



WAYWEB! - HURRY UP! - GIT AP!

WE GO TO ISH-POODEN-AH - THE HIGH HILL - RIDE DOWN HEAP FAST!

WILL WE LET AUNDAK COME ALONG?

WAIT FOR ME!

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One day Little Growing Bird brought out his new Toboggan—which was one of the many Christmas presents he had received—and asked Yellow Hair to go along with him to the top of Ish-pooden-ah, the High Hill, and they would have a fine ride, all the way back to the Wigwam. Muk-koons, the Little Bear, went with them.

1906



I AM PE-BOAN, THE WINTER, AND THIS IS THE NEW YEAR PAPOOSE!

HE'S PRETTY SMALL, BUT LOOKS HEALTHY!

OH, I'M AFRAID! LET'S GO OUT AGAIN

ALL RIGHT! HEAP PLENTY OLD YEAR BURIED IN THIS PLACE

1906

PSHAW! THEY CAN'T HURT YOU!

The Indians call it "Uh-numekoo-dah-ding," or "Day-of-Mutual-Greeting," and it is a very "good medicine day" for every one. Aundak told them that it was the cave of Pe-boan, the Winter Spirit, and the place where all the Old Years were buried. The children went in on tiptoe. Sure enough, there was a long row of the dead years lying wrapped in their burial robes.



HEAP BIG SNOW CAVE! MIBBE WE GO IN!

THAT IS THE CAVE OF PE-BOAN, THE WINTER, ALL THE DEAD YEARS ARE BURIED IN THERE!

When they had almost reached the top of the hill they came to the mouth of a great Snow Cave, with icicles hanging all over the entrance. They were greatly surprised, because they had never noticed it before. The reason for this was because the entrance was closed all the year round, excepting ONE day only—and THAT day is New Year's!



HOLD ON TIGHT! WE RIDE ALL WAY BACK TO WIGWAM!

YOU WON'T UPSET US, WILL YOU?

ME CAP-TAIN OF SHIP!

HOW ABOUT ME, DON'T I RIDE?

After telling them who he was, and that he never harmed children who were warmly wrapped up, he disappeared over the edge of the hill before they could ask him any questions. But they could hear the bells ringing out merrily long after he had gone away. Little Growing Bird then turned the Toboggan around, making ready for the long ride down the hill.



I'LL RACE YOU TO THE WIGWAM!

WHOO! HI-YAH!! HI-YAH!!

OH, GOODNESS! I'M SCARED!!

LET GO MY NECK! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!

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Little Black Bear sat in front, Fanny Yellow Hair next, while Little Growing Bird sat behind to steer the Toboggan. Then they started down the long slope of the hill toward the Wigwam. Aundak was left behind, but he flew after them as fast as he could, trying to keep up. Faster and faster they went, bounding over the hills and hollows, until the wind fairly whistled around their ears! Yellow Hair became so excited that she grabbed Little Black Bear around the neck and almost choked him. Soon they came in sight of the Wigwam, but they were going too fast to steer around it, so—



WAUGH!!!

LOW BRIDGE THERE!

WOW!

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On they came with a rush, right slap into the campfire, scattering things in every direction. But no one was hurt, only tumbled about a bit. In fact, they rather enjoyed the exciting finish of it. But ever since then, when the Old Year is about to die, people listen for the sound of the bells that Pe-boan, the Winter, rings whenever there is a New Year born. They resolve that they will not be naughty again as long as the New-Year Child lives—but, generally, they forget all about it, after a little while.

A. T. C.