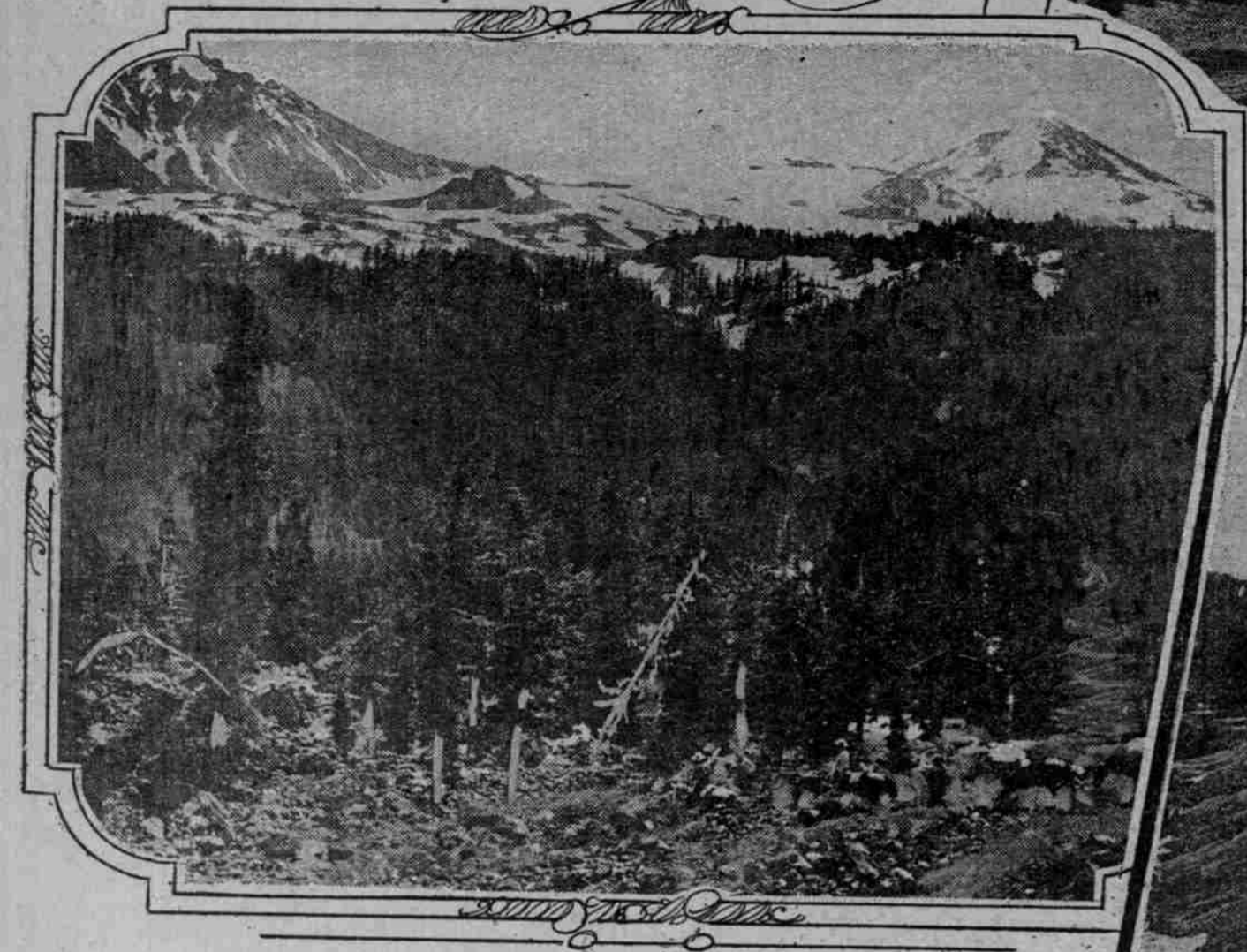
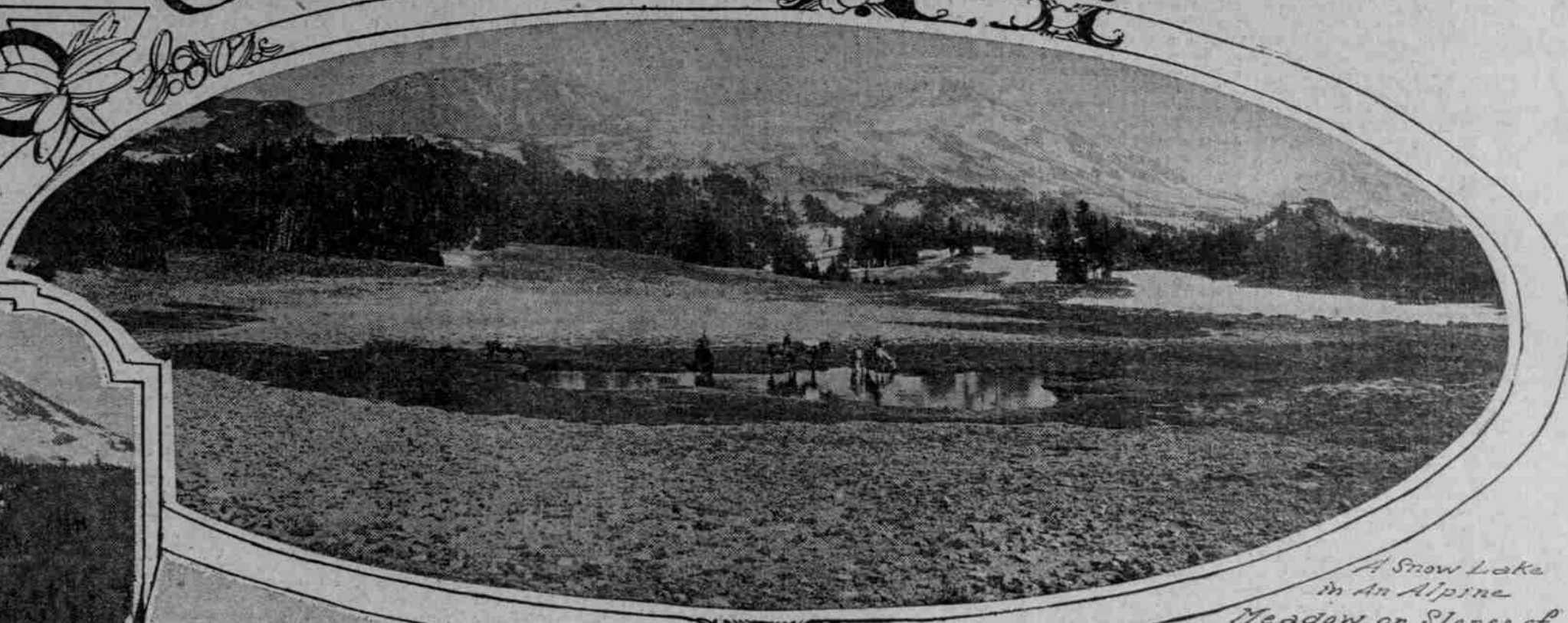


Hitting the Trail Among Oregon's Most Picturesque Peaks.

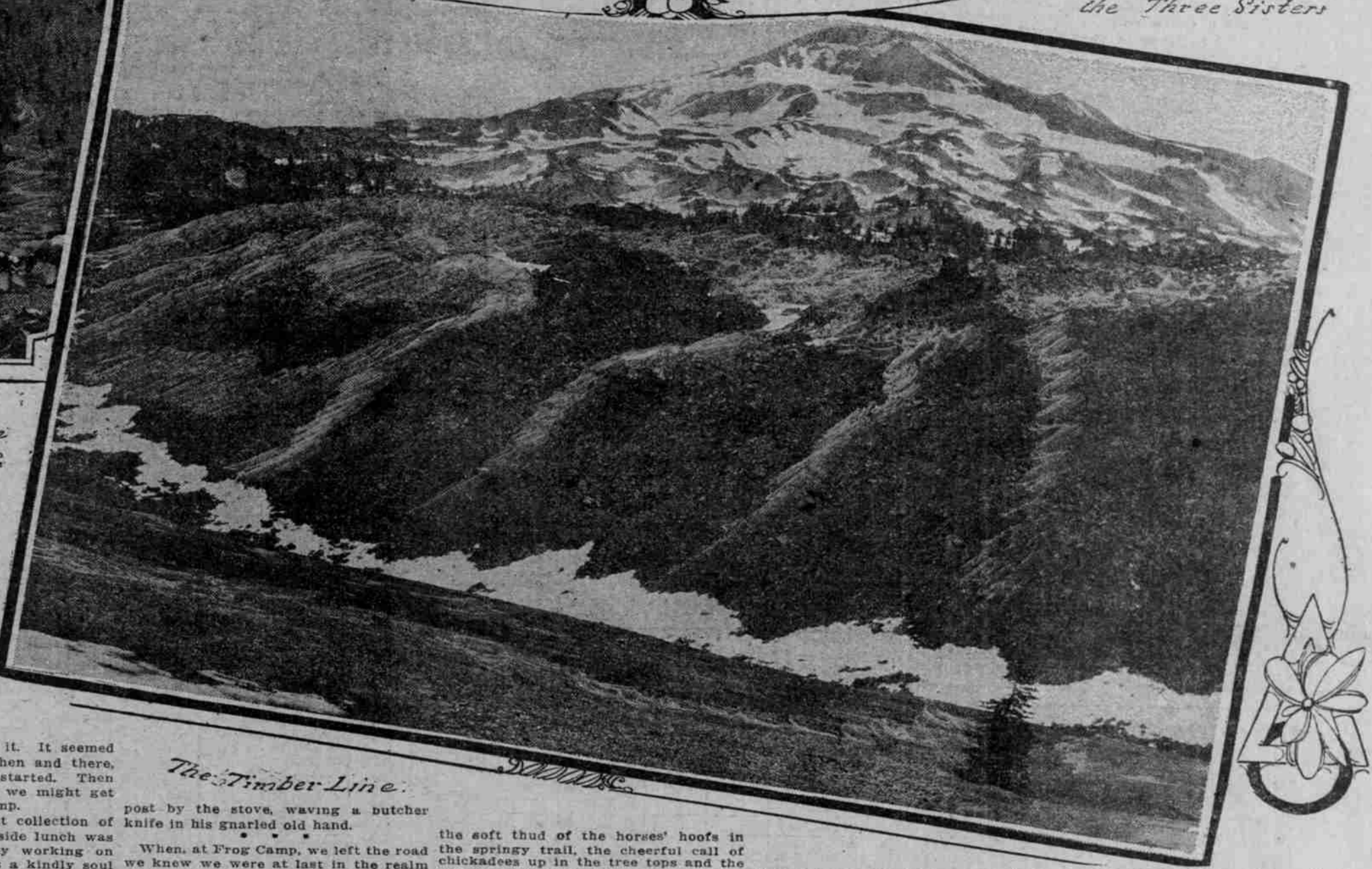
Four Women Engage In Brisk Hike to the Rugged Three Sisters and Enjoy Nature's Most Lavish Scenic Splendor.



The Trail Across the Lava Fields.



A Snow Lake in An Alpine Meadow on Slopes of the Three Sisters



The Timber Line.

BY ANNIE LAURA MILLER.

WE were at McKenzie bridge, 55 miles east of Eugene, in the Cascade forest reserve, when the call of the red gods lured us still farther into the wilderness. At "the bridge" there is a choice of trails. Parties may go southward by the rangers' trail to Crane Prairie, or up the river to Clear Lake, the course of the McKenzie, or by road to the summit of the Cascades and thence by trail to the Three Sisters. To the Sisters we went — we four women, the guide and Duffy, the dog, together with a train, to delight the soul of a mountaineer.

The red gods probably viewed our start with amusement and made remarks about "women tenderfoot roughing it de luxe." We had limited our personal baggage to four small items apiece, and there was to be no mirror. Was to be! Well, there was only one — a very little one. But for bedding we had down pillows, 10 pairs of blankets, 10 comforts and a chenille curtain.

Moreover, our parting gifts on leaving the hotel included several boxes of marshmallows to toast by the campfire, two fried chickens, a duckback coat, a box of cheese wafers, chocolate bars, a slicker, a jar of preserves, binoculars and packages of matches enough to burn up the entire forest reserve. And the red gods must have smiled when we actually started, hob-nailed boots, knicker and all, in an automobile.

We had a wonderful drive through great fir trees, with a tangled undergrowth of vine maple, dogwood and hazel rising from a carpet of moss

and fern. For a time we saw the wildly rushing McKenzie, then we came to a little clearing, with a sawmill, then to Lost Creek, milky white with glacier water. Here was the forlorn home of a long-bearded bachelor, who looked not unlike some stunted, moss-draped tree. Beyond was lava, and in Lost Creek canyon the road wound upward among laurels, manzanitas, willows and glistening buck brush.

Mountains rose steeply on either hand, their sides covered with a short growth of green and red, their summits bristling with outcroppings of volcanic rock, and directly ahead of us, against a cloudless blue sky, towered the rugged snow-capped Sisters.

At Milligan's cut-off, where the road climbs skyward, we met our train. Ere long we were mounted and away, an imposing procession, the guide ahead, carrying Duffy across the horn of his saddle, followed by the four of us astride of Nig, Roxy, War Cloud and Red, with Maud and Molly, the two black mules, in the rear, executing curious ragtime steps beneath the masses of bedding heaped on their backs. We followed the road that went steadily upward, passing Isom's corral, where, in a dark cluster of firs, a gruesome mountain tragedy took place some years ago. A man was murdered there and his body burnt in the campfire.

It began to be noon. We were hungry. Four women and a guide and a dog can be very hungry, and we had forgotten the lunch. We all remembered where we had seen it last, and about 12:30 o'clock we remembered that

it had fried chicken in it. It seemed that we must unpack then and there, when we were barely started. Then someone suggested that we might get luncheon at the road camp.

When we reached that collection of tents by the rocky roadside lunch was over and the men away working on the road. The cook was a kindly soul with faded eyes that had still a friendly gleam in them. He had long hair and a long gray beard that waved in a benignant, grandfatherly fashion over the stove as he fried bacon and made tea and heated some boiled beans. He sat before us stewed dried peaches and dried peach pie and excellent bread and golden drips syrup, and as we did justice to it all, he looked on from his

post by the stove, waving a butcher's knife in his gnarled old hand.

When, at Frog Camp, we left the road we knew we were at last in the realm of the red gods, for the trail led across a little mountain meadow, through which a limpid brook, edged with blue larkspurs, went meandering, and so straight into the heart of the jackpine forest. We had left the prose of the wagon road for the inspiring poetry of the trail. Single file we rode steadily upward through the quiet woods, and the branches touched us as we passed. There was no sound but

the soft thud of the horses' hoofs in the springy trail, the cheerful call of chickadees up in the tree tops and the flutter of junco's wings. Many of the trees were bent and broken, showing how they had struggled for life through heavy snowfalls. There were many mountain blossoms, and the occasional hollows were blue with lupin.

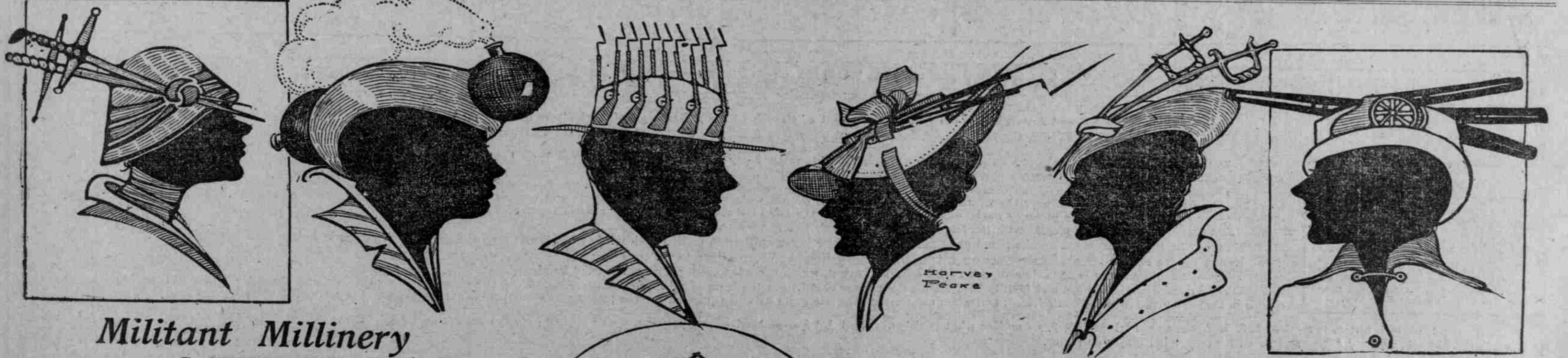
We came out of the jackpines into an ancient burn, where the ghostly white stumps of big trees stood and where the horses picked a difficult way among fallen logs. Beyond and very close the Sisters towered magnificently,

Suddenly we plunged into a dark forest of larch trees draped down to the winter snow line in long yellow moss. Then as suddenly we came from its silence and gloom to a high red lava wall out of which slender hemlocks grew. Zigzagging upwards went the trail and we found ourselves on a wide expanse of jagged lava on which nothing lived but the slender hemlocks, where the horses picked a difficult way among fallen logs. Beyond and very close the Sisters towered magnificently,

purple beard tongue. Across the lava rose the Obelidian cliffs and the Sisters, superb against the Summer sky.

We followed the tortuous trail until we came out on a red spur of the lava and saw below us a rushing white stream in a little flowery meadow. There we made camp in a group of white fir and hemlock trees, set above the meadow on a ledge of rock worn smooth by snow action. The spot was

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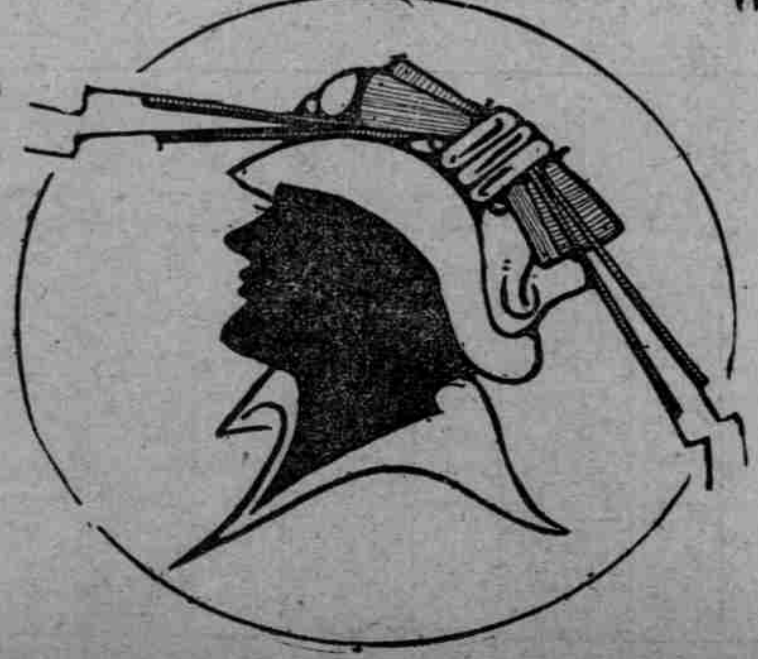


Militant Millinery

By MARY PYNE.

WHAT if the fashions, led on by the war,
Forgot to be neutral—began to get "sore"?
What if a maiden Teutonically sprung
Trimmed up her head with a heavy Krupp
gun!

A hat might be worn with a certain aplomb
Built up at the side with the right kind of
bomb;
Sabres for feathers—what more could we ask?
(Yes—I grant you the sword when combined
with the basque).



But a bayonet wreath! Think of that and be mute—
With a cannon or two and a dagger to boot!
But, alas, all the bonnets are peaceful and calm,
Not even a feminist wears an alarm.

"Let us have peace on the bonnet?" then why—
Why shall the hatpin still menace the eye?
Enough! What if fashions, led on by the war,
Forgot to be neutral—began to get sore!