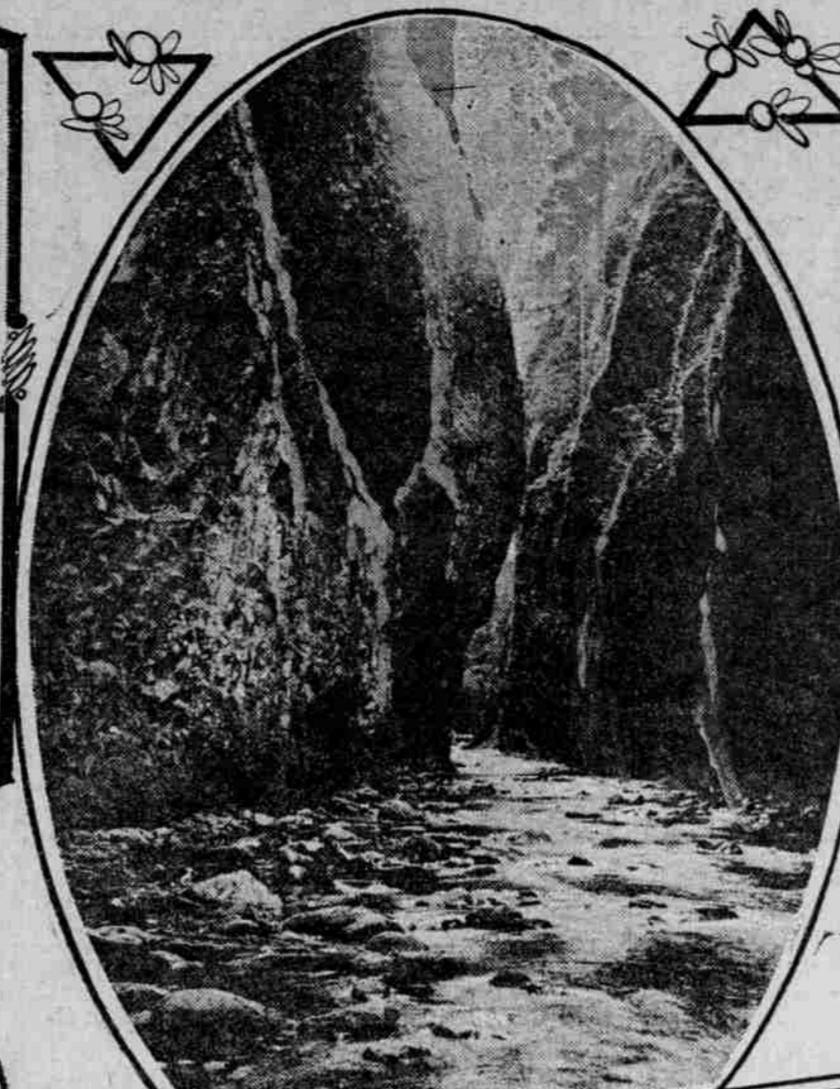


HIGHWAYS TO OPEN COLUMBIA'S SCENIC TREASURE HOUSE

Beauties of Hood River, Legends of Indians as to Mystic Origin of Snow-capped Peaks, and Extent of Mountain Pleasures Told.



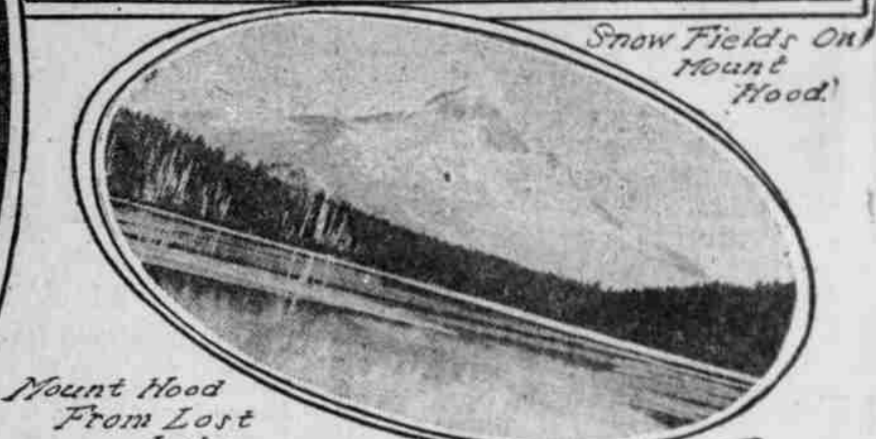
On Road to Cloud Cap Inn.



Oneonta Gorge, (On Route of Columbia River Highway)



Snow Fields on Mount Hood.



Mount Hood From Lost Lake. (©1912 Slocum)



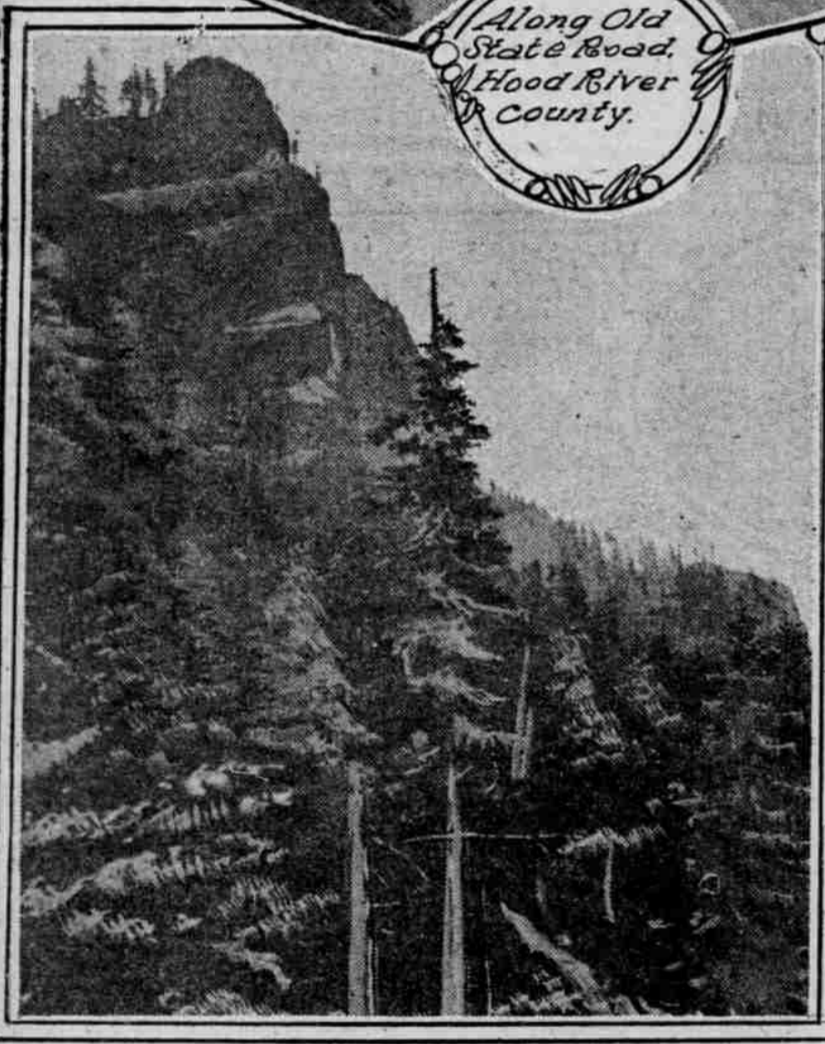
Along Old State Road, Hood River County.



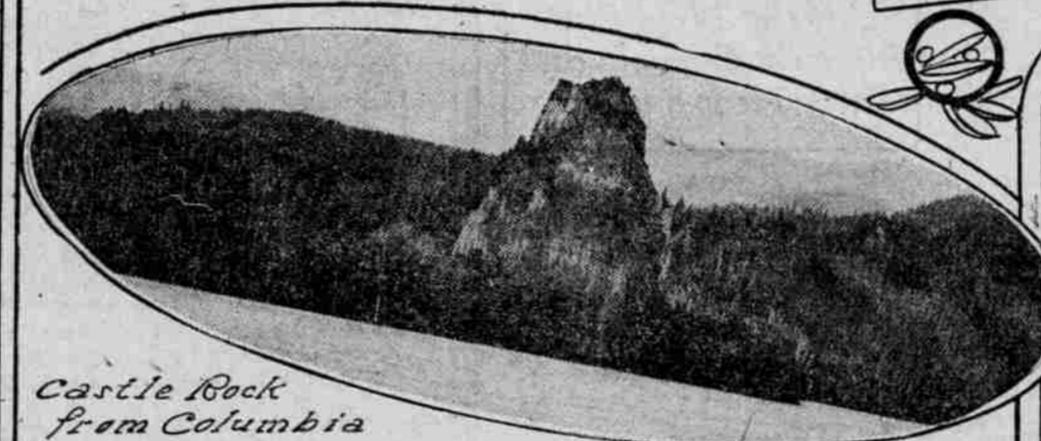
Lodge Near Snowline of Mount Hood.



Hood River Officials Driving Stakes for Road.



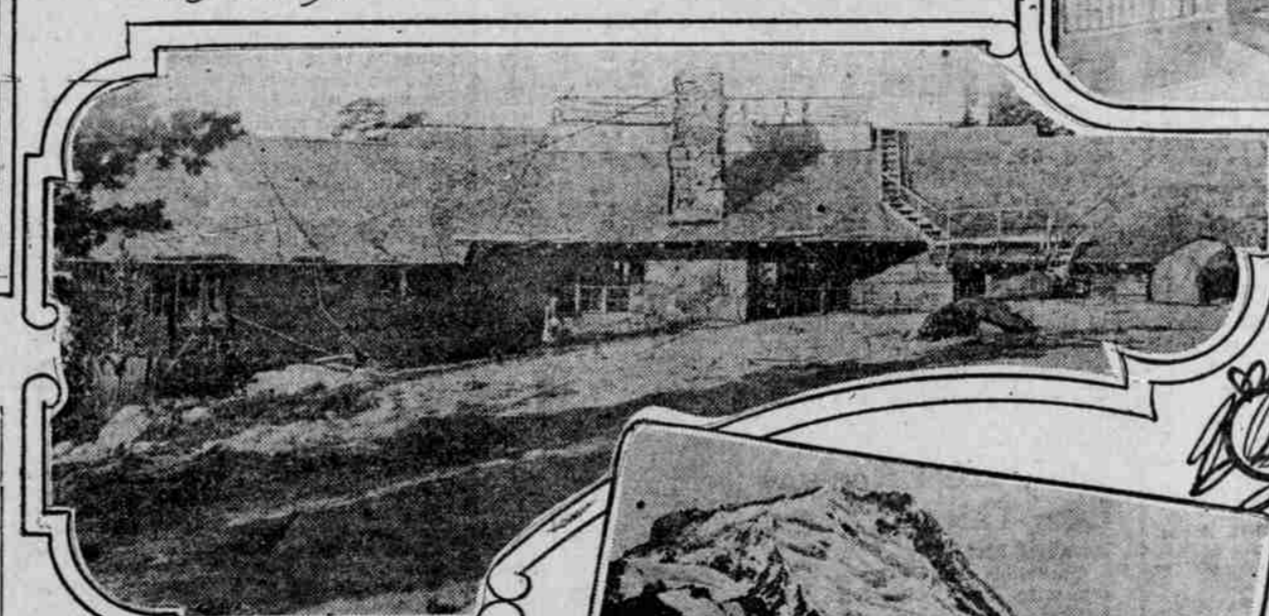
St. Peter's Dome (On Route of Columbia River Highway)



Castle Rock from Columbia Highway.



Living Room at Cloud Cap Inn



Cloud Cap Inn, on Side of Mount Hood.



On Ranger's Trail at Snowline on Mount Hood.



North Side of Mount Hood, From Rocky Butte.

BY JOE D. TOMISON.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—One of the most enjoyable short railway journeys of my life, I think, was that taken one early November morning between Hood River and Portland. The local train of the O.-W.-R. & N. Company was speeding along in a mist that the west wind had blown up the night before from the Pacific. The fog banks reached half way up the precipitous cliffs and turreted crags of the Columbia River gorge and were being dispersed by the Autumn sun, its rays shimmering like darts among the mist particles and lighting up the tops of the rugged, colored canyon side.

The early sunlight shone upon the vari-colored foliage of the thousands of shrubs that spring from every crevice of the gorge side and magnified their brilliancy; every leaf asparkle with the mist made dew. Patches of gold gleamed on the slopes, where the frost had touched the vine maple, and gray moss-covered formed the background for great Titan-like bouquets of purple Oregon grape, while here and there the flaming scarlet of dogwood berries and leaves added to the lustre of the beautiful garment that nature flings over the shoulders of old Mother Earth in the Mid-Columbia region, when Indian Summer has come.

Even though I had been blind the gingers atmosphere of the November morning would have prevented my emotions from being laggard. And even though I had been alone I would have enjoyed the journey. As it was my traveling companion was E. L. Smith, one of the early pioneers of the Northwest, who for a number of years was Secretary and Acting Governor of Washington territory.

No one knows better than he the legends of the Northwest Indians, and during the two hours of our ride down to Portland I learned more of the history of the district than one would gather from reading many volumes of books. I heard as I sped by the cascades of more than a score of beautiful

waterfalls, the significance of their names in the myths of the redmen.

When one has viewed the Columbia River gorge and has visited the regions that surround the snow peak of the Mid-Columbia district, Mount Adams in southern Washington and Mount Hood in northern Oregon, it seems strange that so little of fictional romance has ever been written about them. The wonder is, as one looks at the grandeur that presents itself on every hand and wishes that he or she might be able to set forth in fitting expression the emotions that the awe-inspiring spectacle arouse, that the Cascade region has never produced any great novelist or poet to hand down the legends of the aborigines and the stories of the pioneers.

But one real notable book of romance has ever been written about the Mid-Columbia district. F. H. Balch, a pioneer minister, has woven a beautiful story around the legend of the Bridge of the Gods.

Bridge Legend Told.

This mythical structure was supposed to have spanned the Columbia where the Cascades of the great stream are today. The people of the Northwest today speak of the sheer cliffsides seen there as the abutments of the Bridge of the Gods.

According to the Indian legend, one handed down by the Klickitats, the great tribe of the eastern Washington plains, Tyhee Saghalle, the chief of the Gods, had two sons, Wiyeast and Klickitat. One day he traveled with the children down the Columbia as far as The Dalles. The beauty of the country appealed to the young men and they quarreled as to its possession. Then the father taking a bow shot two arrows, one to the North and the other to the South. Wiyeast was bidden to follow the last arrow and Klickitat the first, and the father told them to settle in the lands where the missiles fell. Thus Klickitat became the founder of the tribe named for him and Wiyeast progenitor of the great tribe of Multnomah. Saghalle reared the mountain range to keep peace between them, but

that they might always have friendly intercourse, he built the Bridge of the Gods.

Loowit, a witchwoman, kept watch there. The woman saw the misery caused by lack of fire among the tribes and at her appeal she was allowed to kindle a fire on the great structure. The Indians journeyed here for smoldering brands, and their condition was so much improved that Saghalle promised her anything she would ask. She told the chief of the gods that she desired beauty above everything else, and he transformed her from an ugly old woman to a beautiful maiden.

Brothers Quarrel Over Woman.

Straightway Wiyeast and Klickitat fell in love with her. They quarreled and, to punish them, Saghalle put all three to death, but Loowit had been so beautiful in life that he was determined to make her beautiful in death, and she was transformed into Mount St. Helens, the great symmetrical snow peak of the Northwest. Wiyeast formed the rugged pinnacle of old Mount Hood, and Klickitat was changed into Mount Adams. The bridge was destroyed that the children of these men gods might be kept apart.

The Mid-Columbia district is comparatively new, from the viewpoint of the white man. The earlier settlers of the Oregon Northwest merely passed through it along the foot of the great

gorge. Even the little valleys nestling among the ranges and bordering the turbulent glacial streams that feed the Columbia were uninviting to the first homeseekers; for they were covered by the monsters of the forest, great Douglas firs and Yellow and Sugar Pines. The man who had crossed the prairies with his family, following the Old Oregon Trail that leads down from the Blue Mountains at the eastern border of the present state, then traversing the awesome expanses of what has now become a part of the great Inland Empire, striking the narrow chasm, where the river seethed through The Dalles, had used up the last atom of patience and energy. He was in a hurry to reach the land of promise, and he only stopped long enough in the great gorge, at the mouth of some stream, to wonder and to rest and to gain the strength that would carry him to the Valley of the Willamette, where his tolls as a homeseeker on the western frontier would be more quickly rewarded.

Even up to the last quarter of a century it was the bolder spirit that penetrated the valleys of the Mid-Columbia. In the earlier part of the last century

the French Voyageurs of the great British corporation, the Hudson Bay Company, piled their bateaux up and down the Columbia gathering in the pelts of the otter, beaver and wolverine that had formerly lived in peace amid the mountain wilds.

No Indian tribes ever seemed to have inhabited the valleys of the Mid-Columbia district permanently. They came and camped at the mouths of the turbulent rivers emptying into the Columbia and the warriors hunted and fished in the woods and streams skirting the bases of the great snow mountains.

The Columbia valleys of the Cascade range did not begin to grow, really, until it was found that their soil and the prevailing climatic conditions were peculiarly adapted to fruit growing. When persons desiring to retire from lives of professional work and business in the cities and wishing to settle in a community where they could follow an alluring form of agriculture, learned of the opportunities offered in the mountainous districts, the territory developed rapidly. In no part of the

(Continued on Page 3.)