

ing, tormenting and aggravating things. One of these expressions is "Kitho karishtiditore," kitho meaning insignificant one, and karishtiditore, meaning "good for nothing fellow." The Omahas put words of their own language to the notes of the meadowlark. One of these expressions is "Snite thingthi tegaze" which means winter will not come back.

The Pawnees say that the meadowlark is endowed with speech. Bursting forth with its cheery salute, perhaps in dewy morning time, it says Ket-che-kah-ke-koo-re-roo. And the passing warrior will reply, "Indeed, it is true brother, we are not afraid," for the bird had challenged his human brother with, "Oh, I have no fear."

It is said that there are as many as five hundred sayings of the meadowlark in the Dakota language. One saying is: "Friends, I whistle for the buffalo." This is a promise to the people. Another saying is: "I want a buffalo calf." Meaning he wants it for his friends, the people of the Dakota nation; and the singing of his wish is a promise of fulfillment.

We speak of the United States as Uncle Sam, but the people of the Dakota nation call it Grandfather which is a title of great respect. In the summer of 1918, while the American expeditionary forces were fighting in the World War, many Dakotas on the Standing Rock Reservation said they heard the meadowlarks singing "Tunk-ashila ohiyelo" meaning "The United States will have the victory."

The white settlers of North Dakota have also learned to attach words to the meadowlark's song. Farmers say that early in the springtime, the meadowlark perches jauntily on a post, and calls, mockingly: "You sowed your wheat too soon! You sowed your wheat too soon!" Another taunting expression is addressed to girls and

young women when dressed in their Sunday best and out for a ride along the country highway. The meadowlark says: "You think you're pretty, don't you?"

The songs which the Dakota Indians have attributed to the meadowlark are so numerous that it is hard to select a few examples. The morning song is as follows:

"Awake, awake, awake, I'll!
Awake, awake, awake, I'll!
Arise, arise, arise, I'll!
In haste, ho-he-he-he, I'll!"

(The whistle of the lark which most Indians can imitate).

("Ho-he-he-he" is joy. "He-he-he-he-he" is sorrow.)

A rather common lark song is as follows:

"Morning has no tears,
Evening has no fears,
Springtime hearts are glad,
Autumntime is joy."

In bad weather if the meadowlark circles upward and down and comes back singing, it will be fair weather.

"I've circled upward through the dark Gray mists of dawn, am circling back again

With melody for animals and men;
O, listen to my glee, O, list, O, hark,
Get ready for the journey, down the tent."

A song for the hunters:

"There's game just over the hill,
And you can have it if you will;
The tumblebug will tell you where,
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha."

(The tumblebug with its feelers indicates where buffalo are, scents the game from afar).

The song to the bashful young lady:

"You're old enough to marry,
Don't be so bashful,
It's summertime, be jolly,
He loves you, speak to him."

A day before the news of the armistice, (as plenty of reputable men will state), numerous Indians heard the meadowlark who was later in depart-