SLEPT ON BEDS OF ICE; HARDTACK FOR HIS FOOD

Famous Discoverer of Muir Glacier, Guest of Harriman, Tells of Wonderful Travels at Commercial Club —Starts Story of Life at Pelican Bay.

Did you ever sleep on an iceberg with a sack of hardtack for a blanket? Did you ever take an ice cold bath in a glacial crevasse to cure the grip? Well, if you have not then you do not know the joys of life according to John Muir.

John Muir, geologist, explorer, naturalist and discoverer of Muir glacier, Alaska, was a member of the Harriman party in Portland yesterday, and has spent a month with the railroad magnate at Pelican bay, where the famous nature lover commenced to write the story of his life's travels and researches; the work that nearly every publisher of prominence in the country has been trying to get for years, even going to the extent of sending stenographers bothering the kindly old gentleman in an effort to hurry on his work.

That the book will be one of the most wonderful stories ever written, despite the deprecating remarks that Mr. Muir makes about it, is believed by those who talked with him last night at the Commercial club reception. His simplicity and naivete, his quaint Scotch humor has clung to him despite his 60 years' residence in the United States, and his lovable characteristics stand out in everything the man says, and he writes as he talks. In fact he scoffs at any attempt to designate his writings as literature despite the fact that his world wide reputation has become so firmly established upon his writings alone. His discoveries, which have placed him in the lead of all living naturalists, have been but the framework of his renown, but as he said last night in telling of his biography, the hardest part of it he found in the starting.

Holds Auditors Spellbound.

His travels to Alaska when nearly 60 years of age with nothing but a small hand sled and a sack of hardtack for company and food, over unexplored regions of the glacier which bears his name because he was the first to discover it, were filled with adventures which, narrated in his simple manner, fairly astounded the small coterie of listeners last night. Think of a man, alone and unaided at the age of 60 and just recovering from a severe attack of the grippe, wandering over the unknown ice fields of the Muir glacier for nine days with nothing to sleep on but his sledge and a sack of hardtack which he had to use as part of his bed to keep his body from coming in contact with the ice! His only covering, the clothes he wore on his body and the frozen sky of the far north! From such experiences will he form the story of his life.

"Yes, I had been suffering with the grippe down in my own home where I had every comfort money could buy. I never had the grippe or any other ailment while climbing the glaciers in Alaska or in Switzerland or in the Caucasus. Why should I have it where I had comfort in the world? I could not answer the question because there are certain life principles which even our greatest physicians have not discovered. Why Lord Kelvin once estimated the age of the world and then had to change it because of the discovery of radium. So there must be life principles which we have failed to discover. Anyway I reached the point one day when I decided that I would not stay at home and suffer that cough which had been bothering me for three months.

Starts for the North.

"So I threw down my pen and told Mrs. Muir that I was going to the mountains. She wanted to know which mountains I intended visiting, and I told her Alaska. She told me not to go because I would surely die there on account of the dampness; she wanted me to go to the Sierras where the climate is dry. But I had never had a cold or a cough on the glaciers and the next day I departed for Alaska.

"When I arrived at the glacier I went to the far portions which I had not gone over. I had about a year's work there and I decided that I might as well do it then as any time. Well, the part which I visited was about 25 miles across and, I started out with my hand sled and sack of hardtack."

"Did you go alone?" asked one of the listeners.

"My yes," replied the traveler, "I had enough to do to take care of myself without taking care of anybody else.

"Well, I traveled over the glacier, going in a circuitous route. While the distance was about 25 miles in a straight line, there were mounds and dips all the way, from 500 to 1,000 feet in height, and the place was filled with crevices. You see I crossed these by first cutting a place for my foot in which I could secure a firm footing for my spring. Then I leaped across. I had to be particular in landing as well as in gauging the distance of my leap because the crevices are all the way from 1,000 to 1,500 feet deep and a man does not get a chance for the second jump.

"Once over, I had to cut another place for my foot in order to get a firm hold to pull my sled across. I had to do this 200 or 300 times a day and I was pretty tired when night came on. Then I would lay down on my sled and sack of hardtack and sleep until morning. I had to rest my shoulders on the sled, which was nothing but two wooden bars and they were pretty hard to sleep on. I used the sack of hardtack for the rest of my bed because I did not want to have my body come in direct contact with the ice.

Takes Ice-Cold Bath.

"Well, I had kept this up for nine days and I was fast getting rid of my cough. Through the day I simply sweltered from the sun's rays and froze at night. When I had just about completed my circuit and was congratulating myself on getting back to the starting point feeling so well, I ran into an old crevice which had jammed at the bottom and filled with water containing floating pieces of ice. To all appearances the place looked just like the rest of the glacier. I stepped on it—or rather in it, and went into the freezing water over my ears and head.

"I grabbed hold of the sides and pulled myself out. It was night and I was tired. I pulled off my dripping clothes and made myself as comfortable as possible with the sack as a cover, and went to sleep. When I got up in the morning nearly frozen, I was without a trace of the cough."

That was a sample of the stories told by John Muir last night and the old man's simplicity fairly took his listeners, who were composed of lawyers, physicians and business men, off their feet. They could scarcely believe their ears, but not one doubted the sincerity of the man nor the truth of his statements.

One man was introduced as a naturalist to Mr. Muir and the two commenced telling of what they loved, which caused the explorer to remark as a sort of a preface to his stories that, "beauty and a few bread crumbs will carry a man a long way if he has the right amount of enthusiasm."

Good Meal Spoils Naturalist.

"But there are some people who love the beautiful who would give up seeing the most wonderful picture of nature for a good meal," he added.

John Muir regards nature as a living, active agent and talks of nature as one would speak of a sculptor, or painter or artisan engaged in some work. He told how nature had sculptured out the side of the mountains with the glaciers and spoke of the work as if nature had preconceived a design and set about to execute it. He told of the apparently simple work which nature had taken 15,000 or 20,000 years to perform in finishing the sculpturing of the northern side of several peaks in the Sierras, and concluded by saying that "Nature is evidently not satisfied with her work down there yet, because I found about 60 or 70 of these places where she is still at work."

"I do not see why the publishers should wish me to write books for them," he said, "I have never left a trace of my work in the forests or mountains; I have never defaced a living thing in nature save a few branches of silver firs above the tree line and a few branches where I made my camp. I have never even cut my name or initials in the bark of a tree and I do not see what interest there can be in what I write. Even the branches resumed normal in a few years. When a man tells a story he can make it interesting by screwing his face certain ways or by gesticulating with his hands or with other means of expression, but when I write—oh, well, I guess it's all right but for the life of me I do not see what they can want of them.

"Yes, I had a pleasant time with the Harrimans. They are a fine family. Mr. Harriman is not only a companionable man but is very kindly. His life is a sermon and a wonderful one at that. Ah, I know him. His kindly acts and his lovable nature are known to me."

Harriman Captures Him.

"He wanted me to come and visit with him at Pelican bay, but I told him I had some work to do and couldn't, but when he reached San Francisco he made me come along. I said I would go for a couple of days, but would have to go back then. Well, we got there, and I had my visit and was ready to start back, but he wouldn't let me, and set his stenographer onto me, and I started my book. I just got a skeleton outline of it, but they say the hardest part is the start, so I suppose I am well along my way. But for the life of me I cannot see why the publishers want it."

Then Mr. Muir told of the Harriman family, of the womanliness of the daughters and the manliness of the sons and the simplicity and absence of frivolity in their living. "None of the butterfly fads of what is called society," remarked the aged explorer.

And so he talked. Telling stories of this and that journey in Scotland, India, Alaska or the United States, or dwelling more particularly upon his love-work in the forest reservations of which he is really the pioneer spirit, saving the Yosemite, the Grant and several other parks, to posterity. Telling in his own sweet, simple manner of feats that seemed impossible to a man of his slender frame. Telling of his love for nature.

So, whether Harriman builds any more railroads in Oregon, or whether he does not, the old naturalist's story last night revealed the fact that Harriman has proved himself to be the only man who has been able to induce the renowned naturalist to write the biography which is being sought after, not by the publishers, but by the entire world.

YANCKWICH FORCES SLAP OPPOSING SPIRITUALISTS

State Spiritualist Association Adopts Resolution Recommending Withdrawal of Papers of Ordained Ministers Who Do Not Observe the Rules.

The State Spiritualist Association of Oregon—the one meeting in the Marquam building—adopted a resolution by unanimous vote yesterday afternoon recommending the withdrawal of the papers of all ordained ministers who are not qualified or who are not living according to the rules and usages of the National Spiritualist Association of America.

This is the slap direct at Mrs. Seip, John Slater and their affiliation, as the meeting over which Harry Yanckwich is presiding holds that the Seip ministers are not qualified and are not living according to the rules of the national society.

The Yanckwich convention appears to have the only duly elected delegates to the state convention, Mrs. Seip admitting that there are no delegates at her convention. The split appears to be definite and final and neither party is anxious to have a reconciliation affected. In fact, the Yanckwich faction say they are glad to get rid of the other crowd, who are, they say, the ones who bring Spiritualism into contempt throughout the country by charlatanism and fakerism.

Another resolution was adopted thanking the council and the mayor for passing the Barrett-Cottel ordinance regulating the conduct of mediums. This ordinance, they say, will have the effect of doing away with fakers of the class who profess to be able to tell a man what color of eyes his wife will have when he gets her, or to locate buried treasure, or tell the color of silk used in nightshirts 15e years ago.

A third resolution was adopted by the terms of which the convention fully supports Messrs. Love, Barrett, Yanckwich and Trigg in all the steps they have taken of late in regard to the troubles in the Spiritualist ranks.

Time to Classify Mediums.

When these resolutions came up for action Yanckwich related the legal steps he had taken to secure possession of the books of the society. He said also:

"The time had to come when we could tell who was an honest medium and who was a fraud or a faker or a grafter. What have we to do with any grafter who advertises that 'I am selling spiritualism at two bits a head?' The ordinance passed by the council does not prohibit you mediums from receiving money for your services. Any of you can practice and can receive from any of us as much as we choose to give you. Only those that advertised are hurt. You never advertise and you are not hurt. It is only the grafters who are hurt by this ordinance. You all ought to be thankful that the ordinance was passed."

Rev. G. C. Love told something of the trouble with Mrs. Seip, stating that she had sent an insulting letter to the board asking that her name be taken from the rolls and all memory of her membership forever forgotten. "The cause of Mrs. Seip's not being brought to justice by the national association is that she forestalled the action by resigning.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. M. A. Congdon; vice-president, A. Cowperthwait; secretary, Emily L. Driscoll; treasurer, J. E. Trigg; trustees, George Lazelle, Althea Bailey, W. H. Armstrong, F. E. Dunton and J. F. Taylor.

The program last night was religious in character, as will be the sessions today.

Seip Organization Elects.

The Seip organization of "the only authorized convention of the Oregon State Spiritualistic association" elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. S. B. Seip, president; Mrs. Virginia Rowe, vice president; Mrs. Belle M. Haviland, secretary; Lou Ellen Cornell, Mabel C. Wilson, Rose M. Ruff, Jenny Werner, Edward F. Kling, board of trustees.

Mr. and Mrs. John Slater were appointed missionaries in the name of the Seip clan of Oregon state Spiritualists. The Seip convention also conferred upon "the world famous" John Slater the rights of licentiate minister. Mrs. Seip and Mrs. Rowe were granted full ordination papers.

The business session adjourned to meet with Mrs. Lucy H. Mallory, 501 Yamhill street, in September, 1909.

Mrs. Lou Ellen Cornell was appointed to act as chaplain on all state occasions.

The convention will be continued tomorrow at the Women of Woodcraft building, where an all-day meeting will be held. John Slater will be the lecturer.

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The marsh of the Tillamook Cranberry Company will be developed by the corporation. The purchasers will own their individual holdings of land, and contribute to the development fund. All the land sold will be uniformly improved. The crop will be cared for, harvested and sold as a whole, and the proceeds distributed as a dividend on the stock. A fruit specialist, of high authority in the state, and wide experience in the cranberry marshes of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, will supervise the planting and care-taking of the property. The purchasers, being all the stockholders of the company, will direct the management of all its affairs, making the investment entirely safe.

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RETIRED BRIGADIER-GENERALS CHOOSE ROSE CITY FOR HOMES

You hear of clubs of all kinds these days; clubs of graduates of different colleges; clubs of women graduates from all colleges; clubs of Greek society members; clubs of teachers; clubs of government employes; clubs of clerks in various stores; clubs of policemen; clubs of policemen's wives; clubs of retired football stars; clubs of young women who have christened battleships; clubs of Teddy bear fanciers; clubs of enthusiastic horsewomen; clubs of tennis enthusiasts; clubs of golf enthusiasts; baseball clubs and almost every variety of clubs. But who ever heard of a club of retired brigadier generals? Yet in Portland there is a substantial charter membership for such a club.

It is hard to say just why six of Uncle Sam's retired military leaders should have fancied Portland as a home city at the same time. Whether it is because the atmosphere of the city of roses emanates the peaceful quiet and rest for which they have longed through many years, or because they dream that some day when strife comes this will be close to the scene of action is hard to say. However, six of these brigadier generals have made their home in Portland and though they have formed no club they occasionally come together and reminisce of the time when they were at the beck and call of the nation.

Summer Home on Columbia.

General Thomas McArthur Anderson has a summer home on the banks of the Columbia near Vancouver. He was born in Ohio, served through the civil war, and was breveted major and lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious service. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war he was colonel of the Fourteenth infantry at Vancouver. He was appointed brigadier-general of the volunteers, May 4, 1898, major-general of the volunteers, August 12, 1898, and brigadier-general of the regular army, March 21, 1899. He was retired in January, 1900, by operation of the age law. He was stationed a good many years at Vancouver and became fond of Portland. In the winter he lives with his family at Alexandra Court. One son is a captain in the army and a daughter is married to Captain William Patton of the Thirteenth. He has two other daughters and a son.

General W. Burke was born in Connecticut and served through the civil war. He was breveted captain and major for gallant service and awarded a medal of honor for bravery in action at Shepherdstownford, West Virginia. He was appointed brigadier-general in the regular army October 30, 1898, and retired at his own request after 40 years' service, October 21, 1899. He was stationed in Vancouver for many years and on his retirement made this his home with his wife and only daughter.

Served in Civil War.

Governor John Wilson Bubb was born in Pennsylvania and served through the civil war. He was colonel of the Twelfth infantry and was appointed brigadier-general April 2, 1906, and was retired by operation of the law April 26, 1907. He was commandant of the department of Dakota but had been stationed at various times in the northwest and liked it as a home. He is now at the Norton but is planning to build a home for his large family.

General Forrest Henry Hathaway was born in Vermont and served through the civil war. He was breveted lieutenant and captain for meritorious service. He was appointed colonel and assistant quartermaster general in 1903, and appointed brigadier general January 20, 1904. He was retired at his own request after 40 years' service, January 21, 1904. He was stationed at Vancouver at the time, but now lives with his family at 255 Eleventh street. His son Paul has recently taken the examination for an appointment to the army from civil life.

Wears Medal of Honor.

General Edward Bancroft Williston was born in Vermont, and served through the civil war. He was breveted captain for meritorious service and awarded a medal of honor at Trevillian station, Virginia. He was colonel of the Sixth artillery and was appointed brigadier-general July 16, 1900. He was discharged April 23, 1904, by operation of the law, while in the Philippines. On his return to America he visited Portland, and finally made his home here at 360 East Fifty-sixth street.

General John Mosby Bacon is a brigadier of the volunteers, though his rank in the regular army is colonel. He was born in Kentucky and served in the civil war. He was breveted major and lieutenant-colonel for gallant service; was colonel of the Eighth cavalry, and was appointed brigadier-general of the volunteers March 4, 1898. He was retired May 8, 1899, by his own request, after 30 years' service. He was stationed at Vancouver many years, and on his retirement moved at once to Portland Heights, where he owns his home. He bought a prune farm at Vancouver while in the service. His oldest son is preparing for West Point.

Weddings at White Temple.

A pretty home wedding occurred last Wednesday night at the home of Mr. H. N. Payson, 1040 East Sixteenth street, when his daughter, Miss Zella B. Payson, was united in marriage to Mr. John J. Koegel. Mr. R. B. Pingo was best man, and Miss Lena Payson, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. Miss Veda Hollister sang "O Promise Me" before the ceremony, and played the wedding march.

Miss Payson is one of the popular young people of the East Side, and Mr. Koegel is a well-known clerk at Roberts Bros. Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher, of the White Temple, performed the ceremony, after which a wedding supper was served. The couple were the recipients of numerous and costly wedding presents. They have taken a short wedding tour and will return to make their home in Portland.

Mr. John S. Long, of Walla Walla, Wash., and Miss Daisy Sanders, of Portland, were united in marriage by Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher at the White Temple reception room last Tuesday afternoon, September 1. Immediately after the ceremony they left for Walla Walla, where they will reside.

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