

The Old West is Passing; The Day of Development is Here

The Old Days Were Romantic and Adventurousome. Some Early Day Tales of Pendleton. By George Gilmore.

The old west is passing. But the spirit of the old west lives on forever.

When the king died, the multitude shouted: Long Live the King! So too, the old west is dead. Long Live the Old West.

For long years the west was the land of beautiful dreams. It meant a chance to begin anew to thousands of men; it held promise of fortunes to thousands of men; it beckoned families to come, braving the terrors of early travel across unknown spaces, to begin their lives anew. And to the cry of the elusive voice of Fortune and Opportunity, the thousands responded. They came, they saw,

New England. But the Pilgrims long ago joined the great invisible throng; and so most of the pioneers of Oregon have passed on into the unexplored regions.

Pendleton today has a fair share, however, of the survivors of that hardy band which set out to cross the plains in the days when railroads were unknown. The journeys then were made by ox teams in most instances, and the progress was slow.

The colony now is thinned considerably, but a few of the old timers remain, and those who do can tell stories that for pure western flavor

told in the cosy glimmer of the open fire, as the family, now happily ride of the terrors of the past, gathers round, are of grim death or close escape. Some of the yarns are of the lighter type, the incidents which perhaps at the time were stirring enough, but which viewed from the present, take on an aspect of humor.

One is told of the time when the Indians were in warlike mood and Pendleton was stirred with excitement awaiting what was believed would be a desperate assault. Upon a day during this particular period, a party of men were out some distance from the city when they sighted the Indians. Not being of sufficient force to with-

refused to run and the man a back him cried out:

"Hey, you fellows! You aint going to run off and let me be killed by the Indians, be you?"

Hearing this, the rest of the party drew rein, turned and came back, determined to stand by their companion and see that he was safe. They said they would keep with him and if the worst came to the worst would put up as good a fight as possible.

They had not gone very far, however,—and in the meantime the Indians had come into closer view although it was not evident they had seen the white men—before the wind changed. No sooner did the mule get a smell of the ozone from the direction of the Indians, then up went its tail and with head out, burst into a run. The other men had been riding a little ahead and in surprise, the pulled up as the black streak of mule shot past. The mule's rider wore a broad grin as he held on for all he was worth to the horn of his saddle.

"Hey, you fellows," he yelled back, "watcher so slow about? Wanta get killed by the Indians?"

The rest of the party spurred their horses but they never were able to

catch up with the mule until all were safe in Pendleton.

So on in this way, stories could be told of the perils and the narrow escapes of the early days.

But the death that stalked by day and night now has ceased to be and where once savage warfare played its part, now the hum of industry is heard. The old west is indeed passing. The only vivid picture of the old days, is to be seen now in the Pendleton Round-up. And here is no make-believe show, but a genuine scene of real west as it was in the times before civilization tempered the elements that won the country to peace and prosperity.

Much Interest Taken.

Interest this year in the Round-up has extended all around the world. Many comments of this show have been in newspapers in almost every city of any importance in the world, and travelers from Pendleton and other cities in Oregon have been asked to tell about the Round-up. So it is not by any means a local show but one that appeals to all classes of persons the world over.



In the New West. The Zest Now is in Development Work; Not Adventure

they conquered. The west has long been the land of romance. It has been the new land of liberty. It has called young and old; men and maidens. And they all, true to the vision, set out for the promised land.

Years have gone; and from the settlements bullded by the pioneers; from the little hamlets in the midst of forests and on lonely plains, have arose the grand cities, busy with industry, receiving the goods of the world at their doors.

The same hardihood, the same courage, the same determined effort to win, has characterized the early days of the Pilgrims on the rough shores of

have all the fiction stories outdistanced.

To lived to have seen the pioneer days give way gradually to the present times, surely is a great privilege. Those who have passed through the stirring events can be said to have really lived. They have faced the great dangers of life the same dangers that to all appearances the inhabitants of the wildest jungles have to meet every hour. They have been the instruments in the proces which have gradually subdued the wild beast and the wild man. And the cities and towns we view today upon the plains of the west of yesterday, are due to their efforts and indomitable will.

But not all the stories that are

stand an attack, they immediately put the spurs to their horses, with one exception, and this man happened to be riding a mule.

Now this mule was peculiar in one way—he could not stand the sight of an Indian, and worse still, the smell of an Indian, so that when he once got a whiff of the savage, there was no power on earth that could stop the animal from beating a hasty retreat. Otherwise, this mule was a docile, and slow beast.

On this occasion as the Indians were sighted, the wind was not blowing from them and consequently the mule, plodding along failed to get the necessary scent which was guaranteed to put lightning in his feet. The other men galloped off but the mule

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