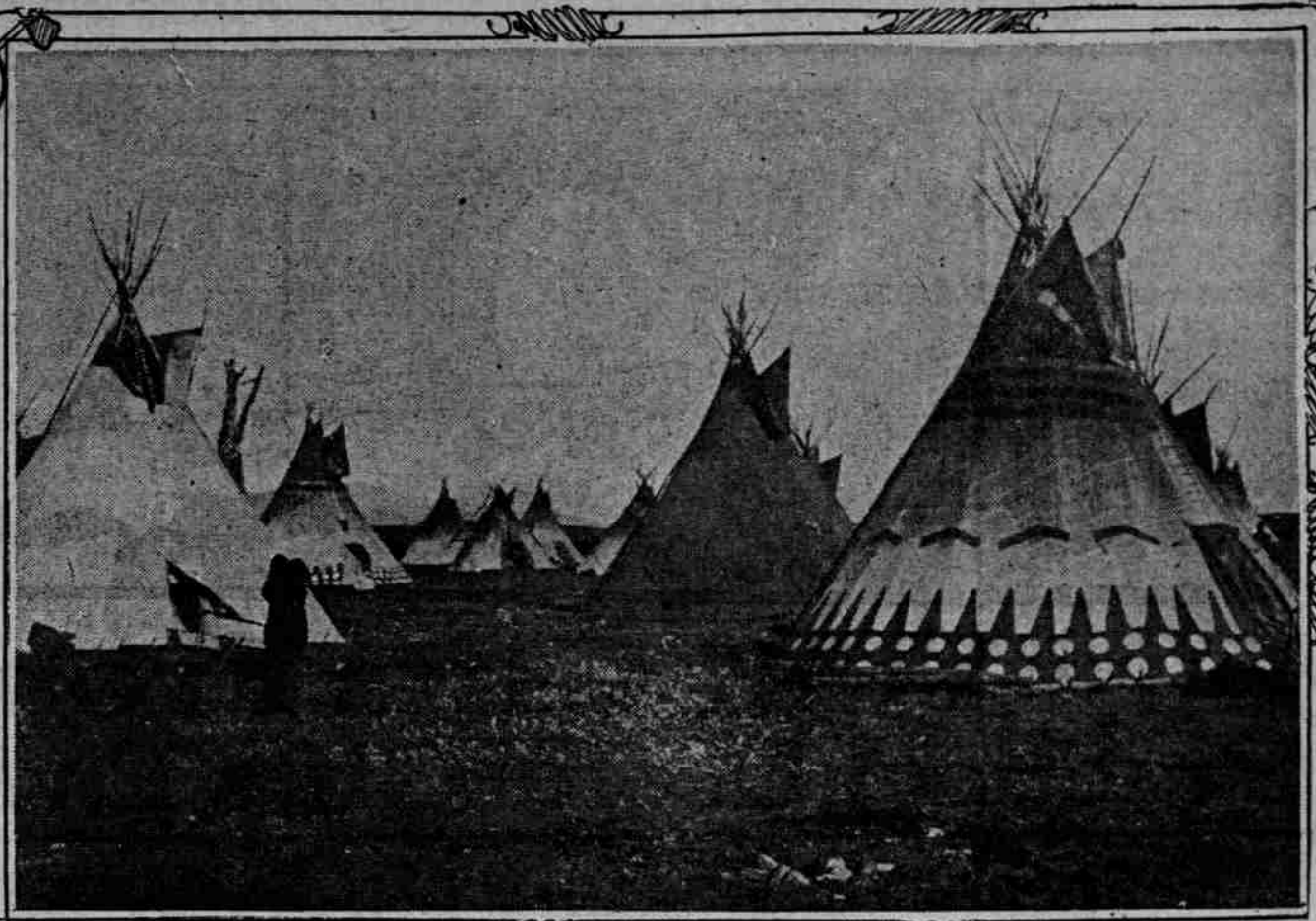


STORY OF AMERICAN INDIAN TOLD IN "A VANISHING RACE"

Edward S. Curtis to Deliver His Famous Picture-Opera at Bungalow Theater—Many Famous Critics Have Paid Tribute to Author's Knowledge of Aborigine,



Crow Warriors



Painted Lodges - Pigeon

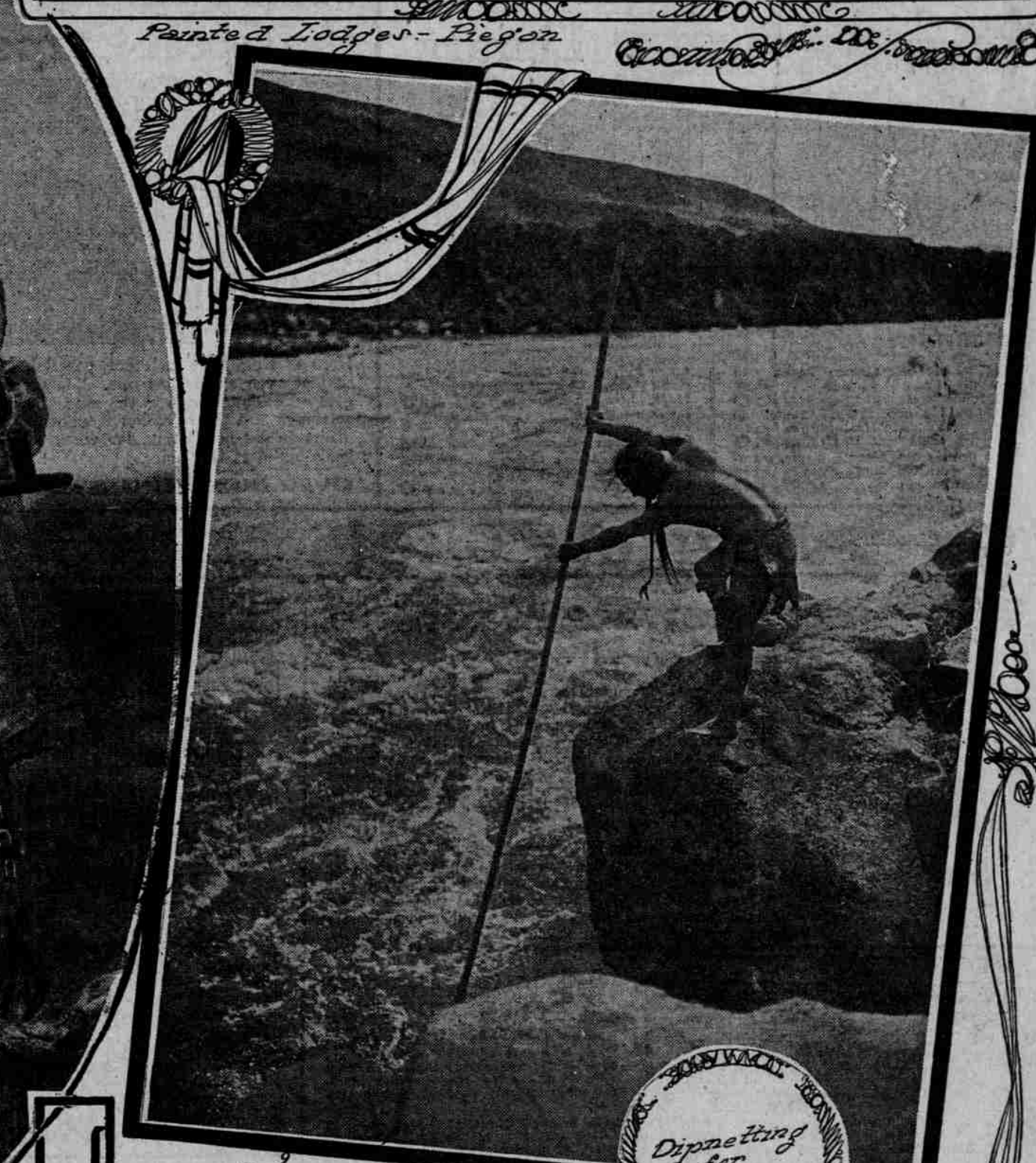
Coon Creek, W. Dakota



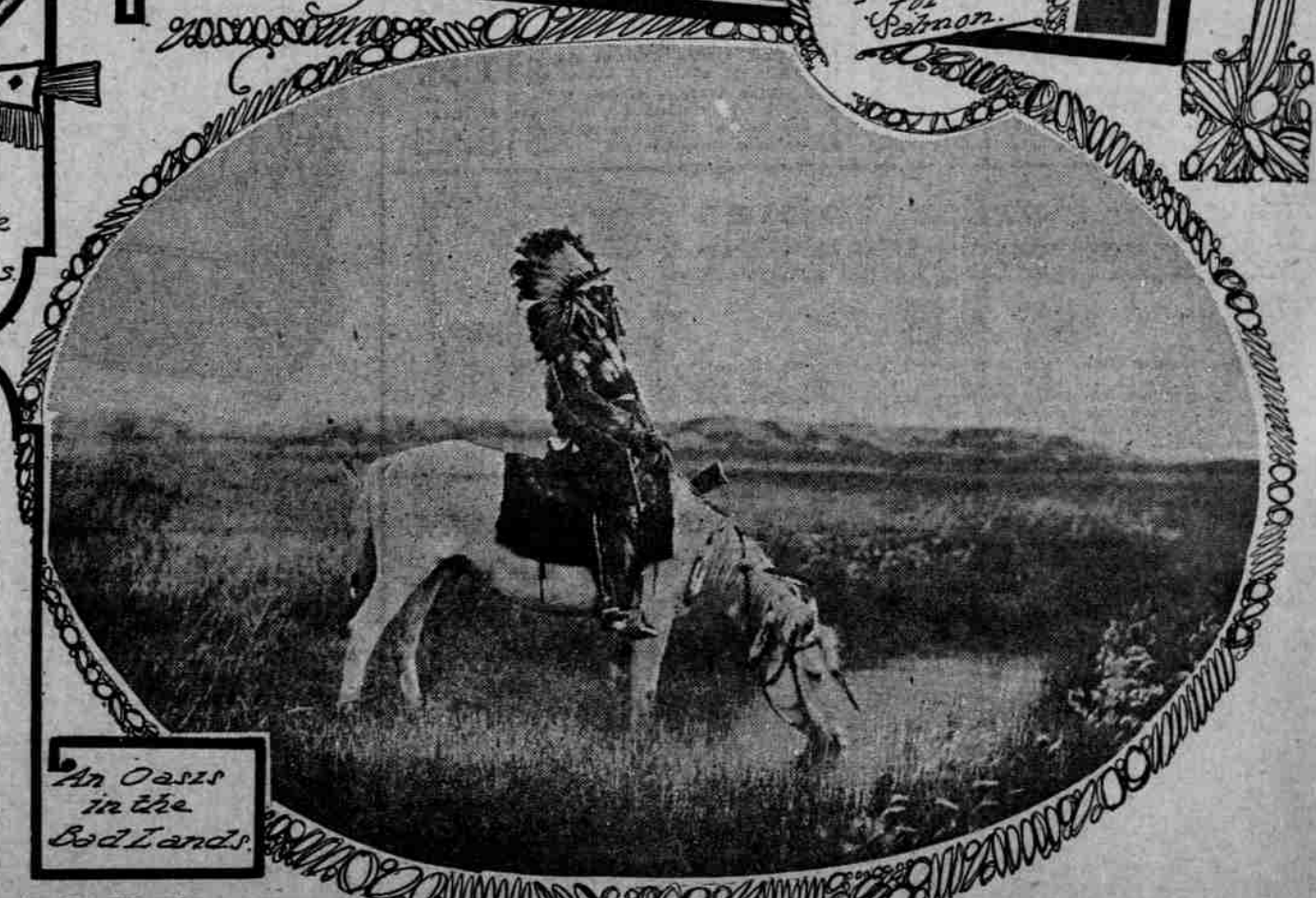
Spotted Tail - Mandan



Medicine Man



Dipnetting for Salmon



An Oasis in the Red Lands

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

UNDER the auspices of the Portland Visiting Nurses Association, Edward S. Curtis, called the North American Indian, is to present his famous picture opera, "A Vanishing Race," at the Bungalow Theater on the evening of December 13 and 14.

This picture musical is something absolutely new, a classic entertainment and one that possesses the distinction of being at once thrilling and unique. It is a poetic story, never before told, of the intimate tribal life and esoteric rites of the North American Indians, by one who has lived their life, shared their dangers and their joys, participated as priest in their strange religious ceremonies and gained more knowledge of their inner history than has ever before been secured by white men. The story is illustrated by the most wonderful and beautiful art-pictures, both still and moving, ever secured to perpetuate the history of a vanishing race, and faithfully depict their customs and environments.

In further embellishment is the music, transcribed from phonographic notes taken in the field, barbaric to a degree and marvellously full of color, arranged in symphonic composition by Henry F. Gilbert, and rendered by an orchestra of symphony soloists. In the entertainment world Mr. Curtis' picture opera stands alone.

Mr. Curtis is at once the historian of a race, the foremost photographer of the age, the author and publisher of the greatest book of the century, if one is to believe the written words of scientists, librarians, artists and critics the world over.

"The Vanishing Race," one of the best known of the Curtis pictures, seems to sound the keynote to his whole life work. The author, the tragedian, suggested in that line of somber figures, trailing on into inevitable oblivion, is like unto a requiem to a race. In glancing through the hundreds of criticisms as to the work, one by the late Dr. McGee seems to me most fitting: "Your work is a monument to a race." It is a monument, but not a shaft of marble or a building of forbidding granite, but rather a monument breathing the life of the people, a monument expressing every emotion in the life and passing of a Nation.

Portland is fortunate in having in its library a copy of this work, which is so much sought—a work which kings are proud to have in their libraries, and as we take pride in Mr. Curtis' activities as a Western man, I cannot pass this subject without quoting the comments of some of the world's critics:

(From three-page story in New York Herald, June 16, 1907.)

"The most gigantic undertaking in

the making of books since the King James edition of the Bible is what the bibliophile of the future will know and cherish as 'The North American Indian.'"

(C. M. Fairbanks in New York Sun.)

"To him of a future day who shall care to know what manner of man was the native dweller in our primeval American wilderness—what of his physical characteristics, his habits, his pursuits, and his ceremonials—the knowledge will ever lie before his eyes in the open pages of Edward S. Curtis' monumental work on 'The North American Indian.'"

(Review of Reviews, February, 1909.)

"This great enterprise is in a class by itself. It cannot be compared with any publishing venture in the annals of American book-making, or indeed in those of any other nation. Mr. Curtis has set out to picture and describe the remaining tribes of American red men with an accuracy and fidelity to detail never before attained in the countless volumes about the Indian that have been written and printed since the days of Captain John Smith."

(The Independent, August 20, 1908.)

"We do not recall any enterprise of a literary sort ever undertaken in America that can compare for splendor of typography and for historical value with that which is just now undertaken by Edward S. Curtis, backed by J. Pierpont Morgan, and titled 'The North American Indian.'"

(Literary Digest, July 4, 1908.)

"This is perhaps the most notable work in point of typography and illustrative splendor that has been published in this country for many years."

(London.)

"Toward the close of August the city's historic library at the Guild Hall received the second installment of J. Pierpont Morgan's priceless gift of three more editions de luxe of the Curtis' historical record entitled, 'The North American Indian.' The finish, style and perfection of these volumes far surpass anything we have ever seen in this library. They are of such immense value and unique character that they will not be placed in the shelves of the library in the ordinary way, but students and others can, of course, have access to them on application being made."

Of late we hear Mr. Curtis continually spoken of in association with Indian music. Naturally I raised the question of their music, frankly saying that my only conception of it was a wild medley of drum beats and loud howling.

It is quite impossible for a Caucasian

to comprehend what the Indian's songs or his music mean to him. With the majority of tribes the important songs are the property of the Indian, generally far more jealously guarded than his life blood. Such songs are usually secured through 'visions,' as they express it—visions brought about by long fasting and concentration of thought—literally composed during hypnosis; thus, to their mind, being songs from the divine. Songs thus composed through suggestion are naturally the very outpouring of their oneness with nature, and a study of their music gives us a glimpse into their inner life, which can be had in no other way. I remember well a Flat-head song of which I made a phonograph record. The singer called it 'The Song of the Pines.' As he rendered it, it was not the song of the pines, but rather the song of the soul of the forest. It was a wonderful moonlight night. Our camp was on the banks of a mountain stream flowing through a forest of pine. As the singer's voice and the accompaniment of the drum arose and fell, filling the forest amphitheater, I saw nature: the forest, the plains, in every one of its moods, from the quiet moment of sunset to the agony of the wind-torn forest of the tempest, and knew that its composer had, in this song, opened his heart and given us his interpretation of nature.

Symphony Arouses Imagination.

"On this wild outpouring of primitive man is based one of Mr. Gilbert's symphonies. When I first heard it rendered at Carnegie Hall in New York by a magnificent orchestra I was carried far away to the forest and mountains. I could hear the sighing of the pines, see the blazing campfire and could almost imagine the odor of burning wood. It is probably safe to say that no composer has caught the spirit

of the Indian life as has Mr. Gilbert. He retains all the color and atmosphere of the primitive life.

Expression of self and nature in association with remarkable hypnotic rhythm is a striking characteristic of all Indian music. There is, however, a vast difference in the nature, beauty and harmony of the music as obtained, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska, is particularly valuable, also the songs of the stone house Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. Here, however, it is evident that the long contact with the ritualistic chants of the church has slightly influenced the music."

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