

men and was now tagging the committee), said, "White people do not get knowledge by seeing with their eyes and hearing with their ears like Indians. White people get knowledge by reading story books and newspapers. If the Indian Agent saw with his own eyes that we have no food, he would not know it. But if he saw it in the newspaper he would know it. Among white people, what the most biggest liars write in a newspaper is what they all know. We must have a newspaper in our village, and I will be the editor. This boy was enthusiastic. The old men were perplexed. And they all went out.

HIYOKE, THE COMEDIAN

When the committee reported to the people, that the Indian Agent was not going to give them any food there was wailing. Then Hiyoke came along with the tails of many animals tied to his garments. He was singing and dancing, and he said, "The scolding Indian Agent is not a real man, he's a peevish badger-squaw (laughter), he makes me laugh so I can't eat my beef. (Hiyoke chewed the sole of an old moccasin). A man must not go to him for food as long as he can stand and walk. How can a man go to him for food when he cannot stand and walk? (Laughter.) I went to the white doctor, Foolish Grasshopper, and he said, "What's the matter with you?" I said, "My stomach, my stomach!" He did not give me a biscuit, he made me drink a physic. There was nothing in my stomach for it to operate on, and so it has not—"

A woman blew a whistle, and an old man made Hiyoke sit down, for he was indelicate before women and children.

THEY VISIT THE INDIAN AGENT AGAIN

Three days had passed. There had been praying, and wailing sleeping and dreaming. On the third day they went to the Indian Agent again with the old man who had spoken for the people before, carrying him on a sacred buffalo blanket, for he could not stand. And when the old man attempted to speak, the Indian Agent beckoned him to keep silent, and he said, "I know the people are starving. I pity them. I love them. I would help them if I could. But my dear people, I cannot help you. I have no food in the food house, I am sad; I am nearly crazy. I—"

One of the committee said, "What! What do you say? What! What has become of the food? Have you stolen it and sold it? We saw it come here on the boats before we went away hunting."

THE TERRIBLE RAT

The Indian Agent said, "The terrible rat has eaten it. He eats as much as ten pony loads a day. The more he eats the more he wants to eat. I am afraid he will eat up the whole village."

The old man on the sacred white buffalo blanket said, "What is the terrible rat? A strange animal, or the hungry ghost of a starv-