

3,000 HIKING CLUBS IN GREATER NEW YORK

They Swing Along Highways and Through Woods in Groups of Varying Size.

New York.—One must walk nowadays to be in the swim. Statistics gleaned from the out-door departments of the newspapers, from the Boy Scout and Campfire Girls' organizations, from the Y. M. C. A. branches and kindred bodies, from scores of amateur athletic clubs and from the leading dealers in sporting goods, indicate that



"Best Walkers Make Best Citizens," Says Mayor of New York.

today there are no less than 8,000 hiking clubs in Greater New York, with a total membership of more than a quarter of a million men and women, who are keeping themselves in the pink of condition and experiencing the real joy of living by getting regularly out into the open country with no other means of locomotion than their God-given legs.

The city of New York has taken official notice of the movement. On three occasions recently Mayor Hylan has congratulated the boys and girls of the public schools upon their enthusiasm in taking up the new sport of hiking. In his dedication of the great new public playground in the Bronx the other day Mayor Hylan extolled the athletic tendencies of the boys and girls and impressed upon them that there was no better or more profitable way in which they could pass their vacations and utilize their holidays than by the excursions into field and forest of their walking clubs. He gave the same message to the Amateur Athletic Union of Brooklyn a few days later, and when a club of East Side boys and girls visited him at city hall preparatory to a hike to the tomb of Roosevelt at Oyster Bay he assured them that the best walkers among them would make the best citizens.

Walk and Be Well

No less enthusiastic a champion of the walking game is Dr. Royal S. Copeland, city health commissioner. "The benefit to health and the safeguard to morals to be found in long walks," said Dr. Copeland in an interview, "are too apparent to speak of them. If one takes long walks alone it is well for he walks the road of health, but if he takes long walks in company it is better for he adds the tonic of companionship to his exercise. Walking is the one form of exercise in which there is the minimum risk of overdoing it. In short, I consider walking the most beneficial of all exercises and it is never out of season."

"Never in my life-time," said Edward R. Wilbur, manager of a nationally known sporting goods store, "have I known such a demand as now for outdoor garments and shoes and stockings and appliances for the tourist's luncheon box. The rapid spread and tremendous popularity of the walking-club idea has no parallel in our experience."

"The hiker can make his requisite just what he feels like spending. Really, there are only two or three articles indispensable to hiking—thick walking shoes that allow lots of room, thick woolen socks and clothing that will give freedom of limb. He should have a canvas or leather musette bag, such as the soldiers used in France.

The Cow in the Knapsack

"To get the real benefit and joy out of hiking luncheon should be carried and prepared and eaten in the open bread and cheese, a few slices of bacon, some coffee, a can of condensed milk, and a cake of chocolate for fish high-powered fuel for the hiker and are readily and happily assimilated even by those who in their pre-hiking days were afflicted with digestive apparatus so feeble as to balk at crackers and milk. Fortunately for the hiker, he can replenish his simple larder at any cross-roads store and provide himself with the most nutritious and appetizing food in a form that can be conveniently carried.

"No single development in the problem of food transportation for the hunter, fisherman, hiker and all lovers of the out-of-doors can compare with the gift bestowed by the man who first found the way to make condensed milk, thereby putting a dairy in every man's knapsack. Before long there will be a national association of hikers, and Gail Borden will be its patron saint. Such an association could do much to encourage the spread of the most beneficial and universal of all outdoor pastimes, map out interesting routes, secure the establishment of shelters, rest-stations, and camp sites at suitable locations, and insure the rights of pedestrians on country roads."

Commercial organizations of towns in various sections of Idaho, Oregon and Washington have accepted an invitation sent out by the Open River association for a conference at Pendleton November 17. Delegates will be in attendance from Lewiston, Walla Walla, Spokane, Seattle, Boardman, Baker, Kennewick and Umatilla.

An unusually fine fall for farm work in western Oregon, but too dry for best results in the eastern part of the state,

is the substance of reports reaching F. L. Kent, agricultural statistician, United States department of agriculture. Reports indicate that fall seeding operations are farther advanced than usual in the western part of the state, many farmers having already completed their fall planting.

Snowfall, though light, practically has eliminated the danger of forest fires in the Umatilla national forest,

according to officials. The forest has not had any big fires this year.

Sherman county this year lost the distinction of being the first county in Oregon to send its election returns to the secretary of state for official count. This year the honor went to Hood River county.

The third annual district convention of the Royal Neighbors of America was held in Baker with 50 delegates, representing camps from Pen-

dleton, La Grande, Ontario, Eggin, Halfway, Cove and Island City.

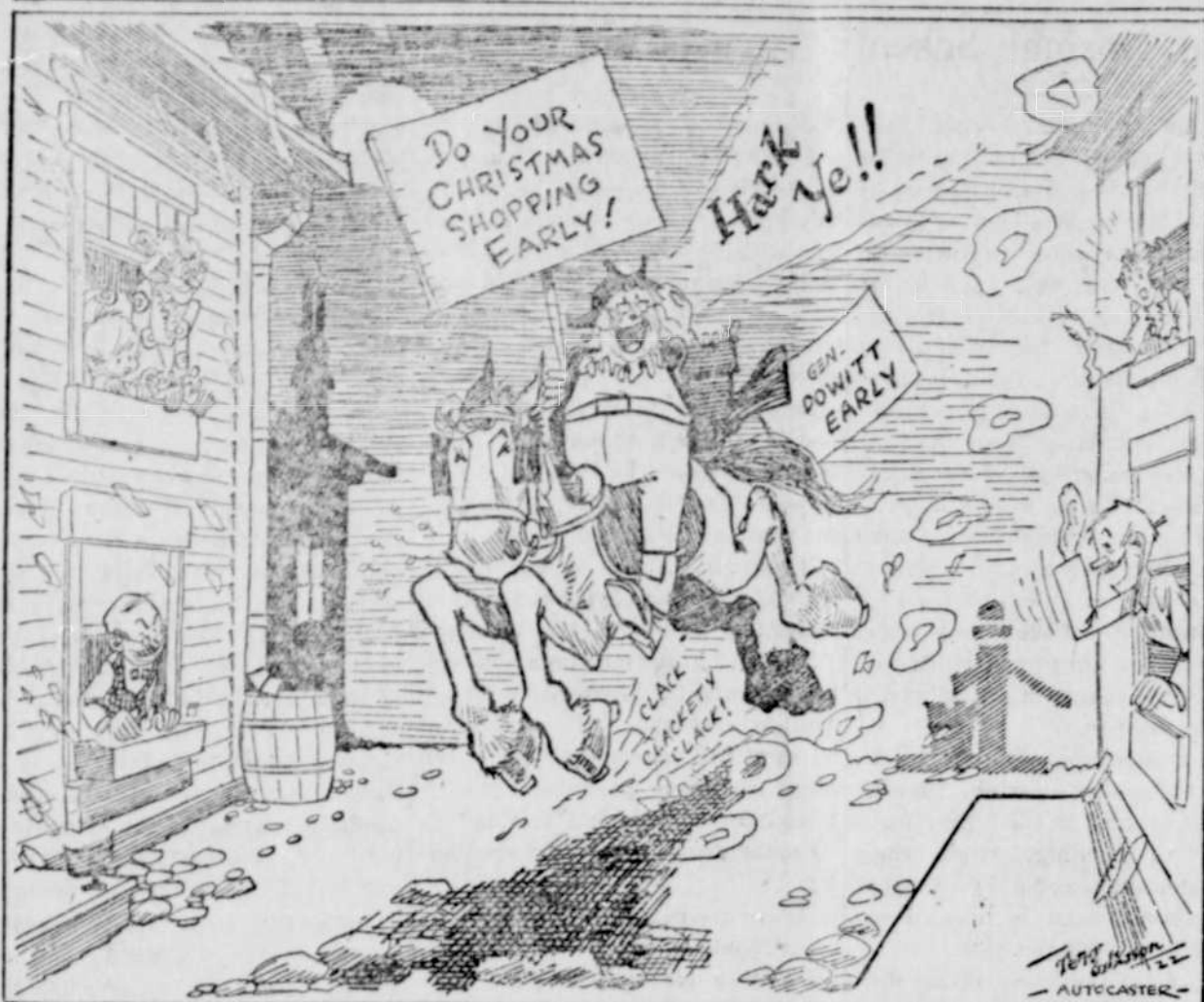
The state emergency board met in Salem Friday to consider an additional appropriation for the erection of a new dormitory at the state industrial school for girls to replace the one which was burned a few months ago.

With 79,164 votes cast for governor in Multnomah county finally tabulated, the result gives this important county to Walter M. Pierce, democrat, by

a lead of 8172. Complete unofficial returns from the 425 precincts in the county give Olcott 35,496, Pierce 43,668.

Based on complete or incomplete returns from every county, the democrats in last week's election apparently made a gain of eight members of the house in the state legislature which convenes next January. The minority party also gained two seats in the senate.

Our Annual Paul Revere



Armour at Capital Talking of Merge



J. Ogden Armour is shown here as he left the Department of Agriculture in Washington after conferring with Government officials regarding a big merge of Meat Packing Houses. The Farm Bloc will oppose it.

New Champion



Mickey Walker, 20 years old, of Elizabeth, N. J., unknown three years ago, is the new welterweight champion of the world. He defeated the veteran Jack Britton for the title. Walker is a hard puncher.

Tells President of Klan's Activities



This picture of Gov. John Parker of Louisiana was taken as he left the White House after telling President Harding of the Ku Klux Klan's amazing growth in his state and intentions to control through political power.

Mother Arrives in Congress



Mrs. Winifred M. Huck, of Illinois, mother of three, is the first mother elected to Congress. As shown here on the right, she is receiving flowers from Congresswoman Alice Robertson of Oklahoma, who failed for re-election to the House.

Mrs. Hall Poses



This is the first posed picture of Mrs. Frances Hall, wife of the New Brunswick, N. J., rector, who was found murdered with his pretty choir singer, Eleanor Mills.

Tiger of France is With Us



Georges Clemenceau, The Tiger of France and the great War Premier, is now on a triumphant tour of the United States, carrying a message of national friendship. The grizzled old warrior is now 81 years old. Above—his first look up at the famous Woolworth Tower in New York. Below—his reception at City Hall Park, N. Y.

Atlantic To Pacific



Lieut. J. H. Doolittle, U. S. Army aviator, left friends at Pablo Beach, Fla., one evening recently, and dined with other in San Diego, Calif., the next, going from ocean to ocean in about 21 hours of flying.

Flapper's Farewell



The Flapper is gone. She said she wouldn't wear long skirts—still here she is, wearing a and looking very charming in a new rich blue, hand-painted duvetyne trimmed with wolf fur, and all topped with a canary yellow hat trimmed with silk roses.



New Farm Loans or Bankruptcy



H. W. Moorehouse, of the American Farm Bureau Federation, says a new credit arrangement must be adopted immediately if we are to prevent wholesale bankruptcy of mid-western farmers on March 1.

Poem by UNCLE JOHN

When you hear a feller grumble at the hill he has to climb, an' later, see him crumble in despair,—you wouldn't err in judgement, if you bet yer bottom dime, that he has built the cross he had to bear. This thing we call humanity, is full of human freaks, with fitful an' imaginative brains. There's very few that's brave enough to scale the highest peaks,—that knows enough to come in, when it rains! With blessin's all around us, we embrace the things that curse. We pander to the vicious appetite. We undertake the very thing that's sure to leave us worse, an' s'het our eyes to everything that's right.

Then—is it any wonder, that we flounder in the sea, and swaller bitter waters, tempest-tossed? Too often we imagine that our trouble has to be, when we only need the rudder that we lost! We'll find it smoother sailin' if we banish every dread, and cure the imperfections of our own. The trouble's neatly allers in our little ivory head,—and trouble's hard to manage—in a bone!

HONEY PHILOSOPHY for 1922

Since we are all out helping to make the world better why not do it in half the time? If we put the time spent in kicking into correcting, gee, what a hole we could knock in the things we don't like! Most people who don't kick say "what's the use?" because they think they are powerless, so they waste their time grumbling. That's not it. There's no use kicking because there never can be an end to the cause for kicking. As soon as one thing's cured another bobs up. When we're shaving by wireless there'll be a kick because the static shakes the razor. Meantime suppose we all butt in an' better things, and meantime also smile.

