

Indian Lodge Tales

by Ford C. Frick

THE NAVAJO LEGEND OF CREATION

THE Indian tribes of the great mountain region left no written history of their goings and comings. But their life was rich in legend and tradition—stories handed down from generation to generation until they came to be a part of that great mass of material which, for lack of better name, we must call aboriginal literature.

These ancient warriors knew nothing of reading and writing. But they were philosophers in their way, even as they were students of nature and keen observers of everything about them. Like children they were curious—and lacking fact they wove their own theories concerning the life they lived and the environment which they knew.

Today the Indian rapidly is disappearing. Swept away from his natural haunts by the white man, he remains a mere remnant of the great race which once knew no superior in all the great region. But the legends still live; monuments to the philosophies of the tribesmen who gave them birth.

Of all the Indian legends now extant, none is more interesting than the Navajo legend of creation. Here it is as told the writer by Navajo Bill, who in turn had it from the Navajo chieftains whom he knew fifty years ago when first he visited the reservation which has since been his home.

In the dim and distant ages when time was young the Navajos lived in a world of darkness, deep underground. Then there was no sunlight to bring warmth and joy; no bright rays of sunshine to make the corn grow or the fruit ripen. There was no light and no day, for all was darkness and even the beasts and the birds were unable to see their way about; but could only wander in darkness, knowing not whether they went or how they came.

In those days the Navajos were unhappy, but they knew not how or where to turn to become happy. But one day a warrior, more bold than the others, set out on a journey to find a new home for himself and his people. Long he urged the other chieftains to accompany him—but they were afraid, so finally he went out alone and unaccompanied.

For many days he wandered in the darkness, stumbling over hill and dale, through water and over high places, until he was nearly exhausted. But still he kept on, and finally he looked up, and there, far above him, was a hole, and through the hole a faint light was shining and a single star looked down upon him in all its radiance. And the warrior was much pleased.

So, with the light of the single star to guide him, he gathered together many trees. And he killed a deer and with the skin of the deer he bound the trees together until he had made for himself a great ladder; and then, climbing the ladder, he finally reached the ceiling of darkness and through the hole he looked into a new world.

When he had rested, he climbed through the hole and into a new world—a world of silver light and shadow—where all was not darkness, but where he was able to see objects about him. In this world there was a moon, and stars to light the way—and there was no darkness, but a silver light from the stars and the moon that made a world of twilight and evening. But the warrior was much pleased—for he had never known a greater light than this. So he rested and feasted and slept for many days until he became lonely and bethought himself of his tribesmen who had remained behind.

So he gathered together a great bundle of moonbeams and, with these on his back to light the way, he descended again into the world of darkness, and with a light heart went in search of his tribesmen.

When he had returned again his tribesmen gave him a great welcome, for they thought him lost, and they made him chief of the tribe, and when he had told them his story, appointed him a guide to lead them to the new world where there was moon and stars and light and happiness.

When, by and by, the tribe had reached the ladder, they climbed into the new world one by one, until they were all there—warriors and squaws and children; and all the beasts and the birds, too, they lifted up with them into the new world; and they were very happy.

The name of the new world they called "Kalelas," and to the warrior who had led them there they gave the name of "Chis-Chil-E-Go."

So it was that the Navajos, who were our forefathers, came out of the world of darkness into the world of twilight.

Getting Used to It

Ellsworth had spent two winters in the West, where he had heard a great deal about people getting acclimated.

When he had been in school a few days his father asked him how he liked studying.

He said: "Oh, nobody likes it as first, but I think I'm getting 'climated to it."

THE FEATURE OF CHRISTMAS

Spirit of Generosity and Happiness and Arrival of Old Kris Kringle Completes Program.

THE happiest feature of Christmastide is the spirit of generosity it engenders. The embodiment of this spirit is a Father Christmas, Knight Rupert, or some other mysterious personage, who ubiquitously glides from house to house showering down his gifts for the "weans," and leaving behind him everywhere an atmosphere of cheeriness and genial happiness.

The beneficent belief in this Old World spirit has, happily, spread to almost every corner of the civilized world. In America the German Christ-Kindle or Infant Christ, becomes the Kris Kringle, who like Santa Claus in England, pursues his unimpeded way through keyholes and down sooty chimneys to bestow his gifts upon children that are "good," while Pele-nichol or "Nicholas With the Fur" follows closely upon his heels with a birchen rod for the "naughty."

Long may this belief in Kris Kringle maintain its virile existence, and may the "weans" see little of that chastening rod of Pele-nichol.

SANTA BANNED BY PURITANS

Christmas Was Utterly Denounced as Evil and Ungodly in Early Days.

IN THE early days of America's history Christmas festivities were not generally observed.

In one state the observance of Christmas was utterly denounced as an evil, ungodly and pernicious custom, and any child daring to think of as much as a plum pudding on that day would make himself liable to reproof by the authorities.

All along the stern and rock-bound coast, Geraldine Ames writes in the Churchman, the only Christmas trees in the days of the Puritan domination were those that nature had planted there and had adorned with fleecy snow. The fires burned brightly on the open hearths, but as far as the children knew, Christmas was just like any other day in the calendar. Even after the Puritan reaction against the forms and customs of the old church had spent itself to some extent the children of the Seventeenth century, still expected no gifts in honor of the birth of Christ.

ASK FOR CHRISTMAS PEACE

Let All Pray to God for Perfect Rest and Perfect Power and Perfect Love.

CHRISTMAS peace is God's and he must give it himself, with his own hand, or we shall never get it. Go then to God himself. Thou art his child, as Christmas Day declares: Be not afraid to go unto the Father. Pray to Him; tell Him what thou wantest; say, "Father, I am not moderate, reasonable, forbearing. I fear I cannot keep Christmas aright for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me; and I know that I shall never get it by thinking, and reading, and understanding, for it passes all that, and lies far away beyond it, does peace, in the very essence of thine undivided, unmoved, absolute, eternal Godhead, which no change nor decay of this created world, nor sin or folly of men or devils, can ever alter; but which abideth forever what it is in perfect rest, and perfect power and perfect love. O, Father, give me Thy Christmas peace."—From Town and Country Sermons.

GOOD SCHEME

Doing your Christmas shopping early, ain't you Jones?

Well, you see I want to get my wife's Christmas presents before my creditors get around to buying their wife's presents.

Christmas Trees and Stockings

Two Christmas practices, both old and very pretty, that have come down to us are the Christmas tree and the hanging up of children's stockings on Christmas eve. Each provides a way of making gifts, and the way provided by the stockings is especially pleasing to children. Perhaps it is going out, but in homes where it is still followed there are delighted children on Christmas morning when the mysteriously-filled stockings are examined in something like awe blended with great pleasure. The Christmas tree survives, and no Christmas school festival is complete without one, brilliant with lights and loaded with presents, presided over by a merry yet venerable Santa Claus.

Christmas Neckties

Some individual with leisure and curious mind has figured out that 90 out of every 100 men receive a necktie as a Christmas gift. The estimate is conservative, but how many of the neckties so bestowed are worn by their recipients? The giving of neckties is a perilous proceeding always, for a necktie is essentially a matter of individual taste. Many a man gets neckwear at Christmas that he could readily enough admire as part of a curtain or a drape, but that he would wear only under the compulsion of a gun leveled at his head.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

EDDY ESKIMO DOG

"I've been asked to tell my story," said Eddy Eskimo Dog. "And I will do the best I can."

Some one has asked for it, I believe, and some one else is going to put it in words that people can understand.

"I don't know that I have much of a story to tell, but I have had grandfathers and grandmothers who could have told stories that were wonderful and hair-raising and all other exciting things that stories often can be."

"You see, the days when my grandfathers and grandmothers were about were a good number of days ago—in fact I should say years ago."

"In the first place I am called the Eskimo dog. I look a little bit like a wolf, I'm told. But I'm not a wolf, oh no!"

"My name doesn't mean anything as far as I am concerned. I am not responsible for my name."

"Now when I say that please do not think that I am ashamed of my name."

"Indeed I am not. I simply do not want to receive credit where I should not receive credit. It is the work of my grandfathers and my grandmothers that has given me this name."

"Far, far, far up North there are some people known as the Esquimaux."

"Oh, they live very, very far away from where you, who are now reading my story, live."

"But my grandparents lived far, far, far North. They even did more than"



"I'm Not a Wolf."

that. They went as far North as ever people went.

"They went with a famous person known as Admiral Peary. Oh, how far up they went!"

"Would you like to know what they went for? I will tell you!"

"They went in search of the North Pole. Now my grandparents thought that they were going to find a pole at some very northern place."

"They said when they reached that pole they would turn around and come back. They imagined that they would have a little celebration after they finally reached the pole."

"Their idea was that perhaps they would all have a special supper up there and that they would all look up at the pole and they would bark while the people would say:

"Most noble Pole, how glad we are to see you. We almost thought we would freeze before we saw you. In fact a few toes and noses and such odd things have been frozen."

"And even more than that."

"All sorts of troubles have been gone through with for your sake, Great Wooden Pole."

"We have almost starved for you, we have shivered for you, we have longed for you, we have almost given up hope for you. But now we have found you."

"That was what my grandparents imagined would be said."

"Then they thought that the pole which they fancied would be very, very enormous would not say anything because it would be too wooden to have any feelings."

"But they fancied there would somehow be a look of dignity about the pole."

"And do you know that there wasn't any pole there all the time? No! Not a pole!"

"The people had been speaking of a point very, very far north. And they had called it the North Pole."

"And they had gone in search of this point. Just for that they had dragged people through the snow."

"Oh well, it was all a part of adventuring, only some of my family were a little disappointed when they found out there was no actual, real pole."

"But I am a descendant of this fine family of dogs—and a descendant means one of a family who follows after, such as a grandchild or even a child, or even a great, great grandchild."

"Yes, I am proud of my family name because it does mean something in my case, at any rate, when you consider that my dear grandparents went on these wonderful adventures about which great books have been written and lectures given and risks run."

"But it was a shame about that pole not being there! You see, I suppose in all the years and years that had gone before, no one had ever gone far enough to put a pole where the North Pole should have been!"

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE

Default having been made in the terms of the mortgage described below by reason of the failure of the mortgagors to pay certain sums secured thereby when due or at all, all sums secured by said mortgage were prior to the giving of the notice of intention herein, and by such notice of intention declared due and payable, and are hereby declared due and payable, as provided by the terms of the mortgage hereinafter described;

Now therefore notice is hereby given that certain mortgage made, executed and delivered by Clarence E. Ladd and Elizabeth B. Ladd, his wife as mortgagors to Edgar C. Olson, Einar C. Olson and Myron J. Wright, as executors of the estate of Martin G. Olson, deceased, as mortgagees, dated September 1st, 1921, and filed for record in the office of the register of deeds in and for Pembina county, North Dakota on the 9th day of September, 1921 and there recorded in book 144 of Mortgages at page 18 will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in such mortgage and hereinafter described at the front door of the Court House in Cavalier, county of Pembina and state of North Dakota, on the 29th day of January, 1923 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of that day to satisfy the amount due on such mortgage on the day of sale.

The premises described in such mortgage and which will be sold to satisfy the same are located in the county of Pembina and state of North Dakota and described as follows, to-wit:

The northeast quarter of section 18 in township 161 north of range 52 west of the 5th, principal meridian.

There will be due on such mortgage on the day of sale the sum of \$5564.44 besides the costs and disbursements of this foreclosure.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1922.

EDGAR C. OLSON, EINAR C. OLSON and MYRON J. WRIGHT as Executors of the Estate of Martin G. Olson, Deceased.

MURPHY & TONER, Attorneys for Mortgagors, Grand Forks, No. Dak. Dec. 15 22 29—Jan. 5 12 19 26

GRAIN "THRASHED" BY YAKS

Methods in Tibet Remain as Primitive as They Have Been Through the Centuries.

Thrashing is a "simple" process in Tibet. Yaks are employed in doing this hard work, and all that these "live thrashing machines" need to inspire them is plenty of noise and music. The yak is a large heavy animal, a cross between the bison and the ox. It has long hair, which fringes down over its shoulders, sides and tail in a great mass.

Before the thrashing begins the barley is cut and strewn in an inclosure of hard-bent earth. The grain is stacked several inches deep in this inclosure, which is usually about half an acre in size. After the barley is in place, about forty or fifty yaks are driven into the space.

The farmers, their wives and children all gather at the house where the thrashing is to be done. They bring with them all of the old drums, rattles, bells, empty kerosene cans, pans and other implements from which a noise can be extracted. Soon the yaks, frightened and angry, rush through the barley with their huge fringed tails high in the air. Back and forth they run, trampling the barley with their huge feet, and the barley is thrashed out in clean grains at the bottom of the inclosure.

"LIFE" IN INANIMATE THINGS

Metals, for Instance, Easily Proved to Be Sensitive to Degrees of Heat and Cold.

Scientists tell us that life may exist in objects previously considered inanimate, such as stone or iron. It is now known that metals are sensitive not only to heat and cold, but also to narcotics and stimulants. Strange as it may seem, you can poison a piece of steel. Take two steel bars. Heat them red-hot and allow one to cool in the air and the other in hydrogen. The latter will be found to be poisoned. It will be brittle and unfit for use as tool steel. Metals, again, suffer from over-fatigue. The most common example is when your razor-edge becomes dull and the most careful stropping fails to restore its edge. But if you rest the razor for a week or two the steel regains its temper. When stone goes sick it is very difficult to cure. Paints have been used, but without much effect. In these days the architect has at his command certain mysterious liquids which can be squirted onto decaying stone, and which, sinking in, make the surface hard and weather-proof. But the process is apt to spoil the appearance of the stone.

DR. R. E. BECHTEL

Dentist Graduate of Northwestern University Dental School, Chicago. ORAYTON - N. D.

H. B. SPILLER, Attorney at Law, Cavalier, North Dakota. Office in Merchants and Farmer State Bank Building.

Read the Pioneer Express Ads.

NOTICE OF CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE

Whereas, William Knitt, mortgagor made, executed and delivered to J. L. Pariseau, mortgagee, his certain chattel mortgage, dated November 14th, A. D. 1921, wherein and whereby said mortgagor mortgaged to said mortgagee the following described personal property, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest of 1922 crop on the north east quarter, section 5, and north east quarter, section 6 and north west quarter, section 17, township 162, range 51, Pembina county, N. D. and one bay mare 8 yrs old, named Mag, wt 1300 lbs; one iron grey horse 6 yrs old, named Duck, wt 1400 lbs; one black horse named Dan, 5 yrs old, wt 1400 lbs; one black horse 14 yrs old, named Dick, wt 1400 lbs; one bay horse 5 yrs old, named Barney, wt. 1450; one bay mare 6 yrs old named Queen, wt 1300 lbs; one black cow 5 yrs old; one Jersey heifer spring calf; one Hart-Parr tractor No. 6095, size 27-35 H. P.; one set 8 bottom John Deere tractor gang plow; one 500 gallon steel kerosene oil tank; one 4 in. tire wagon, complete with grain box; one truck wagon with tank, pump and hose; one 8 ft Deering binder, complete; one 5 ft McCormick mower, complete; one 10 ft McCormick hay rake; one 16-16" disc narrow complete; one 26 ft wood box harrow; one 20 shoe VanBrunt double disc drill; one set bob sleighs complete; three sets heavy work harness; two 14 in. John Deere braker bottoms; one hay rack, and increase of above stock to secure the payment of the sum of twenty-six hundred ninety four dollars; which mortgage was duly filed in the office of the register of deeds of Pembina county, North Dakota on November 16th, A. D. 1921, and numbered 15511 of chattel mortgages.

And whereas, default has been made in the terms of said mortgage by reason of non-payment thereof when due, and the amount claimed to be due thereon at this date is \$2970.00.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of said mortgage and by order of said J. L. Pariseau, the present owner thereof, I will sell the above described chattels at the front door of the post office in the village of Joliette, in the county of Pembina and state of North Dakota, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., on the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1922.

Dated at Joliette, North Dakota, December 12th, A. D. 1922.

A. J. PARISEAU, Agent, Joliette, N. D.

H. B. SPILLER, Attorney for Mortgagee, Office and post office address, Cavalier, N. D. Dec. 15 22 29—Jan. 5 12 19

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE

Default having been made in the terms of the mortgage described below by reason of the failure of the mortgagors to pay certain sums secured thereby when due or at all, all sums secured by said mortgage were prior to the giving of the notice of intention herein, and by such notice of intention declared due and payable, and are hereby declared due and payable, as provided by the terms of the mortgage hereinafter described;

Now therefore notice is hereby given that certain mortgage made, executed and delivered by Clarence E. Ladd and Elizabeth B. Ladd, his wife as mortgagors to Edgar C. Olson, Einar C. Olson and Myron J. Wright, as executors of the estate of Martin G. Olson, deceased, as mortgagees, dated September 1st, 1921, and filed for record in the office of the register of deeds in and for Pembina county, North Dakota on the 10th day of September, 1921, and there recorded in book 144 of Mortgages at page 18 will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in such mortgage and hereinafter described at the front door of the Court House in Cavalier, county of Pembina and state of North Dakota on the 29th day of January, 1923 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of that day to satisfy the amount due on such mortgage on the day of sale.

The premises described in such mortgage and which will be sold to satisfy the same are located in the county of Pembina and state of North Dakota and described as follows, to-wit:

The southwest quarter of section 15 in township 161, north of range 53 west of the 5th principal meridian.

There will be due on such mortgage on the day of sale the sum of \$5564.44 besides the costs and disbursements of this foreclosure.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1922.

EDGAR C. OLSON, EINAR C. OLSON and MYRON J. WRIGHT as Executors of the Estate of Martin G. Olson, Deceased.

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Movie Musician

A motion picture actor, one of the best horseback riders in the movie, holding championship belts won at several rodeos, recently, to demonstrate his equestrian skill, essayed to catch a string of trout on horseback.

He got his bite all right and hooked his fish, but at this precise moment the old cowboy instinct got the best of him, and as the line strained out, he forgot it wasn't his trusted riata, and through force of habit twisted it round the pommel of his saddle and galloped madly out of the stream, dangling the fish behind him.

"Whatcha tryin' to do," demanded a friend as the crowd caught up to him.

"Well," said the actor, "I guess you might say I was runnin' over the scales."

For Your Goldfish Bowl

Here is a helpful hint for better success in keeping your piscatorial pets: On the outside of your goldfish bowl, or globe, paint the bottom and about two inches above the bottom with dark green paint.

This adds greatly to the comfort of your water pets. They will not swim so wildly, but seek the bottom and rest. Pretty castles can be built of rough pebbles and cement by chipping a cement that will not be affected by water, and also tunnels, projections and nooks, which will be appreciated by the fish.

Besides, the rest and comfort this paint gives to the fish adds to their longevity and growth.

Looks Like George

Mrs. R. M. B. writes: "Last Sunday afternoon I told my little girl that her father was asleep and that I wanted her and her brother to be as silent as the Sphinx. A moment later I heard her repeat my warning to her brother, aged seven, and inquire what a 'Sphinx' was."

"Why, don't you know?" answered Robert, who is quite a student for his age. "A Sphinx is a big thing that grows in Egypt and looks like George Washington."—Los Angeles Times.

See of the register of deeds in and for Pembina county, North Dakota on the 10th day of September, 1921, and there recorded in book 144 of Mortgages at page 20 will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in such mortgage and hereinafter described at the front door of the Court House in Cavalier, county of Pembina and state of North Dakota, on the 29th day of January, 1923 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of that day to satisfy the amount due on such mortgage on the day of sale.

The premises described in such mortgage and which will be sold to satisfy the same are located in the county of Pembina and state of North Dakota and described as follows, to-wit:

The northeast quarter of section 21 in township 161 north of range 63 west of the 5th, principal meridian.

There will be due on such mortgage on the day of sale the sum of \$5564.44 besides the costs and disbursements of this foreclosure.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1922.

EDGAR C. OLSON, EINAR C. OLSON and MYRON J. WRIGHT as Executors of the Estate of Martin G. Olson, Deceased.

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