

A LEGEND

PIKE'S PEAK AND CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN

One may well be amazed at the beauty of many of the Indian Legends, for they may almost be considered the mythology of America. These myths or legends are of striking character and are ingenious in conception and narration. The latest contribution along this line is the "Legend of Pike's Peak and Cheyenne Mountain," by Celia K. Husik, which recently appeared in an exchange. It is as follows:

Pike's Peak, one of America's nature wonders, stirred the fancy of the Indian mind, which was ever ready to ascribe to all natural wonders a supernatural origin. They tell this beautiful story of how Pike's Peak came into existence.

Once upon a time the lesser spirits of the world caused the great Mississippi river to overflow its banks in order to destroy mankind, whom they found troublesome and wished to wipe out of existence. From the flood they carried away with them some earth and some grains of maize in order to build a new world and sow new fields of corn. Away they flew with their burden to the very gates of heaven; but alas! the greater spirits would not let them in. Drop their burden they must. So they let it fall, and where the earth fell Pike's Peak now stands.

Not all the men perished through the great inundation of the Mississippi. For the lesser spirits defeated their own purpose of destroying the human race. Now and then they dropped grains of maize, which, as the legends tell, are the shooting stars, and lo and behold, some of these took root and flourished. One man in the flood did not perish. He and his wife ate of the maize, grew wise, and knew how to keep themselves above water. They built themselves a canoe and in it paddled to Pike's Peak. There they died, leaving two children, who were cared for and reared by the greater spirits. When they grew up they founded the race of Indians called the Aztecs.

Before these children could come down to the earth and inhabit the plains the great floods had to be removed. So the greater spirits sent down the Thirsty Dragon to drink up the waters. He drank and drank so much that the earth was in danger of becoming a dry desert. The greater spirits then recalled him. As the dragon attempted to enter heaven he slipped and fell, and today is seen as the Cheyenne mountain.

A school teacher who had passed her first youth asked a member of her class to name the presidents.

"When I was as old as you," she encouraged the hesitating lad, "I could name all the presidents in their order with ease."

"Of course it was easy for you," the boy replied, with more candor than politeness. "There were only a few presidents then."