

SEEING AMERICA THROUGH PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE RAIN)

Seeing Reno

TO Editor Oregonian who must see no objection to printing some delicious divorces among other Sporting News.

After hard shoving over the Rocky Mountains we arrived in Reno, Nev. Our intelligent otomobile "Seeing America" got there yesterday P. M. filled with several Tourists anxious to see this painless place where so many Double Lives is made Single again. Among those present in my joyful Wagon was following persons:

13 unmarried spinster-ladies who took this expensive trip with me so they could study the Honors of Matrimony.

14 lady Actresses who came to see why this important branch of the Drama should be so far from Broadway.

11 mixed Lawyers and Clergymen who came to see what they could do to make Divorce more attractive.

Reno is a small town surrounded by sage-brush and thickly inhabited by cheerful widows. This town was formerly rich from its mines—but no more. All the money it once made work and gone into the law-business. Reno is the only American municipality which is supported entirely by alimony. Principal business bluffs of the town are: Reno Co-respondents' School, Husband's Exchange Bank, Hotel Alimony, Handy Witnesses' Employment Agency and Mrs. Trouble's Matrimonial Bureau. Almost everywhere you look you might observe worldly-looking otomobiles riding back and forth from court to court bearing serious ladies completely unwrapped with veils. If the veil is pink, Hon. Lady is soon expecting to become a Divorsee. If it is blue she is a Co-respondent who is merely there to oblige a friend. Some ladies wear both kinds of veils at the same time.

Behind nearly every lamp-post we observed tall, sad gents with blue eyes, spectacles and green moustaches of deceptive appearance. Whenever persons passed, these Gents would light Porto Rico cigars and attempt to look like they were thinking about something else. Some of my Tourists were scared to see these persons, but when I explained they were not dangerous but Divorces, everybody realized how harmless they were.

Pretty soon we came to Reno City Hotel. Inside we could hear Hon. Divorce Factory running to full capacity of its gas-engine. Raw material was entering at the back door and through the front entrance Finished Products was emerging out looking young again & wearing their maiden names.

This Reno City Hotel is a very imposing heap of architecture. I show this to my Tourists who observe it with rubbing expression of eyebrows.

"Kindly look-see the beauty of this bldg," I say-so. "It is built to resemble a Music Hall, so folks will be reminded of home-life as they enter. It is totally constructed of wooden planks and is armed with rolling-pins and champagne corks. Over front door kindly to observe with eyes the famous Reno motto:

"UNITED WE FIGHT, DIVIDED WE QUIT" At the top-high tip of this bldg. please notice Hon. Statue. Is it not ladylike? It represents Hon. Goddess of Liberty holding a bread-knife in her right hand and subpena in her left. Let us pass onwards.

Inside Hon. Hall was long line of persons waiting their turn like a postoffice. Saturday night they were nearly all Husbands & Wives hoping to become something else. We make walk in to Courtroom.

At the central desk sat Hon. Judge looking very painful, like he wished to find somebody for high speeding. This Hon. Judge makes 21,456 divorces annually. He is proud of their number and high quality. He serves delicious divorces with rapidity like a Waldorf-Astoria bartender. He is a bachelor and prefers cribbage to marriage. He says he is too old to enjoy exciting sports himself, yet he loves to make the young folks happy.

"Noodleham versus Noodleham, come into court!" holla Hon. Bailiff with bass-bell voice.

Hon. Lady of Chanticleer appearance elope to chair where she set down.

"You here again, Mrs. Rafferty?" requires Hon. Judge. Bailiff: "Yes, your honor. Mrs. Noodleham is my name, since last you saw me," suggest her with coyish bloches.

"What can I do for you this time?" requires Mr. Judge soothing his throat.

"Did Hon. Noodleham beat you?" "O surely yes!" Weeps from her.

"Did he beat you with a poker?" "Ah no—at bridge."

Horrid expression by Prosecuting Attorney.

"Your case is very plaintiff," say Hon. Judge with irrigated eyes. "Is there any little thing you would like to ask from that deendalized brute before saying-bye-bye forever?"

She wipe her eye with her diamond necklace.

"Please, Mr. Court, I am too proud to ask for alimony. Therefore I shall do so. All I require from that Pasteurized monster is sufficient cash-pay to provide my six children Tessa Brown, Willie McCormick, Cluthier, Blink Annie Jackson, Myrtle Tannebaum and Sydney Ostermoor—each bearing the names of their various fathers—with college education to which their position demands them."

"Have you some witnesses to swear at?"

"Mr. Marmaduke Pickens shall be her witness," deposes Hon. Alimony Lawyer who was there.

So Hon. Pickens take set-down in grand-stand.

"Name, if any?" "Pickens, please."

"Are you this lady's co-respondent?" "I am her fiancé," he report proudly.

"Can you contribute some testimony with which to define the character of the late Mr. Noodleham?"

"I shall do my utmost. That Noodleham man was no fit party to share his life with a woman of such high female woman. He was an avianianiac."

"A which?" "An avianianiac. One who becomes demented on the subject of arial navigation."

"Did he go up in airships?" "No. He merely read about them. He bought all the evening papers to find out what Hamilton, Wright & Curless was doing to promote Country Life in the Clouds and breakfast with his wife to horse races, opera and other amusements which her refined nature desired. He spent his evening with his feet on the gas-log reading Hudson Maxim's prediction of Battles in the Air. He knew all the records of such human birds as Elierot, Paulham & Caruso. He spent hours and hours studying diagrams showing how Glenn Hawk Curless would look circling around the Times tower and dropping a bottle of deadly catchup into the middle of Broadway. Home was never the same no more. When Mrs. Noodleham would set down for a quiet



RAW MATERIAL WAS ENTERING AT THE BACK DOOR AND THROUGH THE FRONT ENTRANCE FINISHED PRODUCTS WAS EMERGING OUT LOOKING YOUNG AGAIN.

evening reading some quaint fairy story by Dave Grading Phillips, Hon. Noodleham would look up from his paper and cry with voice, "O Florence! Another aviation record has been broken! What is it this time?" she would require with peev. "Yesterday a Cincinnati air-nought fell four miles out of a moon-plane and when picked up was dangerously dead. This is the greatest height anybody has been killed from so far."

and had run through the main line of the Indian after being shot through the hip he fell off, and as the Indians passed him they tried to shoot him, but being too closely pressed by our boys they would not do so. Before they could pull the trigger would be beyond their mark, and the bullets would whistle to one side of his face.

steady rattle of firearms on both sides. Night coming on, we were to camp in the Frenchman's field. While the cooks were preparing supper, bang went a gun outside the field. Orders were quickly given to put out the area, and in about a minute every spark was extinguished. Every man then went to the fence corners, where we laid until morning. I have learned since that the Indians were in great numbers, crawling through the sagebrush, and intended to fire on us and then make a grand charge. But a gun went off accidentally, which stopped them, and when they saw our fire go out they changed their plans.

When morning came our officers wanted to start for our fort on the Umatilla River with the whole command, thinking there were too many Indians for us. But our ammunition was running low. Olney told them if we ever started to retreat, the Indians would cut us to pieces. He said we were well enough fortified where we were and had Remo's (the Frenchman's) house for a hospital. Old Mountain Robinson was given Pepe's black horse and started with the Indians. The Dalles, via Umatilla, to hurry up reinforcements. All old Oregonians will remember Robinson, who lived on the hill known as Robinson's Hill in Portland. On his way down he met several companies that had been to Yakima and returned to The Dalles, and were on their way to help us.

"After breakfast we started for the battleground, about half a mile from camp. The Indians managed to get the advantage of the ground every morning, and we would have to do some hard fighting to get a good position. The battle raged fiercely all day, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we were within 50 yards of the Indians. The Indians opened fire with their rifles and shot us all. The boy said it was about time for Stevens and his command to reach the river. That same night Colonel Kelley started the boy with a letter for Governor Stevens.

INDIAN FIGHTS OF EARLY DAYS IN PACIFIC NORTHWEST ARE RECALLED

Amos Underwood, Who Still Lives in Town Named After Him, Where White Salmon River Flows Into Columbia, Tells of Struggles Pioneers Had With Reds.

HUSUM, Wash., July 9.—(Special).—Amos Underwood, living in the town of Underwood, which he founded at the mouth of the White Salmon River, where it empties into the Columbia, is one of the pioneers of Oregon and Washington who helped to make the history of this country.

Mr. Underwood was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1824. When 18 years of age he crossed the plains over the old Oregon trail, reaching The Dalles during the summer of 1852.

Mr. Underwood took a prominent part in the early Cayuse Indian war in the fall of 1855, near where the city of Walla Walla now stands. He was one of the stirring scenes and trying times of 50 years ago he recites with great animation. To look upon his kindly face, one would never suspect that he ever adopted the methods of warfare of the savages and beat them at their own game. But the times required just such men as Amos Underwood, and his associates of Oregon volunteers and their methods of warfare. Their work at that time caused the Indians to respect the white man, and made a lasting peace, that could not have been accomplished by more lenient measures.

The battle between the volunteer soldiers and the Cayuse Indians took place at a time when there was a general uprising of the different tribes scattered throughout the Northwest. At that time an Indian agent, left The Dalles to try and subdue the threatening tide of warfare, but was killed by the Indians, and a company of volunteers was ordered out at once to put a stop to the massacre of white settlers.

In his own vocabulary, Mr. Underwood relates incidents of the Cayuse War of 1855: "There have been a good many yarns told about the death of Chief Pepe Mux-mux, and how he was captured, but they don't always correspond. I will give you the facts about the whole affair. I was fourth corporal of Company B, Oregon Volunteers, and had charge of him when he was killed. On about the 7th of December, 1855, 400 volunteers were at old Walla Walla, now Wallula. I can think of only a few of the names of the volunteers and men of the regiment. Colonel Kelly was in command with Major Chinn. Company A, from Portland, was commanded by Captain O. Hummel, being at Camp. The Indians were all around us, and we were in a very bad position. There were other companies, but I have forgotten their names. Nathan Olney was there as Indian agent, and had a few Dalles Indians with him. We had pack animals and wagons.

peers went and had a hand-shake with the chief. The rest of us sat there on our horses, and while our officers talked with the chief we would flap our arms and crow and take sight with our guns at the Indians. The Indians did the same. Old Pepe said: 'I see your boys are all mine—they are keen for a fight. But we old men have better sense. We knew the reds were bad, and we had better fat cattle to be slaughtered and roasted, and I started to meet you and have you come and take supper with me.' In about an hour he told his men to go home and tell the people we would be there for supper.

"The old chief and about eight Indians stayed the night with us, and the rest all started off on a keen lope. We then followed, and rode on till about sundown, when we could see lots of Indians on the high bottom, and soon arrived at a point where the bluffs came nearly to the creek, and for two or three miles the reds were under a high cliff of perpendicular rocks, leaving just room for one horseman on the trail at a time. Across the creek was a thick bed of brush, so thick that nothing could get through it.

"It was a dark evening, and spitting snow. Nat Olney was riding back with the reds guard and when we reached the commander and Indians making for the narrow trail, he spurred his horse and galloped to the front. As he passed me I heard him say:

"My God, what is the matter with those fellows? If they go through that hole there will not be one left to tell the story."

"He had said early in the evening there was something wrong; that the Indians meant to trap us. He overtook the head of the column and called a halt, when the command turned to the right into a bottom and went into camp for the night. It was now dark, and raining. Two or three Indians jumped up and ran. Bill Gates fired two shots at them, but could not hit them in the darkness. We still held old Pepe and six others. The Indians were all around us, and kept yelling and talking to the chief. Nat Olney yelled to them in their own language, telling them to go home and leave the reds alone. We were all around us, and that we did not want to be molested any more. So all was quiet until the next day.

"When we got up in the morning there were about three inches of snow on the ground, and our horses were standing by the creek. The reds were all around us, and we were in a very bad position. There were other companies, but I have forgotten their names. Nathan Olney was there as Indian agent, and had a few Dalles Indians with him. We had pack animals and wagons.

I do not believe we could have killed one Indian, and saved a man of our command. We went four or five miles across the creek and to the Indian camp on the creek above the canyon. There were some 100 Indians there, and we had a lot of fire, but no beef and no Indians, only on the high points above us. We asked old Pepe where the roasted beef and breakfast was, and he shook his head and said: 'Klones his quash tikluums.' (Guess my people are scared.)

"Some of the boys from The Dalles, who were called the 'Forty Thieves,' could beat the Indians at their own game. The Dalles boys will have breakfast on the hill above us, and we dug the fire away, and down in the ground a foot or two found a cache under every brass kettle where all kinds of utensils and clothing, wheat, peas, camas, coues and other eatables were stored. We fed our horses, ate all we wanted, took our breakfast, and threw the rest in the fire and burned it up.

"We then started south, or east of south, and traveled all day. Indians could be seen on all sides on the high points. Some of the boys would occasionally try and get a shot, but the old musk-loaders would not reach them. We struck the old Walla Walla road about dark, but seeing that the trail had not gotten that far, took the back track. In about one hour's time we found the train camped on a small stream, and all well. The camp was about a mile from the river, and at the same time all the other prisoners tried to make a break. I jumped out and told the boys to each hold his man.

"Old man Keith shoved the muzzle of his gun against the breast of the chief, pushed him over and held him on the ground. The other boys each did the same with the other prisoners. 'Doc' Bates ran his man about 100 yards and caught him. All hands turned out and the prisoners hand and foot. Next morning when we started out, the boys went to the canyon and crossed the creek, where they found nests in the brush where the Indians had hidden. When we started on the march, instead of the brush being there, we found that you went around the bluff. We found one of rocks piled up on the bluff, ready to be rolled down upon us if we had followed the trail.

"If our boys had got strung out on the narrow trail for a distance of two miles, with no chance to turn back or go forward, the reds would have had us. We had had us at their mercy. If we had jumped off and taken to the brush, the brush was alive with Indians ready for us. In the first excitement the chief and his crowd could have jumped and ran to some place of safety understood by them.

bang went the Indian's gun, knocking off the tube and hammer of Mac's gun. The officers were all out in the light. "An attempt was made to tie the prisoners, but they all jumped and started to run. The boys shot them down, however, with the exception of the 15-year-old Indian boy, who was clapped up by my stringer. The crowd made a rush for him, but I told Keith not to let them shoot the boy, and as he pushed their guns to one side two or three of them were discharged at my side.

"Olney had got about 100 yards off when he heard the shooting. He came back, and as he rode up he drew his revolver and fired a shot into old Pepe and said:

"You old rascal, I am satisfied now. Old Pepe had tried the same best game to murder Olney about six weeks before, but one of the Indians had posted him. I then galloped up the road to join the boys in the fight.

"The line extended from the Wallula River across the flat and up the bunchgrass hill nearly a mile long, with a

steady rattle of firearms on both sides. Night coming on, we were to camp in the Frenchman's field. While the cooks were preparing supper, bang went a gun outside the field. Orders were quickly given to put out the area, and in about a minute every spark was extinguished. Every man then went to the fence corners, where we laid until morning. I have learned since that the Indians were in great numbers, crawling through the sagebrush, and intended to fire on us and then make a grand charge. But a gun went off accidentally, which stopped them, and when they saw our fire go out they changed their plans.

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"In the morning we went again to the battleground and found the Indians in the rifle pits, and it was some time before we could get through the hill. Shepard was shot in the arm, and a German had his nose shot off. Preeling Choate got three shots through his coat. One of the boys went through his hip on his belt, and striking his pocket-book opened it at the catch, one-half the bullet stopping there, the other going on.

"Lieutenant Jefferey went over the hills and made arrangements with Captain Connor, in charge of a company of mounted half-breeds from French Prairie, to charge the Indians. This company was about the best lot of Indian fighters in the command. Pretty soon we could hear the French boys yelling, and we could see their flags above the hill. They dashed off as fast as their horses could run. Company B then charged over the hill. The Indians ran and we captured them. The Indians had made a stand just over the next rise of ground. They would raise their hats on gun

sticks for us to shoot at and occasionally one would dance around, holding his gun in one corner while he swung it in the air.

"We had an old mortar gun that we brought from the fort, which we loaded by filling a sack with pieces of iron, bullets, etc., and fired several shots into the timber, thinking to oust the Indians. While Captain Wilson was pouring powder into the tube a bullet came along and knocked the can of powder from his hands. The third time the mortar was fired it burst, and the flying pieces of iron killed Captain Wilson. A little later a bullet struck Melje's gland and tore it nearly off his head. A bunch of cotton larger than his cap was knocked from his head, and he was a young lawyer from The Dalles.

"The next day was the last day of the fight. An Indian came out some distance from the main crowd and said he wanted to talk with the commander. Lieutenant Jefferey and I went out to meet him. The Indian also had a man with him. When we got to the Indian, the Indian asked that only one of us come to meet him, so I stopped and talked with the Indian. He said he was a warrior and wanted to fight. I told him that we were not fighting any more, and that we were all going home.

"It was rather quiet on the hill for a while in the forenoon. We could see a big Indian riding up and down a path across the hill. He was seen to be waiting for something. John Fulp, better known as Oregon John, and myself, stole down the hill, across the flat and up a cattle guard. The Indian came back down the ridge, and as he turned to go up, our boys called to him and he came down. We went up the hill a few yards, and there he was, riding along in plain view, not over 100 yards away. Both of us were so tired out from running that we could not hold our guns on him.

"The Indian wheeled his horse after we had taken a couple of shots at him and came riding towards us. Our guns being empty, we took to our heels and ran. The Indian did not follow far and turned and rode up the hill. I have been told that it was Stock Whitley, chief of the Deschutes, and that he was on a strike. He and his band were waiting for us. We were all around us, and we were in a very bad position. There were other companies, but I have forgotten their names. Nathan Olney was there as Indian agent, and had a few Dalles Indians with him. We had pack animals and wagons.

"In the afternoon the fight was more lively all along the line until about 4 o'clock. The volunteers that Mountain Robinson had come in sight on the hill toward Umatilla, and there was one continuous stream of soldiers pouring over the hills till after dark.

"The next morning no Indians were on the battleground. We could see one here and there on the high points, acting as spies. When we discovered the Indians had left, we started up the road, and in about four days we were at our village. They had taken the roofs off their houses, which consisted chiefly of skins of animals. There were about 500 houses in the village. Some of them were large racks of provisions of all kinds. We took some and set fire to the balance. We got in their tobacco sacks, gun sticks and in fact nearly everything could be found in their holes in the ground. We got in their rifle pits. The Indians had made a stand just over the next rise of ground. They would raise their hats on gun

am sorry to hear it, suggest Mrs. Noodleham. And so on to the miserable finish."

"With what result?" require Hon. Judge.

"Finally she could bear it no longer. So she flew with me."

"Mrs. Noodleham, you are divorced on the grounds of Incombustibility of temperature," suggest Hon. Judge. "You are entitled to all the alimony you can collect."

So Mrs. Noodleham depart off filled with congratulations on her early marriage.

"Higgins vs. Higgins!" yell Hon. Bailiff ballistically.

Stout, crude gentleman with bald hair mount to platform.

"Well, Mr. Higgins," deposes Hon. Judge, "what can we do for you this morning?"

"I should like a divorce on the grounds of habitual drunk," he report.

"Is your wife a habitual drunk?" "No, I am."

"Why, Mr. Higgins! I formerly supposed your life was an open book."

"It is—but my wife has been reading the Bright Passages."

I removed my Tourists outwards from such surroundings.

All married persons who come to Reno must reside there one year so they will feel sorry and never do so to me. Is such punishment a cure? I am not certain to say. Many ladies comes here again & again, each time with a new name and a new story. They never become bored here, as there is no long that they dread to go back to Newark where the climate is more healthy but less civilized.

One of my Tourists touring through Residence Section of Reno. This is a very convenient place to live away from your husband. It is on a long street called Alimony Row just between Easy Street and Bankrupt Square. All wealthy divorcées residing here live in single houses of expensive appearance. Each one of these houses is neatly tagged with a shingle giving name, number and crime of the Prisoner and how long she must stay. One of these signs say:

"No. 30,111
Suzanna Spearmint. Suffragette. Getting Without a License.
First term."

Another say:

"No. 23,113 Pennsylvania Licensee.
Samuel Soakberg. Stinky but Affectionate.
Third term."

Down street by a solid marble cottage with a golden picket fence we find following elligraph:

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sticks for us to shoot at and occasionally one would dance around, holding his gun in one corner while he swung it in the air.

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Age of Niagara Falls.
Indianapolis News.
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