CLIMBING MT. ADAMS; THE STRAIGHT FACTS

No Romance or Glamour About This Truthful Story of an Ascent by a Mazama

IN many particulars there is a striking similarity between mountaineering and soldiering. In the former there is the march, the camp, the bivouac and song; all tending to remind the participant of the cantonment of military service and life. The mountaineer goes forth to battle with the elements of that most endearingly fascinating, yet hazardous, sport in the world—mountain-climbing. His many indispensables consist of sleeping-bag, alpenstock, goggles, with shoes of a peculiar and special kind, together with an aggregation of garnished immaterials. On the march he encounters no hardships, save those initiatory to the climb, as riding in a springless wagon over a road of dust and stone, or seated in an English riding saddle on a fractious animal, with now and then a jaunt of a few miles afoot through lava ash in a hot Summer sun.

It was during the annual outing of the Mazamas to Mount Adams, in 1902, that I was prevailed upon to join the climbers at Trout Lake, the permanent camp for that year's outing. The club had issued coupon, or commutation, tickets in book form, at a very low rate of fare for the round-trip, including meals, from Portland to White Salmon, 55 miles by boat, and from there to Trout Lake, some 27 miles by stage. The cheap schedule rate induced so many to make application that the number of coupons sold was far in excess of boat and stage accommodations, the transportation committee of the club being obliged to make two divisions, or squadrons, to leave on alternate days. I did not take advantage of this coupon rate, as I did not intend making the trip. It was the day following the departure of the second division that Henry L. Pittock, manager of The Oregonian, charter member and ex-president of the Mazamas, whom I shall hereafter deftly style partner, persisted in my accompanying him to White Salmon, giving assurance that upon our arrival a relay would be in wait to dispatch us post-haste to Mazama Camp at Trout Lake, to join the combined army of climbers.

On this special warranty, I packed my blankets, sleeping-bag, alpenstock and other mountain togs, and at 7:30 A. M. we boarded the O. R. & N. train for Hood River, a station and town opposite White Salmon; from which point we were ferried across in company with an outfit of nomads from the Jean Day country, with wagons, mules and dogs, on a flat-bottom barge towed by a small naphtha launch, reaching the opposite moorings safely, terminating one of the most singular methods of river navigation man ever experienced. On landing, we were disappointed at being unable to get a buggy, wagon or other means of carriage; going from ranch to ranch with a not July sun beating down upon us, until finally an old friend of my partner, a Mr. Moore, furnished us a couple of "noble steeds" bearing the Indian pseudonyms of Klikitat and Skamania. Mr. Moore had but one saddle, of the cowboy design, and borrowed from a neighbor an old English riding saddle, which, as I shall always remember, was assigned to me.

Ho for Trout Lake.

My partner vowed he had not ridden a horse for a quarter of a century, and I am sure it was 15 years since I had been in the saddle. Notwithstanding our inexperience as reinsmen, we were determined on making the 27-mile run and spreading our blankets that night in the Mazama encampment at Trout Lake. Tying on our baggage, taking alpenstock in hand, we mounted our Indian ponies and trotted over the road at a smart gait. It was just 2 o'clock P. M., with the thermometer up in the 80s. In our haste and anxiety to procure transportation, lunch was neglected, and not until far out on the route did we meet hospitality and commercial enterprise. At a ranch three miles south of Salmon Falls, a lady catered to our wants, serving milk, bread and butter, of which we ate a-plenty, paying our hostess therefor her fixed charge of 10 cents each; although I think my partner tipped a barefooted youngster, who cunningly sat watching us lunch. Again we climbed in our saddles and away we went a-cheval. Our conversation was mostly directed to the last time we had visited Trout Lake and vicinity; for we had both been there before, and were commenting on the many changes which had taken place since then. When out three or four miles from the main settlement, the road following the meanderings of the river, winding around Bald Mountain, a wagon-wide thoroughfare cut through basalt, while 500 feet below the turbulent waters are seething and foaming like a giant millrace. Then suddenly the road angles and enters an arbor of dense foliage of evergreen, hazelwood and other small undergrowth; producing a very pleasing effect. Reaching White Salmon Falls, we rested a while. The cataract known as White Salmon Falls is eight or ten miles from White Salmon landing, and the only crossing made on the road to Trout Lake is some 50 yards below, over a Howe truss bridge. There is nothing overly sublime or pretty about this cascade or its surroundings, except, perhaps, its roar; twisting over a concave ledge of rock and forming a vortex in a cauldron-like pot of basalt some 10 or 12 feet below. At this point is the end of the great lava flow, which commences some six or eight miles south of Trout Lake and terminates a short distance below the falls, comprising an old lava bed about 20 miles long and varying from two to three miles in width. Stopping at the falls for a short rest, we did not replenish our canteen, which, with field glass and other frippery, hung crosswise my neck and shoulders. I told my partner that perhaps we had better carry some water along. He said no, that the last time he was over the road with a party they lunched up there, indicating by gesture a draw in the foothills, some 500 or 600 yards ahead, assuring me that quite a good-sized creek crossed the road at that point which would take but a short time to reach.

Water, Water, and Not a Drop to Drink.

I was sure my partner was right, for I remembered having seen the very stream two years previously on my first trip to Trout Lake. During the Summer months it is nearly nine miles from the falls to the first watering place accessible to man or beast. We rode away, our animals ambling side by side, packs bobbing up and down like the hump on the dromedary, sliding first to one side and then the other, causing much annoyance and delay; our horses stirring up the calcined dust on the highway, filling our nostrils, eyes and ears, until I was forced to drop behind to avoid the pulverized sediment. Keeping a short distance apart we soon reached the point previously indicated by my partner as the Mecca of water, halting to find instead a dry ravine filled with brush and other rubbish—disappointed and riding away some two or three miles to be again foiled by another mirage of miscalculation. On we went, thirsty, dusty, hot; four, five, six and seven miles, still no water. By this time we had become discourteous, for we had an awful thirst on, in aggravation of which my partner kept ironically remarking that we would surely get water at Trout Lake. Finally our conversation entirely ceased, yet while within speaking distance we wore the stoicism and taciturnity of Klickitats on the march.

A Trying Ordeal.

Following the river course, riding at times to the rim of its perpendicular walls, looking down its canyon at the clear rushing waters one hundred or two hundred feet below, was a trying ordeal indeed. In places the scenery was fine, too much of which we could not digest under the circumstances. Scenery is a poor substitute for thirst, hunger or depression. My partner, who was quite a margin in the lead, suddenly gave one of those squeaks akin to the intonation of a dry flute. "Water! water!" he shrieked, as the echo of his sharp cry rang out among canyon and woods. Cold, clear water, enough to operate a 50-horsepower plant, came down the mountain through moss, fern, over and under dead limbs, logs and rock, jumping and splashing to the river below. Men and animals, after a two hours' famine, slaked their thirst and rested awhile. It was now 4 o'clock P. M., with 11 mountain miles before us. Remounting with renewed energy and riding away under great fir and hemlock, giant pine towering above us 200 feet to the first limb, symmetrical and straight as flagpoles; entering a zone where a scene of splendor and beauty outlined against the map of heaven; on either side basalt ramparts and green hills, behind black forest, while before us stood snow-covered Adams, penetrating the ether with a sky background of ultra-marine blue, defiant, invincible, sublime. On we rode mile after mile.

The dust had settled upon our clothes, pack and animals, until we were beyond recognition. Trotting past a lonely cabin abutting the roadway, a comely maiden, observing our exclusiveness, glided behind the homestead, madly shouting, "Mother, there goes Tracey and Merrill!" (These noted outlaws were at that time reputed to be in the neighborhood—the nightmare of ruraldom.) We began to tire of horseback riding. If you are not a reinsman by occupation, after four or five hours in the saddle a sort of mesmeric feeling permeates your whole system from the apex of your maculated head to the plinth of your gouty feet, an electric sensation as if you clutched a battery. The day was closing upon us; long black shadows of the vast fir forest flittered across our path like spectera from the nether world, while the sinking sun threw a saffron yellow over mountain and eminence. We journeyed ahead, wearily jostling from side to side, horse, man and luggage, the hugeness of the mountain becoming more and more apparent as progress and miles increased. Coming from under the green and forest jungle, passing through strips of burn where charred carcasses of tall fir bore evidence of recent conflagration, blackened and desolate; riding away without even expatiating on these cindered ruins. Anxiety and fear alike led us onward through these sparsely settled sections of rockiness and infertility. The elevation was 3000 feet, it was growing late, with a cool stiff breeze striking us in the face. On we went, bathing in the balsamic effluence of the mountain's breath. Shifting our positions now and then, at times we walked to ease our cramped bodies, sore muscles and wear off the night chills; again we rode, using a log for a mount, the highway now and then penetrating through dark tunnels of woodland, again coming into the open of beautiful stretches.

Needed Rest.

Hurrying our animals on as the stars one by one came out into the blue of night, while indistinctly we traced the outlines of fences, fields of alfalfa, grain and other marks of good husbandry. At this point the valley of the White Salmon is broad and fertile, of a black loam soil, and adapted principally to cereals. In the distance lights indicated civilization. Launching away in fine spirits and with increased energy, determined on procuring lodgment for the night, at our first opportunity, we rode up to one place where we were told there was a postoffice, and no transients were kept over night, but that Ole Johnson, a mile or so up the road, would likely accommodate us. Reluctantly riding on to Ole's, whom we aroused from sleep, after many hellos, and to whom we disclosed our benighted situation, expostulating and imploring his hospitality at any price, until that generous son of Sweden was prevailed upon to keep us over night. His wife arose, cooked our supper, while Ole took charge of and stabled our horses and as we ate our bread and butter, mulching it down with hot coffee, we could hear Klickitat and Skamania masticating grain and snorting satisfaction at their stalls in the barn near by. Ole, as landlord, with lantern, guided us to a nook in the barn, where on a pile of new-mown hay we spread our blankets, and were soon lulled to sleep by the rumbling waters of the White Salmon.

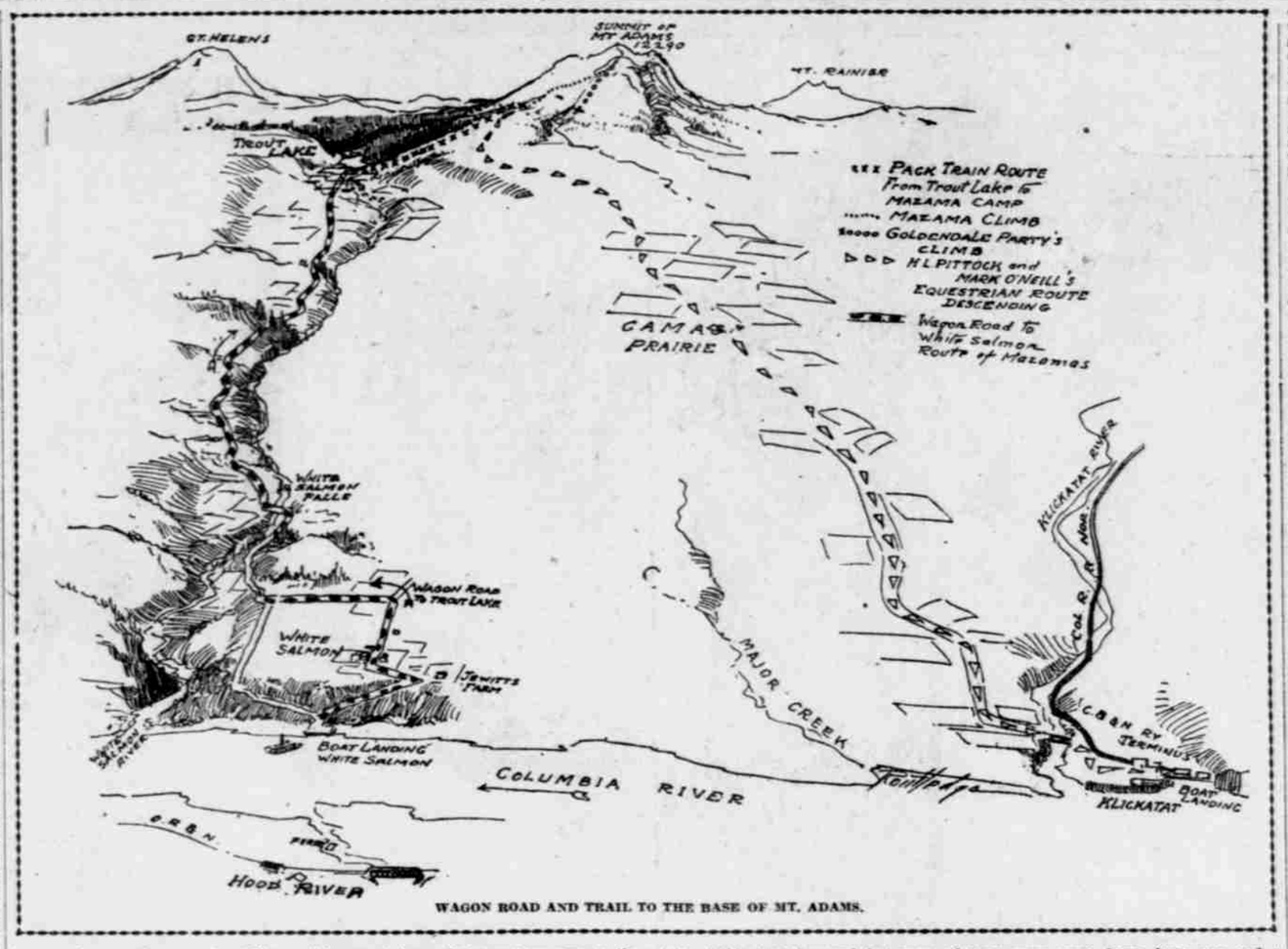
Early the next morning all was stir and noise. There was the snort and neigh of the horse, the lowing of cattle, the bark, snarl, howl and yell of the canine, the bleating of sheep, the grunt of swine, the cooing and cackling, gobbling, quacking, clucking, crowing and flutter of the rural tenantry of the barnyard. Arising from our bed of hay, adjusting toilet, we were called to a breakfast of cracked wheat, eggs and coffee; after which our animals were in readiness, we galloped a mile or more up the road and were soon in view of Mazama Camp. Entering the field of white tents we were particularly struck by the musical strain of a Chinook common, vibrating upon the morning air, in a deep bass, and running thusly:

Kar-po-chaco-yakwa
Okoke sun.
Kar-po-me-si-ka-halo mamock
Okoke sun.

Judge George evidently thought it was the Sabbath day, in admonishment of which he thundered the third commandment.

Starting to Climb.

It was after 9 o'clock the next morning before the start for "Climb Camp" commenced. We were in the rear, and had no difficulty in keeping our bearings, as both squadrons had preceded us and broken trail. The air was clear and exhilarating as we rode away among the fir, hemlock and other conifers, up hill and down, across stream, over areas of burn, humus, lava ash and rock; through dense jungle of fern, rank undergrowth of huckleberry, salal and other brushwood, over fallen trees, broken, limbless and barkless. There was the vine maple entwining itself about decaying limbs of trees, holding them from the dense litter below; young hemlock fructifying on fallen trunks and stumps of decayed fir. At times our horses would sink through the mucky earth, again boughs and hanging limbs with flaunting tree moss would switch us in the face. The scene was sublime, chimerical, picturesque. Trout Lake as the great head, with White Salmon zigzagging and darting in and out of green forest and lava flow, lay like a huge snake glimmering in the sun's rays, waiting to devour the monster "Mummy" frowning down upon it from the north. We frequently stopped to breathe and let the horses browse, as there were few places where sheep had not destroyed the grasses, young trees and other vegetation.



WAGON ROAD AND TRAIL TO THE BASE OF MT. ADAMS.

Arriving at camp, we were somewhat surprised to find that many had gone the previous day ten miles farther south to Happy Hollow, there being some mistake between the commissary and transportation committees, for the club had decided upon making the Climb Camp at the same place as in 1895, when the Mazamas made the first ascent of Adams. We sent a messenger to Happy Hollow, directing them to join us, which they did on the following day. Pitching our tents that night under the bluff of the mountain, in its marvelous and inspiring presence, we were soon in the Land of Nod. The following morning, at 3:30, after preparing a lunch and taking our morning coffee, under command of Captain L. P. Hicks, the first company marched away in single file to brave the heights and rocks of the great mountain. C. E. Forsythe, of St. Helens, and the writer, were a mile or more in the lead, having started three-quarters of an hour ahead of the company. Up we went through sub-alpine species of conifer and evergreen, stunted and dwarfed by storm and snow, across milky-white glacial streams, over boulders of scoria and lava until at last we got beyond the line of timber. Then up, up, through snow, over rip-rap walls of rock which had been displaced from above by the elements and time. We seemed to be going around the mountain. From on high we could scarcely trace our course below. Going east we came to the crater walls of Bird Creek Glacier, where conglomerates of ledge black and treacherous stood above bare and brown. There was a cold wind, making it dangerous to venture too near these rock crevices and mountain ramparts. Robert Sears, one of our company, while standing on the rim of this great ledge, was struck by a cold puff which raised his hat, carrying it over the chasm to a vortex of wind below, where it darted and tossed like a wounded bird, until it disappeared out of sight in canyon and crevasse. Undaunted, this gallant Mazama, like a soldier, bandaged his head with a handkerchief and fell in line, marching upward through snow, inhaling the mountain's breath. We waded through the snow, each vieing with the other and calling to his fellow to come on. I foolishly discarded my veil and goggles, which improvident conduct afterwards brought on snowblindness (amblyopia). The air was clear, the sun was staring bright, not a speck in the heavens. Heliographic signals were flashed from Trout Lake Camp and returned by us, but were not caught below.

Nothing but Snow.

Tramp! tramp! through nothing but snow, snow everywhere, above and below us, miles of it, until sighting, as we supposed, the summit, which upon reaching to find beyond a snow field more than three-quarters of a mile in length—this is the saddle one may see from Portland in viewing the mountain with a glass—at the end of which is a snow dune 1000 feet more before reaching the summit. At the sight of this last thousand feet some of our lady climbers grew faint-hearted and turned back. Crossing this vast field of snow-ice, pink as it appeared, and up the last incline until 12,470 feet was ours, we could look down through the clear atmosphere and see the streams and mountains below us, a condition rarely found on mountain summits. Mount Rainier, expanding through space 14,240 feet, wrinkled by moraine and glacier, that awful mass of snow, ice and rock looked scarcely a mile away instead of 50, while the Tatoosh Range north lay black and white. Mount Hood, rising 11,225 feet and 60 miles south of us; Mount Jefferson, 10,500 feet, 160 miles south; Mount St. Helens, 9759 feet, the most symmetrical of these sight-inspiring Alps, all resembling ice floes, founded in a sea of green—what imagination can fail to be terrorized at these fantastic pictures of phenomenal greatness! There was the configuration of another world in that pathless gulf of space and sky. What convulsions must have taken place in the molding of these colossal heaps of rock and ash, beyond the architectural skill* and potentiality of man!

Descent Is Easier.

Adopting the Mazama method of descending Mount Hood, in 1894, by simply sitting down, as on a sled, your alpine stock under arm, a gunny sack, or handkerchief being about the best toboggan, away you go; the snow, gathering in front sufficiently to check the speed, which, together with your alpine stock, form a brake. The mountain which requires ten hours to ascend, you may come down from one and a half to two hours. On reaching camp everything was deserted, the Happy Hollow Division having returned during the day some time, camp was moved three miles east towards the snow line, at the very base of the mountain, so that on returning to the old camp we found our pack and belongings gone, following up the spoor of man and horse for three miles, as the last call for supper rang out in the snowy, cold atmosphere of night, we were on time for bacon and beans. Campfires were being lighted, and all those intending making the climb the following day were preparing lunches, putting screws and calks in their boots and shoes, fixing bloomers and engaged in general detail work preparatory thereto. We, who returned, had become authority on mountain-climbing and were questioned and interrogated regarding the route and necessaries to take along. By and by the campfires burned low, and one by one each sneaked off to bed. My partner—for I again returned to him—had spread our blankets on the earth behind a cluster of green, where, with our day clothes, we lay us down to sleep "In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men." I did not sleep at all; my eyes were inflamed and very painful from snowblindness. Arising and going to a heap of ashes, which I stirred up and fed from time to time with chunks and sticks, remaining awake by the fire and suffering the whole night long. Notwithstanding the consequent exhaustion of eyes, I could not refrain from gazing at the six thousand feet of snow and rock above me. In the depth of night, while my Mazama comrades were sleeping peacefully under a double shadow of mountain and pine, I blinked through a mist of pain in the chilly stillness of the night at stars, moon and snow. Partial relief came with the breaking of dawn and the awakening of the climbers.

We started for Trout Lake and were progressing nicely for a few miles, until reaching a swale, where somehow and someway, by neglect or flustration, the latitudinal and longitudinal lines were lost. Sheep trails checkered the metes and bounds and legal subdivisions, until all blazes and trails, like ourselves, became obfuscated; then a certain premonition seized upon us—we were lost. Over logs, alluvium flats, dotted by ponds from melted snow, where vicous newts and green frogs shifted and sank among litter and waterlilies. Leaving the balsam and mountain fir, over steppes, down inclines, covered with tamarack, logpole and yellow pine, the whole surface marred and checkered by sheep trails, leading in all directions; coming out in a treeless stretch, we again unsuccessfully sought a trail of redemption.

Back to Civilization.

It was soon midday and no signs of life or prospect of lunch, at times dismounting, to rest the rheumatic feeling and let the horses pick from the scanty remnants left by sheep; then after walking a few miles through this solitary and desolate forest of pine, again remounting from a log and riding away through lonesomeness and waste. My partner at times, in a leaning attitude, would place his hands on the pommel of his cowboy saddle, resting as on a staff, now and then ejaculating in a surly manner. Under the circumstances we were as pleasant and congenial as plaintiff and defendant in a divorce suit; our vocabulary of words and repository of legends had run out. Fatigue, lassitude, weariness, exhaustion, fatatness, collapse, prostration with all the synonyms could not paint a picture of our mental and physical disorder. Hour after hour, mile on mile, mesa succeeding mesa, all devoid of animal and vegetable life, save the big yellow pine, with a few deciduous shrubs along Bird Creek, for here, as elsewhere, sheep had wrought ruin. The trail was leading us southeast, our only safe course left, trusting to fate that it would turn south and lead to a point crossing the White Salmon. The scene at times was admiringly fascinating, and in the words of my partner, "a canopy of refulgence." Our horses, limping and heads drooped, were tired and hungry.

The most wonderful feature of the trip is the many inclines down which we traveled without attaining a level. Finally about 6 o'clock P. M. we met the first living things—aside from a lone buzzard now and then, floating in the blue above—three cattle, chewing their cuds by Bret Creek, under a tree. We had passed sheds where they washed sheep before fleecing or shearing, but no life—silence and stillness everywhere. About half past 7 o'clock we discovered, through a gap in the timber, a palisade fence, beyond which smoke arose. Klickitat and Skamania smelt civilization, and neighed instinctively with renewed courage. A barn and other hereditaments of ranch life suddenly bobbed up, fence, clearing, cabin, domestic fowl and stock. We slept that night in a barn, and next morning sought the Columbia River; no easy journey, nor conducive to happiness or peace of mind or body. Its details in scenery and method of locomotion do not vary widely from what has already been recorded. Never again, so long as we go mountaineering, be it under the auspices of the club or otherwise, shall we neglect compass and lunch. As citizens of this panoplied state we have so made affidavit.

MAZAMA.

That Yellow Peril; A Review and a Prophecy

RUSSIA'S IRRETRIEVABLE DOWNFALL AND THE FUTURE OF THE MONGOLIAN RACE

EVERYTHING is not told, when peace between Russia and Japan is again declared, and the historian has written the record of the past year's tragic contest between these two belligerents. Under the surface, and not far from sight, are involved questions that, however well concealed by the present struggle, must soon mark another epoch in European diplomacy, and open the sleepy eyes of the whole world to a readjustment of the military balance. Unless all past human experience is misleading and the world-wide and universal forces of aggregation and disintegration have changed their relations, and growth and decay are no longer governing factors among the affairs of men, new and far-reaching changes are near at hand.

Japan's unexpected military conquests are not more surprising than alarming. Both surprise and alarm are quite as great at the utter imbecility and hollowness of Russia, claiming, as she always has, such military supremacy. It matters nothing now what may occur—though Russian troops in such numbers might yet be poured into Manchuria as to overwhelm Japan—the verdict of the whole world outside of the Czar's domain is that Russia has been beaten completely, ignominously and from start to finish; beaten in equipment, in the march, in endurance, in heroism, in the marvelous loyalty and fighting quality of the private soldier, and in generalship, on land and sea.

Nothing can ever change this verdict, and whatever may be the final outcome of the present war, Europe, for at least another century, will have no fear of the Slav, unless this fear is begotten by some military alliance, no promise of which is yet above the horizon. Old Russia is dead, dead not by the rent of Japan's shells, but by an organic disease which for 200 years at least—since St. Petersburg became its capital—has been gnawing at its vitals.

Then she decided on conquest as the essential condition of national growth. She had set out on her march to the sea. There were three chances. She might reach the Mediterranean but for Turkey. She could reach the Pacific, but this meant a relentless grip on Persia. She could reach the Yellow Sea, if she had control of Manchuria. All these gateways appealed to her ambition; but they were tightly closed, and if entered gates must be knocked down. That seaward ambition has been Russia's ruin. Infatuated with the idea of final recognition as one of the great world powers—if not the greatest—on land and sea, she has planned and intrigued and deceived, not only other nations, but the large majority of her own people, and of late even the Emperor himself. Not within the next century, if ever, will she reach the supremacy she has always claimed. Her plea that the present war must continue until she wins back her prestige is mere twaddle; the childish vaporing of idiocy. There is none to win back, for none has been lost, so far as the present contest is concerned. Rotten at the core, like the hollow trunk of an overgrown tree, for the past half century at least, going backward instead of forward in every essential of religious, political, social and military development; oppressing her own people, throttling private opinion, banishing her ablest thinkers, impoverishing the land to build up a rich, gluttonous and imbecile aristocracy, with neither knowledge of nor sympathy with the struggling masses, she has reached the harvest.

More than this, she has reached the end of this long seed-sowing. Old Russia is dead. New Russia is born. Her coming prestige will never be won in battle. She may yet win it, but not by fighting her way to an open sea. If at all it must now be by the overthrow of aristocratic tyranny, the liberal education of the peasantry, vast and far-reaching reforms of church and state, and a humbled recognition that it is not boast nor swagger, nor military medals, nor numbers, nor guns that win in the day of national trial, but men. She lacks men. Not that men—large, and wise and true, are lacking in the empire, but lacking in official position. Worst of all, she has no head. The Czar, like a man of putty, has no longer either influence or power. No chance like his for immortal honor has ever fallen to the lot of any ruler. Weak, vacillating, bigoted by birth and environment, afraid of the mob, and still more of his advisers, his most loving and loyal supporters at the time of the St. Petersburg heartless slaughter of innocent petitioners now turn from him in disgust, and in place of the "Little Father" they worshiped he has become the timid "hare" they detest. Here Russia won her freedom; but royalty lost its crown.

Cause for alarm at the so-called "yellow peril" is indeed great, but the cause is misplaced, and the color misread. "It is white, not yellow." Certain it is, the yellow man has proven his right to live, and to live very near the top, and this too, not simply by unprecedented military prowess, but by that humane sympathy for a fallen foe, and that calm moral poise, in the hour of greatest victory, which alone belong to the world's most renowned heroes. It is quite safe to say no nation single-handed will ever again seek special cause for war with Japan. She is too mysterious, too subtle, too perplexing, and always too disappointing, and too successful.

It comes of power centralized—crystalized to one purpose, and that purpose the wellbeing of every Japanese in the empire. Russia battles for the glory and emolument of aristocracy, and forces the unwilling nation into murderous sacrifices on the altar of decorated Dukes. Russian leaders quarrel over the honors of the field none have ever truly won, and revel in luxuries labeled for the sick and wounded. Japanese leaders sleep in the mud, side by side with their riflemen, starve with them in the trenches, pour their private fortunes into the field hospitals, and weep in silence for the dead and dying. Order, patience, economy, persistence, harmony, enthusiasm and heroic victory are with the one; disorder, impatience, jealousy, extravagance, intrigue, mutiny and hatred of the soulless government machine they serve are with the other. Why should the world be surprised at the result? Why, but for the reason that the eternal and unseen qualities of men—things we ever overlook—are those that win, and why should the world, in the light of this recent handwriting on the military wall of nations, fail to read in advance coming events?

It is perfectly within the bounds of truth to say at this hour not one of the great military nations fears Russia, and none particularly covet her as an ally. Will this wholesome dread, now lost, not open the way for other wars of conquest, since the military "balance of power" has shifted? No; another factor has become a part of the military balance. The signal victories of Dewey and Sebley over Spain, and those of Togo over Russia, are exactly of the same mould, won in the same manner, and for the same reasons. The whole science of war has changed. Europe no longer dreads Russia, but these last object lessons have begun to inspire a wholesome dread of war. It is too destructive and too costly. The so-called "balance" is rapidly shifting from armed legions to coined gold, and the great military trust of the world, like that of every other commodity, will soon be only a financial "showdown." The great war of the future will be one of ducats; and we know these are never accumulated in large and permanent measure by extravagance, debauchery, idleness and criminality. Wealth in large measure may sometimes be inherited by an individual, but never by a nation. If she gets it she must win it by thrift, or steal it. Individuals often stumble into prosperity, but a nation never. Here, then, is the key to the future; Intelligence, economy, and social and political virtue alone can win great national wealth, and at the same time develop the qualities necessary to preserve it. Where are these national qualities most conspicuous today? Who needs be told? Japan and China.

Chinamen are at this hour accumulating small fortunes on the ruins of Anglo-Saxon extravagance and incompetence all over the United States and throughout the colonies. China needs only opportunity. The whole nation is now aroused as never before in all the ages of its sleepy history. It possesses the economy, thrift and marvelous imitative genius of Japan, and needs only Japan's example and tutelage. These she already has. Her many millions are hailing the coming alliance. When her military battalions are once Japanized, as they shortly will be, what then, what then? But you say she has not the wealth, that most necessary element of future power, and she has not the commercial relationships established to produce it. When she is ready—and she will be when Japan says the word—she will demand her share of both, and these will be forthcoming, or she will enforce them. With Chinese uncounted legions allied to Japan and Corea, if they prove only half as able soldiers as the Japanese have proven to be, what nation would dare resist? Would all others combined dare to resist? Such a war would bankrupt the civilized world in a twelvemonth. It will never come. The race will quietly do what it has ever done—bluster and threaten, and become profane, and then tamely submit to the inevitable, universal, eternal edict of all nature, the "survival of the fittest."

The world's "peril" is not, therefore, of color, but character, and its struggle is between the debauched ruler and the ruled. If the "yellow" man is at last to win out, it will be because he is entitled to win; and if the Anglo-Saxon is at last to go to the wall, it will be because he has elected to go there, and has failed in those qualities which entitle him to a better fate. The forces that make for righteousness may be long delayed, but their march is as steady and as resistless as the silent swing of the planets.

J. H. ACTON.

Big War Indemnities in Past Sixty Years

WHAT IT HAS COST NATIONS, IN HARD-WRUNG MONEY, TO LOSE ON THE BATTLEFIELD

First—Baron Suyematsu, writing to the London Outlook, declares that his country will never enter into a peace with Russia, the terms of which do not stipulate the payment by the conquered of an indemnity. He "thinks" this should amount to at least $500,000,000.

Second—Czar Nicholas II is reported as having said that he would never agree to any indemnity; that he could not sign such documents and also remain Autocrat of All the Russias.

Third—The Tokio press thinks the very question of an indemnity already closed; all that remains in that direction, in the opinion of these loyal journalists, is the fixing of the amount.

Fourth—The Petit Parisian, regarded in France as well informed upon all Russian matters, "learns" that "the Imperial government will consent to indemnify Japan only so far as military expenses are concerned; she will refuse to pay any actual indemnity."

HERE are the four most available sources of public information upon a question which is day by day looming larger and larger above the troubled horizon in the Far East. They cannot be said to harmonize. What farther light do the written records of past history throw upon the matter?

Only the other day, it seems, (1896), the latest of the wars upon the European Continent drew to a close with Turkey victor and Greece vanquished. The ancient land of King George was bankrupt, but the Sultan demanded an indemnity of $50,000,000. The Powers promptly interposed; said that the sum was ridiculously excessive—and Abdul Hamid II cut it down four-fifths. In the nine years that have since intervened he has received something more than half of his $10,000,000.

That same sum—$10,000,000—was the payment which China made to England at the close of the Taiping Rebellion (1850-1864), but this was nominal merely and insisted upon more because of the effect it would have upon the impressionable Orientals than for any actual repayment of Britain's fighting expenses, for she had paid out fully $25,000,000 to win.

Earlier than this (1840-1842), when the red-coated warriors of "The Widow of Windsor" had won for her that briefer struggle with the Chinese, recalled today as the Opium War, the yellow Emperor agreed to pay $25,000,000. A goodly portion of this indemnity, however, went to British merchants by way of compensation for the destruction of their property by the natives, and as the war had cost the home government all of $10,000,000, the victors scarce found highly profitable the bargain which peace had brought them.

In 1866, German (or Prussia, as the nation then was better known), closed a "little row" with Austria much more advantageously. All told the fighting had not lasted two months, nor was warfare then the expensive thing it has come to be today, yet Austria, with her five lesser allies, was forced to agree to an indemnity of $32,500,000. If a difference is to be found in the distinction suggested by the quotations from the "Petit Parisian" already given, this was "indemnification for military expenses" plus "actual indemnity."

Eleven years later (1877), on the other hand, Russia, having beaten the Turks, held down her financial demands to the actual cost of her war. So has history written it, and so Europe has believed. She asked $160,000,000—but the question not unnaturally presents itself, would she have asked more from a more solvent creditor? Turkey agreed to the sum set—and not the half of it has been paid over in the more than a quarter of a century that has since elapsed.

The greatest indemnity ever asked—and moreover paid, and paid promptly—was the $1,000,000,000 which the new-born Empire of United Germany demanded from the conquered French in '71. To obtain guidance in justly calculating what amount should be specified, Bismarck telegraphed to Berlin for his own banker, Herr von Bleichroeder, the Rothschild of Prussia, and this eminent Hebrew financier first cast the national damages in the sum of $1,200,000,000. M. Thiers objected to this finding, and at last his eloquent pleadings cut off $200,000,000, and M. Thiers went back home declaring so colossal a debt could never be liquidated. But paid it was; paid long before the time appointed, for the good French peasant could not endure the sight of those uniformed "men in possession," and down he dipped into those stockings which are the banks of all rural communities, and the billion came up and out with his toil-marked hand.

What Germany had spent upon her war was less many millions than this $1,000,000,000 indemnity, but tradition has it that the First Wilhelm and Prince Bismarck never ceased to regret that they had not doubled their demands. Considering, however, that France had to sacrifice her two fairest provinces as well as pay this "record" indemnity, Germany's bargain was profitable to an unprecedented degree.

What newest item is present-day history to add to this list of $1,237,500,000 paid by the conquered to their conquerers in the past 65 years? If Japan is to be indemnified merely so far as will cover the gigantic expenses to which she has been put since she attacked Chemulpo and Port Arthur early in the February of 1904, even so Russia will be out anywhere from $400,000,000 to $500,000,000. Old Noah Webster, however, considered an indemnity (in this martial sense of the word) "compensation or remuneration for loss, damage, or injury sustained." Under this construction Japan might well ask a sum total which should belittle even Bismarck's $1,000,000,000. But would she get it?

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Scorns to Own Up.

Cleveland Leader.

A girl with a corn!
She's a creature forlorn.
Her steps are six inches
Long, her shoe pinches;
And if she is pretty,
She's an object of pity,
For she'll never acknowledge that corn!

Not she! Though the pain
Is intense, she'll explain
How her shoes are so much
Too big, they don't touch
Her feet anywhere.
And that, she'll declare,
Is the cause of her limp—it's a sprain!