

HOW MINNEWASTE GOT ITS NEW NAME

By MARY LOHYNES, Student

Many years ago Minnewaste was a beautiful, clear, deep and wide lake. It almost surrounded an Indian village. The Indians were very proud of their beautiful lake. At evening they would go to its shores to dance and to sing praises to God.

For many years these Indians lived very happily and contentedly, but one dreadful morning a huge monster entered the lake, disturbing the tranquil water and stirring it to its depths. At evening, when the Indians went down to dance and sing praises to God they were astonished, for the lake was beautiful no longer.

The Indians said to one another, "God must be punishing us for some evil we have done." But God was not punishing them, for these Indians were exceedingly good. They were contented and happy, and the dragon was an evil spirit tempting them. That evening they went to their tepees and prayed to God that He might allow them their tranquilly beautiful lake.

From that day on the Indians were not happy. Not only was their lake polluted but many of their friends and relatives had disappeared since the lake was made unfit.

Previously the Indians had gone back and forth on their lake without fear. Because they could not find another route to town they were compelled to continue crossing in spite of the dragon. Of course this made the monster, the evil spirit, glad, because he could capsize their canoes and carry them away to his den in the bottom of the lake.

One day Chief Crazy Dog called his people together and said to them, "Many of our friends and relatives have disappeared and we must discover what has become of them." That same evening all of the tribe went down to the lake shore again, and after singing and praying to God, Chief Crazy Dog said he would go across the lake in his canoe with two of his warriors, although his people did not want him to go for fear he would not return.

When these braves were in the middle of the lake, the Evil Spirit came and tried to take them, but Chief Crazy Dog went on in safety. This maddened the monster and he said to himself that he would take revenge on them when they returned.

But strangely enough he was asleep at that time and Chief Crazy Dog and his warriors went back to the tribe in safety. The Chief told his people of the great monster and said, "We must kill this Evil Spirit; he has spoiled our beautiful lake and killed and eaten many of our good people."

Once more Chief Crazy Dog and his two brave warriors went upon the lake and waited until the monster came to kill them. Then Chief Crazy Dog and his warriors threw poisoned arrows with great skill and at last succeeded in killing their enemy.

Returning home they told the people that there was no longer any cause to fear for the monster was no more. However the lake was never again so beautiful and clear. The Indians did not return to their meeting place to dance and sing praises to God.

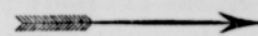
Years after when white men came to live with the Indians they heard about this monster, or the Evil Spirit. They said, "Let us give the Minnewaste a

new name." So they named this lake Devil's Lake and the Indian village is now an Indian school known as the Fort Totten Indian School.

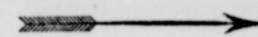
Devil's Lake is now neither clear, deep nor wide.



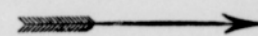
(FROM THE QUIVER OF HENRY VARNUM)



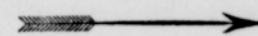
Your greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall.



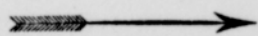
The opportunity is in the man far more than in the place or the surroundings.



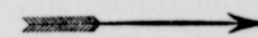
Men who study life most profoundly, say that it is pluck and not luck that wins in the world.



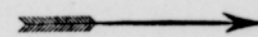
Over-culture, without practical experience, weakens a man and unfits him for real life.



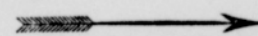
The highest working qualities are best trained by active and systematic contact with others in the affairs of daily life.



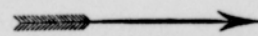
A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievement.



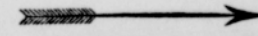
Whether life is noble or ignoble, depends not only on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is followed.



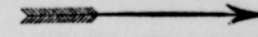
Cleverness will aid talent, but without cultivation and direction, it only makes the failure of its possessor more conspicuous.



Young men who spend too many years at school are apt to forget the great end of life, which is to be and do, and not to read and brood over what others have done.



The world honors utility, and has more use for the trained man that will work in harness, than for the brilliant but ethereal fancies of a genius that float idly on every changing current of the imagination.



The working people are the true nobility. This includes those who work with their minds and those who work with their hands; and with these workers you should enroll your name, and honor it through life by being a working man—a producer, and not a mere consumer of what others earn.