

does it swallow up the sustenance of an entire community but the community itself, and only says "Shimoigit!" (Hail, chief!) in return. It consumes five clear months out of every twelve in simply gorging, sleeping and dancing; the most that any of its votaries can earn is all too little for it; the money that ought to be spent upon the necessities of life is squandered on this idol, which is feted and glutted to its heart's content, while the poor, the aged, the feeble and the sick lie in poverty, filth and rags—dying for want of a little nourishment.

It is a pitiable sight to behold sick folk, invalids, delicate children and babies travelling to and fro over fifty miles of waste ice and snow, the thermometer perhaps below zero at the time, for the sole purpose of paying and receiving homage before this idol. I have seen dying persons and children suffering from measles hauled about the country in mid-winter on sleds, camping out in the snow at night, in order to be present, or that those on whose tender mercies they were dependent might be present at potlatch; and I have seen them taken back from potlatch in their coffins.