

High Sierra of the Yosemite



In the Yosemite.

If you go to Yosemite this summer, you should plan to visit the monster mountain climax of the national park of which Mount Lyell is the chief. This is no one-day hike with a luxurious public camp at the other end of it. It means taking enough camping-out equipment along to enable you to spend three or four nights in the open. But after all that is no great matter, for so seldom rains in the Sierra that tents will not be necessary; comfortable sleeping bags, a coffee pot, a few tins, and a plentiful supply of food will be all that is necessary—besides, of course, a good guide. All equipment, including guide and horses, may be got in the valley.

The first night out from the valley should be spent in the celebrated Tuolumne Meadows where you may have plenty of trout for supper for the catching; the Tuolumne is a capital trout stream.

Lyell's Inner Shrine.

After an early trout breakfast, your outfit will travel up the river to the mouth of Lyell Fork, and, swinging around Johnson peak, will follow that beautiful stream miles up its long scenic canyon. Past Rafferty peak and Parsons peak on your right, and skirting long Kuna Crest with its frothing cascades on your left, you will find yourself at lunch time at the head of the canyon facing lofty shelves of granite, far beyond which loom glacier-shrouded peaks. These, as you will see presently, are Mount Lyell, 13,000 feet, and its flanking giants, McClure mountain on the north, and Rodgers peak on the south.

Scrambling up the granite shelf and over Donohue pass, your horses carry you through a vast basin of tumbled granite encircled at its majestic climax by a titanic rampart of nine sharp glistening peaks and hundreds of spear-like points, the whole cloaked in enormous shrouds of snow.

Presently—just how you do not know, so breathless is your gaze ahead—the granite spurs inclose you. And presently your horses scrambling over impossible walls and shelves, looms above you a mighty glistening wall which apparently forbids further approach to Lyell's inner shrine. But even this the agile horses surmount and you find yourself in the summit's very embrace, facing glaciers and a lakelet of robin's-egg blue. This is the Sierra's climax!

Thousand Island Lake.

Passing south along the John Muir trail you cross the Yosemite boundary and in a couple of hours camp at Thousand Island lake in the shadow of Banner peak. Your day's ride has been seventeen miles, and, at day's close, you find yourself at a spot so extraordinarily wild and noble that you vote it worth the trip a thousand times had there been no Lyell on the way. For Banner peak, with its 12,975 feet of altitude and its remarkable beauty and personality, will re-

Front-Buttoned Jacket a Novelty.

Rare is the jacket that buttons straight down the front. Sometimes an Eton jacket is made in this way, buttoning from collar to waistline without revers to break the simple small boy suggestion of the Eton, but most of the short jackets are slashed away at either side of the center front (to save valuable fabric) and the space is filled in by a waistcoat of contrasting material. These waistcoats make the short, open jackets very smart, and one may have several

main a vivid memory to your dying day.

Leaving Thousand Island lake the next morning you may return as you came—four days; three nights.

Or, far better, if you can spare the time, you will linger an hour or two in front of Banner before starting, and, again, an hour or two in Lyell's inner shrine; you then may camp at the head of Lyell canyon, spend the next night at Tenaya lake for the sunset and the early morning, and jog leisurely back to the valley—five days; four nights.

Thus will you taste, in addition to the stirring beauty of the incomparable valley, the glory of the High Sierra in its noblest expression.

TRULY MAN OF GREAT FAITH

It's All Right, of Course, to Have Absolute Confidence in One's Physician, But Still—

Speaking at a dinner, Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman of Illinois referred to the occasional wisdom of second thoughts, and happily recalled this little anecdote:

A doctor once called to attend a miserly friend, and after diagnosing the case, he wrote the usual prescription.

"Since we have known each other for such a long time, doctor," said the miserly patient, as he took the prescription, "I don't intend to insult you by settling your account in cash. Instead, I have put you down for a handsome legacy in my will."

"Ahem," thoughtfully responded the doctor, and then added, "Would you mind letting me see that prescription again?"

"Not at all," said the patient, handing over the paper.

"Thank you," remarked the doctor. "I wish to make a slight alteration in it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Ivory Phonograph Needles.

The phonograph stylus of vegetable ivory has a decided advantage over the old wooden needle, the usefulness of which is finished when it has played one record. The ivory point will stand the wear of six records, then when it has been filed over the bevel end can be used on six more. The vegetable ivory is produced by a Central and South American growth, the phytolacca palm, which produces large clusters of seeds.

What Impressed Him.

At the age of four Thomas was taken to interview the menagerie. When the party stopped before the lion's cage Thomas' sister informed him that this animal was called a lion. For a few moments Thomas was bewildered at the abundance of flowing hair the lion possessed, and then suddenly exclaimed: "Some mustache, believe me!"

waistcoats to give variety to a single suit; one waistcoat, for example, of pale tan cloth, another of white pique, still another of satin embroidered in colored silks. Of this type is a delightful little model of dark blue tricot serge.

To Wash Cretonne and Chintz.

Use lukewarm water in which a little bran has been steeped; no soap. Rinse in cold water and dry in a room where there is neither fire nor sunshine. Iron on the wrong side.

OFFENSIVE ALONE BRINGS VICTORY

General Foch Says Reserves, Carefully Husbanded, Will Deliver the Knockout.

BLUDGEON MUST BE STRONG

Used at the Finish With Surprise, Mass and Speed, They Will Make the Decisive Attack, Destroying the Enemy's Organized Forces.

London.—Only an offensive, characterized by surprise, mass and speed, can bring victorious results in warfare, says General Foch, commander in chief of the allied armies, in an article which he contributes to the Field, a weekly journal.

"Modern warfare, to arrive at its end and to impose its will on the enemy," General Foch says, "recognizes only one means—destruction of the enemy's organized forces."

"War undertakes and prepares this destruction by battle, which brings about the overthrow of the adversary, disorganizes his command, destroys his discipline, and nullifies his units as far as their fighting power is concerned."

No Victory in Defense.

"Our first axiom must be that to achieve its object a battle must not be purely defensive. A purely defensive battle, even well conducted, does not result in a victor and a vanquished. It is simply a game that must be begun over again."

"From this it is an obvious corollary that an offensive, whether started at the beginning of an action or whether it follows the defensive, can only give results, and, in consequence, must always be adopted at the finish."

"To maintain our position is not synonymous with being victorious and even prepares for a defeat. If we remain where we are and do not pass to the offensive to fix the direction of attack, to guard against the plans of the enemy, and prevent him from carrying out the same maneuver, we must undertake to carry on and sustain numerous combats, each with determined aim."

All Depends on Reserve.

"But since there remains no doubt that decisive attack is the very keystone of a battle, all other actions which make up a battle must be envisaged, considered, organized, provided with forces in the measure in which they will prepare, facilitate, and guarantee development of a decisive attack characterized by its mass, its surprise, its speed, and for which, in consequence, it is essential that there shall be the maximum reserve force possible of troops of maneuver."

"The reserve—that is to say, the prepared bludgeon—is organized and kept carefully instructed to execute the single act of battle from which results are expected—namely, the decisive attack."

Surprise, Mass and Speed.

"Reserves must be husbanded with the most extreme parsimony so that the bludgeon may be strong enough to make the blow as violent as possible. Let loose at the finish, without any lurking idea of saving them, with a well thought out plan for winning the battle at a point chosen and determined, reserves are thrown in all together in an action surpassing in violence and energy all other phases of battle, an action with proper characteristics—surprise, mass, and speed. All our forces really participate, either by preparing it or by carrying it out."

"In this, our supreme aim, we must not be deceived by appearances. Although theory fails when applied by feeble hands and when accessories obscure the main principle, history and reason show us that in battle there is a single argument which is worth while—namely, decisive attack, which is alone capable of assuring the desired result—the overthrow of the adversary."

Not Taking Any Chances.

When Captain Hammond of the British Royal Flying corps flew from Dayton to Indianapolis the other day one of the first fellows he met at the speedway was Johnny Aitken, the automobile speed king. Captain Hammond desired a spin around the speedway in Johnny's racing car and he was accommodated.

"Did you give the captain any fancy thrills?" James A. Allison asked the racing man.

"I should say not," Johnny replied. "Why not?" Allison wanted to know. "Well, you see, it's this way: the captain is going to take me for a sky ride and I don't want him to have any charges against me when he gets me about ten thousand feet northwest of yon fleecy cloud. No, siree! The captain got a ride that was soothing and altogether gentle."—Indianapolis News.

"She Stoops to Conquer."

"She Stoops to Conquer" grew out of an incident that occurred in Goldsmith's travels about Ireland. He found himself one night far from home and inquiring the way to an inn, some wag directed him to a gentleman's private residence. There he went, ordered out his horse, demanded the best supper the place afforded and generally gave himself airs. He did not discover his mistake until the next morning when he was about to pay his bill.

SAUCE FOR GANDER

By GERALD ST. ETIENNE.

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"Little puffs of powder,
Little daubs of paint,
Make Miss Stella Arnold
Look like what she ain't."

Stuart McKinnon's cheeks burned and his hair fairly bristled on end as he heard this paraphrase rhymed off, in passing two youths on the boardwalk. He stopped suddenly and looked back, an angry glint in his eyes. They were merely boys—youngsters, wearing their first long trousers. He started on again. It would have done them good, he thought, if he had banged their heads together or ducked them in the lake, but then, what good would it have done him? It would only have caused a scene and made things unpleasant afterwards, perhaps. The taunt was worse because it was true. Everyone knew that Stella's complexion was "doctored." There was no use denying it. Nothing irritated Stuart more than the thought of it. He had spoken to her of it.

"Don't tell me you don't like it," she had said to Stuart as he remonstrated with her. "It's fashionable and I'm going to do it while I'm here. I know the people at home would be shocked, but they are not here to see me."

As he walked to the spot where he had arranged to meet Stella, Stuart tried to figure out some way to bring her to her senses. He would not quarrel with her—he disliked quarreling with anyone, and besides Stella was a nice little girl, despite her faults. If he pretended that he was angry she would be only too willing to show him that she didn't care. She had done that before. He caught sight of her before he was able to decide upon anything definite.

He could see that she was made up as usual. He sat down beside her without a word.

"Oh, you are here!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of him.

"Yes," he answered. "Did—for the love of Mike, what next?" He jumped to his feet and stared at her in wonder. "Well, if you are not the happy limit!" he groaned. "A beauty spot! What next?"

"What is the matter with a beauty spot?" she asked pettishly. "All the girls are wearing them. It's the very latest thing."

"I guess it is," he gasped. "If there was anything later than it you would have had it before now."

"You haven't said a word about how I look," Stella interrupted at last. "Isn't it time we went in bathing?"

"I think it is," he replied, as he consulted his watch. "I have time to go up to the village while you get ready. I will be back, ready for the water, before you are, though. For goodness sake don't spend too much time primping, or the sun will have gone down before we have a chance to enjoy it."

Stella did spend too much time "primping," but even then she appeared on the beach, in bathing costume, before Stuart did. This was unusual, but she excused him in her mind because he had always been early on former occasions. She waited nearly ten minutes before he appeared. It was her turn to gasp. Stuart's blonde mustache had changed color.

"What have you done?" Stella cried, excitedly. "You look dreadful, Stuart!"

"Don't say anything about it," he cautioned. "Everyone will hear you. I don't want them to know it is dyed. I was tired of that blonde mustache and it was hard to distinguish from my lip. This one looks better, don't you think?"

"It does not!" she declared emphatically. "It changes your appearance completely. You look so silly, Stuart! Whatever made you do it?"

"Let's change the subject," Stuart said, jumping to his feet. "The water looks fine."

The water was fine. Stuart enjoyed it from the first, but Stella didn't seem to enjoy it so much. She didn't want to swim; she didn't want to get on the raft; she didn't seem to want to do anything but have Stuart keep ducking his head under the water. She seemed relieved when he struck out for a long swim and left her. When he returned she had disappeared. He found her on the beach, almost in tears.

"I stood it as long as I could," she sobbed, when he appeared. "These girls are the most hateful things in the world. They did not do a thing but make fun of you after you had gone. That girl in the green bathing suit said you thought you were Charley Chaplin. They all knew that mustache was dyed."

"Of course, they did," he smiled. "Everybody knows that your rosy cheeks are covered with rouge, too. What's the difference? It's fashionable!"

"People don't talk about me like that?"

"Don't they? You should have heard some of the things I have heard. My cheeks have burned on your account a dozen times a day since we have been here."

"Haven't you felt ashamed? Didn't you hate me for making such a show of you? I'll never make up again."

"If you don't I'll shave off this mustache," he promised. "Of course, I haven't hated you. I have thought too much of you to let a little thing like that come between us. I wouldn't have cared if the whole world talked about you if I hadn't thought it would make you feel bad to hear it."

"You're a dear!" she cried.

WHAT CAN WE DO?



The following article is quoted from the Red Cross organ, "A. R. C. Rays," published at Denver. Among the things we can do is to follow its advice.

"The following statement is authorized by the War Department:

"Recent reports from commanding generals of certain army divisions indicate that one of the fruitful causes of soldiers absenting themselves without leave is the discouraging letter from home. Such letters frequently give alarming and exaggerated reports of conditions surrounding the soldier's family, that some member is desperately ill, that all are starving or that they are being in some way harassed. In instances such letters have so preyed upon the minds of soldiers that they have absented themselves without leave to go home, only to find that conditions had been grossly exaggerated."

"Meanwhile the soldier has been absent without leave—a serious military offense. His problem then became one of facing the penalty or getting deeper in trouble by deserting. Sometimes a man's pride or fear has led him to desert."

"Every soldier wants to receive letters from home. They should be frequent, cheerful, hopeful and appreciative of the sacrifice that he is making for his country. They should be full of family incidents and cheerful home gossip. They should protect him from the trifling alarms and the small annoyances of everyday life. They should encourage him by giving full confidence that his family and his friends stand behind him in the great enterprise he has undertaken."

"A division inspector submitted the following in this connection:

"While stationed at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, last year, I was a member of a general court-martial that tried approximately 100 enlisted men for desertion from national guard regiments stationed on the border. I believe I am safe in saying that at least 90 per cent of them gave as their reason for desertion the fact that they had received letters from home to the effect that a wife, sister or mother was either dying, very ill, or in destitute circumstances, and begged the man to come home at once. Many of the men admitted that when they arrived home they found that the writer of the letter had exaggerated conditions."

"Many young soldiers, fresh from home, suffer from homesickness, no matter how army officers may try to make their surroundings pleasant and comfortable and provide proper amusements. Extraordinary measures have been taken by the War Department during the past year to keep the young soldier actively engaged while in camp with sports, amusements and comforts that a wholesome psychology might be sustained. Still, a type of soldier will yearn for home and fall into a brooding mood. It is obvious how harmful to him and to the service a discontented letter from home might be."

And Now It's Coats and Breeches.



So fast our women are putting themselves into service suits and service garments that we have already come to the place where a new order of things in apparel is taken as a matter of course. Arrives a new outfit over the animated horizon of original things, and we discuss its points of advantage over other outfits—its trimness, its strength, its fitness for the purpose it is to fulfill or the emergency it meets—we have ceased to speak of it as a new departure; the novelty has passed and the service suit is established.

There is nothing simple and easily disposed of about the designing of these practical new clothes. They must be convenient, comfortable, durable and shapely. Specialists are giving them weeks of thought. Their last efforts proclaim that they have done wonders, for now we have the new coat and breeches suit as trim as a riding habit and as efficient as a soldier's uniform. In fact, the breeches are cut on lines much like those of the boys in khaki—except that they are cut in one with the

leggings which extend to the ankles and lace up.

The coat is cut on good lines, has a long skirt part, sets easily and is provided with a belt and four capacious and practical patch pockets. Finally, a hat to match has a collapsible crown—and brim wide enough to shade the eyes. Can you imagine anything more comfortable and pleasing than this outfit? Two views of it are given in the picture, a photograph and a small drawing. On the farm, in the saddle, camping out, going fishing, driving a car, isn't it just the ideal garb for service? The blouse under the coat may be light or heavy as occasion requires.

At the left of the picture there is a sketch of a pair of overettes for garden or house work—or other service. But they deserve more than mere mention and will be shown—together with another service suit—in a photograph at some other time.

Julia B. Boring

Suits of Georgette.

The word "sult" recalls to many minds the tulle of serge, tricot, gabardine and the various heavy silks in dress and sport weaves. Any material so sheer as georgette does not seem feasible for such a garment, but a stunning example on tailored lines created of the heaviest quality of cream georgette allows this fabric to enter the lists as a fitting medium for suits, says the Dry Goods Economist. The finger-tip length coat is elaborately embroidered in navy silk. A few broad plaits give the necessary fullness in a skirt of this material, and they nicely correspond to those in the back of the coat that is belted at the normal waistline.

Footings Is Popular.

Footings fits in so well with the very simple fashions of the season that it is no wonder this dainty trimming is in high favor this year. A lovely little frock recently over from Paris is made of fine white silk net in a design of artful simplicity. The gathered skirt is tucked in two-inch tucks set six inches apart and on the edge of each tuck is a two-inch band of black net footing. The sleeves (just to the elbow) are edged with black footing and so is a deep, demure fichu, drawn down over the shoulders into the sash. And the sash? It is of ciel blue faille silk, with four bands of footing on each sash end.