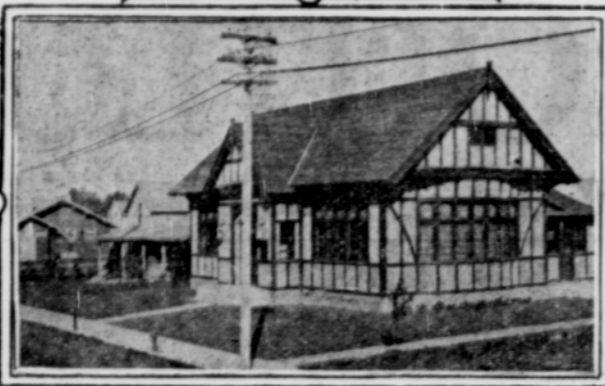


Residences of N. O. Fuller (left) and J. W. Teggart, in Cleveland's addition to Gresham. About three years ago this beautiful tract was put on the market and now has a number of neat houses built by their owners who have taken advantage of the opportunity to identify themselves the growth of the city. The homes of Mr. Fuller and Mr. Teggart attest the substantial phases of the homes in Cleveland's addition.



Ten months ago the new Carnegie library of Gresham was opened to the public as one of the finest of its kind in Oregon outside of the big cities. It has become the literary center of Eastern Multnomah and is supplying the needs long felt for such an institution. In charge of Miss C. Halle and her assistants it is bringing the educational results of a perfect library.



Gresham is proud of its new city hall which was finished last spring. Jones & Co. were the contractors and the building is testimony to their careful workmanship. Affording a good sized council room and recorder's office, it also houses the city's fire apparatus. The upstairs has been finished up for the fire companies. In the basement is the jail. Mayor Shattuck's new residence is seen to the right of the picture.



View of Kelly avenue, in Zenith addition looking north from Powell street. In the picture at the right are seen the residences of L. F. Bates and Ray Todd. Farther away on the right is the cottage of W. E. Wood, occupied by Stephen Webber, and residence of A. J. W. Brown, surrounded by firs. On the left is the beautiful bungalow built and occupied by Emmett Kelly. Nearer by is the house of Roy Kern.

THE SPIRIT BIRD'S PROPHECY

By EUGENE L. THORPE

There is a singular tradition, redolent with the very spirit of poetry preserved by the meager remnant of the Multnomah Indians that yet live along the banks of the Columbia river.

Many years ago that then powerful tribe lived in an Eldorado of peace, an Eden-land of perennial bloom. Their home was on the Columbia river near Castle Rock, under the shadow of the great Bridge of the Gods. That was their golden age, of which many of the most savage nations and clans of earth seem to cherish a dim remembrance of having once enjoyed.

The Multnomahs, however, claimed to have been favored above all others by Okmoo, the great and good spirit. They were a chosen people to whom were made frequent and special communications from the land of souls. No internal strifes nor bloody wars were known among them then. They were the superiors of all the other tribes and death was an event attended with little dread, as they claimed they were permitted to have free intercourse with their departed kindred.

The legend goes that the Great Spirit, as a special token of his favor, had sent them from the land of

souls a pair of bright-plumed and sweet-singing birds. They were called Ok-ming-Ka-moo, or the spirit message birds. They were loved and cherished with the tenderest care and in process of time became very numerous. The wide extended forests of the beautiful domain were vocal with their heavenly and entertaining songs. They were fed by the gentle hands of the dark eyed maidens and esteemed as a sacred gift never to be harmed. Their duty was to carry and bring messages of affection and love to and from the Indian elysium, or heaven.

Thus did this favored tribe live in peace and happiness, until at length in an evil hour, a false spirit tempted their proud chief to destroy these heaven-sent messengers. This sacrilegious deed provoked the fierce wrath of the Great Spirit. The melancholy sequel was that the thunders of heaven smote the land, and the pale-faced thunders, as they were called, were sent upon them to slaughter and to desolate with fire and sword. A meager remnant of Multnomahs is yet scattered along the river of the west, but the glory of the tribe has departed forever.

Legend of the Spirit Bird.

There was a council of the chieftains of the Multnomahs being held in the lodge of Khang-mook, head chief of the tribe. It was dark outside, but a fitful glow of embers lit up the circle of faces that was formed around the elevated seat of their leader, whose stern visage denoted that something unusual was upon his mind.

As was customary at these councils this chief had lighted the great pipe from which he drew several wreaths of curling smoke and then passed it on to his left for each one in the circle to inhale before the weighty question to be decided should have been debated. Passing the pipe from right to left was allegorical of the course of the sun, the Multnomahs believing that to go contrary would be to draw down upon them the vengeful wrath of a spirit that controlled the movements of the planets.

All those who sat with Khang-mook around the council fire were deeply interested in the matter to be discussed, but their looks betokened no anxiety. They presented a staid mien and demeanor in keeping with the Indian character, which was the same several hundred years ago that it is now.

The great pipe went its rounds and all was silent save the deep breathing of those assembled around their chief. All were waiting for him to break the silence, none daring to speak until his turn came unless called upon by Khang-mook for his opinion.

At length, after a proper interval of silence, Khang-mook spoke:

"Great in the eyes of Okmoo are the Multnomahs; favored have we been in peace and in war; and fortunate are my people that the great Khang-mook is their ruler."

A nod of assent was made by all, for however they may have disagreed with any of Kang-mook's remarks they were subservient when in council with him. An indication of his

character is to be noticed in the closing phrase of his opening remarks. That he was haughty, vain and egotistical is self-evident.

"Yes' my children," he continued after another impressive silence, "the Okmoo has given you great blessings in many ways; he has given you, too, an emissary from the spirit world which it is now folly for men to listen to. The Ok-ming-Ka-moo has made women of the men, and children of the women; and the children are growing up with their minds taken from the menaces of our foes and from the noble pastime of the chase. The spirit message birds must be destroyed lest the Multnomahs become like rabbits and squirrels instead of being the panthers of the mountains as their enemies have found them to be in other years now past and gone."

The speech was so startling that every Indian present forgot his native dignity, and when the chieftain ceased they were all standing in a circle instead of being seated as before. Then one of them without waiting for permission spoke. It was Ming-Yeb, of royal blood and a near relative of Khang-mook, who said with horror in his voice:

"Beware the Okmoo's wrath! They must not, shall not die!"

"Does anyone dare oppose me?" fiercely demanded Khang-mook. "It shall be as I said. The birds must die!"

"Oh, chieftain!" again spoke Ming-Yeb, but this time in a more persuasive tone. "Why should they die? Must they be slain in wanton mood? What ruthless heart can prompt such a stern command and bring the curse of Okmoo upon us?"

"You are fearful of Okmoo's wrath but I am not. I have spoken and I am your chief," replied Khang-mook. "Then tis your pride that prompts this slaughter. You desire that your form may be decked with the golden plumage of these emissaries of the Great Spirit. It is your vanity that kills and destroys," again spoke Ming-Yeb.

"Even so, if it pleases you," said Khang-mook again. "I will deck my form with their plumage to rival the sun's overpowering light. I will rival all the chiefs throughout each distant land, and none shall equal me in glory and splendor."

"It must not be! They shall not die!" again said Ming-Yeb. "I will be their friend until death, and woe unto the man who draws first bow upon them."

Ming-Yeb was beloved by all, and was moreover the best with bow and arrow of all warriors of the tribe. His words provoked admiration but there was none to champion his opposition to the chief. His pleas and cries for the spirit message birds were all in vain, he stood alone in his defiance of the barbarous edict.

"You dare to oppose me!" shrieked Khang-mook, "then you, too, shall die, though you be of royal blood."

"If I must die for Okmoo's cause it will be a glorious death; much sweeter than will be your lot and all who obey your bidding," replied Ming-Yeb.

The chieftain raised his hand as a token of authority and all was silent for a moment. Then he spoke again:

"Hear me, Ming-Yeb, and all about me. Ok-ming-Ka-moo must die as I have said, and you, too, must precede them. Slay him, my braves, and cast him out for a traitor who has dared to defy his chief."

Then a dozen bows were raised and as many arrows pierced the body of the brave youth, and he fell with a last cry for the preservation of the heaven-sent songsters.

When daylight came again there were none to oppose the proclamation of Khang-mook, and the slaughters of the spirit birds began. All day long the arrows sped, and higher and higher they heaped the piles of the slain.

There was one, however, and seemingly only one who felt the horror of the offense toward the great spirit. It was Inda, the affianced bride of Ming-Yeb, and she, the poor wild rose of raven hair, to Okmoo prayed that the chieftain's ruthless passion might be satiated. But her



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prayers continued for many days and the women were busy making for Khang-mook a gaudy raiment from the bright plumage of the innocents.

Then, as the birds were no more to be found the wrath of Okmoo began to descend upon the land.

The darkening skies gleamed with scathing lightnings around the summit of Yong-Vroo mountain, and the rising thunders crashed with peal upon peal until the mighty Bridge of the Gods fell by a fearful stroke, and the frightened air moaned over all until Khang-mook fell trembling to the earth and sent up a piteous wail for mercy to the outraged deity of the tribe.

But his prayers and repentance came too late, for the earth and mountains had been smitten with Okmoo's wrath and the mighty river was a roaring cataract, made so by the stones that once formed an arch from shore to shore, leaving only its ruined abutments, which yet stand as mementoes of that terrible time. Yeng-Vroo mountain was left scarred, seared and ragged, and on its summit where the sacred graves had been made were now to be seen only their ruins and craggy precipices upon which no man could climb to reach them.

But amid all the scene of slaughter, carnage and devastation the poor Inda had been consoled by a secret she had concealed from everyone. When the slaughter of the birds had begun she had found one lone songster slightly wounded and had carefully hidden it away in a secret spot where it soon grew well again and strong. She fed it lovingly and listened to its mournful song, for true to its instinct and the knowledge it had possessed from the Great Spirit, it knew that all its kindred were slain and that it was the only spirit-bird left.

While all the others were despairing of ever again receiving Okmoo's blessing, and bewailing the wrath he had visited upon them, the Indian maiden had stolen silently away one day to visit her lonely prisoner. It was singing a sad and mournful lay, bewailing the woes that were upon the tribe and yearning for its mate and the freedom of the woods. Its voice floated along like the notes of a mystery, like the blending of an aeolian harp and dulcet lute, and the ringing trumpet.

Then Inda took the bird in her hands and spoke to it in her softest tones:

"Oh Spirit-bird, bird of the Okmoo true! Go, if thou wilt to the spirit land, winging thy flight over mountain and sea until thou hast found the home of souls where Okmoo fills the world with gladness, and take my message of love to Ming-Yeb. Learn there, of him, what woes yet await us and what of the Multnomah's fate. What is the meaning of the darkened sky and the fierce storms that are now upon us. And to Ming-Yeb say that his love I never forget and that his Inda awaits to be called to his sweet pres-

ence. Haste thee away and plead at the feet of Okmoo that his kindling wrath may yet be stayed."

Then the bird, springing from Inda's hand, soared away on its faithful flight to the land of souls, like a golden-lighted gleam, and was lost to view over the summit of the Yeng-Vroo, with a flood of song, while the maiden awaited his return in a lonely vigil at the grave of her lover.

There she was found by her kindred who gathered around her, and to them she told her story of the bird. They gathered the tribe to hear the tale again, and in silent expectancy awaited the coming of the songster to learn their fate.

The lightnings continued to flash and the startling thunders crashed against the mountains with their echoes reverberating from one to another, while the inky sky overhead poured down its deluge upon them. "Behold! behold! The message-bird cometh!" cried Inda at last, and like a pinion of light it came down among the hushed people and delighted upon the grave of Ming-Yeb.

Then it sang:
"Sad is the message the Spirit-bird bringeth,
And sad is the song the Message-bird singeth;
With a message of wrath is the Spirit-bird laden;
Woe, woe, to Multnomah, Oh sorrowing maiden."

"Woe, woe, to the red man, woe!
For Okmoo's face is dark with wrath;
Blood shall like the waters flow,
The pale-face tribes are on thy path."

"Woe, woe, to Multnomah, woe!
Vain to slay the avenging hand;
Scattered shall the remnants go,
To the borders of the land."

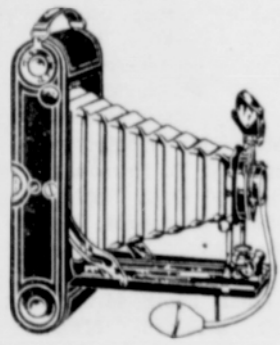
To a pale and mighty race
Shall Multnomah now give place,
Far away shall all be driven,
To the ice your lanes be given;
And in terror shall you roam
From your consecrated home—
To the dark sea's desolate shore,
There by Okmoo beat no more,
By the wild and muttering sea—
Rise up! rise up! Prepare to flee!

"Woe, woe to Multnomah, woe!
Blood shall like the water flow—
Rise up! rise up! For Okmoo's wrath
Hath sent the Thunderers on thy path,
Whose blazing lightnings sear and smite!
Oh vain to oppose their hosts of might!
Rouse up! rouse up! Prepare for flight;
The thunderers come with fires that smite."

"Woe, woe to Multnomah, woe!
Blood shall like the waters flow—
Vain to oppose the scouring foe."
Then, as the message-bird ended its sorrowful and prophetic song, he flew away again like an arrow speeding from a bow and winged his way to the land of souls like a golden gleam of light.

Inda fell in a death faint upon the grave of her lover and her poor spirit followed the message-bird to its home in heaven.

Even as the spirit-bird had foretold the pale-face came with torch and brand and ravaged the country of the Multnomahs with smiting sword and murderous flame. The tribe was scattered over all the west and the remnant is now so small that the legend is only a memory of the last few of a race once great and powerful.



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