

Ten or a dozen good guns--mostly without ammunition--in a camp of four hundred and fifty lodges! How different an accurate check is from the war propaganda of those days!

The Commission lingered for some time, hoping to interview Sitting Bull, and carry him off with them to Washington. The Commission held that more control and a stronger peace could be maintained by "giving a few chiefs and braves free rides on our railroads and Broadway omnibuses, than by surprising their camps on winter nights and shooting down men, women and children together in the snow."

But the hunting Sioux did not wish to send their chiefs to Washington. They had heard the wild tales brought back by former delegations--tales of white men thick as wool on a buffalo's back, of endless miles of wooden lodges, row on row, of stone lodges piled one upon another, five or six in one heap, of great guns with mouths as broad as a man's head. These incredible yarns simply disgusted them. They knew the whites were not a great nation. If they were, why did the same ones come back every year? Some thought their chiefs had been bribed to lie. Others said, "The white men have fooled you. They put medicine in your eyes, and made you see things that are not." They did not wish to send their chiefs. The Commission waited for weeks, but in vain.