York: Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.

The Indian in literature has tribal characteristics as distinct and unlike as those of the Sioux and the Pueblo. There is the romantic Cooper Indian, dear to boyhood; the Garland Indian, intellectual and picturesque; the ethnologist's Indian, absorbed in myth and folklore and ceremonial. The new type with which Rev. Mr. Gilfillan makes us acquainted we instinctively feel to be the genuine, human Indian. To call the book a novel was a misnomer. It is rather a series of moving pictures in which we see real people doing real things. It is the work of a man who for twenty-five years saturated himself with the life of the Ojibway Indians. A complete mastery of their language and a single-minded devotion to their welfare gave him a most intimate understanding of the Indian's viewpoint. In spite of careless proofreading, conspicuous faults of diction and unfortunate lack of experienced editing, the story is told with such simplicity and vividness that we seem to be living the life of the dweller in a wigwam among the forests of Minnesota half a century ago. The loves, hates, brutalities, superstitions and aspirations, as well as the occupations, customs, merry-makings and hardships, are all markedly portrayed. There is no glamour, no Wild West show attitudinizing. The boy reader will not long to "play Indian" and the sentimentalist will be annoyed by his idol's feet of clay. But it is a sort of *ex cathedra* contribution to our knowledge of the Indian, and in its unsparing yet sympathetic veracity lies its novelty.