

Bridge of the Gods.

Indian legend is borne out by the appearances of nature, in its claims that at one time a huge natural bridge spanned the Columbia river at the Cascades.

All the Columbia river and allied tribes repeat the legend of the "Bridge" and all agree on the one essential point—that at one time in the long ago the mighty stream rolled under a mountain of stone through caverns and caves and that in time the bridge fell in, damming the stream for miles back and causing the present obstacles in the river known as the Cascades.

Frederick Balch in his fascinating western story, "The Bridge of the Gods," relates incidents of old Indians repeating the legend in such an authoritative manner as to preclude all possibility of the story being a pure myth.

"Everywhere along the Columbia river," says Balch, "the Indians tell of the great bridge that once spanned the river; that the Great Spirit shook the earth and the bridge crashed down in the river, forming the present obstruction at the Cascades. All the various tribes tell the same story, varying of course with their various views and understanding, but all

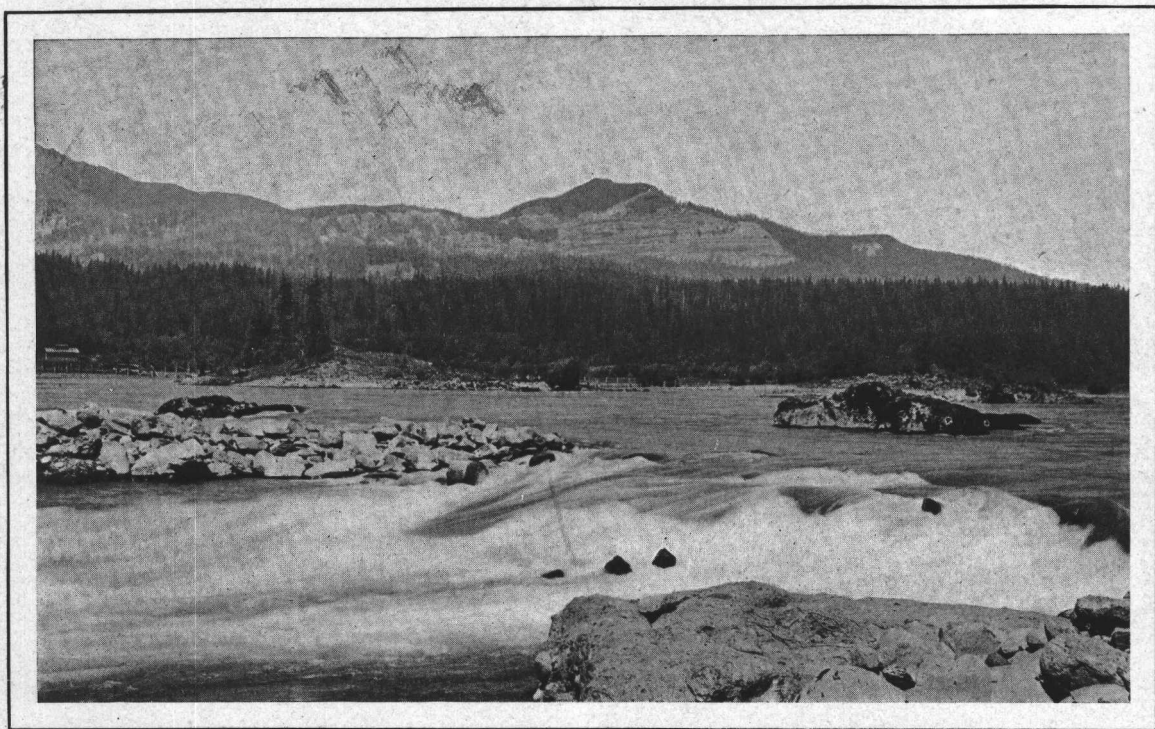
emphatically corroborating the fact that it was in existence.

"My father talk one time," said an old Klickitat to a pioneer at White Salmon, Washington, 'long ago liddle boy him in canoe with mother, paddle under bridge, look up see the roof all over. Dark so we could no see the sun, but we hurry quick and get out. Liddle boy no forget how big bridge look.'"

So legend is not untrue to nature here. There is every evidence that once a magnificent natural bridge reached across the majestic river from shore to shore and that like a softly gliding ghost the river stole under the gloomy arches and frowning walls of that splendid architecture of the Maker's own hand.

How long ago, or what caused the destruction of the bridge is not known. Not even the slightest trace of history can be found to indicate when it was destroyed or by what sudden convulsion of the earth the massive structure tumbled into fragments.

The remaining obstructions in the river at the Cascades are tokens of its existence, but further than this, history, romance, legend nor tradition cannot penetrate.



Bridge of the Gods.



Indian Camp on Umatilla Reservation near Pendleton, Oregon.

The Song of the Bow

*To the Master of all the woods I came
Where a forest monarch stood.
"O, give me," I cried, "for a warrior's fame
A bow of the sacred wood;
Of the sacred cedar that lifts and sings
On the high reared cliff where the eagle wings."*

*Then the God of the Forest answered me:
"O, son of a prophet's line,
Not only a bow from the sacred tree,
But the song of it, too, be thine.
The voice of the cedar thy bow shall own
To sing all songs that the air hath known."*

*I climbed to the cliff where the eagles nest
And clave at the cedar's hide:
I ripped me a rib from its bleeding breast
And bore it away in pride:
I hewed it and shaped it from noon till noon,
And it shone in my eye like a new-born moon.*

*And now if I rest in the purple light
When the Autumn day is done,
Or follow the panther up mountain height.
Or steal where the wild deer run,
Or fly with my steed, or plunge in the sea,
My bow hath ever a voice to me.*

*My bow sings ever in sun and rain,
As soft as the river's flow,
To tell of the spirits of wood and plain
That only the soul may know,
Till my hands on the stars of the sky take hold
And all of the world to my heart I fold.*

—Charles Eugene Banks.



Princess We-a-lote, Cayuse maiden.

FAIR OREGON

*I know not whence thy mystery came,
Nor whence the magic of thy name,
Thou haunted land of whispering pine,
Whose heart beats answer unto mine!
So near to thee my spirit dwells,
Its every mood mine own foretells;
Thy very shadows have the art
Of leaving imprint on my heart,
And where thy myriad minstrels sing
There doth my answering anthem ring!
Thou sainted land where sleep the brave
Crowned and embraced by cloud and wave,
For thee I would all perils meet,
For thee the wildest deserts greet,
Or breast yon sea where hearts grow faint,
Or barefoot, thread without complaint,
The fartherst borders 'neath the sun
If but for thee it needs be done!*

—Bert Huffman.

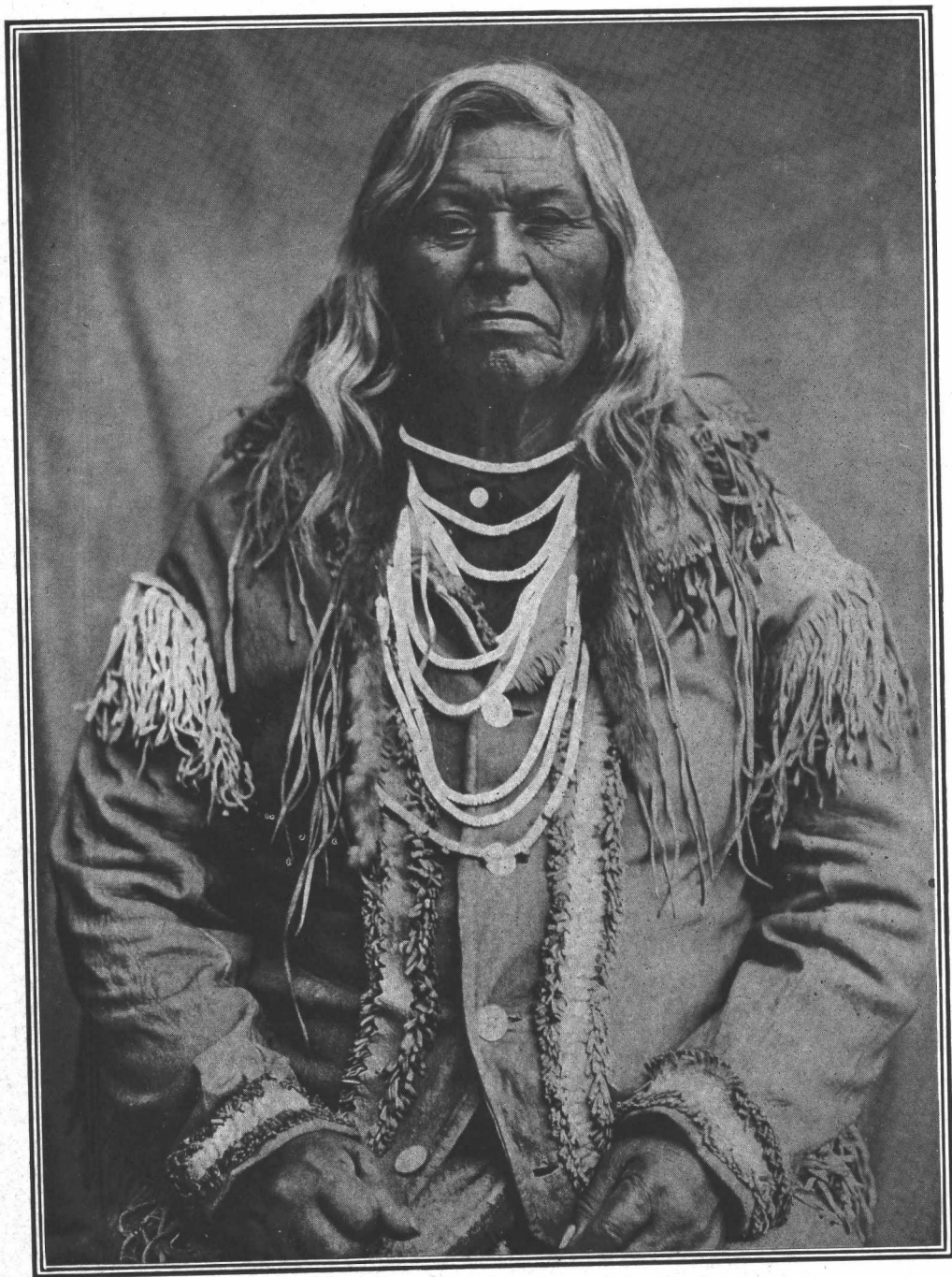


Mt. Hood, from Cloud Cap Inn.

The Medicine Man

*Alone he stands in primal solitude,
In grace a child, in majesty a king,
Afar his people wait nor dare intrude
Where he invites the spirits counseling.
Long days of fasting in the solemn wood;
Long nights of gazing on the tranquil stars,
Have purified the passions in his blood
And made a Moses of a son of Mars.
An instrument of twice ten thousand strings
To Nature's rhythm delicately attuned,
He trills responsive to the noiseless wings
Of messengers with whom he has communed.
Then suddenly a subtle essence flows
Through all his being, and he all things knows.*

—Charles Eugene Banks.



Wa-tis-te-me-ne-head, "Man of the Cayuses."

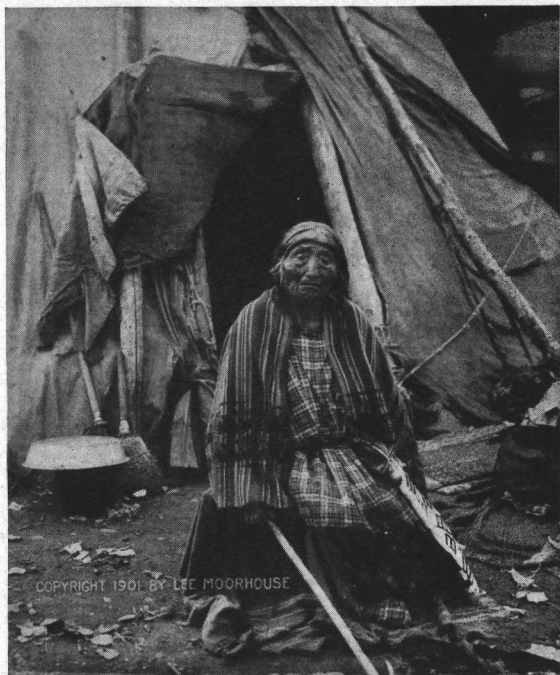
Pe-tow-ya, a Cayuse Patriarch.

Pe-tow-ya, a Cayuse squaw of the Umatilla reservation, lived to be 114 years of age, having died on the reservation near Pendleton in 1902.

She remembered having seen the Lewis and Clark expedition as it passed eastward up the Columbia river after having spent the winter near Astoria. She once related to Major Lee Moorhouse her remembrance of York, the colored servant who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition. She said that although she was but a girl of 12 or 13 at the time, she ventured to get close enough to the big black

man to wet her finger tips and rub his skin to ascertain if it was real skin or just a paint on the negro. Her wonder was excited when she found that it would not "rub off."

She was reared in the vicinity of Pendleton, Umatilla, and Wallula and was finally allotted on the Umatilla reservation, where she passed the last year of her life. She was the last of the old Cayuse tribe to speak the pure Cayuse language. This limpid language was formerly one of the most widely spoken of any of the Indian languages in the Northwest.



*Pe-tow-ya Cayuse woman who remembers
Lewis and Clark.*



Sac-a-ja-we-a pointing out the Westward path to Captain Clark.

Dr. Whirlwind.

Dr. Whirlwind, or Shap-lish, one of the most prominent and historic Indian characters in the West, is now 31 years old and is yet as straight as an arrow and shows his great age but slightly.

He was born on the banks of the beautiful Umatilla river in 1824, and when the Whitman massacre occurred in 1847, was a young man of 23. He knew Dr. Whitman and when the news of the massacre reached the Umatilla river where Whirlwind lived, he was one of a party of friendly Indians to go to the mission and verify the truth of the report of the massacre. He remembers the awful scene which met the gaze of the friendly Indians as they neared the burned mission. The murdered victims were scattered about the premises and the once prosperous and happy mission was in ruins.

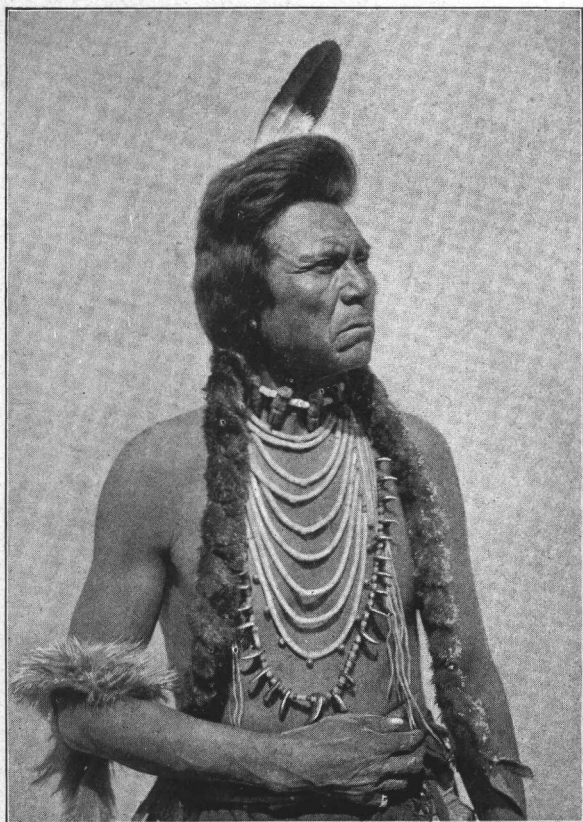
Whirlwind says that it was not the Indians who incited the murder of the Whitman party, and grows indignant when he speaks of that tragedy.

During the "Sheepeater" campaign in the Salmon river mountains of Idaho, in 1879,

Whirlwind was chief of scouts for the United States government and was instrumental in capturing that murderous band of renegade Indians.

With 20 faithful Indian scouts, in which party were a number of still living Umatilla Indians, including Peo. Captain Sum-kin, Talou-kiakts, Seu-sips, To-ki-e-kan and Homily, accompanied by Lieutenant Farrow and five white soldiers, Whirlwind went into the almost inaccessible mountains on Salmon river in Northern Idaho, and after a hard chase in which brilliant Indian strategy was used on his part, succeeded in capturing the entire force of the murderous "Sheepeaters."

The "Sheepeaters" were renegade Snake river and Piute Indians which infested the rugged mountains and raided the scattering settlements, murdering whites and stealing stock on every hand. White soldiers had tried in vain to capture or dislodge the murderous band, but it was not until Whirlwind and his Umatilla scouts invaded the fastnesses that they were captured.



Dr. Whirlwind



Princess Etna



Donald McKay



Wap-a-ne-ta, the belle of the Umatilla

Securing Indian Photographs

Years of close friendship, association and confidence are necessary to secure photographs from the Western Indian tribes. They are extremely superstitious and strangers may spend weeks before getting a picture worth developing.

The women and children have an especially strong prejudice against the camera and it is not uncommon to see them turn their backs upon the amateur photographer who goes among them snapping promiscuously. After close acquaintance they become more reconciled to it, but even then are usually more or less afraid of its mysteries.

On the reservation in their native surroundings the Indians are stolid, taciturn, haughty and unyielding toward the stranger who goes among them with a photographic outfit. It is well nigh impossible to secure consent to photograph an Indian unless the artist is vouched for by some one in the confidence of the Indian.

And after you once have gained the entire confidence of the Indian and can secure a pose at your request, then the trouble has only actually begun.

Although the Indian wears but few garments, yet each must be in exact place, without a flaw, wrinkle, or crooked line. The hair

must be arranged in the most fastidious manner, the moccasins must be immaculate and the clothes "just so."

It requires at least three hours for an Indian woman to prepare properly to have her picture taken. If a white woman used as long a time in proportion to the number of garments worn, it would require a day to properly array her for a pose.

The Indians, both men and women, are extremely vain and give much attention to their personal appearance when posing for a picture. The women stain their faces more or less and put on all the gaudy beads, decorations, shining spangles and bright colors at their command.

The men bring out their newest blankets and comb and braid their hair with great care before submitting to a pose. After an Indian once becomes infatuated with the idea of having his photograph taken, it becomes a mania. He then visits the studio of the photographer friend frequently and is always willing and even anxious to pose.

Such cases, however, are extremely rare. Most of the members of the various tribes shun the camera, and it is only through the most tactful management that a natural, unembarrassed pose can be secured.



Alice Pat-e-wa, Umatilla Belle.

The Mound on the Hilltop.

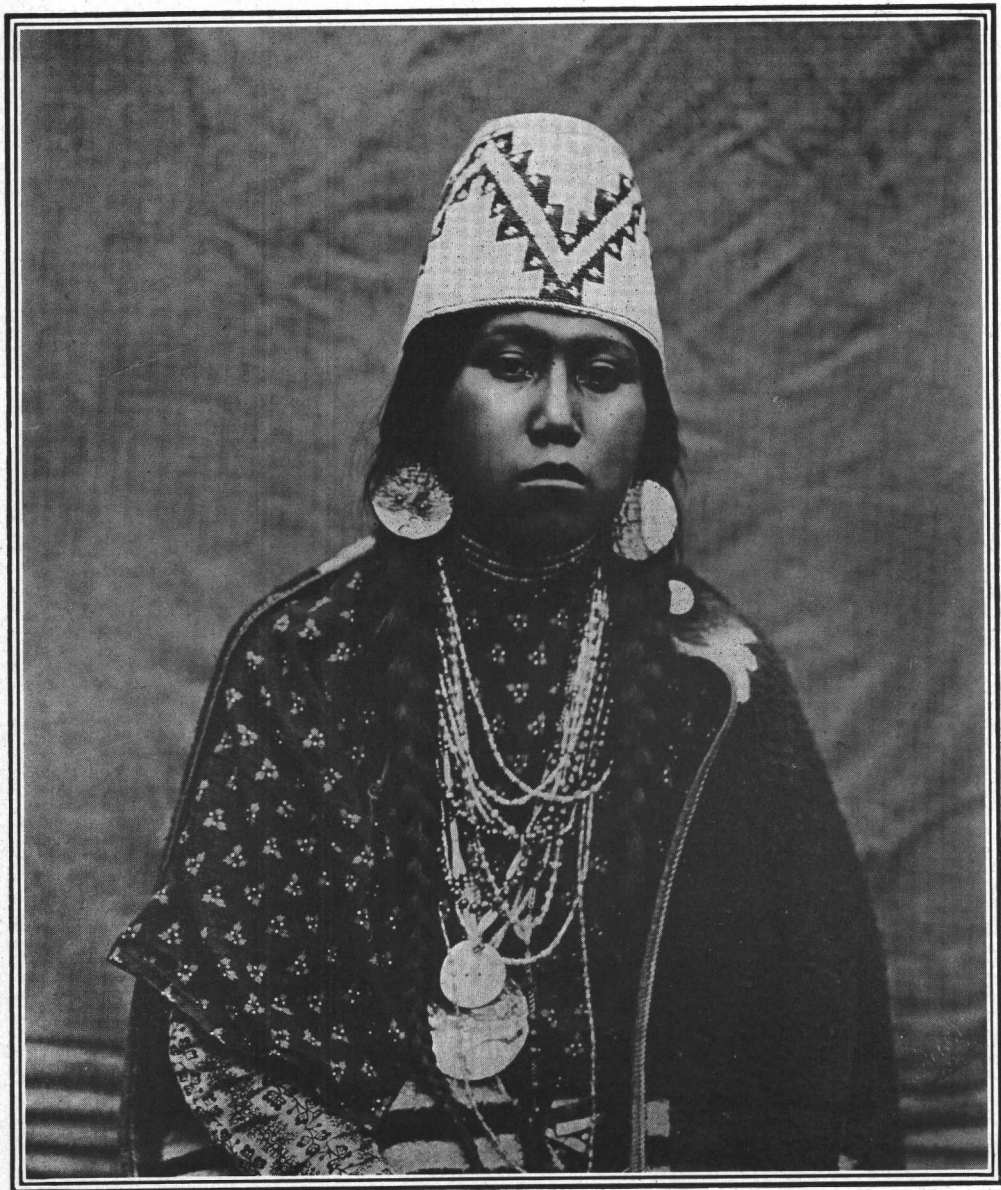
In the coulee below me are half a dozen tepees. Here and there may be seen a squaw gathering firewood, while the men, vivid patches of color in their gaudy blankets, sit in front of their lodges smoking in dignified silence. Near at hand the ponies are grazing. On the crest of the hill are several small mounds.

When I gain the crest of the hill I find the mounds to be graves. Here is a little mound. Upon it lies a few simple toys and a pair of tiny moccasins. Here some Indian mother has left her little one, part of her very life. She has gone down from this hilltop leaving her baby here, bearing in her heart a wound that time may heal, but the scar of which will ever remain. Her little one that had scarcely been out of her sight—to leave it on this lonely hilltop alone!

As she lays the little moccasin and clothing upon the grave, as she puts the playthings

there, what are her thoughts? Her little one will be lonesome in that far land in that great beyond. The spirit of these things that he knew and loved here will go with him to serve him in the happy hunting grounds. Since he has gone she often looks at the western skies when they are tinged with the glory of the dying day. Far in the West, beyond the sunset, in that unknown land of the spirits, is her child.

Her arms are so empty—she stretches them out toward the mysterious West. Her eyes are dim, her cheeks are wet. This little one was to have been a great warrior. How proud she would have been of him! The red in the West fades to neutral tints of grey. The wind arises as twilight falls. Far off she hears the long drawn mournful wail of a dog. She draws her blanket close about her and with bowed head she leaves the hilltop. Slowly darkness gathers and blots out the rounded mounds.—Fred Lockley.



Yakima Sally.

Pendleton the Beautiful.

I had heard of Pendleton. I had seen pictures, wonderful pictures, all signed Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton Oregon. I had been told—but never mind—I had not been told it was Pendleton the Beautiful.

A resident of the city for many years expressed surprise when I said, "Pendleton is beautiful." These lovely hills. You who have seen it for so long and to me it is so new and wonderful. It is September.

From a point north of the city you look over hills of wondrous color. There are all shades of brown, amber and gold. Here and there a stubble field of gold shading to brown and tan, as though Mother Nature had tried a "Peroxide shower" here and there just to try the effect.

On these same hills a great discovery awaited me. When I had heard of sagebrush I always thought of Mary MacLane's "All gray sand and barrenness" of deserts where nothing grew. A withered, barren shrub. BUT IT BLOOMS.

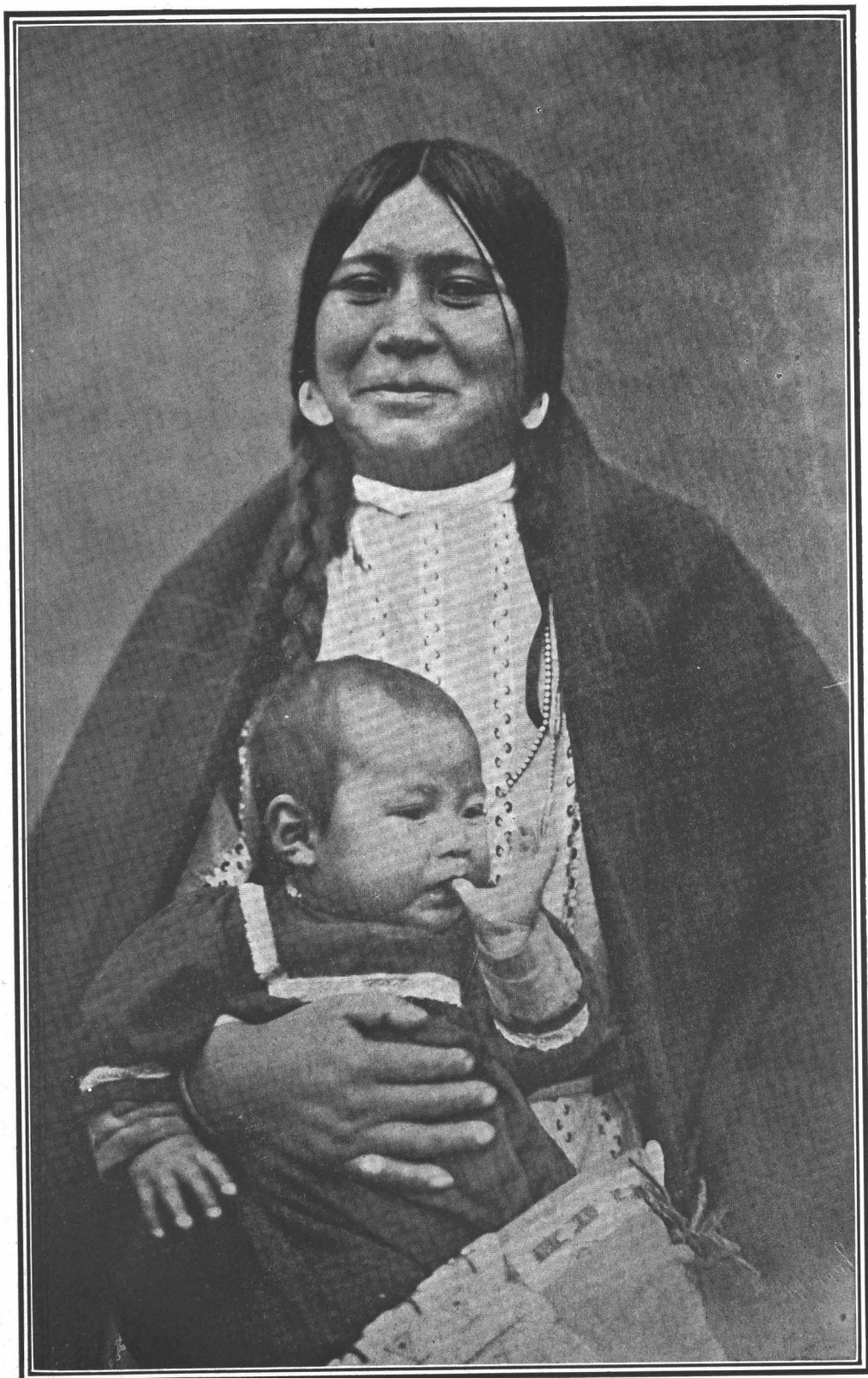
Sagebrush blooms a cheerful, feathery, golden bloom. See this great bunch in a bed of rock and sand, water, not a drop near, and yet

it blooms. If I only could look away from the alluring hills I would have time to think of what it is a symbol. "Like a lump of ice in the clear, cold moon," it is symbolic, this shrub of "The gray sand and barrenness," bearing its cheerful, golden, feathery bloom.

Can one become so accustomed to the beauties of these hills that they cease to allure? Then take "The stranger within your gates," if like Elizabeth's guest she have "No sou," until after a dinner which includes a salad of cabbage. Give them the dinner and the salad and take them up on the hills. Take them anyway.

The climb, the wonderful air, the pause at the top where after a while you can almost hear your "Soul growth." It is solitude, yet the sweetest of solitude, for the city is so near. You are alone, yet there is life just below you throbbing up against your own.

Along the winding valley—a canon did you say?—(but I like valley so much better) it is so green and fertile, and bright and "homey" and canon sounds like a deep, dark pass with great boulders sheltering a crouching Indian



Yakima Indian mother and babe.

and bears and things. Do you see down below the bridge that cluster of tepees?

While far up near the base of a hill thin spirals of smoke go up from many council fires. Crouching near the central tepee of the group a young Indian woman sits stolidly waiting, waiting, waiting.

There are canoes far down the stream, and an old Indian woman is hanging over a pot on the fire. Children play about with other papooses. Hunting and fishing is good. See, there is no road yet a great band of Indian ponies trail along near the stream.

But a whirr and a flash, a shrieking locomotive, and they vanish. There is only a squaw in a gay Pendleton blanket, a brave and two Indian ponies just coming across the bridge.

Would you think and dream "great swelling thoughts?" Cross the bridge and follow the first street "Out to the West," "Out, out beyond." Then climb the hill. These glorious Autumn--no Pendleton days. Look at the sweep of the hills, the town, the river, the changing colors, the faint line of sky and snow, and you will think of Olive Schriener who

said, "If there were a wall of rock on the edge of the world and I could look far, far out into space with the stars above me, I would not say anything, but the feeling would be a prayer."

Go upon a frosty morning and watch the fog creep up and float away, dissolve, disappear like some of our problems when we have passed on up above them, only a mist. The fog came floating up from the river as I passed the old grave yard so I need must stop and look about me, for Pip's convict among the leaning tomb stones.

He was not there, nor--for I looked--was the tomb stone on which read "Phillip Pirrip, late of this Parish, and Georgiana, his wife." But I lingered long near the grave of "The little boy who died."

A blot upon the street, say you? Oh, no; for ever we walk side by side with death. There are no graves, only the ones we carry in our hearts. It is good to live these bright November days in a city of beauty. Some one is entertaining. I pass the guests along the street, beautiful women, beautiful gowns, beautiful Pendleton.--Cenie June.



Stella Tu-slaps, Umatilla Girl.



Princess Eat-no-meat.



Scene on Columbia River, Umatilla Junction.

Umatilla County—Old and New

It is late October. The noonday sun still retains suggestions of its mid-summer ardor but the mornings and evenings have a touch of the north—a hint of frost is in the air. Perfect days are followed by no less perfect nights.

Before the sun has disappeared behind the bare brown hills the full round moon looks palely from the eastern sky. The air is hazy and in the west the clouds are banked in heavy masses of beauty. With their ever-changing tints which constantly merge and blend into new color schemes they are fair as an artist's dream. Dusk does not follow twilight; instead there comes a milder day—of moonlight and starlight. Here on these rolling hills of Eastern Oregon the stars seem nearer and brighter than elsewhere.

Pause for a moment on the summit of this

little knoll and look about you. In all directions may be seen the golden stubble or the rich brown of the newly-plowed earth. No need to turn to the musty pages of your histories to read of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" that famous meeting place of the French and English kings for here before you, mile on mile, toward the far horizon stretches a limitless field of gold. Not only is the high wheat stubble golden in its autumn dress, but to the farmer it has yielded a rich store of gold, for these fertile fields are well termed "golden acres."

Turn your gaze southward. Scattered across the well-worked field are sacks of grain. They look like soldiers lying where they fell as they charged across the plowed ground. A seeder is making half-mile trips back and forth across the field, leaving in its wake long rows of



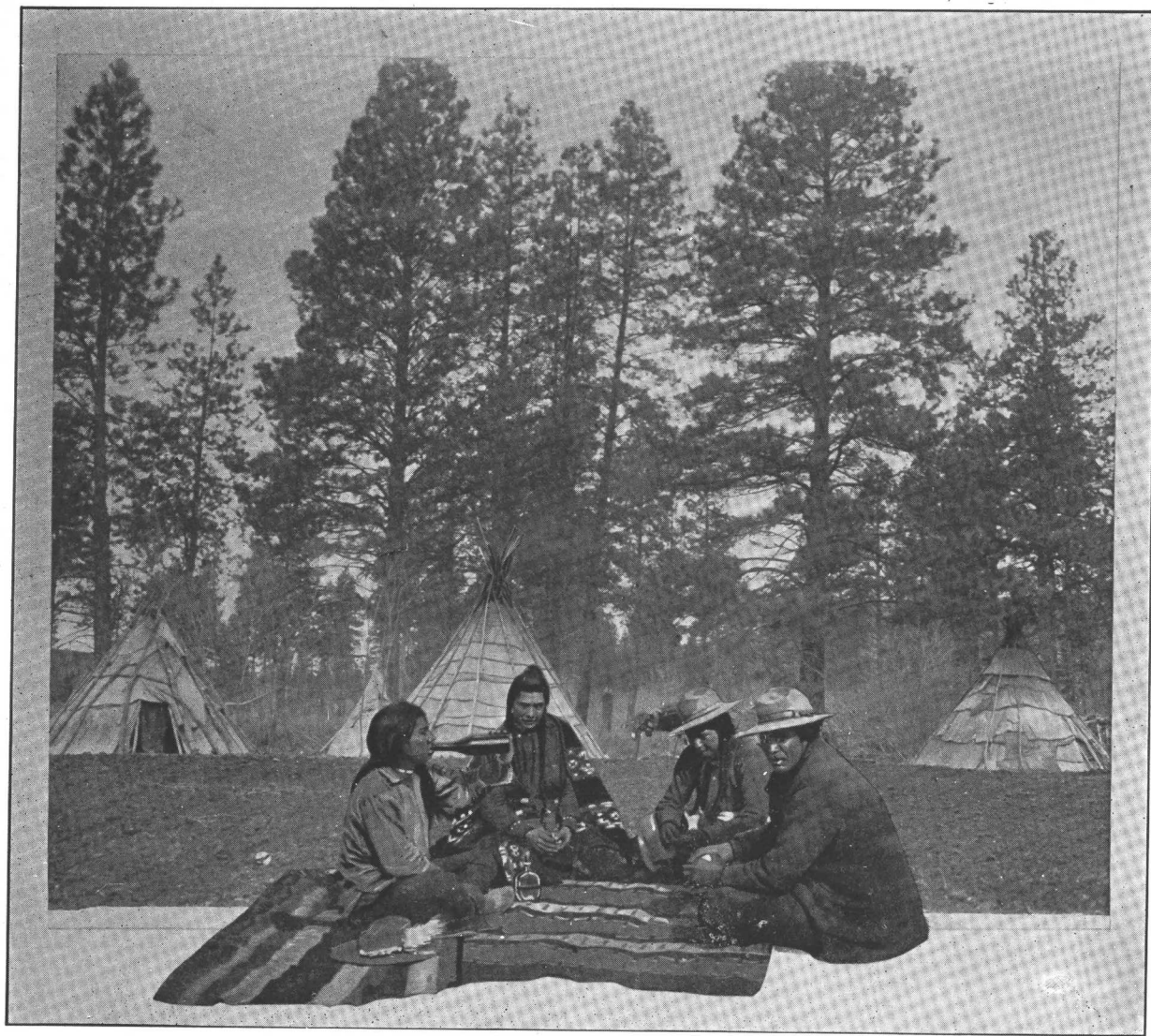
Rosa Summer Hair and papoose.

mathematically straight lines where it has deposited the wheat. Here it will lie awaiting the vivifying, life-giving touch of Nature's kindly forces—the sun and the rain, the frosts and the thaws.

Here and there is a field of Fall-sown grain already showing a touch of vivid emerald against the rich brown earth. Ere long it will settle down for its long sleep of winter, protected by its coat of elderdown, its snowy mantle. Next May will see the tiny shoots knee high, full of ripening beauty before the breezes of spring. But now, one must plant in faith and in faith see the heavy-headed grain of the summer to come. Now Nature is at rest. After a season of growth and fruition, after a bountiful harvest Nature has paused before her Winter trance. She sits in the gloaming with folded hands after the heat and

stress of her summer day's work. She is basking in the mellow beauty of a calm and restful Indian Summer. Thistle down and milk weed seed drift by toward unknown harbors. From every gatepost stream the tiny cables of the busy spiders. The sheen and shimmer of silver is seen where the sunshine glints on the interlacing threads that run from weed to weed. The thick-standing stubble is agleam with the filmy gossamer lace-work. Here by the stream one may see Nature's annual miracle. Here Nature, the greatest and most ancient of alchemists, has transmuted the green of the leaf into gold or crimson. Moses saw the burning bush aflame yet unconsumed. Here we see the miracle reproduced a thousand fold.

Against the gray trunks and yellow leaves of the poplar, the sumacs flame a vivid crimson



Sins of the Redman.

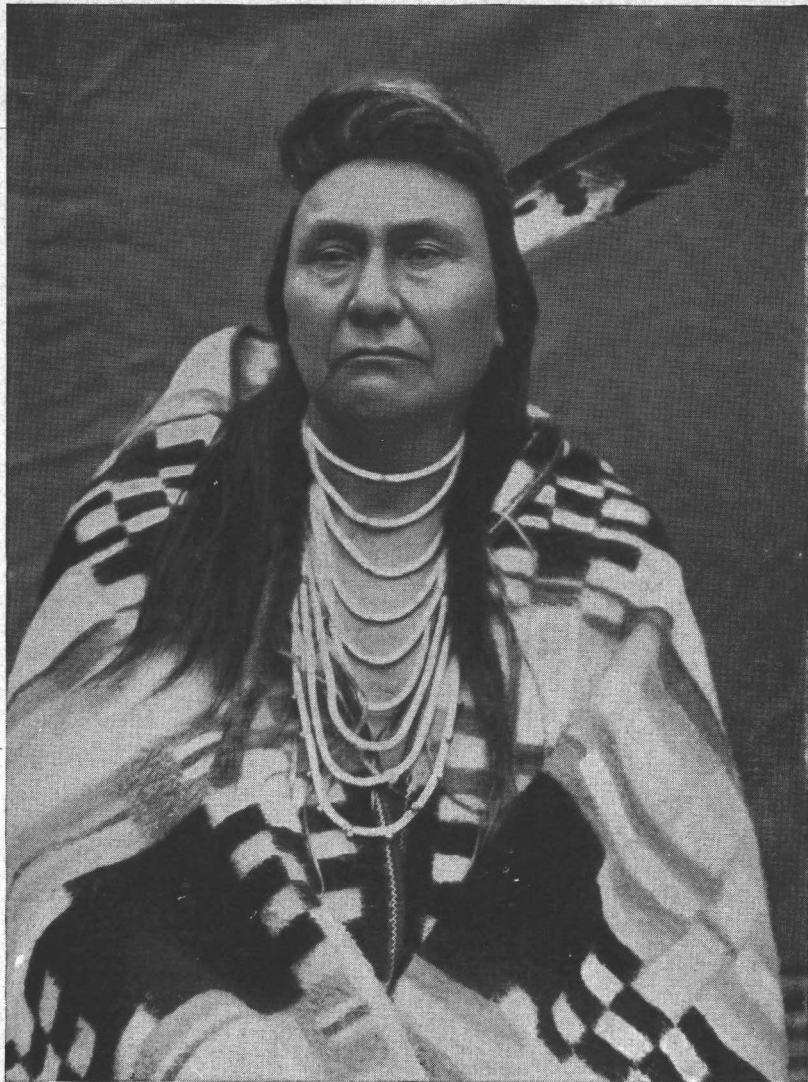
ablaze with color yet unconsumed. The haw and chokecherry are clad in Highland plaid. Against their many-hued coats the purple clusters of the elderberry stand out sharply. Here on the grassy banks of the Umatilla are a group of smoke-stained tepees, from which the smoke is curling up. By yonder spring Whirlwind was born four score years ago, long before the first wagon creaked its way across the unknown desert to the shores of the western sea. The Indians are here yet, picturesque, dignified, but the old regime has passed away.

The French Canadian trapper and his batteau are both dust. The Hudson Bay trader and his buckskin-clad men have taken the long trail, the one-way trail whose travelers return no more. The war path and the buffalo are

both but a memory. About the lodge fire the chief dreams of the departed glory of his tribe. His lodge fire died down to embers. Soon he too will go over the divide to the happy hunting grounds to the land of the departed. Where Peo ruled the council of his braves the school house of the paleface stands. Where the beaver built his dam now gleams the pumpkin among the shocked corn. Here as of old the magpies are chattering in the patch of sarvis berry bushes. A bob white skurries to shelter beneath the brush. The red apples are gleaming redly from their carpet of orchard grass, the amber liquid flows from the cider press, the big bronze turkeys are strutting in the barnyard. Plenty and prosperity reign in old Umatilla.—Fred Lockley.



Wo-ho-pum and papoose.



Chief Joseph of Nez Percés.



Paul Show-a-way, Hereditary Chief of Cayuses.