

DUKE D'ABRUZZIS GREAT MOUNTAIN CLIMB

NOW PREPARING TO MAKE THE ASCENT OF THE HIMALAYAS TO A POINT HIGHER THAN HAS EVER BEEN REACHED BY MAN



DUKE OF ABRUZZI

AFTER having climbed all the highest peaks of the Alps the Duke of Abruzzi traveled to all the continents of the world, climbing St. Elias in Alaska, made an expedition to the North Pole and climbed Rouvenori in Central Africa.

On March 25 he started out from Italy for Asia to explore the Karakoram-Himalaya Mountains, seeking to climb the second highest mountain in the world, the mysterious Chosori, which reaches the unbelievable height of 8000 meters. Leaving their ship at Bombay the expedition will go as far as Rawal-Pindi by rail and from that point they will start for Srinagar by means of two-wheel carts called "Ekkas."

At the capital of Kashmir they will stop several days to complete their preparations and to engage some hundred of coolies as porters to carry the baggage. Leaving Srinagar they will camp out. In going through the valley of the Sind they will cross the Jom-La ridge and will descend at Dras; and by way of Kargil will enter into the valley of the Indus, whose left bank they will follow as far as Skardo, the capital of Baltistan. Here they will stop with the English Governor to complete arrangements for their mail and supplies to be forwarded to them in the



CAMEL USED FOR DRAWING WAGGONS IN INDIA

contains. After having crossed the Indus the caravan will retrace the valley of Shigar reaching in a week's march the village of Askole situated at a height of 3000 meters.

At some leagues from Askole is the enormous glacier of Baltoro, 60 kilometers long. In a higher part is the Chigodi or Godwin-Austen peak for ascent of which the Duke of Abruzzi organized his expedition. For two or three months the mountain-climbers will live in an altitude of 6000 meters, exploring the entire range of mountains. They will take observations on the glaciers, meteorologic and the life of the men of these high altitudes, etc. The expedition expects to return to Europe the end of September.

The expedition includes S. A. R. Louis de Savoie, Duke of Abruzzi, his aide-de-camp, Marquis Negrotto, Dr. Philippe de Filippi, Vittorio Sella, photographer; Guides Joseph Petigax, de Courmayeur, Alexis and Henri Brocherel; the Porters Laurent Petigax, Ernest Baroux, Humbert Savoie and Emile Brocherel, and Ermilio Dotta, assistant to the photographer.

Face Value.

Upon her hand he pressed his lips. She said it wasn't right; But he didn't seem to understand Her hidden meaning quite. "I beg your pardon, then," said he, "It was out of place." "It surely was," the maid replied, And then he kissed her face. —Exchange.

HOLLAND'S PICTURESQUE SIDE

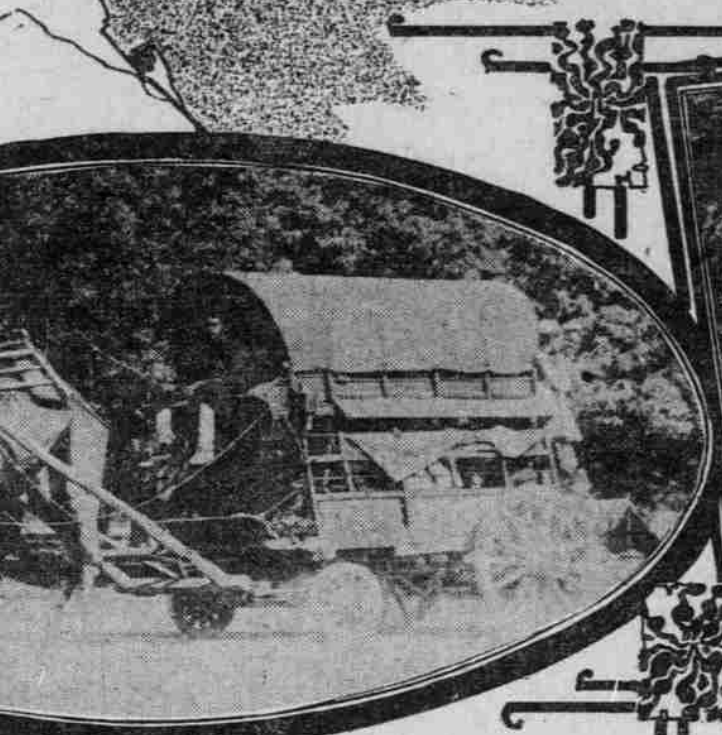
Dutch Life and Dress as Themes for Old Artists and New.

London Chronicle. NEITHER Amsterdam nor The Hague is typical of Dutch life in its most characteristic aspects. At least one has to get away from the big cities to see the Dutch people in their primitive simplicity. At Marken or Delft, for example, one sees the pictures which still attract painters to Holland, scenes so quaint and picturesque and beautiful that they seem almost unreal, like those in a musical comedy.

I was in Delft recently and wandered around the market-place. It was like walking back into the Middle Ages. Above was a cloudless sky, as blue as that on the china which has made the place famous to the world, and clear against the perfect blue rose the wonderful tower of the Nieuwe Kerk, the "New" church, which is so old that the body of William the Silent lies here. On the other side was the town hall—a mass of old masonry, crumbling with age, but still white and solid. And over the tops of the little old houses, with their pointed gables and zigzag roofs, red and yellow and brown and black, were other church towers and spires. Here in the market, filled with the golden glimmer of the Spring sunshine, Dutch peasants were selling strongly-smelling fish, and wooden shoes, and laces and ribbons, and books on open stalls. One saw the quaintest and the prettiest types—old men in high-peaked caps and enormously baggy trousers, and huge sabots; young girls in snow-white caps and bodices, with short skirts which showed their pretty ankles in shoes five sizes too large for them. It seemed. A smart cavalry officer rode slowly through the square, saluted by some young artificers in blue with orange facings.



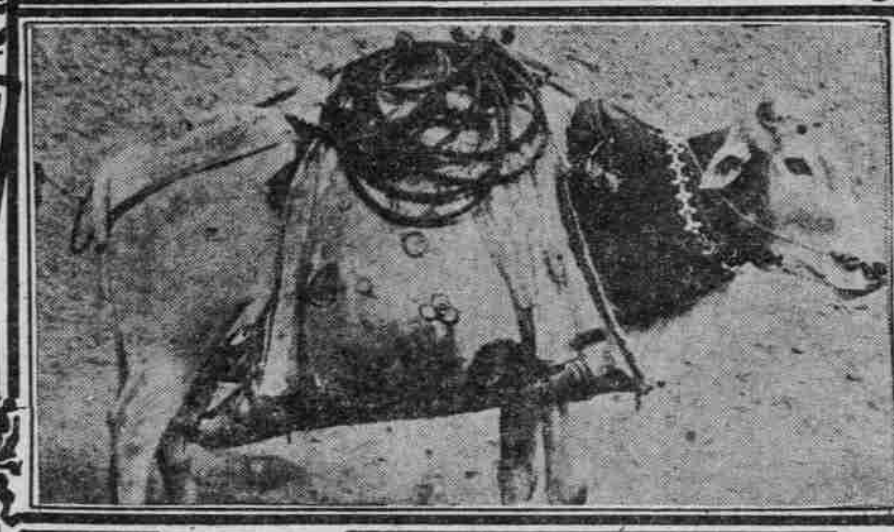
CAMP 6000 METERS HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS



POST OFFICE AT TALLI-TAL KOWLAGON



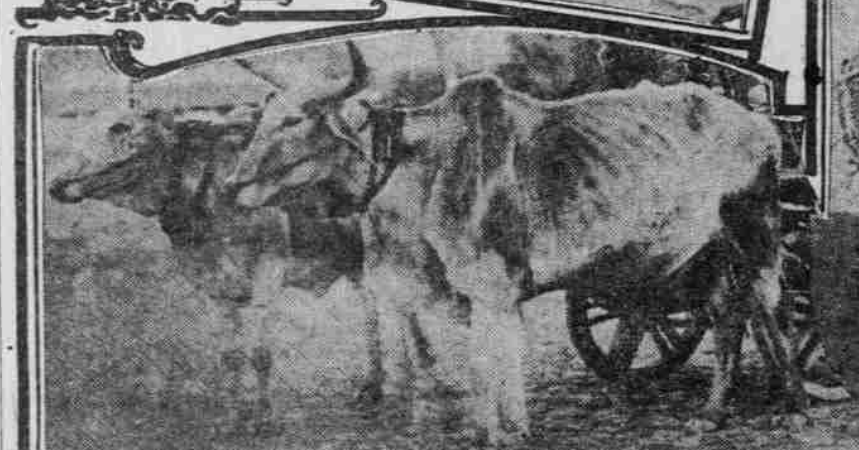
XABRII PEAK 7,300 METERS HIGH THE HIGHEST POINT REACHED BY MAN



BEAST OF BURDEN IN KASHMIR



KASHMIR ASSES WILL BE USED TO TRANSPORT D'ABRUZZI'S BAGGAGE



CATTLE OF KASHMIR MEANS OF TRANSPORTING BAGGAGE IN THE HIMALAYAS

This was a scene out of a Dutch picture book.

Yet more picturesque was the scene a few streets away, on the bridge where five canals meet in a broad waterway. A hundred or more canal-boats were moored there, brightly painted, with flowers on the poop, and their brass-work brightly polished, and others came slowly under the bridge, with sturdy Dutchmen pacing the deck as they plunged their long barge-poles deep into the stream. On most of the canal-boats children were playing and singing, and the sound of their voices seemed to float on the surface of the water, traveling far. Not Venice could be more beautiful than this scene in old Delft, with its streams of rippling gold, and with a background of Dutch houses or a windmill with yellow sails.

The canal folk are not the least interesting among the population of Holland. There are 15,000 of them, and they are born, and married, and spend their lives on the barges. Very ignorant and violence rarely take place, and the days glide on in their lives as the barges down the streams. The greatest pleasure of the men is a big pipe and a glass of Holland, and the women seem to spend their lives in knitting and cooking and scrubbing and saving their children from a watery death.

In the country districts the Dutch women still retain their old national costume, with full petticoats, one above the other, according to their wealth; a light-fitting bodice, spotlessly clean, with a red handkerchief folded across the breast, and a close-fitting white cap with a little flounce around it. In some places—I have seen many even in The Hague—the women's caps are very

elaborate, with white wings and gold flagwork and "jewels" of glittering glass. When they go to communion, as they do at Easter, they wear long shawls of black silk, with fringes, worn in a point down the back, and long gold earrings fastened to the side of the cap.

The peasants and workmen earn poor wages compared with those in England, but living is cheap and thrift is a second nature to them, so that when they reach middle age there are few without savings in the bank upon which to end their days in peace.

Queen Wilhelmina is one of the richest sovereigns in Europe. Yet she lives in a small, old-fashioned whitewashed palace at The Hague, which is no more imposing than a convent school, and her household is much more simple in its

daily routine than that of many an English nobleman.

Once a year only the Queen goes to the great marble palace at Amsterdam, built by the burgher Princess of the 15th century, and seated on a gilt throne under the royal arms of the Netherlands, holds her court with some magnificence and ceremony. Then there is a display of military uniforms, and the wives and daughters of those who bear the titles of Graf and Jonkheer come dazzling in diamonds which would make a Hatton Garden merchant green with envy. The Queen, in her court robes, with a crown on her collar of fair hair, holds herself with dignity and grace, but after the week is over she is glad to slip away again to The Hague or Het Loo, to put on a simple dress and lead the quiet life of a Dutch lady of the middle class. That is characteristic of the people

themselves. They have their dignity and their pride; they are a wealthy nation, and they do not forget that in the old days they played a leading part in the history of Europe; but they do not indulge much in outward show, and their ideal of a nation's happiness is a good, solid, middle-class prosperity, with a comfortable banking account which is always mounting up.

That is true of the nation and true of the individual. The Dutch merchant with a good colonial trade, the Dutch manufacturer with a prosperous industry, the farmer in the provinces and the shopkeeper in the towns are all "well-to-do" and thoroughly satisfied with themselves. The "guiden" keep plump up, and no gambling instinct tempts them to launch out into ambitious enterprises. Quietly and ploddingly they do their business, satisfied with moderate profits and growing rich because they are always thrifty. They do not waste money in the pomp and vanities of life. The richest diamond merchants in Amsterdam live in quiet

houses on the canal sides and do not wear their jewels in their shirt fronts nor on each finger of each hand. The wives of colonial planters, who, if in London or American society, could dress like Duchesses, go about dowdily and carelessly of Parisian fashions. No magnificent carriages go rattling about The Hague, which in provincial Holland is regarded as a place of frivolous amusement, and the home of the smart set and the court circle here is as quiet in its mode of life as a coterie in Clapham Park or Hampstead.

The air of middle-class prosperity and respectability is characteristic of all the Dutch towns. One feels that one is in the presence of a people who have settled down into a mature middle age, in which they care no longer for the ambitions and illusions of youth. They have done with adventures, they have been heroic; they have given great soldiers and sailors, and poets and painters and martyrs to the world's history, and now they feel entitled to peace and com-

Daring Feats of a Steeplejack

CLIMBING up slim, twisting wooden poles, hundreds of feet in the air, looking down into canyonlike streets from dizzying heights, performing daredevil feats in midair, causing neck-crane pedestrians below to cringe with fear of his safety, a career of hazard and excitement, filled daily with flirtations with death, such is the life led for the last ten years by J. H. Wilson, of 445 Eleventh street, a professional steeplejack, who left Portland as a boy to fight for a livelihood, and who has returned to his old home for the remainder of his days. Wilson does not expect, however, to give up his death-defying profession, but will continue to ply it here.

Wilson is browned from contact with outdoor life and is hale and hearty. The only physical impression which his hazardous business has left on him is noticed in his speech, resulting from a fall of 50 feet from the side of the Del Prado Hotel, in Chicago, while he was painting a sign. This is the only fall he experienced. It was caused, he says, by reason of the fact that he borrowed a fellow-worker's paraphernalia, which was faulty. He talks with great difficulty and hesitates, as if in pain.

Wilson claims to be the champion steeplejack of the world. The only man who can rival him, he asserts, is George Clark, of Chicago, who in several instances has called upon Wilson for assistance in his more dangerous and difficult jobs. He gets good pay for his work and has saved considerable money. "I am not through yet," he said. "There will come a time when I will have to quit. I can feel it coming on me now sometimes when I am up in the air, with nothing near to reach for support but a thin pole around which my legs are twined."

In the life of every steeplejack, Wilson says, there comes a time when he must quit. He feels a strange dizziness coming over him. The air is light and the blood rushes to the head. After that there must be no more ascents. The steeplejack's work is done for all time. It is a sure warning, and if he escapes from the first attack without falling he had better beware. If another attempt is made to reach any great height he is sure to lose consciousness and fall. It is this moment that Wilson dreads. He looks forward to its coming as being inevitable as death itself.

"Oh, I am not afraid. I will keep on until that time comes and then I will quit. That's all," he declared.

Wilson's mother and father died in Portland ten years ago. At that time he was 15 years old. From here he went soon after to San Francisco to shift for himself. Entering the employ of a painter, his ability as a scaling and heights was soon discovered, and he was given 50 cents an hour to paint church spires, flag staffs, smokestacks, guide wires and the like. "I discovered that my boss was getting from \$25 to \$100 for what I did and went in the business for myself," he said, "and have been at it ever since." Soon after he went to New York and has since worked in all of the principal cities of the United States. He returned to Portland two weeks ago with the intention of making this city his permanent home.

According to Wilson his is the most dangerous trade in the world's work. "There are 200 per cent more steeplejacks killed yearly while engaged in their business than any other trade. We are not permitted to take out insurance or join a lodge which has an insurance feature," he said.

During his life Wilson has made several ascensions in balloons with his friend, Leo Steverson, a famous Eastern aeronaut, and he declares he liked the sensation very much. He regards the probable success of the aeroplanes with alarm and says that "if ever such a general use in America it will be the death of his profession."

But for the interference of the New York police, Wilson's wonderful feats would have been long since portrayed on the moving-picture film. He signed a contract with a New York concern to film the feat of the Flatiron building, in that city, and was half way up the 200-foot pole when the police interfered and commanded him to desist.

One fagget which he painted fell down five minutes after he finished. This was on top of an 18-story building, and Wilson regards it as his most miraculous escape. Had the pole fallen while he was standing with one foot on its summit, he would have been precipitated into the street below and mangled.

Wilson has a large collection of photographs and newspaper clippings to substantiate his own story of the life of danger he has led. In his heartening voice he concluded by saying he was proud of it.

In elementary schools 86 per cent of the children of the United States are in secondary schools; in secondary schools the proportion for education is 85 per cent; in colleges and universities attended by men 85 per cent admit women.