As they saw it, raising the new generation and running the camp were their alloted tasks, their main objects in life. It was also a ysstem of reciprocity. The Brave had the rigors of battle, the hazards of the chase, the protection of the camp, and the squaw must do her share. As long as they were meritorious objectives and they (the squaws) were going straight to them, it strikes me rather forcibly that they were not so far off the main line as many would make them out to be. Not nearly so far off as many of their palefaced sisters who would do neither one nor the other.

Later on we underwent a rather amusing experience while entertaining another party of Sioux who went into camp for a couple of days close to the ranch.

Mother wanted to feed them as usual, but there being too many to take care of easily, she adopted the plan of feeding them out-of-doors in a bunch. In a huge iron sugar kettle which we set up near the wood-pile she concocted a stew. Into it she put all the spare meat on the premises, including large chuncks of fat pork, filling out with different kinds of vegetables together with all the odds and ends she could find - anything in the line of food, indeed. Through experience she had learned that fastidiousness was not likely to evidence itself among her guests. While the cooking was in progress they sat around hungrily eyeing the proceedings. In the meantime they had dispatched a messenger to their camp after their squaws and papooses so that, by the time the feast was called, all were on hand to respond.

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