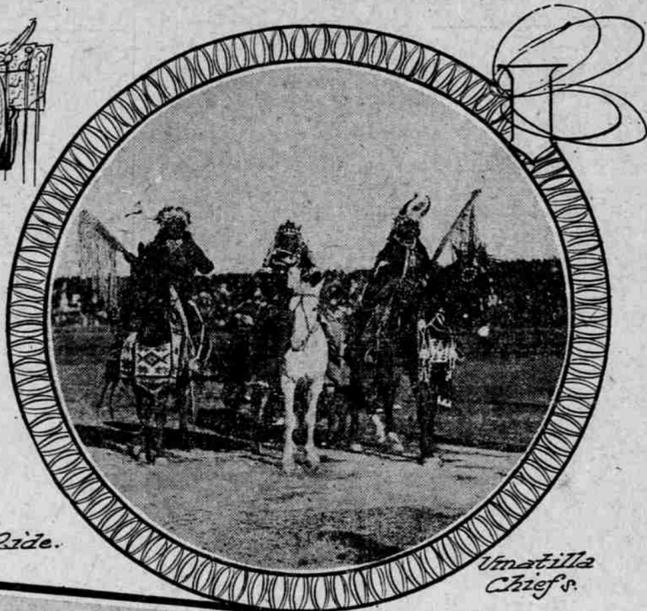


PENDLETON ROUNDUP THIS YEAR WILL BE GREATER THAN EVER

Managers of Enterprise Are Working Diligently to Make Oregon Town's Big Annual Event, Held September 26-28, an Attraction of Merit.



Jason Stanley, in the "Drunken" Ride.



Umatilla Chiefs.



Grand March Cowboys and Cowgirls.

© 1911 by W. S. Bowman



The Stage Race.



Marcere McKay Sitting a High Jumper.

© 1911 by G. A. Allen



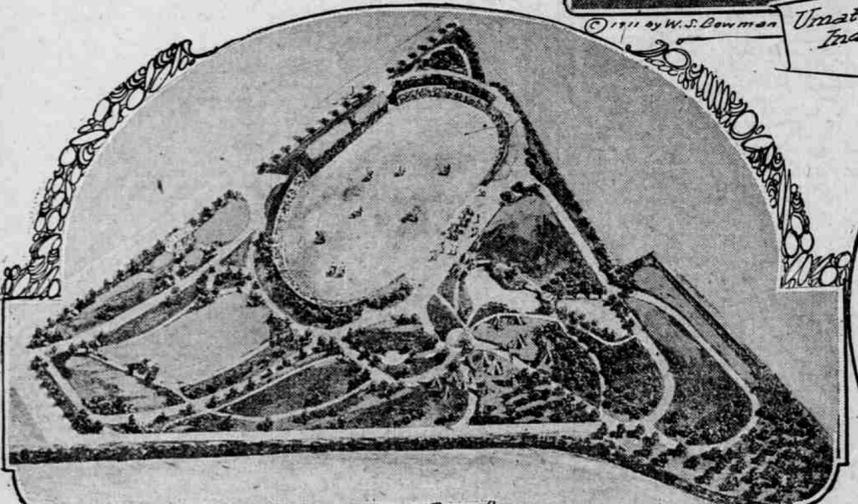
Marcere McKay Riding Strawberry.

© 1911 by W. S. Bowman



Umatilla Indians.

© 1911 by W. S. Bowman



Birdseye View of Round-Up Park.



Sid Seals, Fancy Riding.

BY ADDISON BENNETT.

WHAT is the Round-Up? Mind, I do not ask what is "a" round-up, but "the" round-up, for I take it as an undisputed and undisputable fact that there is now but one round-up, and that is given at Pendleton every season, the dates for the coming event being September 26, 27 and 28.

To answer my own question, I will say that the Round-Up is not a circus, not a wild west show, not an out-door theatrical performance—it is the best features taken from all of these, with a dozen other thrilling features thrown in, making a performance lasting from three to three and a half hours without a single dull moment—and every day different, with interest growing as the climaxes of the last day are reached, for then the three-day races and various other contests culminate.

During 362 days of the year, the Round-Up belongs to Pendleton; during the other three days Pendleton belongs to the Round-Up. During the 362 days the Round-Up committee or managers, or promoters, or whatever you may choose to call those who have charge of the event, are as a chosen few against the population of the town; during the other three days, some 20,000 to 25,000 strangers invade the city, and

these guests, and the "game" that brought them there, i. e., the Round-Up, dominate and control Pendleton.

Pendleton is only a small place, comparatively speaking. The population, during the 362 inert and inactive days, is about 4500. Maybe a few more or a few less. During the other three days the population jumps 20,000, will perhaps this year go well beyond that number, and each succeeding year the number will increase.

But to get back to my question—"What is the Round-Up?" It is a game played by wild horses, intrepid riders, cowboys, Indians and wild cattle. The game is played in the open, the races are over a quarter-mile track, the roping and lassoing, and marching and counter-marching, are done in the arena formed by the inner fences of the track, and around this great course are seats for 25,000. Usually every seat is taken.

Real Cowboy Is Disappearing.

The cowboy, like the Indian, is a declining and decadent species. It will not be a great many years until an Indian will be difficult to find—I mean, an Indian who lives as did his forefathers, who dresses as did his forefathers, a real son of his tribe, and a real believer in the doctrine that labor is degrading. And even before the Indian becomes a curiosity, the cowboy

will have disappeared entirely from field and range. The alleged cowboys of the future will learn the business through correspondence schools, as many of those in the circuses and wild west shows of the present have learned it. Many of them never saw a branding iron, don't know a quirt from a rodeo. Perhaps they think both some special dish prepared by the cook.

But there are on the Western ranges still some real cowboys, some of those who ride the range for wages and not for show, some who would scorn to do any sort of manual labor that cannot be done on horseback; and at the Pendleton Round-Up you will see a band of Indians with their gaudy trappings, riding their favorite horses, or "busting" some of the wild and outlaw cowboys, gotten together by the Round-Up committee.

And there you will see the greatest assemblage of Indians, both bucks and squaws, that has been gotten together for many, many years—within a very few years the gathering of such a band of Indians will be impossible.

These Indians are the pick from several tribes—such as the Bannocks, Yakimas, Blackfeet and Umatillas, with the latter predominant. And only those who can "dress the part," are allowed on the grounds. As the Umatillas are very rich they give full play

to their love of fine apparel, and consequently the Round-Up will bring together the finest dressed band of redskins ever assembled in this country.

Elk Tooth Coat Worth \$30,000.

During the Elks' carnival in Portland last month one visiting Elk received great renown from a coat he wore, which was covered with elk teeth, but worth \$10,000. Perhaps it was, or will be some day. But there is a squaw upon the Umatilla reservation who has a coat covered with elk teeth, elk teeth that are elk teeth. This coat is worth over \$30,000, and good judges say it is not only cheap at that figure, but worth several thousand dollars more.

This coat was seen in the parade last year and will be seen again this year. And other squaws and many of the bucks will wear garments almost beyond price.

What is the round-up? Well, I'll be damned if I can describe it. I thought I could when I began this article; but when I hark back to the round-ups of last year, and the year before, I seem to see but an artistic blending of color, Indians and whites in gay and gaudy raiment, horses elaborately caparisoned,

all marching and counter-marching, races and riding events of great daring, roping of steers, bucking bronchos, whirling stage coaches, Indian war dances, squaw races—three hours of events so swift and so entrancing as to make each visitor swear he will never miss the round-up a single year.

I have said that Pendleton wakes up in the morning a city of less than 5000, and goes to bed at night a city of 30,000 or more. And yet the arrangements are so perfect that there is no friction, no inconvenience, no trouble of any sort. Everybody gets enough to eat at a moderate price, and a good bed to sleep in without overcharge. During the entire three days of the "show" last year I had not seen a drunken man. There were no robberies or hold-ups and no fights or messes of any sort. But a jollier crowd I never saw, or a crowd better satisfied with all arrangements.

I think it speaks well for Oregon, for Oregon city pride, when it is shown that the round-up belongs to Pendleton, to Pendleton the city, and yet it was given to that city by those who originated and first staged it. It cost these splendid citizens of Pendleton a

lot of money and great labor. They had to dig deep into their purses and draw heavily on brain and muscle. They at first went heavily in debt for grounds and grandstands, for building track and fences—and they also offered thousands of dollars in prizes, and yet charged no entrance fees to the contestants in any of the events.

Grounds Owned by City.

When the returns from the first "show" came in the committee wiped out the debt on the grounds—and then decided the entire plant to the city! And somehow, I think this magnanimity has had much to do towards making the round-up a success, and much to do with making it an institution that belongs solely, entirely, exclusively to Pendleton, never to be taken away or imitated elsewhere.

So the round-up is not a "show" put on to fill the purses of the managers and promoters. There are a few men who give all of their time to the round-up, like the caretakers of the grounds and the secretary, who get small salaries. But the men who are responsible for the round-up, the men who give at least one day each week tickets the same as any others who witness the "shows."

If that is not a splendid spirit of loyalty and devotion to one's town, then I do not know how one could play loyal and devotion. And I am sure it is a spirit that will win. It will this year make the round-up far better than ever before. The grounds will be far more beautiful and better adapted to the events. The grandstands will be added to by a fourth or a third. The street leading from the heart of the city towards the grounds is being paved, so there will be no dust thereon hereafter, thus eliminating about the only disagreeable feature of a visit to the "show."

I cannot name have I mentioned in this article. I would like to mention many, would like to give credit to those who have stood by the round-up from its beginning, those who by labor and money have made it what it is. But I fear to attempt the task for fear of omitting one or more names that should be mentioned. That would result in bad feelings, so I will simply say that almost every citizen of Pendleton has done something, more or less, according to his or her ability, to make the round-up a success; and those who have not had the opportunity to do much are free to give credit to those who have done the most, to give the round-up to Pendleton, and make it what it is—the most entertaining yearly event that takes place in the West.

WORSE THAN A PRISON

This Arnold Bennett, Englishman, Dismisses Our Sleeping Cars.

Harper's.

We returned from Washington, D. C., by a night train; we might have taken a day train, but it was pointed out to me that I ought to get into "form" for certain projected long journeys into the West. At midnight I was brusquely introduced to the American sleeping car. I confess that I had not imagined anything so appalling as the confined, stifling, malodorous promiscuity of the American sleeping car, where men and women are herded together on shelves under the drastic control of an official aided by negroes. I care not to dwell on the subject. I have seen European prisons, but in none that I have seen would such a system be tolerated, even by hardened warders and governors; and assuredly if it were public opinion would rise in anger and destroy it. I have not been in Siberian prisons, but I remember reading George Kennan's description of their mild horrors and I am surprised that he should have put himself to the trouble of such a tedious journey when he might have discovered far more exciting material

on any good road around New York. However, nobody seemed to mind, such is the force of custom—and I did not mind very much, because my particular friend, intelligently foreseeing my absurd European prejudices, had engaged for us a stateroom.

This stateroom, or suite—for it comprised two apartments—was a beautiful and aristocratic domain. The bed-chamber had a fan that would work at three speeds like an automobile, and was an enchanting toy. In short, I could find no fault with the accommodation. It was perfect, and would have remained perfect had the train remained in the station. Unfortunately, the engine-driver had the unhappy idea of removing the train from the station. He seemed to be an angry engine-driver, and his gesture was that of a man setting his teeth and hissing: "Now, then, come out of that, you sluggards!" and giving a ferocious tug. There was a fearful jerk and in an instant I understood why sleeping berths in America are always arranged lengthwise with the train. If they were not the passengers would spend most of the night in getting up off the floor and climbing into bed again.

The Best Slip Covers.

Harper's.

For covering furniture in Summer crash toweling makes far more artistic slip covers than the ordinary linen so long used for that purpose. This ordinary linen, however practical, is unconsciously associated with hotel furniture and theater seats in the minds of most of us. Surely can be a little original. The gray Russian crash harmonizes with almost any color scheme and does not wrinkle easily, but it is narrow. That is its great disadvantage.

SUNBURNT SKINS NEED



CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. For heat rashes, itchings, sunburn, wind irritations, redness and roughness of the face and hands, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, has no rivals worth mentioning. No others do so much for the complexion, hair and hands.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25¢ book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 3, Boston.

Teader-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. 25¢. Liberal sample free.