



A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER AND HIS CONQUESTS

By BEATRICE BROWN

COPYRIGHT BY OUTDOOR LIFE

ORIGIN OF A SONG

History of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

Touching Little Ditty Composed by an Iowa Physician Fifty Years Ago Has Since Been Sung Around the World.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Not so very long ago the writer attended a great religious convention. There were thousands of people in attendance. There were great speeches and great singing. The influence of this great meeting was so inspiring that hundreds of men marched the streets with banners bearing appropriate mottoes. Nearly every convention has a favorite song. The favorite song at this convention was, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," and it was sung with an enthusiasm that would make any one want to come to the church in the wildwood or anywhere else where a church might be located.

The town of Bradford, Iowa, has to do with the history of the song. The homes in this little village, as easterners would call it, are of the New England type and shelter a class of people who stand for moral, intellectual and religious development.

In 1859 or 1860—or thereabouts—the good people of Bradford resolved to build a church where they might worship God and teach their children the importance of Christian living and Christian service. The times were close and the people were poor; but, being "masters of circumstances and not their abject slaves," they conquered the hard times and their poverty by donations of stone, lumber, hardware, paint, and labor. The Congregational Church Building Society came forward with a generous donation of money, and the little brown church was ready for dedication without debt.

A little to the south of Bradford lies the little town of Fredericksburg in this little town, surrounded by one of the most fertile farming regions in the world, lived a physician, W. S. Pitts. He was born in New York, received his degree from Rush Medical



The Little Brown Church.

College, and, pitching his tent in Fredericksburg, Iowa, gave forty of the best years of his life to his profession.

Dr. Pitts was quite a noted man and had a large and increasing practice. His round of calls included Bradford. He was well acquainted with her people and took a lively interest in everything that pertained to their welfare. He heartily seconded their efforts in building the little church. Dr. Pitts was also a man of musical and literary turn of mind. Just prior to the dedication of the church he was inspired to write a song to be used on dedication day. He said, speaking of his songs, "I call them inspirations, as they came to me with force, and I had to write them out."

The name of the song may not have been less inspired. The little church is surrounded by large, stately trees whose overhanging branches have sheltered both it and its worshippers from the hot rays of the summer's sun and the cold blasts of the winter's wind. And as he thought of this little sanctuary surrounded by these great giants of the forest whom God planted there, as if to protect His chosen ones from harm, he penned this title, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," to his song and wrote:

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No better place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh, come to the church in the vale.

There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow,
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

There, close by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

CHORUS.
Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the vale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

This little song was first sung by Dr. Pitts on dedication day and was afterward published by C. M. Higgins of Chicago in 1865. From then until now this little song has been singing its way into the hearts of the people, and it is not too much to say that it grows sweeter and dearer as the years roll by. It has been sung around the world. It has been translated into other languages. A German minister across the sea wrote the author of this song that he never saw the English version, but had often sung it from the German print. And years ago a lady traveling in England wrote that she heard it sung in London by 2,000 school children.

This little bit of history will correct a wrong impression that "The Little Brown Church in the Vale" is only a child of the imagination, and to assure all that it is "a sure and good church," and can be seen by any one who will make a pilgrimage to Bradford. "The Little Brown Church" still remains as a monument to the enterprise and devotion of the pioneer Christians of the vicinity of Bradford.

NEW NEWS of YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

Bit of Unwritten History

Gustavus V. Fox, Carrying Message to Czar, Crossed Ocean in Monitor Miantonomah to Prove Its Seaworthiness.

"To Gustavus V. Fox, assistant secretary of war during the Civil war, was popularly credited, and rightly, the plan for opening the Mississippi for the capture of New Orleans, and the selection of Farragut for high command," said Frederick W. Seward, assistant secretary of state during the war and also under Johnson.

"I think I am safe in saying," continued Mr. Seward, who is now in his eighty-first year, "that of all the men who had an influential part in public affairs during the war Fox was the most modest and the freest from any of the tricks of self-advertisement. But while he was personally one of the most retiring of men, he was a curious combination of great bravery, great ability, and a tremendous capacity for work and self-assertion when important official action was demanded of him.

"Often during the war the closest co-operation was necessary between the state and navy departments. At such a time my father would ask Fox to take dinner with us, and while at dinner the whole subject would be threshed out, Fox never failing us with pertinent suggestions and advice. He was a man who could always be depended upon, and his sole aim was to do what he could, and do it as well as he could, for the Union.

"After the war was over it seemed to my father that there should be some high official recognition of Mr. Fox's work during the war. Others high in the administration agreed with the secretary of state, and so a hint was carried to Fox that if he would ask for appointment as rear-admiral—he had served for eighteen years in the navy before retiring to private life as a wool manufacturer in 1856—that appointment would surely be made and confirmed. But Fox absolutely declined to ask for the appointment. I knew the reason; he felt that high appointment should al-

ways come unasked; he had never asked for any appointment under the government, Lincoln's selection of him as assistant secretary of the navy coming as a complete surprise to him.

"But shortly after he had refused to become a rear-admiral, he did break, in a way, his well-known rule of asking nothing for himself. But he did this not for his own advancement, but to prove practicable a theory he had long held. And here comes in a bit of unwritten history.

"After the failure of the attempt to assassinate Czar Alexander II. in 1881, congress by resolution expressed its sense of gratitude that the life of the European sovereign who had been so friendly to the Union in our own time of great emergency should have been spared. President Johnson at once decided that this congratulatory resolution should be delivered to the czar by a special representative of the government, and he designated Mr. Fox for the mission.

"At that time there was serious question of the seaworthiness of the type of war vessel known as the monitor. The marine engineers were practically unanimous in declaring that the monitor was unfit for any service

except that which was near shore. But Mr. Fox had long been confident that the monitor was perfectly seaworthy, and he had stated at various times that he would be willing, should opportunity offer, to risk his own life and stake his reputation as a naval authority upon an experiment which would decide once for all the question of the seaworthiness of the monitor. When he was asked to carry the congratulatory message to the czar he at once saw an opportunity of putting the monitor to the test he had long had in mind, and he stated that he would be glad to undertake the mission provided the monitor Miantonomah was commissioned to take him across the Atlantic as the official representative of the United States.

"His request was granted. He boarded the monitor with perfect confidence. She steamed easily across the ocean, demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt that this type of vessel could cope with any emergency of wind or weather which any other type of vessel could meet. And when this had been demonstrated Mr. Fox was never happier. He was, I believe, prouder of his victory over the marine engineers than of the important part he played in opening the Mississippi, one of the greatest feats of the war."

(Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Book That Won Writer a Bride

How James Parton's Life of Greeley Aroused the Interest of "Fanny Fern" in the Author.

Recently I told the story of how an obscure writer on Nathaniel P. Willis' Home Journal—James Parton—made himself famous as a biographer by writing an anecdotal life of Horace Greeley in the middle fifties, when the name and deeds of the great Whig editor were on the lips of every American, north and south. My authority for the story was Parton's friend, Henry B. Stanton, husband of Elizabeth

Cady Stanton; and Mr. Stanton is also authority for the story told here of how his life of Greeley won Parton a bride.

"I had the story from the lips of the lady who became Parton's wife the year after his life of Greeley was published—the widowed sister of Nathaniel P. Willis," said Mr. Stanton. "She was then Sara Eldridge in private life, though known from one end of the country to the other as 'Fanny Fern.' Up to the time of the appearance of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Fanny Fern stood pre-eminent among American women authors, her sketches in the New York Ledger bringing her in a handsome income.

"Not long after James Parton had seen his life of Greeley leap into instant popularity, winning him a permanent place among American biographers, Fanny Fern visited her brother at his estate, 'Idlewild,' near Newburg, N. Y. There she met for the first time James Parton, an old employee of her brother's and a friend. Naturally, the subject of Parton's success came up in the ordinary course of conversation—the book was the talk of the day—and the poet's sister evinced a lively interest in the manner in which the material had been collected for the life. Parton had spent weeks traveling all over New Hampshire, Vermont and Pennsylvania interviewing persons who had known Greeley in the days of his obscurity, and Fanny Fern became so interested in Parton's story of his travels that she laughingly declared to him that if he wrote a book entitled 'How I Wrote My Life of Greeley,' she believed it would be quite as popular as the life itself.

"Thus Parton entertained the famous Fanny Fern, whose collected sketches sold over 100,000 copies before the sale dropped off; while she, in turn, found Parton deeply interested in her stories of her own career—how, for example, after the death of her husband she was in such straitened circumstances that she decided to open a sewing school, a venture which was not very profitable. Then, one day, she wrote out a little sketch and sent it to a newspaper, which published it and sent her a dollar. She was not the pay that impressed Fanny Fern; it was the fact that she found the little sketch copied into a great number of newspapers; and, judging from this that she had struck a popular chord, she went on her way writing, and so wrote herself into fame.

"In this way, and over Parton's life of Greeley, as it were, the courtship of the two writers began. And when their betrothal was made it was mutually agreed that each should go on as he or she had gone on in the past—that each would maintain a separate literary identity. That agreement was perfectly kept, neither interfering in the slightest degree with the other's literary work. And their married life was ideal, and it was ideal because Mr. and Mrs. James Parton were one while James Parton, biographer, and Fanny Fern, popular author, were two entirely different persons."

(Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

It is always dangerous to try to get something for nothing. You might get what you deserve.

His Source of Happiness

German Waiter's Condition of Mind Furnished Food for Some Quiet Thought.

An example of the happiness resulting from individual thought was emphasized in a conversation with a German waiter in a New York department store, a jolly, affable little chap to whom it was a pleasure to offer the customary tip.

One day as we sat at table talking business and hurrying through our luncheon betimes, some one called attention to the content reflected from Adolph's smiling face, and asked him if he really felt as happy as he looked. The waiter said:

"Yes, I am happy—very happy. I have two sons in college. I have a fine wife, who works every day as I do, and often we go to see our boys. They are not ashamed of their father and mother; they are proud to tell of the help we have given them in getting an education, with every

penny saved from the tips which our customers leave on the table cloth among the crumbs."

Unconsciously Adolph had been proving that happiness is often a condition of mind rather than of circumstances.—National Magazine.

New Motor Cars Supplant the Camel.

One by one, slowly, but none the less surely things old and venerable are aside, destroyed or disregarded by trade, progress and other relentless instruments of change. The latest in the attack on the Asiatic caravan, by means of which the best tea has been brought from China across the Great Gobi Desert of Central Asia to Russia, crossing enroute three high mountain ranges. This picturesque transportation by camel will soon give way before the motor car. A line, running at regular intervals, has already been established and "two weeks' time is cut off.

ANY students of psychology and the occult sciences, as well as theological students, make the claim that we are living in a cycle of unusual spiritual awakening, and as our beloved Herbert Spencer contends that a sound body must support a sound mind, we might also claim that a great wave of physical development is likewise being experienced, and who knows but what we of the twentieth century may, with our achievements, yet make some of the ancient Greek and Roman athletes stir uneasily in their last sleep?

The love of athletic sports is not confined to any one section of the globe nor to any one people, but it would seem that in a land of eternal summer, a land of lofty mountains where climbing is a glorious exercise, a land of vast plains where a marathon may be run any month in the year, a land bordering the vast ocean and with innumerable small bays, where boating, canoeing or yachting might be enjoyed was especially favored of the gods.

And this is what every loyal Californian (and they are all loyal) claims for his state.

Coming to our country a few years ago was one Paul Reinwald—an Austrian by birth, but now an American citizen, who in his youth spent much of his time scaling the high peaks that looked down upon his village home. He thus laid the foundation for his splendid physique and his ability to endure continued hardships without apparent exhaustion. He claims, as does John J. Hayes, who won the trophy at the Olympic games, that long-distance running is a sure cure for smoking and one of the healthiest as well as pleasantest of all physical exercises.

When but thirteen years old he climbed one of the highest peaks in Austria, the Grossglockner, "Big Bell," which takes its name from its peculiar contour. Its height is 12,700 feet. It is on the side of this glorious mountain, at an elevation of 6,000 feet (the height of Mt. Wilson, California), that the Roman Catholic church of the "Heiligen Blut," or "Holy Blood," is situated, and many zealous church members make annual pilgrimages here to receive absolution from their sins and obtain a blessing from the holy fathers.

A Woman is as Young as She Wants to Be

Have you ever thought why it is that some women are as young as forty as others are at twenty-five? And I mean "young," not "frivolous!" Remaining young means keeping your body in a perfectly healthy condition and your mind in harmony. With attention to certain laws a woman can subtract ten years from her age. She can do this by treating herself as a friend and not as a slave. Take ten minutes, sit down and think how you could improve yourself by a little effort. Perhaps some of the following suggestions will help you:

Everyone needs exercise. Just what form this should take depends upon the occupation of the individual. A woman doing housework exercises most of her muscles during the day, and if she makes pleasure, and not drudgery out of her work, this exercise is very beneficial. It is a pleasure to

be able to accomplish so much, but the housework is not sufficient exercise. This woman needs exercise for her mind and for her beauty-loving soul. In her spare time she should lie under the trees and enjoy nature or a good book.

If a woman wishes to retain her attractiveness and not grow dull and uninteresting, she must be interested in the outside world. Make it a point to go somewhere every day. If you cannot do anything else, put the baby in the cart and walk a few blocks. Do not say you are too busy. It is necessary for your health and you will find the few minutes' outing will give you renewed energies and help you to see the silver lining. If possible, go to social affairs where you meet people. Invite others to your home, but do not tire yourself enter-

taining them. People who are boarding enjoy a simple home-cooked meal.

A woman in an office needs different exercise. She needs to do something that will stretch and strengthen the tired muscles. She also needs plenty of fresh air. A brisk walk is one of the best exercises for her. Walk part of the way to the office, if possible, and keep your eyes open for the interesting things you pass. Use your imagination in guessing the life story of those you meet. Forget yourself by becoming interested in others, and you will be surprised at the effect upon your outlook on life. It is not work that makes the business girl grow old and careworn as much as it is her inability to forget her work during her play or rest time. Remember it is the small things of life that make up its enjoyment.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

rit, contritely. "Now run in and wash up for dinner. Afterward get Jack, and we'll choose up for a game of three old cat."

When Jimmie was well in the house, Mrs. Merritt turned a puzzled gaze on her husband.

"I don't understand either of you!" she cried. "Are you encouraging Jimmie to fight his best friends?"

"The beautiful thing about a boy's fight," he parried, "is that all rancor ends with the fight. I'm not sure, Margaret, that this wouldn't be a happier world if men did less hating and more quick fighting."—Youth's Companion.

Quacks and dupes are upper and under side of the same substance; convertible personages; turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element and he can himself become a quack.

When they get to heaven some people will be almost as much surprised to find certain other people there as the certain other people will be to find them.

MEN MIGHT LEARN LESSON

Just a Possibility There Was Some Good Sense in Mr. Merritt's Philosophy.

Because of a difference of opinion between Jimmie Merritt and Jack Burnett, accentuated by an indiscretion on the part of Joey Merritt, who ran home and told, Mr. Merritt was met at the door on his return from town by an excited wife and a sulky son. Without a word, Mrs. Merritt thrust the disheveled Jimmie forward.

"Been fighting again?" Mr. Merritt asked, somewhat obviously.

Jimmie nodded. "Not very much," he said, extenuatingly.

"With Jack Burnett—his best friend!" Mrs. Merritt supplemented, severely. "If it had been one of those White boys! But Jack! That's what I can't understand."

"I've told her 'n' told her," muttered Jimmie, with rude impersonality, "but she just won't understand! I wasn't fighting Jack 'cause I don't like him; I had to do it."

Mr. Merritt gently persuaded his