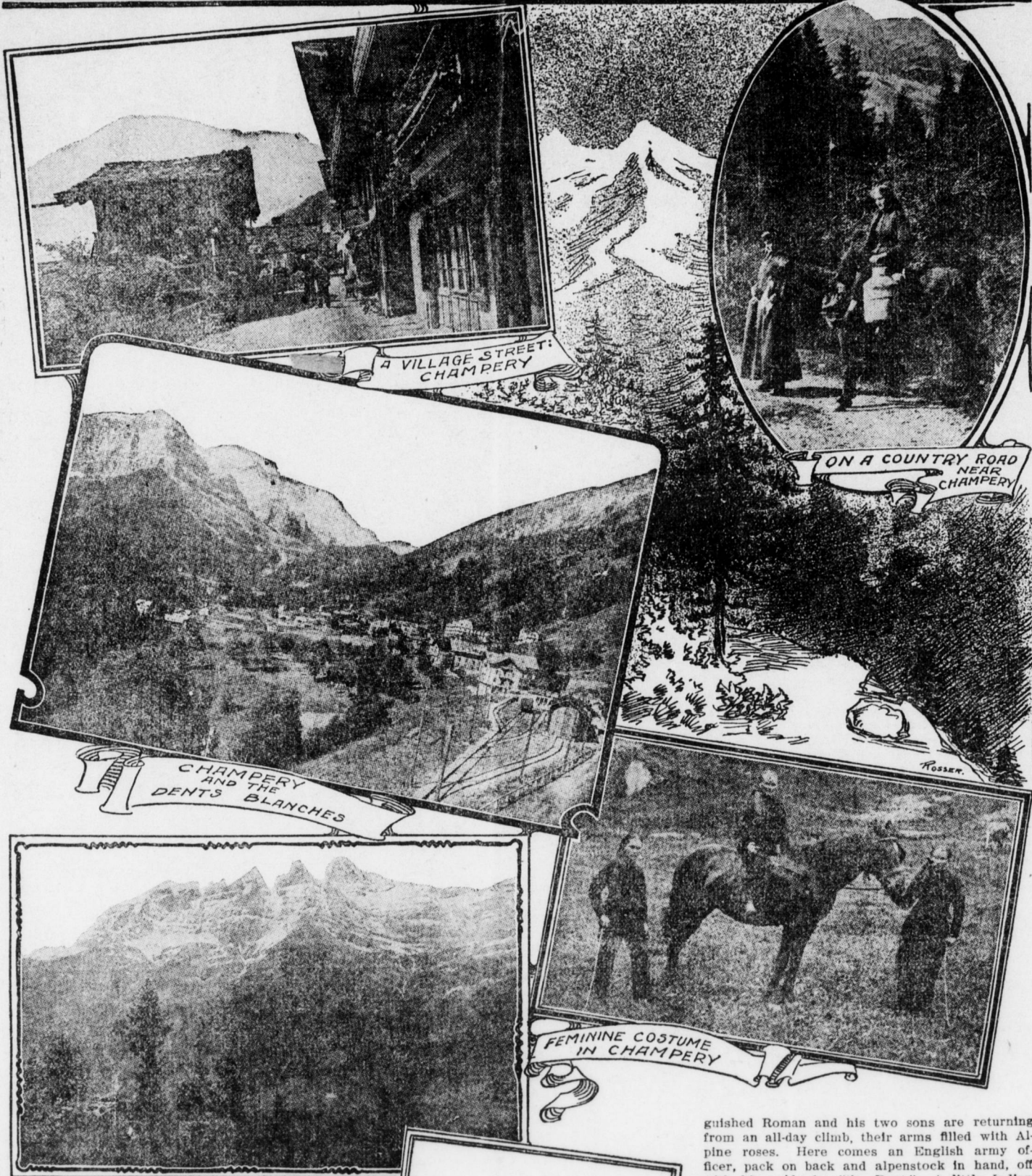


IN VALAIS

BY LOUISE MURRAY



A VILLAGE STREET, CHAMPERY

ON A COUNTRY ROAD NEAR CHAMPERY

CHAMPERY AND THE DENTS BLANCHES

FEMINE COSTUME IN CHAMPERY

THE DENTS DU MIDI

LE CALVAIRE



A PROPOS of all the present talk about woman suffrage, let us take a glance at the inhabitants of a small village in Switzerland, or, more accurately, the dwellers on the mountain slopes about Champery, in the canton of Valais, that sequestered and charming hamlet which lies contentedly at the feet of its famous neighbor, the Dent du Midi.

There the sturdy peasant women have solved the "equal rights" matter to their own satisfaction. Votes were never a factor in the question, but trousers were, and have been calmly appropriated for their own use; so it is as man's equal in freedom of movement and attire, at least, that the feminine half of the community tend their herds, cut hay on the almost perpendicular hill-sides, and clamber up and down the stony and tortuous paths leading to their mountain homes.

If Americans are as yet in almost total ignorance of this little spot, successfully hidden for years at the extreme end of the lovely Val d'Illiez, it is by no means undiscovered, and, owing to the recent foreign invasion, these fair traitors to the conventional skirt have become as shy as the proverbial chamois, and one must seek them upon their own heights during the summer season, when the new electric tramway which has supplanted the old-time diligence renders this village almost too accessible to the ever-growing tourist army.

En route from Italy, one leaves the Simplon line at Saint Maurice, rides for a few minutes in a shuttle train of doubtful comfort, and, arriving at Monthey, takes the tram, which immediately commences an ascent of the fertile valley. Through vineyard and chestnut grove, over roaring mountain streams and past various hamlets, the little train winds its way, ever upward.

Leaving the heat of the plain below, one gradually emerges into an atmosphere of crystalline coolness. Champery, the end of the railway and the last village in the valley, lies 3,500 feet above the sea. Except its bracing air, one is unconscious of the altitude, as all about tower the infinitely greater heights of the Dents du Midi and the Dents Blanches, their white "teeth" so dazzling in the sunlight that one welcomes the almost ever-present curtain of cloud which veils their brightness. Some 300 feet below the village the rapid and noisy Vieze, home of that delectable fish, the "ombre," rushes down the bed of the valley from its source in the Col de Coux, another mountain, at whose summit lies the frontier of Savoy and a customs-house, and from whence one may continue one's walk in France to Chamonix.

The country abounds in walks and climbs to suit the most expert or inexperienced mountaineer. First and foremost of these is the ascent of the Dent du Midi, more than 10,000 feet in height. Of its seven teeth, the Haute Cime is most popular and least dangerous. Parties usually leave Champery in the afternoon, sup at

Bonaveau, snatch a few hours of sleep, and are off before dawn in order to reach the summit for a far-reaching panorama of the sun-kissed Alps awaking from their sleep.

It was at this little chalet of Bonaveau that one party, finding their hopes of an ascent shattered by torrential rain, resolved to play bridge and amuse themselves as best they could until the wee sma' hours; but "English as she is spoke" and accompanying laughter evidently jarred upon the proprietor's nerves, for in the morning their modest bill was embellished with the strange item: "Extra: Pour bruit fait pendant la nuit (for noise made during the night), 5 francs."

To return to the village, its one street lined by chalets with gayly flowering window-boxes and neat gardens, hotels, pensions, and little shops, let us occupy ourselves with the cosmopolitan throng that wanders back and forth on any August day.

The Hotel Dent du Midi, Champery's largest and most modern hostelry, is the best point of vantage for such a survey. Choosing a comfortable chair from beneath its striped awnings, we call a waitress wearing one of the typical scarlet kerchiefs on her head to bring us tea. While waiting we may listen to the orchestra and marvel at the many countries of the world represented in this small corner of it. The English and French element predominate, and as yet the American is in the minority, but electricity, steam heat and all the commodities of modern life that especially recommend a place to his luxury-loving heart are fast doing away with its former simplicity. What a field in which to study human nature, national characteristics, and that intangible something which stamps indelibly the type of each country for its own.

There goes a former prime minister of Austria off for a walk with his beautiful wife, his fox terriers bounding in glee at his heels. A distin-

guished Roman and his two sons are returning from an all-day climb, their arms filled with Alpine roses. Here comes an English army officer, pack on back and alpenstock in hand, off with his guide for "the Dent." A little Indian princess tosses a bit of cake to her squirming and anticipatory dachshund. Out in the garden four hilarious Parisiennes are settling their accounts at bridge. A Greek countess flicks the ashes from her cigarette, as she sips her tea in company with a young Roumanian. An Italian admiral strolls into the "poste," and the inevitable American girl returns from tennis. So one might continue indefinitely, for Swiss, Dutch, Russian, Hungarian, and even Egyptian are all represented in this out-of-the-way little place to such an extent that during the annual tennis tournament lodgings of any sort, be it ever so homely or primitive, is at a premium.

It is in June, however, that Champery is at its loveliest. Then the fields are carpeted with masses of wild flowers of the most extraordinary beauty and variety, delicate orchid-like blossoms that might have been hot-house grown mixing with the more sturdy ones, and it is with real regret that one sees them swept away by the relentless scythe in haying time. In the heart of the village lies the newly restored parish church, with its unique and ancient crown-capped bell-tower, from which a veritable chaos of chiming peal forth on feast days.

Mention of Champery would not be complete without a word as to its favorite strolls, the "Petit" and "Grand Paradis"—two lovely wooded spots by the rapid Vieze, where one may sit beneath the pines and listen to its noisy music—and "les Galeries," a natural rock formation in the sheer cliff rising from the right bank of the river, and from which a splendid view of the village is to be had.

But it is toward the east, a half hour distant, that we wind our way most frequently, for there lies "Le Calvaire," a stone cross set upon a projecting knoll which dominates the entire Val d'Illiez far down to the peaceful Valley of the Rhone and across to the distant peaks of Chaussy, Gummfluh, and the Mont d'Or glistening in the sun. From this point, midway between the valley and the mountains, seated beneath that cross, eternal symbol of death, one may best watch the mystery of the departing sun as it sinks behind the Col de Coux. Then the veil that hangs all day before the Dent du Midi lifts, and the dying rays slowly flood the mountains' cold, dead whiteness with the rosy glow of life and eternal promise.

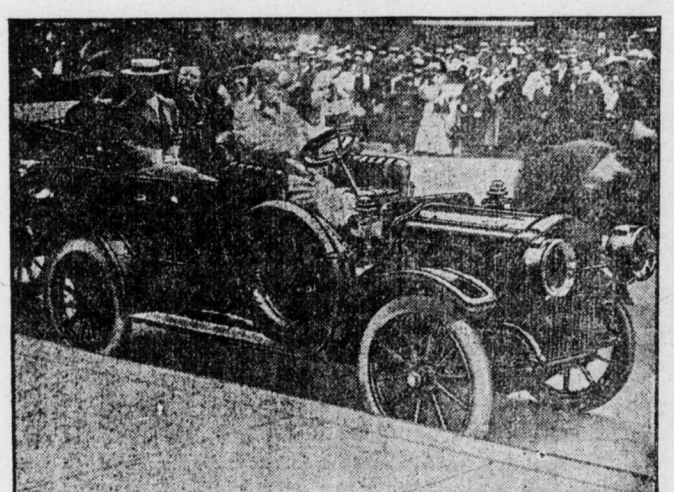
Finds Homes For Children

Recently two large parties of children left Liverpool by the Allan liner Corsican, Captain Cook, for Quebec. One party, consisting of boys and girls, was from the Birt home, and the children were under the care of Miss Birt, who traveled in the ship. This lady has been engaged for 37 years in rescuing children and has taken out over 6,000 and settled them in the Dominion of Canada. The party in the Corsican was the eighty-first which has gone out under the auspices of the home.—London Times.

ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED

The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through a Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American

The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.

After fifteen months absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and hung on his very word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-mania to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discarding of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobiles. The moment the Roosevelt family and

immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Loeb transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

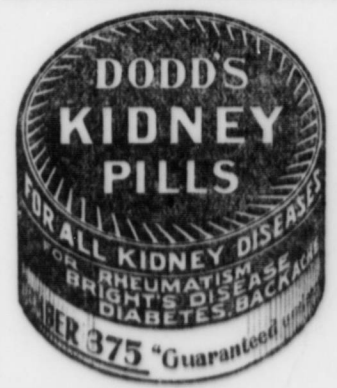
The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of some forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a clambake at the Travers island clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club.

Cost of Spontaneity.
"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice."
"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."

TAKE A FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT
After dissolving one or two Allen's Foot-Tabs (Antiseptic tablets for the foot-bath) in the water. It will take out all soreness, smarting and tenderness, remove foot odors and freshen the feet. Allen's Foot-Tabs instantly relieve weariness and sweating or inflamed feet and hot nervousness of the feet at night. Then for comfort throughout the day shake Allen's Foot-Ease the antiseptic powder into your shoes. Sold everywhere 25c. Avoid substitutes. Samples of Allen's Foot-Tabs mailed FREE or our regular size sent by mail for 25c. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An Answer in Kind.
"How did the trouble in the family start?"
"The wife, it seems, got tired of her husband's heavy wit."
"Why didn't she simply make a light retort?"
"She did. She threw the lamp at him."

Theatrical expense accounts come under the head of play bills.



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