

womanhood, when the fitness for motherhood crowns them, we coast Indians of the sunset country regard this occasion as one of extreme rejoicing, great honor and unspeakable gladness. The being who possesses the possibility of some day becoming a mother receives much honor in most nations, but to us, the Sunset Tribes of Redmen, she is almost sacred. So, when our girls reach womanhood, we make it a great occasion. The parents usually give a feast that lasts many days. The entire tribe is bidden to this festival. More than that, when a great Tyee (Chinook for chief) celebrates for his daughter, sometimes the tribes from far up the coast, from the far North, from inland, from the mountain passes, and the Cariboo Country, are bidden as guests to the feast. During these feast days the girl is placed in a high seat, an exalted position, for is she not marriageable? and does not marriage mean motherhood? and is not motherhood the most exalted position in the world? So we place the girl on a high elevation, for she must know and realize her responsibility, she must recognize that she is the greatest factor in the world, and she must sit in a high place as becomes her heritage as a woman, therefore as a possible mother, for this is the law of our people—we of the Sunset Tribes. It was years ago, hundreds of years—yes, thousands of years (the sweet old Klootchman pronounced it “Tousen off yea-rs”) It was the only sentence of her quaint, broken English I was ever able to actually capture)—yes, more than thousands of years ago that the great Tyee of our tribe had two daughters, young, lovable, and oh! very beautiful. They grew to womanhood the same time, and a mighty feast was to be given, such a feast as the Coast had never yet seen. The only shadow on the joy of it all was war, for the tribe of the great Tyee was at war with the Upper Coast Indians—those who lived north of what is now named by the white men the Port of Prince Rupert.

Giant war canoes fretted the entire coast line, war parties paddled their way up and down, war songs broke the silences of the nights, strife, hatred, vengeance festered everywhere, like sores on the surface of the earth. But the great Tyee snatched a week away from bloodshed and battle, for he must make this feast in his daughters' honor, nor permit any mere enemy to come between him and the traditions of his race and household. So he turned deaf ears to their war songs, he ignored their insulting paddle-dips, which encroached within his own



*"What favor, children of mine? It is yours for the asking this day."*

“THE habit of obedience, forced in upon the impressible nature of a child, does not develop judgment and will, but does develop that fatal facility in following other people's judgment and other people's wills which tends to make us a helpless mob, mere sheep, instead of wise, free, strong individuals. The habit of submission to authority, the long, deeply-impressed conviction that to be good is to give up, that there is virtue in the act of surrender—this is one of the sources from which we continually replenish human weakness, and fill the world with an inert mass of mindless, will-less folk, pushed and pulled about by those whom they obey.

coast waters, and he prepared, as a great Tyee should, to celebrate in honor of his daughters.

“But five suns before the feast these two maidens came to him, hand within hand. ‘Some day we may mother a man-child,’ they said, ‘a man-child who may grow to be just such a great Tyee as you are, oh, our father, and for this honor that may some day be ours, we have come to crave a favor of you.’

“‘What favor, children of mine, and of your mother? It is yours for the asking, this day,’ he answered.

“‘Will you, for our sakes, invite the hostile tribe, the tribe you war upon, to our feast?’ they asked.

“‘To a peaceful feast, a feast in the honor of women?’ he exclaimed.

“‘So we would have it,’ they replied.

“‘And so shall it be,’ he declared. ‘I can deny you nothing this day, and sometime your sons may be born to bless this peace you have asked, and to bless their mothers’ sire for giving it.’

“Then he turned to the young men of the tribe and said, ‘Build fires this night on all the coast headlines, fires of welcome. Go forth in your canoes, face the north, and greet the enemy, and tell them that I, the Tyee of the Capilanos, bid them join me for a feast in honor of my two daughters.’

“And when the Northern tribes got that invitation they flocked down the coast to this feast of a great Peace. They brought their women and their children, they brought game and fish and o-lil-lie, as gifts. Never was such a Potlatch

(a gift feast), never was such joyousness, such long, glad days; such soft, sweet nights. The war canoes were emptied of deadly weapons and filled with the daily catch of salmon. The hostile war songs ceased, and in their place were heard laughter and singing, and the play-games of the children of two tribes which had been until now ancient enemies, and a great and lasting brotherhood was sealed between them. The war songs were ended forever.”

The Klootchman's voice fell very low, and the last words were almost whispered.

“And what of the two sweet daughters of the great Tyee?” I asked, slipping my hand in hers.

“They are there,” she said, pointing to the twin peaks which rose far above us. “The Great Spirit made them immortal. They will always be there in that high place. Their offspring now rule these tribes, for were not Peace and Brotherhood born of them? And there the Two Sisters have stood these thousands of years, and will stand for thousands of years to come, guarding the Peace of the Pacific coast, and the serenity of the Capilano Cañon.”

“Moreover, there is the opposite effect—the injurious reaction from obedience—almost as common and hurtful as its full achievement; namely, that fierce, rebellious desire to do exactly the opposite of what one is told, which is no nearer to calm judgment than the other.

“In obeying another will or in resisting another will, nothing is gained in wisdom. A human creature is a self-governing intelligence, and the rich years of childhood should be passed in the guarded exercise of those powers.

“It is a commonplace observation that the best children, i. e., the most submissive and obedient, do not make the best men.”—“Concerning Children,” Gilman.