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Mrs. McFadden's Experiences.

Good morning, Mrs. McFadden.

The same to yesilf, Mr. Stamps, and how's ye woif? Shure she's a foin lady, and sorry indade is Ritty McFadden for the day she quit cooking for the foin, dacent lady, yez woif is, and shure I am.

How do like cooking for the Indian School mess, Mrs. McFadden?

Cookin fer thim? Shure, Mr. Stamp, its an insult to the profishun to speak ov it by the same name as cookin.

There is an old maid teacher from Missurie, and wan from Massachusets; a Norwajen farmer from Minnesota; and a hindoostrial teacher from Kansas; a injineer from Injiannie; a sup-erintindent thot's wurkin for his hilth and the love ov the Ainjuns and the governmint; a little lady from Ohio, thot teaches the little ones to set 'round in a ring and make a nise and clap the hands ov thim; and a governmint washwoman from the devil knows whare; a block ov a dis-supplinoorian, goin' 'round attindin' to iverybody's bisnes but his own—and he's no worse nor the hull bunch ov thim; and the doctor from Vermont comes 'round lookin' into the darnit-orys to see if the Ainjuns wor gittin air to breathe ivery noight, and preachin' to the kids ivery Saturday noight about the foirst attinshun to a

mon whin he breaks his neck, and how to cure stummickake in the dead ov noight wid out wakin the doctor and a samesthress from Injiannie er tachin' the goirls how to get the most pay for the laaste worrk; and a school cook from the Ainjun Tirritiry, thot gives thim biled beef and coffee for brikfurst, and bread thot heavy thot yez'ud nade a dherrick to lift it to yez mouth wid, and by the powers of St. Patrick sha offinds their stummicks wid the same insult three toims a day.

It's no lie I'm tellin yez, Mr. Stamps, whin I says I heard ov a new cook thot did not know any better than to cook a dacent meal fer the Ainjuns and lost her job fer doin it.

And thare's the matron, a foin lady from siveril other schools; ah, Mr. Stamps, be the love ov God, but sha do be warein fine clothes and the face of her is thot frish and pink and whoit in the mornin, at brikfurst, thot the old made tachers are grane wid invy, and would yez balave it, by dark, ishpusilly on hot days, the arjus dooty's of her possishun lave that swate complexshun a holy wreck—all wrinkled and as faded as a pace ov washed caliker.

Niver since the night ov me own darling husband, Dinnie McFadden's