

**WHEN OREGON WAS STRANGE COUNTRY**

(Continued from page 1.)  
 ten by Mr. McKinlay or by an amanuensis.

"At Walla Walla it was the duty of the officer in charge to furnish horses, pack saddles and other equipment to all and every party requiring the same. All over the country from Utah to British Columbia I had a man especially employed to make pack saddles. The only hardwood we could find for the purpose was birch, this we got from the Blue mountains at least 50 miles away. My saddles for the season were finished; however there was a quantity of saddle wood in the saddle maker's house. I happened to go in one day and found the saddle wood diminished in bulk. I remarked the same to the saddle maker; his reply was that both Indians and whites helped themselves to the wood and that he thought the wood was not required. I told him that if the wood was not required then it would be required in another year; to allow no person to take a stick of it. A few days later, while busily employed writing, the saddle maker opened my door and told me an Indian was taking a piece of the wood; that he had remonstrated with him and that he would not give it up. I asked my clerk, Mr. Wm. Todd, to go and see about it. In a few minutes after I heard some noise which induced me to go to the window. I saw an Indian rush out of the saddle maker's house, pick up a stone and before you could say Jack Robinson, Todd was out grappling with him, and happening to have two other Indians standing by, they also got hold of Todd. I drove the two off, to give Todd fair play. The consequence was that although Todd's opponent was a stronger man than himself, he had thrown him down and kicked him unmercifully. On separating them I inquired of them who his opponent was; he told me he was the son of Peu Peu Mox Mox, the big chief of the Walla Walla tribe. I blamed Todd for being so hasty and told him we would have some trouble. All the men except Todd, the saddle maker and myself, were out in the fields about two miles away. However, I expected a big talk, but did not anticipate anything worse. About an hour after, the old chief, accompanied by some 40 or 60 men, came in by the back gate of the fort through the kitchen into my room. On seeing him, wishing to be polite I offered him a chair. Instead of accepting the same he and his men flew by me to Todd and took hold of him. As soon as I could get among them I was in time to take hold of the chief's arm, who had a tomahawk in his hand and was about bringing it down on Todd's head. I managed to draw him toward my desk where I had three pistols (not revolvers) hanging, probably not loaded. As the chief and I were scuffling the men who had hold of Todd let go, apparently to see what we were about to do. I handed one pistol to Todd, kept two for myself with the order not to fire till I gave the word. The chief then presented his naked breast and asked me whether I was going to shoot him. 'Shoot me. You shoot a man,' said he. I replied such was by no means my wish, but if he again attempted to use his tomahawk on Todd's head I would certainly use my pistol. Then ensued a long conversation about Dr. White's laws, wherein if an Indian struck a white man he would be flogged and if a white man struck an Indian that he also would be flogged. I told the chief that I would not submit to anything of the kind; that if his son had thrashed my young man, I would have thought nothing more of it. He still insisted on having Todd flogged. I told him that they would have to kill me first. While thus talking the young man who had been thrashed by Todd gave me a severe blow from behind, hitting me under the fifth rib. I took him by the hair of the head, intending first to strike him, but knowing to do so would be sure death, I let him go and thinking of a keg of powder in the adjoining room I sprung to the door, took hold of a flat and steel and defied them to touch Todd. Before I could think of what I was about there was not an Indian in the house except the old chief and his son. The former after sitting moodily for a few minutes addressed me thus, 'Don't you think you are very smart to frighten my young men so? You can't frighten me. I have heard that you white people are in the habit of taking guns and challenging one another; let's you and I do the same.' My reply was: 'There are only six whites of us here and there are as many hundreds of you. Should you kill me there is no one to take my place as chief of the whites. Should I kill you there are plenty in your tribe as good if not better men than yourself.' At this he went off in high dudgeon; sent messengers to the Cayuses and Nez Percés that his son was killed by the whites and for two days Indians gathered around the fort, but none came inside the gate; something unusual. On the evening of the second day the Five Crows, a Cayuse chief, an uncle of the young man who got the thrashing, a very old friend of the whites and a man who had a very great regard for me, came

from a distance and entered the fort without ever knowing anything of what occurred. I must here digress a little and mention that a few days previously Mr. Ogden had passed down taking my wife to Vancouver, so when the Five Crows came in I inquired whether he had heard the news, referring to my trouble with the Indians; his answer was that he had, 'I have heard,' he said, 'that your father-in-law (Mr. Ogden) has lost two men by the upsetting of the boat at The Dalles.' I told him that I had also heard of that accident but that I did not mean that, but my trouble with his brother-in-law, the Walla Walla chief. He wished to know the particulars.

I told him that he would find out the trouble from the Indians, as Indians considered the white men liars. On this he said: 'Did you ever know me to doubt your word or to go among Indians listening to their idle tattle?' I answered, 'Now as you have spoken, I will tell you, and of course repeated what had happened. He expressed himself sorry for what had happened, saying that it was a great disgrace for a chief's son to be thrashed.

I explained to him that if my young man had got the worst of the fight I would think nothing of it and that they were both of them to blame; to this he said nothing but remained in the fort all night alone attended by an Indian boy. Next morning he said he would send for the father. He sent his boy accordingly. To my surprise he came to me saying, 'My brother-in-law knows I am a peace maker and he will not come.' (At this time they were not on speaking terms.) Shortly the Five Crows went off saying that he might see his brother Tawato, head chief of the Cayuses, and would give my version of the story. At noon the same day, Tawato came to the fort accompanied by Elijah, an elder brother of the young man who got a thrashing and a young man who had received a considerable smattering of English, reading and writing at the Methodist institute at the Willamette. They were both cleanly dressed, fully armed with guns, pistols and swords. This was in my opinion carried more for show than for violence. After being seated for some time without saying a word, Tawato made known the object of his visit; it was if there was not a possibility of our coming to some arrangement of settling the difficulty. After explaining my case, he proposed to send for the father. The father accordingly came accompanied at last by five or 600 Indians; if I remember rightly they were not all armed. They filled the house, every nook and cranny of the fort yard, and crowded outside of the windows. Every available space was occupied by them. After Peu Peu Mox Mox came in he and I agreed to explain our case to Tawato, and to cut a long yarn short, Peu Peu Mox told me he had nothing particular against me personally, but that I must send Mr. Todd out of the country immediately. I replied I would do nothing of the kind, that Todd had been sent to me by the white head (McLaughlin) as my assistant, that he had not committed a fault, that I would not discharge him, that they had strength enough to kill us but our lives would be revenged, if his heart was not good toward Todd it could not be good toward me. Then he sprang from his seat beating his breast, saying 'my heart will never be good,' and rushing out of the door, a few minutes of a dead silence ensued. You might hear a pin drop. Then Tawato arose to his feet sternly addressing me, telling me that I was a fool, that I wanted blood and that I would get enough of it. Another term of silence ensued as expressive as the last, lasting a few minutes; it was a critical time. Giving myself time to think, I asked Tawato whether he was chief or not; he sneeringly answered, 'ask my young men.' I told him I knew that he was the son of a great chief, that his father was known among the early whites as a great and good man, that no number of white men would make him, through fear, do wrong, that I was a chief, that notwithstanding the number that were standing around me they would not make me change one iota of what I said. Then followed a murmuring sound as a consultation in low tones which lasted for some time. I observed the chief give an order that caused a young man to leave the room. Shortly after, Peu Peu Mox Mox entered the room and without any preface or ceremony came forward and offered me his hand in token of friendship. I looked with an expression of surprise and took his hand; then asked him whether his heart was good. He answered 'yes,' striking his breast. I then asked him whether his heart was good toward Todd; his reply was 'yes, and to prove it and wipe out all ill feeling forever my son is coming with a horse as a present for Todd.' To seal the compact I made the son a present of a suit of clothes and smoked the pipe of peace, a peace which lasted the whole time I remained with him. I have been more proud of the termination of this incident than the gunpowder plot, for I believe I ought to give myself the credit for it was so conceded by my

brother officers) I had secured a lasting peace 'with honor' to all whereas if I had acted in any way concerned without any bloodshed, hasty or without forethought or firmness it would be hard for me to say what the consequences might have been."

It is likely Mr. McKinlay would not have lived to tell the tale had he not acted with firmness. Firmness is a very strong weapon for holding the Indian in check. It was the lack of firmness in Dr. Whitman, which, to a great extent, caused his downfall and finally his massacre. Dr. Whitman's policy, for a long time was nonresistance; when smitten on one cheek he would turn the other. When he changed his policy it was then too late. In his first dealings with the Indians he returned good for evil. The Indians considered his actions, while pleasing to them, only as sure indications of weakness and lack of bravery and as a result they became very overbearing and insulting in their manner with the missionaries. Here is a sample which will illustrate the effect of the Doctor's policy, which we take from a letter to his Mission Board: "The Indians have been very quiet for the last year and a half, but from various causes which have been operating upon them, they were prepared for agitation, thinking this the best way to obtain property. I-a-tin, an Indian who had been to the Willamette settlement, undertook to embarrass Mr. Gin in his building operations, forbidding him to cut timber without pay, and others joined him in talking of charging us for firewood. There was often talk of causing us to pay for the land we occupy. I-a-tin said he was told while at the Willamette that if any one came on the white man's land and he refused to go off he was kicked off."

Another Indian turned his horses into the mission grain field, and when Whitman remonstrated the Indian struck him "twice severely on the breast."

Then followed another trouble with I-a-tin, which resulted in his threatening to burn the mill.

Soon after Gray put an Indian out of doors who had refused to go when requested, which resulted in a number of the Indians ordering Gray "to stop building and remove the next day." This resulted in one of the Indians assaulting Whitman as follows: "I told him also, that if Indians came into Mr. G.'s or my house and refused to do as we desired, it was right for us to put them out. He then took hold of my ear and pulled it and struck me on the breast, ordering me to hear, as much as to say we must let them do as they pleased about our houses. When he let go I turned the other to him and he pulled that, and in this way I let him pull first one and then the other until he gave over and took my hat and threw it into the mud. I called on the Indians who were at work for Mr. G., to give it to me, and I put it on my head—when he took it off again and threw it in the same place. With more violence he took it off and threw it in the mud and water, of which it dipped plentifully. Once more the Indians gave it back to me, and I put it on, all mud as it was and said to him, 'Perhaps you are playing.' At this he left us. A day or two after this McKay, another Indian, made a violent speech and forbid all the Indians to labor for us.

"Soon after on being denied admission to Whitman's house through a door which the family wished to keep for their private use, one Indian took a hammer and another an ax, by which means they broke the kitchen door, and a horde of lawless savages filled the house. The Indians then attacked Whitman and Gray with the hammer and ax, and with a club, but on these being taken away without bloodshed, one of the Indians struck Whitman with his fist and tore his clothes and another leveled a gun at him. Wap-tash-takmal next said that there was property in the house,

and that they were accustomed to have it given them when they had a difficulty."

The above are fair samples of many incidents in the experience of Dr. Whitman in his dealing with the Indians. Had the Doctor's characteristic of the Hudson's Bay company officials and men, he might have been more successful in his efforts to teach the ways of civilized life to the Indian.

**GRINNELL GLACIER PROVES RARE SIGHT**  
 (Continued from page 1.)  
 any studies on glacier and glacial action can be made here as well as they could be made on a larger glacier requiring days and weeks to cover. They pronounce Grinnell Glacier to be one of the most accessible glaciers in the United States for geological students to observe.

One of the important items gleaned from the discussions of the Princeton party was the consideration of the so-called "reef limestone." The rocks composing the Altyn limestone, Appekunny and Grinnell Argillites, and Sisyeh limestone are the Belt Series, Algonkion rock, said to be formed before the existence of life on earth. Hence they are said to be without fossils.

This reef limestone occurs abundantly in the Sisyeh limestone, a very large area, over 50 feet thick, lying below the diorite band. This limestone does not occur in regular and even layers, as is the case with sedimentary rocks, but presents large and small more or less concentric masses, resembling the appearance of pillow lava more than anything else. A clean break of the black looking rock presents an even looking surface. When it weathers there are yellowish streaks, leaf-like layers, much harder than the other rock, and along which the rock frequently breaks, thereby showing its peculiar formation and structure. A large weathered boulder of the limestone is at once noticeable because of its uneven surface, unlike any of the sedimentary rocks mentioned.

It was stated that many geologists believe this limestone to be the deposit of marine algae, as a result of their growth, and that the yellowish layers are composed of the fossil bodies of the algae, not recognizable as such. There are those who do not believe this, the number on each side being about even. However, the marine algae theory gives an explanation for the strange formation of the rock.

Should the theory be proven, then it becomes certain the limestone was formed in the sea, and not in fresh water, and the algae will be the earliest known fossils. Should the theory be false then it is uncertain whether this rock was deposited in fresh or salt water, and there is no explanation for the uneven nature of the rock formation.

The research party made careful examination to determine whether the four formations are more or less continuous and blending, or whether they were formed during distinct eras, and are thus sharply marked. They were convinced the former was the case.

Since each of the four rock formations show many separate layers of greatly differing appearances and structures, they are of the opinion that one of the finest bits of geological study awaiting some investigator is the determination of the number and probable origin, as well as the chemical nature of the many rock layers comprising the several thousand feet of exposed rock deposit.

**GREAT WORD TASK NEARS COMPLETION**  
 (Continued from page 1.)  
 Ernst German, grandson of the brothers Grimm, who also wrote fairy tales in idle moments. It was begun in 1853, but after 69 years it had reached only its 13th volume, down to WEG.

Even with its supplements, Little's French Dictionary is a small affair compared with the Oxford Dictionary. Students find that Webster's Dictionary cannot be compared to the New English Dictionary for scope and thoroughness.

Most of the work on the Oxford Dictionary has been done in the Scriptorium, a little tin tabernacle erected in Dr. Murray's own garden at Mill Hill, and in 1891 taken over by Oxford University. When the editor started work he had more than 5,000,000 quotations at hand and since then has handled countless numbers.

**GATHERING INDIAN STORIES BIG TASK**  
 (Continued from page 1.)  
 their versions of the Blackfeet-Kutenai wars and peace makings in the long ago. They will be with us again this summer.

"Several members of our little camp are medicine men—sun

priests—and one or another of them opens our session with proper ceremony, a matter of some hours. We all gather in the medicine man's lodge. Assisted by his wife beside him, he opens his sacred bundle with prayer and song, and its contents are reverently lifted and held over a little heap of coals from which is rising the perfume of burning sweetgrass. This is purified the pipe and its beautifully ornamented stem; the rattles, made of the scrotums of the buffalo bulls; the skins of various water animals and birds—all of which have their particular place in the long ceremony. The medicine man paints his son's face and hands, prays Sun to give him long life and good health, accuracy of eye and hands in painting the pictures that are to be told. Then I am painted and Sun is asked to give me his powerful help in recording the tales; perfect understanding, perfect memory, that I may omit no

least part of them. Prayers are then offered for all the other members of our little circle; the sacred pipe goes from hand to hand and, one after another, the songs of this particular medicine pipe are sung. We then decide upon just what part of tribal history we will first take up, and our old men and women go to their lodges to seriously think about it, refresh their memories of it all.

"Missionaries nor any other influences of civilization have not in the least affected the habit of mind of my old Indian friends; they still have implicit faith in the gods of their fathers, the sun, moon, certain stars, various animals and birds; particularly those of the water. As an instance of their faith: Three summers ago we went into camp at Two Medicine Lake. A thunderstorm came up and during it a bolt of lightning struck Boy Chief's lodge, largely painted in red, with the symbol of his Buffalo Stone medicine. Striking the upper front of the lodge the flash burned its way down to the top of the door curtain and then, glancing out, tore a great hole in the ground. Proof enough, said my old friends, of the power of the Buffalo Stone medicine, so very powerful that Thunder Bird himself could not pierce the lodge with his firebolt to kill the occupants.

"The interest of the old people in this work is almost beyond belief; in their anxiety to make a perfect record of the old days, ways they become half-sick, as to their object in it, I quote Curly Bear, himself, now dead: 'We go soon. Our children are following the white man's road; their children will likely forget our language. So it is that we must now prepare for them this record, that they may read it and so be ever proud of the bravery and the dignity and the in-every-way fine character of their once-powerful ancestors, be proud of the blood that is in their veins.'

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