

THE HEROINE of the INYO MOUNTAINS



HARRY KELLY, THE FATHER.



RAYMOND KELLY THE YOUNG ATHLETE WHO WAS KILLED IN THE INYO MOUNTAINS



THE SCHOOLEY CABIN Mrs. SCHOOLEY AT THE LEFT

THE lonely death vigil of an Inyo county heroine has come to an end, and the body of Raymond Kelly lies in a decent grave in a southern California cemetery.

But for the bravery of Mrs. Edward Schooley, the wife of an Inyo county miner, Raymond Kelly could never have had any grave at all, and buzzards would have eaten his body when the snows of winter melted from the top of old White mountain, where Kelly died, and where for weeks Mrs. Schooley watched beside the body, covering it every day with deep snow, working like a man with a sack and shovel to perform a duty that seemed plainly to be hers.

This woman's pluck and grit gave back to Harry Kelly, the father, all that was left of the pride of his life, of a son of sons, a lad who had been so strong that whole football teams were afraid of him, and hardy mountaineers marveled at his tireless strength as he worked in the Inyo mines. Miners and mountaineers helped Harry Kelly recover Raymond Kelly's body, and when Mrs. Schooley and Harry Kelly and the miners and mountaineers have lain in their turn long in their graves there will be talk in Inyo county of Mrs. Schooley, the heroine, and of Harry Kelly's heart-breaking trip to the top of White mountain to pack his son's body down perilous trails to decent burial. There will be talk of Ray Kelly's life given for his friends, and of how his friends and his father struggled for months to pay the last debt of gratitude that could be paid.

Ray Kelly came into life with an enormous vitality. As a little boy he could whip any lad he knew of twice his size. Harry Kelly was an athlete. In his day he was a fast runner, but he could never run as his son could run. He was a swimmer, but Ray could beat him before the lad was 12 years old. Harry Kelly is a boxer and from babyhood Ray was taught to box. It was Harry Kelly's proudest day when his strapping son felled him with a straight punch with the gloves and Harry realized that he had grown a boy who was sure to be a real man.

Boys like Raymond Kelly do not stay in small towns. Ray left a quiet home in southern California and went into Los Angeles. Then he went to other towns, wandered into San Francisco, into the east. Harry Kelly is a master decorator, but Ray Kelly could earn more money than his father and saw the world because he could earn the money to pay his way as he went. He was a well-karbed boy, and when he dropped into his home now and then there was no prouder father than his.

But decorating is no way of making a fortune, and Kelly determined to try mining. That was how he came to be a prospector for gold in the mountains of Inyo. He determined to pit his matchless strength against the hardships of the trail and the cold privations of winter. Over snow clad peaks and into desolate canyons he packed his prospector's outfit. In many a cabin he spent a night and left a pleasant memory. Then he took up a claim on the side of White mountain and started to dig for gold.

He was not alone on White mountain. There were other miners there. Ed Schooley was there and there was a mining company's outfit where there were several men. Kelly was with James Thompson of Santa Barbara, another who sought gold in the silent places.

A Mountain Giant
During last summer everybody worked hard. Then earlier than usual came a heavy snow. Last winter was one of the worst ever known in the mountains. For weeks the camps were snowed in. Then came a time when some one must take the trail to Independence for food. This meant taking the up trail to the summit of White mountain and a long down trail into Independence. As a matter of course Raymond Kelly said he would go. Was not his strength equal to any task that a man could do? Kelly thought

so. Gene Thompson said that he would also go, and one morning the two set out on their long tramp through deep snow.
On the very morning Kelly left he was cautioned against making the trip too quickly. But caution is not in the makeup of a man who is 24 years old and weighs 195 pounds and glories in his strength.
At Independence the boys bought their "grub." They spent two days there and; just as they left early one morning, Ray Kelly lifted a 150 pound weight straight up over his head and let it down again. It was a compact weight. He laughed at the wonder of men who saw him do it. Then he took the trail.
The snow was five feet deep along parts of that trail. The ascent was not as easy as the descent had been. But just at sunset the two men stood, with their packs, at the very summit of old White mountain, three miles from camp, and happy.
Outlined against a sky shaded from the deepest gold to the palest hues of emerald and blue, the two men stood looking at the white topped peaks that glittered for miles and miles in the sun. Deep, shadowed valleys were at their feet. They stood 12,000 feet above the world below, with whole counties spread out like a map.

His Only Effort
Then Kelly staggered. Grasping his partner's arm he stood for a moment and then fell. His great muscles were limp and useless. For the first time in his life he knew what it meant to be

helpless, and as he struggled for breath in the scant air of the mountain top, Raymond Kelly felt the first pangs of suffering he had ever known.
It was then that Jim Thompson saw that his friend was passing, and bitterly realized that he could give no help. But Thompson is no weakling. He is not a man to give up. Lighter than Kelly, the deadly altitude had not touched his heart. His strength was all he could give the dying man. But he could not carry the heavy athlete down the dangerous trail, and he had no stimulants. There was just one thing to do—go for help to get Kelly to a lower level.
Thompson took his own clothing off and covered Kelly with it. In his underclothes he started for the camp. Down the trail he plunged, breasting his way through the snows by main strength. He must get to camp. Down, down, until the very feet grew miles, until at last he fell into one of the cabins and gasped his message of death. He had had thrilling escapes from falling over precipices whose perilous edges were overhung with snow. He was worn out with the run. But he made camp.
Gathering whisky, men took up the trail. Thompson had told them that Kelly lay at the very summit. Mrs. Schooley went with the rest. Thompson, after lying as one dead for an hour, ran back to the summit. Blinking lanterns hurrying here and there told him that Kelly had not been found. The men were following his tracks in the snow.

How Raymond Kelly the Athlete, Lost His Life Over a Cliff, and how Mrs. Edward Schooley Saved the Body for Months Until the Father Could Come, by Tramping Miles Each Day to Cover It With Snow

He had struggled on for half a mile. Raymond Kelly was no weakling.
At the bottom of the canyon Kelly was found. His broken body lay motionless. Schooley raised his head. Raymond Kelly opened his eyes, saw his friends, and knew them.
Then he smiled and closed his eyes again. He was dead.
At midnight they buried him in the snow.
Next day Thompson broke his way through the snow to send the news of death to Harry Kelly.
Snow fell upon old White mountain. Deeper and deeper it grew. "Do not try to come now," Schooley wrote to Harry Kelly, "the trails are impassable." Yet Schooley got his letter out in some way. "I will come when you send for me," wrote back Harry Kelly, and the keeping of his word came near costing the father his own life.
Twice during the winter Harry Kelly hired undertakers to attempt the trip into the mountains. They sent their bills, but never went beyond Independence. The white defenses of the mountain were not to be scaled.
Impotent to help, Harry Kelly, at his

turned face in the grave of snow. In the night he saw the boy a prey to unknown assailants. But while he dreaded storm following storm, he also dreaded the sunshine. Weeks wore into months and only the thought that he must keep all of his strength for the effort that soon must come kept Harry Kelly from grieving his life away. There has seldom been such grief as his. Grief, as well as love, makes heroes, and Harry Kelly is a hero of grief.
But on the mountain there came a respite from the storms. In the canyons below the mining camps the snow lay drifted across the trails, making the foot of old White mountain a trackless wilderness. But on the sunny side at the summit the white sheet melted and the Schooleys knew that Raymond Kelly's body must be watched.
Then it was that all that was womanly in Mrs. Schooley rose to the heights of heroism. Hers became the task of watching, hers the lonely vigil on the great, silent mountain of his dead.
Day by day Schooley worked at his mining claim. From his cabin he clam-

Kelly lay. The snows had melted from the body, and from the recesses of the rocks each day she carried cool snow to place upon the man who died for the common good.
For six weeks the woman toiled upon her journey day by day. Then, with the warm sun shining upon the easterly side of the great mountain, snow was hard to get, for it had to be carried a long way to the lonely grave, and so one morning Schooley and the brave little heroine set out, determined to carry the body to the north side of the mountain, where there was a white expanse of snow.
Few women would have faced this ordeal. Harry Kelly tells of that day's work with tears in his eyes. Schooley and his wife carried the heavy body out of the canyon over the summit and buried it in a safer place, under many feet of snow.
Then the January storms broke. Snow fell for days. Blizzard followed blizzard. There were 20 feet of snow over Raymond Kelly, and the fall force of winter was upon the mountain.
Then Mrs. Schooley's trips ceased. But at his home far away in Santa Barbara, Harry Kelly scanned the papers, and with each day came news of recurring storms in the mountains where he knew his boy lay cold and stiff. The months would have made another man old before his time. But Kelly was hoarding his strength. Talking long walks every day, he hardened his athletic muscles. He was training for the day when the word should come, "It is time."
At last the snows melted and Kelly laid his plans. He had tried under-taker after undertaker, for he must take one to the summit to care for his dead. Finally he found a young man, fortunately a man used to the mountains, in McDermott, a Santa Barbara undertaker, and giving McDermott the shortest route, Kelly went to Lone Pine, in Inyo county, where he found willing men ready to help him in his hour of need.
Money could not have bought the service that Kelly had from these men who were strangers to him but who will always remember his brave fight for the boy he loved. Horace Alder, said to be the best packer in Inyo county, tramped with Kelly and the rest to the very summit. He took with him "Jim," the strongest pack mule and the most wary in all the mountain range. The little party climbed the mountain, where they met Schooley and J. E. Conroy, superintendent of a White mountain mine. McDermott and his party arrived two days later. Just as Kelly reached the grave the snows had melted from around it. For two days he and Schooley and Conroy and Alder carried hundreds of pounds of snow in sacks to cover it. Old Jim and many pack horses were tethered near by.

Man and Mule
Never before did an undertaker work in such a place. He found that in his fall Ray had broken the bones of his great chest. Otherwise the boy was as he had stood when he raised the heavy weights at Independence on the fatal day of his last climb.
Old Jim stood patiently while Alder put upon him the only pack of its kind he had ever carried. It was a heavy burden. Well he knew what was before him, for old Jim had crept past the edge of many a precipice before, and knew the dangers of a mountain trail and a heavy pack.
Never once did the pack shift or the old mule falter. The men had to cut the trail before them in places. Twenty miles they worked, down to the foot of the trail, to Whitney station on a railway. Then poor old Jim dropped in his tracks, his great strength gone. For two days he rested, moving never a muscle. He had a right to rest. Old Jim's trip was one of the greatest things an animal ever did in the mountains of California.
For two weeks neither Kelly nor McDermott removed a single garment. Toil, hardship, grief and danger were all they knew. But they did their duties like the men they are—strong men, not afraid, unshaken, tireless, brave.
And thus it was that Raymond Kelly came by a decent grave. Through a woman's heroism, a father's readiness to suffer, the bravery of a dozen hardy miners of the county of Old White mountain, and the strength of old Jim, the strongest and safest pack mule in all California.



HARRY KELLY AT THE SNOW GRAVE OF HIS SON



NEAR THE FOOT OF WHITE MOUNTAIN, SHOWING RAY KELLY'S BODY UPON "JIM," THE PACK MULE.

Kelly had revived and started for the cabins. Dizzy and reeling he had missed the trail. To the edge of a precipice the tracks led. Then they disappeared.

sonless home, thought of the lad who lay upon the lonely mountain. Storms came and passed, many of them. Kelly thought of the snow falling upon that

bered up the mountain to his task. And at daybreak Mrs. Schooley also set out along the dizzy trail to the summit and then down into the wide canyon where