

MAZAMA OUTING EXPERIENCE LONG TO BE REMEMBERED

Camp Life Not Filled With Wonderful Happenings but Every Day a Pleasure for Good Companionship and Merriment Prevail.



Where Climbing is Hard Work.



Mazamas in First Stage of Ascent.



John A. Lee on Left, Geo. K. Riddell on Right.



Focusing for Moving Pictures at Cloud Cap Inn.



A Portion of Crater Side.



At Cloud Cap Inn.



Luncheon on the Summit.



On the Glaciers.

BY JOSEPH D. THOMSON.
HOOD RIVER, Or., July 27.—(Special.)—The crags and pinnacles of the snowy peak of old Mount Hood and the canyons beneath it are still echoing with the joyful yell of the Mazamas. It is the cry of the men and women of the cities gone wild over the inspirations of nature.

Tomorrow the mountain-climbing club will break camp. The women will doff the picturesque garbs of bloomers and riding trousers that they have worn in camp and over the rough trails of the gorges and up the mountain, those garments that make their strides so easy. The men will hunt up the few mirrors in the camp and laugh long and loud at their visions transformed from smooth faces of business men to rough, unshaven men of the mountain. The two-weeks' outing has carried them back to the sturdy nature of the pioneer. There is a new buoyancy in the step as the trip to the brook, flowing from a spring fed by melting snow, is made to dip up the water from which to perform the last ablution that will wash away the camp dust and make the lather for the hair's harvest before the return to the ways of conventional man. Yet there is a mournful note in the whistling for the regrets on leaving the woods are full and swelling.

Although the numbers of the party have not been so large as on former years, although the weather for climbing over the glaciers and exploring the alluring spots in the foothills and in the canyons of the base has not been the best, the two-weeks' outing at Camp Sheldon, in a canyon beneath Cloud Cap Inn, where the tents and couches are camped by fir trees, mountain pines and larches, has been one of the most successful in the history of the organization, because of the pleasure of the night's campfire.

Campfire is a warmer.

Every evening as twilight stole into the dell of Camp Sheldon the fire and wood committee, with handpicks, brought in the huge logs to rekindle the bonfire around which the members of the party sat in a circle until that comfortable feeling of weariness crept over them and they awoke to the blankets of couches laid on the aromatic boughs of fir and pine. Several nights during the encampment light showers fell from the sky and the rain dropped in their faces the sleepers often remained unconscious of the precipitation until they were awakened at first twilight by the shout "Get your breakfast! We're off on the hike!"

The daily stories of special and staff correspondents from the camp have related the more unusual and thrilling occurrences of the most venturesome of the Mountain Goats. The little incidents that make up the routine existence of the camp life have scarcely been touched. Help was scarce, the chef and his assistant were overburdened with work. Francis W. Benefiel, chairman of the outing committee, was one of the busiest lads in the State of Oregon for several days, evolving ideas of organization. With the aid of some of the fairer members of his committee, it was decided to appoint female members of the party to special tasks each day. Thus each morning detachments of three and four women, whose names had been posted on the camp bulletin the preceding afternoon, could be seen scraping the tin and agate-covered platters, while others washed and dried them. The work was fun and was done with ceaseless merriment.

"Jimmie" Gets Appendicitis.

One of the misfortunes of the encampment befell when "Jimmie," the dishwasher, was seized with an acute attack of appendicitis. The lad, scarcely in his teens, was taken into the camp of Mrs. George X. Riddell, where he received every attention. He was made a pet of the camp, and while convalescing declared he was having the best time of anybody on the trip.

Many of the members of the party at Camp Sheldon had attended encampments since the organization of the club 19 years ago. Judge M. C. George, a loyal Mazama, his short talks at the campfires, as he told his adventures of former excursions, were inspiring to those who had shared the dangers of past climbs and rescues, as well as to the younger members. The Judge fairly beamed with a youthful ardor as he recalled incidents of earlier camps. The enthusiasm of H. L. Pittock, another charter member of the club, who participated in the memorable climb to the summit of Hood 19 Summers ago, when with 194 men and women on the crater rim of the snow peak the organization was consummated, is good to witness.

Many others have attended the encampment for the first time, but the memories that will come from impressions and thoughts stored away will create a longing to join all future excursions.

Whether the Mazamas have ever accomplished the same results by their encampments in other regions at the

base of other snow peaks is not certain, but it is a matter of conjecture for Hood River citizens. Their sojourn at Camp Sheldon, however, has created a greater interest among those who have visited the camp in the beautiful scenery surrounding them. It is surprising to know how few of the people of the Hood River Valley know Mount Hood, except as they see it in the distance from their homes. The grandeur of the snow peak from any part of the valley is indeed appealing, and has wound an undetachable charm around the residents of the community.

Mazamas Are Democratic.

The Mazamas are not an exclusive herd of animals, and at their invitation a number of local men and women have journeyed to the camp. The stories of those who have returned home have resulted in the pilgrimage of still others this week-end. All have been filled with the inspiration that rises in one when the first view is

community in avenues leading directly to the most alluring spots.

Clubs Are Formed.

But to return to the playtime of the Mazamas, those substantial business men of the prosperous Northwest, and to some of the pastimes around the campfire, Mazama jollifications may be divided into three classifications, that of the herd proper, the jinx of the Owls and the stories of the members of Parlor A.

The more solemn and staid mountaineers leave the glow of the flames early in the evening and steal away to couches, where Morphous is easily summoned. Those of the mountain goats, who perhaps have Satyrus perched somewhere among their family trees, by a strange metamorphosis change from beast to fowl as the hour of midnight approaches. They have formed a club within a club and call themselves the Owls. Until the campfire has become a detached surface of highways will lead directly from Portland and thence this

and on the open bosom of mother earth that stories are told which are worth remembering. Yet like the legend fairies of Ireland they dare not let the rays of dawn catch them, and in the wee sma' hours the clinging vine Owls are sent away to nestle, while the men Owls repair to Parlor A, the spot located by the most popular male Owl for his couch. To get the real inside of camp life, one must have been initiated into the mysteries of Parlor A, where those who frequent its haunts are declared to tell the best of stories.

The pleasantness of the main herd are unforgettable. Frank Branch Riley, of Portland, noted for his cleverness as an after dinner speaker, has been master of ceremonies at the camp fires this season. He has oratorical abilities, sings well and has an imagination comparable to Baron Munchausen. He takes an especial delight in exhibiting prize members of his herd, and "Old Jed" (H. H. Prouty, and John A. Lee and H. H. Hardesty, of Portland, are exhibited to every stranger that visits

the camp. Mr. Prouty is one of the most modest of Mazamas, and last Sunday it took a bevy of amateur photographers over half an hour to secure a snapshot of him.

Practical Jokes Not Popular.

Although infrequent, practical jokes are sometimes played on the most fun-loving members of the party. On his return to camp from a long hike last week, Mr. Riley found his parapsalmalia tied to the topmost bough of a tall fir. At the roots of the tree was the note: "To Frankie from Santa Claus." The rescue of socks, trousers and undergarments from their lofty position formed amusement for half an hour one afternoon.

The regret of many Mazamas, who have been unable to attend the high jinx this year has been truly expressed in a poem received in camp last Sunday from James Dowling, of Portland:

How we miss you, oh Mazamas!
For we know what is your pleasure
And we wish we were along.

How we miss those songs and stories
Being told there every night,
As you're gathered in the circle
Of the campfire's golden light.

How we envy you the comforts
Of well-earned restful glads,
As you lie there 'mongst the fir trees,
Where we know your camp is made.

Yes, we envy you that coolness,
For it's better here than home—
The thermometer says a hundred,
And it's hanging in the well.

There's a thousand different reasons
Why we'd like to be with you,
But there's just one simple thing
That would like to have you do.

Do not let it mar your pleasure—
No, nor trouble you in your dreams,
But please grant us just one moment,
When your thoughts are most supreme.

When you've considered that old monarch,
And your foot is on her crown,
Think of those you left behind you,
Us poor mortals here in town.

DEATH OF BISHOP FELT BY PORTLAND CLERGY

Dr. Henry White Warren, Who Died at Denver Last Tuesday, Commanding Figure in Methodist Church—Religious Gossip of Interest.

BISHOP HENRY WHITE WARREN, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who died at Denver, Colorado, last Tuesday night, was beloved throughout Methodism. He was well known here. He was a personal friend of Bishop Richard J. Cooke, who came to Portland last week to take up his residence here.

"Bishop Warren, who has just died at Denver, was recognized throughout universal Methodism, as one of the greatest bishops since the days of Ashbury and McKendree," said Bishop Cooke. "He was a bishop for 30 years. During that time he presided at nearly all the conferences of the church and traveled extensively among the missions of China, Japan and India and all the conferences in Northern and Southern Europe."

"He was noted as a great preacher, magnificent platform orator, and lecturer on scientific subjects. His famous lecture on 'The Forces of a Sunbeam' has been heard throughout the United States."

Church Statesman Was He

"His commanding ability as a statesman in church affairs, directing in a large measure with his colleagues the complex affairs of the church, numbering in the United States 3,000,000 of people, places him in the front rank of the great bishops who have guided with skill this great church through the past decades."

"His devotion to Denver University to which his wife gave large sums, reaching into the millions, and his in-

fluence in establishing other educational institutions, shows the versatility of the man, while his contributions to religious literature and theological thought have also marked the departed bishop as a man of varied attainments.

"He was retired at the last general conference on account of his age, having reached 80 years. No bishop in reluctantly retired, nor has there been one whose death will be more widely mourned."

Bishop Also Was Author.

Bishop Warren was born in Willimansburg, Mass., January 4, 1831. He received the degree of A. B. from Wesleyan University, Conn., in 1852; A. M. in 1853; D. D. from Dickinson University in 1874, and LL. D. from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1892.

He married Diantha A. Kilgore, of Bartlett, N. H., in April, 1856. She died June 21, 1897, and he married Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, of Denver, December 27, 1893.

He taught natural science at Amenia Seminary in 1861; ancient languages at Willbraham from 1862 to 1865, and was ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1865. His first pastorate was at Worcester, Mass.

He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1861. He was author of a number of works, among them "Studies of the Stars" and "The Bible in the World's Education."

Cutting cordwood is rather strenuous muscular exercise for a minister, but it has been undertaken by the pastor

of the Mount Tabor Methodist Episcopal Church, C. C. Barick. He is spending a week's vacation at Forest Grove and improving the time cutting trees.

Gipsy Smith, Bishop John H. Vincent and Dr. F. B. Meyers, of London, will be speakers at the World Sunday School Convention, to be held at Zurich next year.

"We want our neighboring churches to meet with us," said J. S. Core, the pastor, yesterday. John Acheson, pastor of the Third United Presbyterian Church, and John Townsend, pastor of the Arbor Lodge Presbyterian Church,



Bishop Henry W. Warren, Who Died in Denver Last Week.

will preach in the afternoon. Frank D. Findley, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church, will lead the consecration service in the evening. A large choir has been training for several weeks, and will render special music.

The new church of the United Presbyterian Church, to be dedicated next Sunday. Three services will be held, in the morning, afternoon and evening. S. Earl Du Bois, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, will preach the dedicatory sermon at 11:15. A fraternal service will be held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Presbyterians of other churches, and Methodists having been invited to attend.

Bishop Frank W. Warren, who will speak at Taylor Street Methodist Church tonight, is touring the Pacific Coast in the interest of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A debt of \$170,000 rated upon the society last year, and a special effort is being made to raise this sum before the general conference at St. Louis, which will convene in St. Louis next year.

Bishop Warren will be here until Tuesday, and will meet Kenyon, to be dedicated next Sunday. Three services will be held, in the morning, afternoon and evening. S. Earl Du Bois, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, will preach the dedicatory sermon at 11:15. A fraternal service will be held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Presbyterians of other churches, and Methodists having been invited to attend.

Bishop Richard J. Cooke, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has secured a residence on Willamette Heights. Last Friday night he was given a reception at Taylor Street Methodist Church, at which a large number of the ministers and their wives were present.

Dr. Luther R. Dyott, of the First Congregational Church, will take his vacation in August, either at Rhododendron or at the seashore. Dr. J. Lee Mitchell of Attleboro, Mass., will fill the pulpit on August 4 and 11, and

Dr. J. K. Greene, of Constantinople, Turkey, on August 18. Dr. Greene has spent 30 years in that country and is home on a furlough.

Dr. E. L. House, of Spokane, formerly pastor of the First Congregational Church here, will occupy the pulpit on August 25.

E. Nelson Allen, pastor of the Hawthorne Park Presbyterian Church, will spend August at Bayocean, taking with him a tent, camping utensils, firearms and fishing tackle. During his absence there will be no Sunday night preaching service, only the Sunday morning service and the Sunday school.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the First United Presbyterian Church had an outing at Mount Tabor Park last night. The Ladies Aid Society of the church held its meeting Friday at the City Park, each member taking a basket lunch.

Work has been resumed upon the new Methodist Episcopal Church at Hood River, and it is hoped to have it completed within a few weeks. It has a seating capacity of between 600 and 800. Dr. V. B. Young, brother of Dr. Benjamin Young, is the pastor.

Dr. A. N. Fisher, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who is here from Pasadena spending the Summer, will speak at Bay Center and Ocean Park, August 4, and at South Bend, August 11.

Dr. Fisher is endeavoring to have the tithing system adopted by members of the Methodist Church. He is the official representative of this cause in the Southern California Conference.

"The Devil in Exile; How Long, When, Where, Why?" will be the subject of the sermon at the large tent at Thirteenth and Morrison streets, next Thursday night. Elders J. J. Nethery and Milton H. St. John, Sev-

enth Day Adventist ministers, are conducting the meetings.

Tonight the subject is "Joseph, Prime Minister of Egypt." Monday night it will be "The End of the World"; Tuesday, "Christ's Return: When and How"; Wednesday, "The Battle of Armageddon"; Friday, "Signs in the Heavens"; and Saturday, "The Meaning of Earthquakes and Cyclones." The sermons tonight and Thursday night will be illustrated.

Evangelistic efforts are being put forth by the Adventists in Seattle, Chicago, and other large cities of the country this Summer. Elder Luther Warren is conducting the Seattle meetings.

A movement is on foot to build a new Methodist Episcopal Church at Ocean Park. The pastor of the church, C. H. Cowdy, and the district superintendent, Dr. S. S. Sulliger, have the subject under consideration.

INDIANS TO GET BENEFIT

Sanitarium Near Lewiston Will Cost Close to \$250,000.

LEWISTON, Idaho, July 27.—(Special.)—The expenditure of \$250,000 on an Indian sanitarium near Lewiston by the Federal Government has been promised and work is to be commenced in the near future. The information was given out today through the Government agents, Theodore Sharp, superintendent of Nez Perce Indian affairs, and Dr. J. N. Allen, surgeon of the sanitarium.

The new sanitarium, according to plans, will be the largest and most distinctive of its kind in the world and will be large enough to accommodate all the Indian tribes now in this country. Special attention is to be given tubercular cases among the Indians. Extensive equipment is to be installed and modern operating rooms will be furnished.