

# MOUNTAIN CLIMBING FROM THE HUMAN SIDE

Observations and Reflections by One Who Reads Life's Lesson With the Mazamas.

By  
Anne Shannon Monroe

IN striking contrast with the hard commercialism of the age, which is focused in the message of business men who say to the world: "Come to our shores; we offer you mines, harbors, agricultural and timber lands, waterways and plains and hills on which to build cities, if you will invest your money with us"—in contrast with the simple life devoted to the flashers of gold, we have today the mountain-climbers of the West. They form a comparatively small band in numbers, but a mighty one in influence for the best in life, which is the love of nature.

In the summer time America's soil is dotted with campers, though in the majority of the Eastern states camping is unattended by hardships or danger. The real risk and file of nature, the sure lovers of simple life devotees, is made up of those who, Summer after Summer, camp out in the mountains, and for diversion scale their highest peaks.

Men and women who will tramp for miles over snow and ice, up steep mountain sides, and down precipitous declivities to look into a particularly magnificent crevasse, or to examine a terminal moraine of glacial interest, or to see rugged rock formations which tell a story of stupendous glacial pressure years upon years ago, are not following a mere whim; a stronger force impels them.

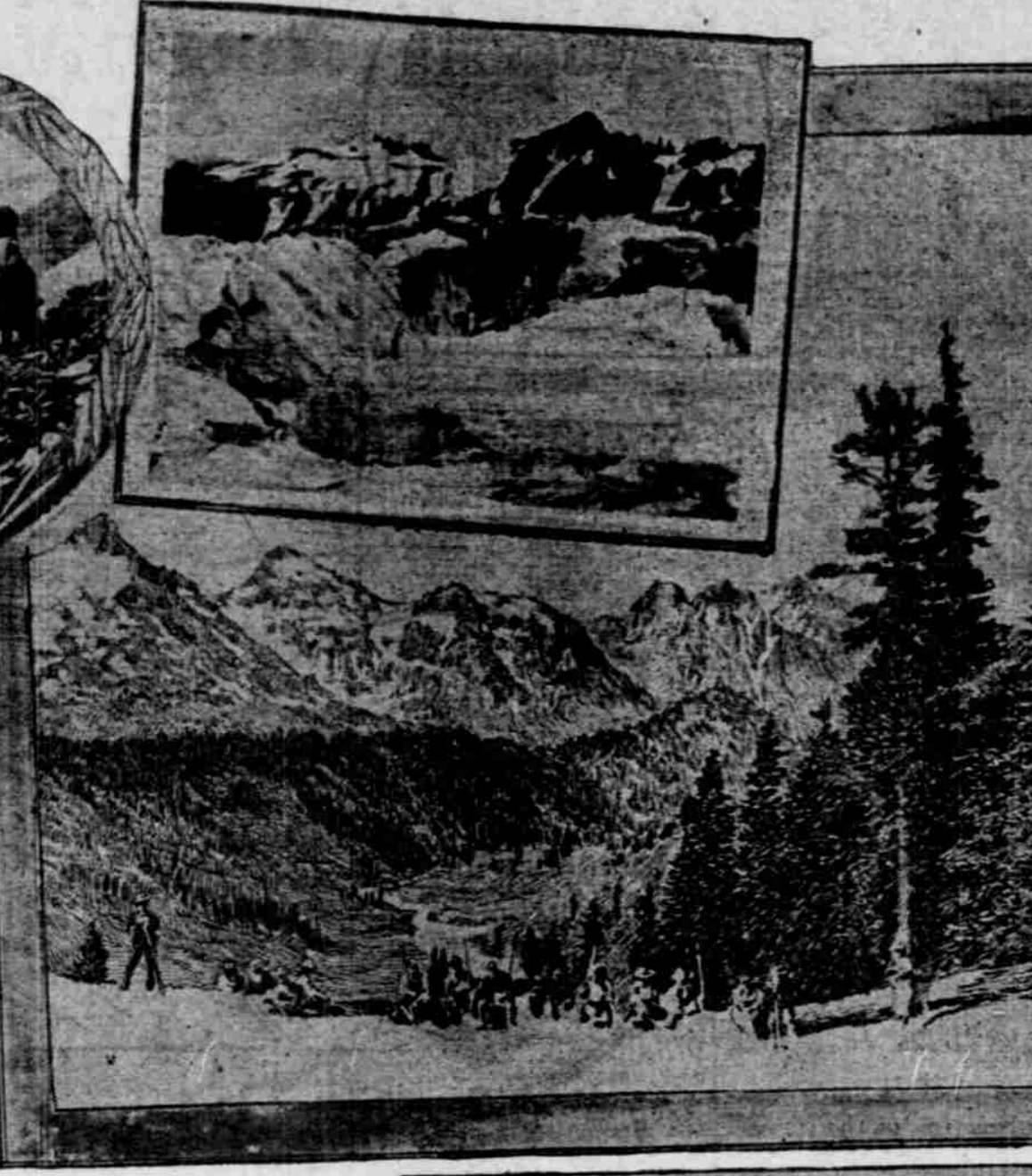
## An Irresistible Call.

The habitual Summer mountain-climber has an innate love for the true and the beautiful in nature. He is ready and even eager to endure any amount of temporary hardship that he may see with his own eyes the Creator's handiwork in the most inaccessible places. He will stand, ankle deep, in snow and icy water, the keen north wind blowing a gale and freezing his clothes, which were previously drenched by some inadvertent step into a glacial pool, while he examines, with eager eyes, the peculiar formation called "red snow," or the pure pale turquoise coloring of the deeper crevasses. He will travel 20 miles over trackless wastes, planting his alpenstock before him every step of the way, lest he stumble into a blind crevasse, to view the valleys and surrounding mountains from a rarely fine outlook.

Neither hunting nor fishing need be added to the call of the mountains to make the call irresistible, though he can enjoy these sports with the best. He needs only the mountains, the streams, the forest trees—those heirs of ages, the birds—in short, the charm of nature when unspoiled by the hand of man. As Summer comes on, these things beckon to him and there is a tug at his heart strings; the odor of the forest gets into his nostrils; the alternate sighing and roaring of the wind in the trees beats on his ears; the clear, high, blue sky, against which the mountain top a jagged outline, comes before his eyes, and he finally pushes aside business, dons canvas clothing and spiked shoes, tumbles his blankets into his sleeping bag, seizes his alpenstock and like a boy out of school is soon "over the hills and far away."

## Driving Cobwebs From the Brain.

Men who go to the wilds on quest of wealth alone, color blind to every shade but brassy yellow, on failing to find the precious metal return to civilization broken down, disappointed, with so many years gone out of their number on earth, and so much hope gone out of their manhood. The one in a hundred who succeeds generally busies himself as long as



his gold lasts, proving to the world, by throwing it recklessly here and there, how little he values it. But, in contrast, observe these other seekers of the wild, the nature-lovers, who go to the mountains as a lover to his sweetheart. They return to civilization with a more vital appreciation of life, with a calm serenity of mind which holds them above absorption in the mere shifting of dollars from pocket to pocket. They return with strength of character infused by contemplation of giant peaks rearing their magnificent heads through cloud and storm, unaffected by either one. They bring back health and vigor of mind and body, drunk in from pure, cold mountain streams, absorbed from beds of freshly cut cedar boughs, and during long walks over winding trails, while the good cheer about the camp fire has driven the cobwebs from the brain.

## Where Character Shows.

People join societies and lodges, accept invitations to parties and make calls, because it is proper or right, or politic, but they have nothing to gain from society by going to the mountains. There great volcanic piles have no political pull, that one must needs visit them. They offer nothing to the man greedy for material gain, but they offer everything to him who loves the earth as it left the hands of the Creator, better than the earth garnished by man's comparatively petty achievements.

In the mountains one learns many lessons and has opportunity to exhibit traits admirable and otherwise. The rarified atmosphere becomes a developing fluid which quickly brings out any lurking evil or narrowness of mind as well as capacity for kindness, courage and self-reliance. Nothing in our nature remains hidden in the mountains. In the tropics a seed from a colder climate springs, over night, into rank growth, showing at once what it is; and here the seeds of character that have long lain dormant come quickly into prominence. A man is known for what he is, not for what he seems.

## No Artificial Aids.

In the city we judge one by the position he holds commercially; in the mountains, by his courage, cool headness, endurance, unselfishness and heroism—for these are tested almost daily. In the city we might know him a decade and yet be in the dark as to his real nature. In the mountains the unexpected always happens, and we have no time to adjust the mask. There are many annoyances that show the temper of the steel; damage bags get left on the trail; pack ponies stray away and delay supplies; the bacon all goes forward while the flour is left behind; it rains and bedding gets soaked; alpenstocks break; shoes give out and the feet swell, while bruises and scratches distribute themselves with absolute impunity; waists fade out and tear out, and no stores are handy for replenishing the wardrobe; parties are given about

camp fires, with no feminine finery obtainable; the toilet must be made hastily, with few artificial aids to beauty. All these and other exigencies of camp life try the mettle of each one. The extent of the camper's endurance and his adaptability to constantly changing conditions determine his success as a Summer dweller in the mountains. The experienced camper leaves home prepared to meet all ordinary needs. He knows he must be equal, physically, to hardships, for, if he isn't, some one else's outfit will be marred through his having to learn. He knows he must take clothing, blankets, healing lotions, toilet articles, towels, soap, etc., sufficient for himself, otherwise someone else will suffer from having to share with him. He knows he must submit to a certain amount of discipline, for a mountain camp must have a head whose dictates are obeyed, otherwise there will be distraction and danger. Thus every practical mountain-climber learns that cardinal point in life, preparedness. He knows that no "I forgot" will make it any easier for a companion to divide that which was meant for one alone. While providing himself with everything he shall actually need, he eliminates superfluities, and later does without that which he fails to learn. On the other hand, when in camp, during the climb, crossing crevasses or scaling rocky peaks, he is ready to risk his very life, should a comrade meet

danger. He will give his last dose of medicine for a fellow camper stricken suddenly ill. When climbing he will take the insecure footing, if necessary to make room for one just behind who becomes possessed of a sudden fear. On the crevasse-scarred glaciers, he will wait though night is coming on, to see that every member of the party has safely crossed the last yawning death-trap of ice. Among the boulders, he will lean out over the rocky heights and hold his alpenstock far down the steep precipice at the risk of sudden dismemberment or beyond his strength, to help others up the rocky cliff he has safely ascended.

## Unselfish Prudence.

He will go out at night in the most terrifically blinding storm to the rescue of a companion who has not returned, and he will divide with another his last drop of water or his last withered prune, treasured for employment, and the higher the wages and the more secure the positions of those who work and vote. "That is exactly what has happened," declared Senator Blank. "We have great corporations, great millionaires and a few great monopolies, but the statistics prove that wages are higher, and that more men are steadily employed than ever before. Why should the workers not be satisfied? What more do they want?" "They should indeed be happy," smiled Jefferson, "and many of them doubtless are. But what of those captains of industry who have made themselves responsible for the perpetual continuance of the toilers' misery? I should not care to be a party to such a contract. Has the industrial millennium arrived when no periods of hard times shall break the joyous march of prosperous years? Will there arise a dynasty of Rockefeller and Carnegies, who, for the privilege of amassing billions, will fulfill the contract to make prosperity permanent? That contract has been made and the workers

mountain-climbers is unselfishness, and preparedness is a requirement. Successful mountain-climbing, like everything else, depends on each individual member. A leader, who is in perfect command, must be obeyed with unquestioning obedience. He is a party of ten on a hazardous climb. He is ahead and face to face with the situation. There must be no faltering or holding back. The success of the entire climb depends on the nerve and grit of each one, in obeying orders.

## Escaping Death by Discipline.

During this Summer, while encamped with the Sierras, Mazamas and Appalachians on Mount Rainier, I was a member of a party of eight whose lives were saved absolutely through instant obedience to the voice of the leader. We were half way to the top of a very steep and rocky embankment some 1200 feet high, leading up from Cowitz Glacier, which spread out below, criss-crossed with treacherous crevasses. We were making our way by inches, digging in fingers and toes, and not daring to look up at the frightful boulders above or down at the death traps below, when a horrible crash and a thunderous roar above stifled our very hearts. A huge boulder had become dislodged and was coming down at speed directly upon us, tearing up the mountain side as it crashed its way downward. We grasped with tighter hold on the tiny boulders growing among the rocks, and frozen to the spot. Almost instantly, out upon the clear mountain air, came the ringing notes of our leader's command: "Make for the right hand!"

We quickly obeyed, and scrambled at a speed we would have declared impossible to the edge of a sheer drop of 300 feet, over which we had shudderingly gazed, making the descent earlier in the day. We crouched close to the edge of that terrible declivity, while the frightful boulder maddly tore its way over our path, our skirts being grazed as it passed. Had one of us faltered a single moment when the order was given, that one would have found a very different place in the crevasse below. Had one of us given way to fear or nervousness after escaping the boulder, that one would have gone crashing down the steep mountain side. We had no time for a display of nerves—we were busy holding on with might and main, and checking the distance that tried to force itself upon us.

Our leader, with practiced eye and quick decision, had seen our one hope of safety, and ordered us to take it, though it involved risk almost as hazardous. He relied on our individual nerve and sure-footedness to save ourselves.

Clearly and strongly, I see in the discipline of these experiences the greatest development of character. The accident of conquering the obstacles in the outer world of men. Even as in crossing glaciers, we step gingerly over the first narrow crevasse, and then, as our quaking hearts help each other over the wider ones, while on the return trip, having become sure of ourselves by doing most difficult feat almost as hazardous. He relied on our individual nerve and sure-footedness to save ourselves.

But, better than all the lessons gained, better than the preparation for later steadily climbing the rough commercial way, is the life lesson in the mountains which represents the true "simple life." Far more influential on coming generations than any book ever written on the subject is this life lesson in the mountains to live the simple life, given to us each Summer by the great mountain clubs of America, whose membership is several thousand, and at whose head, for a cord of age, endurance and noted climb is the Mazama Club, of Portland.

ANNE SHANNON MONROE

# THE SHADES OF THE FATHERS IN WASHINGTON

By  
Frederick Upham Adams

(INTRODUCTION.—The Shades of Washington, Jefferson and Samuel Adams are pictured by this gifted imaginative writer as having returned for a period to the country they helped to establish. Late at night they visit the library-room of Smith, an friend, and find him in conversation with his friend Brown, who is a prominent radical. The five enter into a spirited discussion of various questions, and later decided to make a tour of the country, first visiting Washington. They appear in the editorial columns of the "Nation," and Smith, who keeps this record, finds it difficult to realize that they are not mortals. The three Shades pose as visitors from England, Washington taking the name of "Mr. George," Jefferson that of "Mr. Thomas," while Samuel Adams retains his former name. No article written in recent years on economic questions have aroused more comment than these from the pen of Mr. Adams. The interview in the following article is in part an accurate transcript of one recently had by the author with a wealthy United States Senator who represents one of the Middle States.)

AS HAS been narrated, we were engaged in an interview with Senator Blank, who, of course, had not the slightest idea of the identity of his strange and distinguished visitors. Brown had introduced them as travelers from England, and I dreaded lest one of them should make a remark which might lead the Senator to some other conclusion. The latter had asserted that the Government has no concern in the size of private fortunes, and that it need not interfere in the equal distribution of wealth.

"I doubt if many of your people realize how remarkable is the social system they are developing," said Jefferson. "Your financial and industrial machinery is so organized that a limited number of men must of necessity become enormously rich. To maintain what is now commonly known as 'the system' they must bend every energy to the crushing of all threatened competition. In order to find investment for their surplus profits they must invade and conquer new fields. They cannot stop if they would, and this movement has progressed so far that agriculture is the one form of production not in the active process of exploitation or absorption. It is inevitable that organized capital will revolutionize farming, and it will yield 'the system' or its successors stupendous profits.

"It is true to say that the trust system is an inevitable evolutionary process, and that in some form it will survive. All the world knows this now. The day when thousands of scattered factories and hundreds of small railroads competed for markets and traffic is forever past. The trust is a labor-saving and a profit-multiplying mechanism, and no matter what

the future has in store, you will never return to the system it has supplanted. The prime mistake which your people make is in assuming that the far-seeing and prize-worthy capitalists produced the trust. The reverse is true; the trusts produced the astonished capitalists."

Senator Blank listened closely to this, his keen eyes peering over his gold-rimmed glasses, his thin lips closely compressed. "There's something in what you just said," he admitted, with a grim smile. "I can remember the time when it was not many years ago—when there were mighty few wealthy manufacturers, and when the banker who had his hundred thousand dollars was considered a wonder. They finally had sense enough to get together, and because they did so they got rich. Those who were wise went into the trusts and won out. But they were not the only ones who were wise. There were times when Mr. Rockefeller was beyond the reach of the law, and most people predicted that they would. There were times when Mr. Rockefeller was giving money away today at the rate of ten millions a clip. We Americans believe that to the victor belongs the spoils."

"The more I study you Americans," said Jefferson, his voice toned with a suggestion of irony, "the more I am convinced that you do not know what you believe. You talk much about your institutions and prate of the underlying principles of your Government, but I am unable to discern that you have any. You talk solemnly about your respect for law and order, while as a matter of fact you are the most lawless people on the face of the earth. Those of you who have the power, demand and secure the enforcement of all laws which will result in your personal financial advantage and the consequent enrichment of your class, and what you call justice has become a mere word or a fancy of all save those who are able and willing to pay for it."

"I wish to offer a word," said Washington, before the Senator could reply to Jefferson's accusation. "In all of our talks with your people—and we have attempted to mingle with the various grades and classes—we have been impressed by the fact that there is a general admission that certain great wrongs exist, that certain great questions must be answered, and to quote a phrase frequently heard, 'something must be done.' But I cannot discern that those who feel this way are agreed as to a remedy, and so far as we have observed the masses of your voters seem to take little interest in discovering means of redress for their real or fancied wrongs. On every hand you hear accusations, denunciations and even threats. Your press and your literature teems with

exposures calculated to arouse envy and hatred against those who have attained financial success, but the writer or speaker who suggests remedies is likely to be laughed at or reviled. Some of your powerful moneyed interests consider it good policy to discourage and even to smother discussion. We find a studied and more or less successful attempt to keep these questions out of your political platform. I ask you, Senator Blank, is it not a fact that the growth and power of your corporations, with the consequent disparity in wealth, form the leading topic of conversation when political subjects are discussed by your citizens?"

"I suppose it is," admitted the Senator, "but what of it? The people must have something to kick about, and just now they are hammering away at the trusts and Rockefeller. Nothing will come of it." "Do you think the people are in earnest in this matter?" asked Samuel Adams. "They are earnest enough," grinned the Senator, "but as this gentleman has just said, they don't know what to do."

"I should think the people are in earnest," said Samuel Adams, with frank severity, "that this is a most dangerous and menacing attitude on the part of your people. I have treasured your words with the belief that you are sufficient to meet any problem which may arise, and we may look forward with confidence to the day when you will mean by that? You admit that they are in earnest, and then insinuate that they are powerless to do anything."

"I meant that the people have the ballot, and that with it they can solve all questions," the Senator said, shifting uneasily in his chair. "I asked the Browns was about to say something, and did my best by glance and gesture to restrain him, but it was useless. He has a placid temper when his most ardent passions are not aroused in which such times he goes to the most violent extremes. "The ballot?" he exclaimed, interrupting Samuel Adams. "Reserve that sort of clap-trap for your constituents, Senator, but smile when you say it to these guests of ours. What problem have the American people ever seen with the ballot? I challenge you to name one which will live in history. Why do your corporations pour millions of dollars into the campaign treasuries of both political parties? You know, and so does every man of the slightest degree of intelligence in this country. They purchase control of the rival political machines, and then eradicate them into a trust for the purpose of preventing the people from voting on issues which will menace the supremacy of these corporations. Then you hold your alleged National conventions, employ corporation lawyers to make patriotic speeches, frame up the usual evasive or straddling declarations of lack of principle and call them platforms, name candidates whom you can trust to be safe and sound, and then go back to your counting houses, your trust headquarters and your railway offices and attend strict-

ly to business, while the people 'vote' on which one of your patterns they will select. Hold the ballot up as a shield when the wages and the more secure the positions of those who work and vote."

"You know too much for your own good, Brown," smiled the Senator, who had listened to this tirade with surprising good nature. "Things are not so bad as you imagine they are. The workers are employed at better wages than ever they were, and were it not for a few agitators they would be perfectly satisfied."

"I think that your latter statement is true," remarked Jefferson, "but it is unimportant. Power and privilege never has had and does not now have cause to fear a planned revolt of the working classes. They lack initiative and cohesion, and more than that, they distrust the leadership. It is the simplest of tasks to divide them and array one faction against the other, and your politicians have reduced that process to a science in this country. But you must reflect that these simple-minded workmen have the mob spirit. Under the pressure of conditions which puzzle and distress them, they are likely to attack anything which seems to stand in their way. The fact that they have not as yet used the ballot as a means of retaliation is no proof that they will not. For more than a generation your political parties have appealed to them with issues calculated to arouse and stimulate their selfishness. You have asked them to protect themselves against the under-paid labor of Europe. You have held up to them the promise of a full dinner pail. For it is not the workers who are the cause of the need of a dollar of a certain standard. If they enjoy a certain measure of prosperity—they are justified in believing that it follows as the result of the anything in voting for it. For more than a generation no unselfish or moral issue has been submitted to them."

"In recent years you have taught them a new idea, viz.: That of their absolute dependence on capital in the hands of capitalists. Arguing from the premises that great corporations and wealthy individuals now conduct most industries, it has been laid down as a self-evident truth that were it not for such corporations and wealthy individuals there would be no employment for labor. This is as ignorant a bit of sophistry as ever was enunciated, and the stupidity of those who believe it is surpassed by the folly and shortsightedness of those who advance it. "Your corporations and life insurance companies do not hesitate to threaten that great corporations and wealthy individuals now conduct most industries, it has been laid down as a self-evident truth that were it not for such corporations and wealthy individuals there would be no employment for labor. This is as ignorant a bit of sophistry as ever was enunciated, and the stupidity of those who believe it is surpassed by the folly and shortsightedness of those who advance it. "Your corporations and life insurance companies do not hesitate to threaten

greater the growth of corporations and of private fortunes, the greater will be the wages and the more secure the positions of those who work and vote."

"That is exactly what has happened," declared Senator Blank. "We have great corporations, great millionaires and a few great monopolies, but the statistics prove that wages are higher, and that more men are steadily employed than ever before. Why should the workers not be satisfied? What more do they want?"

"They should indeed be happy," smiled Jefferson, "and many of them doubtless are. But what of those captains of industry who have made themselves responsible for the perpetual continuance of the toilers' misery? I should not care to be a party to such a contract. Has the industrial millennium arrived when no periods of hard times shall break the joyous march of prosperous years? Will there arise a dynasty of Rockefeller and Carnegies, who, for the privilege of amassing billions, will fulfill the contract to make prosperity permanent? That contract has been made and the workers

have carried out their part of the agreement. With a faith which is almost sublime, they vote and think as they are told. There are mutterings of discontent in the ranks of the middle class, and there is fear in the hearts of the lesser millionaires, who are at the mercy of those who tower above them; but the great armies who work for the corporations are content. They have been convinced that they have no interest counter to the vast concerns for which they work. They have heard this doctrine declared during political campaigns, they have read it in the newspapers, they have listened to it from the pulpit, and they have tried it and as yet not found it wanting."

"What will happen, Senator, when these toilers are undeceived? That time will surely come, and any one of a dozen causes I can name may precipitate it. The failure of a crop, the declaration of a tariff war or the loss of confidence, will be sufficient to bring about a financial or industrial crisis. Once all calamities were charged to Providence. Until 'within recent years the victims of panic held the National administration which

happened to be in power responsible for the wrecking of property. Organized wealth ever has assumed the liability and relieved God and the Government of all care for the industrial prosperity of this Nation. What will it do when the inevitable crisis comes?"

"So long as your present era of prosperity continues the Nation will tolerate the permit the supremacy of the corporations. The question of whether an individual shall be permitted to amass and possess a billion of dollars will remain an academic question until something clogs your wheels of industry, and then it will become an intensely practical and political one. The deluded victims of this colossal experiment in capitalist paternalism will demand that wealth keep its contract. That will be impossible, and for the first time in the history of a republic the masses will vent their rage and disappointment, not on an administration, but on a concrete private institution."

"This will not happen in my time," declared Senator Blank, rising to signify that the interview was at an end. "It will in mine," responded Jefferson.

## Washington, Jefferson and Adams Indict the Country as the Most Lawless in the World

# LITTLE SERMONS By Ebert Hubbard

LABOR is the only prayer that is ever answered.

Discontent is inertia on a strike.

The woman who manages a man never calls his attention to the fact.

The men who live in history are those whose lives have been well written.

The spiritual and the sensual reach reconciliation in the love of a good woman.

Men who say they have exhausted life merely mean that life has exhausted them.

The man who believes in a personal devil proves the proposition, because he is one.

Not only does beauty fade, but it leaves a record upon the countenance as to what became of it.

When we reach Utopia we always find the map has deceived us, and so we sail on. This is progress.

Piety is that feeling of reverence we have toward the Almighty on account of his supposed resemblance to ourselves.

The man who, in his wife, provides a penalty in case his wife marries again, never had any confidence in her during life. He thought he owned her, body and soul.

It is bad enough for a woman to be owned by a live man, but to be dictated to by a dead one—ugh!

Men fight for a thing and lose, and the men they fought, later, fight for the same thing under another name and win.

The intensity of conversation is usually in exact ratio to the veracity; the more they talk all over and over have anything to say.

When you supply a man an idea, and he straightway asks you if you are sincere, he reveals himself a No. 4 Jackanapes Loboloby.

The difference between bad and good people is this: The bad people have the bad on the outside, and the good in; while good people have the good outside and the bad in.

The world is getting better; to a great degree women have abandoned hoops, bustles, tight shoes, high heels, corsets, hats, gloves, side-saddles and long skirts, and many there be who a-kneeling go.

Truth, in its struggle for recognition, passes through four distinct stages. First it is damnable, dangerous, disorderly, and will surely disrupt society. Second, we declare it is heretical, infidel and contrary to the Bible. Third, it is a little odd.

Fourth, we say it is really a matter of no importance either one way or the other. Fourth, we say that we always upheld and believed it.

Everlasting life will be yours if you deserve it—your present belief or disbelief does not affect the issue. But make sure of this, if you are to be a great soul in Heaven, you have got to begin to be a great soul here.

## The Modern Builder.

London Globe.

(Radium Terrace, the name given by a suburban builder to houses he is building at Twickenham.)

The enterprising builder who would offer something new Must abandon Bella Vista and the hackneyed "Garden of Eden."

He must put up something startling that will make the tenant stare—For instance, X-Ray Gardens or, perhaps, Uranium Square.

Of course the new diseases sometimes lent a little aid. I've built Radium Terrace and Inconia Parade, Easterners—the very name is killing of the rats—And Radium Terrace and Appendicitis Without the Far East War I could not have got on at all. I gave my Radium Terrace and Radium Terrace—sky Hall.