

Correspondence from Bethel on the Kuskowin river, to Sitka, Alaska. Last year quite a number of new members were added to our little congregation. Most of these last members were children from our school.

One of the greatest evils which we have to contend with is immorality. It is so common among our people that they can scarcely be made to realize the enormity of the evils. The very best of them are not exempt from this sin. I feel sure it was as much the fault of the mother of the girl as it was his own, while the girl was a mere child and had nothing to say in the matter. The young are led into it with no thought of wrong and we have had to expel one of our large school boys for this.

I fully believe that some of these women have ten or twelve husbands before they settle down, and even when they have children and are old enough to be steady, they think nothing of leaving their husband and taking some one else. Some of course are worse than others, while there are with them as among any people what would be called outcasts.

The men as a rule leave the children with the mother, yet I know of cases where the children were divided. My heart aches for the girls of our part of Alaska. They are made perfect prostitutes by their parents from the time they are nine or ten years old until that parent dies.

They are given to one man who is expected to trap and fish for the father. If he is lazy, or if he will not give up all his time or his furs to her father, he is chased away and someone else put in his place and the girl cannot even leave and go with him, no matter how much they may care for each other, they must part. The parents count on the gain their daughters will bring, while the sons will leave them as soon as they are of a marriageable age to serve the parents of the girl they take as wife.

No wonder the girls become careless and untrue to their companions; and

and it is a surprise that the young men should tire of the demanding and exacting ways of their father-in-law and seek an easier lot.

I think there is more true virtue in the men than in the women, but I again would plead the helplessness of the women to better their own state.

Little Janie, the nicest and brightest girl in our school came to me and said: "It's too bad I cannot come to school any more. I would like to come but I have been given to a man and now I must stay away and be with him."

One crime they do not commit which none of them recognize as such is to kill off unwelcome infants, especially girls: and they also kill old and helpless persons...

They sometimes club to death and burn with oil a shaman or witch who is suspected of killing too many innocent people. A case of this very kind we know of, for which the witch was an old woman that we had with us part of the winter when she was sick. They said she had killed several children which had enraged the whole village and her husband clubbed her to death, severed all her joints and burned her with oil.

If we say to them ~~they~~ anything, they may say, "it is wrong" but they also excuse themselves by saying that it is their custom and that others have done it before them--Yakima Herald, January 23, 1890.

Sex

Jim Phillips, who was charged with assaulting a young girl at the old town this spring is still held in durance vile. A new complaint having been drawn up charging him with rape--
Yakima Herald, September 12, 1890

John Beck, a young man about 20 or 21 years of age living near Cleveland was arrested and brought to Goldendale on the 12th inst. on a charge of assaulting Mrs. Joseph Michaud with an attempt to commit rape. The complaint was sworn out by the lady hereself and the circumstances are about as follows:

On the 9th inst. Mr. Michaud who is a farmer living near Cleveland was sick and Mrs. Michaud had occasion to need a horse which was in the pasture and being unable to catch the horse unaided she asked Beck, who was passing, to assist her which he consented to do.

After catching the horse and while in a little ravine out of sight of the house she claims that he assaulted her but her screams frightened him away. Her husband heard her screams and although scarcely able to travel rushed out to her assistance but Beck had disappeared on the horse..

The young man was seen in jail by a reporter the evening he was brought down and he confirms the above story so far as going to assist her to catch the horse is concerns, but adds that Ms. M Kept away from hi some little distance while going into the field occasionally looking to swee when she was out of sight of the house and finally when they were out of sight of the house she came up close to him and in various ways tried to attract his attention. He denies assaulting her at all and says that when bhe refused to accede to his proposition he got on his horse and left. His story is not credited in the Cleveland

community at all , for while the lady bears an untarnished reputation,
he has been accused of a similar crime before--Yakima Herald,
September 26, 1890.

Sex

Quivering all over, the results of fear and morphine, the Berryhill girl and an abandoned female companion cowered in the darkened private room of a saloon on Saturday night last.

Berryhill had been acquitted of the charge of assault with intent to commit murder on the grounds of self-defense and fearing bodily injury from the woman she had shot she was hiding until the opportunity presented itself for getting away from the town.

She is now gone and Yakima is rid, at least for the time being, of another of those foolish girls who can see but the glitter and tinsel of the life of shame and are unable to realize the mental misery, hardships and early death--the result either of the suicide's weapon or disease brought on by dissipation and otherwise controverting nature's laws.

The mulatto Thompson's comely white wife was the principal witness against Miss Berryhill at the trial before Justice Henton and she gave her testimony for the conviction of the defendant with all the force and virulence of outraged affections. But she weakened when it was shown that she had gone to Berryhill's room armed with a knife which she had that day bought at a hardware store and that the shooting occurred after she had raised the weapon from the folds of her dress and was moving upon the Berryhill in a threatening manner.

Another bit of testimony was that previous to the tragedy and while upbraiding her smoky complexioned husband for the miscellaneous manner in which he displayed his affections, she worked herself into a fit of rage and slashed his clothes into ribbons with her newly acquired knife--which was picked up from the floor of the room where the shooting occurred after Miss Berryhill's arrest.

The notorious Jesse White was arrested in his shack on Wednesday, along with two drunken and disputable squaws. A row in which the clothes were torn from an old, ugly and humpbacked kloochman was the cause of the police interference.

It is about time that White and all of his kind are driven from the city. They are a source of public expense as well as mortification and vigorous measures should be used in ridding Yakima of such festers--
Yakima Herald, Jan 3, 1895.

Sex

The Salvation Army in this division is endeavoring to establish a home for fallen women somewhere in Washington--possibly at Seattle.

Staff Captain Morton and wife of Seattle are expected in this city about August 16 to conduct meetings for the raising of money to that end--Yakima Herald, July 19, 1894.

Sex

"....That is the scene worthy, if painted a conspicuous position on the right hand of hell's guardian angel nearest the melting pot, which went on in West Yakima and residents were forced quietly to endure on Wednesday.

Under the droopings of the sanctuary beneath the very eaves of the little Congregational church on Ahtanum avenue is a shack in which has for some time been the home of two creatures who have been a thorn in the flesh of the decent element of the neighborhood.

Every day the place is filled with drunken Indian women, and the orgies last for hours. On Wednesday one of these pitiful klutchmen burst open the door of the shack and without a single stitch of clothing upon her person ran screaming and yelling over the common and down the avenue for what seemed to the disgusted neighborhood an interminable length of time--until one of the things in the house ran out with a shawl and fought with the demented creature for several minutes before he could get her back into his sink of corruption.

Even then she again escaped him and yet naked ran up to a wagon and told two men in the vehicle that somebody was beating her. They wrapped her in her shawl which was hanging over her and and carried her back.

Then officers of the law arrested all parties, breaking in the door which had been locked. And the Indian woman was dressed. They were taken to the city jail and the Indian woman set at liberty that night and the "thing" in the morning. Today he is back in his shack and probably feels as though nothing will be done in the matter as he is of the belief it will not be pressed.

The Herald asks why. This paper is not given to moralizing where it is not needed. But here is a case in which the offense is rank and smells to heaven. These things, the scum, offscouring

and offal of creation would be driven at ropes' ends to the city limits and warned never to return. And then a disinfectant should be scattered around the vacated premises for thirty days to purify them.

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Five pistol shots fired in quick succession between eight and nine o'clock Saturday evening drew Policemen Liggett and Craig to Tucker's livery stable where they arrested William Feamster with an empty and smoking revolver in his hand.

Feamster had been making a target of Henry L. Tucker and although as a marksman he wasn't a howling success, he managed to get one bullet through Mr. Tucker's coat in close proximity to his body.

The trouble would require several chapters to give in detail.

Johnny Ormsby and Feamster, who is known among his associates as Boots are gamblers and for some time past have been close intimates through the mysterious bondage of love affairs. Ormsby's innamorata is a frail but fair creature known as Grace who resides on Yakima avenue in a building called the Kangaroo, probably on account of having a long tale of woe embraced in its history.

Now the love of Grace was no ordinary lukewarm attachment but she was burning with the divine passion and when the serpent in the person of one Elliott, a runner for the Hotel Atherton whispered in her ear that Ormsby was untrue to her, she was beside herself with grief, rage and despair.

Friday night she attempted to end her troubles with morphine. Drs. Hill and Wintermute were summoned and effectively applied the stomach pump while Ormsby furnished balm to her wounded feelings.

The next day Boots and Ormsby started on a carousal and by early evening were carrying a full sized jag. While in this condition they met Elliott and others in Tucker's stable and then the row commenced.....

The last scene up to date occurred on Wednesday in a Yakima avenue restaurant when the Misses Wilson and King, whose reputations are more than tainted by association with Ormsby and Feamster, were taking a midnight meal with some male companion whose name could not be learned.

Grace appeared on the scene armed with a knife and intent upon cutting the Wilson girl into very small pieces.

In the row that ensued the young man lost most of the cuticle from his nose. Even with her weapon Grace was not a match for Miss Wilson whose strong right arm reached out with pugilistic force and sent her Amazonian antagonist to the floor. Outside interference then stopped further proceedings-- Yakima Herald, November 29, 1894.

Mrs. Lena C. Renwicke, worn and weary from travel, heart broken from the loss of her child and saddened deeply by the destruction of her home was in the city Friday searching for her runaway husband in order to recover her little girl, aged 4 years.

She married John A. Renwicke five years ago at Port Townsend. He was a contractor and necessarily away from home a great deal. Mrs. Renwicke, 30, who has the appearance of being a captivating woman about 24, accompanied her friends to public gatherings and places of amusement. To this he always objected but she ignored his remonstrance.

This begat trouble. The husband finally came to regard his home with indifferent interest and an estrangement between the members of that household was an inevitable result. Finally he threatened to leave her if she disregarded him and for a time she endeavored to console herself with her work at home. But her sacrifice, as she termed it, had no effect on his manner toward her. She began again to enjoy the amusements of the city whether her husband would accompany her or not.

Presently he became vehement in his opposition to her habits and threatened violence. About three weeks ago she was invited to accompany a party to Tacoma on the occasion of a public entertainment. She sought her husband's permission to go. He refused to give it. He told her she would go anyway; that a neighborly lady would take care of the child and she would return on the early morning boat.

He replied that if she went he would leave her permanently. But she regarded it as another idle threat.

When she returned she found her husband had gone, taking with him their only child whom the mother appears to love with an imperishable

tenderness.

She has been searching for them since, having come to Yakima finally, hoping to obtain some trace of them from relatives of the husband who live in the Ahtanum. She was disappointed, however and returned to Seattle from this place and will prosecute her search in a different way.

The husband is tall, light complexioned with a heavy mustache and chin beard, usually wears his hair long and is slightly lame in the left foot. The child is four years old, has a doll-like face and the mother could not repress tears of anguish as she related her sad story.

Nor could the reporter repel the suspicion that her conscience was smiting her for the reckless role she had played in this sorrowful drama.

Perhaps the husband might also tell a tale of anguish and an unrequited work of love, of a tender effort to weave about his home such a network of influences as would secure it to him alone and repel the poisoned touch of him who would ruthlessly destroy it.

Who knows but that this charming woman is a veritable Rosinphela, who has not yet taken her May-day ramble and learned by mysterious revelation that life is real and earnest?

Seattle is a wicket city socially, and judging by circumstances of which the writer was informed, Mrs. Renwicke's story has not all been told--Yakima Herald, September 14, 1893

Harry Jacquerson, proprietor of the Centennial house on Second street has had a varied matrimonial experience.

If he never were before a subject for congratulation, he certainly is now, but his demeanor would indicate to the novice in the vicissitudes of wedlock that he considered himself the proper recipient of commiseration.

Harry is not less than 50 years old. His last wife is not more than 30. The chilling gusts of December will surely blast the tender buds of May.

How long this unhappy couple have been married or whether they were ever married no one seemed to know. It is known however that felicity was unknown; in the atmosphere of their hearthstone.

The husband was old, captious, ill tempered and brutal; the wife young, passionate, wilful and impatient. The household was usually in turmoil over the clash of these qualities.

About two weeks ago two young hop insurance agents registered at the Centennial house and it was only a few days thereafter that the older lodgers began winking knowingly at each other over the questionable behavior of the young wife and the flossy agents.

Sergeant, of Buckley and Fairbanks of Seattle are said to be the men for whom the hostess manifested a decided affection.

The left Monday last for the Sounda Gossip has it they probably concluded it would be well to have the Cascade range between them and the old man when he discovered their treachery.

On Wednesday, the wife, her wearing apparel having previously disappeared, departed on the west bound train while her husband was downtown. She left her eight-month old babe at home.

The husband was inconsolably angry this morning when the possible

truth dawned on him and he immediately set about to devise means of recovering his giddy spouse. He was convinced that she had gone to join the agents, perhaps at some point on the Sound.

Going to the sheriff's office for the purpose of obtaining warrants for the arrest of the wicket wife and her supposed paramour, he quickly prepared for a trip in search of the cause of his woe. He left on the 1:30 train today for Ellensburg.

The wife is said to be quite a comely woman but generally dressed rather slatternly in manner. She is deeply pock marked, a decided brunette, being of French parentage and is somewhat stout. Yakima Herald, August 31, 1893.

Bud Taggart, the young dastard who has figured in many scandals of low degree, is again in trouble.

Only last summer by sugared promise and fiendish persistency he succeeded in ruining a young girl in this city and then deserting her. He skipped away but was apprehended by the sheriff and brought back to this place and made to legitimize the prospective heir by marriage with the girl whose young life he had well nigh blasted.

He immediately deserted her however to repeat his libidinous caper in another neighborhood. In this instance the offense against the law is more serious and may suffice to land him behind bars of the state penitentiary.

He eloped the other day from Spokane with a 15-year-old girl named Edna Morton. The couple went to Spangle to enjoy their unholy liaison but the mother of the girl rescued her at the place and had young Taggart arrested and returned to Spokane to await the action of the grand jury on the charge of rape and adultery--Yakima Herald, August 31, 1893.

Judge J.R. Lewis was appointed by the president judge of the third judicial district of the territory of Washington, embracing the Puget Sound counties. This was in 1875.

At that time the squaw dance houses flourished on the Sound like green bay trees. Olympia being about the only town on the sound that did not possess one of these institutions.

During the first term of court held at Port Townsend Judge Lewis, after failing to get the grand jury to take care of the squaw dance houses, called in the sheriff, who frightened half to death asked how he should obate it:

By fire or water sir replied the judge. That night Port Townsend's mad house went up in smoke and the good work was continued so effectually that within a few months the last squaw dance house on Puget Sound closed its doors and by a strange fatality every building built and used for that purpose was destroyed by fire.

Among the last to go was the one at West Seattle which was used by George T. Myers as a cannery, but the curse seemed to be on the building and one night it burned. The Pennell mad house in Seattle was the largest and most pretentious on the Sound.

It stood on the site now occupied by the electric plant of the gas company and cost several thousand dollars. When Judge Lewis sent forth the edict that mad houses must go John Pennell closed his joint and moved to a large stock ranch in Eastern Washington which he purchased with his earnings on his famous mad house.

A year or two later without any apparent cause the old Pennell madhouse illuminated the city with its flames and passed into history.

A madhouse was a saloon and dance hall combined where

lewd Indian women and low lived men would congregated nightly to dance to
bad music and drink bad whisky. The vice became so common that
men who had some claim to respectability would sometimes be seen on
the floor dancing with Halibut-Mouthed Emma or Searface Jennie, or
some other devotee of the plate, then go home to their families feeling
that they had not done anything bad, after all this illustrating
the wisdom of the man who wrote:

Vice is a monster of such hideous mein

That to be hated needs but to be seen

Yet seen too oft familiar with her face

We first endure, then pity, then embrace--

Yakima Herald, April 9, 1896.