

ONLY WOMAN FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT IN THE UNITED STATES

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

Alone, 6,444 feet above sea level, on top of Klamath peak in Siskiyou county, California, a young woman for months at a time during the prevalence of the forest fire season last year, did her part, and did it well, in the effort the government is making to preserve the forests of the country from destructive flames which have for years past caused an annual property loss of \$25,000,000, and cost each year an average of 75 human beings.

She is Miss Hallie M. Daggett, and she is the only woman lookout employed by the forest service. As soon as the season of forest fires begins this year, Miss Daggett will again be found at her post. Posted in her small cabin on top of the mountain peak it will be her duty, as last year, to scan the vast forest in every direction as far as she can see by naked eye and telescope, by day for smoke, and for the red glare of fire by night, and report the result of her observations by telephone to the main office of the forest patrol miles and miles away.

Few women would care for such a job, fewer still would seek it, and still less would be able to stand the strain of the infinite loneliness, or the roar of the violent storms which sweep the peak, or the menace of the wild beasts which roam the heavily wooded ridges. Miss Daggett, however, not only eagerly longed for the station, but secured it after considerable exertion, and now she declares that she enjoyed the life and was intensely interested in the work she had to do.

Perhaps the call of the wild is in her blood. Her parents are pioneers, her father, John Daggett, having crossed the isthmus in 1852, and her mother, a mere baby, being taken across the plains from Kentucky the same year. Miss Daggett was born at the Klamath mine, in the shadow of the peak on which the lookout station is perched. She spent most of her early years out of doors riding and tramping over the hills with her brother, so that it was natural that, with her in-born love of the forests, she should be anxious to take part in the fight which the forest service men are making for the protection of the forests. Debarred by her sex, however, from the kind of work which most of the service men are doing, she saw no opportunity until lookout stations were established, and then after earnest solicitation secured the place she held so well.

Some of the service men predicted that after a few days of life on the peak she would telephone that she was frightened by the loneliness and the danger, but she was full of pluck and high spirit, and day after day as her keen eyes ranged the hills which constitute the Salmon river watershed, and as she made her daily reports by telephone, she grew more and more in love with her work. Even when the telephone wires were broken and when for a long time she was cut off from communication with the world below, she did not lose heart. She not only filled the place with all the skill which a trained man could have shown, but she was reappointed when the fire season opened a few weeks ago.

Miss Daggett's earliest recollection, she says, abounds with smoke-clouded summer days and fires that wandered over the country at their own sweet will, unchecked unless they happened to interfere seriously with someone's claim or woodpile, when they were usually turned off by back-firing and headed in another direction, to continue their mischief until they either died for lack of fuel or were quenched by the fall rains. Consequently, she grew up with a fierce hatred of the devastating fires, and welcomed the force which arrived to combat them. But not until the lookout stations were installed did there come an opportunity for her to join what had up to that time been a man's fight; although she and her sister had frequently been able to help on the small things, such as extinguishing spreading camp fires, or carrying supplies to the firing line.

Then through the liberal-mindedness and courtesy of the officials in her district, she was given the position of lookout at Eddy's Gulch station in the Fourth district of the Klamath national forest; and entered upon her work the first day of June, 1913, with a firm determination to make good, for she knew that the appointment of a woman was rather in the nature of an experiment, and naturally felt that there was a great deal due the men who had been willing to give her the chance.

It was a swift change in three days, from San Francisco, civilization and sea level, to a solitary cabin nearly 6,500 feet elevation and three hours' hard climb from anywhere. But in spite of the fact that almost the very first question asked by everyone is: "Isn't it awfully lonesome up there?" Miss Daggett declares that never for a moment, after the first half-hour following her sister's departure with the pack animals, when she had a chance to look around, did she feel the slightest longing to retrace her steps. While she had been on the peak before in her early rambles, she had never thought of it as a home. One of her pet dreams had always been of a log cabin, and here was an ideal one, brand new the summer before, and as cozy indoors as could be wished, while outdoors, all outdoors, was a grander doorway than any estate in the land could boast. It was a prospect of glorious freedom from four walls and a time-clock.

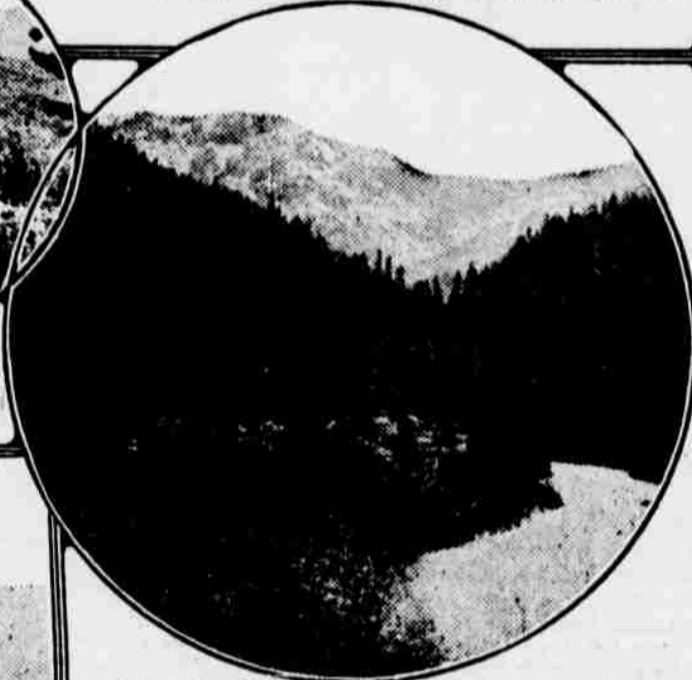
Klamath peak is not really a peak in the conventional sense of the word, but it is rather the culmination of a long series of ridges running up from the watersheds of the north and south forks of the Salmon river. Its central location in the district makes it, however, an ideal spot for a



KLAMATH PEAK LOOKOUT STATION MISS DAGGETT'S CABIN



VIEW FROM TOP OF KLAMATH PEAK, SHOWING FIRE DAMAGE



VIEW OF SNOW-CLAD KLAMATH PEAK



MISS DAGGETT ON TOP OF KLAMATH PEAK

station. Miss Daggett describes it as the hub of a wheel with the lines of ridges as spokes, and an unbroken rim of peaks encircling around it; some eternally snow-capped, and most of them higher than itself.

To the east there is a shoulder of snowy Shasta and an unseen neighbor lookout on Eagle peak; to the south, the high, jagged edge of Trinity county, and, just discernible with the glasses, a shining new cabin on Packer's peak; to the west, behind Orleans mountain with its ever-watchful occupant, a faint glimpse of the shining Pacific shows with a favorable sunset, and all in between is a seeming wilderness of ridges and gulches, making up what is said to be one of the finest continuous views in the whole of the West.

"Bird and animal life were also very plentiful," says Miss Daggett, "filling the air with songs and chatter, coming to the doorstep for food, and often invading the cabin itself. I positively declined owning a cat on account of its destructive intentions on small life—a pair of owls proving satisfactory as mice catchers, besides being amusing as neighbors as well. Frequently deer fed around the cabin in the evenings, and there was a small bear down by the spring, besides several larger ones whose tracks I often saw on the trail. In addition to these, a couple of porcupines helped keep me from becoming lonesome, by using various means to find a way into the cabin at night.

"All these animals being harmless, it had never been my custom to carry a gun in so-called western fashion, until one morning I discovered a big panther track out on the trail, and then in deference to my family's united request, I buckled on the orthodox weapon, which had been accumulating dust on the cabin shelf, and proceeded to be picturesque, but to no avail, as the beast did not again return.

"At many of the stations the question of wood and water is a serious one on account of the elevation; but I was especially favored, as wood lies about in all shapes and quantities, only waiting for an ax to convert it into suitable lengths, while water unlimited could be melted from the snow banks which lingered until the last of July, although it did seem a little odd to go for water with a shovel in addition to a bucket. Later the supply was packed in canvas sacks from a spring about a mile away in the timber. This was always a job sought by anyone coming up on horseback; and thanks to the kindly efforts of the guards who passed that way, and my few visitors, it was always easy to keep the pot boiling. My sister brought up my supplies and mail from home every week, a distance of nine miles."

The daily duties of life at Miss Daggett's lookout are small, merely consisting of an early-morning and late evening trip of half a mile to the point of the ride, where the trees obscure the north view of the cabin, and a constant watch on all sides for a trace of smoke. A watch of this nature soon becomes an instinct, according to Miss Daggett, for she found herself often awakening in the night for a look around. In fact, she

soon became to feel, as she expresses it, that the lookout is "an ounce of prevention." Then there are three daily reports to be sent to the district headquarters in town, to prove that everything is serene, and extra reports if they are not, and lastly a little, very little, housework to do.

Not a very busy day, as judged by our modern standards of rush, but a lookout's motto might well be "They also serve who only stand and wait." And there is always the great map spread out at one's feet to study by new lights and shadows while waiting, and the ever-busy phone with its numerous calls, which must be kept within hearing, so that one cannot wander far.

That phone, Miss Daggett says, with its gradually extending feelers, made her feel exactly like a big spider in the center of a web, with the fires for flies; and those fires were certainly treated to exactly the speedy fate of the other unworthy pests. Through all the days up to the close of the term on November 6, when a light snow put an end to all danger of fires, she felt an ever-growing sense of responsibility, which finally came to be almost a feeling of proprietorship, resulting in the desire to punish anyone careless enough to set fires in her "door-yard."

The utter dependence on the telephone was brought vividly to Miss Daggett's mind one afternoon soon after her arrival, when an extra heavy electrical storm, which broke close by, caused one of the electrical arresters on the outside of the cabin to burn out, quite contrary to precedent, and she was cut off from the world until the next day, when someone from the office came up in haste to find out the cause of the silence and set things right. They often joke now, she says, about expecting to find her hidden under a log for safety, but it wasn't quite so funny at the time.

There seems, however, to be very little actual danger from these storms, in spite of the fact that they are very heavy and numerous at that elevation. One soon becomes accustomed to the racket, or, at least, Miss Daggett did. But in the damage these storms cause by starting fires lies their chief interest to the lookout, for it requires a quick eye to detect, in among the rage of fogs which arise in their wake, the small puff of smoke which tells of some tree struck in a burnable spot. Generally it shows at once, but in one instance there was a lapse of almost two weeks before the fall of the smoldering top fanned up enough smoke to be seen.

At night the new fires show up like tiny candle flames, and are easily spotted against the dark background of the ridges, but are not so easy to exactly locate for an immediate report. Upon the speed and accuracy of this report, however, depends the efficiency of the service, as was proved by the summer's record of extra small acreage burned in spite of over forty fires reported.

To the electrical storms, Miss Daggett adds, are attributed most of our present-day fires, as traveler and citizen alike are daily feeling more responsible for the preservation of the riches bestowed by nature, and although some still hold to the same views as one old-timer, who made the comment, when lightning fires were being discussed, that he "guessed that was the Almighty's way of clearing the forests," the general trend of opinion seems to be that man, in the form of forest service, is doing an excellent work in keeping a watchful eye on the limits of that hitherto wholesale clearing.

COLORS' EFFECTS ON MOODS

Belief That Has Long Been Held Is Declared to Have Real Foundation in Scientific Fact.

People to whom certain colors represent sounds or emotions have long been laughed at, but scientific work on the sun's rays is proving them to have justification for their theories.

Red, it appears, is the most exciting and stimulating of all colors and has a special effect on the activity of the brain. Blue, which so many people in an age of great nervous strain and tension find soothing, is so in reality. Unless you are in a depressed and melancholy state sea blue curtains at your bedroom windows have a beneficial effect, especially if you face south and get the morning sun.

Color, indeed, especially in flowers, has an extraordinary effect on the mental condition. The sight of crimson, pink and amethyst rhododendrons growing in the open air has a curiously uplifting and joyous effect.

Acquitted.

Ex-Representative Eddy of Minnesota never resented the title of "the homeliest man in congress." In the opinions of his opponents, Mr. Eddy had "wabbled" on a certain issue in the campaign. Some time later, on an occasion when he was billed to speak, he found that one of the newspapers had announced his coming in a headline reading: "Two-Faced Eddy Speaks Here Tonight."

That evening, when Mr. Eddy stepped before his audience, he said: "You must know, ladies and gentlemen, that I am not the man referred to in this paper. It must be someone else, for there is no one here who does not know that, had I two faces, I would not wear this one."

Encouraging.

"Did you catch any fish?" asked the woman who is always encouraging. "Not one," replied her husband. "We got a couple of nibbles and then there was nothing doing all day." "Well, even if you didn't catch any I'll bet you gave them an awful scare."

The man who marries a pretty girl is apt to get the short end of it if he takes her at her face value.

After dreaming they were soul-mates an Ohio couple got married. May they never wake up!

Doesn't Miss It. "Does your furnace smoke to a disagreeable extent, Mrs. Jags?" "No; but my husband does."

The fellow who is a bad egg isn't hard to beat, but nobody wants to tackle the job.

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Many occupations weaken the kidneys, causing aching backs, urinary disorders and a dull, drowsy, discouraged feeling. Work exposing one to chills, dampness or sudden changes; work in cramped positions; work amid the fumes of turpentine; constant riding on jolting vehicles, is especially hard on the kidneys.

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We are permitted to publish in this announcement extracts from the letters of five women. All have been recently received unsolicited. Could any evidence be more convincing?

- HODGDON, ME.—"I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached and I was so nervous I could not sleep, and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation, but I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Hodgdon, Me.
- CHARLOTTE, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor, and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Winona St., Charlotte, N. C.
- HANOVER, PA.—"The doctor advised a severe operation, but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it."—Mrs. ADA WILZ, 196 Stock St., Hanover, Pa.
- DECATUR, ILL.—"I was sick in bed and three of the best physicians said I would have to be taken to the hospital for an operation as I had something growing in my left side. I refused to submit to the operation and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and it worked a miracle in my case, and I tell other women what it has done for me."—Mrs. LAURA A. GRISWOLD, 2300 Bk. East William Street, Decatur, Ill.
- CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"I was very irregular and for several years my side pained me so that I expected to have to undergo an operation. Doctors said they knew of nothing that would help me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I became regular and free from pain. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."—Mrs. C. H. GRIFFITH, 7305 Madison Av., Cleveland, O.

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