

Himmelsbach -Local fame  
(Adrienne Dore)

Doll Himmelsbach of Yakima, now known as Adrienne Dore a motion picture actress won second place in the national beauty contest decided at Atlantic City last night. Miss Himmelsbach, whose parents originally called her Elizabeth, was selected as Miss Los Angeles and competed in behalf of her adopted city.

She has made her home in the film colony for a couple of years and is rapidly coming to the heights of stardom in the movie world.

The crown of Miss America was given to Miss Fay Lamphier of Alameda, who competed as Miss California and won the title by a 12 to 3 decision, according to the Associated Press dispatches. There were 65 contestants for the crown won last year by Ruth Malcolmson of Philadelphia.

Ella Dawson, a cardinal woman of Ellensburgh, was arrested Wednesday on complaint of Al Keran, charged with using obscene language. The faail Ella was fined \$35 and then entered complaint against Keran on a similar charge. 10-3-90

Captain Harry Clarke, a famous Indian fighter and the hero of  
a thrilling gun episode at Yreka, Cal. spent a couple of days in  
the city this week looking after the ~~interested~~ interests of  
the Jesse Moore whiskey. 10-7-91

When I met Tommy first his only asset was in serious danger for his five underfed and underbred ponies were about to be seized for overdue taxes.

I could not help Tommy with money but tried to with advice.

Strike old Sam Ashby for a couple of hundred dollars I suggested. Sam Ashby was one of the rich men of Helena, Mont. at that period and ran a small savings bank.

Tommy Cruse tried old Sam Ashby. All he got was some pretty free talk in which the banker assured Tommy Cruse that he would rather throw money into the house with his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken shiftless fellow.

Tommy Cruse got his money however.

Three weeks later he located the great Drum Lummond gold mine. He knew he had a big thing but couldn't make anyone believe in his mine. For years he worked at it, living at times a dog's life.

Once while taking to a friend of mine, he fell forward unconscious; he had not eaten a mouthful of food for thirty-six hours and yet with a dogged persistency had worked on till he fell in his tracks.

At last his day came. He opened a big vein and had a million dollars to his credit in a good, safe bank.

Hard times were over. He decided to pose as a solid citizen so he opened a savings bank at Helena. One of the first men to apply to Tommy Cruse, banker, for a small loan was the one-time banker, Sam Ashby, now less prosperous. Then came to the old prospector the happiest moment of his life.

For Tommy Cruse, showing his would be customer the door, assured that customer in language to<sup>o</sup> emphatic and graphic for English ears, that he would sooner throw paper into the house of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow as Sam Ashby.

One day Tommy Cruse invited the whole of Montana to his wedding. He arranged for open house and free drinks with every saloon in Helena.

Consequently the night Tommy got married the whole male population got drunk, and it took a week to sober the population in to working condition-Cornhill Magazine-Nov., 1896.

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Old Blue is dead and the <sup>10</sup>Head office is in mourning.

Blue was the best known canine character in town. He was expressed to North Yakima as a puppy from Mendocino, Calif, in 1890 and attached to him was a record of pedigree a yard long, showing direct descent from the finest line of greyhound kings.

He became a town dog in all that the term implied and would take his meals from all hands at odd hours and ~~was~~ worse he became addicted to the use of beer.

He had his regular routes laid out and would always demand his morning's morning from every saloon unless they came to swift at one of the resorts along his way in which event he would <sup>11</sup>after getting his thirst fully quenched sleep his libations off. When quite young his disaipations would cause him to be somewhat unsteady on his legs and on one occasion after overloading his stomach and falling down seacickness <sup>12</sup>overtook him and for a long while reformation promised to be permanent but his appetite gained the mastery over him and until his death which occurred on Monday. Saloons were notified that he had been probated but some way or other he always managed to get his favorite beverage.

His death was the result of a garter a swelling in the throat which was finally choking him to death until a merciful bullet put an end to his suffering.

Blue was not a dog of bad disposition but evil habits sometimes made him cranky. He withstood attempts to kill him by posion and shooting.

When Blue was at his best he was a jumper from Jumpersville and after seeing him go over a pair of six foot screen doors without apparent effort a representative of Sells Bros. circus which was exhibiting here asked Blue's owner to name his price. He offered \$100.

The next time Blue had a chance to star the country was in '94 when one of those pestiferous concerns known as Uncle Tom's

Cabin troops dragged him off to Spokane, probably with the intention of making him take the character of Little Eva, but the troupe, on telegraphic instruction was held up by Deputy U.S. Marshal Sam Vinson and made to disgorge the late lamented who was sent back home with an express tag on him labeled:

"The Hon Blue Reed, North Yakima, Wash. Feed him on tenderloin steaks for he was raised a pet." Yakima Herald, Dec. 10, 1896.

## Characters

Probably no town of its size has as many very rich men as Colorado Springs, Colo. They have millionaires to burn.

Colorado Springs is the home of W.S. Stratton, the man who a few weeks ago was at work with a jack plane, earning a scanty living but who now is the possessor of anywhere from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. Stratton does not have the appearance of a man borne down with a weighty pocket book. Much of the time he goes around in clothes a tramp would object to.

When he had, in a couple of years, cleaned up the paltry sum of \$4,000,000, he thought the family would like a vacation. They concluded to go to California.

The next day he went to Denver on business. He went into a ticket office.

Have you got a bargain in tickets to California? Asked Stratton.

The clerk looked him over carefully and concluded that a hobo had dropped in to get out of the sun.

Not today, we may have one tomorrow.

Well, you sell tickets to California, don't you?

Certainly said the clerk, but we have no job lot on hand at present.

How much is a ticket to San Francisco?

The clerk told him.

Let me see, I shall have to take along several people, servants you know. Guess you had better give me nine tickets.

While the clerk was staring at him Stratton was struck by a new idea.

By the way, how much will a special car cost/? I like to go as comfortable as possible when I travel. Yes, I guess I'll have a special car. How much will it cost?



The man told him. It was a large sum.

That's all right. Look here. I'm going to stay a month or six weeks and I guess I'll sleep in the special. How much more will that cost? He was told. All right, I'll take that car for six weeks. Got a blank check.

The clerk gave him one. It was filled out and handed to the clerk who said:

I know all about Mr. Stratton but I don't know that you are Mr. Stratton.

At that moment Banker Moffatt passed by. Stratton called out: Come in here, Moffatt. He came in. Am I Stratton? Y

"You are," said Moffatt.

"I thought so," said Stratton, "but this clerk has his doubts. Thank you." Chicago Times--June 3, 1897.

It appears from the testimony given in a recent law-suit at Cripple Creek, Colo. that the enormous output of \$1,025,000 of gold was made last month at the mines there says the Indiana Farmer. It seems that at one time Millionaire Stratton, formerly of Jeffersonville, Indiana, bought a 25 percent stake interest in a mine at the creek for \$247. Leslie Popejoy, who made the sale, believed that Stratton knew the value of the claims before he purchased and that he had been swindled. He therefore brought suit against Stratton for a half interest in the property. The suit was compromised by Stratton paying \$300,000 to the interest represented by Popejoy.

The suit brought out some important facts relative to Cripple Creek mines. The total production in 1892 was \$600,000; in 1896 it was \$10,000,000. The production during April, 1896 after the disastrous fire was only \$435,000. Last month it was above \$1,025,000. Yakima Herald, June 3, 1897.

Of all those dauntless spirits that roamed the forests and valleys of the Columbia in primeval days of the Northwest, tradition invests none with more romance and charm than that which clings to the name of Hank Pearson when his story is told by some comrade who still cherishes the memory of those eventful days.

Pearson resided at Vancouver, but his true home was in the trackless wildwood and upon the lone mountain side. His throne was upon the horse's back. There he held undisputed sway, for among all the expert horsemen of that time he was without a rival.

He was sent on many a venturesome expedition and was for years one of the most famous scouts in this region. At length the time came when his patriotism and daring were put to a severe test.

At the beginning of the Indian uprising under Chiefs Kamiakin and Kanasket, in the fall of 1855, Governor Stevens was near Fort Benton Mont, attending the Blackfeet Indian council. As the people needed their gallant leader in this great emergency, Hank Pearson volunteered to hasten forward with a dispatch from Acting Governor Mason.

His courage led him through 500 miles of hostile land filled with lurking savages and over rough snow covered mountains. When one horse was worn out he jumped upon another and pressed on into the dense forests and treacherous streams.

Scarcely pausing for rest and the daring rider pushed forward, through the rocky mountain passes of the Cascade range, across the lonely alkali plains of Eastern Washington and over the bleak, snow-clad ridges of the Bitter Root mountains. The blind snow storms sought in vain to check his progress, the pitiless tempest of hail and sleet passed him by unheeded. The chilling blasts drove the wildest beasts to shelter.

No night was too dark for his tireless eyes. No storm was too severe for his invincible courage. He halted at the lonely log cabin long enough to eat a hurried meal and exchange his exhausted horse for a fresh

charger.

At last, well night speechless from exposure and almost dead from fatigue, he drew up before the tent of Governor Stevens after passing through the narrow defiles of the Coeur d'Alenes and on over the icy gorges of Hell Gate's rocky pass.

The strong man, now frozen and helpless was tenderly lifted from his panting horse and carried before a blazing fire where he gradually recovered some of his strength. Quickly opening a pouch that hung by his side he took therefrom his important message which he handed to the impatient governor. In a feeble voice, broken by many a gasp, Pearson added a few words emphasizing the need of great speed.

But little urging was needed to hasten the noble Stevens. He prepared to start immediately upon his journey. As he was leaving the tent he turned and said:

"Take good care of the brave scout. My people need me and I must hurry on; where he my own boy I would instantly leave his bedside at the call of duty."

(In describing the death of General Stevens the New York Tribune of September 5, 1862 says: A moment after Stevens seized the colors his son Hazard fell wounded and cried to his father that he was hurt. With a backward glance that Roman father said "I can't attend to you now Hazard. Corporal Thompson see to my boy. That was ~~the~~ his last farewell; a few moments afterwards he lay cold and still on the field of Chantilly, his fingers still firmly clasping the flag he loved so well.)

Governor Stevens hastened on to Hell Gate where he was joined by 70 Nez Perce Indians under Chiefs Spotted Eagle and Three Feathers. These Indians acted as his escort on his perilous return and gave faithful service in the bloody war that followed.

Though the story of the heroic ride is given only as a tradition fresh from the lips of the pioneers it receives high testimony from the pen of Governor Stevens himself who in his report to the secretary of war says:

## Big Madge

Spokane, Wash. Jan 18, 1908- Mrs. Alexander DeCoign, pioneer of the Northwest, rancher, Indian fighter in the early days in North Dakota, famous as a dead shot with the rifle and revolver and believed to be the heaviest woman in the state of Washington is dead at Conconully from dropsy.

She was revered by the people of Okanogan country, northwest of here where because of her fearlessness, extraordinary mentality and kindness to her neighbors she was referred to as "Big Madge." She was 58 old and lived in the west 40 years.

Mrs. DeCoign was born of Spanish parents on shipboard off the coast of Madrid, her father and five brothers operating a coastwise sailing craft.

She was raised in Madrid, remaining there until 22 years of age when she came to America. Her maiden name is not known nor would she ever talk of her childhood days. She was married three times, her first husband being A.P. Priest, a stock raiser living in North Dakota almost 40 years ago. At that time she rode the ranges with her husband, rounding up cattle and engaging in frequent brushes with Indians.

There she learned how to handle firearms and under the tutelage of cowboys and frontiersmen she developed into a crack shot among her common feats being to strip a bounding jack rabbit to its ears in two successive shots with a rifle or revolver. In her prime it was declared she could floor any two men in the territory.

Coming to Spokane 20 years ago she established a hotel which soon became headquarters for prospectors, cruisers and cattlemen. In a few years she put aside a tidy sum. While here she also married S.S. Harris who died several years ago.

Leaving Spokane 14 years ago she went to Okanogan county taking  
up unbroken land near Lomis where she established the sheep  
ranch, living there seven years. She married Alexander  
McGinn in 1903 and joined him on an extensive ranch on  
Happy Hill, the couple going to Conconully last June.

Before being stricken she weighed 355 pounds..

Buffalo Bill will forsake his "wild west show to become a  
settler under government irrigation project.

Sitting in his office tent this morning from which canvas place  
of vantage he directed movements of hundreds of workmen engaged  
in hammering stakes and pitching tents and generally assembling  
parts of the show community, Buffalo Bill declared that he  
is going to establish home at the end of his arena career in  
Cody, Wyo, where the first of the big reclamation projects is  
located.

"To a sure the beginning of the Shoshone project about 12  
years ago " said Col. Cody, "I relinquished 160,000 acres  
of land on which I held an option under the Carey act; and now  
after I get through with the show business I am going back there  
to live. The government has already spent \$7,000,000 on the  
Shoshone while an additional \$5,000,000 of the \$20,000,000  
voted by congress will probably be used. Altogether 400,000  
acres of land will be put under water.

"I am very proud of Cody, Wyo, named after me which is an irrigation  
town like North Yakima. It is now a place of about 4,500 and  
has lots of modern improvements including a \$100,000 hotel  
which I built before there was anyone there. To show you  
how satisfied the people are let me tell you that when I was in  
Billings recently 800 residents of Cody came 170 miles on an ex-  
cursion to see the Wild West and me."

Buffalo Bill was also gollant enough to pay high compliment  
to North Yakima.

"Two Years ago when I first saw this place " said he " I was  
astonished at its proportions and its progressiveness. Now  
I see that your people have not been idle since then. I was much

impressed with the buildings which have been erected. The high school would do credit to a city of 50,000 inhabitants."

Col. Cody's intimacy with the Indians which was unpleasant enough during much of the formative period was acquired at the conclusion of the Civil War.

"Reports of killings of thousands of white men got circulated among the Indians," explained Buffalo Bill, "and the losses of various battles were so exaggerated that the Indians got to thinking that the whites had practically killed each other off. Uprisings started as a consequence. At the end of the rebellion the volunteer troops for most part were mustered out of the service. That left the task of subduing the Indians to us men in the regular army. Much of my reputation as an Indian fighter was acquired during the five years of fighting which were necessary to reduce the Indians to order."

Most of the warriors used in the Wild West are members of the Sioux tribe. Although there are no Yakimas in the show itself, there will not be lacking a large representation among the spectators.

As the colonel made his way under the tents and guy ropes he was greeted by an aged individual who claimed to know him. Hundreds of Indians were on the grounds and gazed in curiosity on Buffalo Bill as the scout left his tent to saunter over to where Major Lilly, otherwise Pawnee Bill, was attending to business details of the show.

"The public don't understand that it will take two seasons for me to make my farewell. I cannot possibly reach all the towns of this country in one season. This will be the last time I personally will show in North Yakima. Next year I shall go to those places