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RED FEATHER'S SON, TEWHEET

By Charlotte James

Once there was a boy who was the son of Chief Red-feather. His name was Tewheet. He always wore the nicest moccasins, the best deerskin clothes, and the finest headbands of any boy of the tribe. He had good bows and arrows, and canoes, too. He always got everything he wanted. Although his mother would humor him, he was not selfish. One of the medicine men gave him a string of silver wapum, or beads, which he always wore around his neck.

One day while coming from hunting, hungry and tired. He asked his mother for something to eat. She told him to wait until she cooked some food. He was too hungry to wait and kept begging. She gave him a piece of dried salmon that had a little mold on the edge. This made Tewheet angry and he threw it away.

He got into his canoe, took his bow and arrows, and went down to the ocean. Here he killed a seagull. As he was going after it a big wave came up and tipped him over. Tewheet went down until he disappeared.

The people found his canoe and thought that he was drowned. They hunted and hunted for his body, but never found it. But Tewheet was not drowned. Soon he discovered that he was at the bottom of the sea, in the land of the kelp and sea moss. He walked around and around under the sea, until he came to a village of shell houses. One of these houses was much larger than the rest and it had "King Salmon's" name written on it.

Tewheet went in and asked the King for something to eat. The King wouldn't give him a single bite. Out in front of the King's house Tewheet saw some salmon eggs. He stooped down to gather them. As he did so, all the salmon folks began to make fun, "See," they said, "that boy will eat wiyam (garbage)." This made Tewheet angry and he said he would not eat anything.

The King Salmon said to the two Blueback Salmon, "Take Tewheet down to where the stork feeds and make him hug the stork until it sings. After Tewheet hears the stork sing he will be in a good humor."

They took him and he hugged the bird twenty times. It sang. Tewheet laughed and went back to King Salmon's and ate.

After dinner King Salmon talked sternly to Tewheet. He said, "The reason you were drawn under the water

is your own fault. You insulted one of my sons. The piece of salmon your mother gave you was a piece of my oldest son and you threw it away. The king shook his fins and wiggled his tail. "After this" he said, "do not throw away a single bite of food."

Time passed and spring came. The salmon started on their run to fresh water to lay their eggs. Of course, by this time Tewheet was no longer a boy. He was changed into a dog salmon. They went down the river in groups. They passed the place where some Indians were fishing with spears. One of these old men threw a spear into the dog salmon and gave it to a woman standing near. The woman was Tewheet's mother. While she was cleaning the salmon she heard a queer rattling sound in its stomach. She held the fish by the tail and shook it until at last a silver wampum fell from the salmon's mouth. Then the woman knew her little boy was changed to a poor salmon.

The Indians gathered all the medicine men of the tribe. They built a large fire and danced around it. As they danced they beat two sticks together and sang. After the medicine men had stopped dancing, Tewheet changed back into a boy—just the kind he was before.

As long as he lived he never again threw away a tiny bit of food, for he had learned that when a little boy throws away food he is punished.

THE SWASTIKA

By CECELIA STEVE

One winter I witnessed a spectacle I shall never forget. It was at an Indian celebration on the Puget Sound about two years ago. There were hundreds of Indians crowded into a Potlatch House. There was the usual crowd of different individuals singing their songs. I took the most interest in what one aged man did with two sticks.

Two cedar sticks were brought in and laid on the ground, with two men holding each stick. Then this old man, or Indian doctor, sang. He seemed to sing only to these sticks, even though he was heard throughout the smoke-house. Soon these sticks rose slowly and went toward the fire where they seemed to warm themselves. Then they went around the house almost like lightning. It was all the men could do to keep up with them. It seemed impossible that these two sticks could be pulling these men around, and several unbelievers took hold of the sticks and tried to keep

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