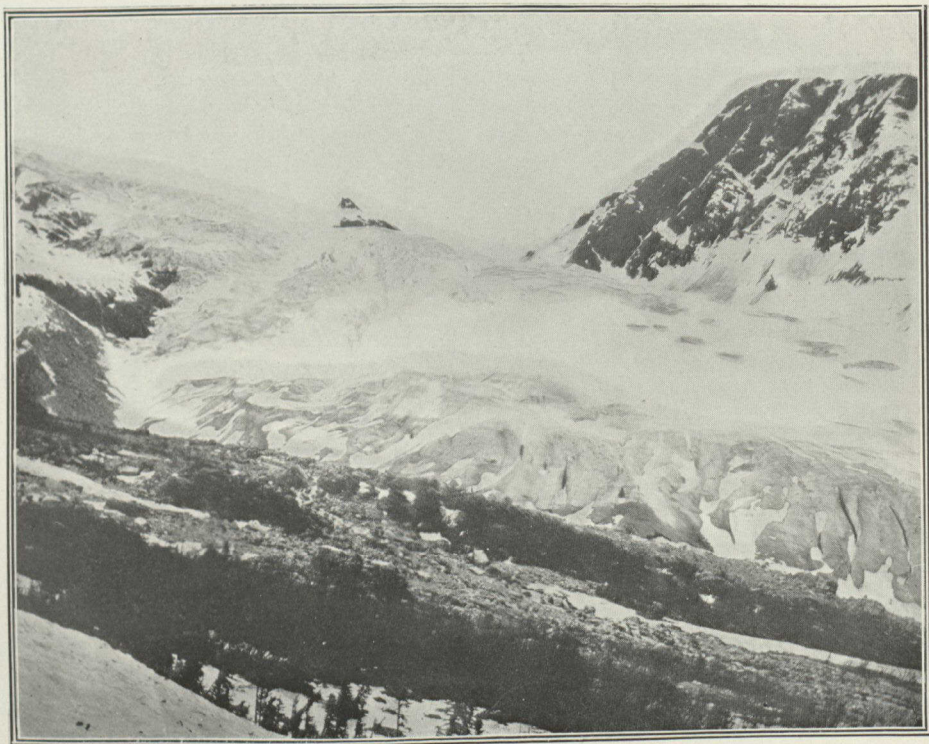




IN THE ROCKIES—A WIDE-SPREADING GLACIER

preached anew from the perfect hills?

It is the Divine Lesson taught by Nature as it left the hand of the Creator. The level world has been marred by man, by sin, by sorrow, by suffering. The mountains are ever pure, and sweet, and holy; steadfast and calm above all strife; untainted by time; unspotted by humanity. This is the secret of their unresting restfulness. They teach humility to the soul of man.

Not long ago I stayed for a time at the Mount Stephen House at Field, a centre for mountaineering, fishing, shooting and photography that is second to none in the region. From a woman's point of view it is an especially fascinating place. If you are an expert climber, there are ascents well worthy of your alpen-stock and ice-pick; mountains whose lower limbs are clothed with skirts of deep green fir trees, and whose stony faces look down upon you from a height of ten and eleven thousand feet. Tucked in

between these lofty and up-shooting peaks lie many glaciers, immense snow-fields, and out-stretching *névés*, dazzlingly white, seductively radiant in the sunshine.

The first ascent of Mount Stephen by a lady was made on July 21st, 1900, by Miss Vaux, of Philadelphia, and since then two other ladies, Miss Cunningham and Miss Barker, have shared with her the honour of scaling this fine peak. To the average man-mountaineer Stephen presents few serious difficulties, but it is quite the stiffest climb ever accomplished by a woman in the Rocky Mountains. Of course, there are a number of smaller ascents in the vicinity of Field, which any lady stout of heart, steady of nerve, and sure of foot, arrayed in sensible climbing costume, may successfully attempt—the Emerald Group, Wapta Peak, Mount Field, and a dozen others.

I am frequently asked questions regarding the sort of clothes a woman should wear on such expeditions, and,