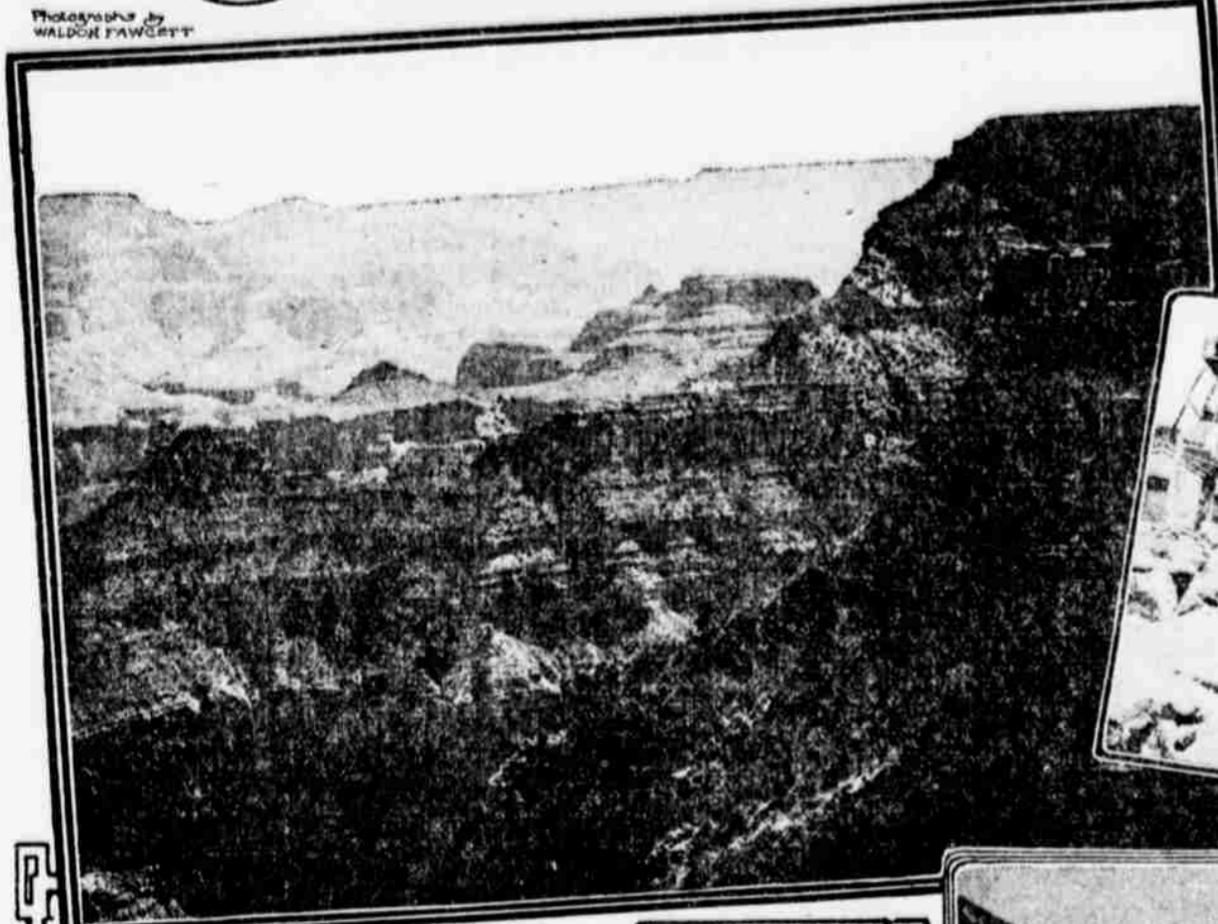


MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

AN AMERICAN PASTIME

by WALDON FAWCETT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALDON FAWCETT



GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA



ANY PERSONS are wont to think of mountain climbing—or at least mountain climbing that is really worthy of the name—as a form of pastime for which one must journey to Europe. Some of the people, even, who have appreciated all along that this continent afforded opportunities for mountain climbing equal in every respect to anything offered by the snow-clad peaks of Switzerland are not aware that a goodly number of strenuous Americans are now taking advantage of these opportunities.

Some people, to be sure, started their careers as mountain climbers in the United States and have confined their indulgence in the sport to the mountain regions of Yankeedom, but they are surpassed numerically by the subjects of Uncle Sam who first became converts to mountain climbing in Switzerland or other foreign parts and then came home perhaps to discover that we have just as difficult peaks under the Stars and Stripes as can be found in any part of the old world.

Sometimes fate steps in and makes what might be termed an involuntary convert to American mountain climbing. A case in point is that of Charles E. Hughes, governor of New York, who has recently been appointed to the United States Supreme court. Mountain climbing is the pet hobby of Governor Hughes, and for years he spent every summer in Switzerland scaling the peaks. Then came his election to the gubernatorial position and with it new responsibilities which in effect made it impossible for him to engage in a prolonged vacation far from home. Thereupon Governor Hughes and his son—who is likewise a mountain climber—turned their attention to the Adirondacks and here he found peaks that aroused his enthusiasm, for they are clad in a dense forest growth that is quite as baffling in many respects as glaciers and crevasses and the governor discovered that a mountain 5,000 feet high may test the mettle of a pedestrian quite as fully as some more lofty peaks.

Mountain climbing in the Adirondacks, in the White mountains of New Hampshire and in the Blue Ridge of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia has been an accepted summer sport for some years past, but it has grown tremendously in popularity of late. Some of the experienced climbers who enjoy the sport only when it involves hazards that test the steadiness of eye, clearness of head and sureness of foot in the maximum degree are wont to regard none too seriously the assaults of the amateurs on the mountains east of the Mississippi, but it must be admitted in defense of mountain climbing in the east that it has brought color to the cheeks and sparkle to the eyes of many a weary city dweller and in not a few instances it has served as a preparatory school for climbers who have later become experts in a more exacting environment. In the west, on the other hand, we have mountain climbing that, from every consideration of danger and daring ranks with any similar activity abroad, although, to be sure, newspaper readers hear much less about it. Perhaps this latter circumstance is due in part to the rarity in America of those harrowing accidents which cost the lives of so many mountain climbers in Switzerland. In the southwest the trip up Mount Wilson in California has become a popular diversion for both men and women and the Grand Canyon of Arizona—that great gash in the earth 13 miles wide and a mile deep—is affording an equivalent of mountain climbing that is without a rival or a counterpart, scenically or otherwise, on the other side of the Atlantic or indeed anywhere in the world.

The Yosemite valley, with its sheer walls of rock and other freaks of nature, offers problems that have commanded the respect and incidentally fired the ambition of mountain climbers of every nationality, while Alaska has in Mount McKinley a peak that is generally accounted one of the most difficult in the entire world. Generally speaking, mountain climbing in America has reached its most pretentious development in the Pacific northwest and in the Canadian Rockies. In the latter region—the Switzerland of America—there are glaciers as formidable and as interesting as any expanses of snow and ice in foreign lands and the snow-capped peaks of Mount Hood and Mount Rainier have afforded to the people of Oregon and Washington constant object lessons that have proven an incentive to mountain climbing. Swiss guides have been brought to the Canadian Rockies for the benefit of new



TYPICAL ADIRONDACK'S GUIDE

world mountain climbers, but to the credit of our patriotism be it said that most of the guides in our own western mountain regions are Americans. Several mountain-climbing clubs have been organized on the Pacific slope and climbing expeditions are carried out yearly, women as well as men participating in most of these excursions to great altitudes.

No mention of mountain climbing in America, however brief, would be complete without reference to the development of mountain climbing by



CLIMBING MOUNT HOOD IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

mechanical means in this country. A cog railroad that carries sightseers to the top of Mount Washington, N. H., has for years been an adjunct of New England's highest peak and a comfortable hotel on the summit enables tourists to be content in this realm of perpetual frost and to enjoy the sunrise and sunset effects. A similar railroad, yet more remarkable from an engineering standpoint, carries non-athletic mountain climbers up Pike's Peak in Colorado and in the same state the Moffat road conveys tourists to the crest of the Great Divide in standard coaches drawn by locomotives of the regulation type. There are "mountain climbing" railroads in California and similar highways have been proposed for the peaks of the Pacific northwest, whereas congress has been appealed to permit a venturesome capitalist to install an inclined railway from the rim to the depths of the Grand Canyon.

World's Oldest Bellmakers

Amidst the tawdriness, the racket and the alien squalor of our modern Whitechapel road stands a quiet, tidy, old Georgian house, and to one side of it an old-fashioned, oak-shuttered office, the London Chronicle says. Behind this unassuming exterior there still, in fact, prospers "the oldest established business of any kind in England," and that "business" is bound up with all that is highest and holiest and most endeared to the national heart. For over the door, in plain English—a refreshing change from the Yiddish posters that flare in the shop windows all around—we may still read the simple legend, "Mears & Stainbank's Bell Foundry, Established 1570."

Here, then—or, at any rate, not far away—while Shakespeare was still a schoolboy and two centuries before Schiller had arrived to immortalize the bell in splendid song on the eternal emblem of man's ascent from earth to heaven—there was being molded the world's mightiest music by just such honest, simple-hearted fellows as may be seen even now busying themselves by pit and furnace in the actual foundry beyond a little courtyard.

To tell the exact truth, the original foundry of Queen Elizabeth's time was just across the way. It was moved to its present site in 1738, the existing house being at that time a country inn called the Artichoke, standing then among pleasant fields. Without a break from that day to this, though proprietors have changed once or twice, the work of bell founding has gone on behind those quiet walls. The list of famous bells that have been, as one might say, "born" out of dull earth in these lowly precincts is almost bewildering. For, indeed, at the present moment, there is only one other important foundry in England—that, namely, of Loughborough—devoted exclusively to bellmaking.

Thus the famous "Bow bells" themselves, in reality among the sweetest and truest in the world, were made at Whitechapel. The present "tenor," as the deepest bell of a peal is always called, was cast here in 1738. It weighed 2½ tons and it itself replaced a bell from the same source that had been founded in 1669. The legendary bells of Whittington's time can, of course, hardly be laid claim to.

Among other noted Whitechapel bells are the great bell of Westminster, weighing over 13 tons—the largest ever cast in London; the "clock bells" of St. Paul's, hung in 1790, and still in use; "Great Tom" of Lincoln cathedral, a famous bell that could be heard 13 miles off; "Great Peter" of

York minster, which was for a time the largest bell in England, and, not least, the great bell in Montreal cathedral, weighing 11 tons and the largest ever shipped—a significant ambassador of an old faith to a new world.

Quite apart from the eternal poetry that has woven itself around the being and becoming of bells, there is hardly an industry that has about it a more individual charm. These men of the Whitechapel foundry are no mere journeymen mechanics. They have been bred to the work, most of them, from their earliest years. The art of bell founding is handed down from father to son. In the same Whitechapel foundry there are no fewer than three generations of one family working side by side today and five generations of the same family have worked there—the grandfather for 45 years, the great-grandfather for more than half a century.

People who talk of "jangling" bells as being unmusical have certainly no honest bell founder to blame, for no bell can be unmusical unless it is badly made or badly rung. Indeed, every great bell has to be so perfectly proportioned in shape, size, weight and thickness that each part of it shall sound a rightly differing note and that the result shall be a perfect chord. In this way, while the "lip" which the clapper strikes gives out the "fundamental note," the "waist" must sound a third higher, the "shoulder" a fifth higher and the top of it the exact octave. So the whole bell gives out a chord of which each note fades into the other. It is this harmony that lingers in the ear and gives the bell its peculiar magic.

After the bell is founded, if it sounds sharp anywhere, it can, with great care, be filed down by an upright lathe till the right tone is produced. If it sounds flat nothing can be done and it is the ambition of bell molders to turn out a bell that shall be exactly right as it comes from the mold.

It is pleasant to hear that in spite of all new-fangled cynical objections this sacred old industry is still flourishing. From the Whitechapel foundry bells have gone forth in their hundreds in these last years to every quarter of the world—from Buenos Ayres to Quebec, from Calcutta to Colombo, from Hongkong to Tasmania. Even America—with a 45 per cent. import duty—has come to England for its bells. One of the largest recently made at Whitechapel will doubtless sound as sweet in the ears of Chicago as did the bells of Fulham to Queen Elizabeth when she came gliding in her royal barge down London's silver river.

TRAINING OF SEALS

Old Circus Man Tells How Tricks Are Taught.

Balancing the Ball, Beating the Drum and Cymbals Are All Based on the "Nature of the Brute."

New York—The mere spectator usually thinks that trained seals are the finest product of the circus menagerie; but according to an old trainer, it is a simple trick to teach them their feats. The cardinal principle is, not to attempt to make an animal do anything contrary to the nature of its particular species. To be successful, then, the trainer must know enough about the habits of the animals to enable him to fit the tricks to their needs. He must not try to make an elephant climb or a lion play the drum.

"You begin with one seal, a lot of little pieces of fish, and a bit of string. You let the seal sit on his pedestal, which he likes to do by nature; then you throw him one of the pieces of fish, and he naturally and easily catches it.

"Next you tie a piece of fish on the end of your string, and swing it toward the seal, he catches that, too, and you keep moving away from him, and swinging the reward to him from an increasing distance. Now you are ready to begin with the hat or cornucopia; placing and tying a bit of the fish up in the tip of it, you toss it to the seal. He is dextrous by nature, and his nose, detecting the fish up in the cone, quickly seeks it. He bites it out and tosses the cone aside. Before long he comes to associate that cone with his loved fish, and he will catch any number of similar ones, and toss them aside when he fails to find what he wants. That's all there is to the trick, you see.

"Balancing the big rubber ball is based on the same principle. The ball is soaked in fishy brine, and thrown to the seal. He gets the odor and tries his best to get into the ball and find what he's after. This results in his balancing the ball on his nose, a feat for which his quickness,



Seal in Balancing.

his supple, muscular neck and his natural feeding habits are all adapted, and then he gets his piece of fish as a prize.

"The man working with seals thinks to himself, 'What else do seals do naturally.' And the answer comes, 'They like to slap and beat round with their front flippers.' Here is the basis for a good and effective trick. Down on the side of the pedestal on which the seal is placed, an automobile horn is fastened, or a little drum, or a tin pan. The seal, in the excitement of being fed, slaps with his flipper for all he's worth, and you can see that with a few simple adaptations, such as tying a cymbal to the flipper, for instance, a seal band is assembled and sets the audience wild by its comic and clever performance.

"It's all so simple, you know—when you are on the inside."

Galileo's Telescope.

Few people are aware that the first practical telescope, which Galileo used in discovering the satellites of Jupiter in January, 1610, is still in existence and preserved at the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence.

It is about 200 years since this instrument was first turned toward the heavens. Unlike the present astronomical type, it had a concave instead of a convex eye-piece, just like the opera glasses now in use.

When Galileo first exhibited his new telescope to the doge and an enthusiastic assembly on the tower of St. Mark's in Venice he was overwhelmed with honors because it was thought that the instrument would give the soldiers and sailors of the republic a great advantage over their enemies.

Ancient Treasure Unearthed.

The antiquarian treasures recently unearthed in Gothland consist of 1,504 whole coins and 85 imperfect coins, a fragment of the border of a clasp, a portion of a buckle and some plain pieces of silver.

The most recent of the coins date back to the middle of the eleventh century. The oldest are 28 Arabian coins, which appear to have been used as ornaments. Among others are 1,115 German coins and 720 Anglo-Saxon pieces bearing the effigies of King Ethelred and of King Canute.

Rural Life Robbed of Its Terrors. Stella—Are you afraid of cows? Bella—Not with my hatpins.

RECOGNIZES A GOOD WORK

Ex-President Roosevelt Pays Enthusiastic Tribute to Mission Hospitals.

In Uganda, Mr. Roosevelt responded to an invitation to open a new addition to the Mongo C. M. S. hospital. Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Long before I came here I had known of the work that was being done in Uganda, and felt particularly anxious to see it. Here you have a particularly intelligent native race, which has already developed a very interesting culture of its own, a culture both political and social. And the great work must necessarily be to try to help that race onward, and to try to do it in a practical fashion, and to do it so that the doing of it shall be primarily a benefit to the race, and, secondly, a benefit to your own people from whom you come.

"I have the strongest feeling as to the good that is being done by the medical missionary. There must be some visible fruit in the life and work of the man who preaches if his preaching is going to have a very great effect upon those to whom he preaches. That visible fruit can be shown in many different ways, and one of the most efficient ways of showing it is by just such work as is being done in connection with this building, which it will naturally be a source of peculiar pride to myself to have my name associated with, and which I now take pleasure in declaring to be open."

SKIN BEAUTY PROMOTED

In the treatment of affections of the skin and scalp which torture, disfigure, itch, burn, scale and destroy the hair, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are well-nigh infallible. Millions of women throughout the world rely on these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, and for the sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., sole proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies, will mail free, on request, their latest 32-page Cuticura Book on the skin and hair.

Lazy William.

"You are advertising for a chauffeur, I see, Mrs. De Payste."

"Yes, we had to let William go last week."

"I thought you were well pleased with him."

"At first we were, but a new broom sweeps clean, you know, and we found that William was lazy. He was fine at washing the windows, spading the garden, pumping the vacuum cleaner, mowing the lawn, tending the furnace, running errands, pressing clothes, sweeping the walks, polishing the floors, oiling the furniture, preparing the vegetables, waiting on table and doing the dishes. But he was lazy. He used to go to sleep at midnight regularly, no matter where he was. Many a time Mr. De Payste has left the club for home at two o'clock in the morning and found William snoring in the car outside. Imagine how it must have looked to our friends to see our chauffeur asleep in the street!"

Conditional Piety.

Two Scotch fishermen, James and Sandy, belated and befogged on a rough water, were in some trepidation lest they should never get ashore again. At last Jamie said:

"Sandy, I'm steering, and I think you'd better put up a bit of prayer."

"I don't know how," said Sandy.

"If ye don't I'll chuck ye overboard," said Jamie.

Sandy began: "Oh, Lord, I never asked anything of ye for fifteen years, and if ye'll only get us safe back, I'll never trouble ye again, and—"

"Whist, Sandy," said Jamie. "The boat's touched shore; don't be beholden to anybody."—Short Stories.

Had a Reason.

"Why don't you call your newspaper the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the political boss.

"Any special reason for wanting me to do so?"

"Well, it's a useless organ."

A DETERMINED WOMAN

Finally Found a Food That Cured Her.

"When I first read of the remarkable effects of Grape-Nuts food, I determined to secure some," says a woman in Salisbury, Mo. "At that time there was none kept in this town, but my husband ordered some from a Chicago traveler.

"I had been greatly afflicted with sudden attacks of cramps, nausea, and vomiting. Tried all sorts of remedies and physicians, but obtained only temporary relief. As soon as I began to use the new food the cramps disappeared and have never returned. "My old attacks of sick stomach were a little slower to yield, but by continuing the food, that trouble has disappeared entirely. I am today perfectly well, can eat anything and everything I wish, without paying the penalty that I used to. We would not keep house without Grape-Nuts.

"My husband was so delighted with the benefits I received that he has been recommending Grape-Nuts to his customers and has built up a very large trade on the food. He sells them by the case to many of the leading physicians of the county, who recommend Grape-Nuts very generally. There is some satisfaction in using a really scientifically prepared food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.