

well be proud, symbolizing an epoch in her history which the city does well to commemorate.

The unveiling of the statue was a fitting climax to the first act in the splendid historical drama which tells the story of this young metropolis of the far Northwest. It follows logically upon the meager opening lines of the drama, when, sixty-one years ago yesterday, Arthur A. Denny and his little company of twenty-four, half of them children, were landed at Alki Point, in what is now West Seattle. There they stood, huddled together on an unfriendly shore, in a drizzling rain, and watched the little schooner that had brought them from the South sail away. Alone they stood in primeval solitude, the dark, impenetrable forest behind them, the tossing sea before, as lonely and forsaken a group of brave, determined souls as ever wrested a wilderness from unconquered nature.

Gazing upon the bronze figure of Chief Seattle in his imposing grandeur, the dull roar of commerce faded from my ears, the city itself was swept aside, and I saw again that lonely little company of pioneers grouped among the big boles of firs and cedar, the winds from the ocean moaning in the dark boughs overhead, the stillness of the forest itself a menace to their awakened imaginings.

I saw again those forest shadows parted by skulking forms of half-naked savages, heard their muttered ejaculations of surprise and anger at this intrusion upon their sacred domain. I saw the blanched face of the mother with a babe at her breast as she caught sight of those black, beadlike eyes peering at her out of the somber shadows. I saw the men grip the stocks of their rifles and prepare to protect their loved ones to the death.

Then out from the aisles of the big bodied trees I saw come with majestic stride the mighty chieftain of six conquering tribes, the light of wisdom and love upon his face, his hand raised in sign of peace and succor.

Then the vision passed. The city was rebuilt. Again the roar of commerce filled my ears, again the people stood in crowds about the beautiful bronze figure lifted against the horizon, again the hum of human voices filled my ears and I saw what sixty-one years of civilization had done here, and knew what Denny and his pioneers had done on that cold November day was great beyond the power of words to utter. I knew, too, that Seattle, the savage chieftain, unlettered, with none to teach him the blessings of brotherhood, was in himself a truly great soul, a man to be honored, and one whose acts and deeds will be an inspiration to all future generations.

Chief Seattle is gone. But the lesson of his life remains. An untutored savage, he ruled even his own people in peace and kindness.