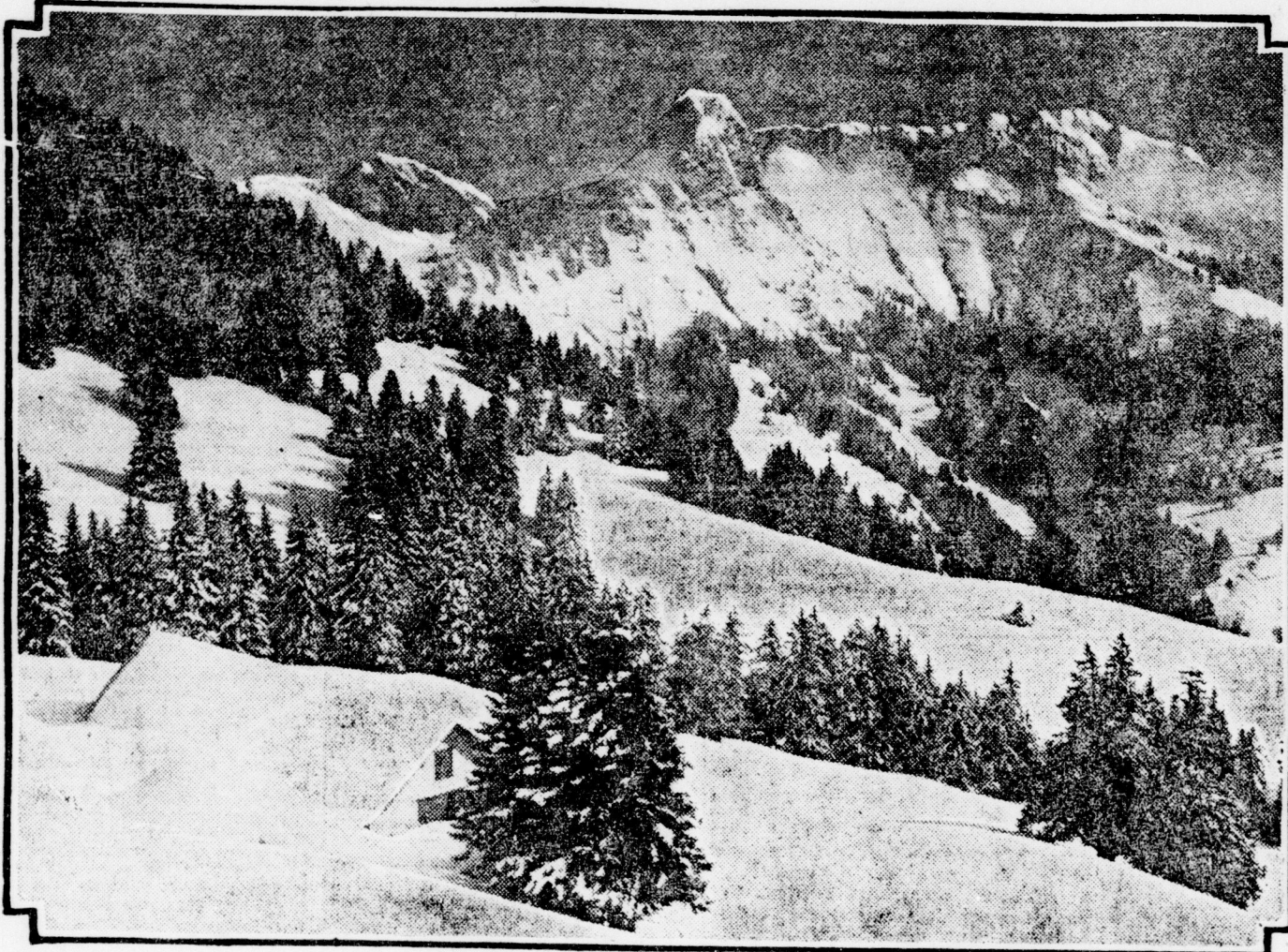


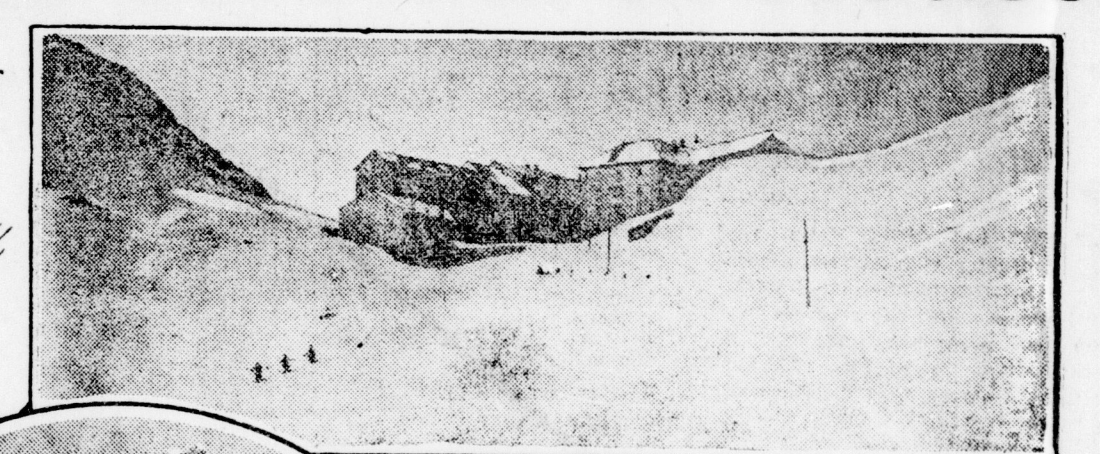
Ski-er's Only Escape From Alpine Avalanche is to Swim! Snow Slides Off Mountain as Fast as Off Roof of House



IN THE AVALANCHE COUNTRY. AT THE RIGHT IS AN OLD AVALANCHE TRACK BETWEEN THE TREES WITH A NEW AVALANCHE POISED READY TO FALL.



THE FAMOUS ST. BERNARD HOSPITAL WHERE THE MONKS ARE ON SKIS FOR EIGHT MONTHS OF THE YEAR.



run straight on down until it hit a clump of willows that stuck up out of the bed of a mountain torrent that ran under the snow about a half a mile below.

Looked Like a Bad Bet

STRAIGHT up above the road was a regular avalanche funnel of a valley rising almost straight up from the road to Cape au Moine. Furthermore I had heard that avalanche come down the year before. We had crossed it later and it had spread out right into this same mountain torrent's bed.

It looked like a bad bet. But after thinking it over I decided it was probably safe enough if I took off my skis and wallowed down. Any slope over 25 degrees will avalanche. But chamois tracks will sometimes cut across a slope of 40 or 50 degrees. Their legs sink instead of setting the snow loose as a pair of skis do.

There is nothing chamois like about size 11 skiing boots but the principle seemed the same. So I went down into the bed of the stream and there, sure enough, was the ski stuck in the bushes.

It was only about a half a mile climb up, but it seemed like a hundred years wallowing up through the wet snow, arm-pit deep. What made it seem so long was that wonderful super-avalanche trap all ready to spring hanging straight up above as far as you could see. All the way up I kept thinking that the ski was only worth about fifteen francs anyway.

The girls were at the top, on the safe side of the road, soaked to the skin by the warm rain. We went into a hay barn built into the side of the mountain out of the avalanche track and put on dry sweaters out of the rucksacks and brought out the thermos bottle and the sandwiches.

While we sat in the dark hut, leaning back again the hay packed solid up to the roof and watching the rain through the open door 14 avalanches came down. I counted them. No one else had such a personal interest in them as I had. But we were all very glad to get home. It was the warm rain's doing. The mountaineers call the warm wind-rain Föhn. It sometimes comes in the midst of the coldest winter weather. It comes from nowhere and it goes back the same place. Sometimes it lasts for days. Other times for only an hour or so. But it always brings avalanches and it can be death to be out in.

After you have lived a long time in the mountains you see the mountain dwellers' standpoint. I remember once in the spring we were crossing the St. Bernard pass before it was open. In Bourg St. Pierre we wandered around the little town half way up the pass while Hadley had a nap in the inn. Bourg is just below the snow line. There was a little cemetery with many graves. On most of the graves was this inscription, "Victim of the Mountain." "That's odd," said Chink. "Victim of the mountain. Sounds as though the mountain were a person."

"How is it father?" I asked the priest. "Victim of the mountain?" "He is the great enemy of the mountain dwelling people," answered the priest, looking down into the gorge the river cut below us. "It is different from the sea. The mountain does not help the mountain man. He is not his livelihood."

"It is very strange father," Chink said. "Yes, it is very strange," the priest said. "When one is young one goes always into the high mountains. These are all young men." He pointed at the crosses. "But when one is older one knows better." He smiled. "It is better to avoid an enemy such as the mountain. Yet we can never leave him. Perhaps, in that too, he shows he is our enemy."

A Samson in Petticoats Is This Hindoo Woman; Let the Men Beware

THERE have recently come to light some extraordinary feats of strength by a Hindu woman, which should cause men of today to think twice before referring to women as the weaker sex.

The woman in question is Miss Tarabai, born some thirty years ago in a small village in Rajputana, and her amazing feats are described in the Strand Magazine for September.

At the age of seven she was left an orphan and adopted by fakirs (holy men), with whom she remained for several years, disguised as a boy. It was by these men that she was initiated into the mysteries of breath control and the power of commanding her physical and mental forces.

Suspended between two chairs by her head and feet, Miss Tarabai had a stone weighing a quarter of a ton placed on her chest, while two men pounded upon it with heavy sledgehammers. But this did not affect her. Miss Tarabai then lay down upon the ground, and a cart laden with men and boys was drawn across her chest and arms. She was protected only by a pad, but she did not flinch.

She thinks nothing of raising from the ground a stone weighing two hundred and forty pounds by means of ropes tied to her hair.

It is the remarkable power of directing all the energies she possesses to any particular part of her body at will that enables her to lie for several minutes on the sharp points of five spears, and to push backwards a laden cart by pressing with her head against the sharp point of a spear fastened to its shafts.

You Just Hear C-R-A-C-K!
and Thousands of White
Tons Rip Into the Valley
—Winter Avalanches Have
No Nicknames, and They
Bring Death.

By ERNEST M. HEMINGWAY

Far below in the valley town Andre heard the great roar.

It came in a loud crack and then a terrible roar like the end of the world.

"Up your way, Andre," said the postmaster sagely.

Two men standing in the postoffice looked at Andre queerly.

"I would not live up there for all the money in the Canton," one man said.

The postmaster laughed.

"There is no one fears the mountains like the mountaineer."

He handed Andre his pile of papers and weighed out two pounds of sauerkraut from the barrel. "I hope you will find everything well, Andre."

"Don't worry about me," Andre said, and slinging his ruck-sack on his back opened the door out into the bright Alpine sunshine.

Towing his skis behind him on a cord about his waist, Andre started in his bent-kneed, mountaineer's stride up the steep, icy road that wound up the valley. He was very worried. He knew what that roar meant. It was an avalanche.

In the spring the avalanches fall with a certain regularity. They have their established paths. You see these paths in the summer, bare swaths cut through the forests on a steep hill side. Many of the spring avalanches fall the same dates almost each year. Nearly all of the big ones have familiar names—nicknames given to them because of that familiarity that brings contempt.

But winter avalanches have no nicknames. They come suddenly and terribly, and they bring death.

So Andre trudged up the road until it swung off in a direction that did him no good. Then he stamped into his skis, shot down the clamps and thrust along up the valley, holding just that upward grade he could make comfortably without slipping back.

For miles he went steadily up in the tireless, thrusting climb that makes the ski for the mountaineers what the canoe is to the Indian or the snowshoe to the trapper of the barren lands of the north. Suddenly he came around a bend in the valley onto the work of the avalanche he had heard in the town. He thanked God that he had not yet married Helza in the village.

The valley was wiped out. Instead there was the most snow Andre had ever seen in his life. It rose sheer ahead of him, two hundred feet high. A gigantic rubble of snow, like the crest of a flood, towering, frozen, immovable. Trunks of trees projected from it.

Wiped Him Out Completely

ON the right the side of the mountain was bare. There had been the sharp slipping crack and all the snow had roared away from the side of the mountain, with the same instantaneous rush that snow sliding off the roof has, to pour down into the valley its weight of thousands of tons, turning over and over and finally piling up and up into this mass.

Andre looked up at it from below and felt very small. Where was his house, he wondered. It had been directly in the path of the 'v'anche. His heart was heavy. It would be a long time now before he could marry.

He started to climb up the left side of the valley. This was a great avalanche. It had wiped him out completely. He might as well have a look at it.

Up he zig-zagged until he was level with the height of the avalanche. Then he saw something. About a hundred yards above him, on the opposite side of the valley from where he had left

it was his house! It looked a little tipsy, it is true. But it was right side up. There is was. No mistake.

Andre was frightened. He did not know whether to start down the valley in a long rush to the town or to go down on his knees. He compromised. He crossed himself and started for the house. There it was. All right. Everything inside. Just a little crockery broken.

"It was evidently a sign to me," thought Andre, "that this side of the valley is better. In the spring I will dig new foundations here. But I wish the Bon Dieu had also removed my barn in safety."

What had happened was the great wind from the falling avalanche had lifted the house on it as though the rush of air were a solid thing and deposited it on the far side of the valley three hundred yards away.

Avalanches seldom do good deeds like that. I have seen an iron bridge, weighing I do not know how many tons, that had been lifted 200 feet up the side of an Alpine valley by the rush of wind from a great, falling snow-slide. Again I have seen a swath of forest that had been scoured bare, the tree trunks cut off at the base as though they were match sticks.

Kipling wished the name of "Our Lady of the Snows" on to Canada and Canadians have been stepping out from under it ever since. There is plenty of snow in Canada. Or rather there has been until this winter. But east of the Rockies there are no avalanches.

Other countries regard snow as a blessing, not as a libel. In the mountains it makes it possible to skid the timber down. It makes hard, smooth roads. It makes it possible to bring the mountain meadow hay, cut and cured in the summer time, down on big sledges with turned up runners that the sledgeman runs between and leans against to make the hay sled turn to left or right.

Finally snow brings tourists. It brings them by the hundreds of thousands. So while Canada indignantly denies that she is "The Lady of the Snows" we have the spectacle of five different countries in Europe all loudly clamoring that they have the most and the deepest snow in the civilized world. They spend thousands of dollars advertising their snowy claims, too. But none of them ever mention avalanches.

Cause 90 Per Cent. of Deaths
AVALANCHES are the skeleton in the winter sport's closet. They cause ninety per cent. of the deaths in mountain skiing. If you have ever sat in the house and heard the sharp, rattling, roar as a big chunk of snow slides off the roof you know how quick an avalanche starts. They go off like a steel trap.

Ski-ers used to be advised, if they got into an avalanche, to try and turn and run directly down the slope and get ahead of it. That advice was written by some fireside hint compiler.

You might exactly as well try to out-run a burst from a Lewis gun fired directly at your back as try to ski ahead of an avalanche. There

is only one thing to do. Swim in it as though you were in the water and try and keep your head from being buried. If you can kick off your skis you will have a better chance of staying up. The whirling snow will seize on your skis and drag you under by them.

If the avalanche is from the side of a hill and spreads out into a flat valley you have a good chance of coming through all right. But if it goes down into a steep gulch or steep valley it will pile up and the unlucky skier who is caught is smothered if he is not crushed.

Although winter avalanches are much more tricky and difficult to figure than those that fall in the spring in the mountains the person who is caught in one has a much better chance of surviving. For new fallen winter, powder snow weighs only about 150 pounds a cubic yard while old, wet, spring snow weighs about three quarters of a ton per cubic yard.

Powder snow too, is full of air. You can live for some time without suffocating if overwhelmed by a winter avalanche. But the heavy, wet, spring snow contains almost no air. All its weight is water, and if you are not crushed you are very liable to be drowned.

What Is Dominating Human Emotion?
Some Say Love, Deep Thinkers Say Fear

Clemenceau and Maeterlinck Believe Dread Is the Most Powerful and Influential Feeling—Cecile Sorel, Carpentier, Biasco Ibanez, and Spinelly Contribute to Symposium

WHAT is the dominating human emotion? "Fear," says Maeterlinck. "Determination," says Carpentier. "Beauty," says Cecile Sorel. "Dread," says Clemenceau. "Sex," says Biasco Ibanez. "Love," says Spinelly.

This seems a just subject for inquiry, so has been gathered a symposium on the subject among several prominent Europeans. Here's what they said:

Maurice Maeterlinck, famous Belgian poet.—The dominating human emotion is fear.

In its lesser manifestations, Fear is called "caution." When it becomes passionate, Fear is termed "panic."

If it were not for fear most people would die before they reached the age of twenty, and the world would become depopulated by the lack of women to bear children.

If you want an active demonstration, just look at the stock or the exchange market. You will find that stocks—and dollars—never rise as fast as they fall. This is because people are easier persuaded in the truth of bad news than in the verity of good news. We are always ready to believe the worst—most of us.

Of course, there are the optimists. They are chiefly people who look on the bright side of things because—they are afraid to look on the bad side!

Fear that he may not leave sufficient money for his children makes a man take out life insurance. Fear of a penniless old age makes a man save money. Fear that she may be considered old-fashioned forces a woman to buy a new gown. Fear that his competitor may get ahead of him compels the tradesman to keep an active stock.

The earliest sensation which a child receives is that of fear. He cries when he first sees light. He cries when he first sees a human being.

Also, fear is the last sensation of life—whether one dies in a bed or with one's boots on.

And possibly the commonest kind of fear is the kind which sends a man into a panic for fear other people may think he is afraid!

Georges Carpentier, professional boxer. My dominating sensation is that of determination.

YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO OUT-RUN A BURST FROM A LEWIS GUN FIRED DIRECTLY AT YOUR BACK AS TRY TO SKI AHEAD OF AN AVALANCHE.

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Powder snow too, is full of air. You can live for some time without suffocating if overwhelmed by a winter avalanche. But the heavy, wet, spring snow contains almost no air. All its weight is water, and if you are not crushed you are very liable to be drowned.

Plenty of skiers have escaped unhurt although carried down hundreds of feet by an avalanche if they have been able to keep on the surface and if the snow has spread out onto a gradual slope. But last winter a young man was killed not far from where we were skiing by an avalanche which carried him only about fifty feet. In that rush though, it took him over a precipice.

A Terrifying Spectacle
YOUR first avalanche is a terrifying thing. It is the deadly suddenness of it that puts you out. You may be skiing down a slope running parallel with a mountain side when there is a C-R-A-C-K! The side of the mountain seems to drop sideways out from under you, the snow piles up in a rushing flood of sliding cakes and over and over you go.

That is a "wind-board" avalanche. Wind-board is treacherous stuff to ski on. It is a hard layer of snow that lies precariously on the main field. It has been hardened by the wind and often lies over pockets or bubbles that make patches that only need to be cut by the running blade of the ski to start avalanching.

It is not, of course, as dangerous as the great "ground avalanches," such as played the trick on Andre's house. But you cannot tell what it may carry you over if you are skiing in difficult country. It may be fatal to be carried twenty-five feet by a little wind-slab snow slide in the high Alps where on some of the long steep slopes of the Dolomites you might be able to survive a half mile avalanche ride.

One day last January, after a championship bob race on the Soudoupe Les Avants course in which we had smashed our bob and lost the race through hitting a rut just at the final ice turn before the home stretch, when everybody felt sore and disappointed, and our one desire was to avoid commiserations and "better-lucks-next-times," Young George O'Neill and I started off for the Dent de Jaman on skis.

Before you get to where skiing is possible you have to hike, totting or towing your skis, up one of the steepest, straight up and down, heart-breaking stretches of road in the world. We got up into the open country above the shoulder of the mountain, crossed several avalanches, having a hard time picking our way over the huge snowfalls and then reached the long snow fields of the col, or saddle, of the mountain. By the time we were up under the edge of the Dent, a blunt, a granite tooth like a miniature Matterhorn, it was dark and we had to run down in the dark.

57 Varieties of Falls
THE open fields were all right. But once we got onto the descending road we made a beautiful mess of things. In the dark on the icy road we fell about every twenty yards. We fell hard and handsome. We fell into trees, each other, over the bank, on our faces, on our backs and in several new styles.

Ultimately George's ski came off in a fall and shot over the edge and down into a steep gulch below. He saw it strike on the roof of a cabin below in the faint moon that was now up and skid on off and down. We made the rest of the trip down on foot.

Next morning George was laid up and I started up the trail alone in a blinding snow storm. I rushed on as fast as I could make it up hill for the only chance of getting the ski lay in reaching the hut where it had hit in falling and see the direction the mark had made. Hadley and Isabelle Simmons were following me up with a lunch.

As I reached the edge of the road where the ski had gone over the snow turned to rain. Now the only reason more people do not get killed skiing is because the dangerous avalanches all fall during rain—and anybody that has any sense doesn't go out in the rain.

There was a faint crease in the high piled snow on the roof of the hut about 200 feet down the steep side. I knew it must be the snowed-in mark made by the ski. So I sighted alone it and flung the ski would light below and

For sadness, too, you say? Ah—that is when love is dying, or is dead.