

MT. ADAMS AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH

NATURE'S WONDERS THAT ARE NOT GENERALLY KNOWN TO MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS



MT ADAMS FROM NEAR TROUT LAKE PHOTO BY F.A. SHOEGREN



LIKE a mighty hermit, removed from all lines of travel, Mount Adams stands in his regal splendor, almost unknown to the world. The sides from which tourists usually approach this great mountain are the least interesting and, so seeing little of his sterner features, they return to civilization, not dreaming of the glories they have missed. It is only on the south and southwest sides that the snow line can be reached with anything like ease, and these sides have little to present compared with what may be seen on the north and the east. It is the purpose of this article to deal with the remote and unknown parts of the old volcano.

To make the circuit of Mount Adams, one must follow an Indian trail which goes entirely around the mountain. In by-gone days, this was the great highway for hundreds of roving red men, on their way to and from the big huckleberry patches on the north. Here the braves hunted, gambled and raced horses, while the squaws picked and dried the luscious berries. Now, however, the Indians are few, their old trails are gradually becoming disused, and it is with difficulty that they can be followed in many places. The disappearance of these ancient paths is one of the saddest reminders of the passing of the race.

Prior to 1901, no systematic effort had been made to explore the glaciers of Mount Adams. The writer saw all of those upon its slopes in the Autumn of 1898; but not until Professor Reid's expedition last Summer were they mapped and photographed. It was then determined that there were nine principal glaciers; besides a few fragments. All are now named but two. There are many indications that they were formerly larger and more numerous than at present. On the south, far below snow lips, the rocks show evidence of glacial action, and on the northwest there are large ridges and tables of striated rock.

From the north side of Adams the view is magnificent. On the northwest corner the big Adams glacier comes down from the summit snow fields, and spreads out like an enormous fan. Its terminal moraine is 200 feet thick, overlooking a beautiful alpine valley where the camping is ideal. Indeed, there are many of these delightful spots on this part of the mountain.

Turning his back to the nearer glories of snow fields and glacier, the traveler sees, spread before him, a vast panorama of forest, canyon and craggy peak, with St. Helens on the left, Rainier in the center and Goat Mountain on the right. Immediately north of Mount Adams is a considerable plain containing a chain of picturesque lakes. Here, formerly, was a dense forest; but in August, 1857 a terrible fire devastated it and left a great part of it a treeless waste. So fierce was this conflagration that the smoke from it rolled completely over the summit of the big peak. In this region is one of the huckleberry patches above mentioned. At the old Indian camping ground, there existed, a few years ago—and it is probably there yet—a strange phenomenon. This was a glacial stream that was dry the fore part of the day. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, however, there would be a sudden rush of milky water and an ample flow would continue until long after night. During the hours of darkness the flood would subside, leaving a dry, rocky bed exposed in the morning.

On nearly all sides of the mountain are lava flows. These are especially noticeable on the southwest, northwest and northeast parts. It is the opinion of Professor Reid that some of these flows may have occurred within the last 100 years. The trail leads over all of them. There are, also, a number of parasitic buttes, of cones; generally below snow line, having elevations of from 200 to 300 feet. Of these, the principal ones are Rainbow, South, Red and Parasite Buttes. The two latter still have well-formed craters, Rainbow Butte (700 feet) is the most picturesque, although its crater has long since disappeared. On its south slope is a massive yellow cliff, 200 feet high, which has been fitted named the Castle. Red Butte is situated on the Ridge of Wonders, between Hell-Bearing Canyon and the Grand Canyon of the Muddy. From its top, an unsurpassed view of Mount Adams may be had. On Parasite Butte, foliurite is found.

The eastern side of Mount Adams surpasses all others in magnificence. It must be remembered that this mountain is longer north and south than it is east and west, consequently giving a very broad face on the east. There is a great snow field extending nearly around the summit dome. At an elevation of a little over 11,000 feet the snow breaks on the edge of a tremendous precipice. Here it hangs, above the dizzy height, in a clear, white wall, 200 feet high, charged with the latent power of 1000 avalanches. The precipice has a probable length of

two miles, and towers from 200 to 300 feet above the glaciers at its base. So nearly perpendicular is it, in most places, that the snow can find no lodgment. The cliffs are richly colored in red and yellow and black and gray, producing a striking effect when taken in connection with the wild solitude of the scene. About midway of its length, the precipice is divided by Battlement Rock and Ridge. Like a mighty bulwark, Battlement Rock stands bravely pressing aside the ever-downward crowding mass of snow, turning it to the right and to the left to be finally hurled over the heading steep onto the glaciers beneath. With level top and jagged sides, the sturdy old rock stands there, year after year, alone and unconquered, for no man has ever climbed it.

From the foot of Battlement Rock, Battlement Ridge, leads down to Avalanche Valley. At about 800 feet this ridge divides, forming a depression, which is evidently an old crater, called Crater Basin. On the southern rim, overlooking Kilekittat glacier, is a small crater of later origin, with a fresh-looking lava flow from below it. On the north side of the basin is a rugged, yellow pinnacle which undoubtedly once formed one wall of the larger crater. Above Crater Basin the ridge is rough narrow and broken by many rocky spires, around which it is hard to find a way. On either side the slope is almost perpendicular, and loose stones go bounding down at every step. August 23, 1901, our party climbed up the ridge and reached the foot of Battlement Rock; but, being unprepared for such dangerous work, we did not deem it wise to go higher. In one place it was necessary to crawl beneath an overhanging cliff, immediately below was a steep slope of 20 or 30 feet, covered with loose rocks, leading to the brink of a 1000-foot cliff, plunging down to Kilekittat glacier. At the highest point reached the top of the ridge was not over two feet wide, and strewn with loose stones, which would bound away at the slightest touch. Often the gust caused by their falling would rise for five or ten minutes after they had disappeared.

It is impossible to give even a faint idea of the grandeur of the view from the top of the ridge near the foot of Battlement Rock. The rock itself towers a thousand feet immediately above, while slightly farther away, but still seemingly within a stone's throw, the great wall of the mountain, overtopped by its burden of snow, presents a sublime, unyielding front. On either hand, hundreds of feet below, a big glacier starts on its journey to the lower altitudes. This is in very fact the home of the avalanches. From time to time, as the pressure above becomes too great to bear, thousands of tons of snow break from the mass and fall over the precipice with a sound that makes the blood run cold. Two thousand feet it falls onto one of the ravines, there to join with the remains of many another avalanche in the forming of a great ice river. As it plunges down, the powdered snow rises like the spray of a mighty waterfall. Long after the roar of the main rush has died away into echoes, the rolling of big rocks may be heard, growing fainter and fainter till all is still again. When heard in the calmness of night, nothing can exceed the awe-inspiring effect of one of these great avalanches. During the Summer months scarcely an hour passes without one or more occurring.

At the foot of Battlement Rock and on the north side of the ridge lies the nose of one of the big glaciers. The avalanches bring immense quantities of snow from the summit region, and in ragged, broken heaps it presses down the steeper inclines until the slope becomes more gradual. Here the snow forms into a sort of plateau, firm and smooth. Right across this level tract stretch enormous crevasses. The larger ones are from 50 to 100 feet wide and 200 feet deep. Their grandeur is indescribable. Not far below these the solid ice begins to appear. For a short distance it is uneven and crumpled, but it soon becomes smoother, with a less abrupt slope, and it is gradually merged into the terminal moraines. There are several peculiarities connected with this glacier. From its lower end two branches of the Big Muddy emerge. At a distance the ice in this region has a queer, leaden appearance. At different points the smell of sulphur is almost overpowering, the water running on the surface has a strong sulphuric taste, and numerous specimens of brimstone may be found. There can be little doubt that a huge crater once existed where this ice field now lies. Small birds can be frequently seen flying back out of sight into the crevasses just below the nose line.

The great Kilekittat Glacier has been ably described by Professor Lyman, and it is only necessary here to mention one or two features. It receives its snow from the summit and vicinity by way of the precipice. It is confined principally be-



MT. ADAMS FROM CASTLE ON RAINBOW BUTTE, AVALANCHE VALLEY AND BATTLEMENT RIDGE PHOTO BY PLANARY GOLDENDALE, WASH.



MT. ADAMS FROM THE EAST SHOWING TWO GREAT GLACIERS, BATTLEMENT ROCK AND RIDGE IN CENTER. AVALANCHE VALLEY PHOTO BY PLANARY GOLDENDALE, WASH.

tween Battlement Ridge, on the north, and the Ridge of Wonders, on the south. On the side toward the glacier the former ridge is more precipitous than on its other slope. Near the lower end of Kilekittat Glacier, the south fork of the Big Muddy breaks from the ice and runs for half a mile; then is lost once more beneath its icy roof, and does not again appear until it has reached a point a quarter of a mile farther down.

The two glaciers above described end in Avalanche Valley, which narrows down until it becomes the Grand Canyon of the Muddy. This valley furnishes some beautiful camping-places, although it is much cut up by the streams that come down from the ice fields and the snow banks. On its north Rainbow Butte shoots a thousand feet into the air, while the mountain with all its majesty fills the western sky. Here we may see the sun

rise in its glory as we can see it no place else on Mount Adams. Here we can lie in the solitude of night and hear the awe-inspiring thunders of the avalanche. Here we may forget the cares of life and revel in the wildest scenes that Nature can produce.

The various glacial streams uniting in Avalanche Valley form the Big Muddy, a white, turbulent river, whose head and whose mouth you may see in half a day's ride. This stream, rising at an elevation of 6000 or 7000 feet, in its short course of 8 or 10 miles falls 4000 feet. Many an unfortunate packhorse has gone down to death in its angry waters.

The confluence of the Muddy and the Kilekittat Rivers is a sight in itself worth traveling many miles to see. The two canyons run parallel for some distance before joining. Between is a narrow ridge or wall, which terminates in a 500-foot

point resembling the prow of a monster battle-ship. At the foot of this is a small flat containing about 50 majestic evergreen trees. Here the two streams come together, and there is a contest for the supremacy. All through the long Summer days the muddy water and the clear surge back and forth, stubbornly disputing every inch. But the muddy water, born of the mountain and the avalanche, finally conquers, for ere the blended rivers have flowed 200 yards all is as white as though light from beneath the glaciers.

The Kilekittat River is an interesting stream. Although its source is not in Kilekittat Glacier, as many suppose, it receives much of its water from Mount Adams. Its true head is in the Goat Mountains, or Goat Rocks, a range of sharp, snow-covered peaks about midway between Adams and Rainier. Upon its banks its entire length many mineral

springs abound, their sparkling, health-giving waters adding much to the attractions of the region. The Kilekittat, too, is pre-eminently the home of big trout, many being caught that weigh 10 or 11 pounds, and that measure from 20 to 25 inches. But it would take volumes to tell of the numberless things of interest to be found on Mount Adams and around its base. We have simply gone over a few of the features that have not often been mentioned in print. To the tourist seeking grandeur, or the invalid after health, no other region can offer better inducements.

Wastefulness in Meat. Of the many arguments put forth in favor of a vegetarian diet, especially in warm weather and in seasons when the beef trust is in the ascendant, none is more effective than that of economy. Nor

is the economy understood at first glance. If it is true that, weight for weight, cereals and vegetables, eggs and cheese are more nutritious than meat, it is still to be considered how little meat is used for his money. The person who buys a pound of mutton chops at 24 cents a pound, or a pound of beef for roasting at 20 cents, does not buy pure nourishment by any means. Unless he can eat fat which not many people relish, he will not extract from his pound of chops more than a third of a pound of meat. This brings his chop up to a rate of 72 cents a pound. The beef is perhaps more generous, yet when the tendon, the fat and the bone, for which he has paid full price, have been extracted, the edible portion of his purchase has probably lost a half; hence, he has paid for beef at the rate of 60 cents a pound. Vegetables are almost wholly food. The skin of the potato is nothing to its substance; there is no waste in the turnip, beet, radish, parsnip, carrot, dandelion, lettuce, spinach, cabbage, egg plant, cucumber, tomato, onion, cauliflower, at least, none that amounts to anything.

Utilize the Dog. Down in Georgia, according to my friend, Captain Lyery, who ought to know, lives a man who is noted for his love of ease, but whose wife is sufficiently a hustler almost to make up for his chronic disinclination to activity.

One cold night he went to bed, leaving some bags of grain out of doors which should have been placed in the barn for protection against the weather, to say nothing of thieves. But then they don't have many thieves in Georgia. During the night the hero of this story awoke and thought that he heard something which sounded like rain. He was anxious to know whether it was raining or not, for if it were he wanted an opportunity to worry about that grain, or perhaps hint to his wife and then go to sleep while she slipped out and attended to it.

He thought the matter over for some time and then hunched the good woman.

"Nancy!"
"What is it, John?"
"Is it raining?"
"I don't know, John."
"I went to bed."
"Why don't you get up and see, then?"
"I hate to; I'm just awful sleepy."
"Well, then, go to sleep and never mind."
"Well, I'd like to know. Hit's right important."
"Then go and see."
"You go, won't you, Nancy?"
"No, I won't—so now, you lazy thing, you!"
John lay and reflected for some minutes, then awoke his wife again and said: "I'll tell ye what ye might do, Nancy. Ye might git up an' let the dog out. He'll bark for a minute or two an' then whine ter his wife an' then go to 'im in an' then feel 'o' him, an' if hit's a-rainin' he'll be wet, an' if hit ain't he won't be, an' then hit'll be all right."—Henry M. Wittee, in the July Lippincott's.

Why He Smiled. The piano drummer from Wilkesbarre came into the smoking-car smiling broadly. "What is it, old man?" asked the white-goods man from Fall River. "Had an addition to your family or got your salary raised?"
"None," said the piano drummer, affecting indifference, "nothing special. Only Plymouth has been quarantined on account of smallpox."
"Anything humorous in that?" inquired the white-goods man.
"My mother-in-law lives there," replied the piano drummer as he took a flask out of his grip and "treated."