

To Eliot Glacier, Mount Hood's Attraction. Chiefest

Alpine Climbing and Photography Menaced by No Small Danger.

TO THE AVERAGE pleasure-seeker, little seems to be known outside of the beaten path, and a trip to Mount Hood, prompted only by the climb to the summit of that hoary old monarch, seems to satisfy so many that I am moved to present that which was to me and to others that were in our party a much more enjoyable jaunt, full of enough suggestions of dangers to satisfy the most venturesome spirit, and so complete with a vast sublime beauty that the memory of that trip alone compensates for the material and physical outlay it involved.

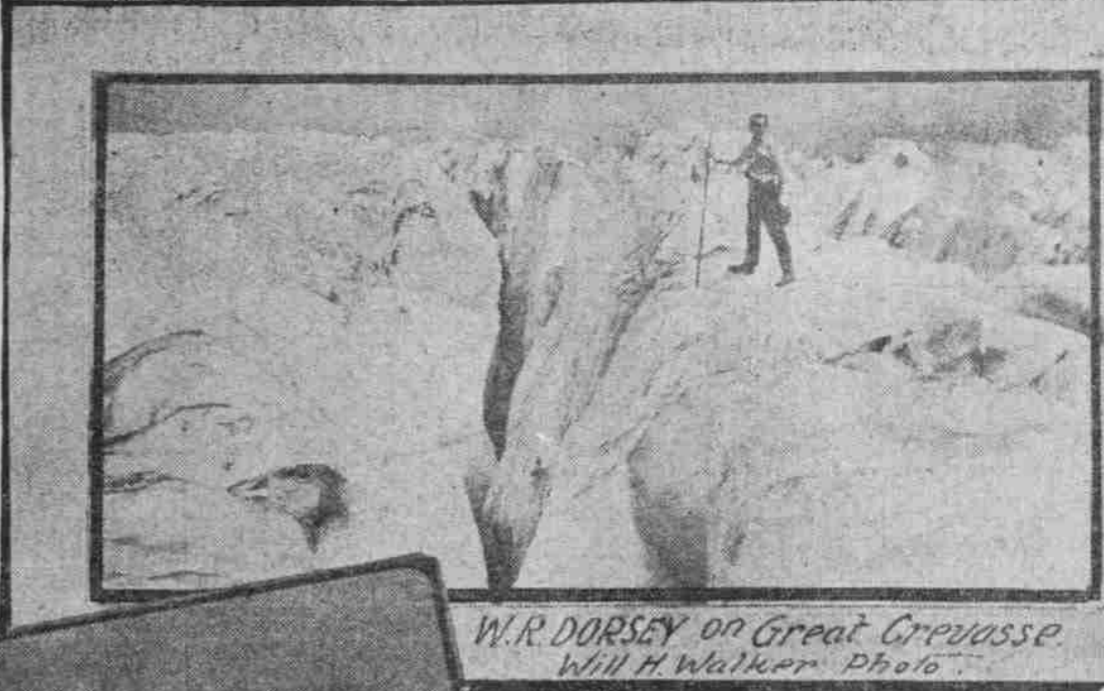
It was my pleasure to be at Cloud-Cap Inn during the second week in August. Wednesday of that week a party of 14 was made up for a trip to Eliot Glacier. This glacier, occupying as it does nearly the entire north side of Hood immediately under the summit, sweeps down nearly to Cloud-Cap Inn, and ends in a vast canyon just under and in front of the inn. The sources of the Middle Fork of Hood River can be seen upon the face of the "black ice" falling into the canyon in a broken fall 500 feet in height. The ice wall has the appearance of a vast pile of dirt and broken rock in immense furrows. Some of them are true moraines, rocks pushed up and aside by the tremendous pressure of the ice field. At a distance it has the appearance of rock and earth, but upon a close examination the solid ice will be found underneath, the coating of debris being very thin. The supply of ice for use at the inn is obtained at this point on the glacier.

En Route to the Upper Fields.

Our route to the ice field led us down a small dip in front of the inn, through a fringe of pine trees, then into a canyon, up which our trail wound. Large granite boulders were on every side, and in places the trail wound in and out among them; again it skirted the side of the spur among the broken rocks, sandy always, and finally across a little stream called the "Tillie Lane," and thence to the head of the canyon, where we formed a group and where our first picture was taken, two miles from the inn. Here we were allowed a few mo-

place her weight upon what was only a thin bridge of snow. Mark, the guide, ever watchful, called "keep away," and a trial with alpenstocks revealed only a soft snow bridge, easily pushed into the crevasse, and without the stability to carry more than its own weight. The party was now divided.

The guide, with Mr. Spencer of Portland, Mr. Patton, of the Portland & Seattle Ry., Mr. Dorsey, Shanghai, China, and the writer, were to try to get into the "Pinnacles." As this was considered a very hazardous trip for a large party, and for ladies, he declined to take more than the four mentioned, and the balance of the party, with the exception of Miss Spencer, were led back over a rocky ridge, thence on to the smooth ice to the inn, by our assistant guide, Miss Spencer, notwithstanding the guide's objections, thought that she could make the trip, remained with us and finished, safely. Our course now took us 500 feet up a very hard snow field, at an angle of about 45 degrees. It was somewhat difficult at first to get good foot-hold, but soon we all caught the trick and reached the foot of a high crag, called Langille Peak. It was now necessary to climb across the top of this snow slope to a point from which a slide down a short bog back landed us right into the top of the pinnacles. This snow field on the top edge formed an over-hanging snow bridge, some eight to ten feet from the crag, and is not at any point in contact with the



ments' rest by the guide. Descending the side of the spur and crossing a moraine, we were soon on the white ice where walking was easy. Every member of the party wore heavy shoes, soles of which were filled with hob nails, and all were equipped with the usual steel-pointed alpenstock. We passed rapidly over this ice field, here and there looking into the ice wells, holes bored down through the ice by the action of water. The colors we found in these depths were only a promise of the which was to come. Working well out on the smooth ice, we turned directly towards the mountain, and soon were picking our way up on an ice terrace, somewhat higher than the field we were on. Imagine, if you can, a high wall of ice, vast in extent, broken into deep openings called crevasses, running back into the ice, filled with beautiful color, ranging from light green to a deep blue in the depths. Then realize that up one of these ridges between those crevasses we were led by our guide and over more than one narrow bridge, one in particular over 12 feet in length, not over 18 inches in width, with deep crevasses on each side of it, but beyond such a promise of safe footing that the 14 of us followed without hesitancy.

Among the Pinnacles.

We were now on the upper fields of the glacier, among the great crevasses. Three cameras, Miss Spencer's little kodak, Mr. Dorsey's larger one, and the writer's 1x 5, were worked to their full capacity. We found picture-taking, under the conditions, somewhat ticklish, still the writer also carried and used a small steel tripod, which at times throughout the trip rendered him good service. Our position among these immense openings, while safe enough, with care, did not invite wanderings from the common center—our guide—and save for an occasional peep into the depths from a position full length upon the ice, we were all satisfied to let well enough alone. Our guide now led us up higher, occasionally jumping us across narrow openings, and finally onto a snow field just under the high cirques, commonly called the "Pinnacles." It was at this point where the only approach to serious mishap occurred. One of the ladies of the party, desiring a near view of a very deep crevasse, started upon what seemed a solid ice bridge. One step, about to be taken, was all that was needed to

rocks. Looking over the edge into this crevasse it is impossible to measure its depth and a feeling of insecurity seems to take possession of one. The footing in the Pinnacles is extremely hazardous. Large boulders of solid ice wedged tightly between the spires, bridged the depths below us and our course was over these, stepping from one to the other. Looking up towards the sky the light through the ice transmitted colors of pale green, shading into white to where we stood. Looking down between the boulders, on which we stood, colors change from white to green, to deep blue, to black, as vision is lost in the depths. Our stay here was short; ice was falling much of the time and our view was limited to our surroundings. Mark, the guide, with two of our party, Mr. Dorsey and Miss Spencer, climbed upon one pinnacle where the group was photographing. This was an extremely difficult and dangerous undertaking, and it did not appeal to me. Our return

once commenced, was quickly made. The guide, with Mr. Patton and Mr. Spencer astride of alpine stocks rapidly ascended in going in. Mr. Spencer's slide was terrific, and he had some trouble in stopping as a consequence. The other three of the party got "cold feet" and for 20 minutes slowly worked their way down a dangerous slope, which the others descended in as many seconds. This place is now called "Cold Feet Scoot."

The trip from here to the Inn was without event. It would not be proper to close this article without some personal mention of our guide, Mark W. Weygandt. To his sole direction the party was always dependent, and to him was much of the pleasure of this trip due. Of his personality, suffice to say that we all liked him very much and left him at the Inn with regret.

WILL H. WALKER.
Portland August 28.

Susan Clegg and Friend, Mrs. Lathrop

The Village Philosopher Discusses "Idiots in General" With Her Neighbor.

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BY ANNE WARNER.
"It's a very strange thing," said Miss Clegg to Mrs. Lathrop one evening when they each were adding themselves to their usual habits, "it's a very strange thing as we ain't got one single idiot in this community. There's a idiot most everywhere till he gets the idea into his head to kill someone an' so gives others the idea as he's safer shut up, an' yet we ain't never had one. I was speakin' o' that to Mrs. Brown today an' she said it was true, an' very odd although she'd never thought o' it except to think as Mr. and Mrs. Sperritt some pretty close to belin' it themselves. She says she don't know s'ne's sure what ails Mr. and Mrs. Sperritt, but

she says they've been married years now an' is still goin' round as beamin' as two full moons. She says it ain't anything to talk of in public but actually to see 'em drivin' back from market sometimes most makes her wish as she wasn't a widow, an' she says anythin' as'd make her sorry s'ne's a widow hadn't ought to be goin' round loose in a Christian town. She was very much in earnest an' Mrs. Fisher come up just then an' she said it all over again to her an' she said more too—she said as the way she looks at 'im in church is all right an' really nothin' but a joy to look on at afore marriage, but she don't consider it hardly decent afterward for it's deartin' an' can't possibly be meant in earnest. She says she was married, an' her son is married, an' her father was

married too, an' you can't tell her that the way Mr. and Mrs. Sperritt go on isn't suthin' pretty close to idioicy even if it ain't the whole thing."
"You—" said Mrs. Lathrop.
"Mrs. Fisher said," continued Susan, "as she thought as maybe she got used to lookin' pleasant at 'im in all them years as she kept house for him afore he made up his mind to get married to her, an' so the habit kind of is on her an' what's dyed in the wool keeps on stickin' to Mr. Sperritt. Mr. Kimball come out just then an'—without askin' what we was sayin'—said as he'd always understood as he married her cause he wanted her bedroom to hang up corn to dry in. Mrs. Fisher explained to him as we was discussin' idiots an' she went on to say as for her part she always enjoyed seein' the Sperritts so happy for it done anyone good to look at 'em, an' that she'd be

only too happy to be a idiot herself if it'd do any human bein' good to look at her an' Mr. Fisher afterward. She says oh, my, but now that he's took to mixin' Japanese Jimmy Jig songs with his other poetry she most thinks he'll kill her an' John Bunyan. She says any one as'll set a man to takin' a dailly mornin' plunge in a stop jar nad ought to just look at the walls around her washstand. She says things as in their very nature you want to leave off afore you begin 'em, an' as you have to begin sudden to do a tail, had ought to be done outdoors anyway. Mr. Kimball said as the evidence was gettin' strong for the idiot's side after all an' he said as he begged to state as the other night Mr. Sperritt



clear case right down from his great-grandfather."
"His great—" cried Mrs. Lathrop.
"Gran father," said Susan. "Yes, Mrs. Lathrop, that is how it was, an' Mrs. Macy says it's really so, for she see the tombstones all but the mother's—she ain't dead yet. Seems the idioicy come from the great-gran father's stoppin' on the train-roasin' to pick up a frog, 'cause he was runnin' for suthin' in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."
"The frog—" cried Mrs. Lathrop.
"No, the great-gran father. Seems he never stopped to consider as what'd kill a frog would be sure to hit him, an' Mrs. Macy says she really was smarter than they thought, for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals paid for the funeral an' for the grandmother's, too."
"The grand—" cried Mrs. Lathrop.
"Mother's," said Susan. "Yes, seems the railway track was their back fence an' she'd always begged an' prayed him at the top of her voice not to go to town that way, but he wouldn't listen 'cause he was stone deaf, an' then beedles, like all that kind, he always pretended not to hear what he didn't want to. But anyhow she was in the garden an' she see the train an' she tried to get to him, an' whether she broke a blood-vessel yellin' or contracted heart-disease hoppin' up an' down, anyway she fell over right then an' there, an' it would have been copied in all the newspapers all over the country even if the mother—"
"The moth—" cried Mrs. Lathrop.
"Er," said Susan. "Yes, seems she heard the yell an' run to the window so quick she knocked the stick out as held it up an' it come down on her head. So,

you see, the idioicy come right straight down in the family of the idiot for three generations afore him."
"I ain't sur—" said Mrs. Lathrop, thoughtfully.
"I ain't either," said Susan. Mrs. Macy says she wasn't neither. No one in Meadville never was."
"An' yet—" began Mrs. Lathrop.
"Oh, as to that," said Susan, "that's altogether another kind o' idiot. My own opinion in his case would be as the world would be just as well off one way as the other, for there ain't a mite of doubt but what he shot him nor a mite o' doubt but what he deserved it. An' Gran'ma Mullins says the real awfulness is that none of 'em had got married. It's the gettin' married that turns men mad, an' she shakes in her shoes when she thinks as Hiram is married now an' may have to some day be proved a idiot as a consequence."

Rules for Automobile Guests.
Carolin Wells in Life.
Always tell your best that this is the finest machine you ever rode in.
Ask him if it isn't the best make there is.
Say you thought so, when he says yes.
Ask him what really makes it go.
Listen while he tells you.
Ask him if he isn't going very awfully.
Express surprise when he says the machine is merely getting warmed up, and for you to wait.
Remark that automobilism is the poetry of motion.
And that you never before knew what it meant to really live in life.
And that you feel an exquisite, inexplicable elation.
Admire his motoring get-up.
Tell him how well he looks in automobile togs.
Ask him if you may suggest a name for his machine.
Look wise.
Ask him how to spell carburetor.
Express no surprise at his reply.
Say that you would be afraid to go as fast if any one else were driving.
Ask to have all the parts in sight explained to you.
Inquire minutely about the others.
Introduce no subject save automobiles.
Disparage all others and praise the one you're in.