

Climb of Mountain in June Brings One to Winter Snows

(By Marion Randall Parsons, Treasurer of the Sierra Club.)

Yosemite, June 5.—In June, Yosemite valley is at the very height of its beauty. The deciduous trees are in new leaf, maples and dogwood in tenderest brightest green, oaks draped with pastel shades of pink and red in prophesy of their autumn show, abaloes in full bloom, and the meadows a rippling mass of exquisite masses brightened with flowers. In June, too, the rivers are at their highest and the falls in wildest beauty while the fast melting snow still lies deep in the upper forests and on the higher mountain slopes.

After a week or more in the valley, following the better-known trails, getting muscles in condition again after city-bound days, we were anxious to see what spring was like in the snowy upper country. Accordingly, as pack animals were not to be obtained for hire or money, we prepared to make pack animals of ourselves and knapsack over to Mount Clark (11,569 feet) on the southwestern boundary of the park, the most prominent peak of the Merced group.

There were four of us in the party, two men and two women, and we planned to be out two nights with a comfortable margin of provisions for a third night, if necessary. Bacon,hardtack, and that blessing to mountaineers, soup, made up the bulk of our commissary, reinforced, however, by raisins, chocolate, dried fruit, beans, spaghetti, and coffee. Our personal outfits, of course, were reduced to bare essentials. A sleeping bag, weighing about eight pounds, a sweater, a change of hose, toothbrush, hairbrush, towel, a box of matches, and a tin roll of adhesive tape would about complete the list. Tin buckets, a small frying pan, and a tin cup and spoon piece comprised the camp equipment.

Share Alike With the Men.

We women who "knapsack" pride ourselves on being able to do our share, so, while we do not pretend to carry such heavy packs as the men, we carry our own outfits and a part, at least, of the general commissary supplies. Short-skirted, flannel-shirted, with hobnailed boots to the knee and "shocking bad hats," we are as easy in our own clothing and as regardless of wind or weather as the men themselves.

It was rather hard for us to nerve ourselves to meet the stares and queries of the tourists we met along

the valley trail over which our trip must begin. All the way up to Little Yosemite we were beset with questions—Where were we going? Didn't we find it very hard work? Wouldn't we get lost? Weren't we afraid of getting sunburned? We had an inclination to slink shamefacedly by these proper-looking folk.

In Little Yosemite we made a camp beside the smoothly flowing Merced, and after lunch set out on a ramble up toward the base of Half Dome. Up the Cloud's Rest trail we climbed, and then pushed through the forest to the brink of Tenaya Canyon, a gorge almost as deep as Yosemite valley itself, inaccessible to all but the hardest mountaineers. The great chasm, more than 2000 feet deep, lay at our feet. Half Dome towered majestically against the sky, and still farther we could see the shadowed cliffs of El Capitan and the Cathedral Rocks.

A Buck in Velvet.

My companion on this ramble elected to climb Clouds Rest before returning to camp, so I made my way back to Little Yosemite alone. Near the foot of the trail, in a glorious little mountain meadow, I surprised a beautiful buck, the largest I have ever seen in the Sierra. His horns were in velvet, and he stood so near me that I could see the quick, nervous watch he made of me. For two or three minutes we stood there regarding one another. Then, with a nonchalant wig of his funny little tail, he turned and off through the woods, as unburdened and indifferently as if I, too, had been a woodland creature. Perhaps I looked it. After his departure I examined the meadow more closely. It was a little gem of its kind, sloping from a ledge of granite that was covered with gnarled and crooked junipers. At the first glimpse I thought it an unbroken sheet of the tiniest blossoms of yellow mimulus, but on kneeling down, 11 species of flowers revealed themselves all the daintiest and most delicate of their kind—yellow violets, white forget-me-nots, gillias, white saxifrage, and the smallest pink pea I have ever seen.

A knapsacker's camp is a simple affair—a bed of pine needles, a few stones rolled together to make a fireplace, a pile of firewood gathered together, and there is home. By 5 o'clock next morning we were astride our energetic leader hustled him-

self with the breakfast fire, a doe came out of the woods and stood motionless for a long minute watching him before she quietly stole away.

Where one's possessions are so few washing dishes and packing is a matter of scant ceremony. In less than an hour we were ready for the trail, or for the march, rather, as we expected to leave tails behind us and strike across country to the base of Mount Clark.

Hot Rocks to Warm Cold Beds.

We held it to be but a tribute to our skill as mountaineers, however, when we found an old sheep trail following the very route we had planned to take. For many miles we followed it through the rolling forest east of Mount Starr King, through Star King Meadow, and out near the crest of a granite ridge near Clark Fork. Here we left it behind and struck across the open country, over ridge after ridge, across stream after stream, until we came to the northern fork of Gray creek, where we made a camp. We had reached the altitude of about 8500 feet, and snow-drifts lay deep all about us. But firewood was abundant and our little nook among the tall firs promised every comfort that a knapsacker need expect.

In default of extra bedding we took hot rocks to bed with us. The night passed comfortably and we were up at dawn ready for the assault on Mount Clark confident also of success. As we climbed the snow lay even deeper about us. The forest of fir and mountain pine gave way to the harder white-bark pine, the tree of timber-line. Up to the top of the ridge it crept, at the top of a mere shrub, bent and twisted beneath the winter's weight of snow. As we climbed, our horizon to the south and west widened. We were looking across the valley of the Illi-louette toward the snowy divide separating us from the South Fork of the Merced where lies Wawona and the splendid Mariposa grove of sequoias. Yosemite valley was but a blue rift in the forest with only its great domes, Half Dome, Sentinel Dome, and Starr King, rising into any prominence.

Far different was our view to eastward from the crest. Our ridge ended on the east in an abrupt precipice. Though a broken "chimney" or wind-dovetail aperture in the rocks, we looked down 500 feet into a great snow field filling all the eastern basin, and beyond this lay the cleft of the Merced canyon, and still beyond, the magnificent snowy peaks of the summit crest. Lyell, McClure, Ritter, Dana, a host of others, all above 13,000 feet, all shining and gleaming in the brilliant sunshine with a radiance that hardly seemed to belong to this world.

Compensated Disappointment.

Well for us that this glorious vision was compensation for all the many miles we had climbed, for we got no farther that day—and Clark still remains unconquered. For we had anticipated the season for mountain climbing by a fortnight or more, and the slope that should have offered an easy rock climb to the summit was now a precipitous wall of treacherous snow. We had no rope, no ice ax, not even a knife with which to cut steps, and the icy edge where rock and snow met proved an invincible barrier to the summit.

Up and down the ridge we prowled, over every ledge, into every chimney, only to admit ourselves defeated in the end.

For an hour or more we remained upon the ridge feasting our eyes on the marvelous panorama—a hundred miles of snowy angle, a magnificent alpine region, the greater part of

Events in the War One Year Ago Today

- Belgian seat of government removed to Antwerp, German cavalry approaching Brussels.
- French claim continued forward movement in Alsace and capture of one Alsatian regiment.
- Russia says Austrians suffer severely in sabre engagement on frontier.
- The Adriatic is swept clear of Austrian warships by a French fleet. Four vessels sunk.
- The Kaiser reported to have left for the battlefield in Alsace.
- Wealthy Americans reach New York in steerage.

which is now almost inaccessible, soon to be opened to travel by the construction of the John Muir trail. After luncheon in camp a 15-mile walk back still lay ahead of us. Our defeat lay lightly upon us, for many mountain summits have been ours in the past, and we had had, after all, the inspiration and the uplift of the glorious upper regions of snow even if the exhilaration of the summit had been lacking. Down among the great level of yellow pines, under the spreading arms of sugar pines and out upon open crests covered with manzanita and chinquapin we hastened past Nevada and Yernal and down through the Happy Isles where thrushes sang their evening songs, and into our Yosemite valley camp.

SPORTS

Farrell and Mosler May Arrange Bout

LATTER LIGHTWEIGHT IS NOW IN THE CITY NEGOTIATING FOR THE BATTLE.

Billy Farrell, local lightweight and Al Mosler, lightweight contender for the northwest title, will probably meet at the Oregon theater in this city on the evening of August 25, just five days after Farrell's bout with ommy Clark in Athens. Mosler is here and is negotiating for the battle and Farrell is willing to take him on.

This will be the first card of a series of fistic bouts which will be staged here during the fall and winter. Frank Barrieau, welterweight champion of Canada, may get a bout here. He has written for one and Farrell is desirous of giving the fans a chance to see him in action. Sammy Good of Seattle who claims the lightweight championship but who fights mostly as a welterweight, also wants a bout and Farrell will try to match him with Barrieau.

Farrell is in fine condition for his match with Clark on the 20th and expects to win. Many local fans will go up for the bout and efforts are being made to secure an auto truck to take them up.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.

At Portland—	
Portland	7 14 5
Chicago	3 9 2

FEDERAL LEAGUE.

At Buffalo—	
Kansas City	5 6 2
Buffalo	0 0 2
At Baltimore—	
Chicago	6 9 3
Baltimore	4 7 3
At Pittsburg—	
Brooklyn	4 11 0
Pittsburg	1 2 2

NORTHWESTERN LEAGUE.

At Tacoma—	
Seattle	4 3 3
Tacoma	1 11 2
At Spokane—	
Vancouver	5 9 2
Spokane	1 6 4

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Boston—	
Boston	1 2 0
Washington	0 6 0
At New York—	
Philadelphia	3 10 1
New York	0 1 1
At Cleveland—	
Detroit	6 12 2
Cleveland	2 10 1
Second game:	
Detroit	3 7 3
Cleveland	1 1 6
At St. Louis—	
Chicago	8 8 0
St. Louis	4 14 4
Second game:	
Chicago	5 9 4
St. Louis	1 6 2

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Philadelphia—	
Philadelphia	5 8 0
Boston	0 4 1
At Brooklyn—	
New York	2 7 0
Brooklyn	1 6 3
At Pittsburg—	
Pittsburg	5 13 3
Cincinnati	4 5 2

Good Templars Meet.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 14.—Hundreds of delegates and visitors from all parts of the country are here today to attend the annual convention of the National Grand Lodge, International Order of Good Templars. Wednesday will be observed as "Good Templar day" at the Exposition. The program includes a great military and civic parade.

Only about 300 bright ones have remarked that the Liberty Bell is just what it's cracked up to be.

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WAR ODDITIES.

LONDON—King George hospital just opened will house 1650 wounded soldiers, contains three files of beds, four miles of partitions, nine and one-half acres of linoleum and covers 46,500 square feet.

LONDON—Experts' statistics from London's east end show that since the war sixty per cent of all births are girls compared to statistics from Vienna which show the opposite extreme.

AMSTERDAM, Aug. 16.—Apparatus for a big wireless station at Constantinople was shipped from Germany to Turkey through Roumania as a circus, thus not violating Roumania's neutrality.

LONDON—The British navy has advertised for 50,000 new recruits, none of whom will serve on the water, but will enter the navy's land and air services.

LONDON—A big London newspaper carrying on a "cigarette for soldiers" campaign announced that without cigarettes the British Tommies could not beat the Germans.

LONDON—Lance Corporal William Angus returned from the front with forty wounds and is recovering.

2 Marines Drowned. WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Two

marines on the battleship New Hampshire were swept overboard and drowned during a storm in the Gulf of Mexico on Sunday, the navy department announced. The men lost were Berdie Ray of Mississippi and Joseph Robinson of Ohio. The bodies have not been recovered. Their parents have been informed.

British Vessel Torpedoed. BERLIN, Aug. 11.—The British auxiliary cruiser India was torpedoed entering Restford, Sweden, it was announced. The steamer Goeland saved 80 of the crew. Mexico is strangely dense as to "notes" unless they are of the dollar variety.

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