

MAZAMAS PLAN ASCENT OF OREGON'S FAMOUS TRIPLE PEAK THIS YEAR

WILL CLIMB THE THREE SISTERS

THE officers of the Mazama Club, Portland's famous organization of mountain climbers, are preparing for the annual outing of the club, which will be held from July 9 to 20, inclusive. The trip this year will be to the Three Sisters, perhaps the least known of Oregon's celebrated peaks, and the ascent of Middle and North Sisters is contemplated.

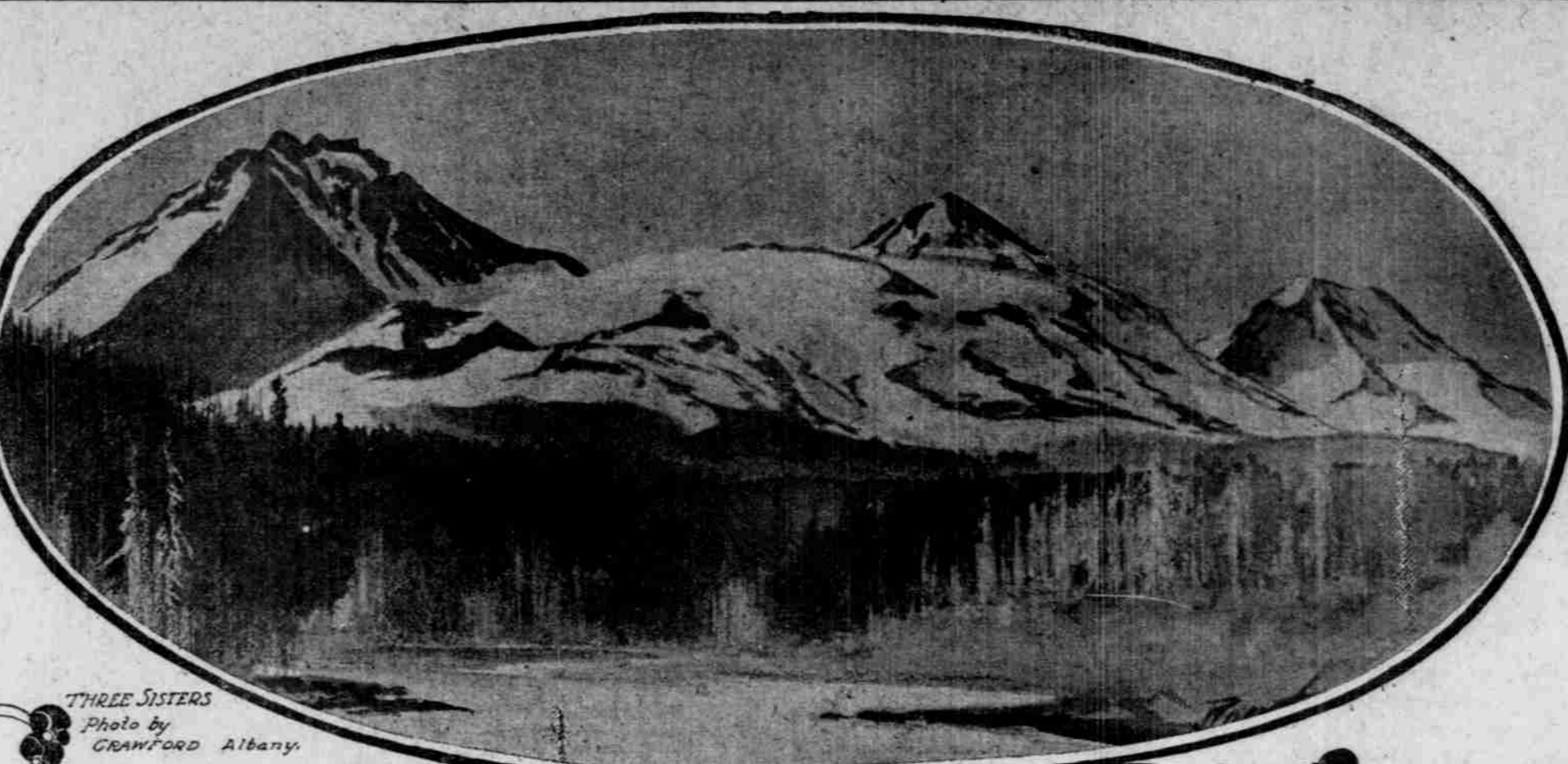
It is expected that the party will consist of about 75 ladies and gentlemen from various portions of the United States, the majority, of course, being Portland people. The party will not be restricted to the club and anyone who is interested in mountaineering may join it. The start will be made from here by rail to Eugene, the nearest approach of the railroad to the Sisters, whence a trip of 36 miles by stage will be made as far as Lake Valley. It will be necessary to walk and use pack horses the remaining five miles to the base of the peaks, where a permanent camp will be established. This portion of the trip is expected to consume four days, and after a rest over Sunday the ascent of Middle Sister will be made. This feat is considered neither difficult nor hazardous, and it is probable that each of the party will be able to surmount the peak. The scenery from its summit is said to be indescribably grand, a mighty panorama of lakes, cañons, snowfields and glaciers. Climbers have frequently made this ascent, but the chief purpose of the expedition is to reach the top of the North Sister, one of the most difficult mountain-touring undertakings on the continent. Only hardy and experienced climbers will be permitted to make the attempt, and these will take the utmost precaution against accident. The mountain is practically unexplored, and it is known that but few white men have ever stood upon its summit. Adolph A. Dekum, of this city, made the ascent in 1853, and in 1855 a party sent out by the Oregonian climbed the Middle Sister.

Great care will be taken to carry on the trip only such supplies as will be absolutely necessary, on account of the difficulties in the way of travel. Each person should be supplied with blankets, or sleeping bag, heavy rough clothing, alpenstocks, stout spiked shoes, leggings and a cylindrical canvas bag about three feet in length and 18 inches in diameter for packing purposes. There are no settlements within many miles and the entire trip will be a camping out affair. The vicinity of the Sisters is one of the finest big game and trout districts in the world, and the party expects to find the best sport by the way. Numerous side trips to points of interest near by will be made and on July 15 Eugene will be reached on the return. The outing committee, consisting of E. C. Bronaugh, M. W. Gorman, both of Portland, and P. L. Campbell, of Eugene, is working industriously on the details of the expedition, and nothing will be left undone which might insure success and safety.

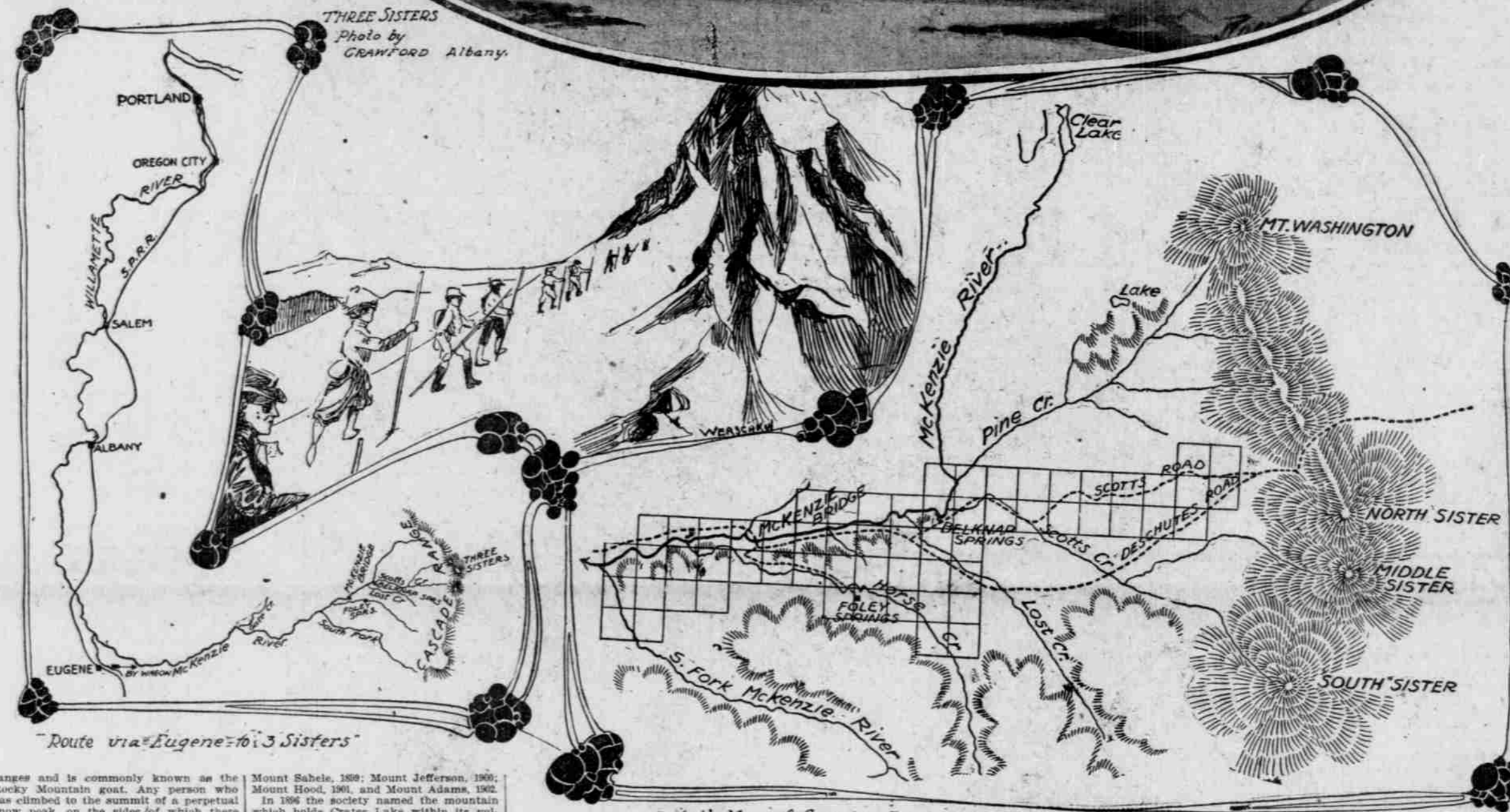
The Three Sisters, named Faith, Hope and Charity, respectively, beginning with the northernmost one, are in latitude 44 deg. 30 minutes. They are upwards of 30,000 feet in altitude, after Hood and Jefferson, the highest mountains in the state. While they are separate peaks, they practically spring from the same base. The two northernmost ones, Faith and Hope, cling closely together, while there is a narrow pass between Hope and Charity. Faith is a trifle lower than the other two, but is the most difficult of the three to scale on account of the five jagged, precipitous pinnacles which constitute her summit. The middle mountain, Hope, has a gently rounded summit, and that of Charity is a crater one-half mile from rim to rim, in which is a beautiful lake, formed by melting snow.

Each of the peaks carries large quantities of perennial snow, and their sublimity has distinguished them among the mountains of the Pacific Coast. The Mazamas perfected an organization on the summit of Mount Hood, July 13, 1884, and the organization was chartered under the laws of Oregon in 1893. Its purposes are the exploration of mountains, rivers, lakes and other natural scenery; to land and water, to collect and disseminate scientific and other information and data concerning the same; to encourage the preservation of forests and other features of mountain scenery; to promote the beauty. The name is taken from the goat which inhabits inaccessible mountain

THE THREE SISTERS AND HOW TO REACH THEM



THREE SISTERS Photo by CRAWFORD Albany.



ranges and is commonly known as the Rocky Mountain goat. Any person who has climbed to the summit of a perpetual snow peak, on the sides of which there is at least one living glacier, and the top of which may not be reached by any means save on foot, is eligible for membership. Each year since its organization the club has ascended some snow-capped mountain, the coming expedition being the tenth. The nine previous ascents have been Mount Hood, 1884; Mount Adams, 1885; Mount Pitt, 1885; Mount Rainier, 1887; Mount St. Helens, 1888;

Mount Sable, 1889; Mount Jefferson, 1890; Mount Hood, 1901, and Mount Adams, 1902. In 1896 the society named the mountain which holds Crater Lake within its volcanic rim, Mount Mazama, and in 1898 christened the snow-covered peak which rises above Horseshoe Basin, in Central Washington, Mount Sable, an Indian designation. Both of these names have been officially recognized on Government maps. The climbs of the society are made systematically under the direction of a competent guide, the company being divided

into small parties, each acting under a leader. In this way there is less chance of accidents, more reach the summit and the climb is pleasanter than if each one undertook the trip independently. The officers for 1903, are: Rodney L. Gilman, Portland, Or., president. Rev. Roland D. Grant, Vancouver, B. C., first vice-president. Edward T. Parsons, San Francisco, Cal., second vice-president. Mrs. John Cran, Portland, Or., third vice-president. Miss Beale G. Merriam, Brooklyn, N. Y., fourth vice-president.

William R. Mackenzie, Portland, Or., recording secretary. Martin W. Gorman, Portland, Or., corresponding secretary. A. S. Pattullo, Portland, Or., financial secretary. William A. Gordon, Portland, Or., treasurer.

Prof. W. D. Lyman, Walla Walla, Wash., historian. Oregon and Washington are rich in majestic mountain scenery and each year the Mazamas visit a new district with the seal of a true explorer, or turn with rare measure, to renew acquaintances with their former mountain friends.

THE PERSONALITY OF SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON HIS STRUGGLE IN YOUTH, HIS WINNING OF GREAT WEALTH AND HIS ABSOLUTE SELF RELIANCE

Forty-seven years ago an Irish boy in Glasgow faced the question of his future and the care of his dependent parents. For resources he had a money note, but he wanted of his father, will and a resolution that dowered at nothing, with a power for work that knew no limit. Today the boy who slept under the counter of the little Scotch shop is the master of Osege, the magnificent country seat near London, where he has entertained most of the peerage of England; controls and directs the greatest business of the Empire. He is looked to by his government to manage its most important commercial interests abroad. He is credited with one of the most successful flotations of finance, in an age when financial wonders are commonplace, and which in two days was 25 times oversubscribed by the investing public for over \$200,000,000. He has become world-famous for his princely charities. He is being knighted by the late queen, and is an intimate friend of the present King. He is the challenger this year, as he has been in two previous years, for the great trophy of the sea wrested away from his native land by America half a century ago, and comes to try to win it back with the superb racing machine, his Shamrock III, the best that English brains and skill ever designed.

Quick in movement, brimful of self-reliance, brisk and lively in manner, and with a ready smile and charm of manners that are never fading. He has few friends, a few intimates and no master. It is Lipton's hand upon the lever, and Lipton's alone. Many a time he has been imperturbed with co-partnership and associate business offers bearing all the glitter of temptation, and has always steadily refused. Many a time in the earlier days of capital tendered for a loan, but he never went in debt, no matter how imperative the need. Just then seemed to be the time when he came to his own, and also the product of his splendid pluck and ability was to be no man's but his. Some years ago when all England seemed under the witching spell of her greatest and boldest and most brilliant schemer and speculator, he came to Thomas Lipton and said: "Here is my check for your order for \$40,000. I want you for chairman of a new company to be launched next week." "And I decline," said Sir Thomas. The check was handed back across the table, the person at chat was resumed, and the incident was closed. It never was repeated. Within six months the company, with its largely directorate, had gone to destruction and the dazzling operator into bankruptcy. Like every character worth the saving, his has come out of the crucible of struggle and gold from the furnace. It is with the genuine ring of the pure metal that the man whose appointment on the morrow is with a minister of the realm to discuss the problems of the Nation's commerce in some far-off colony of the sea, will chat with you, his friend, of the days when he started life as a stripping cabin boy on a coasting vessel, without a dollar in the world and faced with the imperative, and to him the loving duty of supporting his parents.

Small store every morning with his own hands, served his customers throughout the day, put up the shutters at night, dressed the window for the following day, and slept under his counter. Sir Thomas Lipton has put his whole soul into what his hands have found to do on this earth. He handled the bit of a Glasgow shop with the same early and late devotion to and mastery of detail that characterize his business today in the four quarters of the globe. For the market boy of yesterday of a Scotland town has today reached out through all the Empire of Great Britain, into every country of Continental Europe, into China and Japan, to the ownership of the Ceylon, into Africa, the Republics of South America, the West Indies, the far islands of the Eastern sea, and into our own United States, where his interests are second only to those of his own native land. Sixty of his great stores are in London alone, with branches in every capital of Europe. Fruit farms are in Kent. Bakeries and biscuit works are in Glasgow. Curing factories in London, Liverpool and Glasgow. An enormous wholesale packing house and depot in Chicago, with its meat stores and refrigerating cars all over America. In Ceylon the greatest plantations in the world. Every week a new "Lipton's Market" is somewhere opened. Every week two hundred tons of tea are sold. Employ 5000 Agents. Over 5000 principal agents, directly responsible to Sir Thomas, are scattered throughout the world, representing him and superintending his establishments. City Road, London, is the nerve center of this colossal system. At 3 o'clock the master of all this, who still works 15 hours of every working day, sets himself behind his thoroughbred American roadsters, at his home in Southgate, and at 5 o'clock is at the desk in the City Road headquarters. On the side arms and top of his desk are piled his personal correspondence, letters, telephone messages, telegrams, cablegrams from all over the world. With the quick movement so characteristic of him, Sir Thomas rolls away the desk top and begins to give you a few points. This office fixture is a remarkable affair, calculated to astonish even a world-trotting, inquisitive, inventive American. About every visible portion of its anatomy is covered with contrivances electrical, automatic, mechanical, for the use of its owner. On its broad surface of polished mahogany are innumerable buttons, numbered and lettered, the pressing of which sends to put him into literal touch with

the uttermost parts of earth, sea and sky. While he explains and you gaze at things seen and unseen about that desk, watch the movement of his hands upon it and stare at the long procession of heads of departments and uniformed retainers, and booted and capped messenger boys, and streams of attendants, garbed in all the bright colors of the Orient, who come trooping at the touch of his fingers, you are treated to one of those sudden surprises, which your genial host is fond of perpetrating on unsuspecting travelers, but which always begins with a suspicious twinkling of his merry eyes. If you know where to look for it. There is a slight movement of the foot underneath the desk. Outside the office a small gong grows. Forthwith enters and advances upon you a person big of shoulder and with a look of strict business in his face. But this one retires at a gesture from Sir Thomas, and you find yourself being quietly laughed at by your fun-loving host. "That is my crank gong, and 'the bouncer,'" he explains. "You said you wanted to know all about the desk." "Never Had a Strike." Nobody could help joining in that kind of a laugh, but you conclude you have had enough of one piece of furniture, and your friend leads you through the rest of his wonderful establishment. Space forbids anything in detail of this bee-hive of human activity, and, in truth, one must see, to understand and appreciate, rather than read an attempted description of the whole. Everywhere and throughout are perfect system and clockwork regularity and contented workmanship. Over 10,000 employees are on the payroll. Every one of them have direct access to Sir Thomas. When England was some time ago shaken with labor troubles he remarked: "I never have had a strike and never shall have one. I make it my business to look after the interests of my men, and we live in peace and harmony." "This is the one surpassing reason why 'Lipton, Limited,' has become what it is and pays Her Majesty's government more money for duty than any other firm in the empire. A single one of these duty checks is hanging in his office. It is drawn for 50,512 pounds sterling, 11 shillings, 6 pence, for a clearance of 3,000,000 pounds of tea. More than two hours of rapid walk are before you ere you have made the round of City Road. Here is the dispatch room, with its 500 clerks and typewriters. There is the weighing department, where 600 girls weigh and packet tea. Here the mixing and blending rooms. Next, the cocoa annex, then in rapid succession the sweets and confection manufactory, the meat rooms, the smoking and curing depart-

ments, the printing shops, the box-manufacturing rooms, and the vast establishment at Bermondsey where the famous fluid beef is made. And all this in London alone. And you come away tired with a feeling of the kaleidoscopic immensity of what you have seen. His Home at Osege. At his own home, with the roof of the big town far away beyond the hills, you find Sir Thomas all that is gracious in a host. He is proud of the fact that he is an Irishman born and reared in Glasgow, Scotland. In the great dining-hall of his country seat at Osege, Southgate, hang the portraits of his father and mother. He loves the memory of his parents with a simple, unaffected devotion, entirely characteristic of the man and true to the best family traditions of the race from which he springs. One needs only glance at the framed faces of the sweet and noble-looking woman to understand how firm a believer the son is, that a man's best qualities come always from the mother, and what a pride he is, for her sake, that he has become one of the great powers in the commercial and industrial world of the British Empire. To be entertained at Osege as an American is a treat not to be forgotten. Your host is no stranger to our tastes, and he knows what Americans like. His stables hold a score of Kentucky thoroughbreds, and a pair of them, with his carriage, are before your hotel to take you out of London town and through miles of English hedge and meadow to Southgate. There is no posing for effect in the greeting that awaits you there. Nor are any flunkeys visible. Sir Thomas himself, tall, quick of action, with just a delicious flavor of the brogue of the old soil itself on his tongue, and with a warm-hearted greeting that makes his beautiful home all your own, is at the door to welcome you. The same delightful atmosphere pervades the home itself. Your host is a bachelor, but you can't help an- ticipating how, if he ever marries, the mistress of that home will revel in it. There are broad halls, and gorgeous rooms and cozy nooks, and wide-open fireplaces, a library for the lovers of books, a lounge-room, with a great back-log, where the faintest of English breakfasts are served, and from whose spacious windows your eyes may feast upon a scene of lawn and meadow, and forest, and rolling upland, hundreds upon hundreds of acres of Osege, with that sweet and subtle charm of scenery which only an English landscape can give. Everywhere pervades that delicious restfulness that seems to be the peculiar heritage of the rural districts of the motherland. Your host throws wide the tall, swinging window, the firelog behind you crackles. You forget the splendid road of New York and

the dull roar of London town. "Come, my Yankee friend, we mustn't ever let your new boat get as far ahead of 'dear little Shamrock' in the big races as you are far away from Osege just now." My host's hand was on my shoulder; and he was laughing good-naturedly at my American jaunting into British dream-land. A Lover of Art. The lover of art and the curious finds a rich field, also, at Osege. Sir Thomas has shown good taste and discrimination in selecting the art beauty of his home, and has hung the walls of his gallery richly with the best of the modern and many of the old masters of the English, Dutch, Flemish, Spanish and Italian schools. Teniers, and Lely, and Reynolds, and Reubens, and Murillo, and Raphael are here. In the wide hallways hang horns from Africa and bronzes from Japan, and strange carvings from India. Home Charities. The home charities of this man are so constant and so much a part of his daily business that very few of them ever see publicity. Two instances, however, became notable. The Lord Mayor of London and Lady Mayoress are among his long-time friends. Entertaining Sir Thomas one day the Lady Mayoress talked of the Princess of Wales Jubilee Dinner Fund to feed the poor of London, and in which she was interested. Mention was made of the slow progress. He asked how much was needed to complete the subscription. He was told \$125,000. He took out his checkbook, wrote a check for the amount and handed it to the Lady Mayoress. Only after a half-score of impostors had claimed the giving of this gift, was the incident just described published, and the name of the real donor made known. Over \$80,000 of the starving poor of the metropolis of England had a meal through this generous deed, and Sir Thomas saw 250,000 of them eating it together. He has always said that that one sight repaid him many times over. As a Sportsman. And now for a game of English billiards. Your host is an old pupil of the famous Roberts, and plays a stiff round. Justice Lattier, Q. C., chairman of the Middlesex County Sessions and County Council, and Dr. Armstrong, Sir Thomas' family physician, take a cue and the fun begins. No description of Osege is complete without mentioning Martha. She is a pure, full-blooded Cingalese, brought by Sir Thomas from the spicy lands of Ceylon. He is devoted to the genial lord of the manor. His smile shows per-

fect teeth. Jet black hair tumbles over his forehead and big, lustrous eyes. With his loose suit of dark red and his laughing answer of "Yes, maras," to every nod and beck of Sir Thomas, he makes a picture not soon to be forgotten. And now Sir Thomas spreads wide on the table the plans of his new steam yacht, the stately and superb Erin, and tells of her beauties with all the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. She is the biggest register of her kind in all the United Kingdom, and at every detail of her appointments for the triumphal trip of a monarch. She conveys the Shamrocks across the sea, towing them in calm spells for which permission has been graciously accorded by the New York Yacht Club. The whole attitude of Sir Thomas in challenging for the cup and in preparing for the great struggles has been characteristically modest, thorough and sportsmanlike. No challenger ever before understood and respected his adversary as Sir Thomas does America. No one on either side of the Atlantic knows better than that America will fight to keep the cup and hold fast the blue ribbon of the sea. Again, no challenging yachts ever built in England have been built with a title of the brains and skill and money, without limit, that the three Shamrocks have. The best in design and construction that the United Kingdom could afford has been lavished upon them. On the rare days when Sir Thomas permits himself a snatch of rest you see him out of doors at Osege at his best. Then with him you must go through his great conservatories, which contain one of the finest and rarest collections of orchids in all England. Here are his stables, where he is proud of his Kentucky horses and American carriages, his golf links laid out by his friend, the Judge-Advocate of Scotland. "And do you wonder I love my pretty little Osege," he said, looking from his pine grove in front upon its old colonial lines and its broad verandas like those of some old Southern home in the days before the war, gracious with hospitality itself, "and that every night I drive out to it from my town office for its peaceful rest?" Near by a grand old cedar of Lebanon majestically swayed its branches and made music to the little winds that came up from the valley. Meanwhile in nature's perfect harmony arose from everywhere about the sweet influences of lawn and woodland and far-stretching countryside beyond. No wonder that its master loves and cares for it all, and that every day it repays him with a renewal of his youth.—(Copyright, 1902.)