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THE MAN WHO FELT
But He Reasoned at the Same Time

By F. A. MITCHEL

I have never been among mountains without experiencing a sense of the vastness of biorganic things. And we can never contemplate this material immensity without making a step onward, realizing the wider scope of the spiritual. The "us" living beings soul must always be placed far above matter. Why then should a man, superior to these senseless thoughts, awe-inspiring mountains, die among them and pass into oblivion while they go on for ages?

The consensus of opinion has always been that he does not. The belief that he mingles in the affairs of beings still in the body—as a super-personality—largely discredited, and research goes on in the supernatural as well as in the natural, though there is probably no dividing line between the two.

The Alps are my favorite mountains, though I do not consider them superior to the Canadian Rockies. But the former are in the center of a civilized continent, and not so easily reached. Mountain climbing has always been a passion with me, and in the Alps one finds every facility for the purpose. Before I was twenty I had stood on the summit of the Jungfrau and a year later made the ascent of the Matterhorn.

My favorite Alpine region was that about Mont Blanc, which I climbed several times and always with the same guide, Otto Marx, though ascents are not usually made without two guides. Marx, though possessing the wiry, close knit build of the typical mountain guide, had a spiritual countenance. He climbed mountains not so much from a love of encountering their dangers as for the contemplation of the splendid scenes to be found among them. He was a silent man, not easily drawn out, but it is my fancy to dive into the inner depths of such persons because I expect to find there treasures not to be found among the more gregarious. So whenever while climbing we reached a convenient spot for resting and looking out upon the broad expanse of mountains and valleys and cliffs, peaks here and there extending far above the clouds, I would begin my pumping.

He told me that he was born among the mountains and he could not believe that he would ever leave them. "All things must have a beginning," he said. "My beginning is in my body. I can only propel myself up steep heights, at times helping with my hands. When I die I shall be free from such contemptible methods. Though we sometimes retrograde, in the main we progress. Man first could only walk on his legs, then he made an animal carry him, and now he goes rapidly by steam. When he dies he makes a much greater advance than from the flesh to the iron horse. Once I have cast off the body I shall not be subject to gravity. I shall pass over this broad valley to yonder mountain by some such means as the electric current. I cannot conceive of the mechanism by which I shall move any more than half a century ago one could conceive of talking to another hundreds of miles away by means of a telephone or of flying among the clouds in an aeroplane. Do you suppose man can make such progress as this, clogged with the body, to accomplish nothing at all when freed from it?"

Sitting there, looking out upon the terrestrial grandeur, I was deeply impressed with his reasoning. I did not stop to inquire whether or not it was logical, and it does not appear to me now to matter whether it was logical or whether it violated every logical principle. There are deductions that only appear to us through the feelings, and this feeling that we shall live again after our present life is perhaps the most important of all such deductions.

Many were the talks in this vein I had with Otto Marx while we were resting above the clouds. When we had descended into the valley he would be again shut up like an oyster. Sometimes when we were alone together in Chamounix I would endeavor to get him to converse on these subjects, but he never once succeeded. Sometimes I fancied that he saw these sights of what he would be in the future only from a great height and when inspired by the peaks. And yet this did not destroy his faith in them.

The last climb Otto and I made together we started one morning from Chamounix to ascend the mountain and stopped for the night at the Grand Mulets, the cabin erected for the shelter of climbers. We had our supper before dark and set looking out over the succession of mountains and gorges and the great ice silver pouring with invisible slowness down into the valley I tried to induce Marx to talk, but he fell.

"What is the matter with you, Otto?" I asked.

"Herr," he replied, "I feel something."

"What do you feel?"

"That this trip will be my last up the mountains."

"Nonsense, Otto! You have a lot of blues. Your digestion is bad; your liver is out of order."

"No, Herr; I shall not go back to the valley in my body."

Awed by this tone, I was silent. All at once the scene spread out before me seemed terrible as well as grand. As soon as darkness fell I said I would turn in, and, wrapping myself in the blankets, I went to sleep.

The next morning we started at dawn and had no trouble whatever in reaching the summit. In the afternoon we stopped again for the night at the Grand Mulets.

"Otto," I said, "you gave me the dumps last evening talking about your not getting back to the valley. You see that your forebodings were without foundation."

"We are not yet in the valley, Herr."

"But we have passed over the greatest danger."

He made no reply to this, and I did not mention the matter again.

The next morning we were descending over a path about a foot wide, on one side of which was a precipice and on the other a slide over slanting snow for hundreds of feet, then a gradual rise. Marx had the lead. Suddenly the snow gave way under my feet, and I fell on the side of the gradual decline. Marx, seeing that the only way to keep us both from going down the decline, threw himself on the other side, the side of the precipice. The rope broke, and I went, sliding with accelerating rapidity, down the ice-coated snow.

During that slide I thought only of Marx, who had gone to his death, for there was a chance for me and none for him. Presently I found myself shooting upward, at first as rapidly as I had been shooting downward. I went slower and slower until my momentum ceased altogether. There, there being nothing to hold me up, I began to descend again. But this time the incline was not so steep, and when I reached the bottom I was able to stop myself.

I made my way down the mountain as best I could. Fortunately the path by which we had been descending crossed the depression in which I found myself a few hundred yards below, and, having once struck it, I found no difficulty in reaching the village. I kept my part of the rope to show that it had been broken as proof that I had not saved myself at my guide's expense.

The tragedy ended my climbing career for years. Indeed, it did not seem to me that I would ever wish to ascend a mountain again. It was not the danger to be encountered, but the death of Otto Marx, who had lost his life in my behalf.

Ten years passed, during which I devoted myself to mercantile pursuits. Then I decided to take a rest, in a trip to Europe. It was summer, and Switzerland is the camping ground for tourists in that season. I hesitated about going to the region where I had received my shock, but finally decided to go among the Alps, though not where it had occurred. Instead of Chamounix I went to Interlaken.

Roundabout Interlaken there is fine scenery. There are the Egger, the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, there are Lauterbrunnen, Murren and Grindelwald. I stayed a while in each of these places, combating a desire to go to Chamounix. While at Grindelwald I fell in with a party of Americans who were devoted to climbing. They were composed of both men and women, and, though they made no regular ascents of the larger mountains, they spent much time far up on their sides.

One of their trips was up the Wetterhorn, and I could not resist a temptation to go with them. We had a party of six persons, conducted by two guides, the one in advance and the other in rear. The day was fair when we started, but during the afternoon when we were well up on the side of the mountain it clouded over and began to snow.

A snowstorm on a mountain not only covers the path, concealing pitfalls, but since one can't see about him he can have no idea of direction. Our guides, who were both young and not over-experienced, lost their heads and showed plainly their fear, and they did not know what to do. It snowed incessantly and so thickly that one could not see a dozen feet from him. We stopped where we were, on a ledge, when it began to wait.

We remained there huddled together for three hours. Some of the women, who at first had not appreciated the danger as the men did, were becoming very much frightened. A cold wind was blowing, and exercise for the purpose of keeping warm was impracticable. The snow, instead of abating, was growing thicker. Thinking I might find a less exposed position, I started, and proceeded far when I heard or thought I heard a familiar call:

"Herr!"

Was that Otto Marx's voice? No, Otto was dead. I knew that he was dead.

"Kont!"

At the moment I saw something through the flakes just dark enough to distinguish from the snow. It was vibrating like heated air. It moved away from me. I called to the others to come to me, but when they reached the place from which I called I had gone on, but they followed me.

I went on, but they followed me. I proceeded over freshly fallen snow. I felt no fear as to where I should place my foot—why I know not. We had proceeded in this way for a short distance when we came to a chasm. As soon as I saw it I lost sight of that which had guided me. In a few moments our party were sheltered and warmed by cheerful flames on a hearth.

RAILROADS IN GERMANY.
Fine Discipline Because Employees Are All Ex-Army Men.

It is well known that practically all of the railway employees of Prussia have served in the army. When they enter the railway ranks from the army certain credits are allowed for their military service, and certain positions are reserved for army men. This military experience shows its influence on their department and discipline in railway service. There is a noticeable orderliness and precision about everything connected with German railways. In respect for authority and strict observance of the rules the German railway employee has no superior.

The traveler will not fail to notice the red capped station master standing at attention on the station platform as the train passes through each station. He will also find the station signalman, gateman and other employees connected with the train service always in evidence, standing like sentries as the train passes. The operating official, while riding over the line, can thus take a census of all employees in positions of responsibility. When he alights at a station his rank is at once recognized. The station master immediately salutes and gives a verbal report of the situation at his station. If the official goes into a signal tower the signalman in charge salutes and reports. If he goes into an engine house the foreman salutes and gives a brief report of the work in progress.—Railway Age Gazette.

FORKS OF TREES.
They Stay Where They Develop and Never Grow Any Higher.

Some people through careless observation believe that the fork of a forest tree will gradually grow higher from the ground. If they would investigate it would be found that the forks and "heads" of fruit trees are at exactly the same point where they were first noted.

The state forester in inspecting forest and timber groves throughout the state has found owners who have not removed one part of the fork of those trees that have formed forks below the fencepost height, believing that in years the fork would grow up and a fencepost could be cut below the fork. This erroneous belief is the cause of so much of the delay and neglect of pruning in early life of street and roadside trees.

It should be remembered that the base of a fork or a branch of a tree will always remain at the same distance above the ground. The side branches of some trees, such as the elm, usually continue to grow upward, while those of other trees, such as the maples, incline upward when young, and as the tree grows older the weight of the branches gradually brings it to the horizontal. The latter effect makes the removal of large branches necessary, which not only spoils the symmetry of the tree, but usually starts decay, which soon kills the tree.—Indiana Farmer.

The Wide, Wide World.
"It's awful how easy some folks get weighed down with a new experience," began the postmaster of Wolvendale, "with a significant glance at 'Boosey' Fraser's bowed form in the Concord wagon at the door. 'That's what bent him over like that.' 'Yes,' after a glance of interrogation from the only listener who was really listening. 'He began to bow over soon's he realized the size of this globe of ours. You see, from one of the northern counties up 'bove here Boosey went all the way to the state capital. When he come back he looked solemn with the weight o' what he'd garnered."

"I tell you what, he says to us right here, 'scarcely speakin' above a whisper, 'if the world's as big 'toter way as 'th' this it's a whopper!'—Youth's Companion.

Look Him Down.
A supercilious lawyer, cross examining a young woman whose testimony was likely to result unfavorably to his client, inquired, "You are married, I believe?"

"No, sir."

"Oh—only about to be married?"

"No, sir."

"Only wish to be?"

"Really, I don't know. Would you advise such a step?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself."

"Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Your wife deaf or blind?"—St. Louis Republic.

Didn't Have to Learn.
Perhaps one of the best stories which Lady Dorothy Nevill has told about Disraeli is that concerning the occasion when a photographer asked him to pose for a photograph leaning on a chair. This at once aroused the indignation of Mrs. Disraeli. "I soon indigination of Mrs. Disraeli," I soon settled that," she said afterward to Lady Dorothy when relating the incident, "for I said, 'Disraeli has always stood alone, and he shall continue to do so.'"

A Good Student.
"Is your boy a good student?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wealthy. "To a certain extent he is. The way he gets his mother and me to put up with his expense accounts shows that he is a wonderful student of human nature."—Cleveland Leader.

The Modern Ritual.
Mr. Meekly—Then you would have the "obey" omitted from the marriage service? Miss Strongminded—Not at all; merely transferred so that the man will say it.—Boston Transcript.

GENERAL NEWS.

WASHINGTON—A definite program designed to limit the legislation of this session of congress to the passage of the pending tariff bill and the enactment of the banking and currency measure, now in course of preparation, was adopted at a caucus of the Democrats of the house of representatives. It is the understanding that the limitation thus placed on the activities of the house which will prove more or less effective in preventing the senate from entering the field of other general legislation, has the approval of President Wilson and the senate leaders. Hope is now expressed that the monetary bill as well as the tariff bill will become a law before adjournment.

LONDON—A big suit, the hearing of which is expected to lay bare the inner history of the Marconi company and the details of the greatest gamble in the history of the London stock exchange, in which several cabinet ministers are said to have been involved, making the scandal the foremost political issue of the day, was begun when writs against the directors of the wireless company were issued on behalf of investors, who complain that they lost from \$5,000,000 to \$7,500,000 by the formation of a pool, the operations of which brought down the price of shares from \$20, at which the plaintiffs bought, to \$5.

BERLIN—Andrew Carnegie has an entirely new scheme for world peace which he intends to submit to the Kaiser when he comes here on June 17 to congratulate the German emperor on his peaceful reign of twenty-five years. Mr. Carnegie's plan, which he expects to go into operation as the crowning achievement of Emperor William's reign, is for the Kaiser to take the initiative in reducing armaments and ask the other nations to follow his example.

WASHINGTON—The district supreme court here, which originally sentenced Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, the labor leaders, to jail for contempt of court, filed a petition with the supreme court of the United States, asking the highest tribunal to review the decision of the district court of appeals, which affirmed the conviction of the three men, but reduced their sentences.

LONDON, ENG.—Emulating Mrs. Pankhurst, whose hunger strike brought about her liberty from Holloway jail soon after she began her three year sentence, Alice Hall, a notorious criminal, who was sentenced to a like term of penal servitude declared her intention of refusing food and accompanied the announcement with the confident assertion: "I shall be out of prison in three weeks."

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Herman Miller, aged fifty-one, of West Bend, attempted to murder his entire family by putting arsenic in their coffee. He then went to a nearby building and hanged himself. Mrs. Miller, a daughter, Lena, aged twenty-three, and a son, Edward, seventeen, who drank the poison, were saved from death after physicians had worked over them all night.

NEW YORK—Governor Wm. Sulzer resumed public speaking in the interest of his primary campaign. He addressed three big meetings in Brooklyn, Harlem and the Bronx, scoring his opponents and giving particular attention to Mr. Murphy, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Fitzpatrick as the three men in the state most interested in preventing the passage of his bill.

WASHINGTON—The White House mint patch, referred to by Colonel Roosevelt in his testimony in the libel suit he pressed at Marquette, Mich., promises to become as much an object of interest to capital visitors as the Washington monument or the library of congress. Already tourists are asking to have it pointed out to them.

NEW YORK—The New York police are searching for Professor Benjamin C. Gibson of Owensboro, Ky., who vanished Saturday night. Here, as a student at Teachers' College, he had worried lest he fall to win a bachelor of science degree. He disappeared not knowing he had passed his examination.

CHICAGO—Seven or eight firemen, two fire captains and a police sergeant were overcome by smoke, forty-one horses were burned to death and property valued at \$15,000 was destroyed by fire which broke out on the second floor of W. A. Wieholdt & Co.'s stables at 1535 North Ashland avenue.

WASHINGTON—In the presence of a notable company, including many legislators who had to do with its adoption, Secretary Bryan signed the formal announcement of the seventeenth amendment to the constitution, providing for the direct election of senators.

MADISON, WIS.—Miss Ethel Clark Scott of Chicago fell thirty feet from a biplane at the Dane county fair grounds and escaped death by landing in a marsh. The fall dislocated her right shoulder and cut her face and head severely.

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