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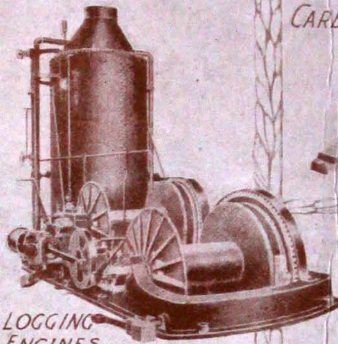

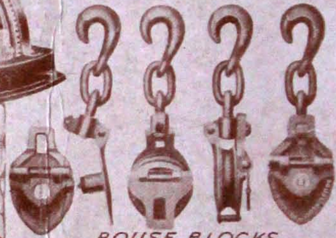

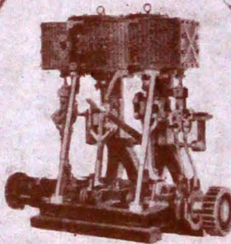

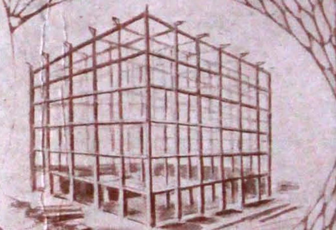

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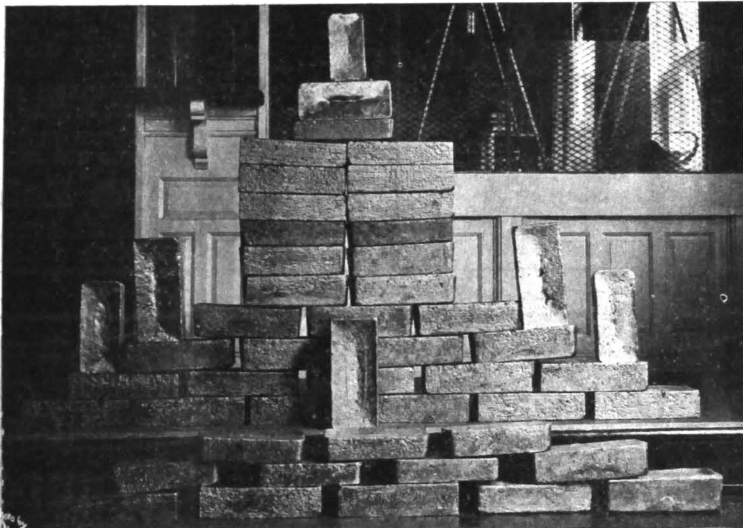

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August, 1907

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SCENE ON THE KATALLA RIVER .... Frontispiece
FUR SEALS AND THE FUR SEAL QUESTION—M. C. Marsh 457
THE WINTER TRIP BETWEEN WHITEHORSE AND DAWSON—Josephine L. Coyney 471
TEN DAYS IN THE YELLOWSTONE—Elizabeth Rowell 474
KATALLA—J. F. A. Strong 483
THE LIGHTS O' ELLIOTT BAY (Verse)—Charles Gould Poland 487
A MUNICIPAL FARMER—Robert D. Jones 488
A PERSECUTION OF FATE 492
CHISNA, FRONT AND CENTER 493
WITH GRANDPA'S HIRED MAN (Verse)—Mary Wade 495
AIM OF THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION—Godfrey Chealander 496
RISING TO THE EMERGENCY—Anna Brabham Osborn 500
THE MOUNTAIN OF THE SOUND (Verse) 504
IMPRESSIONS OF A CHECHAKO—P. F. Wright 505
OFFICIAL DESIGN SELECTED FOR FAIR 508
SEWARD PENINSULA—John A. St. Clair 509
A.-Y.-P. EXPOSITION AND SOME STORIES OF THE NORTHLAND—C. H. E. Asquith—
EXIT DANCE HALLS AND GAMBLERS IN THE NORTH 514
BRITISH COLUMBIA ONCE SOLD FOR SEVEN SHILLINGS 516
FINDING OF NOAH'S ARK ON A MOUNTAIN IN YUKON 517
THE CLEAN-UP ON SULPHUR (Verse)—"Arctic Brother" 518
BY DIRECTION OF THE PRESIDENT—Robert D. Jones 519
YARNS FROM THE NORTH: YOU CAN'T FOOL AN INDIAN. A CHILKAT JAG. AN INDIAN ELIJAH 521
THE COOLIE SHIP—John R. Dorsey 522
MARVELOUS ADVANCEMENT IN FIRELESS STOVES—Dan J. Roberts 524
CREDO—O. H. Roesner 525
KISMET WRAITHS (Verse)—O. H. Roesner 526
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT 527
EDITORIAL COMMENT 528

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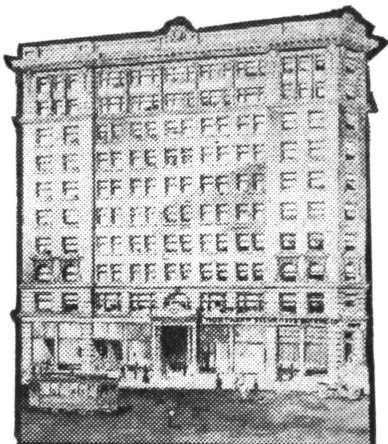

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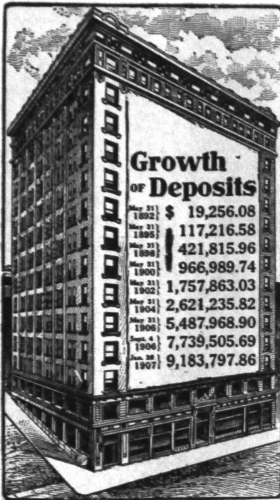

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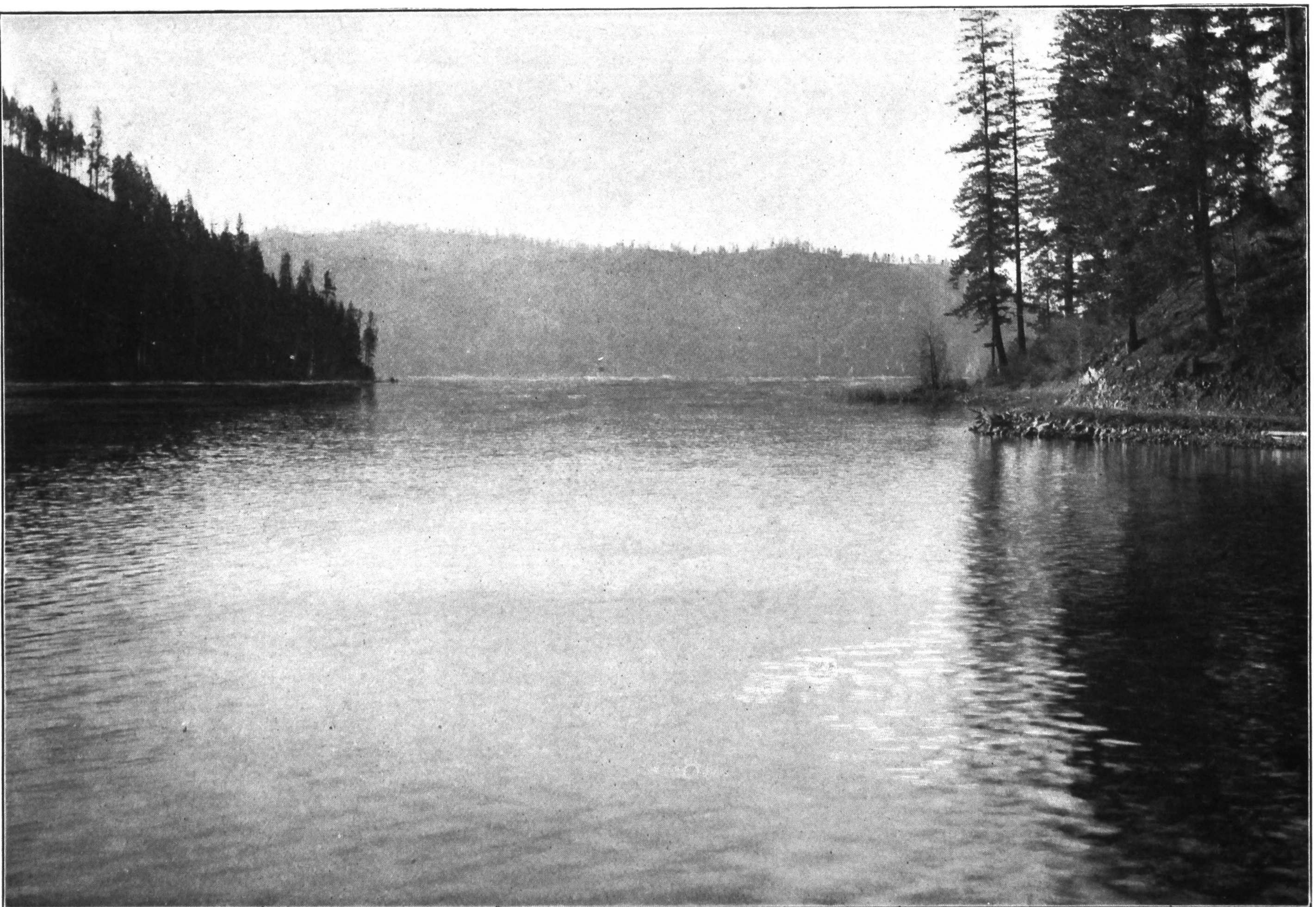


See Page 183. KATALLA, by J. F. A. STRONG.

SCENE ON THE KATALLA RIVER.

ALASKA-YUKON MAGAZINE

VOL. III AUGUST, 1907 No. 6

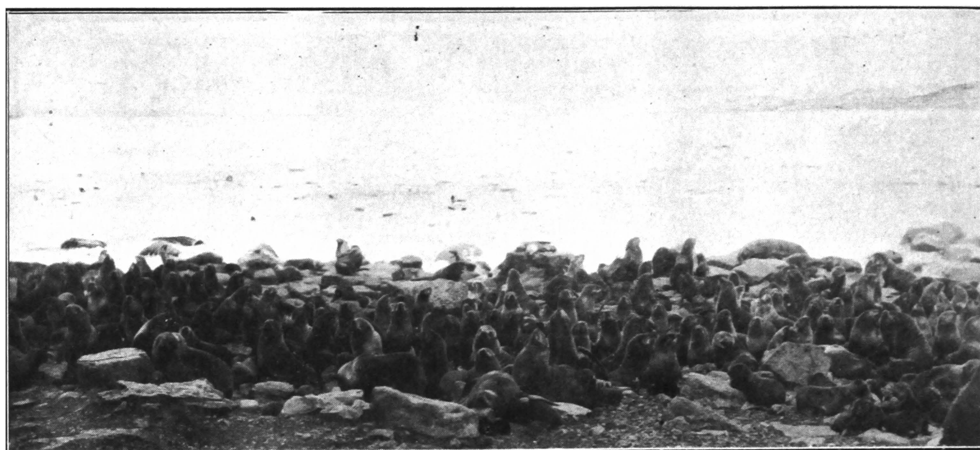
Fur Seals and the Fur Seal Question

By M. C. MARSH

SOME years ago this country heard a great deal about "pelagic sealing." This means the capturing of the fur-seal at sea and is anathema to all good citizens of the United States. In 1897 Congress passed a law forbidding the practice. It was the cause of the difficulty between Great Britain and this country which resulted in the Tribunal of Arbitration at Paris in 1893. It has been condemned on nearly all pertinent grounds and from almost every point of view, even that of the sea hunter himself. But it received a definite legal or international status from the Paris Award, which redounds to the benefit of the Canadian sealer only. We have thus this rather irritating and anomalous condition. We own the largest and only important fur-seal resorts in the world, the Pribilof Islands, and a fur-seal herd of great actual and much greater potential value. We take a number of seal skins annually on our lands, where the animals are admittedly our property. On the high seas, where our property rights in these same animals is judicially colorable though not established, many more seals are taken than on land—to the ruin of our seal interests—by Canadians under express authority, by other nations, particularly the Japanese, by absence of any agreement to the contrary, but not at all by our own citizens, on account of an express prohibition.

There was a time when pelagic sealing was the only method of securing these skins. In the eighteenth century the native Alaskans, particularly the Aleuts, intercepted them as they made the Aleutian passes to or from Bering Sea, and speared the sleeping or swimming seal from their open boats. Toward the latter part of the century fur became less plentiful along the Aleutian chain. The Indians made excursions to the northward, venturesome voyages in open boats even for these skilled seamen, in search of unknown land or islands. In this they were led both by the migration of the seals into Bering Sea, which hinted at breeding grounds somewhere up north, and an Aleut tradition of the islands called Amik. A young chief of Unimak was said to have been cast away on one of a group of islands to the north, but had found his way back after a time. The Pribilof Islands were Amik and were in fact only two days' sail away, and had they not been "mist islands" they would not have remained undiscovered country for so long a time.

The Russians, of course, pursued the seals at sea and in 1786 Gerassim Pribilof, a sailor in the employ of a Russian fur company, went in search of the then legendary islands which had been the object of many a voyage. After cruising for three weeks about Bering Sea, sometimes in proximity and seeing frequent evidences of land, he, early in June, by the lifting of the fog, found himself off the high eastern end of St. George Island. He landed hunters with provisions for the winter, and himself returned with his vessel to the Aleutians. One year later the party on St. George got a glimpse of another island thirty miles to the north. They immediately sailed thither and landed, naming it "St. Peter and St.



"MASSED" HAREM; BULLS, COWS AND PUPS IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES.

Paul" in honor of the saints of the day, June 29, 1787. The island later was known simply as St. Paul. The party found the remains of a fire, a clay pipe, and a brass sword hilt, evidences that Pribilof was not the first to land on the group.

That must have been a welcome sight to Pribilof's seal hunters when, during the month following their landing, they watched the tide of incoming seals. From indirect evidence, in the light of careful estimates under later conditions, it is probable that more than two million seals came to the islands each year at the time of their discovery. When Pribilof landed some of the bull seals must have already taken up their stations about which they would later round up their harems, but the main body of the seals had not arrived. They saw them swarm over the rookeries in daily increasing numbers, meanwhile taking such skins as they desired and pursuing also, the now extinct sea otter, the walrus for its ivory, and the Arctic fox.

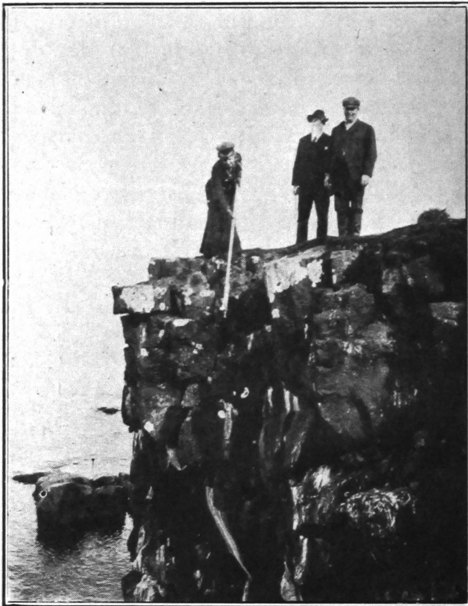
In the early years of Russian control of the islands, the seals were killed according to no intelligent system. Any and all animals that promised to yield a valuable skin were slain. At first the fur companies competed with each other, and there was scarcely any check on their depredations. Then the sealing rights for all the Russian islands were leased to one concern, and gradually more rational methods obtained, first by merely restricting the number killed, then by reserving certain young seals for breeders, and finally by forbidding the killing of females of any age whatever, the most essential of all the restrictions. Under Russian control the seal herd was twice so greatly reduced that it was thought necessary to suspend all killing. Nevertheless, when in 1867 the purchase of Alaska brought the seal islands into the possession of the United States, the herd had recuperated to its maximum as far as it has ever been estimated. There was a year of excessive slaughter—the interregnum—and the sealing rights, following the Russian practice, were leased by the United States to a responsible company which alone could kill seals on the islands. This company was to pay a rental for the islands, a tax on each skin taken, and furnish the natives certain supplies. It was allowed to take one hundred thousand skins each year.

Pelagic sealing, as we have seen, was practiced from the very earliest times. No doubt its origin was prehistoric. But after the Russians discovered the breeding grounds, it was much easier to get their skins on land, and the seals were then taken in the water only by the coast and island natives mainly for their own use. The fur seal skin originally had little or no market value, the sea otter being the main object of the fur hunt. The seals were probably first captured for food. As the sea otter and the land furs most eagerly sought became less plentiful, the sealskin took on a

market value and began to be sought. Thus the rise of pelagic sealing was due to the increasing value of seal skins. The Indian in his open canoe was the first pelagic sealer. He had to keep close to land—his base of supplies—to which he must frequently return. Under these circumstances his catch was limited. Finally sailing vessels came into use, but merely to carry the canoes much further from land, widening the area of operations and permitting them to remain longer at sea. The weapon was chiefly the spear. Further expansion brought white hunters instead of natives, and firearms instead of spears. These were considerable advantages and pelagic sealing steadily grew, and became an important industry.

This development of the hunting of seals at sea carried some very important consequences. It began to be noticed that the seals on land were fewer in number. Each year it became more difficult to obtain the hundred thousand skins which was the permitted quota. At the expiration of the first twenty-year lease, the sealing company had pretty thoroughly winnowed out the killable seals from the herd. The next year, under the new lease, the number of skins taken had diminished near eighty per cent. The fact that the great seal herd had fallen into a decline was evident, and it was agreed by all hands that this was due to the excessive killing of seals by man. It was claimed on the one side that this excess was chargeable to the killing at sea by Canadians, on the other to the killing on land by Americans. The United States from the first emphasized her conviction that pelagic sealing was ruining her sealing interests, by seizing and confiscating sealing vessels when they operated in Bering Sea. In these seizures she relied upon a right of jurisdiction over Bering Sea, believed to have accompanied the transfer of Alaska. The vessels were all Canadian. Great Britain did not share these views of a closed Bering Sea, and protested against the seizures. Thus arose a legal controversy over the international status of Bering Sea, which originated only indirectly in the fur-seal question. The government already believed that pelagic sealing was inconsistent with the maintenance or increase of the seal herd; and had in 1887 made a futile attempt to secure concerted action of several nations to protect the herd. In the following year an agreement with Great Britain alone for a closed season and a closed zone was all but concluded, when a protest from Canada put an end to a settlement on this basis. The question was kept in an acute stage by further seizures of Canadian vessels, a practice which had been abandoned, while in 1888 there seemed a prospect of the success of the pending negotiations. In 1890 Great Brit-

ZAPADNI ROOKERY, ST. GEORGE ISLAND, JULY 16, 1906, SHOWING HERD SADLY DEPRECIATED.



ACCESSIBLE BY MAN OR SEAL ONLY IN THE SUMMER.

ain proposed a commission of experts to examine and report on the fur-seal question. This led to a deal of negotiation which finally resulted in three important things: First, an arbitration agreement; second, a modus vivendi which was an abeyance on seal killing pending the negotiations; third, a joint commission representing both countries to furnish the arbitrators expert testimony.

The arbitration treaty was signed in February, 1892. The arbitrament was, in brief, to determine what jurisdictional rights the United States had in Bering Sea and what property rights in fur-seals in Bering Sea more than three miles from land. Besides these questions an additional duty was laid upon the arbitrators. If the decisions were in favor of Great Britain, they were to frame concurrent regulations to protect the fur-seals at sea outside jurisdictional limits, based on the information of the expert commission.

The modus vivendi forbade pelagic sealing to either nation in Bering Sea in 1891, and by renewal in 1892 and 1893, and limited the land killing to purposes of native food only. It was merely intended to cover the periods of negotiation and arbitration. It was agreed upon too late to affect the summer season of 1891. In the two years following, the pelagic fleet preyed upon the Commander Island herd. The effect of sparing so many of the Pribilof seals was an object lesson in later years. The joint commission of inquiry was informally named in 1891, so that it could make its investigations that season. It was made up of prominent scientists of each country.

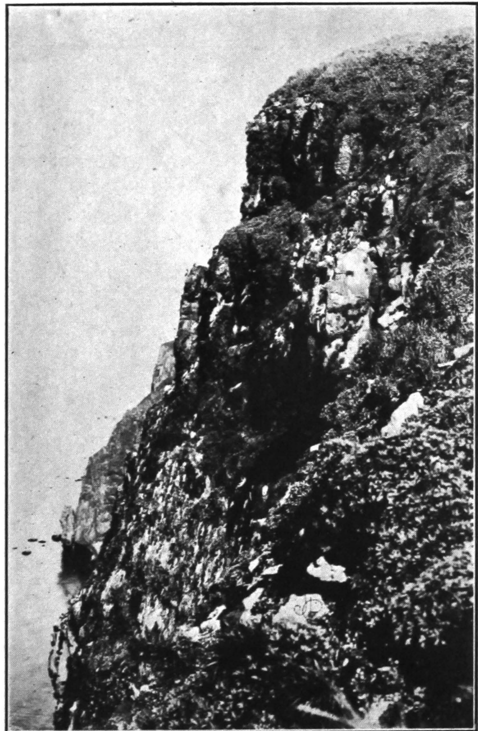
The Tribunal of Arbitration convened at Paris in February, 1893, and consumed six months in its deliberations. It decided against the United States on all the points at issue. It then formulated its concurrent regulations for "the protection and preservation of the fur-seals." These regulations are still in force. The protection they have afforded has not insured preservation. The decline which was in progress prior to the Tribunal has continued almost uninterruptedly ever since, and today the herd is at low ebb, probably the lowest in the memory of anyone living. It is not difficult to explain why the regulations fail to preserve the seals. They consist of but two really important provisions, restricting time and place of killing seals at sea. One made a closed season covering May, June and July, the other a closed zone of a radius of sixty miles about the islands. Neither of these provisions went far enough. The former affords appreciable protection; but at its expiration and during August there are plenty of seals passing to and from the islands in paths conveniently known to the sealer. As for the closed zone this is much too little of a good thing. A circle 120 miles in diameter is a small area in Bering Sea. Moreover, all the seals with in this area are outside of it during the open season, and even during the closed season the females constantly pass to and fro far beyond it.

The United States anticipated little good from the Paris regulations. The first season under them confirmed expectations, and showed it was hopeless to expect them to accomplish their purpose. Pelagic sealing was resumed in 1894, and fewer vessels took more seals than in 1891; the last year before the modus vivendi put a temporary ban on the business. The last article of the regulations has been characterized as their

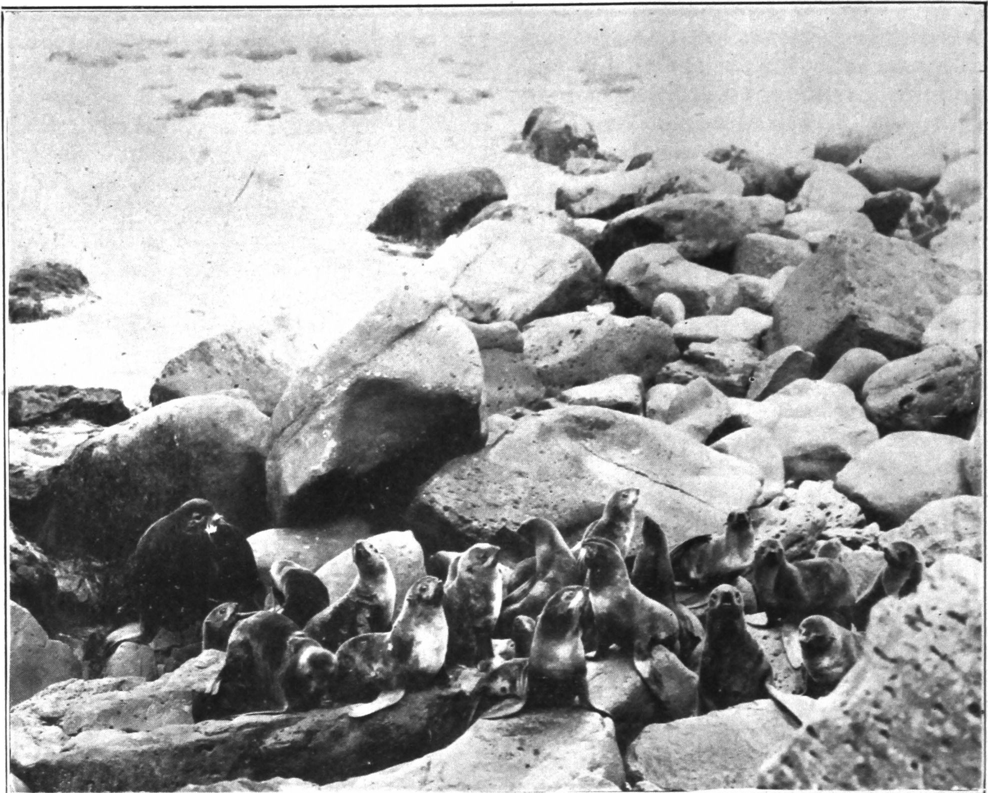
one redeeming feature. It provided for their re-examination at the end of each five-year period. But one year was sufficient to pass upon them, and the government endeavored to secure their immediate revision. The best that could be done, however, was to anticipate the first five-year revision by a comprehensive examination of the biological side of the whole fur-seal question. Thus another commission of experts was brought into the matter, in fact two more, for this time the investigations were to be made independently by each country. The results were to be the basis of reconsideration, just as those of the former joint commission were supposed to make a foundation for the judgments of the Paris Tribunal.

The American investigators, headed by Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, were prominent scientists in various branches of biology. They carried on their work in 1896 and 1897, visiting the islands each summer, where they made prolonged and careful inquiries at first hand among the seals. The British inquiries were largely made at the same time and places. The commissions reported separately to their governments, the American report filling four considerable volumes. A casual reader notes a voluminous amount of data and great detail. On closer consideration one cannot fail to be impressed by the comprehensive way in which the economic phase of the fur-seal question is given a biological basis, its analysis of the critical and moot points on which the question hinged, and especially by its exhaustive traverse of the claims of pelagic sealing. Broadly, the main objects were the determination of the then present condition of the herd, the causes, if any, which threatened its existence, the value of the Paris regulations, and what changes were necessary to preserve the herd. Numerous subsidiary questions were given the investigators for answer, all with more or less bearing on these main issues. To the latter the most definite answers were demonstrated. The herd was reported to consist, in 1897, of 400,000 animals, and gradually decreasing each year. Pelagic sealing was named as the one chief and essential cause of the decline. The existing regulations were condemned as utterly inadequate and futile, and the entire abolition of pelagic sealing prescribed as the sole remedy necessary to rehabitate the herd. The British results were naturally less insistent, but at a conference of fur-seal experts following the investigations, held at Washington in November, 1897, a substantial agreement resulted. As the investigators had not international status, and were not empowered to negotiate a settlement, their labors now came to an end. The matter was placed in the hands of a Joint High Commission of the two nations sitting at Quebec in 1898. This Commission had other matters of difference to settle, and in the conflict of interests the fur-seal question still remains in statu quo.

It is not possible to appreciate the economic and political fur-seal question, the animus against pelagic sealing, or the fur-seal itself without a survey of its natural history. In this respect the animal is so unique and remarkable that it needs not the adventitious interest of a public utility to excite the keen-



ON THE ROCK-GUARDED COAST OF ST. GEORGE.



WITH UNDISPUTED AUTHORITY, THE BULL PRESERVES ORDER IN HIS HAREM.

est attenion. Perhaps more printer's ink has been spread over the fur-seal, directly and indirectly, than over any species save man. It has had a lion's share of public attention; it is an adornment to fashion the cold world over; yet comparatively few people have ever seen the living animal, or ever will. Its abiding place is the high seas. In the summer only will it go ashore, and it then chooses a few stony beaches in the most out of the way and unfrequented group of islets lost in the middle of Bering Sea, so curtained with mists and vapors that they remained out of geography longer than more inaccessible lands. Untamed and probably untamable, it is not for the zoological parks or menageries. One must visit the museums to see its likeness, but despite the skill of taxidermists, the reproduction is usually further from the original than with most mounted mammals.

It is most interesting to consider that this animal is more a bear than a seal, and was described by early writers as the "sea bear." The true seal, such as the common hair or harbor seal, frequently seen in captivity, swims only with its hind limbs, which are not plantigrade, has no external ear and scarcely any neck. It cannot walk but wriggles along on its belly with the aid of its fore limbs. The fur-seal on the other hand has plantigrade hind limbs, swims only with its fore limbs, has an external ear and a graceful neck with which it can "rubber" to good advantage. It can walk on all fours and, on occasion, gallop a rapid but short sprint. It is a bearlike animal, which has acquired thick layers of fur, skin and blubber. It has a preference for a fish diet; and knows the art of swimming to perfection, which has taken it to the water.

The adult male seals or "bulls" spend their winters well to the north, but south of the Aleutian Islands; while the adult females winter much farther south, some as far as Southern California. Younger seals are to be found in intermediate latitudes. There are several classes of animals according to

age and sex, and these have received names amusingly incongruous and inconsequent. These offspring of the parent bull and cow is a "pup," which, during adolescence is a "virgin" or "bachelor," according to sex. The bull and his polygamous family about him, is called a "harem," and its abode a "rookery." As the sea bear masquerades as a seal, so on all his family has been imposed a various disguise.

Once each year a homing instinct asserts itself, first in the bull and early in the spring. He threads some Aleutian pass and heads through Bering Sea for the Pribilofs to haul out in May on the rocky shore of his favorite rookery. He takes up the position he will probably occupy all summer, and begins a two or three months fast, awaiting in absolute idleness, save for frequent quarrels and occasional fights with his neighbors over nothing in particular, the arrival of the cows. These have made a long voyage and the first of them do not arrive much before the middle of June. Their numbers increase gradually until a climax or "height of the season" is reached about the middle of July. The newly arrived cow is taken in charge by the nearest bull and there is now something to fight over. He seeks to gather into his harem as many cows as possible, often by theft from his neighbor. Many a gallant adventurer is defended or punished by the seal's only weapon, his teeth. His vocation during the summer is that of father of a family, and his avocation is fighting. To these all his time and energies are given over; and starting the season fat and sleek, he takes to the water in August tired and worn, perhaps covered with the wounds and scars of battle and with a skin several sizes too large for him.

Family discipline is rigid and severe during two or three months of the summer rookery life. The unit of the seal social system is the harem. The bull when he "hauls out" on the beach early in the season, sometimes on the snow, soon chooses a place or "station." This is a very limited area, the bounds of which he seems to fix quite accurately in his own mind. Within these he arrogates to himself absolute authority, and the mere approach of any of his own

DRIVING A POD OF BACHELORS TO THE KILLING GROUND.

A PILE OF SKINS, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE KILLING.

sex he regards as a declaration of war. Nothing except main strength and brute force—as utter defeat in battle—can prevail to make him leave this spot. He does not leave it to seek his consorts—they come to him. The newly arrived cow he welcomes with a great show of interest, by going to her and panting and gurgling affectionately with his muzzle close to her face, a sort of demonstrative courtship approximately analogous to kissing. Once within his district the cows' movements are subject to his approval. If they stray too far inland a warning growl is usually sufficient to bring them back. He "rounds up" the harem and shows his authority. If the harem is alarmed and all the cows seek the sea in panic he hurries to the water's edge and bars the way. He usually avoids using his teeth, but by blows with the side of his head and neck forces them back with more or less success. Such as escape may be lost to him if the pup is yet unborn, but with young ashore the mother is sure to return. There is no limit to the ambition of the harem master. Depending on his age and strength, and very largely on his courage, he may control from one to one hundred or more cows under present conditions. The average is perhaps fifty.

If the harem is isolated in some way from others, or is protected from adjoining ones by rocks or other barrier the bull in charge may have comparatively little trouble. If, however, his adjoining neighbors are strong, and have fewer cows, or if in the rear there are some young bulls essaying their first adventure on the rookery, his cows will be stolen and he must fight. Fighting is one of the most striking features of rookery life, though greatly reduced under the system of killing only males. Much has been said about the battles of the bulls, but probably only an occasional encounter now occurs as compared with early times, when there was no check on the increase of males. These battles have been said to consist mainly of a series of alternate bluffs on the part of the combatants. The fighting is perhaps nine-tenths bluffing, but the other tenth is the real thing. The bull from June to August is instinct with ferocity for all his male equals

who poach on his preserves, and will often quarrel or fight for its own sake without any visible casus belli. Early in the season, before the cows begin to come, they challenge each other from their adjoining stations with growls and snorts and angry demonstrations, but less often come to blows. The cows are the bone of contention during the season proper, and it is largely by his prowess in battle that the beach master secures a harem at all, or maintains a large one.

The combats are often exciting to watch. The animals approach each other, often with head averted as if to conceal their purpose. One lunges out suddenly with head and neck usually falling short, when he recoils to avoid the counter attack. The aim is at the base of the foreflipper, about the only vulnerable point of attack, and most adult bulls bear scars in this region. The preliminaries are often accompanied by a deal of bellowing. If they do not succeed in gashing the flesh here, they may bury the teeth in the skin and blubber of neck or body and with the mighty muscles of the neck and shoulders seek to shake or push the opponent from his position, to "get him on the run." Weight and strength count, and an animal realizing himself outclassed quickly gives ground and makes his escape to avoid further punishment. The fight may sometimes be to the death if the bulls are well matched. The bloody wounds usually seem to cause neither pain nor inconvenience, at least their bearers never seem to take them into account.

The numbers on the rookeries are augmented constantly by the arrival of cows until about the middle of July, which is the crisis or "height of the season," the maximum number being present. This is the high tide in the affairs of the seals, with everything at its busiest. The noise of the rookeries is in full blast. This is one continuous roar, never failing night or day, made up of the blended cries that issue from the thousands of throats of the breeding seals and young—the loud, hoarse tone of the bull as he bellows and snorts in rage or battle, or his softer gurgle and "chuckle" as he talks to his harem, the higher pitched scream of the cow, and the short squeaky baby bleat of the pup. Each of these elements is recognizable in the main stream of sound, which in former days was audible several miles down the wind to seaward, where it gave the navigator his bearings.

The baby seal is born very soon—within a few days—after the mother comes ashore for the first time. The seal is a mammal, and the rookeries would be more appropriately called nurseries. The mother spends the summer in sleeping, nursing her young, and in visits to the feeding grounds, which are in the deep waters of Bering Sea, over one hundred miles southwest of the islands. Here she feasts on fish and squid as devotedly as she has fasted, but soon returns rapidly to her pup in condition to nourish it for several days or more. On land no seal takes food except the pup, and they subsist on milk alone. All the seals spend a great deal of time sleeping, an art in which they are highly accomplished. Floating on its back at the surface of the sea, its hind flippers hoisted to leeward and nose just out of water, it sleeps so soundly that the pelagic sealer can slip unobserved to close quarters and shoot or spear with accuracy. On land they doze sitting up with the head elevated to high heaven, lounge on rocks in the most comfortable attitudes or sprawl at full length on the ground in complete abandon, often in the depths of slumber, though the rookery about may be in a deafening roar. The sleeping pup does not awake readily. His companions in their play may romp over or fall upon him and scarcely disturb his nap. The visitor to the rookery may stroke and caress him vigorously before he finally comes to his senses, whereupon he shows a vociferous resentment at these attentions.

After July a breaking up of the harem system and disorganization of the rookeries is observed. The animals are no longer in such compact masses; they spread out and withdraw toward the rear, occupying more ground. The bulls pay less attention to the cows, are less impatient of intruders, rest and sleep or take to the water to enjoy a bath and wash away the land stains; and especially to break their long fast by a

trip to the distant feeding grounds. The pups are growing larger and stronger, and travel about the rookeries and begin to take an interest in the water. The half bulls (or nearly grown males) and a few bachelors, which have not hitherto appeared in the rookery picture, now dare to venture thereon and chase and tease the cows by playing at harem master, and rounding them up in practice of the duties which will be imperative within a season or two. Altogether the rookery presents an aspect clearly distinct from that of the height of the season.

The cows and pups stay on and about the islands until November, and then together set out for southern climes. This is a supreme event in the life of the pup. It is but four or five months old and has tasted but one kind of food, mother's milk. It must now essay a different mode of life, for nursing is at an end when it leaves the land. It must learn to catch fish and keep in strength to withstand the buffets of the stormy seas, or it will never return to the islands to play with the bachelors and master a harem, or itself bear young. Its life at sea must be a strenuous one, and its struggle for existence is attested by the fact that only one-half of the young of one season ever get back to the islands as yearlings. Of the rest there is no tale to tell. They are swallowed up in the sea.

In this description of seal life nothing is said of those seals which bear the skins that go to the fur markets. These are the bachelors, or young males from one to six years of age. From this class alone, and almost entirely from those two and three years old, does the government take the skins. The bachelors take scarcely any part in the family life and do not mix to any great extent with the breeding seals, save incidentally toward the end of the season. They avoid the territory of the harem master at peril of their lives. They have no duties or responsibilities and spend the summer in sleeping and playing by themselves on the sand beaches adjoining the rookeries, always in herds or pods. Here they sleep and play throughout the summer, going occasionally to sea as hunger or other motive impels them. By the nature of their play they show the powerful instincts which dominate them. They fight mimic battles with each other without inflicting injuries, and attempt to round up a harem like the old bulls. Their habit of segregating themselves from the breeding seals, combined with their stupid gregariousness, makes the taking of their skins a very simple and easy matter. The pod of bachelors lying quietly on the sandy seashore is cut off from the sea by the Aleut seal drivers at break of day. Frightened by the shouts of the latter, the seals hurry inland in a compact mass which is easily steered by a few men in any direction. They are driven to the killing grounds, which are not more than one mile distant, and at a speed not much over a half-mile an hour. The seal, though capable of covering distance rapidly in water, becomes breathless by a few yards of hurried land travel and must constantly rest and recover breath. Pushed to continuous exertion it ruptures a blood vessel or dies of overheating and excitement. During the frequent and short stops on the drive the seals seeming to forget immediately their cause for alarm, begin to snap playfully at each other, or fan themselves with their hind flippers, pantin gmeanwhile, much as dogs do. They recover as readily and quickly as they become exhausted.

If the route of the drive has any pools of water or small lakes the seals are driven through these for the sake of cooling them. Otherwise the wet grass and moist, cool, foggy weather are depended upon. Failing these, the drive must be very slowly and carefully made, and sometimes, when the sun comes out and the weather is warm the drive has to be abandoned and the seals turned into the sea to avoid wholesale deaths from exhaustion and overheating.

Arrived on the killing grounds the pod of seals is held quietly and given a rest. Small pods of fifteen to thirty are then separated and driven up to the clubbers, men armed with long wooden clubs. Seals of killable age and size are instantly despatched by a sharp blow on top of the head. They are then quickly bled and skinned and the skins placed in salt. Seal meat is excellent eating, and from the carcasses a large part of the natives' food is obtained.

If man had himself arranged the habits

of the fur-seal, he could hardly have better adapted them to his purpose of furnishing continuously a commercial product of great value. The living capital which furnishes this product is not only not diminished or impaired by the taking, but is benefitted and potentially increased thereby. The animal's remarkable habits explain this. Its polygamy makes only a small fraction of the young males born, perhaps one in fifty, necessary to the fullest propagation of the species. All the females are preserved for the breeding portion of the herd and the absence of the surplus males is a tremendous advantage in reducing the fighting and injurious rivalry of bulls which causes the death of the young by trampling. Thus the mode of life of the fur-seal is exactly adapted to the land capture of a large number of skins without affecting the increment of the herd and its continuous normal increase. Likewise its habits conform perfectly to the convenience of man in the work of actually securing the skins. The seals wearing them come to the islands in the summer when alone could access to them be insured to either man or seal. They walk en masse at man's will to killing grounds and under his club.

Pelagic sealing, on the other hand, kills not only the wearer, but the producer of skins. The cause of its destructiveness lies in the indiscriminate killing of all seals that come in its way regardless of age or sex, and in the unlimited quota of skins it takes. Three-fourths of the pelagic catch consists of female seals, and the killing moreover is extremely wasteful, since many wounded animals escape to die later of their wounds, and many killed sink and are lost before they can be secured. Aside from the economic waste, there is a humanitarian aspect to this slaughter far beyond the futile sufferings of wounded seals. Game laws universally seek to protect the female in the breeding season. As the best known hunter of our country has remarked, "maternity must always appeal to any one." The female seal at sea always bears young, to be born perhaps a day, perhaps a year hence. In the latter case she has on some rookery ashore a pup which must inevitably starve to death, for no seal mother nurses any but her own offspring. Every year thousands of little bodies, all skin and bones, strew the Pribilof rookeries, having perished slowly and miserably of starvation from this cause. This has been going on for many years. How much longer it will continue is a question no one can at present answer.

Pelagic sealing has reduced the herd from a probable two millions at the cession of Alaska to four hundred thousand in 1897, and fewer than one-half that in 1906. For near twenty years after 1870 about a hundred thousand skins were taken annually. Last year the take fell short of the permissible quota of 15,000. Under present conditions each year there occurs and must occur a shrinkage in seal life which the government is entirely helpless to prevent. The season of 1906 was an unusual one in pelagic sealing. Having failed to establish outside the three-mile limit, a jurisdiction over Bering Sea as far as Great Britain is concerned, the United States does not attempt to enforce it with respect to other nations, and therefore sealers of any nationality are at liberty to operate on the high seas. Of this the Japanese particularly take advantage, and during the season of 1906 they were much in evidence close about the islands and even hunted within the territorial limit where they have no shadow of right. In one instance they were bold enough to land on the rookeries and proceed to knock down, kill and skin seals. This is a peculiarly exasperating offense, since the slaughter is almost entirely of females, and to kill these on the rookeries is now an almost unheard of barbarity. The government agents, with an armed native patrol surprised these sealers red-handed and after killing five and wounding two, succeeded in capturing about a dozen, who were subsequently convicted and sentenced by Alaskan courts.

Unlike its near kin, some of the sea lions, and its far more distant relatives, the earless seals such as the hair or harbor seal, the fur seal has never been kept in captivity for a longer time than sufficed for it to starve and worry itself to death. Its psychological nature distinguishes it as sharply from similar animals as does its habits. It seems impossible to measurably accustom itself to the new and strange. While the harbor seal

learns to disport itself in apparent delight before the crowds at the Zoo and the sea lion acquires a dexterity and docility that is exploited by the showman, the fur seal is impatient of all restraint. Though supplied with all apparent necessities, when it realizes captivity a nervous stress and worry seems to possess its mind and it pines away, refusing food to the bitter end. It is a creature all instinct and no originality. It stakes all in the life game on a very few first-class abilities. Its few faculties have developed to perfection within a very narrow range outside of which it is stupidly helpless. It never does anything for a reason, all its impulses are instinctive. It is and must be a superb swimmer to live by its speed and dexterity in fishing, which is its chief equipment for existence, the one basket in which it puts all its eggs. Its homing instinct is past understanding. Every season it makes its uncharted way over the North Pacific into the icy cold waters of Bering Sea and, unheeding the beaches of the Aleutian passes, by some unknown and unerring sense locates its tiny group of islets and lands perhaps on the same strip of shore it knew the preceding year. It has the keenest of uncommon senses, but never exhibits the slightest common sense. The females for many generations of seals have never been molested on the islands, save on the rare occasion of a raid, but they have lost no fear of man on that account. The bachelors on the other hand learn nothing from the fact that they are themselves driven repeatedly to the killing grounds, often covered with the bones and gore of their own kind, and see certain of their companions die violent deaths before their eyes. They return to the same places and the process may be repeated until their own lives are suddenly ended by the club. The seal has no notions of death. They are excited by the killing only on account of the commotion and unwonted exertion, and will sit resting and fanning themselves with their hind flippers, stupidly gazing meanwhile at their brothers being done to death a few feet away, as if wondering what it's all about. To the sight or smell of the blood of their companions, or even of their own, they seem utterly indifferent, and no spectacle of slaughter, no matter how gory, means more to them than so many confusing motions. They have one mortal fear, that of being left alone. They will follow each other over a precipice, but refuse to go alone to safety. When they travel it must be with or toward other seals. This gregarious habit enables man to drive them hither and thither at will. It is the most characteristic fact in their natural history. The present depleted herd, surrounded by acres of space over which it might spread, prefers to huddle as closely as when it consisted of two million animals. Such a crowded condition among animals often provides in itself a check—epidemic disease—on their rapid increase in numbers. Among the seals it is seen in the internal parisite, Uncinaria, which destroys the little seals—the pups—only, formerly killed many thousands annually, and is still operative though much restricted in its ravages.

There are five Pribilof or seal islands, but only two are of important size, St. Paul and St. George. The former is somewhat the larger and contains forty-three square miles, is of irregular shape with a longest dimension of about thirteen miles. All are of volcanic origin. The thin soil and short summer season make possible but little useful vegetation. Scarcely anything taller than grass grows there, not a tree or shrub. Wild flowers, however, abound in species and individuals, some of them abundant and showy enough to make colorful landscapes. Beautiful yellow poppies are seen coloring acres of ground. There are violets, harebells, lupins and sweet peas, and many others which make the islands attractive to the botanist. The fauna by no means consists only of fur-seals. The other mammals are the harbor seal, Steller's sea lion—a gigantic beast very different from the California sea lion—the arctic fox, which furnishes valuable skins, and the little lemming and the shrew. These are all native to the islands. Cattle, mules, pigs, chickens, men and mice have been introduced, all save the latter in small numbers.

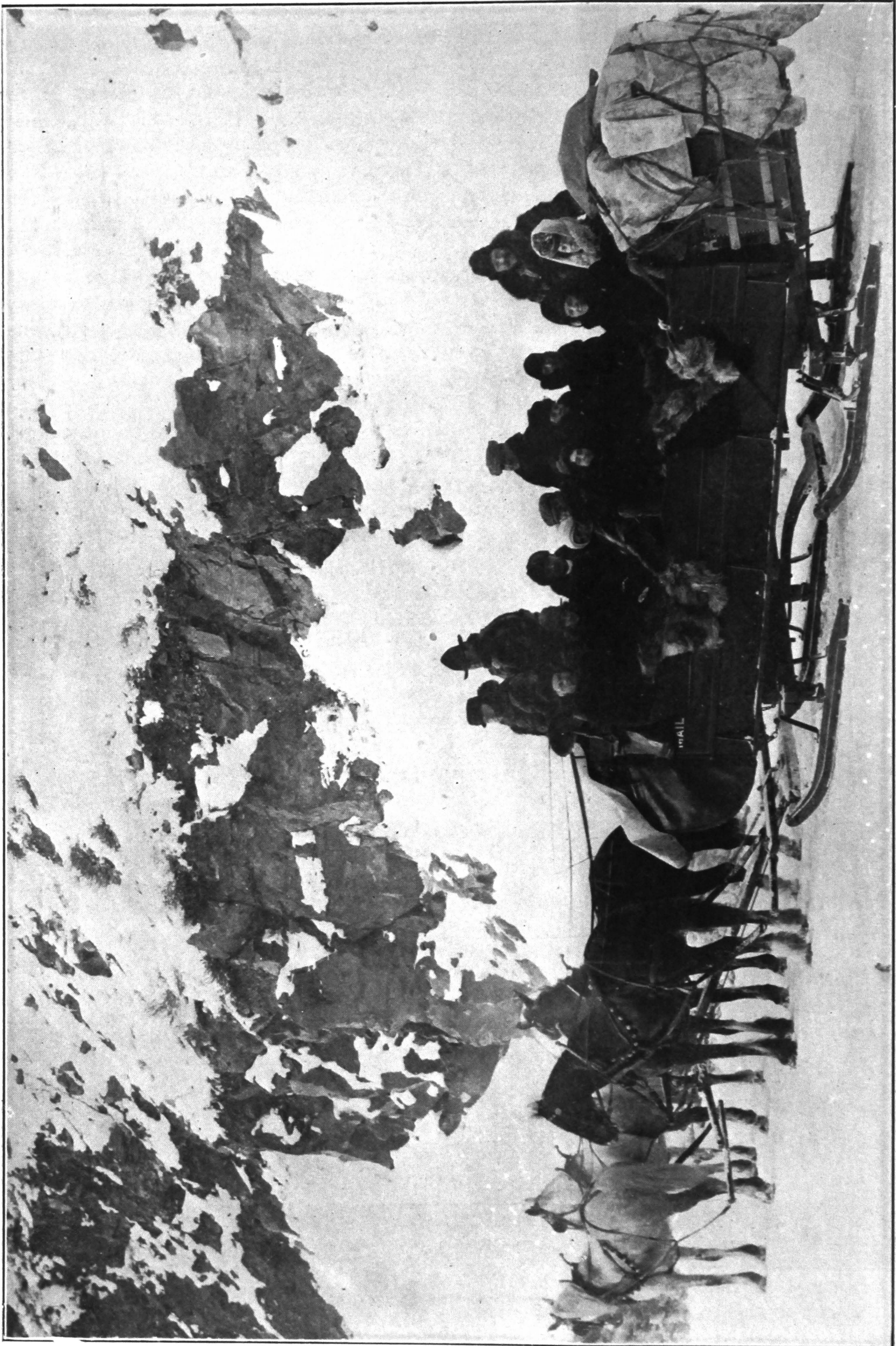
The islands were uninhabited by man at their discovery. The Russians brought Aleutian natives to perform the sealing la-

bor, and their descendants now form a rather mixed race numbering some two hundred and fifty all told. They furnish the manual labor and are compensated by the lessee of the sealing privilege, but since the depletion of the herd they have become to some extent wards of the government. In the work of procuring the seal skins—driving, killing, skinning and curing—they are to the manner born. The summer is their busy season, while in the winter they have little or nothing to do. The usual Indian appreciation of alcoholic beverages is not wanting, but is kept under strict control by government supervision. They live in comfortable frame dwellings, are provided with medical attendance, schools and churches. A priest of the Russian-Greek faith ministers to them, and they are a devoutly religious flock.

Besides the natives, there is a small white population consisting of the agents of the government and the employes of the company, to whom the right to take the seal skins is leased. Life on the seal islands is complete isolation from the rest of the world for a large part of the year. In summer the lessee sends a vessel twice, and the revenue cutters call occasionally as late as October. From then until June there is no communication, and for a part of this time no possibility of any.

The fur-seal question at present is the same simple but difficult one it has been in the past, the problem of abolishing pelagic sealing. While anybody, save citizens of the United States or of Great Britain, may kill seals at sea at any time, it is the Canadian sealers who now chiefly stand in the way of a general ban on pelagic sealing. Though these two nations are the only ones who have renounced wholly or partly their rights to seal on the high seas, the others would probably follow the example of the United States and join a movement to universally discountenance the practice. Great Britain's restrictions are little more than nominal, and the Canadians are naturally loath to relinquish a valuable privilege long exercised without a quid pro quo. The question is in fact now largely a matter of a satisfactory indemnity. With pelagic sealing forever abolished, the seal herd may be expected to resume its normal increase and finally reach in numbers the millions of its palmiest days.

GROUP OF NATIVE SEAL HUNTERS AND THE RUSSIAN-GREEK PRIEST WHO MINISTERS TO THEM.



SLEIGHING OVER THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.

The Winter Trip Between Whitehorse and Dawson

By JOSEPHINE L. COYNEY

ONG before I ever dreamed of going over the winter trail in one of the White Pass Royal Mail stages, or sleighs, I had listened longingly to a traveler's account of her sojourn in Dawson during its palmiest days, and of the charm of the ice-and-snow route into the city.

The lady in question was a beautiful woman, a society belle, and the wife of a most prominent man. She talked fascinatingly and vividly of Dawson, its society, its pleasures, its climate and its ever changing population.

"I have seen it in its every phase, I do believe," she said. "It was once as gay as Paris and almost as brilliant. It was kaleidoscopic, delusive and bewildering. Glorious in the long days of the summer, when one tramped the hills in short skirt and shirtwaist, and wonderfully alluring in winter when one mushed or skated in the daytime, while, in Paris, ball gowns and diamonds danced far into the night and early morning. No one worked in the winter time. That is to say, the women in my set did not.

"Dawson society in the '90's was very different from what it is today. It is eminently and conservatively respectable now, as is evidenced by the large school and church attendance. Money, or rather gold dust, flowed as freely as do the currents in the Yukon River.

"We were like a set of moths revolving in a circle and all bent on pleasure.

"I knew every boat on the run in those days. I came and went, backward and forward, for several years. In fact, I know every mountain, every island, lake, bay and inlet, every bit of scenic beauty that lies between Vancouver and Dawson that we pass in steamer and train. Everything, in fact, but the winter trail."

"The winter trail? Pray what is that?" I asked.

"Oh, you must be a chechako of chechakos," she replied, "not to know the term. Now I am an old sourdough, and yet, I am free to confess I know it only by hearsay. I long to take that trip by sleigh from Whitehorse to Dawson.

"Think of the rest, the being whirled over snow and frozen lakes and rivers in the crisp, dry air; of experiencing the clear, sharp electric tingle as you lie back swathed in furs, behind four horses, with a little hot stove under the robes to keep your feet warm. It must be infinitely nicer and more exciting than touring in one's automobile.

"I often think of that snow-and-ice trail into Dawson. Many of my friends tell me that driving over it is the experience of a lifetime."

It was in last March that the new United States Consul, George C. Cole, arrived in Dawson from the Argentine Repûblic, where he was last consul. Mr. Cole is said to have made a most remarkable journey, having taken one of the longest consecutive trips on record and passing from a semi-tropical land into one of Arctic winters.

Mr. Cole is a Virginian and has always been in the consular service. He looks like Abraham Lincoln, and because of the striking resemblance is frequently referred to as the "Abe Lincoln of the South." Mr. Cole is a big, tall, rather lanky man, with the proverbial courtesy of the Southerner. What between the new consul and the vice-consul, Mr. Woodward, the American consulate this summer will be a pleasant place.

It is somewhat satisfying to note that Mr. Cole spoke in complimentary terms of his experience in one of the White Pass Royal Mail sleighs and averred that he greatly enjoyed the novelty, nor had he suffered from the cold to any extent, notwithstanding that he was not so thoroughly pre-

MYRTLE POTTER, THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN AT MAYO CITY, ALASKA.

pared for the low temperature as were those of the party who had been over the trail before. He looked splendidly and said he felt as well as he looked. That was almost immediately after his arrival.

Among the other distinguished people going in to Dawson with the United States Consul were Mr. and Mrs. Otto Brener and child, and Mrs. Brener's sister. Mr. Brener is a large stockholder in, and general manager of the Canadian Yukon Gold Dredging Company, which has one of the largest dredges in the world in operation on Hunker Creek at the mouth of Bear, and owns some eighty square miles of the richest kind of gold-bearing gravel. Mr. D. A. Shindler, the leading dealer in the Klondike in guns and hunters' and trappers' supplies, and Mr. Joseph Segbers, president of the Northern Lumber Company, also formed part of the sleigh-load.

"Many of the wives and children of Dawson's prominent men begin to return from wintering on the "outside," as it is termed, before the trail is rendered unsafe by the spring thaws, taking, by preference, the White Pass and Yukon Route. The days spent in the open air seem to build up the entire system as nothing else does. Only fourteen people, including the driver, can be accommodated.

In the autumn, after the boats on the Yukon cease to run, and before the sleighs are put on, stages are used and largely patronized. As the snow and ice disappear the stages are again reverted to. Then comes an interval when neither can be used, and the mail is delayed, being transported in canoes frequently. And then, after the ice goes out, navigation is resumed.

But the sublime beauty of the winter trail cannot be over-estimated. Coming down or ascending steeps hewn in solid rock, passing over ledges walled on one side and sheer on the other with a yawning precipice beneath, certainly tends to remove from the route the commonplace. Glaciers are encountered and passed in safety. One crosses rivers and lakes and sweeps up to road-houses —or stations, as they are just as frequently called—at breakneck speed.

The road-houses vary somewhat. Some are so picturesquely situated on the edge of the lake or river that one cannot but exclaim at their beauty, and after warming up a bit pass out into the bracing air to walk or run about on a little exploring trip.

Most of the stations are situated from nineteen to twenty-one miles apart. Usually three of them are covered in a day. Sometimes the driver will be handed a telegram telling him to make a fourth. That is apt to occur just at the last before reaching either Whitehorse or Dawson, according to whether it is an outgoing or an ingoing sleigh.

At each station the horses are changed and a fresh relay awaits one. The drivers are all picked men—professionals, one might with justice say—who know every bit of the route and handle the reins magnificently. It occasionally occurs, after the thaw sets in, that the trail has to be changed somewhat. It is done so naturally and rapidly that the passengers are frequently unaware of it.

The White Pass and Yukon Route has already been shortened from three hundred fifty miles to three hundred twenty; and there is talk of reducing it to three hundred.

The road-houses supply plenty of good

substantial food, and it is well they do, for the dry air gives one an immense appetite. The amount of solid food consumed is almost alarming.

As one nears a road-house the door is thrown open and the host and hostess come out to greet the occupants of the sleigh with the heartiest of welcomes. One's glistening, frosty wraps and furs are removed and hung on racks, suspended over the huge stove, to dry. Magazines, books and newspapers are courteously proffered whether the driver decides to remain for a fifteen-minute restup before pushing on to the next station or, at the earnest solicitation of his passengers, stops long enough to partake of a meal.

Children enjoy the trip immensely. One little chap went through in February. He had been ailing all the way up on the steamer and he grew worse at Whitehorse. After some deliberation it was decided to continue the journey. He arrived at Dawson in the best of health and spirits.

On the outgoing sleigh which left Dawson March 28th, was a little girl, aged three years, whose history is somewhat unique. Myrtle Potter was born April 17, 1904, at Mayo City, on the Stewart River. She was the second white child born in that section, Elizabeth Gordon Cunningham being the first.

Nevertheless, as she was the first white child born at Mayo City, considerable curiosity was evinced by the Indians of McKenzie River and Mr. Brain, the well-known trader at the head of the Stewart River, brought over the divide a band of them to see the little blonde baby.

After the particularly sad death of the young mother (an account of which occupied much space in the Dawson dailies at the time), the baby was taken to Dawson until her father could take her to his people at Ottawa.

The child was the life of the trip coming out, and endeared herself to everybody from the driver, Reaves, down to the next littlest passenger.

Possibly the time is not far distant when the jadad millionaires of Europe and our own country will be taking this tonic trip through the wilds of the Yukon with the hope of experiencing an entirely new sensation, or regaining their shattered health.

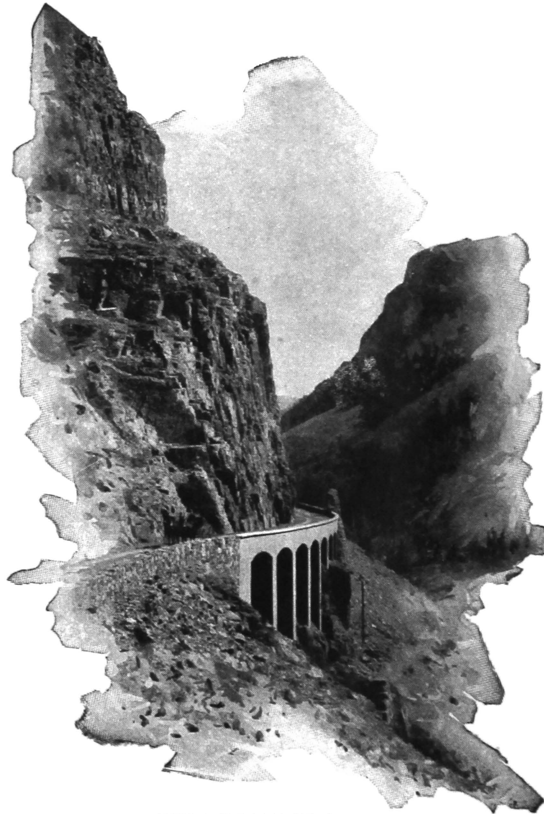
Traveling in California or Oregon by stage is delightful, but nothing seems quite so exciting and exhilarating as this dash over the ice and snow, up and down divides, over glaciers, rounding curves or speeding through great natural parks and open plains, passing the most magnificent scenery and scenic features it is possible for the mind to conceive. It is a thrilling trip and one that lingers long in the memory.

Ten Days In The Yellowstone

By ELIZABETH ROWELL

ONE day late in June a Concord coach drew up at Gardiner Station with a flourish and took on board a party of tourists bound for the Yellowstone. Ten days later the same party, only much redder as to face and dustier as to clothes than before, returned to take the evening train for Livingston and the outside world. This is the story of what took place within those ten days.

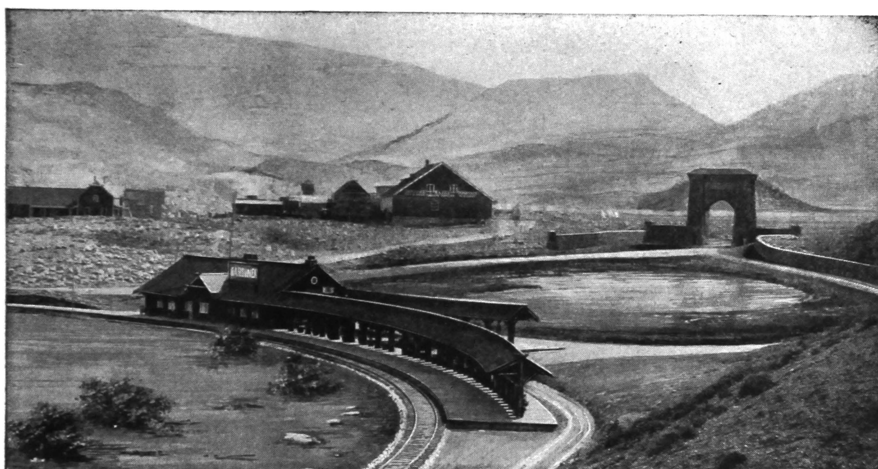
When lunch had been eaten at the Wylie Hotel in Gardiner and old clothes donned, the members of this party whom chance had thrown together, took stock of each other. E. wondered if any congenial elements could be found in this group. There was a young couple, almost boy and girl, but evidently bride and groom; a man in a linen duster to whom E. took a dislike at once because he called her "sister" after riding beside her for five minutes; two girls, sisters, who had the air of knowing that they were wearing just the right clothes for the conditions and with their sombreros cocked at the flirtation angle; a quiet looking middle-aged man—soon dubbed "Professor" by the little groom—with his wife and son. Besides there were three men, one a young photographer, another with a peculiar nasal twang, while the third, eldest of the three, wore goggles. It's strange how one's first impressions of people are gained from the



THE GOLDEN GATE.

clothes they wear. Was it goggles and shabby khaki overcoat rented at the hotel, which placed this man in E.'s category of uninteresting bores? E. and her friend, Mademoiselle, brought the number to thirteen.

They started in rather a waiting mood with judgment suspended, more interested in nature than each other. What would they see? Would Yellowstone equal its reputation? Up through a barren country they went to their first contact with the lower regions, the Mammoth Hot Springs. They no longer questioned Yellowstone's right to fame, for here they found the color alone entrancing, not to mention the miracle of the formation of the terraces. Each tried to point out something new to the others of the party. E. named the blues and greens of the water, fairy-like, dreamland dyes; she called the blue mist and the delicate, wavering threads of steam rising here and there over the plateau, figures beckoning on into an unknown world, or creatures of the imagination taking shape before one. When her words like the water at her feet, bubbled most vigorously, she turned to find the man with the goggles beside her, and immediately her enthusiasm sank below the surface and she hastened to join the rest. There was many a sigh, many a backward glance as they drove away from these cascades of boiling water. Surely nothing more beautiful existed in the park.



GARDINER STATION AND OFFICIAL ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK.

This stop at Mammoth seemed to have loosened everyone's tongue. Even the cold, rainy wind could not keep back exclamations. And now began the good humor that lasted throughout the trip, the contentment with themselves, with the camps, with the "sceneries," as one of their number in all seriousness named the wonders they saw. This feeling of satisfaction and readiness to accept with good nature whatever came to them, in a large measure, made the trip what it was, an unmixed pleasure; that is, for ten of them. In a perfectly natural way the party broke up into two groups. The two sisters found a devotee in the man in the linen duster who declared he had no friends, and announced himself as a bachelor from Indiana wanting a wife. The other group had for its nucleus the little bride and groom, so happy in each other that they made everyone else happy.

The first night they slept in the blue and white striped tents with compartments curtained off by canvass. The joker of the party called the camp, "Sell's Aggregation of Wonders." The other camps were duplicates of this first one, placed among the pine trees with Alpine flowers here and there in the foreground and a camp-fire set blazing in the early twilight. With their background of wooded hills, these camps were pictures as well as homes for weary trav-

elers coming in from a cold, windy drive. The comfort of that first camp long lingered in E.'s memory. Not clothed for cold weather, she was half-numbed from the long drive in the teeth of an icy wind when she reached Willow Park that first night. A comfortable sort of woman met them as they hobbled down from the coach and took them to a little red-hot sheet iron stove. They saw nothing of tents, or furnishings, or people, nothing but the welcoming stove. It's a cozy feeling to hear the rain on the tent roof, to lift the flap and feel the drizzle on your face, and then to come back and spread your hands luxuriously over the hot stove; never mind if the wind drives the smoke back into the tent, never mind if the pipe parts company with the stove, the warmth is still there. And then what joy to climb in between the warm covers, wiggle and twist, until a final comfortable wiggle leaves only the nose above the covers for the wind to visit when later it steals in. All this E. experienced that first night.

CLEOPATRA TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

Like long lost friends the members of the party greeted each other the next morning around the oilcloth-covered table in the big dining tent, and yet they did not even know each other's name. They long designated the man from Indiana as "the man in the linen duster"—rather an anomaly, a linen duster in the rain and cold. His name most of the party were indifferent to, since they cared nothing for the person who bore it. As soon as a personality pleased any of them, the register was sure to be consulted for the name.

That first day E.'s friend, Mademoiselle, remarked, "The man in goggles answers to the name of Davis."

"I am sure he'll not answer to that name as far as I am concerned," said E.

"Why?"

"Because I'm not likely to ever willingly address that mortal," was the answer.

"But why have you taken such a dislike to him when you know nothing about him as yet? That isn't like your usual fairness, E."

E., like most people, had fads in words when one poor, abused, over-worked word must do duty for twenty on all occasions. Just now that word was "impossible," and so she returned with an air of finality:

"Oh, he's so impossible."

Meanwhile the man with the goggles, blissfully unconscious that sentence had been passed upon him, went on enjoying himself in his own peculiar fashion, occasionally jumping straight into the air several times, or bounding over the ground in much the same fashion and about as gracefully as a jack-rabbit; or he would stop and wave his arms windmill-fashion over something which especially delighted him.

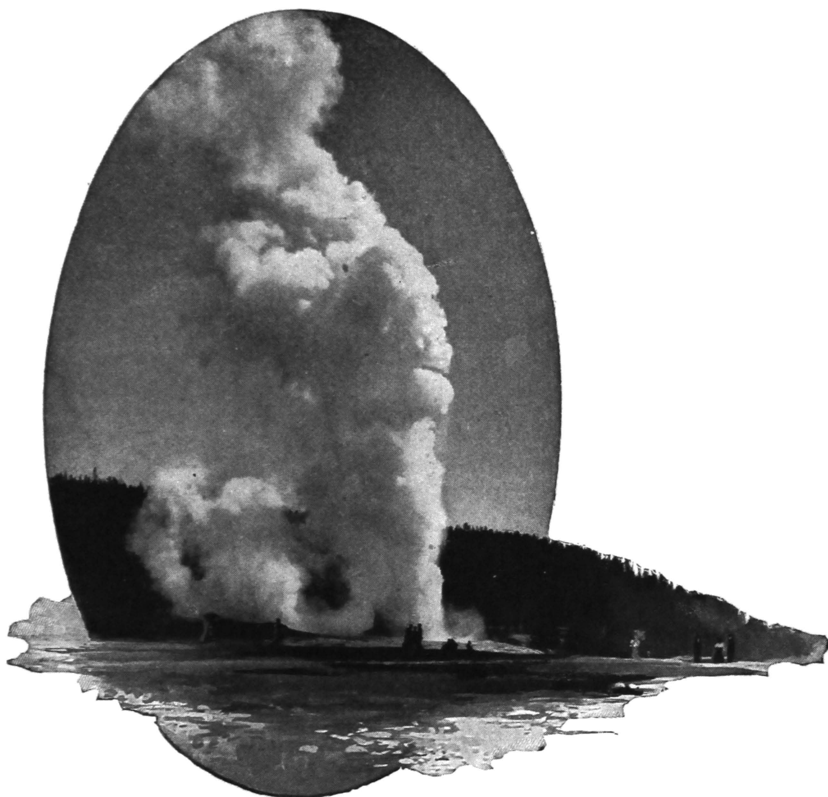
"He's not in our coach, thanks to my lucky fates," remarked E. the second day, "and so we shall see little of him except at

camps. I shall certainly take care not to sit within the sound of his chatter at the table."

"But why," said her friend, "do you not give him a chance? I have heard him say some interesting things and he may be a prince in disguise, or, better still, your particular fate."

E. only sniffed in reply.

The next day about three in the afternoon found them walking by twos and threes through their first geyser basin, all the horrors of "The Vision of Sudden Death" around them. Jets of steam almost beneath their feet, holes over which one dared not bend for fear of a column of fire suddenly ascending to scorch their faces, mounds beneath whose surface pounded and worked those unseen forces that had seared the old earth in ages past, chained evil ones that at any time might tear their way free. Fascinated, E. stood on the edge of a crater of one of the apparently harmless hot pools. Suddenly she felt the earth give beneath her feet and at the same moment she was jerked back. She clung rather shakily to the arm that had kept her from scalding herself—for the crust where she had stood had broken through into hot water. The stories of women killed in this way did not seem so unreal to her now, nor did the man with the goggles seem so "impossible," for it was he who had stood so opportunely near her. In fact she seemed to listen to his rather monotonous voice on her way out of the geyser basin to the coaches with some degree of pleasure.



GIANT GEYSER IN ACTIVITY.

As yet no bear had been seen, though stories were rife about them. At camp one of the camp boys was questioned on this subject. "Last night," he said, "we had to get up and drive two black bear out of the dining tent, where they had gone after sugar."

"That settles it," exclaimed the joker, "I'll leave some candy in my tent tonight,

just sort of careless like, for Mr. Bear."

The little bride shivered and glanced behind her, "What if we should meet one in the road tonight?"

It was dusk, the long half-twilight of the north, and they were just setting out for Old Faithful's nine o'clock illumination. Old Faithful supplied the spouting water and the Inn the searchlight in this nightly exhibition of strictly home talent. The joker was as good as his word that night when they returned from viewing Old Faithful. So the next morning at breakfast he had a tale to tell indeed.

"Did you hear the bears around my tent last night, after everything was quiet?" in a voice meant to reach the camp boys and girls at another table some distance away, though he looked at his own party. Everyone exclaimed except some of these same boys, who continued stolidly to eat their bacon and potatoes.

"First, I heard a cry of 'bear! bear!' next, 'I've treed him;' and after a little, lumbering steps approached my tent, then a scratching and 'woofing' at the corner of the tent."

There were exclamations proper at this point, and some one asked the joker what he did.

"Well, I didn't have a gun," he drawled, "and if I had had, it would have been sealed, so I didn't even think of that. I might have thrown the candy outside, for of course those bears heard what I said yesterday about candy in my tent, and that's the reason they came."

"But what did you do?"

"Just watched those two rascals walk away on all fours until they reached a safe distance and then—you ask the boys over yonder what they did next, Mrs. Collins."

It happened that about this time the whole party took the geyser fever—the usual thing at this stage of the trip—so bears were unsought and uncared for. All the morning the ten wandered over the formation, sometimes with a guide; as in the case of the Giant, a guide who showed them the "indicator" for this particular tame monster.

FEEDING THE YELLOWSTONE BEARS.

"This will play for some time before the eruption of the parent, the Giant," he explained.

Someone remarked that it looked as though it had lately played, from the water about and its present bubbling condition.

"So it does," was the guide's answer, "but the Giant plays about once in two weeks and it spouted last night, so this doesn't mean anything."

The party peered into the crater with that feeling of absolute security that only comes when real authority utters a positive statement.

"Wouldn't it be glorious to see the Gi-

ant send up his two hundred feet of water in this sunlight? But I suppose we can't," sighed the little bride, and the others assented.

Meanwhile E. had moved several times while they stood around the crater, for out of the mound bubbled from unseen holes baby geysers, where before had been dry limestone. New things claimed their attention, so they moved off. Suddenly there was an outcry—"Look at the Giant!" They never ceased to congratulate themselves or to let an opportunity pass of boasting to the new tourists they met afterwards, for the Giant was considerately doing his magnificent best for them, and he continued to do his best for an hour and thirty minutes.

Lunch was a necessity that day, not a pleasure, since it apparently had nothing to do with geysers, though they did listen with some attention to the statement that geyser water was used in the camp cooking. Back to the formation they must go, for there were two thousand or more geysers in the Park and but twenty-five, at most, had been visited. Some one suggested returning to the Morning Glory Pool, the gem of Uncle Sam's collection, to watch the play of color within its depths. Another thought there might be further sport at the handkerchief pool, where free laundry work was done in subterranean depths for customers while they waited on the edge. But the rest heard these suggestions with contempt, so back they went to haunt the geysers.

E. had developed a lame ankle. She said she wanted sympathy and attention but neither could she get if she joined the mad geyser chase, so she remained in camp to coax the chipmunks and squirrels, to watch the groundhogs in their clown tricks and the graceful deer as they occasionally showed themselves among the trees near by. There were few flowers near the geyser camp to study, though at the first camp she found in a short walk twenty-two varieties, while later at the lake camp the violets and wild phlox studded the grass like stars in a clear, winter night sky.

As E. watched the members of the geyser party return, she found herself rather analysing the appearance of the "man of the goggles"—he had laid them aside but still bore the title. He was tired and so carried himself somewhat loosely and heavily. His face was red and she knew, though as yet she couldn't see distinctly, that the rims of his eyes showed red as well; his hair was coarse black; he had a rather drawling voice; and, to crown all (in her Western eyes) a Southern accent. "An Arkansas Traveler," she named him somewhat contemptously, and then felt ashamed of herself, for his kindness, his gentleness, his fine consideration for others had already been felt by almost every member of the party in very material ways. He came at once to inquire about the lame ankle, and to urge that she go that evening with the rest to watch the hotel's garbage pile for bears. They would all help her and he offered his services in particular.

Was it the moonlight, and the stillness except for the distant rumble of geysers, that influenced her that evening as she followed the others slowly towards the camp, for E.'s ankle made it necessary for her to accept the proffered arm? It must have been these, for E. recognized a distinct charm in the "goggle" man, and felt a schoolgirl's reluctance to say good night to him.

As usual, the next morning brought the reaction. She no longer saw any attraction in the homely figure which would have joined her for an after-breakfast saunter had she not closed the way by beginning to talk to the wife of the mathematics professor about some mutual friends.

Soon the whole party were in the coaches and off for fields, eternally fresh to this enthusiastic crowd. Yet E. wondered if every party did not feel about the same when they reached the same spot. She had asked the soldier who followed them about in the upper geyser basin whether he had ever heard original remarks when people watched the geysers, and he had answered soberly enough, "No, marm."

"They all say the same thing, then?"

"Yes, marm."

Still the particular thirteen were sure they were having a unique experience, quite different from what all others had.

That day they drove for several hours

by one of the many streams of the park, rushing, tumbling on its way to the gulf. Then the road left the banks and crawled higher and higher into the mountains, through the tall lodge-pole pines with now and then a snow bank in their shadows. The sky was blue above them with a few drifting white clouds, the air was still about them save when a breeze brought a whiff of piney odor. Even the joker felt the spell and ceased his puns. While they were in this mood, the first sight of Yellowstone Lake, far below, came to them, blue as the sky above, and rimmed with snow-tipped mountains. All were glad of that first vivid impression which nothing could efface, for that evening on the banks of this same lake came the first battle with mosquitoes. The impressions made by the mosquitoes were certainly numerous and vivid enough but hardly as agreeable as those received earlier in the day.

DEER CROSSING THE YELLOWSTONE

So there were no regrets at leaving the Lake Camp the next morning, though the evening before had brought the first glimpse of the much-talked-of bears. This bear—a silver-tip with her cubs—trotted onto the stage (the garbage pile) with all the assurance of a grand opera star, ate her supper and pointed out to the cubs the choicest bits with utter disregard of the audience. This was not the last look at bears, for at the canyon camp a black and a brown performed on different evenings to admiring audiences. But no matter how many bears E. had seen, she always ran at the next cry of "bear," because these animals were such uncertain quantities—no one could ever tell what new antics one of the clumsy creatures would perform. And then, she so hated to hear any other member of her party say, "Did you see that fight between the black and brown bears this evening? No? Well that was the best thing yet." Or, "Wasn't that black cub this morning the funniest ever? Don't tell me you missed that sight!"

And now began the second stage of the scenery disease—the first had been the geyser fever, caught, doubtless, from bathing in geyser water, but no one could account for this phase in that way because one couldn't bathe in the Canyon. But whatever the explanation, the Canyon delirium was the second stage.

All the first day after reaching the Canyon

the thirteen watched the Canyon and the falls from different out-jutting cliffs. The second day there were ten who still pursued the "best view of the Canyon," at early morn, at noon and by moonlight. And on the third day the same ten in various stages of exhaustion still toiled three times a day to the brink of that chasm at whose bottom dashed a green river and whose sides in the sunlight showed glaringly red or yellow, orange or green.

E.'s companion on these trips was usually the man of the goggles. His remarks were so original that she found herself mentally adopting them for future use. He had traveled widely and could make interesting comparisons. He told her, for example, that the coloring in Arizona Canyon was in distinct layers and very vivid, while this seemed more in splotches.

"In that Canyon," he said, "one finds an idealized purgatory, but this is beautiful. That stands for death, but this with its falls and rivers is the opposite, life."

Once, while they were discussing different places they had both seen, she asked him, "What trip of all you have taken will you think of with most pleasure in the future?"

"This one in Yellowstone," was the answer.

"Why?" asked E. in all innocence.

"Well, pleasure depends on so many things—the weather, the food, etc., but especially on one's companion."

"And it is true that there are some delightful people in our party." E. purposely used the plural.

He looked at her with a half-quizzical, half-serious smile, "I said 'companion.' "

That evening E. concluded she wouldn't go with the rest to view the falls by moonlight. Her lame ankle was a convenient excuse for retiring early. However, when Mademoiselle came after the walk, E. was wide enough awake to listen to the usual rhapsody on the Canyon of the Yellowstone.

"You should have gone, Mr. Davis missed you," Mademoiselle concluded.

E. elevated her nose scornfully.

"Did you hear him remark today that he preferred good and intelligent women to pretty ones? And he looked at me when he said this. I know I appear like a boiled lobster up here in this wind and sun, but I can't perceive the necessity of hearing the truth at all times and in all places on this subject."

"Yes, and I heard you reply that all women would prefer being called pretty to good; and that one usually applied the term intelligent to a dog. I thought you were a trifle severe."

"I can't abide him," E. answered, which was the truth at times.

"Are you going to ask him to call this winter after you are back in Portland? I heard him say that his home is there."

"Will you tell me why I should?" asked E., and the conversation turned on other topics.

The next day was their last stay in the Park. There was an exchanging of cards and plans made for future excursions together, but each knew that they would never all be together again. And it would be but chance should ever a third of this party meet in later years.

Many were the invitations extended to Mr. Davis for later visits, for all now voted him an interesting companion. The little bride begged him to come to Washington during the next winter. He answered that he would doubtless be there since his business usually took him to the Capital while Congress was in session. That prompted her to ask what that business might be.

"I am a journalist," he answered.

"Not the Mr. Davis—the famous correspondent—Not Mr. William Ward Davis? You don't tell me!"

"Will" (calling her husband), "do you hear that? We have had the great Mr. Davis with us and have never known it until this moment. And perhaps he'll write up this trip. Oh, you have! Now isn't that interesting," and so on. And the others quite overwhelmed him as well, but E. alone seemed unconcerned, as Madamoiselle said to her later.

"Oh," was E.'s answer, "I've known that he was a correspondent all along, for he told me so soon after we started."

"And you'll not ask him to call on you

this winter?" Madamoiselle was interested in E.'s future.

"I can't see what the fact that he's a well-known newspaper man has to do with his calling on me," answered E. perversely.

Soon after, Madamoiselle found the subject of their discussion carefully searching amongst the grass and wood back of the tents for some lost article—a card, he explained. She joined him in the search and was so lucky as to find it and so wicked as to read the card before returning. It was a calling card of E.'s and besides the engraved name, bore E.'s address in Portland, a date and a queer Indian symbol which E. frequently used instead of her name when she signed a letter to a near friend. The man made no comment when he received the card except brief thanks, but the little cardboard went into an inner pocket, she noticed. Madamoiselle made no report of this incident, but for future use stored it away in her memory side by side of her friend's former remarks about the correspondent.

Dusty and sunburned, but happy in their experience, the party drove up to the same hotel at Gardiner, from which they had started ten days before. Was it but ten days before? It seemed two months, so much of interest and pleasure had been crowded into that short period.

At the hotel, changed from happy, carefree, ragged people of the mountains, to the usual staid tourist of an ordinary railway train, they came back rather soberly to every day life. The kodakers took their last pictures of the lucky thirteen, the joker feebly made his last joke, there were good-byes, and Yellowstone Park was left behind to gladden the hearts of many another tourist, but never-more than those of E.'s party.

RIVERSIDE GEYSER.

Katalla

By J. F. A. STRONG

KATALLA on Controller Bay, in the North Pacific, is the newest town in Alaska. It is new, however, only in the sense that its evolution from a small trading and fishing village has just commenced. For years prior to last spring Katalla furnished a point where the Indian could dispose of his fish and peltry; and the prospector could renew his supply of bacon, beans and flour.

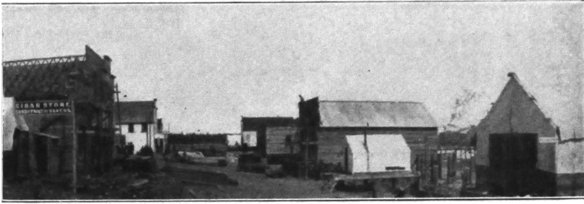
Some five years ago prospecting for oil began in the region about Katalla, and the place attained some prominence because of the fact that crude petroleum, exuding from the ground, and covering small lakes and pools, gave rise to the belief that a vast oil field exists in that immediate locality. The search for petroleum has continued, somewhat sporadically, it must be confessed, since that time; but practical oil men, now in charge of development work confidently predict that in the immediate future the Katalla oil fields will be producing petroleum in commercial quantities.

The pioneer concern in the exploitation of the oil fields is the Alaska Petroleum and Coal Company, a corporation financed by Seattle men, among whom are included Thomas S. Lippy, H. R. Harriman and John Schram, well known capitalists. The general manager of the company is Clark Davis, formerly of Seattle, who has devoted the past five years to the development of his company's oil and coal holdings. A great deal of work has been accomplished, notwithstanding the many handicaps that necessarily have been met and overcome. Oil rigs have been erected at a number of points, holes have been bored hundreds of feet and in every instance oil and gas have been found. Buildings have been erected, tramways constructed, a dock built, and now once more the work of drilling for oil is being pushed vigorously. And Mr. Davis, whose confidence in the ultimate success of his exploitation work has never wavered, is sanguine that before this year of grace has passed that it will be fully demonstrated that petroleum sufficient to supply the demands of the Pacific Coast, and more, will be found in the region round about this new and promising town that is rapidly assuming proportions on the shores of Controller Bay.

But the exploitation of this region has not been confined solely to the one product—petroleum. For several years past the immense coal fields in and about Bering River and Bering Lake section, from fifteen to twenty miles distant from Katalla, have attracted the attention of capitalists and others interested in coal mining. The coal found here ranges from bituminous to semi-anthracite, carrying near 90 per cent. fixed carbon, according to the reports of the United States Geological Survey, made during the past two years. The supply is unlimited and but for the difficulties which have been hedged about the acquiring of coal lands, by the United States government, this coal from Katalla would even now be helping to solve the "coal shortage" now so manifest on the Pacific Coast. But progress is being made, and next year will see this coal in the markets of Seattle, San Francisco and other cities. Even now some of the mines are being opened up and developed in a systematic way, and the importance of the Katalla coal fields is being realized, not only by the people of the Pacific Coast, but by the government at Washington as well.

The coming of the Atlantic fleet to Pacific waters will call for vastly increased quantities of coal for the use of the navy. That coal equaling the best found anywhere, including the Welsh variety, now used extensively by the navy, can be obtained in Alaska at Katalla, distant from Seattle only 1,135 miles.

It may be set down as a fact, not gen-



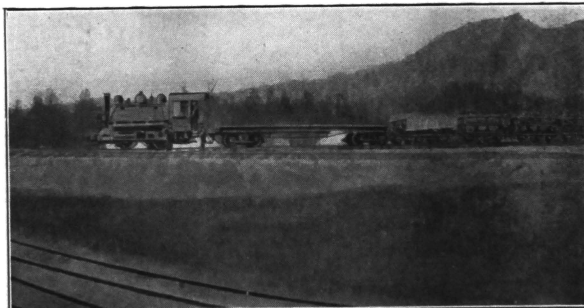
A VIEW OF FRONT STREET, KATALLA.

erally known, that the decision of the Navy Department to abandon the proposed naval station at Kiska Island, in the Aleutian Archipelago, was mainly due to the fact that a coaling station at Katalla is a far more feasible and safer project, from a purely military or naval viewpoint, than one situated in the Aleutian Islands, hundreds of miles distant, and exposed to easy attack from without. A coaling station, therefore, at

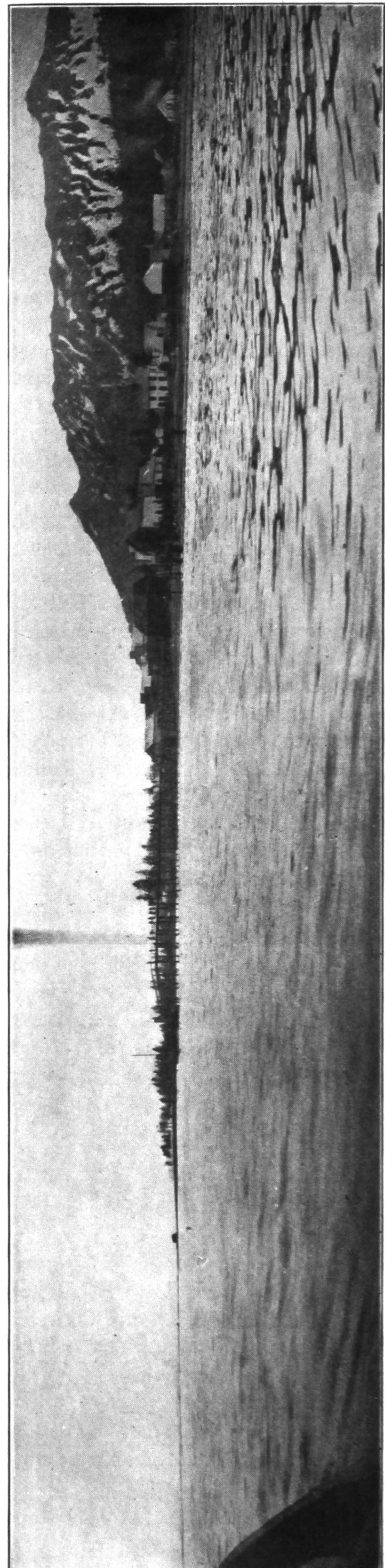
A VIEW OF D STREET, KATALLA.

or near Katalla in the near future will become a necessity if the United States government is to maintain a large fleet in this part of the Pacific, which, in view of recent developments, seems probable.

The evolution of Katalla from a fishing village to a fast growing town, primarily due to its wealth of coal and oil resources, is being accelerated by railroad building. Two railroad companies are actively at



CONSTRUCTION TRAIN, C. R. & N. W. R. R., KATALLA.



A SECTION OF KATALLA'S WATERFRONT, SHOWING EXCELLENT LOCATION.

work. These are the Copper River and Northwestern, and the Alaska-Pacific Railroad and Terminal Company. Both have the same objective points in view. Both are building lines into the coal fields, and in addition the Copper River and Northwestern is constructing a road up the great valley of the Copper River, with Katalla as the point where the rails meet the sails. Both companies are building extensive breakwaters with the view of improving the harbor facilities, and thus enable ocean-going vessels of largest size to discharge and receive cargo in any kind of weather, at any season of the year.

The harbor of Katalla is well protected except to the southwest, and the breakwaters are being constructed with the view of affording full protection from storms, which are not frequent, however, from this quarter. A pier 2750 feet in length, now being constructed by the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad Company, will permit four ocean-going vessels to discharge and load cargo at the same time. It is expected that the work will be completed by September 1, next. The plans, which are comprehensive and complete in every detail, call for a further and larger extension of the breakwater system, which will be pushed to rapid completion. The work on this breakwater as well as that of the Alaska-Pacific Terminal Company, is of the most substantial kind.

For many years past men who know Alaska and who are somewhat qualified to judge of its immense natural resources, have predicted that at some point along this southwestern coast the metropolis of all Alaska would be built. Katalla seems to have been selected as the site. Its proximity to great coalfields, a few miles in the interior, is a factor of prime importance. The opening up of the rich copper ledges of the Copper River country, which will be accomplished by the building of the Copper River Railroad, with its ocean terminus at Katalla, will enable the copper, gold and silver ores, with which that section abounds, to be assembled at the seaport, where, with abundance of cheap coal and coke, the ores may be smelted at comparatively small cost.

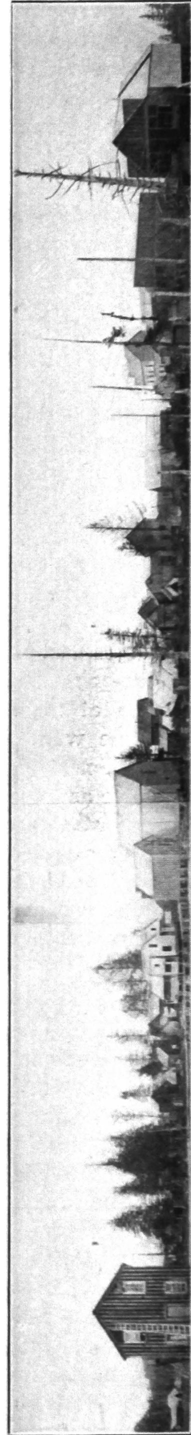
The copper deposits of this great interior section of Alaska are unrivaled. Mining men of repute, who have made careful examinations of the copper ledges found there, have pronounced them the greatest in the world. One of the best known and most successful mining operators of the West several years ago told the writer that that section of Alaska drained by the Copper, Tanana and White Rivers contained enough copper to supply the world's demands for years to come. And the demand for copper is ever increasing. With the object of opening up the magnificent domain and securing its mineral products the building of railroads has been begun. And the wealth of a goodly portion of this section is not confined alone to minerals. As fine agricultural, timber and grazing lands as ever lay outdoors are found in the Copper River and other valleys of the interior. The climate is good, the summers being ideal, and the winters of the interior are preferable to those of the Dakotas and Northern Montana. The snowfall is light, and the ozone-charged air is health-giving and life-prolonging.

The name "Alaska" means "the great country." It was well named. It also means the land of opportunity—worth more than all the other sun-dried "possessions" of the United States, and much less appreciated by the federal government, if one may be permitted to judge by the solicitous paternalism as applied to newer acquisitions and its long years of studied neglect of the great northern jewel.

But Alaska's emancipation is at hand; its material development has begun; its rich mineral resources, both on its coastal waters and in the great interior sections are becoming known, hence the activity in railroad building into the hitherto unknown and practically unexplored "waste, howling wilderness" of interior Alaska—railroads that within a very few years will penetrate to where flows the great northern "Father of Waters," the lordly Yukon.

With an unlimited coal supply at its back door, with railroads to carry the coal, the copper, gold, silver and other ores to its seaport; with the certainty that here will

BEGINNING OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF A THREE-MILLION-DOLLAR BREAKWATER AT KATALLA.



SECOND STREET, KATALLA, LOOKING EAST.

be erected one of the largest, if not the largest smelter plants in the world, the new town of Katalla would seem to have a future of great promise. The men behind the great enterprises which have been the means of putting Katalla "on the map" and making it a point of interest, at least, to many people, are those who do things.

They have the money which is so necessary to develop a new country on a commanding scale. They have made their investigations and know to a certainty what the country, which this railroad will open up, will produce.

The town of Katalla is located on a sort of plateau, or series of low benches stretching back from the bay to a comparatively low range of verdure-clad mountains for a distance of about two miles. Mountains also encircle it to the southward, while seaward some sixteen miles away, lie a number of islands, among them, Little and Big Kyak, the latter reposing like a huge leviathan, at whose topmost point stands Cape St. Elias, a hoary rock-crowned sentinel guarding the main approach to Controller Bay and the young town rising on its shores.

The town is typical of the frontier; it has the usual number of saloons found in embryo cities of the North and West, a number of stores of various kinds, a newspaper and other institutions usually found in a growing American community. It is yet largely "without form and void;" its crudeness is apparent, and it is yet without improved streets.

Though young, it is virile, and soon its crudity will disappear and order will replace chaos. It has an excellent water system, water being piped from a mountain lake at the rear of the town. An electric light and power plant is being erected, and it boasts of two telephone systems. A United States commissioner and deputy United States marshal administer the laws and preserve order. Breaches of the law are infrequent notwithstanding the fact that some 1500 railroad and other laborers are at work in its immediate vicinity. The permanent population of the town does not exceed at this time more than 500 souls. There is, therefore, plenty of room for it to grow, and it is confidently predicted that within a couple of years it will have 5,000 people within its borders, and thousands more in the tributary country.

THE LIGHTS O' ELLIOTT BAY.

By CHARLES GOULD POLAND

How the lights begin to twinkle
Faint at first, then faster sprinkle
As night's curtain gently lowers
  At the closing of the day.
How their dancing beams grow stronger
And their bright reflections longer,
'Till at last in blaze of glory
  Flash the lights o' Elliott Bay.

How they glisten in fair weather,
Scattered far, or close together,
While some few seem swiftly moving,
  Colored lights upon their way.
How they pass and intermingle
'Till they make one's pulses tingle;
As with sparkling life and beauty
  Shine the lights o' Elliott Bay.

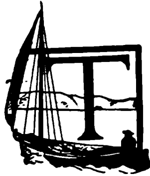
How some bright, with clear strong power,
Shine from roof or lofty tower,
Casting forth a soft effulgence
  Riv'ling queenly Luna's ray.
While some seem to beckon queerly
'Till they touch one's heartstrings nearly;
Beckon with a strange insistence
  Do those lights o' Elliott Bay.

Oh! what tales of joy and sadness,
Tales of grief and mirth and madness,
Could those dancing lights uncover,
  If they had the pow'r to say.
They could tell of peace and quiet,
Pure, sweet love or mad'ning riot,
They could tell of hearts slow breaking
  'Neath the lights o' Elliott Bay.

Shine on bright, though lights of myst'ry;
Each pale flame point hath its hist'ry
As it always will be, ever,
  Where life's passions still hold sway.
While thou yearly grow in number,
Beacons o'er a city's slumber,
There's a higher power watching
  O'er the lights o' Elliott Bay.

A Municipal Farmer

By ROBERT D. JONES



HERE are not many farmers in the world who own a whole city. I remember once, when I was a boy, of having visited on a farm. Everything seemed wonderful to me; and I thought it a fine subject for a composition. Accordingly I wrote about my experiences on the farm and read what I had written on Friday afternoon before the assembled school; and undoubtedly my narrative sounded interesting to those to whom farm life was a novelty.

I am going to write another composition about my experiences on a farm; but it is a visit to such a farm as few have ever seen, and such a farm as still fewer would have dreamed ever existed.

This is a very strange farm. It is in Alaska; but that is not the reason why it is strange, for there are many farms in Alaska. The strange part of this farm rests in the fact that it is in a city, or rather in that the city is in the farm.

Dyea is still on the maps of Alaska. If you do not know exactly where it is, look in your geography, and you will find it at the head of the Lynn Canal. Map publishers should wake up; and in the next editions of Alaska they should indicate Klatt's Ranch in the place where Dyea once was, for it is there that this wonderful ranch is located.

I went in a canoe from Skagway. When within a mile of the Dyea waterfront, my canoe ran against what was apparently a snag. I cleared it, and in a moment paddled against another. I was floundering around in what remained of the piling of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co.'s wharf, the first evidence of "The Deserted Village."

I reached the beach where a great warehouse confronted me—the warehouse of the P. C. S. S. Co. The great sliding doors swayed in the wind, as they had swayed for many years since the desertion of Dyea.

I walked up the street, on either side of which were the signs of hotels and restaurants which had extended invitations to the thousands who had passed that way. The wind whistled strange tunes through the broken windows of the deserted houses, and played weird music on the telephone wires which still stand in evidence of the busy days gone by.

What a contrast to the scene of the day when thousands of people of every type and tongue crowded the streets of Dyea, then the gateway to the Klondike, toward whose glittering fields, as the magnet draws the steel, were drawn the throngs of human beings from the four corners of the earth, whose excelsior was gold! gold! gold!

The sign of the Sunset Telephone Company still announced, in apparent mockery of the past: "Communication with Skagway and all Points on the Dyea Trail." Here hundreds, at times, had waited for the ringing of the bell which would call them into communication with their "partners" who had gone on ahead.

The vacant store of the Klondike Trading Co. seemed to echo the memory of the day when hundreds had crowded before its doors in order to get "outfits while they last."

The "Information Bureau" is still there with signboard announcing that "Information all about the Trail" could be supplied for one dollar.

Covered now beneath the sands of time are the footprints of the "mushers" who left Dyea, with promise of wealth.

Across this once busy thoroughfare there is a fence upon which is posted a notice threatening trespassers with punishment to the fullest extent of the law. The warning notice is signed by E. A. Klatt, the man who owns Dyea. He is the Mayor of the city, the Chief of Police, Superintendent of

Public Works—in fact, he is the "Boss of the whole Works;" and anyone looking for a franchise in Dyea must have the official endorsement of E. A. Klatt; and he, the City Father, is cognizant of all the graft which goes on within the city's gates.

From the day that it was definitely known that Skagway was to be the "Railroad Center," not a month passed before Dyea was a veritable Deserted Village.

They were not the buildings in Dyea, nor was it the fact that there had been a city there at all which drew the eye of Emile Klatt toward Dyea. He had not found the glistening "color" in the sands of the beach, nor had he dug a hole to bed-rock in order to satisfy himself that in the Deserted Village. he had found a good claim.

The dirt looked good to Klatt: it "assayed" about the same as that on his farm back in Wisconsin, which he had sold for a "grubstake" in the Klondike boom. That grubstake, and others, too, had gone; and the farmer-miner, like hundreds of others, with sorrow came to the conclusion that agriculture and geology are two separate branches of education. Proficient in the former, and ignorant of the latter, Klatt filed a homestead on 160 acres including the city of Dyea.

Selecting the most comfortable house for his residence, our hero located and began to "improve" the country by converting the city into a farm. He tore down houses, and with the lumber built fences about his farm.

"People of every type and tongue crowded through Dyea, then the gateway to the Klondike."

He subdivided and cross-fenced the place until his "potato lot" was ready to cultivate, his "turnip patch" was ready for the plow and his "truck garden" was protected from the marauder.

He "proved" his claim; and capital

Emile Klatt, the undisputed "Boss of the Whole Works" at Dyea.

"staked" him with a team of horses and a plow.

Farmers in new countries are generally confronted with the difficulty of clearing land. Trees and stumps must be removed and grubbed out before the ground is ready for the plow. Klatt was confronted with a similar difficulty though differently presented. Instead of a great fir or oak tree he had to "clear" a hotel out of his cabbage patch or a restaurant from his potato lot.

He soon had a lumber yard in connection with his farm; and sashes and doors were for sale cheap; but as the market for "spuds" was better, he sought a more profitable way of removing buildings. The town was surprised by a series of conflagrations to which no fire department responded; no underwriters investigated the incendiary cause, and no newspapers recorded the continued destructive fires which were rapidly reducing the city to ashes.

"Little by little the Acorn said," sang Klatt, as each year he added to his equipment of farming implements; and, single-handed, extended his field of operations until his whole homestead had seen the mark of cultivation.

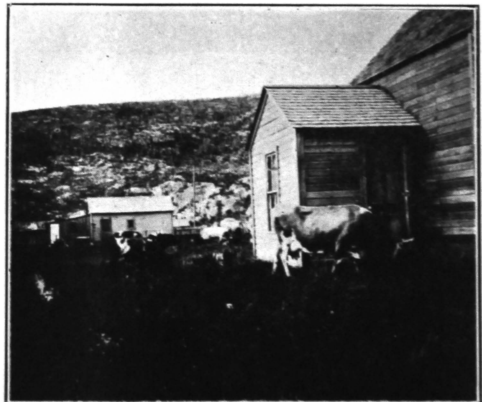
Wagons, sleds, furniture, dishes and a thousand and one things he had gathered from the deserted houses and shops and stored in various buildings about him for future use; and his blacksmith shop he has equipped with the "loot" from the town.

Each year he has religiously read the advertisements in magazines, and has bought the implements promising the greatest results from the least labor, not, however, for the reason that Klatt is a lazy man, for he is not. There are few men who will, as he does, work "from sun to sun" in that part of the world in the summer, when the sun rises at 3 o'clock in the morning and sets at 10.

He has a hay-press, sowing machines, patent harrows, mowing machine, and he even has the latest improved potato digger.

Turnips are the most profitable product of the Klatt farm. After plowing the ground early in June, he sows his turnip seed with the same type of sower used by the ranchers "below" for grain. He harrows the seed into the ground, and that completes the season's work, so far as the turnips are concerned, until September, when he gathers his crop. He grows from six to nine tons of turnips to the acre, and for all of them he finds a ready market at $50 a ton.

Potatoes grow wonderfully well. "I have to plant my potatoes very close together," said Klatt, "to keep them from growing too big. At first I tried to cultivate my turnips and potatoes, but I found that it made them too large, so in order to keep them down to marketable size, I must plant them



"In deserted back yards his cows find grass in luxurious abundance."

closely together; never cultivate them at all, and allow the weeds to keep them down." The soil produces six tons of potatoes to the acre; and a ready market is "at the door" at from $50 to $75 per ton.

What do some of our home farmers think of that condition in a country where cabbages are supposed to grow only in hot-houses?

Klatt owns his own launch with which he takes his produce to Skagway, from which point his turnips and potatoes are shipped into the mining districts on the "inside."

The market is good; there is an abundance of fine land in Alaska and more ways of making money than by digging for gold.

There is nothing which grows on our farms "below" which cannot be produced on the farms in Alaska. The season, true, is short; but the long hours of sunshine forces vegetation to maturity in a remarkably short space of time, oats, wheat, barley and other cereals ripening well in the season.

Klatt cuts his grain for hay, for which the market is always ready at $35 a ton; but he alllows enough to mature in order to secure seed for the coming year.

When I first saw Klatt he was plowing in a field. Driving his plow deep into the ground to anchor his team, he came toward me. He asked me if I were hungry. I admitted that I was, whereupon he took me to his house, where his ability as a housekeeper showed as marked an efficiency as his work in the field.

The reader undoubtedly, considering, too, that it was in Alaska, will associate the surroundings with bacon, swimming in grease; sourdough and boot-leg. I must confess that I, myself, was somewhat astonished when my host prepared a lunch of cold roast beef, delicious bread and butter, cocoa with fresh cream, and other delicacies, including jelly that he had made during the summer from the wild currants which grow on the place in the most prolific abundance.

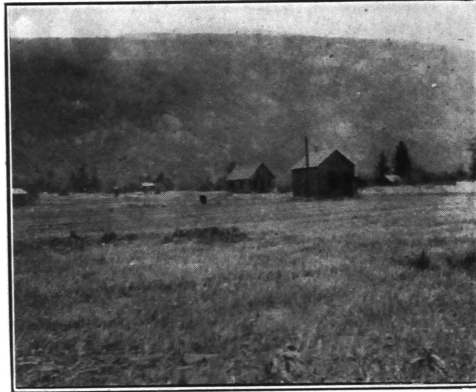
"I have knocked around these trails," said Klatt, "for many years looking for dust; but I have made up my mind to quit looking for 'prospect' and stick to the 'sure thing' I have here; and I can assure

"He ploughs his soil, clearing the houses from his farm as the farmers below clear stumps and trees—with fire"

you that this old ranch is 'panning out' all right."

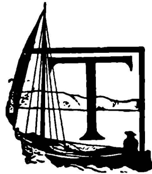
It is natural to suppose that the sole resident of Dyea would be a bit lonesome; and so, too, he admits; but he is going back to Wisconsin next winter, and when he returns he will bring the widow who has promised to share his estate for better or for worse.

There are few brides now-a-days who are brought into the possession of a whole city.



A field of young oats on Klatt's Farm

A Persecution of Fate



THE accompanying illustrations tell a tragic story. This story is known to all the early mushers to the Klondike gold fields.

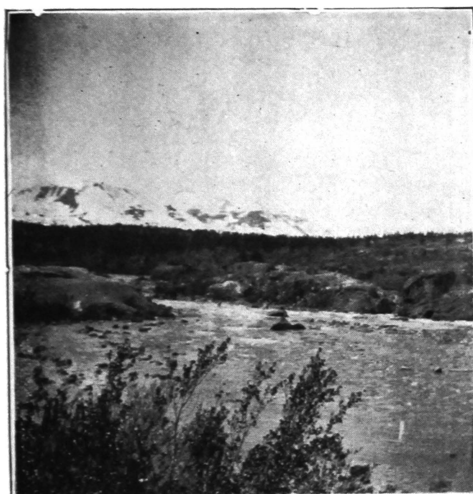
After scaling the heights of Chilkoot, the most laborious part of this strenuous journey was passed, but the most dangerous part of this trip in the early days remained to be traversed. Treacherous ice on the creeks and numerous rapids in the upper waters of the Yukon were the places where the greatest dangers lurked. Ordinarily the traveler from the summit of the Chilkoot Pass descended to Lake Lindemann without great difficulty, although he may have been weeks working in toilsome relays, getting his outfit from Dyea to the summit. Among the early travelers was a man, name unknown, who, after arduous toil, arrived at Lake Lindemann with his outfit and constructing a boat, started on the water trip to Dawson. Between Lake Lindemann and Lake Bennett the river flows swiftly in a narrow channel bounded on either side by a rocky shore. Just before the river enters Lake Bennett there are rapids; and at this place most of the travelers made a portage in order to avoid the dangers of the hidden rocks over which the waters dashed and foamed as they madly rushed. Some of the more adventurous, however, successfully navigated these rapids, which were really not dangerous to the experienced river man.

But the Unknown Man, who had toilsomely traveled up the trail from Dyea to Lindemann and with pains had constructed a boat and started on his journey, came to grief in attempting to shoot these rapids. His boat struck the rock which shows in the center of the accompanying illustration. The boat was swamped, the outfit lost, but the Unknown Man succeeded in reaching shore.

Reserved, almost uncommunicative, he started back to the States. Footsore and weary, after many days of tramping, he reached Dyea and secured passage on a steamer for Seattle. He bought another out-

fit and later in the season again started for the gold fields. By this time the snow had disappeared from the trail, and he had to carry his outfit on his back from Dyea to the summit. A longer time was required to transport his goods from tide water to Lake Lindemann than on his previous trip. But once in camp at the head of navigation he quickly constructed another boat and started the second time on the water journey to the gold fields.

Doubtless he felt that he would be able to profit by his previous experience and successfully navigate the dangerous waters. But that destiny which shapes our ends swept him onto the same rock where he came to grief before, and his second outfit, late in the season, went to the bottom of the river. Gaining the shore, he walked up to the point which shows to the left of the stream. Drawing a revolver from his pocket he placed the muzzle against him head and ended his earthly career. The second illustration is the picture of his grave.

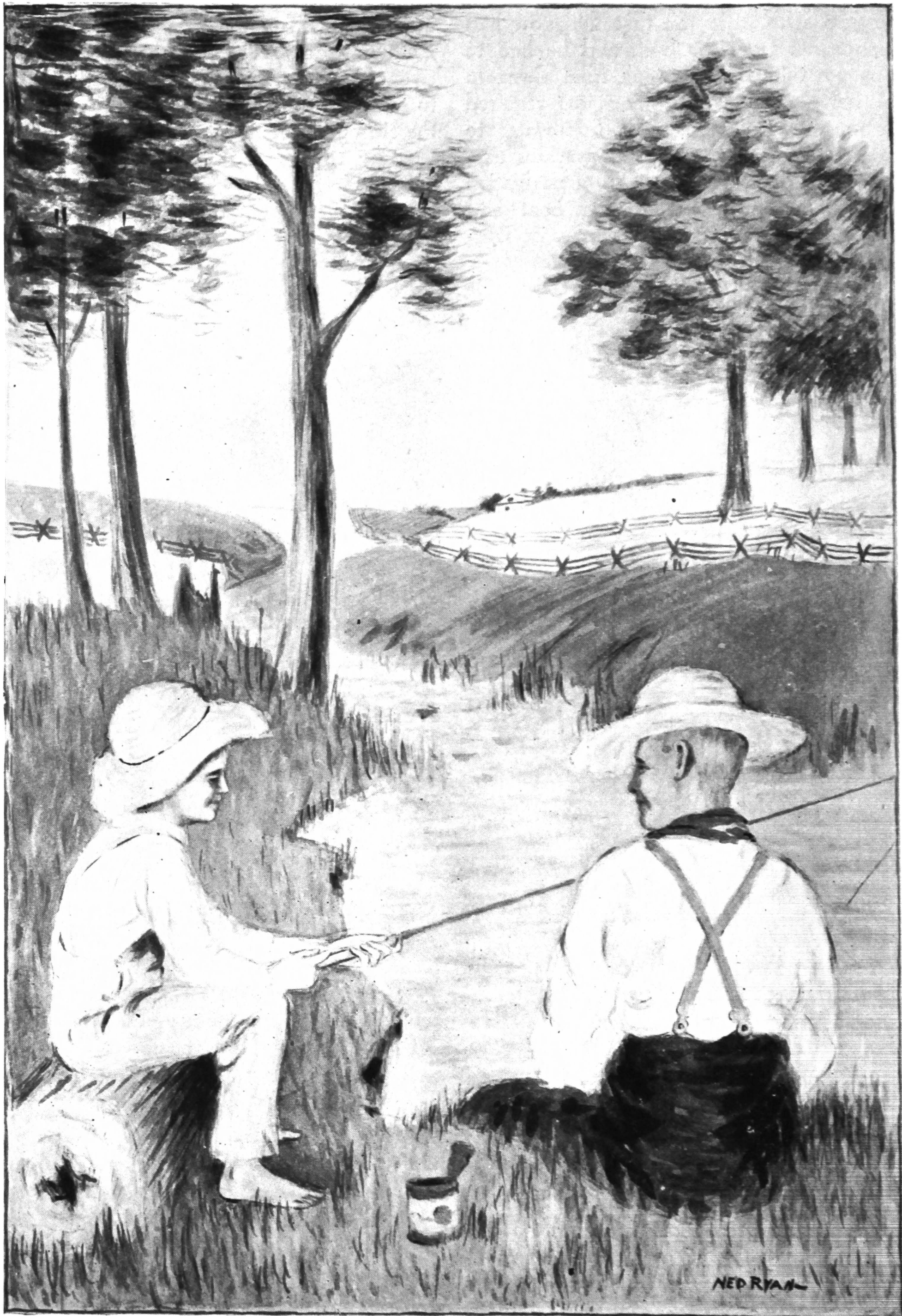


These illustrations are from photographs made by Mr. A. J. Cody, in 1899.

Chisna, Front and Center

Chisna, Alaska, June 24.—This is an old camp and yet a new one. Most of the old work has been done on Slab Creek since 1900, but we are just beginning to open up what promises to be deep diggin's. If these diggin's come up to expectations we will have a winter camp. We are proving this a good hydraulic camp. The Chisna Consolidated Mines Co. have two giants at work here at present. There are two camps, one on Chisna and one on Daisy, and they are both looking well so far. The gold is more plentiful as mining work reaches further into the bench. The Northwestern Company have a force of men up here prospecting. John Nokes—or Dad Nokes, as he is best known—is working on Hidden Treasure Creek, and he is getting good returns. Some prospectors and miners are beginning to come into this country, and if this summer proves the ground to be good for hydraulicking or winter drifting, next year a large number of people will be in this camp.

I am well acquainted with this part of the country; was one of the three discoverers in '99, and have been here ever since. I should know considerable about the country, and my knowledge of the country prompts me to say, "just watch Chisna District this fall."—M. Dempsey.



WITH GRANDPA'S HIRED MAN

"——*And tried some fish to catch.*"

A DAY ON THE CREEK

Down on the creek that runs along
  Below the clover patch,
We've spent the day, that's Joe and I,
  And tried some fish to catch;
Yes, tried, but did not get a one,
  I guess they were not there
Yet we had such a jolly time,
  I'm sure we didn't care.

We finished up our morning work
  To get off real soon,
And grandma had us take along
  A splendid lunch for noon.
We went down through the orchard path;
  The trees were pink with bloom,
The morning air was brimming full
  Of their soft sweet perfume.

The cobwebs woven in the night
  Swung lightly 'cross our way;
The dew was sprinkled over them
  Like beads on threads of gray.
Upon a bending apple bough
  A mock-bird sang so gay
It seemed its notes helped us along
  Through all this bright spring day.

The woods that follow down the creek
  Were full of noise and hum;
Joe said perhaps our forest friends
  Were glad to have us come.
The trees were putting out their leaves
  In many shades of green;
The dogwood, with its creamy bloom,
  Could everywhere be seen.

The creek was swift and clear and cool,
  With white stones in its bed;
The sunlight sifted thro' the boughs
  That clustered overhead.

Just down the bend some waterbird
  Stood in a pool knee deep;
A turtle sunned upon the bank
  As still as if asleep.

Big butterflies, on velvet wings,
  Played idly in the air;
The water-bugs upon the creek
  Went skating here and there.
A tiny lizard, gold and black,
  Just darted up a tree,
So swift that but a colored flash
  Was all that I could see.

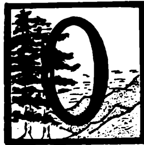
Joe made for me a whistle shrill
  Out of a willow twig,
And whittled me a cunning boat
  With tiny sailing rig;
But ere I got it fairly launched
  'Twas time for us to go—
We knew from shadows slanting long
  The sun had sunken low.

As we neared home, in marshy spots,
  The tree-frogs croaked their best;
A new moon hanging by a point
  Was glim'ring in the west;
A whip-poor-will from out the woods
  Was calling sharp and long—
No other bird of all I've known
  Has half so sad a song.

We heard the lowing of the cows,
  The squealing of the hogs,
And saw the chickens snugly perched
  Upon a pile of logs;
We smelled the ham and coffee, too,
  As we passed through the gate.
Joe, nodding, looked at me and said:
  "We mighty nigh were late."

Aim of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

By GODFREY CHEALANDER



UR late President, McKinley, once said that "Expositions are time keepers of progress." This saying has been verified. A great exposition is a great national educator. The thousands and tens of thousands of people who are able to take a holiday and to visit an exposition, view with admiration and pride the handiwork of their fellowmen, the geniousness of their conception in art, industry, science and education. They view the splendid exhibits, the stately and magnificent exposition palaces, surpassing in beauty of architecture even King Solomon's temple itself—in short, they view the mammoth work of man in every line of endeavor, and in a few days' time they have seen more, and learned more and received greated education, and a more practical knowledge of the country's and the world's progress and development, than would have been possible from a lifetime study of books. They go back home, contented and satisfied. In their hearts has been instilled a desire to become better men, better women and better children, intent upon striving for something higher than their former usual wont—to try to achieve and to emulate the examples of others for that which is good and ennobling; and the nation profits by this education, for a better standard for citizenship has been moulded.

And the people that thus personally came to view the exposition tell their wondering friends when they return home what they saw, and the education goes on. The still greater number who, for various reasons, cannot personally visit the exposition, read in the papers and magazines of the wonders of the exposition. In their mind's eye they are making the trip just the same, for everything, from the minutest detail to the largest, is described clearly and depicted in interesting story-like manner, eagerly read, and so the education continues.

As has been stated, "the aims and purposes of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be to make more widely known the constantly increasing importance of Pacific Ocean commerce in which the western and central western states are rapidly becoming the chief beneficiaries; to demonstrate the opportunities for the extension of our trade in the regions whose transportation is furnished chiefly by the Pacific Ocean; to exploit the resources and the natural wealth and opportunities in Alaska and in the Canadian Yukon Territory; and finally, to demonstrate the progress of Western America in the past century." Therefore, instead of celebrating some special event in the world's history, this exposition will rather be an indicator of commercial and industrial progress. It has been planned on a large scale, one-third larger than the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

The eyes of the world are already focused upon Seattle and the heralded Exposition. The wonderful Pacific Northwest in itself has long been a panorama to eastern visitors. The natural beautiful scenery, the dash and energy of its people, the splendid development of its hundreds of resources made possible by true western spirit, have all combined to make a trip to this part of North America one of the most pleasant, attractive and profitable in the world.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition came into being by reason of the wonderful progress and development of the Pacific Northwest. Alaska furnished the first incentive. For this northernmost possession of Uncle Sam, so vast in extent and so prolific in natural resources that it is destined in a few years to contain millions of the overflow population of all the different states in the Union, has in the last ten years been, one might almost say, a daily revelation by reason of its produced wealth. And the picture of the most magnificent scenery in the world was not the less a revelation than

the uncovering of the limitless wealth. And in these things are to be found the first incentive to the holding of this Exposition. It was felt that something extraordinary was needed in order to thoroughly and truthfully impress the world at large with the opportunities that are here awaiting the activity of man. The scope of the Exposition was enlarged, the scale magnified and the object widened for the same reasons. The whole Pacific Northwest needed in an equal degree an agency for disseminating to the rest of the world truthful and reliable information of its great material advancement, an advancement that has to a large degree been hastened by the necessities of, and attendant upon, the advancement of the northern territories, Alaska and the Canadian Yukon.

But besides these requirements, which might be termed local in character, and which it is hoped the Exposition will fill, there has presented itself since the organization of the Exposition a still more potent requirement which is national in character and scope, viz., the awakening of the nation to a realization of the necessity of finding foreign markets for manufactured and natural home products. That an industrial exposition such as the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific is planned to be, fostered and nurtured by such exigencies, and prompted by no sentimental reasons, will largely accomplish such object, is already beginning to be manifest from the large and increasing interest that is even now being taken in the projected enterprise in the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean.

No more appropriate location could have been chosen for this Exposition. The shores of the Pacific Northwest, by reason of their strategic location with reference to the countries in the Pacific Ocean basin, containing two-thirds of the population of the world, a population that will furnish the greatest activity to trade and commerce in the century to come that the world has ever seen, owes certain obligations to the rest of the country by reason of such strategic location. Seattle's obligations in this respect are similar to those of New York with reference to the countries on the Atlantic Ocean and the states of which New York is the entrepot. They are, too, of a character similar to those of Chicago with reference to the middle west. Taking the trend of the development of the United States during the last 100 years and placing the same in connection with the development, present and immediate, of the Pacific Northwest, Seattle's location, etc., one's mind is immediately led to picture in review the three most important cities in the United States today and to exclaim: New York, Chicago, Seattle.

Seattle has fully comprehended the great and responsible task she has undertaken in holding this Exposition. No greater loyalty and liberality was ever shown by the people of our city in the world than has been shown by the people of Seattle toward this gigantic enterprise. Intuitively the great mass of the people seems to realize a certain share of this responsibility, and the day laborer and the banker, the mechanic and the business man, have all pledged their support to the management of the Exposition to the end that the honor of their beloved city shall be upheld and the high purpose of this unique industrial Exposition shall be understood by the country and the world at large. And the people of the State of Washington, through their duly chosen representative in the legislature, have nobly seconded these efforts of the people of Seattle in passing an appropriation of $1,000,000 for and in behalf of the enterprise. So whatever credits or criticisms that shall be meted out for the success or failure of this undertaking will be shared alike by the people of the whole state.

But while the people of Seattle and the state at large can help to make the Exposition a success, it must not be forgotten that because of the great aim of the Exposition, which is national in scope, the people of the rest of the states should consider it as their duty to help in the work. If it is to be an industrial Exposition whose object shall be that of exploiting foreign markets for American products, it is but natural that the State of Washington, or even the whole of the Pacific Northwest, can make but a comparatively small showing in the diversified articles needed for export to the countries which it is the aim to reach and interest. It

is upon this basis that national participation has been sought for the Exposition, resting upon the inherent interest that the government is always known to maintain in creating new foreign markets.

It is for these reasons, also, that the different states have been invited to display at the coming Exposition the various products which they have to sell. Many of the states so invited, recognizing the importance of being so represented, have already made appropriations for buildings of their own and for the gathering and maintenance of suitable exhibits.

That there is need of this Exposition, in order to help in the work already commenced of creating foreign markets for home products, cannot be disputed. For years this country has enjoyed a splendid home market. But with the constantly increasing production both of manufactured and natural products the fact is becoming apparent more and more that in order to prepare for the contingency of a possible overproduction foreign markets must be secured. This fact is being recognized by thoughtful men who have studied the situation carefully. By reason of the splendid prosperity enjoyed in the cultivation of our own home markets during the past twelve or fourteen years this country has done very little to interest foreign buyers, while Germany, France and England have for a number of years been diligent and painstaking in the field. At last our own government has awakened to the necessity of the situation. Commercial agents have been appointed and placed in various countries abroad in order to study and make reports upon the needs of foreign markets.

The greatest fields for American enterprise which it will thus be the aim to create through the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be found in the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean heretofore referred to, viz.: Australia, Canada, Chili, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Formosa, Korea, French East Indies, German Colonies, Guatemala, Honduras, British India, Japan, Mexico, Dutch East Indies, Nicaragua, New Zealand, Panama, Peru, Philippine Islands, Siam and Salvador. These countries have a population of 904,353,000 and cover 17,096,060 square miles. Their attention has been called by government officials to the fact that we are neglecting foreign markets. In a recent report made by Major John M. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures of the department of commerce and labor, he states:

"The main reason why we are not getting more of the trade of China, Manchuria and Japan is that we are not going after it. We do not realize that next to Japan the United States is nearer the markets of the Orient than any of the great commercial nations of Europe, yet England and Germany are now laying the foundations for a wonderful commercial development. Japan, of course, realizes the possibilities of the markets of Manchuria and China, and is shrewdly preparing for the growth that is to come. Both these countries are rapidly being awakened to Western activity, and will afford exceptional markets."

Again he says:

"'South America, too, is another great field for the extension of American commerce. Our consular agents and all travelers to South American cities report that there is presented down there wonderful opportunities for the sale of American goods. Even though we have to ship via Europe, there is still a great opening, of which advantage should be taken by our exporters.

"The industries of the United States have already reached and passed the point where they can readily supply the home market, and the problem of finding foreign markets is at hand. The wise man is he who sees this and takes advantage of the splendid opportiunities that this government is daily pointing out to him."

Speaking of the trade in South America without making any further reference to the other countries that I have mentioned above, I can do no better than to call attention briefly to some excerpts from a speech delivered some months ago before the Seattle Chamber of Commerce by Hon. John Barrett, former U. S. Minister to Colombia, and now Director of the International Bureau of American Republics.

Mr. Barrett said: "The total value, exports and imports, of the foreign trade of

pan-America, including Canada, in 1905, was approximately $5,000,000,000. Of this huge total the commerce of Latin America reached the surprising figures of near $1,800,000,000, or one-third of the pan-American total. The commerce of despised Latin America was equal in sum total to nine-elevenths of our much vaunted and proudly described total, and was near four times that of Canada, which is experiencing a great boom. Only 9 per cent. of our total of export went to Latin America in 1905, although the latter's imports exceeded $1,000,000,000, and only 20 per cent. of our vast value of imports found their origin in Latin America, although that part of the world's foreign export shipments last year exceeded $720,000,000.

"Mexico, Central America, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili, last year conducted a foreign trade exceeding $500,000,000. Of this great sum the exports were approximately $300,000,000, of which the United States purchased only $120,000,000, or 42 per cent., and the imports were $200,000,000, of which the United States sold only $75,000,000, or 38 per cent. We should buy 60 per cent. of the exports and supply 75 per cent. of the imports, of which the greater portion should go and come through the Pacific ports of the United States.

"Considering the fact that these twelve nations, which are especially in the field of the Pacific Coast of the United States, but now in the very infancy of their material progress, enjoy a trade with the outer world of $500,000,000, it is safe to predict that in another decade this will amount to the vast sum of $1,500,000,000. Let us then be up and doing to have our share of the probable increase."

I dare say there is not a state in the Union but has profited to a great extent by the matchless wealth furnished during the last ten years by the great, unknown region, the "iceberg," which used to be called "Seward's Folly," but which is now called more endearingly, that great, wonderfully rich Alaska, the pearl of the Arctics.

I had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Jas. J. Hill a few months ago, while in St. Paul, and in an interview he unqualifiedly authorized the statement that in his opinion the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was destined to be one of the most important industrial expositions ever held; and while referring to the trade possibilities in the Pacific Ocean he laid particular stress upon his references to Alaska. "Alaska" he said, "has a great, splendid future."

This observation from one of the foremost industrial men of the age is further emphasized by the fact that the trade of the United States enjoyed with Alaska during the year 1906 amounted to $52,000,000, while the trade with Porto Rico during the same period amounted to $38,000,000, that of Hawaii to $39,000,000, and that of the Philippines only $18,000,000.

Rising to the Emergency

By ANNA BRABHAM OSBORN

OME on, Francesca, let us loaf just a few minutes and look over our mail," coaxed Annette, dropping into an easy chair beside the register; she might have been striking a pose for a study of a sluggard, so languid and indolent she looked as she stretched her round, white arms above her head.

"But, Anette, the house—and Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood likely to appear any day." Mrs. John Lambert, her housewively conscience bidding her not dally with temptation, was unyieldingly covering her dainty kimona with a large apron of Dutch blue.

"O sit down, sit down, Francesca; I declare I've come to your rescue just in time. In another six months Mother Lambert would have you made into one of those terrible, precise Priscillas who are a walking reproach to comfortable folk. Now, in my house, when Herman and I get established, comfort is going to have the top perch on the ladder, and if system and order cling into the lower rungs they will have to look to their own footing."

"You will find system and order are very necessary allies to comfort when you have a whole house on your hands." Francesca was straining at the blue apron buttons that ran down the middle of her back.

Her homily was wasted on Mrs. Herman Shannon, that unimpressed young woman was deep in a closely written sheet of note paper. "Of all things!" she broke out, "do hear this, Francesca," and she read an excerpt from the letter.

Francesca, overcome by the news, dropped into an eaesy chair Anette had drawn enticingly near. Soon they were girls again, back among the old college scenes and friends. The house and Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood were forgotten. Francesca brought a dish of bonbons from the breakfast table—still uncleared. They stretched their slim, slippered feet over the register and luxuriated in their "loaf," while they talked as only old college room-mates can, reunited after two years of separation. The little cuckoo came out of the clock and shouted at them three times unheeded; but a peal from the doorbell brought them to their feet with startled faces.

"The J. Haris Swartwoods!" ejaculated Francesca, stripping off the blue apron, rolling it into a wad and concealing it behind the davenport's broad back.

"Agents," comforted Anette, shoving a small table set with unwashed chocolate cups and pot and crumby wafer plate—remains of last night's spread when they came in from the opera behind a Japanese screen with a celerity acquired in college days when word sped down the corridors that the inspecting matran was on a "rampage."

The portiers between the dining room and the living room were quickly jerked together. Scattered music rose in a jagged pile. Lightning was not quicker than the two young matrons.

"O, the hearth," groaned Francesca with one despairing look at its ash-strewn unsightliness.

But a third urgent peal of the doorbell bade her not tarry. Hastily closing the door of the guest bedroom, which Annette was occupying with her confusion, artistic or otherwise, she opened the street door just as the doorbell was gathering its forces for a fourth sonorous ring.

At sight of the figure muffled in furs on the doorstep the two young women sank down limp where they stood, and groaned audibly.

"Only you!" gasped Francesca from the hall seat.

"Moral: Stand your ground until you see the whites of the foe's eyes," put in Annette, sitting Turkish fashion on the hall rug.

"Well! I take this as a warm welcome this frigid morning. What ails you girls?" Gertrude Gordon entered and stood regarding the two limp young women curiously.

"Do you know what it would be to open

the door on an angel when one was expecting a—a—," Francesca's imagination failed.

"A specter bearing famine and pestilence under one arm and Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood under the other," supplemented readv Annette.

"Very rhetorical and no doubt intended as complimentary; perhaps a bow is in order." Mrs. Gertrude Gordon turned her back to the register and spread her hands behind her over its genial warmth. "But a plain Anglo-Saxon explanation would be more edifying. Who is Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood?"

"The hobgoblin who will snatch away the Lambert peace or the fairy godmother who will present us with Aladdin's lamp; which depends upon madam's opinion of your disreputable friend," Francesca rose and salaamed to the floor."

"Still mystified." Mrs. Gordon shook her head hopelessly. "You girls are simply incomprehensible this morning."

"You know the fine position John has in view with the Swartwood Company?" interrogated Francesca. Mrs. Gordon's head bobbed assent. "It developes that the power behind the throne is Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood, who is none other than Margaret Morrison of Smith fame. Don't you remember how the walls were still ringing with her wealth, eccentricities and parsimony when we entered school?"

"Wasn't it she, who, as the story went, reported to the matron that she had twenty-three pins and seven needles at the opening of the term and at its close she could find only eighteen pins and five needles?" recalled Mrs. Gordon.

"The very same," chorused the other two.

"This firm represents her money," continued Francesca, "and she selects the heads of the important departments by methods all her own. One of her pet theories is that no man makes a good business man who has a slattern for a wife. They are coming to arrange the business in person and we are to entertain them; and O, Gertrude, this house!" ended Francesca with a tragic clasping of her white, incapable hands—incapable only in housekeeping details.

"What is the matter with the house? I thought you had one of the cosiest, most artistic bungalows in this part of the city." Gertrude's eyes roamed around the interior, charming with soft colors and tasteful, homelike furnishings; for whatever might be said of Francesca's skill as a housekeeper, her taste was unimpeachable.

"Dishes to the right of them," Annette sprung up and furling back the portieres revealed the uncleared breakfast table with a glimpse of last night's dinner dishes piled in the kitchen sink beyond.

"Dishes to the left of them," removing the screen and disclosing the lunch table.

"Dishes unwashed and unnumbered."

"Well, you are a pair," laughed Mrs. Gordon. "I thought you had reformed, Francesca, since Mother Lambert had come to live with you."

"O yes, it was getting to be different while mother was here; but she was called to Lizbeth's and then Anette came."

'Descensus facilis Averno," solemnly from Mrs. Herman Shannon.

"I surely am ashamed of you girls," in mock reproval, "in kimonas at ten-thirty. But you can't stop for dishes now. I've come for you to drive out to the Country Club. Mrs. Allendale serves luncheon to a sleighing party at one. It isn't every day or year that we get sleighing in this country; we must make the most of it. Go, hury into your gladest of trappings. The party starts from the park in forty minutes. We want to be in the procession."

The two languid young women jumped up with squeals of delight, all lassitude gone. In half an hour they came out of the guest bedroom transformed, well-groomed, modish, chic from their trim boots to the picture hats perched jauntily on their abundant shiny coiffures.

Francesca locked the door on her home's untidiness with a faint twinge of conscience that lasted until she had tucked her shining patent leather shoes under the fur robes, then it flew away and bothered her no more all that long happy day. The J. Harris Swarwoods were at Los Angeles when last heard from, anyway—that was a long way from Puget Sound.

Francesca had begun her married life in a fervor of good intention. Before the hap-

py wedding day she had spent the conventional fortnight in John's old-fashioned New England home. Its thrift, orderliness and clock like regularity had made a deep impression on her orphaned, untutored soul.

She resolved that John's new home should be just like the old one; but, deary me, things would fly out of their places; the dishes wouldn't stay washed and the calls to pleasure were so many and so alluring. Then John was so "dear" he wouldn't have her "drudge," and he joined so merrily in the game of "hunt the slipper" when missing articles needed a detective to locate their whereabouts, that Francesca soon slipped comfortably, or uncomfortably as it often proved, into her old ways.

When Father Lambert passed away and Mother Lambert closed the old home and returned with "the children" to the new home in the far west, it did seem as if a new order of things would come to prevail in the bungalow; but Mother Lambert was called away and then Annette came—dear Annette, who had shared the happy Smith days. Merrymaking became the order of the day, and truly "Descensus facilis Averne."

The short winter twilight had gone and the streets were already aglow with electricity, when our pleasure-seekers drove back to town.

"We didn't order a thing for dinner before we left," remembered Francesca contritely as they jingled down the avenue; "we'll have to hunt up the boys and dine in town. I hope they haven't already gone out."

"The boys" were the two young husbands, John Lambert and Herman Shannon. They came upon them quite suddenly in front of the hotel—but who was that dapper gentleman with eyeglasses and cane talking to them, and who the tall, bony woman on the steps behind them.

"The J. Harris Swartwoods," thumped Francesca's heart premonitorily.

"O there they are. Where have you been? I have been trying to get you by phone," was John Lambert's greeting as the sleighing party drew rein. "Allow me to present Mr. and Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood."

"Die game," whispered Annette in Francesca's pink ear, as she reached a cold hand of greeting past her.

When all introductions were over, John Lambert, looking appealingly at his wife, said, "Mr. and Mrs. Swartwood are coming out with me for dinner. Mrs. Swartwood abhors hotels."

"O certainly," Francesca's tone was unalloyed cordiality, "we have been counting on the pleasure for months. Bring them right out on the car, John. Anette and I will take Herman as driver, since we must drop Gertrude here. Can't you and Watson come out later," to Mrs. Gordon, "when Watson's business matter is attended to?"

"Maybe we can," said Gertrude, quickly getting the cue—everybody was always willing to help Francesca out.

"Our car is just coming," said John Lambert to his guests; "this one makes close connection at the junction. We'll be there ahead of you," he called back gaily to his wife.

"Gertrude, as you love me don't let them make that car," entreated Francesca in a stage whisper, as Herman Shannon handed Mrs. Gordon from the sleigh.

As Gertrude Gordon neared the party hurrying toward the car, she snatched off her fur boa. "Oh! oh! oh!" she staccatoed in controlled falsetto, clutching at the back of her neck.

"What is it?" queried Mrs. Swartwood at her elbow in a moment.

"I felt something. Please look," implored Mrs. Gordon, bending her stately head.

"I don't see anything," Mrs. Swartwood was examining Gertrude's lace collar solicitously.

"I guess it has gone," admitted Mrs. Gordon, her eyes on the vanishing car.

"The fates are with us!" To the lines Herman!" cried Francesca excitedly, who had been an interested spectator of Mrs. Gordon's strategy. "Gertrude's cleverness gives us twenty minutes the start. They will miss the junction car now."

Notwithstanding this advantage, when they drew rein at the bungalow the car from the junction was visible topping the last hill.

"Herman you must take the center of the stage now." Francesca was scrambling out

of the furry depths scarce waiting for the sleigh to stop. "Sciltillate, fascinate, charm, use necromancy, anything to keep them out of the house ten minutes, five minutes."

"They only enter, before your signal, over my dead wits," said the gallant Herman, his hand on his right breast coatpocket.

But the young women were not looking for flaws in anatomical knowledge. In a trice they were in the house.

"Mother Lambert!" exclaimed Francesca, as a neat, pleasant faced, elderly woman faced about from the hall mirror where she was untying her bonnet.

"Candles for all the saints!" fervently vowed Annette.

Tossing off cloaks and hats, without more ado, the two young women fell to work. Their tongues enlightened Mother Lambert as to the situation, while under their soft hands the unsightly lunch table disappeared; the jagged music pile took on geometric lines; books stood in orderly rows and dust flew off bric-a-brac as by magic.

"The day is lost," moaned Annette, as in one of her hurried journeys past the window she caught sight of Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood standing stiff and unimpressed while faithful Herman gesticulated and effervesced unavailingly.

"No, we're safe; she's laughing," announced Francesca a moment later. "You'd think one with a mouth like that would be generous."

"It's ears for generosity, Francesca, you are crooked on your craniology," Annette deposited an armload of firewood on the clean-swept hearth; a moment later a crackling fire transformed the room.

"You girls certainly can rise to an emergency," said Mother Lambert admiringly from the dining room; she was helpless in a rush of this sort.

"We were brought up on them, mother," assured Francesca, abstracting a crumpled apron from its hiding place, "but this is the last one I intend to meet. They are too risky and nerve-racking for housekeepers."

"I confess recent events have modified my views," said Annette: "comfort comes down from the top rung of my household ladder unless she can make room for system and order beside her," she was placing the large Japanese screen ostensibly at a decorative angle, but really in a position that cut off to best advantage the view of the room.

"Whatever are you people doing? Why don't you come into the house?" Francesca flushed, but triumphant, was standing on the front porch, looking the hospitable hostess to perfection with her wee, crisp, be-ribboned apron tied on over her perfectly hung street skirt above which rose the handsome lingerie blouse that had been deemed fine enough for Mrs. Allendale's luncheon.

Herman had the whole group looking intently at a hole in the sidewalk and laughing immoderately. He released them with alacrity at the sight of Francesca. "Whew," said he as he passed Francesca, removing his hat and mopping his brow, "weather's moderated."

"Noble boy, you shall be recommended for a Carnegie medal," said Francesca sotto voice, patting his arm.

"But the dinner!" wailed Francesca a few minutes later, dropping down in the midst of the group assembled in the kitchen, her roses paling again; "there's nothing in the house but a can of sardines."

"Is it fed they must be? Lo, my steed is at the door. "I'll fare forth, an entertainment fit for a king shall be forthcoming." Herman was getting into his top-coat again.

"But it is after six. Everything is closed," deprecated Francesca.

"They shall open. Prepare your service. The viands will be at hand," and young Lochinvar was away.

"Francesca, go back to your guests," commanded Anette, "Mother Lambert and I can manage everything here. You can implicitly trust Herman," with wifely pride; "he will find a way or make one," and she pushed the young matron out of the kitchen.

In less than an hour Annette entered the living room that radiated light and warmth and gaiety closely followed by her husband. John and Francesca Lambert were exerting themselves to entertain their guests so successfully that J. Harris Swartwood was attempting a story on his own account.

Annette stepped behind her hostess's chair and fixing her eyes, brilliant with excitement, interestedly on Mr. J. Harris Swartwood's face, without perceptible

movement of her lips, she dropped upon Francesca's sunny head, "All is well. Be surprised at nothing."

Then moving to a chair beside her host she said easily, "I didn't get the first of that, Mr. Swartwood, won't you repeat for my benefit?"

J. Harris Swartwood, greatly flattered, his jokes usually fell somewhat flat, started in at the beginning; but he had not gone far when a handsome black-eyed maid properly capped and aproned appeared.

"Dinner is served," she announced, bowing before Mrs. Lambert junior.

Francesca's incipient start, stare, and gasp quickly changed to a lightsome buoyancy; crossing to Mr. J. Harris Swartwood, she said, "I shall give myself the pleasure of going in with Mr. Swartwood. Mr. Shannon, will you bring Mrs. Swartwood."

Annette had her hands full with John Lambert; but she managed him, though he did have to step behind the screen to compose his features before appearing at the table.

At a late hour John Lambert drove his guests back to town in the selfsame sleigh that had figured in other scenes that day.

"Your home is charming, Mrs. Lambert," Mrs. Swartwood was arraying herself for the homeward drive in the guest bedroom, fresh and fragrant as a rain-washed flower, "you prove my theory," Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood's theories were very dear to her, "that college girls make the best housekeepers."

"I fancied I was the exception that proved the rule," said Francesca demurely.

"Where is Edith Barrimore?" demanded Mrs. John Lambert, appearing in the kitchen when her guests were gone.

Herman presented the black-eyed white-capped maid. "It is her dinner you have eaten."

Then Herman told how as he was rushing on through the evening dusk, visions of cutting his way through market screens and dragging grocers from their downy beds by force of arm thronging through his brain, he remembered hearing Ned Barrimore phone Edith that he couldn't bring the gentlemen out as planned, as they must catch the 6:15 train. Forthwith he drove to Edith's house and brought her and her seven course dinner to Francesca's rescue.

They all waited up for John. He came with the papers in his pocket securing him the splendid position.

"Now we can have a maid to wash the dishes," he assured his wife.

"But I'm going to learn to keep house, dishwashing and all," Francesca slipped her arm around Mother Lambert's waist, "if mother will be my teacher."

"And I shall join the class if I may," Annette was bringing the steaming chocolate pot; and they all drank the health of Mrs. J. Harris Swartwood, and success to the class in domestic science.

The Mountain of the Sound

All day the soft, thick fog-bank hid from view
The hoary, massive Mountain of the Sound,
The while the bustling city's ceaseless round
Of toil and hopes and fears (as hours flew)
Went on. And none thought if the sky were blue
Or gray; or, far from din, peace could be found
And nooks where wild anemones abound,
And silences where man could faith renew.

And then came Night—soft-sailing, lovely night!
And as she came, a wind, o'er lapping tide,
Joined with the sinking sun and lo! the Slope
Of Splendor dazzled forth, a symbol bright
To uplift downcast souls; and, close beside,
Shone clear an evening star—a star of Hope!

Impressions of a Chechako

By P. F. WRIGHT

With Illustrations by the author

"CHECHAKO, him one new white man," said Nicoli, an Indian boy, as we sat around the fire at our first camp. When asked for his definition of a sour-dough he replied " 'm sour-dough—'m all same Indian; 'm see ice go out."

The glimpses of Indian life which I saw while on a survey in the Yukon valley filled me with mingled feelings of pity and admiration. The Indian's attempts to imitate the white man are pathetic. As far as I was able to learn they all want to be white, or as nearly white as possible. They either claim to be half caste or at least part Russian.

One little girl insisted that she was an American. Her precocity made her the center of attraction. In my conversations with her I invited her to go to Seattle with me, where, I told her, she could play with my little Siwash boy. "No," she said, "I do not like Siwashes, because they are dirty."

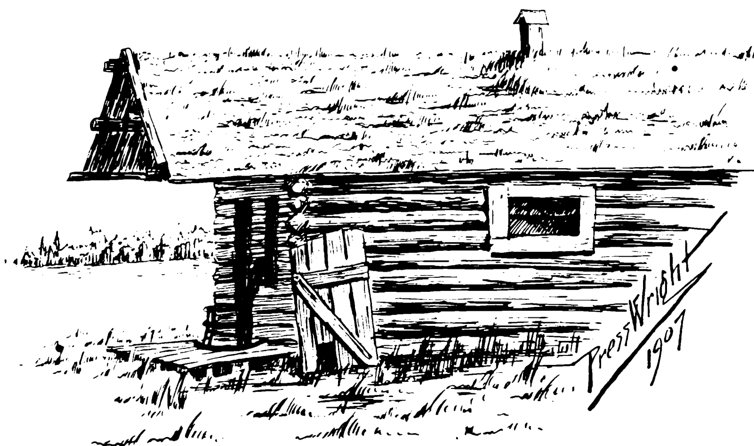
When our routes of travel parted she ran to me and said: "You have been kidding all the time. I'll bet that little boy of yours is a nice little white boy, and I want you to take me to see him."

The clothing and food of these Indians are as badly mixed as their blood; and it is only in spots that you are able to observe anything absolutely characteristic. Their footwear may be either white man's shoes, mukluks from the coast, or moccasins of caribou skin; the latter being topped off with cloth from our own mills, and unless you are a judge of such things you will not know whether the sewing was done with ordinary thread or sinew.

Their clothing is mostly cloth imported from the states, though a parka made from a wolverine's pelt is a part of their winter wardrobe. Their gloves are made of caribou skin, but the patterns have been furnished by the missionaries.

California canned fruits and sun-dried salmon—the native product—are equally conspicuous in their bills of fare, while the variety of cooking utensils extends from birch bark bowls to steel ranges. Such anomalies pervade almost all phases of their life.

They have abandoned the old style camp for cabins intended to be fashioned after those of the white man. I made several attempts to draw some of these Indian cab-



"The Typical Yukon Cabin is interisting"

"They have abandoned their old styled Camps"

ins, but gave up in despair. There was not sufficient character to them to make them drawable. Architecturally they were absolutely mongrel, fitting habitations for a mongrel race.

The typical Yukon cabin of the white man, in its severest simplicity is interesting, while it readily lends itself to architectural embellishment. Dawson abounds with examples as attractive as any cottages to be found elsewhere. Furthermore this Yukon cabin can be enlarged upon for buildings of a more pretentious kind, even public buildings, without losing the original idea. On the other hand many examples of the Indian's earlier habitations are to be found which at least appeal to the artist.

"She caught great Salmon without Perceptibly moving the Canoe"

It is this sacrificing of his own individuality to become an abominably poor imitation of the white man which causes one to look on the Indians in their present condition with pity. Where their pursuits and lives followed along original lines, without a mixture of the white man's arts, was where they proved most interesting, even moving me to admiration.

Particularly I wish to call attention to the birch-bark canoe. The canoe in itself is a thing of beauty and, like the violin, no two are exactly alike, though I was told that each village adopts a particular model for the paddles a little different from those used in any other village. The canoe is so light that in making a portage a hunter can carry his entire outfit on his back at one time.

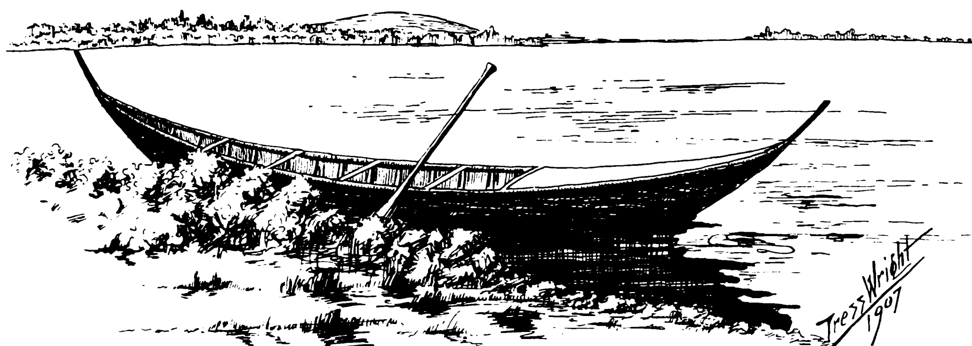
The speed with which the Indians are able to propel their canoes on the treacherous Yukon is remarkable. But to become dex-

terous in handling a birch-bark canoe requires the practice of a lifetime. In other words one must begin in childhood. About the indian villages you see little children, not over three years of age sitting on a plank with their feet straight in front of them and their little bodies bent at right angles at the hips, playing at paddling a canoe. If a person is to excel it is the same process as becoming an artist on the violin; he must begin in his youth.

At Camp No. 1 old Gutche used to go out in the morning and evening to tend the fish nets. The lights of the Arctic twilight glorified her and intensified the already brilliant colors of her garb. I have watched her in her frail craft take out salmon weighing nearly as much as the canoe itself, dispatch them with an iron pin and place them in the bottom without perceptibly tipping it at all or causing a ripple on the surface of the water, continuing in her work until the net was emptied. I have heard some of the world's greatest musicians, and from experience know that the pleasure of watching a master of his instrument is almost equal to hearing him.

In all my life I cannot recall anything more artistic than old Gutche at her morning and evening task. Words and the brush fail absolutely to convey the idea, but those who have seen her—I use Gutche as an example—cannot help but realize that in her realm she is supreme and that no queen in her sphere ever showed more grace.

When Gutche's task was done, and she had beached her canoe, I would be roused from my reverie to the more practical side of life with a distinct impression of certain odors to which my nostrils were not accustomed. I had not yet become insensible to the smell of fish and salmon oil, for I was a chechako.



"The Canoe in itself is a thing of beauty"

Official Design Selected for Fair

Miss Adelaid Hanscom, of Seattle, Awarded $500 Prize for Emblem of Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

F the seven world-wide expositions of America and Europe held in recent years, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition undoubtedly surpasses in the beauty and significance of its official emblem, for whose designing the management has just paid Miss Adelaide Hanscom, of Seattle, a prize of five hundred dollars. Miss Hanscom won this prize by the unanimous vote of the publicity committee, and in competition with the leading artists and designers of America. Some hundred odd designs were submitted, and many of these showed great ability. But the one chosen alone filled all requirements, significance, comprehensiveness and accuracy of line, harmony of color, and suitability to the occasion.

The successful emblem is circular in form. Between black circles the words "Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition: Seattle 1909," appear in bold lettering. Within is the design which consists of a group of three female figures, the significance of which Miss Hanscom explains as follows:

"The figure to the right typifies the Pacific slope with right hand extended in welcome and the left holding a train of cars represeiting commerce by land. The figure to the left represents the Orient, and the ship in her hand represents commerce by sea. The central figure in white is that of Alaska, the white representing the North and the nuggets in her hands representing her vast mineral resources.

"Across the sky in the background is seen the aurora borealis so vivid in the North. The purple background with the many colors of the Northern lights makes a rich coloring. At the side of the figure on the right are tall trees, typical of the immense forests of the territory represented by the exposition.

"My whole idea in this design was to keep it simple and still give suggestions of all the essential things to be represented. This is the first competition I have ever entered, although I have done considerible designing. I like designing, for it gives a chance for ingenuity, for the display of all your art knowledge and also a knowledge of the mechanical processes the design will have to go through."

Miss Hanscom is a well-known artist, and her illustrations of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam have become a classic. She studied for three years under Mrs. Looseley in Berkeley, California, and then took a year's course in designing at the University of California. After that Miss Hanscom tcok a three years' course in drawing and colors at the Hopkins Institute. Afterwards she was appointed superintendent of drawing in the Berkeley schools.

Later Miss Hanscom entered the professional field and purchased a photographic studio in San Francisco, which she retained till the earthquake of fourteen months ago. While there she illustrated many articles for the leading periodicals. Last September she opened her studio in Seattle. Miss Hans-

com is especially noted for her child studies. The Third Salon of American Photograph Salon possesses many instances of her Work; St. Nicholas, the well-known magazine, also published several studies in this line. In the Liverpool exposition she received a silver medal and in the Wilkes-Barre exhibit she received honorable mention, this being the highest award made.

All other expositions have had the official emblem copyrighted. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will in this, as in so many other things, open new ground. The emblem will be free to the use of all; and merchants, traders and all classes will be encouraged to use it and thereby assist in advertising the exposition to the farthest corners of the world.

Seward Peninsula In 1907

By JOHN A. ST. CLAIR

What the poet has sung in prophetic vision, what the enthusiast has dreamed in the watches of the night, is sober reality in the Seward Peninsula. The musher in the vast region that stretches northward from Nome to Kotzebue Sound and southward to the Norton Bay region walks over soil every inch of which contains gold.

Much of this gold cannot be extracted profitably by the methods at present in operation; but the miner pays no attention to the working of this common soil. He is on the hunt for the rich beach and creek deposits which will yield him a fortune in a single day. Not always is his search successful; but every now and then some fortunate prospector hits on such a spot and thenceforward his path is one of ease.

Nome in 1907 is prosperous. Many rich deposits were found during the past winter. The enormous stretch of country that surrounds the great city of the Arctic has scarcely been touched; and yet it is daily yielding wealth in abundance. Back of Nome three and a half miles to the north and stretching for ten miles each way east and west lies the famous "third beach line" which has made the fortunes of many prospectors and is still unexhausted. The season of 1905-06 saw the working of the famous deposits on Little Creek, and the discovery of the Bessie bench, No. 4 Bourbon, the May fraction, the Pure Gold fraction, No. 8 Cooper gulch and other claims that yielded all the way from $250,000 to $1,000,000. The winter of 1907 has seen the further development of these rich claims and has been signalized by the wonderful discoveries between Nome River, Hastings Creek and Cape Nome.

The third beach line is now an almost continuous stretch of cabins and bunkhouses. Large dumps show up on the skyline from the Little Creek to Hastings. Hoisting and sluicing is going on continuously. There is no indication that the work will stop with what is being done. Each day sees new lays let, or owners dispatching outfits to prospect their property on the line. Twenty miles of a beach line that will yet be traced along the foothills from Cape Rodney to Topkok, containing a paystreak, broken at intervals, it is true, by blanks, yet showing up in spots of such richness that the gold can be seen gleaming in the bedrock and dazzling the eye on the drift faces. It is a marvel of which no other country but Alaska can boast. What wonder that the miner hangs on to this grim Northland with its blizzards and fifty-below-zero weather? He feels that some day he will come to the end of his labors and will ride into town, like Bard, Nixon & Denhart, day after day with $40,000 worth of gold dust to deposit in the bank.

Toward the middle of March this year the strip of country that lies between Nome River and Hastings Creek was but little known. In the persuasion that the third beach line would be found there the writer of this article had many times in the summer of 1906 pointed out its possibilities in the columns of a Nome newspaper. Parties were attracted to the region. Lays were

let and prospecting was begun. The work of the prospectors did not begin to show results until March, 1907, set in. A few persistent prospectors like Gunderson, Morrison and Ewing had sunk hole after hole to bedrock without getting more than prespects; then came the news that pay had been struck on Irene Creek, east of Nome River. The paystreak, which is one of extraordinary richness, was found on the Big Eight claim, worked by Morton, Ekstrom, Cowden, Wright & Gibson.

The Big Eight was crosscut and a forty-foot breast exposed. The streak averages seventy-five cents to the pan. In places pans as high as fifty dollars have been obtained. The writer washed out a pan of gravel from this claim which contained eight dollars and fifty cents. Fifteen-dollar pans were common. The paystreak is from three to four feete deep. Some of the nuggets found on the Big Chief were worth as much as forty-five dollars. One of these nuggets, in the possession of Mr. Fred Cowden, one of the cwners, shows a remarkable figure of an idol, exactly like a piece of Hindoo workmanship. Another is in the shape of a bird's wing.

A remarkable feature of the geround on the Big Chief is that at a depth of seventy feet the ground is not frozen and yet contains no water. This has made the working of the claim very simple and inexpensive.

On the west side of Nome River the Fleming brothers and Fred Hanks, the bandmaster of Nome, a musical genius, have been working all winter on rich ground. They have two enormous dumps that should contain $100,000. They have installed recently a gasoline pumping plant.

Near them is the claim worked by Ford & Cooper, where a dump containing, on a conservative estimate, $60,000 is being washed up. One of the serious events of the past winter took place on this claim. A tormer locator, Armstrong, came in to town on the first fleet of boats. Though he had no claim to the ground he became infuriated when he heard of the success of the operators. He got the idea in his head that he had a water right on the property in the shape of a small lake which he declared he still owned.

Promptly when this idea rose in his head he set out for the third beach line. Rushing into the Ford-Cooper cabin where Ford was lying on the bunk, he began a discussion with Captain Robinson, the owner of the property; and in the midst of his assertions that the water right belonged to him, pulled a gun and was about to shoot when he was seized by Captain Robinson. Robinson is a man over sixty years of age, an old California miner, a man of upright life and character, and of known determination and courage.

Robinson seized the gun and tried to prevent Armstrong from pulling the trigger. Armstrong, however, succeeded in discharging his weapon. The bullet blew away the flesh of the whole of Robinson's right palm and seriously injured his hand.

Robinson and Ford managed to disarm the invader, who then burst into tears. He was apprehended. Robinson was taken to the hospital, where he soon recovered. Armstrong is in jail and will doubtless receive a sever sentence.

The third beach line has been provocative of several such encounters. In one case a dispute over No. 8 Cooper gulch led to an attempt to burn down the cabin on the ground and a fierce fight ensued. In another case a strange combat took place in a drift, the miners on the one side trying to drive out the others by turning on the steam. Several shots were fired in this case and some of the men were injured.

The Sather brothers were working on the Happy group near Cunningham Creek. One day in March the Hanson brothers, who maintained that the claims belonged to them, came on the ground and installed a cabin. Only one of the Sathers was present. He deemed discretion the better part of valor and went into Nome, whence he brought out four of his relatives. It was then agreed that four men on each side should decide the title to the claim with their fists. Selecting their opponents the disputants sailed into a merry fight which lasted ten minutes. At the close of the

Homeric combat the Hanson brothers were badly used up. They retired and left the claim to their opponents. Unless the lawyers should persuade the Hansons to make a legal fight the affair will rest there.

Such a method of settling mining disputes would be infinitely cheaper than the legal way; but it is frowned on by the lawyers.

Next the Big Eight claim lies the Inch fraction which is also rich. Eastward of the Inch is the famous Yellowstone, where pay of extraordinary value was found. Everything is now silent on the Yellowstone. No smoke comes from the boiler stacks and the hoists raise gaunt and idle hands to the skies. The deadly injunction is in force, and no work will be done until the court gets through with the case.

No. 7 Cunningham Creek is another claim that has shown great values. It is being worked diligently and will be a producer of much wealth. Time would fail me to tell of the Sourdough, the Dublin, No. 6 Cunningham and many others on the line. The boys are merrily at work on them all and look to clear out of the winter's work with handsome sums to their credit.

The second beach line has done wonders. This beach line lies about half a mile back from the front or first beach. Some good strikes were made on it in the winter of 1905-06, including the famous strike on Jess Creek. Operations on this line last winter were chiefly on Center Creek. There many outfits struck good pay. A new strike was made on No. 1 Dry, on the second beach line. This claim lies on the city limits and is easily worked on account of its proximity to the town. The bedrock is not more than twenty feet. The paystreak is rich. Other outfits are now working feverishly to get down.

Behind the second beach line on Center there lies another beach line or portion of a beach line that is known by the name "The Two-and-a-half beach." Work done there this winter revealed the presence of rich gold-bearing gravel.

To speak of all the work that is being done on the various beaches would be to occupy more than the limits of this article. West of Nome River the third beach is being diligently exploited by thirty or more outfits; but there, as on the Bessie and other claims on the line, water has been a source of great trouble and expense. The miner has no greater foe than water. It can only be fought by means of powerful pumps. Those pumps must be kept going continuously day and night. This is a matter of great expense, on account of the high price of coal and the freight rates.

The third beach line was struck west of Sunset Creek, about ten miles from Nome, in the winter of 1905-'06, by the writer of this article and his partner, France Johnson. The bedrock there is deep, running from seventy-nine to one hundred and twelve feet. The bedrock was followed, by shafts and drifts up the hillside until the paystreak level was reached. Then water drove the workers out of the shafts. It is thought, however, that the paystreak will soon be reached.

Immediately after the strike on Sunset, the Wild Goose Company sent an outfit to the east side of Sunset Creek. There pay was found. Sullivan & Berger found pay of great value and extent on a claim west of Sunset. Other outfits are diligently prospecting that region by means of drills and shafts.

All this work is within sight of Nome. On Sunset Creek an individual looking toward Nome sees it only as a smoky blur on the horizon. The tall smokestack of the Wild Goose pumping plant is visible and no more. The city is but a speck on the seashore. Behind it stretches for a thousand miles, the tundra, the Sawtooth Mountains, creeks upon creeks, rich in gold, and untouched.

The third beach line is a mere streak of low cabins and hoists. In the distance Newton Gulch shows dark on the mountain side. From certain points may be seen Mount Osborne to the east.

Up Osborne Creek, which is a tributary of Nome River, work is going on diligently. On Ruby Creek, a tributary of Osborne, large streaks of ruby sand were found in past years. It is now abandoned.

About five miles up Osborne Creek the

Peninsula Hydraulic Mining Company is busy hydraulicking. A ditch line has been constructed and the whole of the river bank on No. 18 above on Osborne will be sluiced off this summer. The company will clean up a large amount of gold.

Little is known of much work of this nature. The region though staked to the last limit has not been worked. Mining men around Nome have found that it does not pay to publish accounts of what they find. News of a strike means a swarm of claim-jumpers and previous locators. False claims are trumped up in order that their fabricators may be bought off. In the future the mining men of the Seward Peninsula will tell the public as little as possible about the result of their labors.

The Seward Peninsula railway now runs to Lane's Landing, a distance of 100 miles. It opens up a rich mining district. Beyond Pilgrim River quantities of coarse gold have been found on Iron and Slate Creeks. The railway has been also extended in spurs east and west on the third beach line.

In the hills beyond Nome, in the heart of the Sawtooth range, lone prospectors are at work looking for quartz leads. Many of them have been successful. Gold-bearing quartz veins have been discovered and many companies have been formed to exploit them. One of the richest of these quartz strikes was made last winter and the knowledge of its existence has been carefully concealed. More than fifty quartz locations were made within the past year. Practical miners think that the placer deposits came from quartz leads not far from Nome. Meantime placer mining is easy and profitable compared to quartz mining; but quartz is going to be the backbone of the Seward Peninsula some day.

In the Solomon district the Big Hurrah quartz mine is being worked profitably this season. A young manager has worked wonders, and, while the output is kept up to high water mark, the expense has been cut in two.

In the Fish River region Mr. Green is busy working his silver mine. This is a galena proposition. Green has had bitter experiences with his mine and some years ago came near losing his life while taking a shipload of ore outside. The vessel was wrecked and the miner and his men barely escaped with their lives. The mine is now on a paying basis for the first time. The Big Chief galena mine in the Lost River region, 400 miles north of Nome, is prospering.

In the Koyuk region several prospectors are doing well. One man there is said to be rocking out $300 a day. The region is distant and the reports are always doubted; but some of these days they will be confirmed and the region will experience a rush. Behind Norton Bay several miners are at work on quartz. One mine is being worked for copper. A lead of gray copper has been discovered. Bisulphide-of-copper veins have been found there and in the Sawtooth region. Not far from Nome is a bismuth mine which is being worked profitably. There is no limit to the mineral possibilities of the Seward Peninsula.

The third beach has been discovered near Solomon and properties there have risen in value. Leland's dredge on the Solomon River is washing out $1,000 a day. Other dredges are coming into the Nome district. They can handle ground sixty feet deep and will be able to make large profits on the low-grade ground on the various creeks.

The Casadepaga Valley is being opened up. Many miners are at work there. The Solomon-Council Railroad now passes through the valley and is greatly lessening the expense of working the claims.

Ditches are being put in on all sides around Nome, Solomon, Council, Candle and other districts. The great Fairhaven ditch will be completed this summer. It works the claims on the Inmachuk and other neighboring lands.

One of the best camps in the Seward Peninsula is Candle. This enterprising camp cleaned up close to $1,000,000 this winter. Everybody is well-to-do in Candle. Everybody has luxuries now where formerly only necessities were thought of. Last winter there was so much money in Candle that before the advent of Christmas all the whisky in the camp had been drunk up.

The miners were feeling good up to that time; but their spirits fell when it was reported that the spirituous supply had become exhausted. Nome is 400 miles away, and it was unlikely that that thirsty place would be able to spare much for Candle's consumption.

Christmas was at hand, and it looked as though there would be no celebration. Then one of the saloonkeepers announced that he had an extra supply on hand which he had been keeping secret.

The whole atmosphere in Candle changed at once. Men went out, and in their enthusiasm made several strikes. The whole creek resounded with shouts of joy, Candle was saved. It seemed that when the saloonkeepers in Candle send out an order they usually duplicate the letter in case the first epistle should get lost, which sometimes happens. The wholesale house clerk was new to his business and mistaking the second advice for a fresh order shipped a double supply to Candle.

Teller, Tin City, Cape Prince of Wales, Ear Mountain, the Asses' Ears and Lost River constitute the tin region. This is rapidly becoming a considerable factor in the advance of Seward Peninsula mining. The tin mines are now to be reckoned with. The Bartels Tin Mining Company has a stamp mill at Teller which is turning out a high grade of concentrates. There is no doubt that this mine will pay this year.

The Pacific Tin Mines Company is another concern that is rapidly forging ahead. These companies have paid expenses for some time. They are working both the placer deposits and the quartz leads.

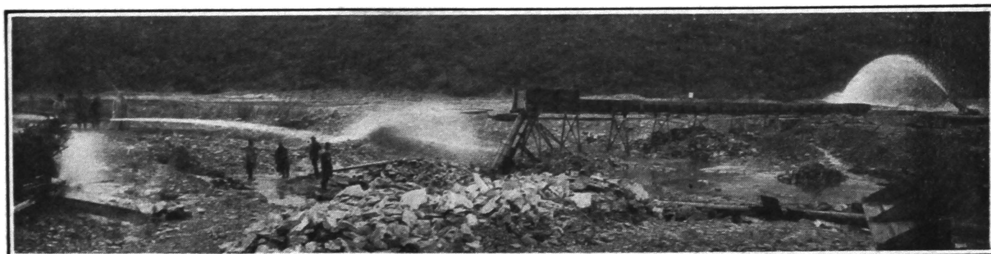
The tin that is found is of high grade, being 60 per cent pure.

Captain Coleclough is manager of the Pacific Tin Mines Company. He was one of the earliest pioneers of the Seward Peninsula. His properties were financed by a San Francisco company which is about to reap enormous profits from its mines. Tin is of great value at present and the Pacific Tin Mines Company is shipping out this season concentrates that will net it $18,000 profit.

There are various other tin companies in the north. They are able to work continuously winter and summer. There is little doubt that the tin region is going to be a great wealth producer. A small property in that region took the fancy of some capitalists the other day, and they offered $50,000 cash for it. The owners held off for a higher price.

Nome was a little dull this summer. This was the result of the labor strike throughout the winter which limited the output. The gold output for the year should pass $11,000,000, all notwithstanding the drawbacks of a shortened season. The country is prosperous. There is every indication that more capital is coming into Nome. Mining property is slow of development; but every now and then it increases by leaps and bounds.

There can never be any permanent setback to Nome. It is certain to become the capital of the richest mining center in the world. The city is growing in conveniences and population. The old cabins are being taken down and good houses are being built. The public buildings have been improved. In every way Nome shows that it is on the highroad to civic dignity and wealth.



The A.-Y.-P. Exposition and Some Stories of the Northland

By C. H. E. ASQUITH

Exit Dance Halls and Gamblers in the North

Alaska and Yukon Deprived of Time-Honored Amusements of Frontier Life—Vast Fortunes Won and Lost on the Turn of a Single Card in Early Days — Millionairs of Ten Years Ago Work on Roads and Streets.

O more is the dance hall and the gambling house a part of life in Alaska and Yukon! Official edicts issued from Ottawa and Washington have abolished what was once the principal amusement places of the seeker after wealth in the Northland.

An era that began in the days of '49, that has filled the pages of literature with its doings, the life that Brete Hart immortalized in the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" and other tales, came to an end upwept, unhonored and unsung.

It was pure coincidence that both the American and Canadian governments should almost on the same day issue orders that dance halls, gambling, drinking in boxes, and various other evil, but hitherto considered necessary elements of frontier life, must forthwith be abolished. From the issuance of that order, the ideal of the law-enforcers on both sides of the one hundred and forty-first meridian has been to make the North as safe, as sane, as quiet and as moral as Ottawa or Washington.

No longer may Kipling sing "Never a law of God or man runs north of the fifty-three." For at the present time not only frontier law, but the law of the quiet East is enforced as far as the Arctic circle, and in some places far north of the circle.

The passing of the dance halls and gambling houses in Alaska and Yukon marks another step in the polishing off of the Northland. The people of the North in late years have been quietly advancing along all lines, and the prevailing ignorance as regards the countries will receive a shock of enlightenment in the near future. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition which will be held at Seattle in 1909 to exploit the Northland will show Alaska and Yukon to the world in their true light.

Although it will be the aim of the exposition to give the people an idea of what the two territories have to offer in the way of homesteads, agricultural, commercial and industrial opportunities, early life in the Northland will not be neglected and one of the most interesting displays will be the reproduction of frontier life as it used to be. Since the dance hall and gambling house have become things of the past, it has been planned to give the public an idea of just what frontier life was like. On the Pay Streak, the amusement thoroughfare of the exposition, enterprising Northerners will build replicas of some of the famous old dance and gambling halls over whose counters millions in gold dust have passed, and between whose log rafters five score mighty fortunes have been frittered away. It is expected that some of the famous gamblers

of the early days, many of whom have since settled down and become citizens of weight and respectability, will be present.

In those days when thousands were flung about as lightly as two-bit pieces today, nothing was too insignificant to escape betting upon, no sum was too great to risk. One man lost six hundred thousand dollars in a couple of months; others were content to win or lose ten thousand dollars nightly. Professional men in Dawson expected to win or lose from three to five thousand dollars nightly at the card tables. Seldom was less than a hundred dollars staked.

This is the life that the recent law has forbidden. Gambling, that is open gambling, has long since been stopped on the Canadian side, but it has continued in secret. On the American side it has been open till this recent order. But for the past four years both these have lost the interest and the sensational features of the early days.

Many men today, bent and broken in fortune, look back to those early days with a bitter feeling, with the wonder so common to all humanity: "How could I have been such a fool?" For there were hundreds of men who worked hard all their lives who went North with the rush and in a few days picked up a fortune of nearly a million and in a few months later were without a dollar. The story of one today, a caretaker in a big Seattle skyscraper, will tell the tale of many.

This man was about forty when the discovery was made. He sold a couple of houses his father had left him and got together a sum of three thousand dolalrs. He reached Dawson among the first, staked on upper Eldorado, and inside of a couple of months knew himself wealthy beyond the dream of avarice.

For a few months he worked faithfully, and then it was necessary to visit Dawson. The second night in Dawson he needed some tobacco and left the cabin in which he was staying to get it. Passing a gambling hall, he strayed in to see the fun.

There was in this man's blood, although he had never gambled before in his forty years of life, a strain that came from some long dead ancestor. Throwing a small poke of dust on the table more in fun than anything else, he played for small sums at first. But inside half an hour he was dead to all the noise and color about him, to all but the whirr of the dial that meant a small fortune won or lost at each revolution. He sent for his bank book, for the deed to his claim, and when the long rays of the autumn sun strayed over the dome late next forenoon, he was striped of claim, wealth, everything, except the clothes in which he stood. Never again opportunity came his way, and today instead of driving in his own automobile and seeing his children educated at the best colleges of the country, he slaves twelve hours a day, his children are apprentices to different trade and he himself is a broken old man at the age of fifty.

The wild and woolly element in the life of the last frontier has at last been vanished by the ever-spreading tide of civilization. Even as Polly, the Duchess, Jack Hamlin, Jack Osborne, Yuba Bill and Tennessee Pardner disappeared in the early sixties, as well as all the other whole-souled, genial, witty people that pertain to the beginning of a mining camp, so in Yukon and Alaska, the old-time gamblers, the women who had five pounds of gold thrown at them sometimes in a single night, as a reward for singing a couple of home songs to men long separated from home, have scattered and fled. The fortunes they made came easily and went as easily. Few pictures of earth have as much of garish color, of large free swinging life, and finally of hidden hopeless pathos, as the lives of the underworld in the great gold rush that was the most picturesque feature of the last decade of the nineteenth century. The life has passed away, and all that remains are here and there a few garrulous old men who relate to all who have time to hear how they once "could sign my cheque for a million, sir," in the days when Dawson hummed with the last picturesque appearance of the frontier life, such as the unrestricted Anglo-Saxon would have it.

British Columbia Once Sold for Seven Shillings

Hudson Bay Company Received Rich Country for One Dollar and Sixty-eight Cents in 1849

WRITERS and publicists at the present time, when interest has again become acute on the conditions that surrounded the purchase of Alaska from Russia by the United States government chiefly through the instrumentality of the great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition which will be held at Seattle in 1909, speak of the ridiculously small price that Russia asked for the great white North. It is not generally known that a similar portion of the Northland—the portion now known as British Columbia—was sold shortly before the Alaska purchase not for seven millions, but for the entire sum of seven British shillings, or, in American coinage, one dollar and sixty-eight cents.

This was in 1849. The Hudson Bay Company had been driven out of Oregon by what a recent writer of the United States termed "American marauders." But their shrewd commercial sense told them that British statesmen were beginning to cast eyes at that then little known portion of the world. The directors therefore laid plans to secure their power, seemingly allowing the growing coast to stand upon its own feet.

It was a curious coincidence that the man in charge at Downing Street of things colonial in those days was Earl Grey, an ancestor of the present governor general of Canada. While satisfied with obtaining practical sovereignty of British Columbia, for a time, the company, in its negotiations with Lord Grey, aimed far higher. It intimated that it was "willing to undertake the government and colonization of all the territories belonging to the crown of North America and received a grant accordingly."

So startling a proposal naturally staggered Downing Street, even in the days when it was customary to refer to "those wretched colonies," and the crown promptly suspended negotiations. After an interval the company returned to the attack with the more modest statement that it "was willing o accept that part of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, or even Vancouver Island alone," although it remarked that "placing the whole territory north of the forty-ninth parallel under one governing power would have simplified arrangements."

Despite the opposition of Gladstone and the leading London newspapers, the Hudson Bay Company was made lord and proprietor of Vancouver Island, subject only to the domination of the British crown, and to the yearly payment of seven shillings as rent. The charter, which was dated January 13, 1849, stipulated that the appointment of a governor was vested in the crown. It also said that the lease of the island was "forever," but events proved that Mr. Gladstone and others had much reason for their opposition, and the "forever" became nine years only. The great year of gold, 1898, really saw the last of the great monopoly as such.

It may be mentioned that almost immediately after the grant was made the crown repealed it, and Lord Elgin, governor general, reported disparagingly of the company as a ruler in the Red River district, but its course on the coast was an improvement, being spoken of as without flagrant offense or outrageous wrong, and even marked by much kindness and humanity, which is no mean praise for a monopoly.

British Columbia will likely be represented at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition by a building that will cost some fifty thousand times as much as the entire province was sold for sixty years before. Indeed the British Columbia Day at the Exposition will likely be on the anniversary of that day sixty years before, when the government of Britain turned over 372,680 square miles at the rate of about a cent for every thousand square miles.

Finding of Noah's Ark on a Mountain in Yukon

Most Remarkable Newspaper Yarn That Ever Came Out of North—Written by "Casey" Moran

"MOUNT ARARAT with the ruins of Noah's ark on it, discovered in Yukon," was the headline that appeared in a Dawson newspaper some few years ago. And while a controversy may well be waged as to the meaning and original purpose of the great ruin that Indians declare exists on the top of a mountain far in the interior of Northern Yukon, the management of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition which will be held at Seattle in 1909, intends to sift the story, and if there is any ruin, to have photos and plans of it at the Pacific World's Fair in order that archeologists may be able to give an intelligent opinion.

The story of the first discovery of the alleged Noah's Ark is itself a classic in the North. In the early days of the Klondike rush a brilliant coterie of writers gathered in the new camp. Of those who have since given to the world their impressions were Jack London, Rex Beach, Jack Corbett, Ex-Senator Jerry Lynch, of California, and others. But in the newspaper world of Dawson—then particularly bright—the particular star was one Bernard H. Moran, or as he was known from Point Barrow to Atlin, "Casey" Moran.

As a reporter Casey was unexcelled anywhere. There are whole weeks in Dawson when the telegraph wires are down and no news whatever arrives from the outside world; when the trails are snowed completely and no one either leaves or enters the city, and when the most recent newspaper of the outside world is some two or three months old, and everyone has read it twice at that. Getting out a daily under these circumstances is no joke. But the inevitable, ubiquitous Casey was always there with the item, the speculation, the suggestion. A man that had successfully been street preacher, whisky smuggler, walking delegate, mining broker, ice trust magnate and boat builder could always evolve enough news, whether or not the real article was in evidence.

It was one of these times, and the editor was troubled. "Casey," said he, "the paper is going to the dogs. People blame us for the wires being down and the roads being impassable. Go out and get an article that will make 'em sit up, that will be talked of from the aurora borealis' northern limit to the southern cross."

That was an order such as Casey loved. He grabbed a pad, pulled on his parka, and in a minute the sixty-five below zero fog has closed about him.

The story apeared next morning. That night a tribe of interior Indians had arrived in Dawson and Casey caught them within an hour after starting on his search. They told of a trip that winter after food far into the heart of a country no Indians had penetrated before, away past the circle and east of the Mackenzie. It was a country supposed to be haunted. At any rate the Indians and Eskimo gave it a wide berth, and only the necessity of food drove them into it this time. And they told how they finally reached a great mountain on whose top was the remains of a vast building, "like a hundred villages built on a great canoe," as one of the chiefs described it in the vernacular. The building had been turned to stone, but was once wood, so the tribesmen declared. And when Casey had found a family Bible—one of the old kind with pictures of the scenes in the Old Testament—and turned up the drawing of Noah's Ark one and all the tribesmen grunted with satisfaction and declared the boat on the mountain was very much like the picture.

Moran got affidavits from the Indians and the story traveled all over the world. The noble redmen stuck to their story notwithstanding the most jealous questioning of rival newspaper writers who had been scooped. And while many will call Moran's getting the story luck, it is the sort of luck that

Moran could always be depended upon to dig up. He never waited for it to come to him, but always went to it, and by 1909 the great exposition, which will dmonstrate so many things concerning Alaska and Yukon, may be depended upon to have investigated and put the seal of truth or the mark of falsity on this, the finest newspaper story that the North has ever produced.

"THE CLEAN-UP ON SULPHUR"

You talk about Caruso and of Patti and the rest,
  And of all the famous singers in a row;
Aeolian harps are elegant and soothe the savage breast,
  Sousa's famous band is splendid, as I know;
But the music that I'd rather hear than hear the angels sing
Is the gurgle of the water in the sluices in the spring!

You've all heard how the water comes down splashing at Ladore,
  Our little stream can beat it when all is said and done;
To me it is inspiring, and its Lilliputian roar
  Is Zambesi and Niagara all in one!
For of all the famous waterfalls that one is surely king,
That goes splashing down the sluices to the dump-box in the spring!

The nightingale is singing in the Riviera now,
  And it looks as I might hear it right away;
The chickadee on Sulphur Creek kicks up a merry row,
  For we cleaned a hundred ounces yesterday.
But the song that beats canary birds or any mortal thing
Is the singing of the water in the sluices in the spring!

All winter long we worked away like beavers slow and sure,
  And the dump was getting bigger all the time;
But our grub was mighty scanty and our credit rather poor,
  For among the three we didn't have a dime.
Now the coal oil can is fat with dust, and our cares have taken wing
At the happy sound of water in the sluices in the spring!

Now Pete will spend his fortune fast upon his dancing girl,
  And Mac will hit the hootch a sure and fatal blow;
But I'll take the wife to Yurrup and enjoy the giddy whirl,
  And see the game at Monte, Paree and Rotten Row!
But round about the month of May, when I'm tired of my fling,
I'll be back to hear the water in the sluices in the spring!

"ARCTIC BROTHER,"
Dawson, Y. T.

By Direction of the President

By ROBERT D. JONES

Why has the Pacific Coast been so long neglected by the Navy Department in apparent flaunting disregard to the sentiment and even the outcries of the entire West for the last four years?

Who, in the whole United States, for a moment would believe that our relations with the powers should have been such as to suggest the necessity or even the advisability of concentrating our navy on the Atlantic Coast?

Conditions in the Orient were in a turbulent state in 1904-5 and 6, when the strange tides of international policies both openly and secretly were sweeping China to make a new political coast in that rapidly developing section of the world, wherein a safer and surer anchorage could be found for the far-sailing white-winged birds of commerce.

It was then that the advisibility, if not the necessity, of having, at least, a fighting squadron in Pacific waters would naturally have manifested itself to a thinking mind,—not necessarily, either, to the mind of one who was a politician. Yet, it was then that our squadron in the Pacific began to be reduced instead of being strengthened as conditions might seem to have demanded.

The appeals of Secretary Metcalf met a deaf ear, and the Pacific Coast was ignored.

Why was it so?

"By direction of the President," sounds like a flagrant accusation; but as such, it is my most remote intent.

Goaded by an absorbing ambition, Caesar accomplished many ends. Ambition of the same sort, today, has accomplished, what the world may call, much; but if that "much" be analyzed, it will be found nothing more material than pictures in the newspapers; honorary banquets; much idle, boasting tongue-wagging and incidentally promotion in office or rank.

Rear Admiral Evans, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet, left that station with his flagship, the Kentucky, in 1904. It was generally supposed that upon his arrival on the Atlantic station, his active career, at sea at least, would end; but much was yet left to be accomplished before the ambitious admiral could content himself with other than a central position before the lime-light of naval affairs.

He became Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic fleet.

"By direction of the President" a great, bronze trophy was made, to be awarded each year to the battleship making the highest average at the regular annual record target practice.

No laurels ever sought in the Olympic games excited a keener contest than that created by the desire of officers and men of our battleships to win the coveted decoration for their respective fighting craft.

From the commander of a fleet down to the mess attendant who hustled powder from the magazines, every energy was exerted toward the end of winning the beautiful bronze tablet.

No trophy ever given, no reward ever offered in the history of the world can be credited with having developed a state of competition resultant in a more thoroughly trained efficiency than that among our naval gunners, whose every energy was exerted to the end of winning the trophy awarded by direction of the President.

The aim of the award was accomplished. Records with the great guns were "smashed" only to be broken again at the next year's target practice.

Commanders-in-Chief issued carefully studied orders to squadron commanders who, in turn, used every means to place their respective ships in a positon to win the coveted trophy.

Practice, drill and other concerted arduous duties relative to target practice became pleasures; and frequently whole ships' companies cheerfully allowed their dinners to get cold in the galleys, rather than interrupt

a "lucky run" in front of the targets, while with smoke-grimed faces, they anxiously watched the great projectiles darting like infuriated hornets through the bulls-eyes.

It was the absorbing aim of Admirals to win the trophy in their fleets. It was a fighting struggle for captains to have the trophy brought home to them; and every man in the service boasted that his ship would carry off the honor.

The first year found the trophy won by the Asiatic Fleet. The Oregon took the laurels.

Competition then became more keen, training became more arduous; and even safety was blindly sacrificed to speed in firing the great guns, resulting in a series of explosions and accidents by which many brave lives were sacrificed.

The Oregon, still in the Asiatic Fleet, won the trophy for the second year also. The unconquered "Bull Dog of the Navy" held the trophy with that tenacious iron-bound grip which won for her that appropriate name.

There seemed to be little opportunity for anyone else so long as the Oregon was in the race. At this juncture strange things began to happen, strange orders came from the Navy Department bearing on movements of battleships on the Asiatic Fleet.

Is it strange that by the actual demonstration made by the Oregon, one would believe that ship not to be in a remarkable state of efficiency? It does seem strange, however, that after proving her superiority over all battleships of the Navy, nd order should come from the department condemning the laurel-crowned ship to Rotten Row. Such, however, was the case; and with the Oregon off the field, the possibilty of the trophy going to the Atlantic Fleet the following year became greater.

Disappointment came to our Naval Caesar, the following year, when the Wisconsin, on the Asiatic station carried off the trophy. Particularly distressing did the defeat come, as much "bright-work gear" had been used in shining buttons and polishing swords in preparation for the big banquet planned in anticipation of the Missouri having won the trophy for Admiral Evan's Fleet on the Atlantic Coast.

Pride was wounded; and more thoroughly determined because our hero to win for himself the coveted honor before the hour of retirement should arrive.

Proving herself by actual contest the most efficient ship in the service, the Wisconsin met the same sad fate of her sister-in-misery, the Oregon; and there came from Washington the mighty stroke of the pen ordering her to moorings beside the faithful old Bull Dog in Rotten Row.

But one more battleship, the Ohio, remained outside of the fold of the Atlantic Fleet. A year meant much; and there was the possibilty of the trophy falling into other hands with but even one ship in competition.

If all of the battleships were in the Atlantic Fleet, there would be no possibility of the trophy going elsewhere; and then that banquet, the newspapers could have those pictures taken twenty years ago, the gush of those reporters, and crown of laurels persistently fought for for four long years.

"Monte Cristo, the world is mine!"

'Twas done. The Ohio was ordered to join the Atlantic Fleet. Where then could the trophy go?

Why, if, and but are powerful expressions, and their utterance has often been made necessary by actions which have caused complications, discord, sorrow and defeat.

Today comes the task which should never have been made necessary by the concentration of our navy on the Atlantic Coast—the task of hurriedly bringing a fleet around South America to the Pacific Coast, where it should have been years ago.

Too often have misdirected policies made our country and our administration look pigeon-toed to the eyes of the world. It is not to prevent Japan from immediately landing an army of invasion on our Pacific Coast that the fleet is coming. It is only the tardy correction of a gross error, and an awakening of the administration to the fact that Alaska, Washington, Oregon and California really belong to the United States.

It seems like a rather broad statement; but to those who know, it is a rational one that the probability would have been that the present movement of our navy would not have been necessary had it not been for the glory and honor attached to the winning of the battleship trophy awarded by the direction of the President.

Yarns From The North

You Can't Fool An Indian

Judge de Groff, of Sitka, tells a funny story which illustrates the Indian's keen sense of observation.

"An old man came into my store one day," said the judge, "with some very beautifully mounted deers' heads. He asked me if I would put them up in the store and dispose of them to tourists who may care to purchase them. I assented, and accordingly gave the heads a prominent location on the wall.

"One day, not long after, an Indian came into the store and gazed steadily for several minutes at the group of heads. He turned suddenly and went away. In less than half an hour the store was full of Indians all looking at the heads, and jabbering away at a great rate.

"One of the Indians, the spokesman of the crowd, came to me, and pointing to one of the heads, he said: 'You please take away that head; we no want more look.'

"I asked him what harm the head was doing when he said, 'ban thing not understand my peopne how; she deer got horns.'

"I took the head down as requested; and called the taxidermist to task for the creation of the freak. At first he vowed they were all the heads of bucks; but finally he weakened under the pressure of my argument and 'fessed up'.

" 'I had a fine doe's head' he said and a good pair of horns which just fitted it. I could not withstand the temptation, so from the combination I mounted the head I gave you.'

"The Indians did not realize that the head represented the clever work of the taxidermist; but they believed it a weird, unnatural thing which would bring disaster to the village were it allowed to remain."

A Chilkat Jag

No Indians in Alaska are more fond of liquors than are the Chilkats. In spite of the fact, however, that much liquor is illicitly dispensed to them by unscrupulous dealers, they occasionally find difficulty in securing the necessary liquor with which t● get on their periodical "jags".

The Chilkat is a resourceful Indian; and in such emergencies, his ingenuity and imagination come to the rescue. He will take a bottle, preferably a whisky bottle; but in the absence of one pasted with a whisky label, any bottle serves his purpose. He will fill it with water, drink it from the bottle, and allow his imagination to do the rest. In a few moments he is drunk; he will sing and dance for a while; and finally wind up by beating his squaw and smashing things up in general. He then goes to sleep in an actual drunken stupor, from which he can be awakened with only the attending difficulty of getting him on his feet had he been saturated with alcohol.

Allowing the temperance jag to take its natural course he arouses from his stupor in the same way he would were he recovering from the effects of having drunk a quart of whisky. He has the same swelled head and the same brown taste when he goes to the spring for a drink of water to sober up on.

An Indian Elijah

At Wrangell, Alaska, where totem poles are adorned with ravens, fathers have told the following legend to their children for generations:

Tak-tsa-ga was a hard working man, and one day he was toiling hard with his adz of jade, hollowing out a great cedar log which would soon, in the shape of a canoe, adde to the means of providing comforts for his family.

Daily as he worked, a raven came and perched on a tree, mocked him in his efforts to shape his boat.

In desperation the man cried to the raven: "If you know more about making this canoe than I do, come down here and make

it yourself," whereupon the raven flew down, and taking the adz struck it against the log, breaking the jade into many pieces.

To break a jade adz augured a calamity; and eventually it came in the shape of a famine.

Believing Tak-tsa-ga to have been the cause of the famine, he was banished to the woods by his tribes people, that he might not, by his own eating reduce their small store of food.

While lamenting one day, alone and hungry in the woods, the raven which had been the cause of his trouble brought him a fish, and so long as the famine lasted he was daily fed by the raven. The bird brought more food than he, himself, could eat, so he carried much to his family in the village.

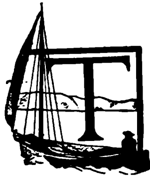
It became known that the famine in the land visited other tribes where no jade had been broken. It was then decided that Tak-tsa-ga was not an evil one; and he was recalled; but the famine had passed and plenty again came to the land.

Crests, which had for many years been frogs, whales or bears, were then changed to that of the raven, which in Alaska is to-day considered a sacred bird.

The Coolie Ship

By JOHN R. DORSEY

Manner of Supplying Labor to the Mines in South Africa



THE Inravelli is a great white ship often seen on the China coast. About twice a year she drops her anchor in various ports along the coast of North China. Quietly she comes into port, and as quietly she leaves. Little seems to be known of this great white ship which always seems to be shrouded in a veil of mystery.

"The coolie ship" is the name by which the Inravelli is known by the foreign residents in her ports of call.

The traffic of the Inravelli is not illicit, yet that strange veil of mystery seems to enwrap her.

The Transvaal Chamber of Mines witnessed the greatest difficulty in procuring labor to operate their mines in and about Johannesberg, until about two years ago, when the present scheme of enlisting Chinese laborers, permitted a free operation of the existing works, and a means of opening and developing new mines in the districts where precious mineral is in abundance.

In Chefoo, China, there is a building, over the door of which is the following, both in English and in Chinese characters: "Chinese Labor Recruiting Office"; this is but one of several hundred such throughout China, not alone in seaport towns, but inland, where men of the farmer classes are enlisted for labor in the Transvaal.

When a man is enlisted, he signs a contract before a Chinese official, with the Transvaal Chamber of Mines, which is liberal indeed, and which offers the coolie what is to him a glittering prospect.

Recruiting parties are continually gathering in the Chinese who are provided for in every way, from the day they are enlisted. They are sent in detachments to the seaport agents and ports of call on the itinerary of the Inravelli, which makes regular trips between Chinese ports and Durban, about 400 miles from Johannesberg.

Only strong and healthy men between the ages of 22 and 36 years are enlisted. Upon their beginning work in the mines and during the time that they are familiarizing themselves with their strange new work, they are paid a wage of $6.25 a month; and as soon as possible, they are put at "piece" work, at which a man who has been at the mines for six months, earns from $9.00 up to $12.50 a month, while others, showing ability, are given positions as foremen, which pay very good salaries. It must be under-

stood that this is all clear money for the laborer, as everything that he or his family may require for sustenance, food, quarters, fuel, medical attention, etc., is provided by his employers.

Such wages seem little less than princely to the coolie of North China, who drudges day in and day out either in the fields or in freight godowns for seldom more than $5.00 a month, from which he must pay his own expense of living.

By arrangement with the British and Chinese foreign offices, coolies were permitted to be taken from the country, contracting their labor in accordance with the following conditions:

A man leaving China in this service, is allowed to take with him his wife and all children under ten years of age, transportation and subsistance for whom is furnished free. The time for which their labor is contracted is three years, and at the expiration of that time, the coolies may either return to the places where they enlisted, or, if they so choose, they may renew their contracts before the British Foreign Office for a period of two more years, at the expiration of which they must be returned to China.

Considerable difficulty was encountered at first in getting coolies to enlist for service in the Transvaal mines; but as word was received from those who first made the venture, by the natives of various localities, much trouble in this direction was ended, and the recruiting parties now have no trouble in having a full complement of coolies waiting upon each arrival of the Inravelli.

The shipments are composed of coolies from different provinces, mainly for the reason that they segregate themselves into as many separate bodies as there are dialects among them, and thus lessen, in fact, completely eliminate the possibility of mutiny on the voyage; and the same condition prevents any concerted organization among themselves to oppose authority at the mines.

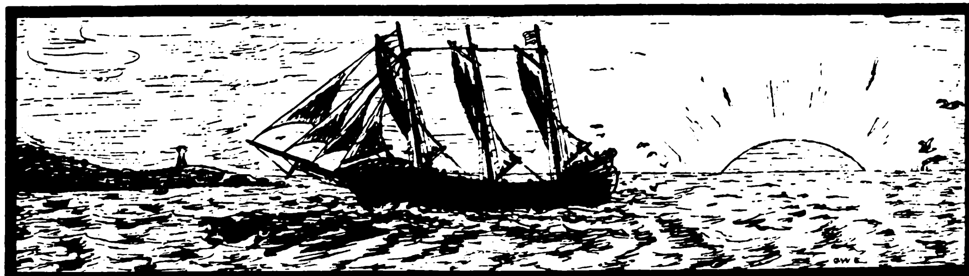
An enlistment record, similar to the descriptive list in a naval and military service, is kept in the case of each coolie who enters the service of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines. Upon this record appears the coolie's name, date of enlistment, description and also the name of his next of kin.

Should a coolie, while in the service of the mines, become totally disabled either through accident or disease, he is returned to the place of his enlistment, discharged and paid a gratuity of $50.00. If partially disabled the sum of $25.00 is given him; and should he die, his next of kin is paid $50.00.

The bodies of all coolies who may die while in the company's service in the Transvaal are returned to China by the company free, provided that the body is presented for transportation in a suitable casket. To provide for this, the coolies have an organized guild, into which a small sum is paid every month; and upon the death of a member of such guild, the treasury provides a sufficient amount of money to suitably embalm the body for transportation to its native soil.

The climate in Johannesburg is very similar to that in North-Central China, though the winters are not so severe. Little sickness occurs in the camps, as a most rigid system of sanitation is strongly enforced, and the coolie who goes to the Transvaal to labor in the mines is elevated considerably, in every respect, above the plane in which he exists in his native province.

Since the inauguration of this system of labor, nearly 100,000 coolies have been shipped from China to the Transvaal..



Marvelous Advancement in Fireless Stoves

By DAN J. ROBERTS

Speedy Relief of the Coal Famine in Promise

FOLLOWING the great procession of horseless carriages, smokeless powder and wireless telegraphy, comes another addition which science has contributed to this "less" line of goods, for the pleasure, comfort and amusement of mankind.

This late invention is due to revolutionize the world, and it is rapidly reaching a state of perfection which has dumfounded the simple folk in whose family the scheme first originated. It is a fireless stove, first used in a primitive state in Holland. A peasant once discovered that by filling his wooden shoes with straw he could keep his toes warm in the winter time. Here was the embryo which is now undergoing the careful incubation of science; and step by step the idea has evolved.

If straw would keep his feet warm, this peasant believed that it could be used for other purposes along the same lines. One experiment led to another, until this Dutch family learned in three generations that by packing straw around a kettle of sauerkraut the process of cooking, once started, could be completed without the further use of fuel.

Here this wonderful discovery might have died, so far as the world is concerned, had not Japan, always on the lookout for "the latest," detailed a marquis in the guise of a coolie, to go to Holland and investigate this wonderful thing which was reported to Tokyo by one of the "Imperial Japanese Transmundane Spies"; and before many moons had passed the Japanese army was using fireless cookers in the field before Port Arthur.

Fine business—when fuel was not obtainable, the little Jap always had his rice, smoking and hot at meal time.

The mere fact that this novel scheme was used by Japan was sufficient endorsement for its introduction elsewhere; and the next thing heard was that the war department at Washington had authorized experiments supplementing the introduction of the scheme to the army.

In a nutshell, the process is this: a meal is prepared for cooking, placed on a fire until it has reached the boiling point, when it is removed to a vessel packed in straw.

Simple, isn't it?

In this magic device the process of cooking goes on until the meat and vegetables are thoroughly done.

So much for this wonderful fireless rig in its present primitive state, which, when compared with a bunch of straw in a Dutchman's shoes leads one to prospect on the wonderful possibilities of its future development.

It will soon have reached such a state of perfection that steam can be kept on a thousand pounds pressure by simply packing the boilers with straw. This will relieve the coal famine in Alaska; and wheels which have not turned for so many months owing to lack of coal can soon be merrily grinding away. The new economy will be used in cooking salmon at the canneries, and tug boats will no longer be forced to the necessity of borrowing coal.

This fireless rig is a wonderful thing when one considers its possibilities.

The boon that it will be to economical housewives throughout the world is a matter of very small consideration; and we expect to see expeditions leaving the earth at an early date in wingless airships with loads of straw to pack around the "sun spots" to keep the orb of day in perpetual brilliance and allay the fears of the world that old Sol may some day cease to shine.

The whole world will then bless the memory of the Dutch peasant who packed his wooden shoes with straw to keep his feet warm.

Credo

By O. H. ROESNER

SCOFFER and a Believer deep in a dispute on the future life walked in a rose garden as the sun bade good-night to the wearied world and sank from sight, a fiery, saffron orb. The air about them was soft and balmy, fit to be freighted with the delicate perfume of the first rose-profusion of spring. The wooing flowers—unfretted by the fluttering moths, serene in the dreamy magnificence of peeping bud and open bloom—wove bands of color here and there which vied with the gloriously tinted clouds of sunset. Although the west flamed a pageantry of color sufficient for the mosaic of a thousand mist-made rainbows, the east blurred dull drab except where a single line of snow, topping the mountain heights, gave back, in a yellow, ghostly touch of light, the rays of the departed sun.

The Believer, raising his eyes to the growing darkness, caught the golden gleam. He paused, put out a hand to stay his companion, and with the other pointed to the afterglow upon the ribbon of snow.

"Look, look," he whispered excitedly, "there in the east the white banner of truth and faith waves forth a message of the morrow. It is a beacon of promise. It will keep truce through the darkness of the night. It is a harbinger of the dawn to be—for light cometh with the morn. As I have faith that this is so, why shall I not have the larger faith in a greater light beyond? Do not the tones of promise sounding within my soul and throughout all nature ring that this also is to be true?"

He turned to his listener with an appealing gesture, and sought to read assurance in his eyes.

The Scoffer laughed harshly, heedlessly at his emotion, then replied:

"No, no; all is but temporary. Does not everything pass away? Do not the leaves fall and decay? Behold, I pluck the full-blown rose and scatter its petals about the garden. Its work is done; its course is finished. So is it with man. He goes into the blackness of the grave—and that is the end. Were it not as well that the rose had never bloomed when its sweetness is thus wasted? That man had not been, since death is but the end? For what—"

"Oh, my friend," interrupted the Believer, "does the rose wither ere it blooms because its perfume will haunt but the desert air? Does the snowflake pause in its pristine purity and fail of its mission because to fall is death? Does the babe leave off its cooing and gurgling, or the happy child its lilting laughter because anear is the grave and your limitless night? Then why should I look upon the darker side, and say naught is worth while even though death does end all?"

For a time the Scoffer made no answer, but contemplated silently the play and change of colors in the western sky. Then he spoke:

"Notice how the first glorious sunrayed hues have given way to those of darker and more sober dye. From the far corners of the heavens the somber shades of death creep in, lessening and obliterating the rose and gold flaring about the spot where the sun gave back its last lone beams. Is not the answer to your rhapsody over the rose, the snowflake and the child written there by the generous brush of nature? Need I use words to show that the day dies with the dolphin's glory—and is gone, never to return? Then, if that is the end, what is the profit in the kingly tints that but foreshadow darkness, death and a great silence? And out of it all springs ever the same old question as to the life of man. 'What is the use of all the toil and the sweat, the sorrow and the tears, if, as with the sunset colors, the shadows of eternal night will sweep all to endless oblivion?' Better far not to be than be mocked and lured by an evanescent beauty and a promise that end in the black silence of eternity. Where is the reward?

What is the use of it all? No, no, my hopeless, hpoing friend! as the grave is the goal, let us away with care, with thriftless thought, with taking heed of the morrow."

The eyes of the Believer filled with a touching sadness as the soul-searing words flowed forth, but as the Scoffer finished, they kindled anew with a warm, effulgent light, and he broke forth hastily:

"Suppose it is true, as you tell me, that there is no beyond. Should I have lived anyhow merely for the reward of heaven? No, there is the great joy of living right. It is worth that alone to live. Let my rule of action be to live as nearly as I can the perfect life, and then what do I care for the beyond- Let that take care of itself. If I live right not for the reward of heaven, shall I live so because it pays and puts me on a better footing with the so-called good of the community? No, if others, who pretend to goodness, are hypocrites, shall that drive me to despair? No—only to soul sickness. Because there may be a subtle poison in the cup of life, does that mean there is no beauty or virtue in the cup itself? No."

For a moment he paused, then grasping his companion by both arms and looking deep into his eyes, continued more vehemently:

"What if the grave does end it? Have I lost aught of the joy or beauty or glory of life because I walked and talked and thought the life in the way of God? No. no, no! I have taken still the grander, the nobler, the sweeter way because, in truth, there is no real way even though engulfing gloom does lie beyond. Yes, a thousand times yes, in spite of oblivion, nothingness and no future reward. For the life I have chosen is beyond reward; it is a sublimation, an apotheosis in itself. And you would deny me this because there is blank death at the end? You would take my joy, my glory, my sunset of celestial rose and gold and give me what, what, what? Nothing, and need I hesitate long in my choice?"

"Let us go in. See, the night has come," ventured the Scoffer.

"Yes," answered the Believer, "but look, in the east the star of hope is shining."

KISMET WRAITHS

By O. H. ROESNER.

I stand on the pier by the pile-locked slips
And gaze on the homing of storm-tossed ships;
I lift up my eyes to the mist-kissed bay
To glimpse a last sight as some sail away;—
But balm of my heart for the ships I keep
Which lie at the wharf in a dream-racked sleep,
And hunger for breath of the storm again
With sweep of the boundless and roaring main.
For I am a ship at the wharf of ease,
And long for the breasting of life's deep seas.

Below me the tide with a purling sweep
Is lisping weird tales of the mystic deep,
While bearing afar in a listless quest
The wrack of the land on its tireless breast.
Rude sport of the wind and the wilful wave,
The flotsam will fare to a lone sea grave,
Or heed but the call of the foam-flecked tide
And ceaselessly drift o'er the ocean wide.
Ah, wreckage am I on the sea of life
All helpless adrift midst its storm and strife!

Publishers' Department

There are two ways of doing things. One is the right way and the other is the wrong way; and the publishers of the Alaska-Yukon Magazine take a pride in crediting themselves wi... doing things the right way.

It has been an uphill fight, we are free to admit; but the "open and above-board" policy of the Alaska-Yukon Magazine has put it in an enviable position.

The Alaska-Yukon Magazine has passed its days of infancy; and now stands firmly on a footing which is carying it surely along to the consummation of its ambition.

Experience has taught us the old, old story of skepticism. They are legion who frown at and avoid the venture, who willingly bestow material smiles of approval upon the success.

The Alaska-Yukon Magazine is not a venture. It has survived the frowns of the skeptics and today enjoys their smiles of approval.

To no other publication can there be credited to a greater extent the work of correcting the world's erroneous impressions regarding the great Northland; and we flatter ourselves in the knowledge that in this work our efforts are being more materially appreciated every day.

The circulation of a magazine is the one thing which tells the story; and forcibly, too, are we realizing the truth of the story, as our circulation is now increasing at the rate of 1,000 a month.

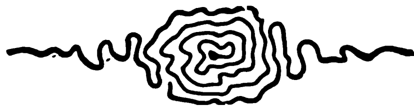
No field is greater than the one covered by the Alaska-Yukon Magazine and no field is as novel. By its rapid strides of advancement, this Northland is attracting the attention of the world—the financial world as well as the literary world. As a medium of exploiting the one and advising the other, the Alaska-Yukon magazine bears the proud distinction of standing uniquely alone.

Our campaign for expansion is now begun, in that we have a reality to show instead of a venture. To those who have supported the Alaska-Yukon Magazine while it might have been a venture, we frankly and heartily confess our obligation; and to those who are now walking with us we are glad to say that we are proud of the distinction we have won.

The September issue of the Alaska-Yukon Magazine will be a special number devoted to Juneau, Treadwell and Douglas. That trinity of cities beautifully clustered at the head of the Gastineau Channel offers a wonderful store of romance, description and history.

The edition will be profusely illustrated writers of the district, under the able direction of Alice Henson Christoe, whose literary contributions have won for her a prominent place among the writers of the Northland.

The tdition will be profusely illustrated with photographs and with the work of artists of merit and note. In fact, the special Gastineau number will be one of the most beautifully illustrated magazines ever brought before the public from a Western press. It is necessarily costing for its production more than the cost of the regular issues; and in view of that fact, the price of the Gastineau Number at the newsdealers will be twenty-five cents instead of fifteen cents, and at that figure advance orders have already been received for several thousand extra copies. This as well as subsequent special numbers will be sent to subscribers at the regular rate of subscription, $1.50 a year.



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Edited by E. S. Harrison

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VOL. III AUGUST, 1907 No. 6

Chealander Talks Fair

In this issue of Alaska-Yukon Magazine Godfrey Chealander scores a strong point in favor of the value, from the industrial viewpoint, of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Other expositions of note in the history of the United States have celebrated events or anniversaries; the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will mark the beginning of an epoch, an epoch of industrial expansion.

Primarily the exposition was designated to be an Alaskan fair for the commendable purpose of educational work, of making known the wonderful resources of the isolated icebound Northland. As Alaska and Yukon Territory are similarly situated and separated only by an imaginary boundary line, inhabited by people with a common ancestry, working with the same ideas, for similar achievement, with a manifest identical destiny, it was deemed proper and right to include it in the proposed fair. An invitation was extended to the officials of Yukon Territory, and the proposed exposition was rechristened with a hyphenated name.

The original idea first suggested by Mr. Chealander, and so carefully nurtured by him, began to grow and expand. A fair for the exhibition of the commercial products, flora and fauna and native races of the Northland was something unique. Seattle recognized the great benefit that Alaska and Yukon Territory had been to the city, and when the idea of a fair once sprouted it found here a congenial climate and soil in which to develop. The growth of the idea did not stop with an exposition for the Northland. Primarily the work undertaken was educational, but the men who undertook to direct the enterprise saw that it possessed great commercial opportunities. Why not make it a fair for the advertisement of the vast and multifold resources of the great West and Northwest as well as the North? Why not invite the people of the Orient and the people of Central and South America to participate? Why not make it the means of exploiting foreign markets for the ever increasing products of farm and mill in the United States? This is the idea which Mr. Chealander discusses in this number of this magazine.

The comprehensiveness of the present plans will not detract from the results of the original idea. The original idea will have broader scope for its manifestation. The proposed great fair ceases to be local in character and confined to a geographic feature of North America and becomes more than national in its scope.

Commercialism is the dominant feature of this age. There is marked aggressiveness along the lines where pecuniary profitable results may be expected. The most important figures in contemporary history are the captains of finance. They are converting deserts into gardens, villages into cities, bringing forth from the fastnesses of the mountains the long-hidden mineral wealth, covering the earth with a net-work of railroads and plowing the ocean with fleets of mighty steamers. But enlist the co-operation of the men who represenet capital, and the success of any feasible plan proposed is assured. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will secure the co-operation of these men, because the markets of the Orient and Central and South

America offer an opportunity for a vast increase in our commerce. The thoughtful reader of Mr. Chealander's article must be impressed with the facts that he presents, must be impressed when he considers the millions of people to be reached through Pacific Coast ports, and of the opportunity that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will furnish to impart useful information on this subject, and to open up foreign markets where we should have the cream of the trade, but where at presenet we are a very inconspicuous figure.

This exposition should be an industrial object lesson and of more commercial benefit to the United States than any other fair we have ever held. And it will be, if the plans of the present managers are consummated.

Growth of the Northwest

The Northwest is new; the North is newer. Way up in Alaska and Yukon Territory one may find the unbroken wilderness, and not much of the adventurous spirit is needed to bring one in contact with primitive conditions. Down here on Puget Sound the country is still new and the forelock of opportunity will be within easy reach for many years to come. From Tacoma to Vancouver is less than 200 miles, but in this distance, and situated on the great inland sea known as Puget Sound, are Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria and Vancouver and many smaller towns having an aggregate population of near a million souls. Over at Alki Point is a monument commemorating the landing of the people who founded the city of Seattle. The date on this monumenet is 1841. At that time this country was a wilderness. That was sixty-six years ago. A long time to impetuous youth, but only a short period to old age that looks back from the closing days of life. In the history of many important cities and nations of the world sixty-six years is but a moment. It is scarce time enough to get a fairly good start. But no one will deny these Puget Sound cities are well started toward the larger growth they are sure to attain. The surrounding country is as yet undeveloped. Forests still darken the canyons and cover the mountain slopes. In many of the most accessible places are the stumps and dead trees and tangled undergrowth where but a few years ago stood forests. Here and there in spots through this scene of desolation are modest farms where a few acres have been cleared, and where the soil is producing anything that may be planted in it. Valleys of meadow land, producing an abundance of hay or affording grazing for stock, may be found where the numerous rivers debouch from the canyons and wend their ways through the comparatively level country to the Sound. Everywhere is to be seen work to be done in order that this fertile land may become productive and a fit habitation for thousands of farmers.

Everything is new. The country has but recently merged beyond the line of the frontier. The streets of the cities run into the woods and there are stumps and undergrowth on valuable city lots. The towns have outgrown the country, but the development of the country does not lack possibility. The first important resource of this wonderful, new country is timber. Thousands and thousands of acres of fir, cedar and pine have fallen before the axe and saw of the lumberman. The smoke from hundreds of saw mills tells the story of the leading manufacturing industry of the Northwest. The industries that will follow when the timber has been cleared—it is too early to forecast them. But there are opportunities here. A blind man may see them. And the climate is salubrious and equable. Here may be

found the most favorable conditions for home making, and some of the best opportunities for the accumulation of that competence which is one of the main objects of life. Is it necessary to invite the people from the restricted areas and restricted opportunities of the East? This is a free country. They may come if they want, and help to build the empire of the Northwest.

Major Strong, than whom there is no better known newspaper man in Alaska, has gone to Katalla with a complete newspaper plant, and by the middle of August will issue the first number of the Alaska Herald in that new and virile town on Controller Bay. Last summer, after disposing of his interests in Nome, he went to Greenwater, Inyo County, California, and started a paper. He prospered in the undertaking, but, like all other sourdoughs, he kept hearing the call of the Northland with such insistence that finding an opportunity to profitably dispose of his California paper he hied him northward, nor tarried long on the way until he found himself in the new frontier camp of Katalla. And there he is now, preaching Alaska for Alaskans; giving publicity to the great resources of the country which never cease to be a wonder to those most familiar with Alaska. More power to him.

Money Going North

Capital is looking toward Alaska. There are things doing in Alaska at the present time. Many more than many people dream of. But the enterprises that are under way now compared to the enterprises that will be under way five or six years from now are trivial in comparison. A few people understand something of the prodigious resources of the Northland. Among these few people are the most prominent capitalists of New York. The capitalists of the East who have not representatives or agents in Alaska or the Yukon Territory, are eager to examine the merits of every Northland industrial proposition that comes to them through legitimate channels. So with the work under way, the work planned, and the work contemplated, the world will see some startling developments before the end of another decade.

Aside from the wonderfully rich placer gold fields of Seward Peninsula and the Tanana Valley, and the possible rich deposits of the Chandlar, the Innoko and the Yentna, there is possibly the most wonderful mineral zone in the world at present lying fallow in Southeastern Alaska.

This mineral zone, most marvelously rich in copper, is at present the objective point of two railroads building from the new town of Katalla up the Copper River. It is well known that one of these railroads is adequately financed and its promoters expect inside of three years to be hauling the copper ore and native copper from the recently discovered region where it has been found in such great abundance.

Just consider for a moment the effects of the consummation of this enterprise upon the development of this part of Alaska. Here is a zone of copper, at present valueless on account of lack of transportation facilities, which it is claimed when developed can supply for many years the needs of the world. This means the employment of a great army of workers. It means the discovery and the development of new mines. It means the establishing and growth of new mining camps. It means that new towns and postoffices will be put on the map of Alaska. It means that other fields of industrial endeavor will be exploited. Timber lands and farm lands may be taken up. It means more than any human mind can see from the present point of view.

Now this is only a part of Alaska, geo-

graphically a very small part. In a measure the work that is being done here, and will be done during the next few years, will be duplicated in other parts of Alaska. And all of this is a part of the march of progress and development in the Northland.

In the Tanana Valley placer gold has been discovered in a wide area. There are promising camps 100 or more miles distant from each other. The best developed and the most productive are those first discovered out in the vicinity of Dome Mountain, some fifteen or twenty miles from Fairbanks. A railroad has been constructed to these mines and last winter Falcon Joslyn, the manager of the Tanana Mines Railroad, secured capital for the extension of the line; and I have been reliably informed that the plans contemplate the establishment of railroad communication with all of the productive and prosperous camps of this part of Alaska. This means much. It means more than a person unfamiliar with the conditions can imagine. When gold is discovered in Alaska the question of transportation becomes the most important thing to be considered. Without modern facilities of transportation the Alaskan miner is greatly handicapped in his work, but with modern facilities of transportation he is able to develop his properties under the most favorable conditions.

The necessity for railroad transportation in Alaska seems to be greater than it is in any other part of the world. Perhaps this is because the commercial conditions of the present day demand the best transportation facilities. We have outgrown the ox team and mule team, and the turnpike has its greatest value now as a roadway for motor cars. The necessity for railroads exists in every part of Alaska where develeopments have been planned. Before the expiration of another ten years the railroad mileage in Alaska will be a surprising feature of the work that will be accomplished. Nor will capital make a mistake in this form of investment provided the investment is made with the ordinary judgment of the capitalist.

Alaska is a great country, and the people who are now beginning to exploit its resources are on the ground floor of a stupendous work, the consummation of which will add immeasurably to the wealth of the world.

The Great Country

One is often impressed with the singular appropriateness of names. There may have been nothing in the history of the name to indicate why it should be appropriate, but there was evidence in the name that superior intelligence was used in its selection and application. Of all the words in our vocabulary the Anglo-Saxon are the most expressive. They are seldom euphonious and are often harsh, but they say what they mean and mean what they say. There is no equivocation in Anglo-Saxon words. They do not comprise the language of the diplomat; but the appropriateness of words of Latin or Greek origin and of many geographical names derived from the natives of our country, frequently graphically descriptive of the things they signify, impresses one not less than the Anglo-Saxon terms.

Alaska is derived from a native word "Al-i-ek-sa," either Aleut or Eskimo, probably the former, and signifies "The Great Country." At first sight there may appear nothing strictly appropriate in the term "The Great Country" as applied to Alaska, but upon closer acquaintance it will be found that the aboriginal name was well selected. Alaska is a great country from the viewpoint of its physical boundaries. It comprises an area greater than the original thirteen colonies; an area greater than the states of

Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona and Nevada combined. Alaska is great in the grandeur and ruggedness of its scenery. The biggest glaciers in the world are in Alaska. The highest mountain on the American continent north of Mexico is in Alaska. A river fifth in size among the big rivers of the Western Hemisphere flows through Alaska.

But all these things do not constitute the greatness of Alaska. The best exemplification of the native name is to be found in the mineral resources of this country. When the gold, copper, tin and coal mines of Alaska are developed to their fullest extent, and are producing their maximum of the precious metals and valuable minerals the appropriateness of the appellation "Great Country" will be apparent.

Recently Alaska has developed another quality which is helping to focus the country in the public eye. Story writers have gone to Alaska for their material. Alaskan stories first attracted attention to Jack London, and subsequently made him famous. Alaska helped Rex Beach to win the toga of the literary elect. Alaska has helped Bailey Millard paint some exquisite pen pictures. Warren Cheney has converted Alaskan material into profitable stories. And there are many lesser lights who have gathered or are gathering Alaskan material in the hope that their stories and sketches may have the splendor of this new Northland luster. Alaska is a "Great Country."

The Alaska newspapers report that Congressman Cale and Governor Hoggatt, the one representing the sentiment of territorial government and the other representing the idea of the present regime, are making a tour of Alaska, each looking after his interest and seeking endorsement at the hands of the Republican convention to be held in Juneau next fall. Here is the opportunity to get the issue of territorial government squarely before the voters of the Republican party in Alaska. If the Republican party will hold primaries and make this question the issue, the matter of sentiment for or against territorial government in Alaska will be very quickly determined. It will be necessary for the Republican party to show an overwhelming majority in Alaska opposed to territorial government, because I do not believe there is a baker's dozen of Democrats in the Northland who are not in favor of home rule for Alaska.

The development of the coal fields contiguous and tributary to the new town of Katalla on Controller Bay may help to solve the question of fuel supply in the Pacific Coast states. There are extensive deposits of coal in the Puget Sound country. But the best grade of this coal is bituminous. The coal in Alaska in the region of Controller Bay is a splendid quality of anthracite, said to be superior to the best grade of anthracite from the Alleghenies. The deposits are said to be very extensive. The attention of the United States government has already been directed to these coal deposits as a possible source of fuel for the Pacific fleet of our navy.

Some new and apparently valuable quartz discoveries have been made recently in British Columbia and on the islands of Southeastern Alaska. There seems to be very extensive and well-defined ledges in this part of the Northwest. Some of these ledges are free milling, carrying gold that can be plainly seen; but most of them consist of smelting ores with the principal values in copper. There is a vast area of unprospected territory in British Columbia, and from data at hand there is no doubt that

moct valuable mineral regions of the world. this part of Western Canada is one of the Thousands of opportunities are lying fallow in this region comparatively near at hand awaiting the adventurous prospector and the mining operator.

The seal question has received much attention from the United States Government, Canada and Great Britain. The reports by special committees to our government fill many volumes. The readers of Alaska-Yukon Magazine will find the salient features of the seal question condensed and very interestingly presented in the material of this number written by Mr. M. C. Marsh, of the United States Bureau of Fisheries. Mr. Marsh has obtained his facts at first hand, and has written a most instructive story about the fur-seal.

I have been advised that platinum has been discovered on the Hootalinqua River in Yukon Territory. It is claimed that it has been found in quantities that will make the mining of this metal a profitable industry. Platinum has become a very useful metal and its value has quadrupled during the last decade. If found in paying quantities in any part of the Northland, a very important addition has been made to the mineral resources of the country.

The money behind the Alaska-Yukon Magazine is Alaska money, every dollar of it. It has been subscribed by Alaskans who made their money in Alaska. The editor of the magazine spent five years, winters and summers, in Alaska, and has visited the district each summer during the past two years. He has traveled through the Yukon Territory; and Yukon was added to the name because he felt that the magazine could be helpful to the great Canadian Territory as well as to Alaska.

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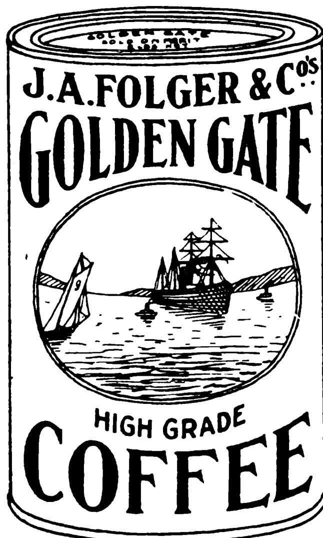

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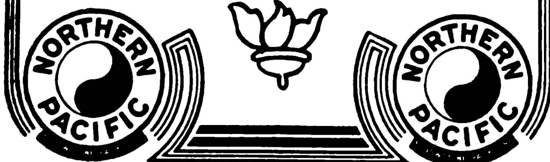

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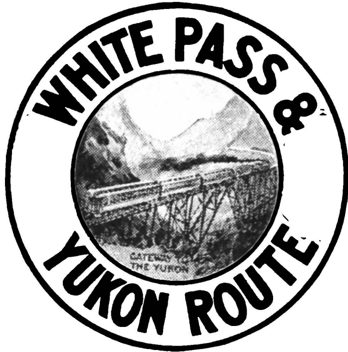

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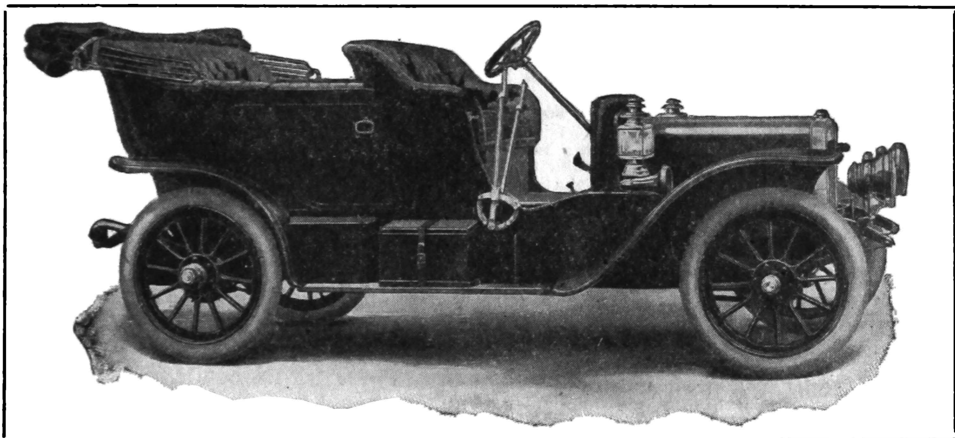

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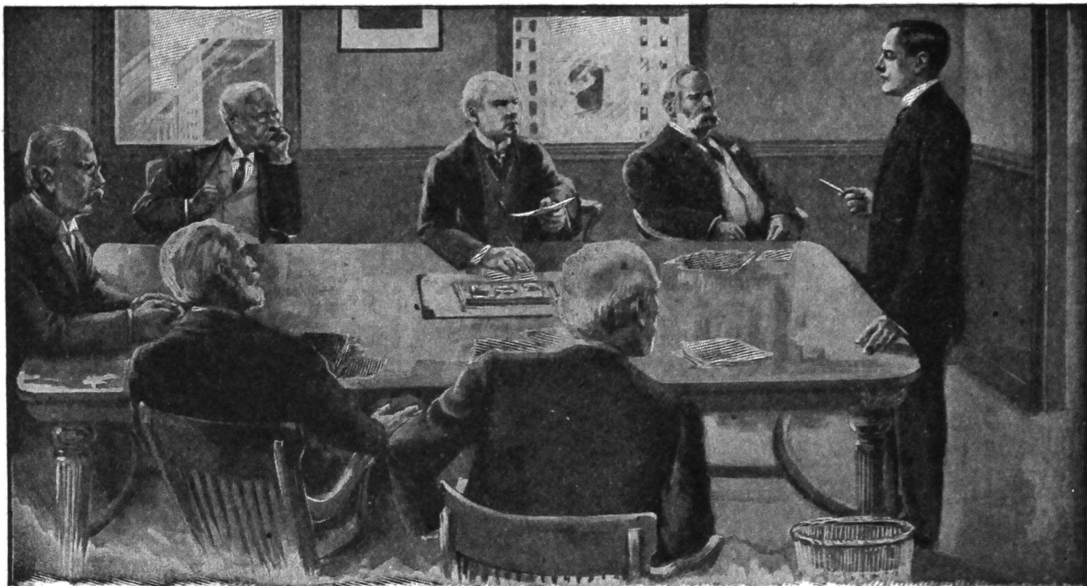

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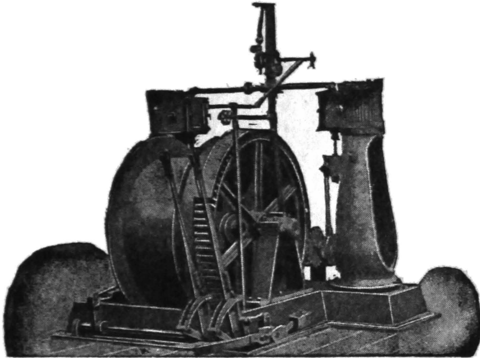

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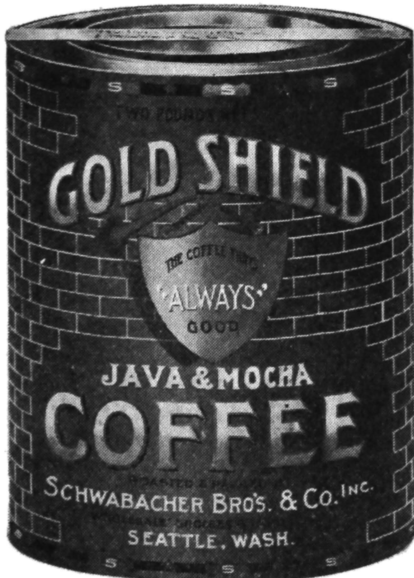

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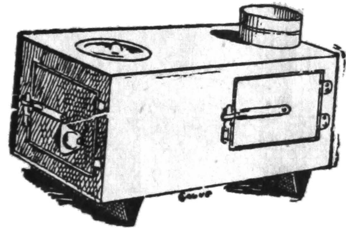

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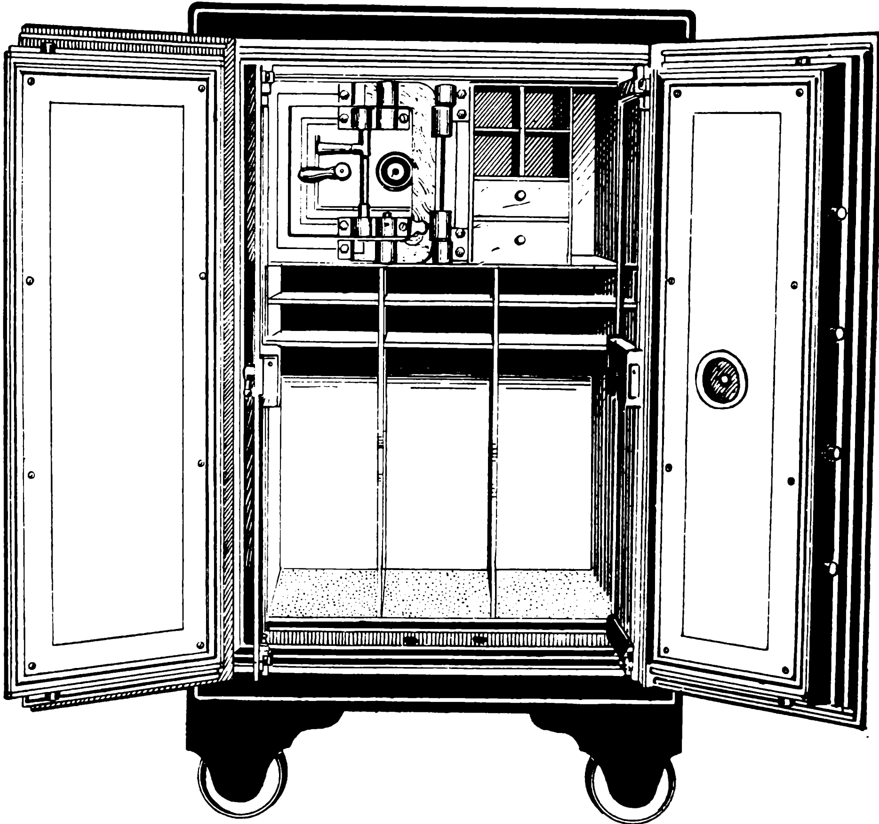

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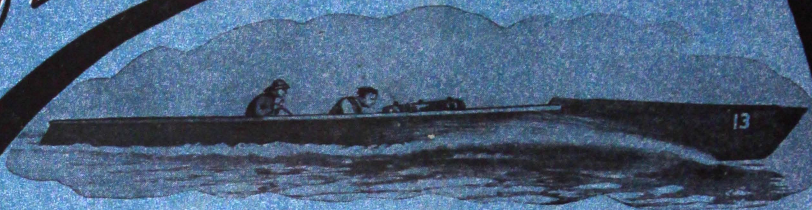

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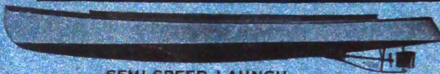

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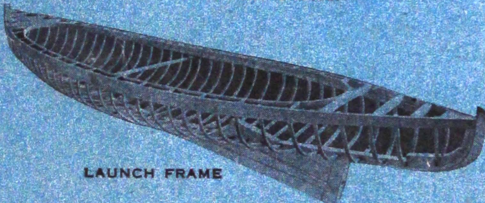

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