Cultural Genocide: Forest Grove Indian Training School

ESSENTIAL UNDERSTANDINGS

- **Genocide**
- **Language**
- **History**
- **Identity**

LEARNING OUTCOMES

- **Students will utilize primary documents for historical investigation**
- **Students will define cultural genocide**
- **Students will identify how attempts at education effected the culture of PNW Native Americans**

SOCIAL SCIENCE STANDARDS

- **4.12, 4.14, 4.16-4.22**
- **8.3, 8.24, 8.25, 8.28-8.33**
- **HS.55, HS.56, HS.60-74**
- **TBD-Holocaust/Genocide Standards**
- **TBD-Ethnic Studies Standards**

ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS

- **What are the intended and unintended consequences of government policies?**
- **What is cultural imperialism?**
- **What is destroyed in the name of progress? What is created?**

BACKGROUND FOR TEACHERS

The Forest Grove Indian Industrial Training School was a boarding school for Native American children that operated from 1880-1885. It later became Chemawa Indian School in Salem, where it still exists today. Administered by the U.S. Department of the Interior with support from Pacific University, the school hosted students from many Northwestern tribes, often without regard for their native cultures or the wishes of their families. This collection includes photographs, rosters, letters, and other documents that shed light on the school's problematic history.[3]

OVERVIEW

Students warm-up with a class discussion on culture followed by an analysis of several primary documents related to the Forest Grove Indian Training School. The documents from Forest Grove Indian Training School are part of a collection at Pacific University. Students respond to written questions, share their findings with peers, and discuss how understanding the policies and impact of the school creates a more complete understanding of the experiences of some Tribes in Oregon.

The investigation connects with at least four Essential Understandings. Teachers are encouraged to adjust the number and length of the primary documents selected to best match their classroom as students explore each of these more deeply.

ADDITIONAL RESOURCE

Video: Unspoken: America's Native American Boarding Schools
https://www.pbs.org/video/unspoken-americas-native-american-boarding-schools-oobt1r/

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[3] [3] Hotch, Shawna and Guggemos, Eva, "Forest Grove Indian Training School Collection," Pacific University Digital Exhibits, accessed February 14th, 2020. https://heritage.lib.pacificu.edu/s/exhibits/item-set/58806

Cultural Genocide: Forest Grove Indian Training School

Warm-up Questions[4]:

1. What images do you think of when you hear the word, "culture"? Consider, what defines a person's culture? What is your definition of culture? Click here for the Merriam-Webster dictionary definition.

2. What are elements that represent your culture? Make a list of at least ten things. Look back at your list and reflect on how important these parts of your culture are to your identity. Use the following scale to rate how important each element in your list is to how you define yourself: (1-not important to 5-very important)

   Example: English language (3), Always letting the eldest person in the family eat first (5), etc.

3. Consider the following questions, and be prepared to share your responses with the class:

   a) Where are the spaces where you feel most comfortable expressing your culture, and why?

   b) How comfortable do you feel expressing your culture in your school?

   c) How would you respond if your school demanded that you not express yourself in any of the ways you wrote on your list? How would you feel?

   d) Why might a school mandate that students not express elements of their cultures?

   e) In history, when have groups of people been forced to not express their cultures? Why?

[4] Warm-up Questions 1-3, "Reporting on Cultural Genocide and the Legacy of Residential Schools," Pulitzer Center, October 20, 2016, accessed February 10th, 2020. https://pulitzercenter.org/builder/lesson/reporting-cultural-genocide-and-legacy-indian-residential-schools

Oregon History- Forest Grove Indian Training School

Document A:

Title: Spokane students, "new recruits" to the Indian Training School

Description

A group portrait of students from the Spokane tribe at the Forest Grove Indian Training School, taken when they were "new recruits." The caption notes that this was number 43 in a series of photographs by I.G. Davidson, a photography studio based in Portland. The photograph is one of several group portraits that depict "before and after" views of students at the school; see also the corresponding "after" picture. These photographs show how the school taught the children to behave according to the norms of white society. This image was reproduced alongside several other images of the school as an etching in a popular magazine, Harper's Weekly, in 1882. The students pictured are probably the Spokane students who, according to the school roster, arrived in July, 1881: Alice L. Williams; Florence Hayes; Suzette (or Susan) Secup; Julia Jopps; Louise Isaacs; Martha (Mattie) Lot; Eunice Madge James; James George; Ben Secup; Frank Rice; and Garfield Hayes.

Creator: I. G. Davidson, photographer

Date: 1881

Document B:

Title: Spokane Indians, after seven months at the Indian Training School

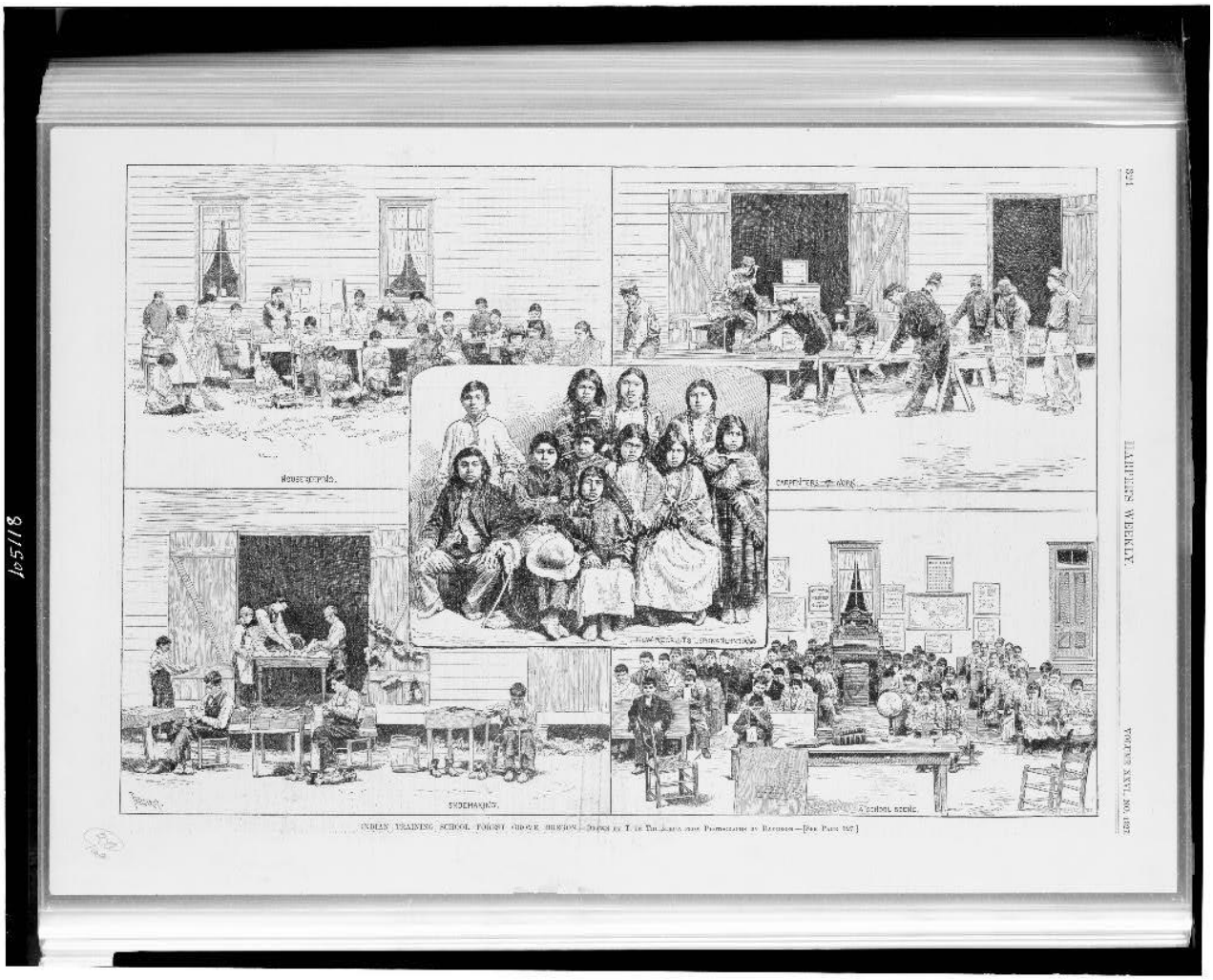
Description

A group portrait of students from the Spokane tribe at the Forest Grove Indian Training School, taken seven months after they arrived. The caption notes that this was number 63 in a series of photographs by I.G. Davidson, a photography studio based in Portland. The photograph is one of several group portraits that depict "before and after" views of students at the school; see also the corresponding "before" picture. These photographs show that the school dressed the students and taught them to behave according to the norms of white society. The students pictured probably include some of those who arrived as a group from Spokane lands in July, 1881: Alice L. Williams; Florence Hayes; Suzette (or Susan) Secup; Julia Jopps; Louise Isaacs; Eunice Madge James; James George; Ben Secup; Frank Rice; and Garfield Hayes. Tiny numerals written on the photograph apparently refer to a list of captions that no longer exists.

Creator **I. G. Davidson, photographer**

Date **1882**

Document C:
Title: Indian training school, Forest Grove, Oregon / drawn by T. De Thulstrup, from photographs by Davidson.
Contributor Names
Thulstrup, Thure de, 1848-1930, artist
Created / Published
[published 1882]



Document D:

Title: Letter from Melville C. Wilkinson to Chief Lot. October, 1881

Background:

Melville C. Wilkinson was the superintendent of the Indian Boarding School in Forest Grove in 1882. In October of 1881, a 10 year old student named Mattie , a granddaughter of a Spokane Chief, passed away. Wilkinson dictated a letter to Chief Lot about Mattie's death. Wilkinson was saddened by the death, but he was also worried that the death might have political ramifications for the school as having two of Chief Lot's children at the school supported the claims that the school was civilizing tribes in the Northwest. If Chief Lot decided to bring his kids home, that would undermine the school's reputation with other tribes and hinder its lobbying efforts for government support. Wilkinson was careful to note that his own wife cared for the sick child and that an honorable burial was given. Wilkinson was trying to convince Chief Lot not to pull his children from the school.

Credit: Eva Guggemos, Pacific University Archivist and Associate Professor (2019)

Dear Friend -

This week Saturday I take all the children to Portland where they will be the guests of the different churches -- that is -- where the people of the churches will take care of them. In the largest building in Portland, they have put all kinds of mechanical implements and my carpenter boys and shoemakers and blacksmiths and girls also, have put specimens of what they have done with their own hands. And this is greatly pleased the thousands of white people who visit that building every day and evening. It will do all the boys and girls a great deal of good to see for themselves what it is that drives the white man's civilization and it will encourage them to know that they too are going up into the same civilization. It is encouraging them very much to know that their exhibition is attracting a great deal of attention and gaining them a great deal of praise.

So that while you must necessarily feel so sadly about your great loss you must not forget how fast your children are learning that wisdom which will bring them back to you and your people wise and strong to help you and them up.

I will send you a little box which you can get when you go to Walker's Prairie [the site of the Walker family's Tshimakain mission] by calling on Mr Haines. In this little box will be a few things which will remind you of Mattie, they belong to her. I will also send you some of the flowers that were about her little hands in the coffin. I shall be very anxious to hear from you and the people.

Your true friend, Captain Wilkinson.

Document E:

Title: Harper's article 1882

FOREST GROVE, near Portland, Oregon, is the site of an Indian training school, where some very interesting and valuable educational work is going on. The institution is under the superintendence of Captain M. C. WILKINSON, U.S.A., to whose zeal, patience, and tact its success is entirely due. Like all thinking men who have been brought into relations with the aborigines of this continent, Captain WILKINSON has devoted much reflection to what is called the Indian question. He believes that the real solution of the problem lies in the systematic education of the rising generation. He is no advocate of that system of bribery and terror which has so long prevailed on the frontier, but asserts that the Indian tribal relations must be broken up as incompatible with our social organization, and that no adult member of any tribe be kept as a ward of the government. Let the adults provide for themselves, as the rest of us have to do. But in the case of the children Captain WILKINSON justly holds that the government can with benefit to all parties expend its money in their education and training. They ought to be taught various trades and handicrafts, so that when they return to their homes they may be properly fitted for life's struggles, and will infuse new ambitions into future generations, and be missionaries of the higher life of order, labor, and civilization.

In the training school at Forest Grove one hundred young Indians between the ages of five and twenty are kept, well fed, well clothed, and happy, and, as far as can be judged from appearances, quite as intelligent as a similar number of white youths. They came to the school from the prairies and the mountains, dressed in blankets and moccasins, with uncut and unkempt hair, as wild as young coyotes. They have already learned to sing like nightingales and work like beavers. It is remarkable that these young children of the forest are perfectly amenable to discipline, and never break a rule. The boys learn how to make boots and shoes, build houses, shoe horses, and how to perform various operations of agriculture. The girls learn to sew, darn, wash, cook, churn, iron, wash dishes, and keep their rooms in order. Both sexes learn their lessons promptly, and retain what they learn tenaciously. The common school games and amusements, playing ball, running races, and the like, are indulged in by the boys, while the little girls play with their dolls. They attend religious meetings and lectures, and sing and pray. The singing, indeed, is of remarkable excellence.

Captain WILKINSON last fall conducted his dusky pupils on a visit to Portland to attend the Young Men's Christian Association meeting, and the sight of these young red-skins excited general admiration. Captain WILKINSON gave some details of the organization to the school. The United States government for the first year appropriated only $5000 for him to start a school of twenty-five pupils, furnish transportation for them, teach, board, and house them. The boys built the houses themselves, the government only furnishing the materials. The four acres assigned to the institution were cultivated by the boys, who grubbed up the stumps, and planted potatoes and vegetables for their table. The school is thus partly self-supporting. The boys are attired in a regular uniform, and have their regular officers, as in our military schools. Every advantage placed in their way is eagerly seized on by these pupils, and it is worthy of notice by those who talk of the incorrigible character of the Indians that the parents, many of them chiefs, willingly and thankfully surrendered their sons and daughters in order that they might be taught the arts and learning of the white man.

All this work has been done in the space of two years, and a clear proof of the results attained was given in a local exhibition. Coarse leather shoes of first-class workmanship were displayed, the work of boys between fourteen and twenty. A handsome wash-stand and bureau were exhibited by another Indian, and some miniature oars and ladders by a young Alaskan ten years old. An exhibit of articles from the blacksmith shop also attracted attention. The amount of work accomplished by Captain WILKINSON and his Indian boys and girls is surprising. The buildings are commodious and comfortable; the matron, Mrs. BUCK, is a highly efficient head of this great home, and is ably seconded by three lady teachers.

We agree with Captain WILKINSON that this is the best solution of the difficulty which confronts us in our dealings with the Indians. The present race, demoralized by our vacillating and inconsistent Indian policy, may perhaps deserve the reputation of being incorrigible; let us then take the rising generation away from the evil influences which have surrounded their progenitors, and train them up to be useful and orderly members of society.

Transcribed verbatim from Harper's Weekly, Volume 26 (No. 1327), May 27, 1882
Text: p. 327, Illustration p.324

Document F:

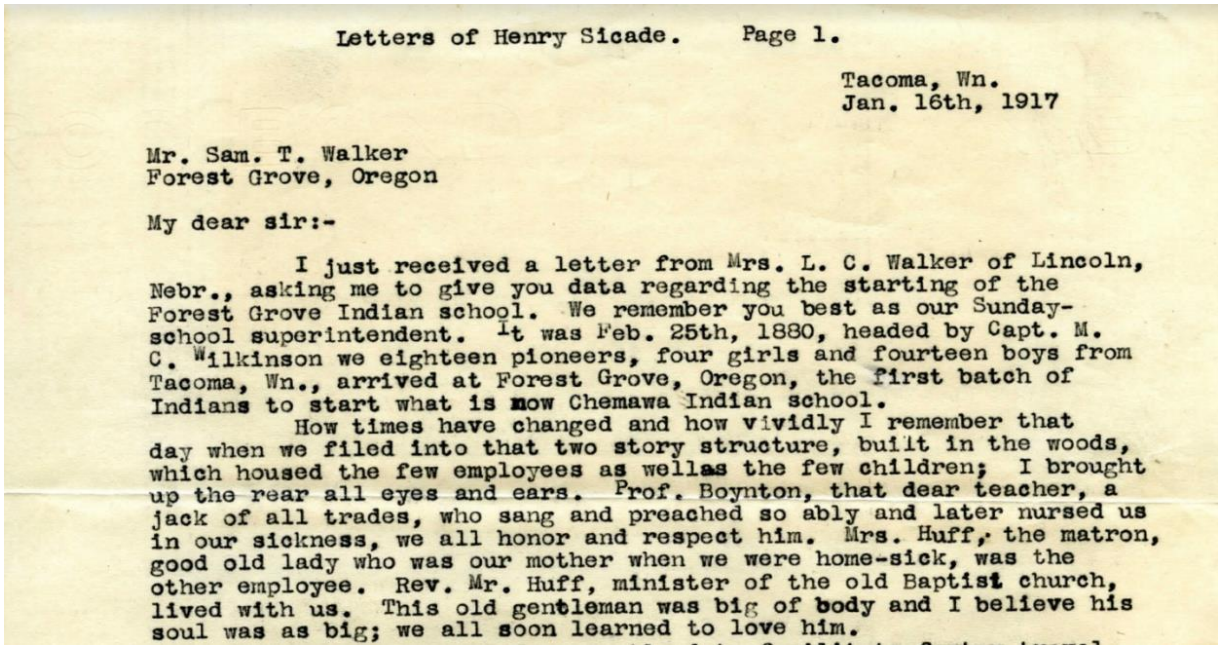
Title Letters by a former student on his memories of the Forest Grove Indian Training School

Description

Three transcribed letters from Henry Sicade (Puyallup), who was a student at the Forest Grove Indian Training School. They are addressed to Samuel T. Walker, who taught Sunday School in Forest Grove and had worked as a clerk at the school. The letters include Sicade's memories of the school regarding the teachers, the school superintendent Captain Wilkinson, and Sicade's activities after graduating. An additional transcribed letter from Walker, addressed to Professor Henry Bates of Pacific University, presents Sicade's letters to Bates, but asks for the originals back.

Creator **Sicade, Henry**

Date **1917**



Letters of Henry Sicade. Page 1.

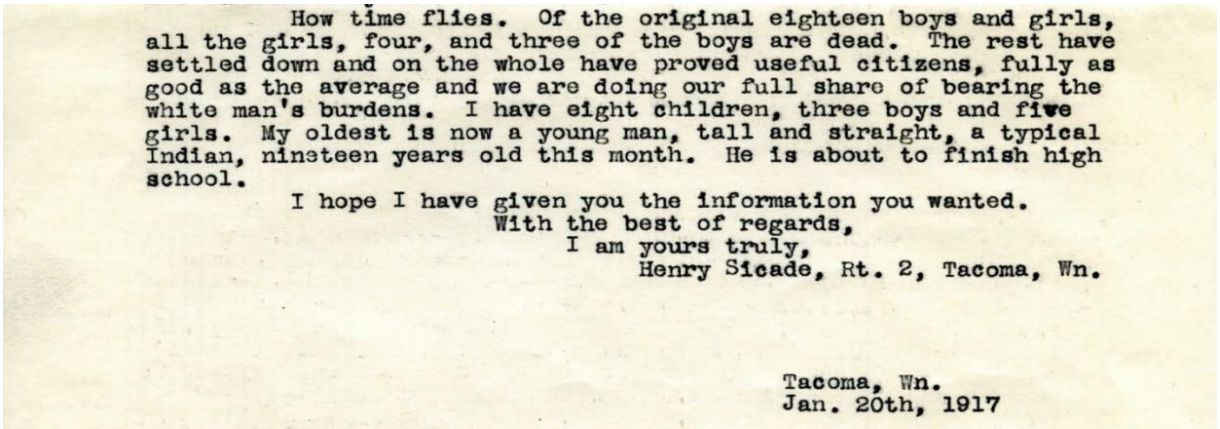
Tacoma, Wn.
Jan. 16th, 1917

Mr. Sam. T. Walker
Forest Grove, Oregon

My dear sir:-

I just received a letter from Mrs. L. C. Walker of Lincoln, Nebr., asking me to give you data regarding the starting of the Forest Grove Indian school. We remember you best as our Sunday-school superintendent. It was Feb. 25th, 1880, headed by Capt. M. C. Wilkinson we eighteen pioneers, four girls and fourteen boys from Tacoma, Wn., arrived at Forest Grove, Oregon, the first batch of Indians to start what is now Chemawa Indian school.

How times have changed and how vividly I remember that day when we filed into that two story structure, built in the woods, which housed the few employees as wellas the few children; I brought up the rear all eyes and ears. Prof. Boynton, that dear teacher, a jack of all trades, who sang and preached so ably and later nursed us in our sickness, we all honor and respect him. Mrs. Huff, the matron, good old lady who was our mother when we were home-sick, was the other employee. Rev. Mr. Huff, minister of the old Baptist church, lived with us. This old gentleman was big of body and I believe his soul was as big; we all soon learned to love him.



How time flies. Of the original eighteen boys and girls, all the girls, four, and three of the boys are dead. The rest have settled down and on the whole have proved useful citizens, fully as good as the average and we are doing our full share of bearing the white man's burdens. I have eight children, three boys and five girls. My oldest is now a young man, tall and straight, a typical Indian, nineteen years old this month. He is about to finish high school.

I hope I have given you the information you wanted.

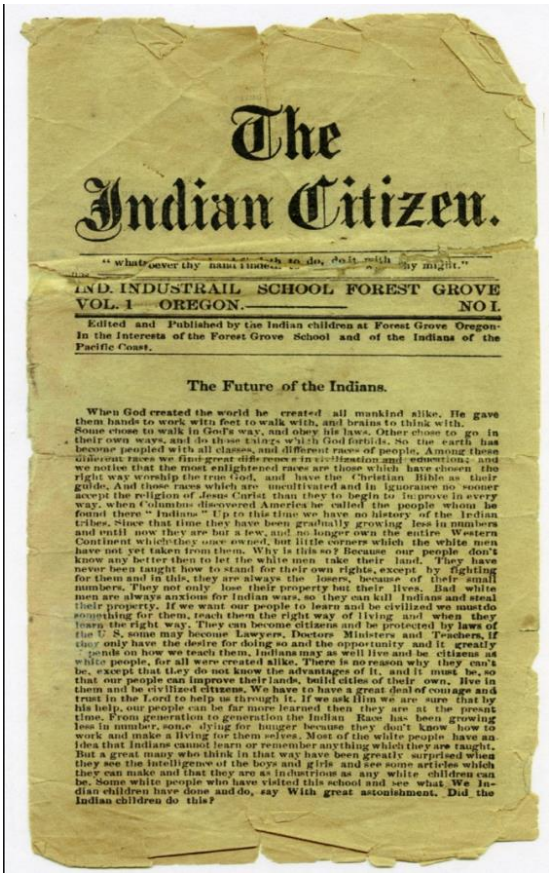
With the best of regards,
I am yours truly,
Henry Sicade, Rt. 2, Tacoma, Wn.

Tacoma, Wn.
Jan. 20th, 1917

Document G:

Title "The Indian Citizen": student newspaper of the Indian Training School
Description

An issue of "The Indian Citizen," a small newspaper containing articles on the Baseball Club, letters to the editor, and local news written by students of the Indian Training School. **Creator Indian Industrial School (Forest Grove, Or.) Date 1884**



The
Indian Citizen.

"whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

IND. INDUSTRAIL SCHOOL FOREST GROVE
VOL. 1 OREGON. NO I.

Edited and Published by the Indian children at Forest Grove Oregon
In the Interests of the Forest Grove School and of the Indians of the Pacific Coast.

The Future of the Indians.

When God created the world he created all mankind alike. He gave them hands to work with feet to walk with, and brains to think with. Some chose to walk in God's way, and obey his laws. Other chose to go in their own ways, and do those things which God forbids. So the earth has become peopled with all classes, and different races of people. Among these different races we find great differences in civilization and education; and we notice that the most enlightened races are those which have chosen the right way worship the true God, and have the Christian Bible as their guide. And those races which are uncultivated and in ignorance no sooner accept the religion of Jesus Christ than they to begin to improve in every way, when Columbus discovered America he called the people whom he found there " Indians " Up to this time we have no history of the Indian tribes. Since that time they have been gradually growing less in numbers and until now they are but a few, and no longer own the entire Western Continent which they once owned, but little corners which the white men have not yet taken from them. Why is this so? Because our people don't know any better then to let the white men take their land. They have never been taught how to stand for their own rights, except by fighting for them and in this, they are always the losers, because of their small numbers. They not only lose their property but their lives. Bad white men are always anxious for Indian wars, so they can kill Indians and steal their property. If we want our people to learn and be civilized we must do something for them, teach them the right way of living and when they learn the right way. They can become citizens and be protected by laws of the U. S, some may become Lawyers, Doctors Ministers and Teachers, if they only have the desire for doing so and the opportunity and it greatly depends on how we teach them, Indians may as well live and be citizens as white people, for all were created alike. There is no reason why they can't be, except that they do not know the advantages of it, and it must be, so that our people can improve their lands, build cities of their own, live in them and be civilized citizens. We have to have a great deal of courage and trust in the Lord to help us through it. If we ask Him we are sure that by his help, our people can be far more learned then they are at the present time, From generation to generation the Indian Race has been growing less in number, some dying for hunger because they don't know how to work and make a living for themselves. Most of the white people have an idea that Indians cannot learn or remember anything while they are taught, But a great many who think in that way have been greatly surprised when they see the intelligence of the boys and girls and see some articles which they can make and that they are as industrious as any white children can be. Some white people who have visited this school and see what We Indian children have done and do, say With great astonishment. Did the Indian children do this?

The Indian Citizen:

When God create the world, he created all mankind alike. He gave them hand to work with feet to walk with, and brains to think with. Some chose to walk in God's way, and obey his laws. Other chose to go in their own ways and do those things which god forbids. So the earth has become peopled with all classes, and different races of people. Among these different races we find great differences in civilizations and education; and we notice that the most enlightened races are those which have chosen the right way [to] worship the true God, and have the Christian Bible as their guide. And those races which are uncultivated an in ignorance no sooner accept the religion of Jesus Christ than they to begin to improve in everyway, when Columbus discover America he called the people who he found there "Indians" Up to this time we have no history of the Indian tribes. Since that time they have been gradual growing less in numbers and until now they are but a few, and no longer own the entire Western Continent which they once wondered, but little corners which the white men have not yet taken from them. Why is this so? Because our people don't know any better then to let the white men take their land. They have never been taught how to stand for their own rights, except by fighting for them and in this, they

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Document H:

Appendix A: Tribes and Agencies at the School*

Agency / *Tribe*	No. Students	
Alaska		23
Chilkat (Tlingit)	*1*	
Ft. Wrangell/Stikine/Tongass (Tlingit)	*16*	
Sitka (Tlingit)	*3*	
Haida	*2*	
Tribe not specified	*1*	
Chehalis Agency		10
Chehalis	*8*	
Oyster Bay	*2*	
Clatsop		3
Clatsop	*3*	
Grand Ronde Agency		1
Tribe not specified	*1*	
Klamath Agency		19
Klamath	*17*	
Modoc	*1*	
"Snake Piute"	*1*	
Lapwai (Nez Perce) Agency		50
Nez Perce	*50*	
Neah Bay		1
Neah Bay (Makah)	*1*	
Puyallup Agency		64
Chehalis	*1*	
Klallam	*1*	
Tulalip	*1*	
Nisqually	*3*	
Oyster Bay	*1*	
Puyallup	*53*	
Sitka (Tlingit)	*1*	
Snohomish	*3*	
Siletz Agency		6
Siletz	*1*	
Tututni	*2*	
Tribe not specified	*3*	

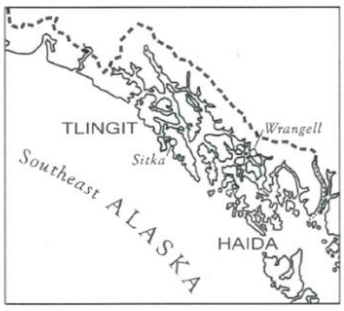
Agency / *Tribe*	No. Students	
Sound Agency		24
Chehalis	*4*	
Klallam	*6*	
Nisqually	*1*	
Port Madison (Suquamish)	*3*	
Puyallup	*2*	
Skokomish	*4*	
Snohomish	*4*	
Spokane Agency		19
Spokane	*19*	
Tulalip Agency		7
Lummi	*1*	
Snohomish	*4*	
Tulalip	*2*	
Umatilla Agency		18
Umatilla	*18*	
Warm Springs Agency		35
Pit River	*2*	
Paiute	*1*	
Tenino	*4*	
Warm Springs	*3*	
Wasco	*21*	
Tribe not specified	*4*	
Yakima Agency		27
Crow	*2*	
Klickitat	*8*	
Paiute	*5*	
Yakama	*12*	
Not recorded		3
Tribe not specified	*3*	
Total	*310*	**310**

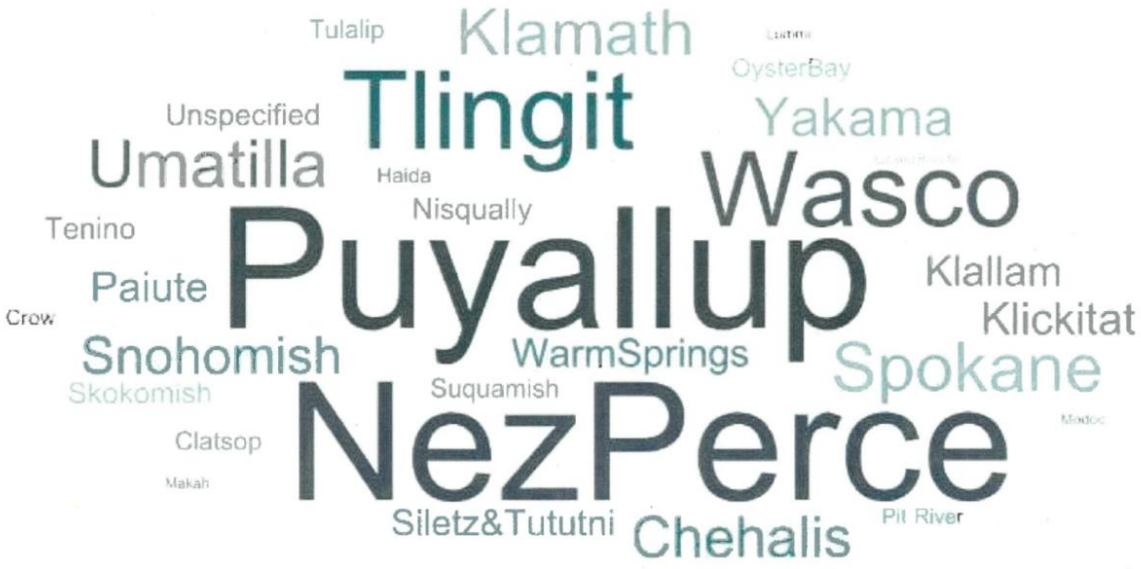
*The figures includes students admitted between February 1880 and March 1885, which is when the school began moving students to Salem. The locations and tribes in this chart were compiled from the school's roster, which was

Document I:

Indian Agencies

in the PNW when the school was active, early 1880s





Oregon History- Forest Grove Indian Training School

Instructions: Distribute documents and corresponding questions to individual or pairs of students to create six groups. Allow student(s) time to examine document(s) and answer questions before joining together to answer group questions.

Group 1: Document A, B, and C
Group 2: Document D
Group 3: Document E
Group 4: Document F
Group 5 Document G
Group 6 Documents H & I

Document A, B, & C: Photos of Indian Children

1. **What are some details you notice from the photos and drawings?**

2. **Why do you think these photos were taken only seven months apart? Why add the drawings around the reproduction of the first photo from A?**

3. **Based on these photos, what was the purpose of the Forest Grove Indian School?**

Document D: Letter from Wilkinson to Chief Lot

1. **What was Wilkinson's intent in taking the Indian students into Portland?**

2. **What elements of "White Civilization" does Wilkinson identify?**

3. **Based on this letter, what was the purpose of the Forest Grove Indian School?**

Document E: Harper's Magazine Article

1. **Cite evidence from the article showing the author's perspective on the Forest Grove Indian School.**

2. **What examples were given of "progress" in the education of these Native American children?**

3. **According to the article from Harper's, what was the purpose of the Forest Grove Indian School?**

Document F: Letter from Henry Sicade

1. **What was Henry Sicade's purpose in writing this letter?**

2. **What examples does he give of the education at the Forest Grove school?**

3. **What do you think he means by "bearing the white man's burden"?**

4. **Based on this letter, what was the purpose of the Forest Grove Indian School?**

Document G: Newspaper from Forest Grove Indian School

1. **Who is the author(s) of this editorial?**

2. **What is the importance of the Christian religion according to the article?**

3. **What advice does the editorial give to Indians?**

4. **Based on this editorial, what was the purpose of the Forest Grove Indian School?**

Documents H & I: List and Map of Tribes and Agencies in Pacific Northwest

1. **How diverse was the Forest Grove Indian School?**

2. **What was the purpose of the Forest Grove Indian School?**

Group Discussion and Response:

1. After sharing all of these documents, what do you think was the purpose of the Forest Grove Indian School?

2. What does the Forest Grove School tell us about the relationship between Indians and White Americans at the end of the nineteenth century?

3. How were the school's policies of assimilation and removal similar to other American policies towards Native Americans? How were they different?

4. What might have been the impact of the Forest Grove School on Native American cultures?

5. What are some of the limitations in perspectives offered by these documents?

6. What other types of documents and artifacts would you want to explore to continue learning about the Forest Grove School?

Optional Reading and Questions

7. Divide Document J among the members of the group using the subheadings and summarize each section. What new information and perspective is offered by Zitkala-Sa? Why do you think these excerpts are different from documents A-I?

Document J: Excerpts from "The School Days of an Indian Girl." by Zitkala-Sa [aka Gertrude Simmons Bonnin] (1876-1938)

Publication: American Indian Stories by Zitkala-Sa. Washington: Hayworth Publishing House, 1921. pp. 47-80.

THE LAND OF RED APPLES.

THERE were eight in our party of bronzed children who were going East with the missionaries. Among us were three young braves, two tall girls, and we three little ones, Judéwin, Thowin, and I.

We had been very impatient to start on our journey to the Red Apple Country, which, we were told, lay a little beyond the great circular horizon of the Western prairie. Under a sky of rosy apples we dreamt of roaming as freely and happily as we had chased the cloud shadows on the Dakota plains. We had anticipated much pleasure from a ride on the iron horse, but the throngs of staring palefaces disturbed and troubled us…

It was night when we reached the school grounds. The lights from the windows of the large buildings fell upon some of the icicled trees that stood beneath them. We were led toward an open door, where the brightness of the lights within flooded out over the heads of the excited palefaces who blocked the way. My body trembled more from fear than from the snow I trod upon…

"Oh, I want my mother and my brother Dawée! I want to go to my aunt!" I pleaded; but the ears of the palefaces could not hear me… I had arrived in the wonderful land of rosy skies, but I was not happy, as I had thought I should be. My long travel and the bewildering sights had exhausted me. I fell asleep, heaving deep, tired sobs. My tears were left to dry themselves in streaks, because neither my aunt nor my mother was near to wipe them away.

THE CUTTING OF MY LONG HAIR.

Late in the morning, my friend Judéwin gave me a terrible warning. Judéwin knew a few words of English, and she had overheard the paleface woman talk about cutting our long, heavy hair. Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!

We discussed our fate some moments, and when Judéwin said, "We have to submit, because they are strong," I rebelled.

"No, I will not submit! I will struggle first!" I answered…

I remember being dragged out, though I resisted by kicking and scratching wildly. In spite of myself, I was carried downstairs and tied fast in a chair.

I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids. Then I lost my spirit. Since the day I was taken from my mother I had suffered extreme indignities. People had stared at me. I had been tossed about in the air like a wooden puppet. And now my long hair was shingled like a coward's! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

THE DEVIL.

Among the legends the old warriors used to tell me were many stories of evil spirits. But I was taught to fear them no more than those who stalked about in material guise. I never knew there was an insolent chieftain among the bad spirits, who dared to array his forces against the Great Spirit, until I heard this white man's legend from a paleface woman.

Out of a large book she showed me a picture of the white man's devil. I looked in horror upon the strong claws that grew out of his fur-covered fingers. His feet were like his hands. Trailing at his heels was a scaly tail tipped with a serpent's open jaws. His face was a patchwork: he had bearded cheeks, like some I had seen palefaces wear; his nose was an eagle's bill, and his sharp-pointed ears were pricked up like those of a sly fox. Above them a pair of cow's horns curved upward. I trembled with awe, and my heart throbbed in my throat, as I looked at the king of evil spirits. Then I heard the paleface woman say that this terrible creature roamed loose in the world, and that little girls who disobeyed school regulations were to be tortured by him.

IRON ROUTINE.

A loud-clamoring bell awakened us at half-past six in the cold winter mornings. From happy dreams of Western rolling lands and unlassoed freedom we tumbled out upon chilly bare floors back again into a paleface day. We had short time to jump into our shoes and clothes, and wet our eyes with icy water, before a small hand bell was vigorously rung for roll call.

A paleface woman, with a yellow-covered roll book open on her arm and a gnawed pencil in her hand, appeared at the door. Her small, tired face was coldly lighted with a pair of large gray eyes.

She stood still in a halo of authority, while over the rim of her spectacles her eyes pried nervously about the room. Having glanced at her long list of names and called out the first one, she tossed up her chin and peered through the crystals of her spectacles to make sure of the answer "Here."

Relentlessly her pencil black-marked our daily records if we were not present to respond to our names, and no chum of ours had done it successfully for us. No matter if a dull headache or the painful cough of slow consumption had delayed the absentee, there was only time enough to mark the tardiness. It was next to impossible to leave the iron routine after the civilizing machine had once begun its day's buzzing; and as it was inbred in me to suffer in silence rather than to appeal to the ears of one whose open eyes could not see my pain, I have many times trudged in the day's harness heavy-footed, like a dumb sick brute.

Once I lost a dear classmate. I remember well how she used to mope along at my side, until one morning she could not raise her head from her pillow. At her deathbed I stood weeping, as the paleface woman sat near her moistening the dry lips. Among the folds of the bedclothes I saw the open pages of the white man's Bible. The dying Indian girl talked disconnectedly of Jesus the Christ and the paleface who was cooling her swollen hands and feet.

I grew bitter, and censured the woman for cruel neglect of our physical ills. I despised the pencils that moved automatically, and the one teaspoon which dealt out, from a large bottle, healing to a row of variously ailing Indian children. I blamed the hard-working, well-meaning, ignorant woman who was inculcating in our hearts her superstitious ideas. Though I was sullen in all my little troubles, as soon as I

felt better I was ready again to smile upon the cruel woman. Within a week I was again actively testing the chains which tightly bound my individuality like a mummy for burial.

The melancholy of those black days has left so long a shadow that it darkens the path of years that have since gone by. These sad memories rise above those of smoothly grinding school days. Perhaps my Indian nature is the moaning wind which stirs them now for their present record. But, however tempestuous this is within me, it comes out as the low voice of a curiously colored seashell, which is only for those ears that are bent with compassion to hear it.

FOUR STRANGE SUMMERS.

After my first three years of school, I roamed again in the Western country through four strange summers.

During this time I seemed to hang in the heart of chaos, beyond the touch or voice of human aid. My brother, being almost ten years my senior, did not quite understand my feelings. My mother had never gone inside of a schoolhouse, and so she was not capable of comforting her daughter who could read and write. Even nature seemed to have no place for me. I was neither a wee girl nor a tall one; neither a wild Indian nor a tame one. This deplorable situation was the effect of my brief course in the East...

My mother was troubled by my unhappiness. Coming to my side, she offered me the only printed matter we had in our home. It was an Indian Bible, given her some years ago by a missionary. She tried to console me. "Here, my child, are the white man's papers. Read a little from them," she said most piously.

INCURRING MY MOTHER'S DISPLEASURE.

In the second journey to the East I had not come without some precautions. I had a secret interview with one of our best medicine men, and when I left his wigwam I carried securely in my sleeve a tiny bunch of magic roots. This possession assured me of friends wherever I should go. So absolutely did I believe in its charms that I wore it through all the school routine for more than a year. Then, before I lost my faith in the dead roots, I lost the little buckskin bag containing all my good luck.

At the close of this second term of three years I was the proud owner of my first diploma. The following autumn I ventured upon a college career against my mother's will.

I had written for her approval, but in her reply I found no encouragement. She called my notice to her neighbors' children, who had completed their education in three years. They had returned to their homes, and were then talking English with the frontier settlers. Her few words hinted that I had better give up my slow attempt to learn the white man's ways, and be content to roam over the prairies and find my living upon wild roots. I silenced her by deliberate disobedience.

Thus, homeless and heavy-hearted, I began anew my life among strangers.

As I hid myself in my little room in the college dormitory, away from the scornful and yet curious eyes of the students, I pined for sympathy. Often I wept in secret, wishing I had gone West, to be nourished by my mother's love, instead of remaining among a cold race whose hearts were frozen hard with prejudice.

During the fall and winter seasons I scarcely had a real friend, though by that time several of my classmates were courteous to me at a safe distance.

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