

life, of its love of freedom, and its place in the world, under the wise plans of the Master of Life.

He brought the children to see the unhappiness and terror which they had unwittingly brought upon the captive, and the anxiety the mother would feel over its loss. Then he said to the children: "Now children, take the little bird back to the place where you found it, and set it down in the grass, and say: O, Master of Life, here is thy little bird which we have set free again. We are sorry that we took it away from its home and people. We did not think of the sorrow that we should cause. We wish to restore it and have it happy again with its people. May we be forgiven for our thoughtlessness and we will not do such wrong again."

Indian children were also taught by their parents to be not wasteful and destructive of wild flowers, and that they should not pluck them. They were told that if they did so, they would thus destroy the flower babies and the flower nations would then be exterminated.

Indians dread the consequences or interfering with the nice balance of nature. Dr. Gilmore tells me that most white men cannot comprehend the sense of pain experienced by Indians at seeing the native forms of life in America ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed, with no compunction on the part of the destroyers. And this destruction of the forms of native life by white people gave to the Indians a sense of a fearful void in nature, coupled with a feeling of grief, of horror, of distress and pain.

The Winnebagoes and most of the members of other tribes of Indians always allude to the birds as "Those with wings" or "The people with wings," and they regard them as related to the great thunder people who

exist and move in the air and heavens. In sacred rites the thunders and the birds are addressed as "The people of above" or "Those of above." By the Indians all creatures are spoken of as intimate friends.

At the present time the Indians use for food practically the same birds as the Whites, with the addition of black-birds and occasionally robins. Among the Winnebagoes it has always been customary for the parents and relatives, regardless of species, to eat the first bird killed by a youth with his bow and arrow. No matter how small, the bird is accepted by the parents with thanks and prayer to the Creator that blessings be granted the youth who is to follow the occupation of hunter.

The bird which occupies the highest position of respect with the Indians is the mythical bird whose existence is believed in by all Indians, called the Thunderbird, a creature who causes the thunder by flapping his wings, and the lightning by opening and shutting his eyes. By some Indians, a heavy downpour of rain was accounted for by supposing that the bird carried a lake upon his back. Some thought there were several Thunderbirds. The Winnebagoes believe that the various clans once met to form a tribe, and that the Thunder beings, whom the Creator made, were invited to send representatives. So, after taking human form, two of the higher class and two of the lower class of Thunders, got ready and came down towards the earth, headed for the old home of the Winnebagoes around Green Bay, Wisconsin. They came through a mist; therefore, one of them said: "The first daughter I have born to me shall be called the Mist Woman."

They formed the various clans. The members of the thunder clan are the rulers, the bear clan the warriors, and