

Which Is the PEARY of the PEAKS?



Miss Annie S. Peck, who claims to have climbed Mt. Huascaran in Peru.

The Mountain-Climbing Dispute Between Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman and Miss Annie S. Peck

IS THERE—but what's the use? There undoubtedly is a female Peary of the peaks.

There can't be two, and yet the bitterness of this feminine discussion has grown so acrid that sane adherents of the respective camps seem to be almost on the verge of demanding whether there is a Doctor Cook of the mountain tops among women climbers.

The quarrel—oh, strictly scientific and in perfect good faith, according to the two claimants to the highest honors of their craft—is between Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, who climbed a pinnacle of the Nun Kun heights in the Himalayas, and Miss Annie Peck, who conquered Huascaran, in Peru.

The parallel persists along the lines of the Peary-Cook controversy up to the height actually attained by one of the claimants, but with gold-medal acknowledgments and governmental indorsement as emphatic in her support as was the case in the earlier stages of the North Pole dispute.

And the issue rests now with one of the contestants for mountain-climbing glory able to flaunt a complete review of her rival's enterprise, backed up with authenticated measurements, that seem most faithfully to pursue the unflagging lines of the fight that Peary waged on Cook.

It couldn't have been any more implacable than Peary's fight; but then, again, Peary's fight hasn't been very much more implacable than this.

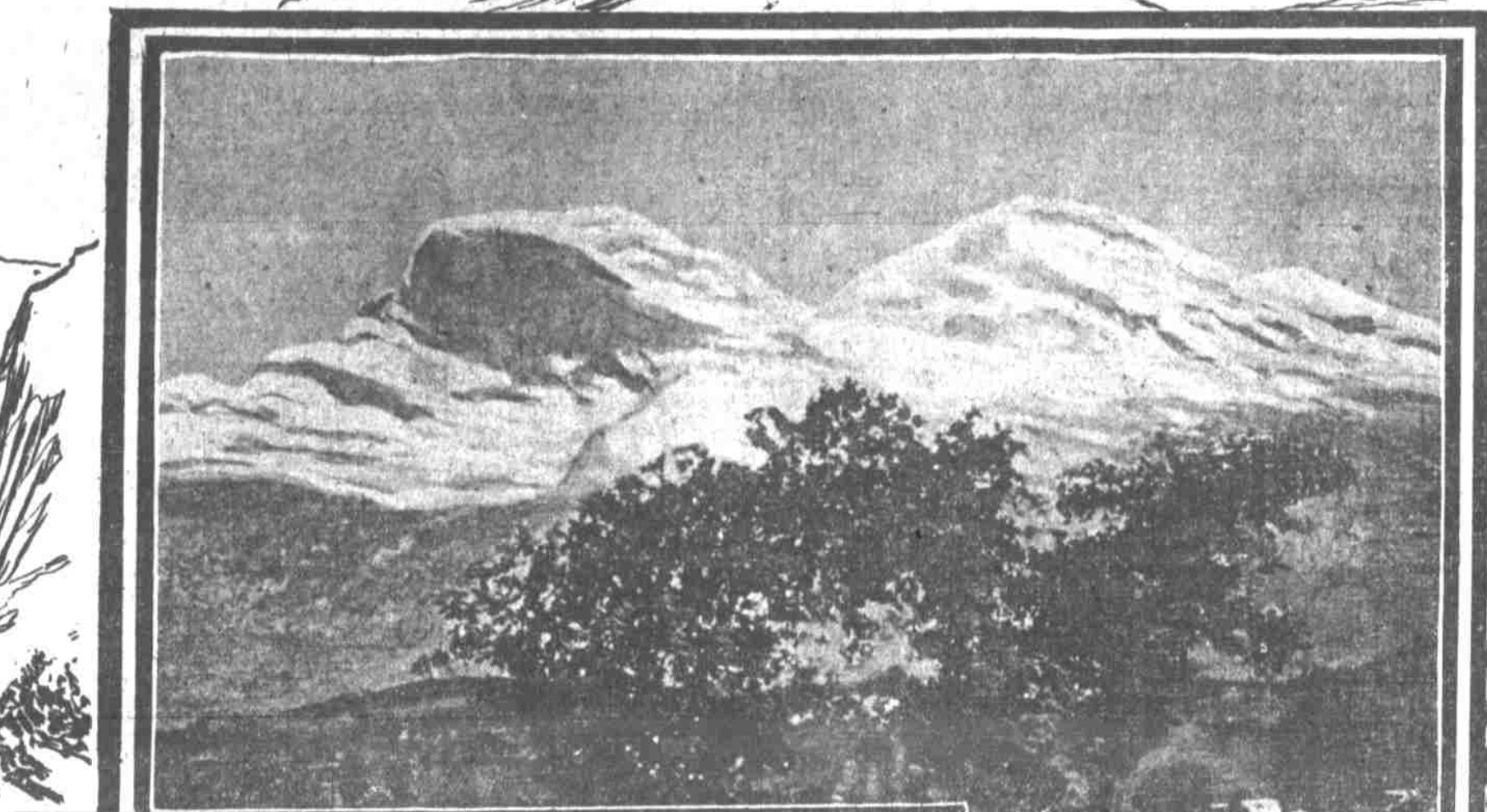
THE North Pole controversial atmosphere was composed of balmy zephyrs by comparison with the fierce blasts of argument that sweep over every mountain altitude when a climbers' club meets and begins to discuss how many inches higher than one another everybody has ascended. It is a more tempestuous time than when two women meet after their return from a summer in the Catskills and offer to bet their winter chances for Russian sables that they shiver more at 100 feet above sea level than they did at tidewater in Maine.

Where, all told, only a corporal's guard of explorers have led expeditions to the poles, the mountains of the earth have been fairly overrun with men and women who have made it an annual picnic, when they didn't take to it as a permanent calling. So North Pole discovery, never particularly arduous until the advent of the astonishing Cook, has had its modest quarrels multiplied by thousands in the rows of the mountain climbers.

But since all, or nearly all, of the climbing disputes have been individual matters about altitudes, for which the general public didn't care a snowball in Hades, the steam has hitherto blown off harmlessly, with only a single pang of anguish to recur whenever the world's record was referred to.

A perennial pang it has been for all men, a corresponding joy for all women, ever since Mrs. Workman, during the summer of 1906, tackled the group of peaks known as the Nun Kun, in northeastern Hindustan, no more than 100 miles to the west of the capital of Kashmir, Srinagar.

Mrs. Workman, aided and abetted by her husband,



Mt. Huascaran, in Peru, which Mrs. Workman thinks Miss Peck didn't climb.



A camp of Miss Peck's in the Peruvian mountains.

Dr. William Hunter Workman, went up to the very summit of what she christened Pinnacle Peak, clamped down with solid observations her certainty that she was standing 23,300 feet above sea level, and claimed the record as the highest the world as ever known for a woman.

That left Mrs. Workman grandly at the head of the procession, the object of envy by both sexes, but especially rivaled by Miss Peck, whose regular business is peak painting, with mountains of all brands and descriptions to her credit inscribed with her monogram.

Although the habitable and inhabitable world presents a multiplicity of mountain tops where it affords only a couple of poles, the industry of modern climbers has been so indefatigable that the supply of record-breakers is running pretty low. Mrs. Workman had pretty nearly gone the limit when she conquered Mount Ljungma, 22,566 feet high, and her triumph in the Nun Kun left Miss Peck in the lamentable mental condition of Alexander when he found no more worlds to conquer, with the added hardship that somebody else had done the previous conquering.

She was born in Providence, R. I., took her degree in the University of Michigan, and subsequently taught mathematics and Latin. Mathematics you can use in mountain climbing for the triangulation of your elevation, but Latin isn't essential at all. Far better have legs, even though you be a lady.

Miss Peck, weighing just 120 pounds, proved her fitness on the Matterhorn in 1885 and on Popocatepetl in 1907.

After that she triumphed, in Tyrol, over Funfingerspitze, one who can even spell them, much less climb them, ought to be equal to Mount Sorata, in Bolivia, with its 20,000 feet of altitude; and there Miss Peck made good in 1904.

Now, right next door to us, on the right, there lives a lady who has aspirations for the grand opera, and from the success that is attending her efforts I imagine she is receiving vocal instruction from a correspondence school.

"She has an installment piano, and judging from its tone, I will venture to say that it has been bought no fewer than eight times. This is jammed tight up against the other side of our wall and is no doubt intended for accom-

pany made good far up on the pinnacle of Nun Kun, in Hindustan. No one denied Miss Peck either the physical or psychical endowments required for reaching the roof of the world, where-ever it might happen to be, but it certainly looked as though nature had quit on the job when she manufactured Nun Kun's pinnacle at 23,300 feet and let it go at that.

But the habitual mountain climber, balked here, would go to the mountains of the moon to find another limit. Miss Peck's researches unearthed the legends of Huascaran, Peru's unclimbed mountain, reported to be 23,000 feet high; so it was Huascaran for hers in 1908—and with no husband to back her up, either.

GILT-EDGED LOT OF GUIDES

She climbed it. She'd have climbed it if it had been 240,000 feet high. Her difficulty has never been getting up her mountains; it has been in marking them down.

Of course, she had assistance. All's fair in mountain climbing as it is in love, war and north and south polling. Mrs. Workman had a force of gilt-edged Savoyard guides to back her up, and Miss Peck tackled Huascaran with Swiss labor. Mountain climbing for the record nowadays is a job for expeditions, not individuals.

She and her party had a fearful trip of it. A first attempt, made August 6, 1908, lasted twelve days and failed. A week later she tried it again. Watchers below, equipped with powerful field glasses, beheld her merge into the clouds and gave her up for lost.

Repeatedly members of the rope-connected party fell into profound crevasses, to be saved only by the sheer strength of their companions. Rudolph, the strongest of the Swiss, lost a heavy glove he was carrying for Miss Peck and one of his own. Her hand was frozen, but not seriously enough to compel amputation. Rudolph, how-

ever, lost a foot as well as a hand.

But she came down again with the scalp of Huascaran at her belt. It was a splendid victory. The government of Peru gave her a medal the size of a saucer, and took good care to engrave on it the 23,000 feet for good measure of elevation and for its own distinction as the possessor of a high one. The Lima Geographical Society came across with a solid silver altarpiece, although that might have been construed as a compliment to the endurance of the limbs of a horse rather than those of a woman.

If Peary had only been polite enough to dismiss his apparent defeat by Cook with a courteous "After you, my dear doctor," everything would have been lovely in Arctic exploration.

If Mrs. Workman had only been content to say, "After you, my dear Miss Peck," balm would have been pre-laid on the roofs of the world. But the Gaston and Alphonse business goes as little in mountain climbing as



Mrs. Workman as she appeared while exploring the Himalayas.

it does in polar work. Mrs. Workman didn't.

On word of the vanquishment of Mount Huascaran, she fitted out another expedition, this time for Peru, at her own expense. She was on her rival's trail.

She hired responsible and known European explorers, two of whom were out of the government of Peru, and took along tried and tested instruments; and she went right down to getting out Mount Huascaran with the stern resolve that, if it was an inch below the 23,000 feet which its conqueror claimed for it, the whole world should know about that any, not to mention such as fast as the measurements could be climbed.

That was the summer of 1909. Now, measuring one of the highest mountains of the world, in one of the least settled countries of the world, is no after-noon's excursion. Months passed—half a year passed—before this solemn and scientifically solid triangulation of Miss Peck's private and particular mountain could be settled beyond the peradventure of a doubt—peradventure being the only sizable word worth using in connection with a mountain as big as Huascaran.

Meanwhile the cloud of little arguers, who insist the atmosphere of mountain climbing as mosquitoes do the air of the far north, flew into the dispute by the scores.

A MATTER OF MEASUREMENT

Mrs. Workman, and those directly associated with her, scrupulously refrained from the smallest hint that Miss Peck's mountain climbing bore any resemblance to Cook's inglorious wrestle with Mount McKinley—for her professional honor is above suspicion. But there were nastily little pettifoggers who had the impudence to impugn her estimate of Huascaran, and even her general credibility, because she spelled the mountain's name "Huascaran" instead of "Huascar," as given in maps and records.

These pestiferous midges of the craft Miss Peck simply smothered with proof that the geographers were wrong, and her own expedition had demonstrated that the name was properly "Huascar," and Huascar, it shall forever be under the indorsement of the Peruvian government.

But, alas! her success as a mountain chrisener was not so he reckoned by a triumph as its climber. Mrs. Workman's measurements, at last made public, have demonstrated that the north hill of Huascaran, which Miss Peck summited, is only 21,812 feet high; and even though which she didn't climb, is no more than 22,187 feet.

Miss Peck's loss has been the gain of science. Huascaran has at last been registered under its own, reliable, proper name; the heights of two most important mountain tops have been settled; and the claim to mountain supremacy in the continent of South America has been definitely fixed, not in favor of Huascar, but in favor of Aconcagua, in Argentina, which is 22,966 feet.

But even if Miss Peck were to climb it, she couldn't beat the triumph of Mrs. Workman's figures.

At least not according to Mrs. Workman's figures.

men who call on them. These chaps are equipped with voices that closely resemble the noise made by a blacksmith when nailing horseshoes. They try to come as near straining these forghorns they possess with loud and raucous laughter, in which pastime they indulge, five nights a week, from 8 to 12. I presume they must be side-show barkers out of a job, or traveling coal men.

There is the organ grinder—I should say grinders. There are also a few who are very regular in their visits. Fortunately, they don't growl much at night. They work and at a snail, one generally being on the job, and they don't want to be disturbed until about midnight. They are in the building, excepting those that may be vacant.

If you should happen to be out, or too busy to attend to them, they will call a second time—very accom-mo-dating that way. In fact, they are the most persistent ruffians I have ever been my misfortune to behold. They are very ambitious, and do not seem to care how many times they run off the scene, just so they don't waste any time. All of their melody sounds alike, anyhow, so they might just as well all play the same tune.

Mrs. Jones was beginning to run out of steam about this time, and Mrs. Brown, seeing an opening, put over the question. "Why, I always understood they did not allow noise in a flat building after 10 o'clock P. M., and that it was so stated in the lease."

WHAT GOOD'S THE LEASE?

"The lease does say something about not making noise after 10 o'clock, but as there is no P. M. after the 10, the tenants evidently construe it to mean A. M. My husband told me today that he had taken a contract to sharpen circular saws at home in the evening for one of the large lumber firms in the city. This, of course, will be somewhat of a diversion and help equalize things, as well as being slightly remunerative. He also argues very exercise will help keep us warm during the long, cold winter evenings, which will not be so bad, as I understand they only rent the place when it isn't necessary."

The two ladies had now come to a respite, and as they were both thirsty, Mrs. Jones, of course, being the thirstiest of the two, they paused in front of the door. There was a cill in the conversation, one waiting for the other to invite her in to have a glass of soda water. But neither happened to be flush or generous, so with the usual "Good-bye" and "Come up and see us right soon," they parted. Mrs. Brown continuing on down the street and Mrs. Jones turning the corner.

They did not wait ten steps, however, when both of them turned around and made for the soda fountain, colliding with each other as they passed through the door; but just at that instant Mrs. Brown was stricken blind in the eye on the left side, and as a consequence neither one saw the other—unfortunate condition of affairs—and lining up, one at each end of the bar, they slipped their soda wafers.

The Muck Raker in the Flat

ONCE more the muckraker is abroad in the land.

This time he has tackled the flat. Maybe the conversation he reports is overdrawn. Maybe it isn't.

Here the point of view is everything. Those who don't live in flats will probably decide that the muckraker is worthy of his name. Those who do may take a different tack.

Anyhow, it might be well to state that flats are all right, except for those who have to live in them.

WHILE downtown shopping the other day, Mrs. Jones chanced to run across her former neighbor, Mrs. Brown. As the two ladies continued the rounds of the stores they indulged in one of those animated gossip-swapping discourses with all the zeal and fervor of old-time acquaintances who have not met for a long time.

During the conversation that followed, and in reply to Mrs. Brown's query as to where she was living, Mrs. Jones replied:

"We are now living in a flat, 'The Alamo,' up on Second avenue—that is, we are staying in one until our lease expires. The agent has us down for twelve months, of which time we have served two. One really cannot call it living."

"Why, what can be the trouble?" interrupted Mrs. Brown. "I always understood you were so anxious for a flat."

"Well, so I was before I had one, but I have changed my mind," returned Mrs. Jones, rather wearily. "It is so very different from what I had expected. To tell you the truth, there is so much noise after bedtime that I really believe my brain is getting flabby from lack of sleep."

Here Mrs. Jones seemed to rally, and, warming up to the subject, continued vehemently:

"Now, right next door to us, on the right, there lives a lady who has aspirations for the grand opera, and from the success that is attending her efforts I imagine she is receiving vocal instruction from a correspondence school."

"She has an installment piano, and judging from its tone, I will venture to say that it has been bought no fewer than eight times. This is jammed tight up against the other side of our wall and is no doubt intended for accom-



paniments. But so far she has only been able to strike chords on it. As her physical development is improving daily, however, I suppose she will soon be striking chords on it. She is making every effort to get her monthly payments' worth, her husband doing what he can to assist by striking matches on it.