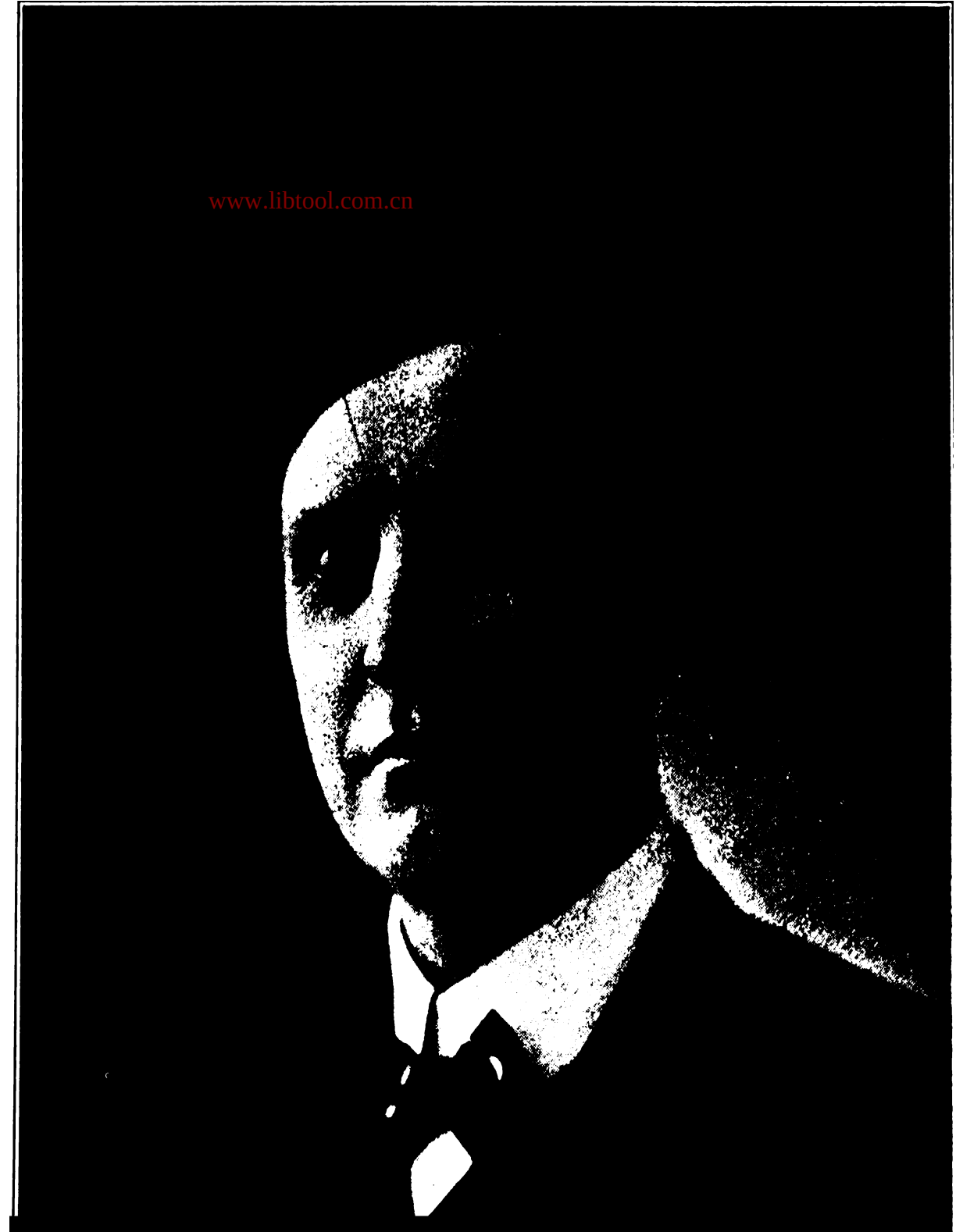

The Northwest

UBLISHED BY ROBERT D. JONES
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THE NORTHWEST

Vol. I SEATTLE, MAY, 1907

A Small Investment In A Great Railroad Offers A Chance to Make Money

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What is an "original package?"

How has the cold storage system affected markets?

What Pittsburg employer is said to be the first person to have employed Chinese labor in the United States?

How many million dollars' worth of silk is imported into the United States annually?

How old is George Bernard Shaw?

How many kinds of block signals are there in modern railroad practice, and what are they?

Which of Verdi's operas are greatest? How do they differ from his popular "Il Trovatore"?

What are the causes of appendicitis? Between what ages are persons most liable to attack?

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(Signed) R. E. LEE,
Sta. "K", Seattle, Wash.

SEE WORK OF LOCAL STUDENTS IN WINDOWS OF LOCAL OFFICE.

THE NORTHWEST

Contents for May, 1907

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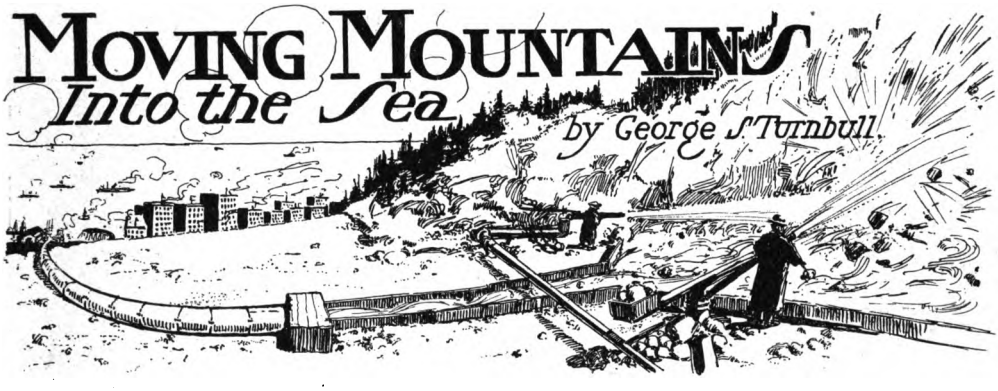
THE HON. ALBERT E. MEAD
Governor of the State of Washington.

THE NORTHWEST

VOL. 1. SEATTLE, MAY, 1907 NO 1.

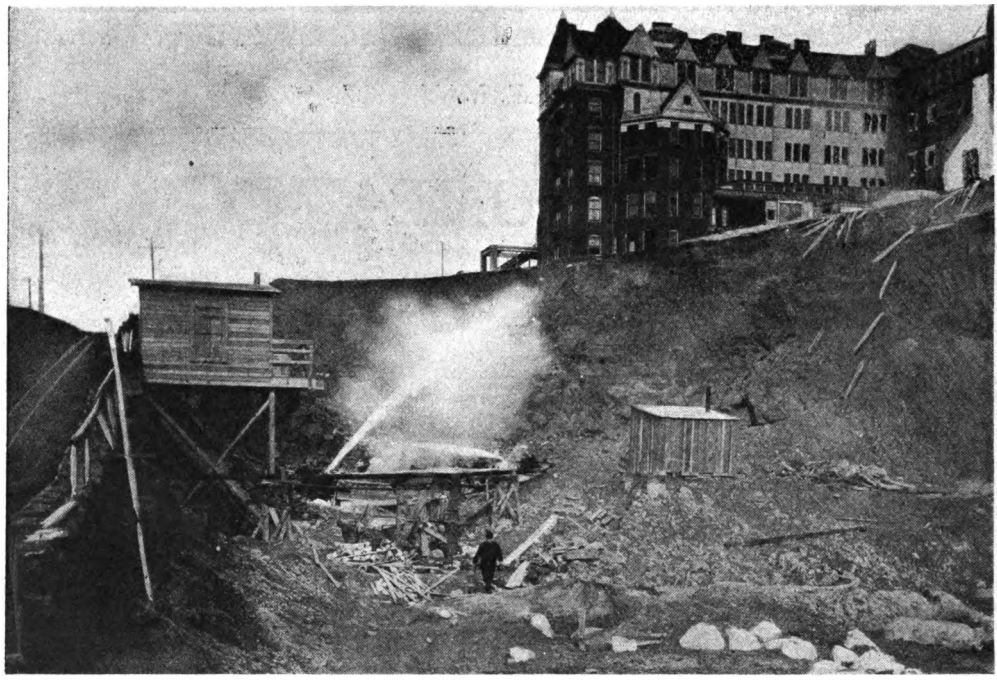


"Where are the hills of yesterday?" Foolish question! They are doubtless in approximately the same place, doing business, as it were, at the same old stand, calling for the same volume of work and sweat and profanity, if you please, as before, on the part of the people unfortunate enough to have to transact business in a hilly country. Are they? Not in Seattle. The time is coming when there will be no Denny Hill. Beacon Hill has been marked for slaughter, and already among the far-sighted (or is it visionary?) young real estate men there are murmurings of what will have to happen to the First Hill, if that part of Seattle is to come into what they consider "its own" for business purposes. In Seattle, the hills of yesterday are in the hollows and the water of today. The hollows are filled; the water is driven back; and things generally are made to order, to fit the needs of the enterprise that characterizes the men behind the Seattle Spirit. These things are done to extend the business area, to make it more accessible, to give more room for modern buildings.

Seattle has spent millions for these regrades; millions to sweep these hills into the sea; and is going to spend millions more before the naturally rugged and beautiful face of the country shall have been disfigured to suit the inexorable demands of commerce in accordance with the ideas of these men whose faith moves mountains.

Having in mind the indestructibility of matter and at the same time the advisability of killing two birds with one stone, Seattle's regraders have accompanied their cuts with corresponding fills. It is as essential that the low places be brought up as that the high places be lowered. That is the meaning and the spirit of the regrade.

The regrade is not a thing of the conventional. Says the conservative yesterday are there today, and tomorrow, and forever. But it is different in Seattle. Is that great hill in the way of commercial progress and development? Then cut through it, cut around it, keep cutting at it until it is gone, and the face of nature is disfigured, to receive a new nose and new features in the shape of the magnificent skyscrapers characteristic of the modern business city.



THE OLD WASHINGTON HOTEL, ONCE A PROMINENT SEATTLE LANDMARK.

man, these hills were placed here by nature; it was never intended that they should be marred, and the face of nature disfigured; if we cannot do business on these hills, we will have to dodge around them and do business somewhere else. That was the old spirit. Times have changed.

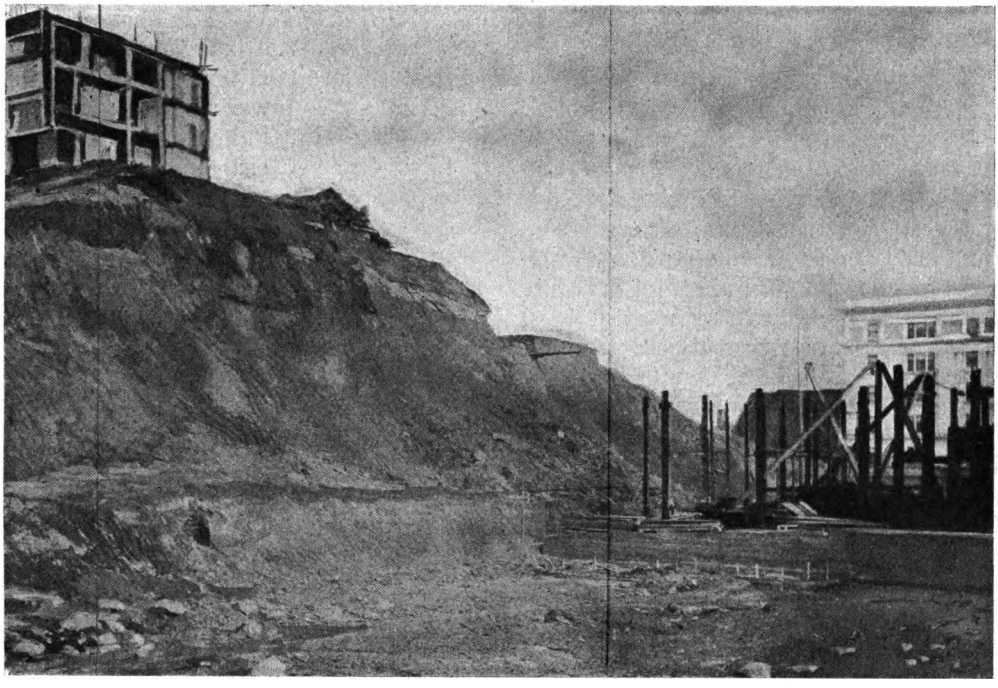
Speaking in this vein, of course, one has in mind Seattle, the city of hustle and bustle, and energy, and discontent with the things of yesterday—and of regrades. In other cities, the hills of

In no other city of the country is regrade a household word, as it is in Seattle. In no other city have so many fortunes been made simply by holding on and waiting for the enterprising and the far-seeing to make these cuts and fills that have transformed second-class residence property into first-class property for commercial purposes.

There are cities where Seattle's household word, "regrade," has a strange and unfamiliar sound; moreover, they are not all level towns, eith-

er. The people just puff their way up the one side and coast down the other of the incline and let it go at that. But that is where they see little need for the easy grades demanded by modern business. A man who starts up a hill, figuring that it is the last time he will ever have to climb it, is not going to stop very long to figure out some way of reducing the labor of the climb. He simply buckles down and has it over. If he foresees, however, that he has years of that sort of thing ahead of him; that his children and his children's children and tens of thousands of other people's children will have to pass that way for any reason; if he sees that it is going to be necessary to take an increasing amount of food and drink and supplies of various kinds across that hill for years and years to come, he stops and thinks, and he gets his friends and neighbors together, and they talk it over. Perhaps they organize an improvement club, heading which will be some enterprising real estate man, with an eye to appreciated values. They get their heads together and devise a plan of cutting through that hill. They find themselves regrading.

Regrades of any size, naturally, are undertaken in the transition period of a city's growth. They are agitated when a progressive people become convinced of the future of their city, when they come thoroughly to realize its coming business needs, and before they have placed their improvements on an absolutely permanent basis. Naturally they are not an accompaniment of a finished state in any community; they go with the carving of a city out of the rough.



DENNY HILL, FAST CRUMBLING AGAINST THE PERSISTENT ATTACK OF PROGRESS:

The word regrade naturally presupposes an original grade. The early grade, made before the actual needs of the future are clearly foreseen, usually skims over a hill and bridges a hollow

and makes little change in the physical aspect of the ground. The regrade is a later development. It takes a good constructive imagination to handle this regrade proposition; and nowhere is the existence of this kind of constructive and destructive imagination more in evidence than in Seattle. Hills that would be permanent in other places, are attacked and removed, gotten out of the way for the march of business and the construction of the skyscraper. The execution of this work necessitates the expenditure of $50,000 to $100,000 by each individual contracting firm for machinery and equipment.

Have you ever been in Alaska, or in Nevada, or in Cripple Creek, and watched the mining operations? Have you ever seen the tunneling and stoping, and the hydraulicking and the sluicing,and the building of the big dump? If you have, you may have noted the similarity between the appearance of the mining camp and one of Seattle's streets in course of regrading. There is the steam shovel, dauntless, inexorable, beating, tirelessly and ceaselessly, against the massive side of the hill, a veritable pigmy in the face of the task, but with industry unconquerable. Then there is the hydraulic method, used where the ground is softer and more amenable to the washing process, and the ground steeper. There it is where the similarity between the mining operations and the regrade work is most easily apparent. Third Avenue, only a few weeks ago, during the progress of the cutting, looked, for all the world, like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in miniature, and not so small either, for one could look down twenty feet into its depths, through various strata of earth and stone and imagine he saw, in the drainage water at the bottom, a river flowing like the Colorado through its mighty gorge.

The magnitude of the regrade operations in progress here is amazing to the Eastern visitor. One of the first things Lincoln Steffens did when he arrived in the city was to get a photograph of the sluicing operations behind the Washington Hotel on Denny Hill.

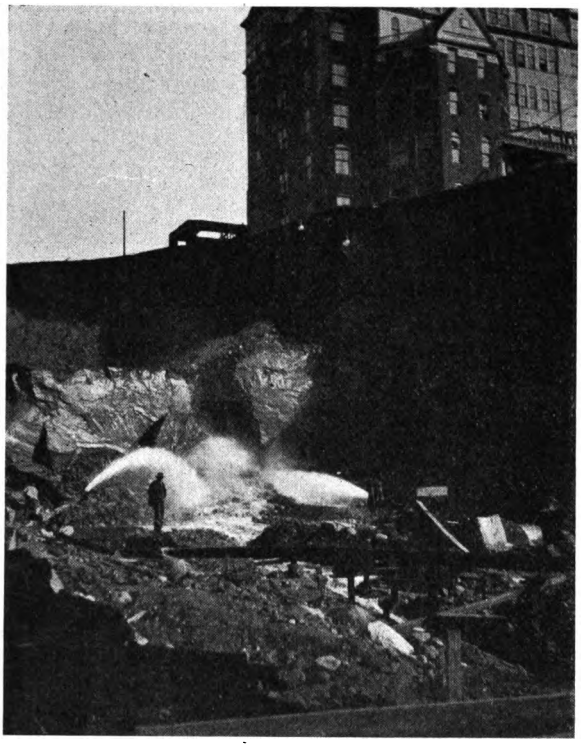
The method most generally used where hydraulicking is not practicable is the shoveling method, either by hand or by steam power. The ordinary method is "trapping" the dirt. A wooden platform is erected up to the edge of the hill to be cut. Teams with scrapers, stationed on the hill above, carry the dirt over this platform, through which it is dropped below into waiting wagons on the lower level and hauled away. The dirt thus removed is taken to fill low places, either in the same regrade job or of some property needing filling. Preliminary to the erection of the platform, of course, much hand shoveling must be done. This is employed to make the place for the platform, on which the scraper is driven.

The type of shovel used on Third Avenue is capable of handling 325 cubic yards in eight hours.

None of the early regrades amounted to anything from the standpoint of relative magnitude. The first heavy regrade was that of Second Avenue, from Pike Street to Denny Way. This involved the removal of 603,862 cubic yards from the street alone, the dirt removed being part of the west side of Denny Hill. The contract price was 17 cents per yard, and the total cost to the city was $115,434.97. Both sluicing and shoveling methods were used. This, in itself, was a tremendous undertaking, though dwarfed by the subsequent projects. It involved a cut of 60 feet at the maximum, at Stewart Street, on Denny Hill, and a fill of eight to nine feet at Bell and Wall streets. This work was finished in 33 months, being turned over to the city in May, 1906.

The present Third Avenue contract, one of the smallest of the larger regrades, calls for the removal of 111,000

cubic yards of earth at 25 cents per yard. This has practically been completed. The cost to the city has been $42,552.40. Dirt on adjoining private property to the amount of about 300,000 cubic yards is to be removed in consequence of the reduction of the grade of the street.



STEADILY THE STREAMS EAT THEIR WAY INTO THE DOOMED HILL.

The sluicing process is feasible only where the grade of the hill is heavy. On less than a five per cent grade, the other process is preferred.

The Fourth Avenue contract, just let, calling for the removal of 403,000 cubic yards of earth, is another heavy project. This regrade covers Fourth from Washington to University, and the cuts run all the way from three feet at Marion to 29 at James.

If the regrade in its contemplation and its effect is magnificent, the process is relatively insignificant. When David attacked Goliath with his little sling, he must have appeared every bit as formidable as does puny man going against one of these huge Seattle hills. Take Denny Hill, for instance. You could actually think, in the first few minutes you watched the men, that they had undertaken a task meant for years and that their operations were more likely a search for some precious mineral. The sluicing work appears incidental. What? That little stream of water, not more than four inches in diameter, directed against that enormous hill, approaching in size and dignity the proportions of a mountain. Doesn't look feasible. And you sympathize with the man who has taken that kind of a contract. Looks foolish. And yet the contract was taken by a man who had an idea that he would make it pay. Yet, as the work progresses, the contractor wears the same happy smile. The method is hydraulicking, and, unless the pan is too hard, it never fails. It is slow-appearing, but in reality one of the swiftest methods of treatment. It is sure; and the dirt hill against which its energies are directed is doomed.

Remember Denny Hill as it was last year? Go and take a look at the north side of it now. See what the hydraulic force has accomplished there. Half of that commanding eminence on which once stood The Washington, the scenic hotel of the West, is gone, and the work of disintegration, continued now

for several months, is still on, with the water daily eating up more and more of what was once a proud land mark of Seattle.

That group of brawny men, in their blue flannel shirts, and faded, bespattered, muddy jean trousers, that once may have been blue, are busy with their picks and shovels carrying the sluice boxes farther and farther into the hill, so that when the ground is melted away from the one now carrying away the dirt, the others can be put into service.

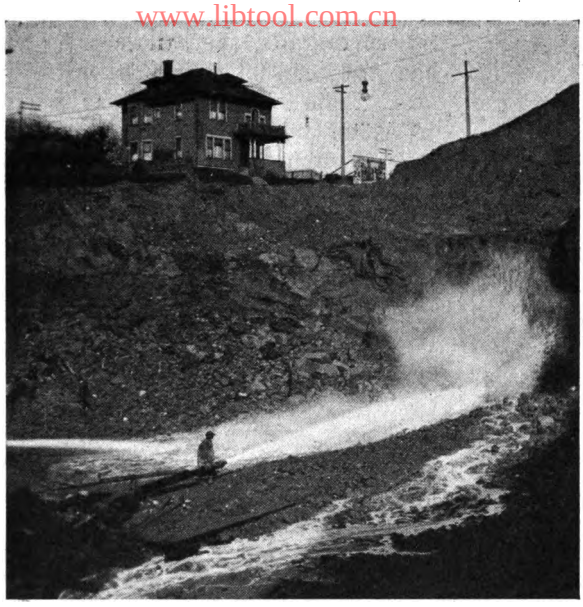
A few feet away, like a gunner training his piece on a hostile fort, stands the central figure in the picture—the man behind the nozzle. Alternately he raises and lowers the nozzle, which swings much as a piece of artillery might swing in battle, as if to find the range, and attack the most vulnerable point of the enemy. Over to the left of this man stands another man doing the same work; and to his left another, who apparently is continually being given a literal run for his money. There he is, actually prodding the side of the monster hill, loosening large chunks out of the side of the enemy, ready for the work of the hydraulic pump. In a few minutes the chief gunner will train his fire, or, rather, his water, on the section where the advance scout, with his long steel prod, is testing the strength of the enemy, and contriving to dislodge him.

Occasionally a big chunk of the hill, loosened by the activity of this advance guard, comes rushing down almost upon him, and then there is a grand scramble to escape the miniature avalanche.

This dirt, loosened, some of it by the water alone, and more of it with the co-operation of the man with the iron prod, or occasionally a man with a few sticks of powder, is turned into the sluice boxes by means of the current played on it, which practically dissolves it, carrying it through the big pipe in the form of a muddy water solution to the edge of the Sound, where the new land is made for docks to supply the ever increasing demand of shipping.

Night and day the ceaseless fight proceeds. It is a one-sided contest; each day sees the big hill that much nearer its doom; every night hastens the time when the site will be leveled in readiness for the magnificent new buildings that are to adorn the spot where once stood the rugged eminence.

It is an animated scene that strikes the eye of the observer, and still there are few that realize just what they are seeing. Think of a million gallons of water. When you have done that, if you can, then multiply the product by seven, and you have the amount of water used in a single day in this enterprise. In the two hundred days, which, according to Mr. Hawley's estimate, will be necessary before the work is completed, he will have used 1,400,000,000 gallons of water, which, in addition to the 350,000,000 gallons already used, will mean a total of 1,750,000,000 gallons, or enough to make a lake 3,600 feet long, 600 feet wide, and more than 100 feet deep. Of this water, 5,500,000 gallons per day is salt water from Elliott Bay, pumped to the foot of Denny Hill and out through the nozzles by a force equaling 100 pounds of pressure to the square inch. Out of these four-inch nozzles, therefore, the water rushes with a force of more than 1,200 pounds, and at the rate of 230,000 gallons per hour, in the case of the salt water main, which carries the greater part of the water used in the work. The remainder is taken from the city, amounting to 1,500,000 gallons per day. For this $15 per million gallons is paid, running the amount paid to the city up to $22.50 per day. The remaining life of the contract, therefore, will net the city about $4,500 for water.



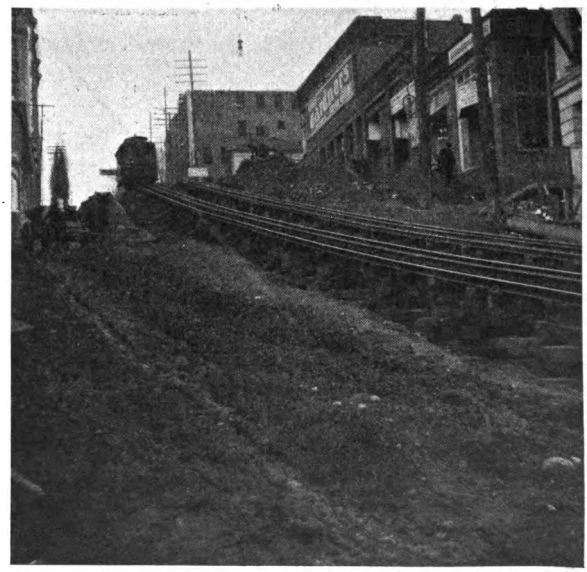
THE STREAM FLATTENS ITSELF WITH IMPOTENT RAGE AGAINST THE STUBBORN LEDGE OF ROCK.

To realize just how big a job the moving of this hill and others like it is, just figure the weight of it. A cubic yard of earth weighs about 2,500 pounds. Multiply that by 900,000, the estimated number of cubic yards in the present Denny Hill contract, and you reach the staggering total of 225,000,000 pounds, which, expressed in tons, is 1,125,000, or enough to keep a good strong team hauling three loads of three tons each per day, 125,000 days to move, or from now until about A. D. 2250.

The bulk of the washing down is done by means of sluicing. Occasionally, however, a streak is found in the work where it seems necessary to cut away the dirt and break what rock there is by other methods. For that part of the work the long steel rod is used to cut the tough parts loose, with occasionally the judicious use of a few sticks of powder.

Perhaps the most formidable feature of the sluicing is the great noise made by the rush of the water. The small stream coming from the nozzle looks playful enough till you hear the roar as it strikes the hard walls of the hill, or at times, flattens itself with impotent rage, against the side of a stubborn ledge of rock that persistently defies its efforts. It is a roar like a cataract and serves to carry out the impression of the seriousness of the work, and the terrible earnestness with which the fight on the hill is waged.

Stubborn as is the resistance, the pressure exerted is more than its equal.



REGRADE OF MADISON STREET: THE WORK PROCEEDS DAY AND NIGHT WITHOUT INTERFERENCE TO THE RUNNING OF THE CARS.

After the first few direct volleys from the water battery, usually, the enemy is dislodged, "fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen," with a rumble and a crash, and soon the hard earth, reduced to powder, is on its way down the sluice box, carried along by rushing water, which holds much of it in solution, toward its final resting place at the bottom of the bay.

The present excavation, which is all to be paid for by James A. Moore and his associates, at a cost of 27 cents per cubic yard, extends only from Pine to Virginia and from Second Avenue to Fourth. The Denny Hill regrade proper, which is to cut off the whole of the elevation, runs all the way out to Denny Way and from First to Westlake, an area several times as large as that covered by the present contract and involving the washing away of 6,000,000 yards of earth. This is a matter which is considered practically settled, and the contract may be let for it this year. Another similar project is the Jackson Street regrade, the contract for which has just been let for half a million dollars. This regrade involves a cut of 1,770,000 cubic yards and a fill of 1,363,000 cubic yards in the streets alone. Others are contemplated, and the regrade fever will not abate until the face of Seattle is very materially changed.

Mayor Moore is quoted as having said recently that Seattle is regrade-mad. In all this madness, however, there is a decided and unmistakable method. It is cheaper to cut through a hill than perpetually to haul heavy loads over it; cheaper to fill in a hollow than to be everlastingly building and repairing bridges. Heavy grades mean resistance to effort; commerce moves along the lines, ultimately, of least resistance. The regrade gives more room for the skyscraper. It is for progress; it is an outgrowth, a characteristic expression, of the Seattle Spirit.

Not Understood

By THOMAS BRACKEN

Not understood! we move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
along the years.
We marvel and we wonder, why life is life,
And then we fall asleep, not understood.

Not understood! we gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the year goes by,
Till virtues seem to us transgressions,
And thus men rise, and fall, and live, and
die, not understood.

Not understood! Poor souls with stunted
vision,
Oft measured giants with their narrow gauge,
The shafts of slander and derision, are oft
impelled
'Gainst those who mould the age, and they
go, not understood!

Not understood! The secret springs of action,
That lie beneath the surface and the show
are disregarded;
With self-satisfaction we judge our neighbors,
And they go, not understood.

Not understood! Oh, God! how many
breasts are aching,
How many hearts are breaking for lack of
sympathy,
How many noble spirits pass away, not understood

Not understood! Oh, God! would that men
would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see.
Oh, God! would that men would draw a little
nearer to one another,
They'd be nearer Thee; and understood.

The Neutrality of Shanghai

By Sigmund Bates

When Secretary Hay's note, regarding the preservation of the integrity of China, was made known to the Powers, much supposition was invested regarding the international complications into which its policy might lead neutral nations, while Russia and Japan were thundering against each other on the northern borders of the Flowery Kingdom.

Port Arthur was tottering; the enthusiastic Japanese were bravely hurling themselves against the stubborn defense of the doomed city.

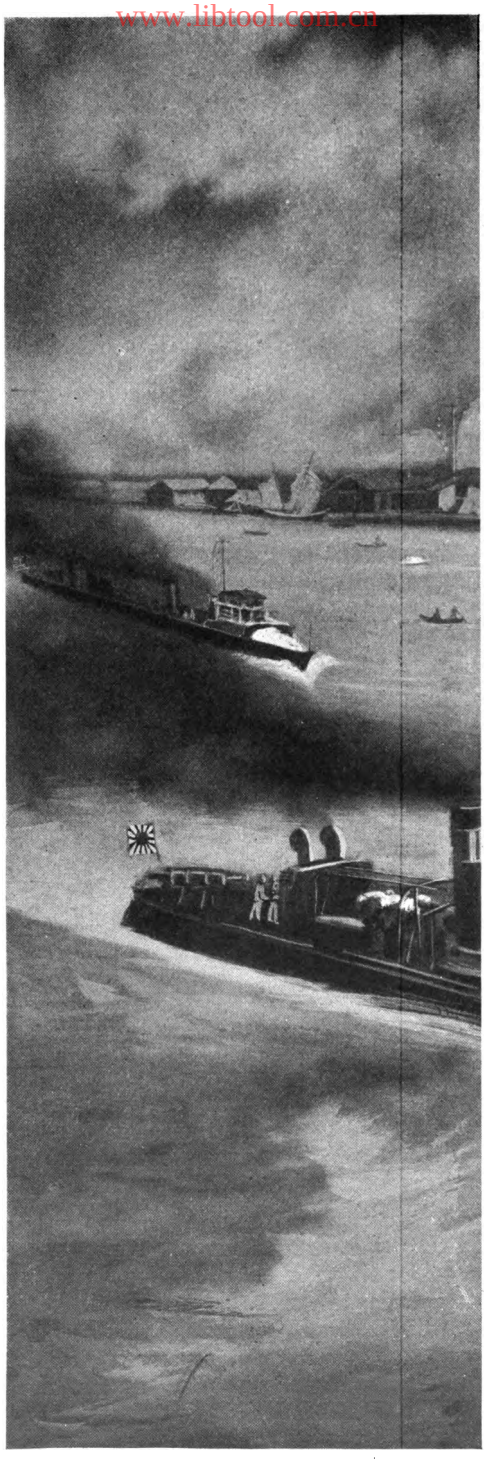
Foreign fleets in the Asiatic waters had been concentrated in a position from which the most effective move could be made, should conditions then existing in the belligerents' territory so move that their strength might be required to protect the interest of their several governments.

The Russian fleet at Port Arthur, practically bottled up by the Japanese, lay beneath a merciless fire from the heavy siege guns on the surrounding hills, while they, in turn, were in a position from which an effective shot was beyond the possible.

In order to move into the zone of action, the Russians decided to leave the harbor; evade the Japanese fleet if possible, and join the squadron at Vladivostock. Accordingly, on one bright morning, the fleet steamed through the narrow entrance of the harbor, executing a detour, before starting on the course for its coveted destination. The move was discovered by the ever watchful enemy and flashed by wireless to the fleet which had been maintaining the blockade. Fortune, which had hitherto been in close communion with the Japanese, here again gave them a hand; and before the fleet, flying the cross of St. Andrew, had straightened on its northern course, the guns of the enemy were pouring death and destruction among them. All possible retreat to the north was cut off; and the activity of the Japanese fleet had precluded the possiblity of the enemy reentering the harbor. A fierce running engagement continued so long as the orb of day continued to shine. No Joshua was there among the heroes of Japan, so as Night drew her veil about the scene, the crippled warships of the czar evaded the enemy, and sought safety in the protection of neutral ports.

The immaculate white ships of France, Germany and the United States lay peacefully at anchor off Woosung, China, near the mouth of the Yangtse, ready, if need be, to hurl their engines of destruction in any direction which the exigencies of the hour might demand. News of the terrible naval battle off Port Arthur had just reached them. Officers were discussing the possibilities; news of the fight in exaggerated and distorted forms was being circulated among "the men behind the guns," when, close upon the heels of the news, a man-of-war was sighted to the seaward, steaming slowly up the swift muddy river. "A Russian!" "A Japanese!" "A Russian followed by a Jap!" "A Jap followed by a Russian!" these were the announcements severally made by the men with the glasses, and all with an assured degree of certainty. This was three days after the engagement.

The object upon which so many eyes had been riveted, proved to be the Russian cruiser Askold, which like a wounded duck escaping from the sportsman, swam to the neutral shelter of China. Riddled with shells, her masts and stacks tottering on undermined foundations, her decks strewn with debris, the once proud cruiser anchored off the forts, a stricken refugee.



THE STARS AND STRIPES DARTED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SUNBURST.

Other fleets in other ports of China witnessed the same scene, as the battered members of the scattered fleet sought neutral safety.

A torpedo-boat flying the blue cross of Russia, steamed to Chefoo and anchored. Twelve hours passed; twenty hours passed; the chronometer had seen four complete circles of the hour hand since the anchor had dropped. The limit had expired, according to the laws of nations, granting her the right to claim neutral protection, and return against the enemy.

Off toward the entrance of the harbor, two low black crafts sped through the sea, leaving a wake of foam behind them. Red sun-bursts waved impetuously from their staffs, as silently, yet swiftly they advanced. What happened? Authority has a dozen ways; but the fact remains that some Russians were killed; some Japanese were killed; Russians and Japanese struggled together in the water in mortal combat.

The black craft of the mikado passed a line to the czar's torpedo boat, and flauntingly towed her to sea beneath the guns of Commodore Sah, whose ship was cleared for action; yet the guns of China were not fired.

This incident, in a much distorted light, reached the fleets at Woosung, and added to the existing state of excitement among the officers and men. The daring Japanese had defied the power of Cathay, and dragged from under her wing the refugee of the czar. A Japanese torpedo boat was now reported on its way to administer the same punishment to the Askold which had been in the Cosmopolitan Dock at Shanghai for forty hours.

Shanghai was in a fever of excitement; premiums advanced on the Cosmopolitan's insurance; and stock in the Cosmopolitan dropped far below par. The totai and forgein consuls were in constant conference. Telegrams were sent to Peking. Ministers cabled their governments for instructions, while the city watched, and breathlessly waited for the Japanese torpedo boat to advance up the Whangpo and destroy the Askold. One day passed; two days

passed; and the fever grew almost to a panic, while the trouble-brewing Russian lay in the dock.

The sun was in the zenith on the third day, when swiftly, as though defying the rushing tide of the Yangtse, one of Japan's fastest and most formidable torpedo boats was sighted down the river. Her approach was telegraphed to Shanghai. Could no power be brought to bear to avert the terrible slaughter which lay but a few hours off? Would the fleets of the Great Powers at Woosung interfere? Shanghai breathlessly awaited the terrible shock.

Swiftly darting among the white ships, the little destroyer fairly flew, under the glowering forts of Woosung, and up the Whangpo toward the Askold.

Undeterred, the black craft sped on its mission. People watched and marveled at the inactivity of the foreign ships, which were there ostensibly to guard their several interests.

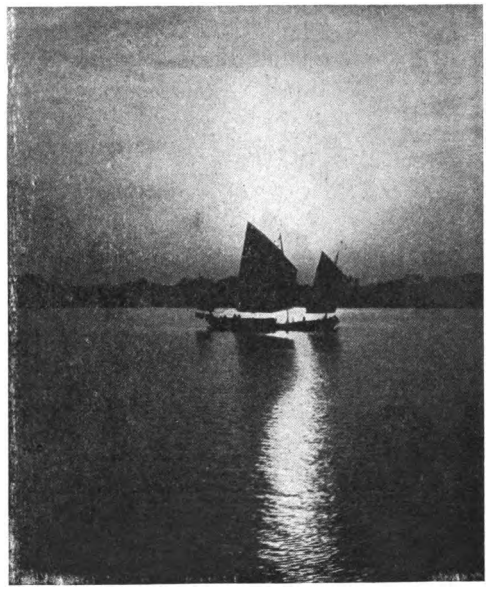
No signal was hoisted from the French flagship; the German admiral might or might not have been advised of the passing boat; the American fleet was closely observed; and nothing seemed possible to avert a most horribly magnified repetition of the Chefoo affair.

Hope came at last. Steam was on the forecastle winch of an American torpedo boat destroyer. Slowly—too slowly it seemed—the anchor cable wound round the windlass. The anchor was aweigh. The vessel swung freely with the tide, until her propellers headed her against it. Salvation was in sight, as the stars and stripes swiftly darted in the direction of the sunburst.

With a look of stern determination on his face, the admiral stood on the bridge. He certainly meant to interfere, that look could mean nothing else.

A little girl rushed to the bridge. Could this be a place for a child at such a moment? No, God forbid! The child did not seem to be frightened. She calmly approached her father and said, as a child, only, can say at such a moment: "Say, papa, that game of baseball between the Wisconsin and the Oregon is to be played at two o'clock, and it is now half-past one." * * * Another bell went down to the engine-room.

The Japanese boat returned to the awaiting squadron, off the Saddle Islands; and the commissary steward reported to the paymaster that the French, Germans and Americans had bought all of the fresh meat and vegetables in the markets at Shanghai.



LOGGING ON A SMALL SCALE IN IDAHO.

Kodakery

In these pages of THE NORTHWEST will be conducted a department devoted to the work of amateur photographers, which will be well worth the attention of those who love the art.

We wish to become acquainted with every man or woman, boy or girl who is fond of nature, whose fondness prompts them to perpetuate the memory of beautiful scenes through the medium of their cameras.

We wish to publish in these pages, each month, the most beautiful of the thousands of pretty places that can be found in this picturesque northwest country.

In no place in the world can there be found a greater diversity of subjects to please the artist, than those lying within a radius of but practically a few miles from the city in which this magazine is published.

Fancy the scope: from the lofty peaks of perpetual snow, down through the paradise of valleys, over the clear, crystal lakes, the landscapes will be found embellished by nature with rushing rivers, dashing cataracts, stupendous waterfalls and cascades; a depth of mighty forests, beneath whose august shade the artist finds food for the eye, and the poet finds unparalleled sentiment; then on down the mountains, across the gentle slopes of the hillsides to the edge of the Puget Sound, where every element of Neptune lies tamed by the protecting arms of the mountains which literally embrace the sea.

They are pictures of these grandeurs that we want to show to the world. We want pictures that the world has never seen. They are here.

To obtain such, THE NORTHWEST is putting the photographers of the country in competition; and each month a series of the most beautiful photographs will be selected from those entered for competition. For the one adjudged the best, we will pay a substantial cash prize, and for all which we use in these pages we will pay highest space rates.

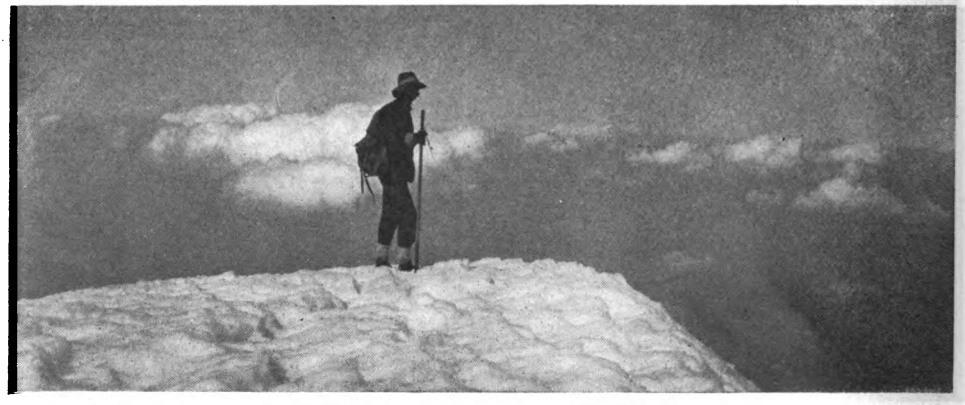
In submitting photographs for this competition, accompany each photograph with a description of the scene, the place at which it was taken, the name by which it may be locally known, the conditions under which the picture was taken, in fact, any data relative to it which would interest other takers of pictures as it would interest you.

With the co-operation of those who may be interested in this department, these pages will be made the most beautifully illustrated which have ever left a printing press in the northwest and the most interesting to the amateur photographer.

Address all communications intended for this department to

The Art Editor, THE NORTHWEST
P. O. Box 1000
Seattle.

SNOQUALMIE FALLS, THIRTY MILES FROM SEATTLE: HERE, AS AT NIAGARA, THE GRANDEUR OF NATURE IS SACRIFICED FOR THE INTRINSIC VALUE OF THE WATER, AS THE STREAM IS DIVERTED TO POWER PLANTS.



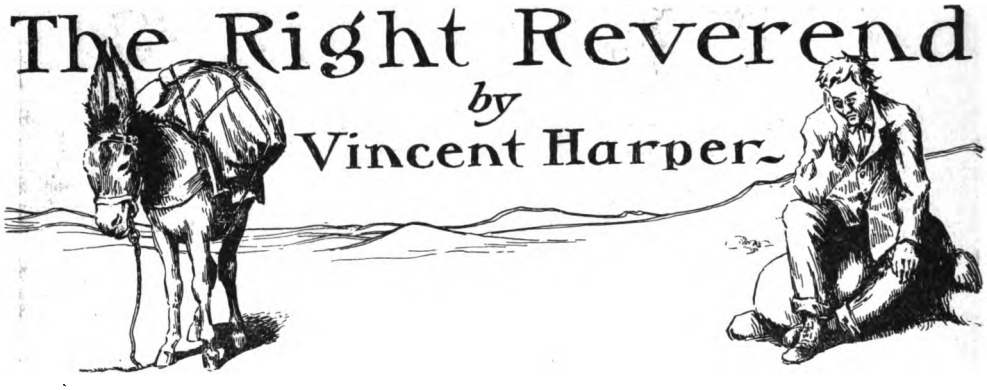
ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT BAKER.

PUGET SOUND: THE BEAUTIFUL "EFFECT" IN THE PICTURE IS PRODUCED BY STOPPING THE DIAPHRAM OF THE CAMERA TO THE SMALLEST OPENING AND MAKING AN INSTANTANEOUS EXPOSURE.

CEDAR LAKE, THE SOURCE OF SEATTLE'S WATER SUPPLY.

The Right Reverend

by Vincent Harper



It was not on the map. That was the point. Also it was a long way from the black thing. One might hope to forget here — and be forgotten? The man, mindful of certain fearsome nights, spent open-eyed with wonder and desire on the roof of the world, now had his doubts. This sky-land here, safe as it was from man, far though it was from the accursed shadow of the black thing, might prove to be too near the stars, too deep within the secret of the silence, too high above the human solace of the common. Misgivings of a vague sort troubled the man. But the bishop, now as ever, was for the heights.

It was not on the map. That much, at least, the man had gathered. Along the valley of the wriggling Snake, up which he trudged, and in the peopled bottomlands of Powder River, which lured him westward, no man he met could say what lay up there behind the ragged granite hogback called Demon's Dyke. The Seven Devils are alive with men—ever since "Lucky" Polson made his rich strike; but what there is up there past Demon's Dyke, over the beetling sky-line of Eagle Range, no timber cruiser knows, and no prospector. Only this man who grappled with the last things knows. He and the bishop. The rest—even Lot Crabtree, boss herder hereabouts for twenty years—wave but a witless hand up at the Dyke and show their want of facts by calling what lies beyond, vaguely, the Lost Place.

Now, all this tended to move the man to heed the bishop's wish. Always the bishop's impulses proved to be sane; just now he was inspired to make off for the heights. Yet might the man have faltered, even then, and nosed the maddening scent of the black thing clear to the Coeur d'Alenes, had not an old bell-wether, with an aspiring mind (that and the fateful fact that Crabtree was short-handed), settled the matter for him after the ways of providence.

* * * * * *

"Qualifications? Is it of qualifications ye ask me, man alive? Qualifications—on th' Oregon sheep ranges—at harvest time—when everything that walks upon two legs goes off to the Palouse, and the temptation of three dollars a day and found—leavin' the flocks to get along the best way that they can? Qualifications! Hear the man, now!"

Lot Crabtree roared, as his merry little screwed-up blue eyes ran up and down the lank, loose-jointed skeleton who timidly expressed his possible unfitness for the job, while the old man's big grey mane shook with his laugh.

"Many's the odd fish that I've seen here in the hills—they mostly comes to try to make the best o' the bad bar-

gain that they has made with life—but, on my word, sir, ye'll be the queerest one I ever see! Nobbut ye're welcome, for ye are, ye are!"

Once more the mane shook—to the no little peril of the Glengary cap, stuck to one side—and the old man's eyes kept up their dance under the tufty, overhanging eyebrows, until the weather-beaten face seemed suddenly to mellow with wistful pity, as though some hint had come into his mind, that mayhap here was wreckage different from the run. He had known many sorts, had Lot Crabtree, since he first tended flock over the niggard moorlands of the Umatilla. This sort was strange to him, however; he thought—now that he watched the haggard yellow fact more closely—Lot Crabtree thought it the saddest face that he had even seen, and the most haunted.

They were standing, he and the stranger and the bishop, before a rude sheep-herder's shack, far up a beetling canyon thick carpeted with green, well in the foothills. There had Lot Crabtree come on the two as they were casting about for the best spot to camp, the cabin smelling too foul to tempt invasion. Alone, the man was doing the exploring, for the bishop, with his pack—two monster bales out of all keeping with his spare form—still strapped upon him, was standing with bowed head and air of resignation, under the alders fringing the boiling pool below the falls.

The man alone, moreover, seemed to feel guilty upon being found thus prowling so near the hut; for the bishop quite ignored Lot Crabtree's coming and showed no interest in the talk which followed, beyond from time to time lifting his bowed head to note with patient philosophic eyes what passed.

Their mutual surprise being passed, Lot Crabtree and the man sat on the fallen fir to get their measure. Whatever else he might or might not be, this skeleton in khaki and a wide sombrero, thought Crabtree, was a man; and so a special providence just here and now. Even the pensive bishop might prove a godsend. At all events, with men not to be got for love or money, this rare bird must be caught, at any cost Accordingly, the talk soon turned from courteous generalities to business.

"I 'ppreciate youh thoughtfulness, sir, I do indeed," said the man in languid Texan, "but as I neveh even saw a sheep close to in all my life, I reckon I ain't fit—though I confess, sir, that if you——"

The skeleton shook gruesomely during the coughing fit which stopped him. When it was done, a smile of gratitude skimmed for an instant across his leathery yellow face, as he laid a bony hand on Crabtree's shoulder. The old man eyed the stranger—not over nicely, for, as things were, a corpse (if it could walk) would help; but could this ghost walk—over such hills—all summer?

"There must be qualifications of some so't, sir; some things a man must know befo' he can tend sheep?"

Lot smiled and puffed in silence for some time before he took his briar from his lips and said, "to be sure; to be sure."

"And what all must a man be, sir?"

"Broke. That's one thing he must be," answered the old boss herder, quite serious now. "Are you broke?"

"I am, sir, I confess, right smart embarrassed," replied the man, "though not financially. I have sufficient to subsist on fo' quite a spell yet. My bankruptcy is of another so't."

"That's how it is? I compr'r'r'rehend your deeficulty," chuckled Lot Crabtree, the roll of his Perthshire "r's" standing in marked contrast with the Texan's total disregard of that letter.

It became clear to the old Scotchman's mind that, under whatever guise these odd fish sought oblivion in the hills, it was the same old story. So he proceeded to ask his usual questions, not at all prompted by the peculiarities of this particular odd fish, but quite as though he read some rules laid down for their boss herder by the Grande Ronde Wool Company.

"I take it ye've left home for good and ye didna bother to state your next address?"

"Again, sir, I confess," answered the man, "that such ties as once bound me to my distant home do so no longer."

His dignity impressed Crabtree; that and the fellow's plight, be what it might. Long a close student of human derelicts, the old man readily surmised what sort of fate had brought about this wreck. Not for some moments, of meditative puffing, did he go on with his examination of the candidate.

"Health!" he murmured, musing.

"Gone!" came from deep down in the skeleton's chest.

"Hopes?"

"Gone!"

"Repertation?" This sugested rather than categorically demanded.

The man looked up, flushed and resentful; but only for an instant. The bishop was looking at him with solemn steadying eyes, and the man answered, "Gone! — and honor — everything — gone!"

"Except life, my man, and—and—th'expiation there is in work—any work, sir, that's useful."

Work? The man turned with a little start of groping hope. For the first time since his whole soul had flared into one fierce white flame of withering purpose, something now mercifully seemed to dim that flame. Work? Almost it seemed to him in the half minute that he was silent, that the accursed flame died out, leaving his brittle, focused, hate-tortured brain to taste the blessedness of new cool thoughts. Work! That was the way out!

"If you reckon sure enough, sir, that youh present lack of hands is such that even a poo' fellah like me might be of some trifling service, why—"

"You'll do, you'll do, never fear," broke in Lot warmly.

"In spite of my ignorance of sheep —and that my health is what you see —and my character—"

"Is what I don't see?" chuckled the old man, jabbing a kind thumb into the man's side. "Never mind your character and your story and your reasons for straying so far from home. Powers that be! Who's to judge? Ye're here and ye're as welcome as though ye retained your baptismal innocence, and if it will comfort ye to know it, I'll declare to ye that the vera best men that I get to send to the mountain ranges for the summer, are not the stout lads with clean legs and hearts—for they sneak off to the harvest fields, the young care-naughts!—but the vera best, because the surest, are the wrecks, if a man may call them so. Parsons and teachers and gentlemen's sons; one-lungers sent off by the doctors to die; grey headed old reprobates as well as young men—evera one of them runaways of some sort, eluding the past or a sheriff's posse! But thanks be to God, sir, it does them good, a long summer spent alone up there. 'Twill do ye good, your lungs and your soul."

Both said nothing for several moments. Each was full of his own deep thoughts; Lot's having to do with the wonderful ways of God, and the stranger's with the new turn that his blind path had taken.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was already autumn, and the man, the bishop, and Chops, the wondrous wise Australian sheep dog, had followed the nibbling flock pretty well over the dizzy broken tumult of crag and canyon known in the books of the

Grande Ronde Wool Company as Range 5.

Range 5 is, roughly speaking, whatever sheep may think worth while above the timber line—that is, all that lies hitherward of Demon's Dyke. The frowning Dyke—a straggling palisade of granite—made of the North a mystery and set the man to wondering, of sleepless nights under the knowing stars, what lay beyond. Yet could the sheep not stray far toward the north; always the Dyke would turn the wether back—leaving the man much time free from anxiety, whenever Chops (seeming to understand the man's appreciation) managed to wheel his jostling woolly charges in that direction.

It was now fall. The man had been alone for three strange months. Not once had the camp tender happened to bring the grub when herder No. 5 was within sight or hallo of Range 5 cabin. As for whoever was herder down on Range 4, he never cared to venture with his sheep up the long killing zigzags over the open stone slides above the timber. So the man was alone—with his work—far up beyond the unmuddied sill of the sky.

"Lonesome?" Lot Crabtree had said on the day he bade his new herder goodbye. "I fear ye'll be a bit lonesome—o' nights in particular; for these uplands are dumb wi' the dumbness of fate. Now, the prairies is different. They flatten a man into naught; but the heights lift one up and threaten to fling one—a peetiful child of remorse and desire—plumb over the meaning of life. But it does a man good to rub elbows wi' God."

But the heights had meant nothing to the man. It was only the new found opiate of work that gradually deadened all feeling, save the blessed sense of having at last got free of the long torturing remembrance of the black thing. And rest. Rest, after the hot, mad, terrible pursuit of the past six months. Almost sleep—which had been murdered on that black night which like a blast of hell had suddenly calcined his life into an ash of hate—sleep even had seemed to come of late on tiptoe to lay a cool hand upon his brow. Once or twice, thanks to the sheep which forced him to forget, he had dozed into almost sleep for quite an hour at a time—something he had not known since from the smoking ruins of his little home he had set out to hunt to death the man who had done him the one unpardonable wrong one man may do another.

Up from the ancient dreams and lifelong peace of his old Texas home the man had followed hot upon the scent of the man he sought; a child's heart suddenly turned into a seething hell of hate and wild desire for vengeance, a man half dead, nerved by deep oaths to inconceivable endurance, delirious with determination to hold death off until he could drag down with him into the grave that other man. From the savannahs of the Rio Grande across the Lone Star state to the remotest ranches of New Mexico the man pursued. Thence to the Arizona pueblos huddling in green recesses amid the rocky scars of the desert. Thence, led by idle tales, the wanton jests of those who winked at one another and tapped their foreheads on listening to the skeleton's mad questions, he made his way, God only knows just how, across the thirst and heat of many weeks, from camp to camp, until he stalked with fever-flaming eyes and incoherent speech in to the ribald selfishness of Goldfield. In vain! The man he sought—so said the tavern brawlers—had left the camp only the day before. Yet not in vain, for a young mission priest had given him the only thing he had—the burro whom the pious man had named Obispo, "Bishop," because of the resemblance of the ass' ears, when held together in a way he had, to a prelate's mitre.

And in the weary months that followed, as he trudged northward ever upon the lying tattle of men along the way, the bishop had proved a genuine apostle and helpful friend. His daily preachment was of frugality and patience, of steadfastness and uncomplaining bearing of whatever cross the providence which metes one's days work may lay on one. Also the bishop proved the best of friends, for while all others thrust their talk upon the man's raw, blistered soul, the bishop held his peace and merely wagged his head and looked his infinite solicitude and pity out of his big, sad eyes. Hills looming with heartbreaking acclivity toward nightfall on days that had been hard would have undone the man, had not the bishop, sure of foot and patient, faced the new task with an undaunted soul. Moreover, it had been the right reverend who urged that they should turn from the valley of the Snake, when in the distance he first caught sight of the majestic mountains crowning the Powder River, from which detour had come, as we have seen, the meeting with Lot Crabtree and these three months of work's beneficent results up here among the silences and stars.

Revenge was to be had somewhere among the Couer d'Alenes, for thither, rumor had it, the Mexican had fled, but for three months the black thing had lain dead—a sort of half forgotten nightmare—in the sheepherder's soul, and every day found pressing duties to be done for the dear sheep, each night became a miracle of peace so hushed and solemn that almost sleep herself began to peer with langurous soothing eyes into the brittle horror of his mind. Who knows but on some cold September night, under the deep serenity of such a sky, sleep might have drawn forever the curtain of oblivion before the last faint image of the black thing and the past, had not the old bell-wether done what she did?

It had been a day of days. Chops had seen to it that the sheep turned for their day's forage along the grassy trench safe guarded to the north by the Demon's Dyke. The bishop ruminated on things mortal, while the man lay all the afternoon flat on his back under the shimmering shade of a small clump of mountain mahogany trees. The sheep would nibble their way homeward as soon as the big yellow harvest moon came up to silver the purple shadows thrown by the fretted skyline against the orange west. Before the evening star would come the faint far tinkle of the old wether's bell. Then a few snaps of his long whip made of rawhide, a few peremptory yelps from Chops, the cilent approbation of the bishop, and the flock would be all snug and safe for the night in the oblong corral. And then the blessed night, the stars, the laving of the worn soul's feet and hands and brow in the slow rising tide of peace.

But the moon came up, the orange faded from the west, the evening star shone out of the turquoise sky, and yet the sheep returned not. The man sat up. The bishop trotted to the ridge to look. The man arose and walked to where the bishop stood. But neither in the trench at the foot of the crags nor up the gentle slopes on any side nor even in the broken land beyond the glacier were any sheep. And the short autumn twilight seemed suddenly to end and it was night. Something had happened to the flock.

The man stood for a minute puzzled and he was balancing one most improbable solution against another, only to give it up as soon as formed, when far off to the north he thought he heard the tinkle of the bell. Again the sound came thin and crisp on the quivering night air. It was the bell, and now it grew distinct and showed that the bell-

wether was moving by fits and starts. Followed by the bishop, the man made off in the direction of the sound. Then he saw.

High on a narrow ledge that turned the shoulder of the Demon's Dyke, three hundred feet or more above the base, the frightened wether, unable to turn back was feeling her way ahead, close followed by another and another. Somewhere, unseen among the crags, Chops was imperiously sounding the retreat; but his commands, impossible of being obeyed, served but to drive them on. Like ghosts in the pale moonlight the sheep clung to the dizzy wall and felt their cautious way along the ledge. Unconsciously the man standing in helpless wonder far down below counted each one as it appeared around the angle of the rock and disappeared into a crevice further on. Five hundred and eighty-three in all, counting the weaners. All of his charge had passed beyond the mystery into the Lost Place! And it was with his soul as though the last three months had proved to be a dream.

With a wild dumb gesture he turned to the bishop, who stood looking up, filled with amazement at the spot where the last sheep disappeared. For full five minutes the man remained uncertain what to do. Then once again the bishop came to the rescue. With steady tread he started toward the cliff. Where a sheep has gone a burro may go; there must be some unguessed beginning of the ascent! And the man caught the inspiration of the bishop. In another moment, astride upon the willing back of the ass, he was attempting each promising and unpromising approach, and after many failures they found a place where by a series of perilous jumps and turns they reached a steep incline which wound and twisted about the towering shafts and treacherous boulders until it led behind the face of the main curtain. From thence the way was clear. A wary, slipping, snail's pace brought them within an hour to the beginning of the natural path which finally made out upon the ledge where they had seen the sheep.

But with the turning of the last sheer wall and passing through the crevice where the sheep had gone, came added wonder. The path proved to be a terrifying precipitous descent into a wild and awful basin filled now with shadows of jagged peaks and monstrous rocky shapes that shuddered in the moonlight. And worst of all, nowhere were seen the sheep; nor did the tinkling bell tell where they were. It was indeed the Lost Place, as men had said.

* * * * * * * * * *

No one may ever know what happened in the three days that followed. Three days and nights of horror followed, in which the man came to himself to the realization of one tremendous fact—he had allowed the opiate of work to cheat him out of the one joy that still remained to him amid the total ruin of his life. The accursed sheep, which now—God blast them all!—had broken their necks no doubt in the recesses of the Lost Place, had drugged him into forgetfulness of the one fiendish wrong which cried to heaven for vengeance. He should have pressed on to the Coeur d'Alenes. The blood of all his Texas fathers now shamed him for his cowardly abandonment of honor's only way. God! if he could but find the way out of this foul Lost Place! But he could not. Nor could the bishop. Whichever way they turned they fetched up at the last at some impassible and hideous wall. And food there was not, and sleep had taken fright. Only the black thing lived—too late to be washed out in blood.

By the third night not even the stars were visible to the two sunken eyes that stared wide open up at the leaden weight which was the sky. Hunger, moreover, was busy with what was left

of the man's mind, and all his brain had grown a madhouse filled with the gibbering ghosts of dead hopes and desires. Lying where he had fallen after the day's long agony of search and disappointment, the man tossed restless on the ground and wondered what the dim blue light could be which turned the natural darkness of the night into the ghoulish glimmer which surrounded him. Far back in the long buried wreckage of his brain he thought that he remembered something or other about a thing men called the moon—but no! like all the other ghost things, that was a phantom, for now the glimmer had paled into a film; and now it was gone. And it seemed to the man that all else paled and that himself was slipping—slowly, slowly, slowly—into a deep cool sea of—what?

Sleep! Yes, it was sleep! Through the unguarded gate of sheer exhaustion, sleep had at last crept in. The man was now no longer in the Lost Place; nor what he had been for this last black year. He was at home. From the porch of his little house overlooking the river he sat looking out over the fair fields which his fathers had tilled for a century. Within the cool sweet rooms he heard the music of his wife's industry, the laughter of his daughter; all about him were the hallowed scenes and memories of home. Presently the bell over the cookhouse would call the laborers from the fields, and later in the day Moses would bring Napoleon saddled to the door; and he would ride over to hear the doctor at Buena Vista assure him for the ten thousandth time, that it was not consumption.

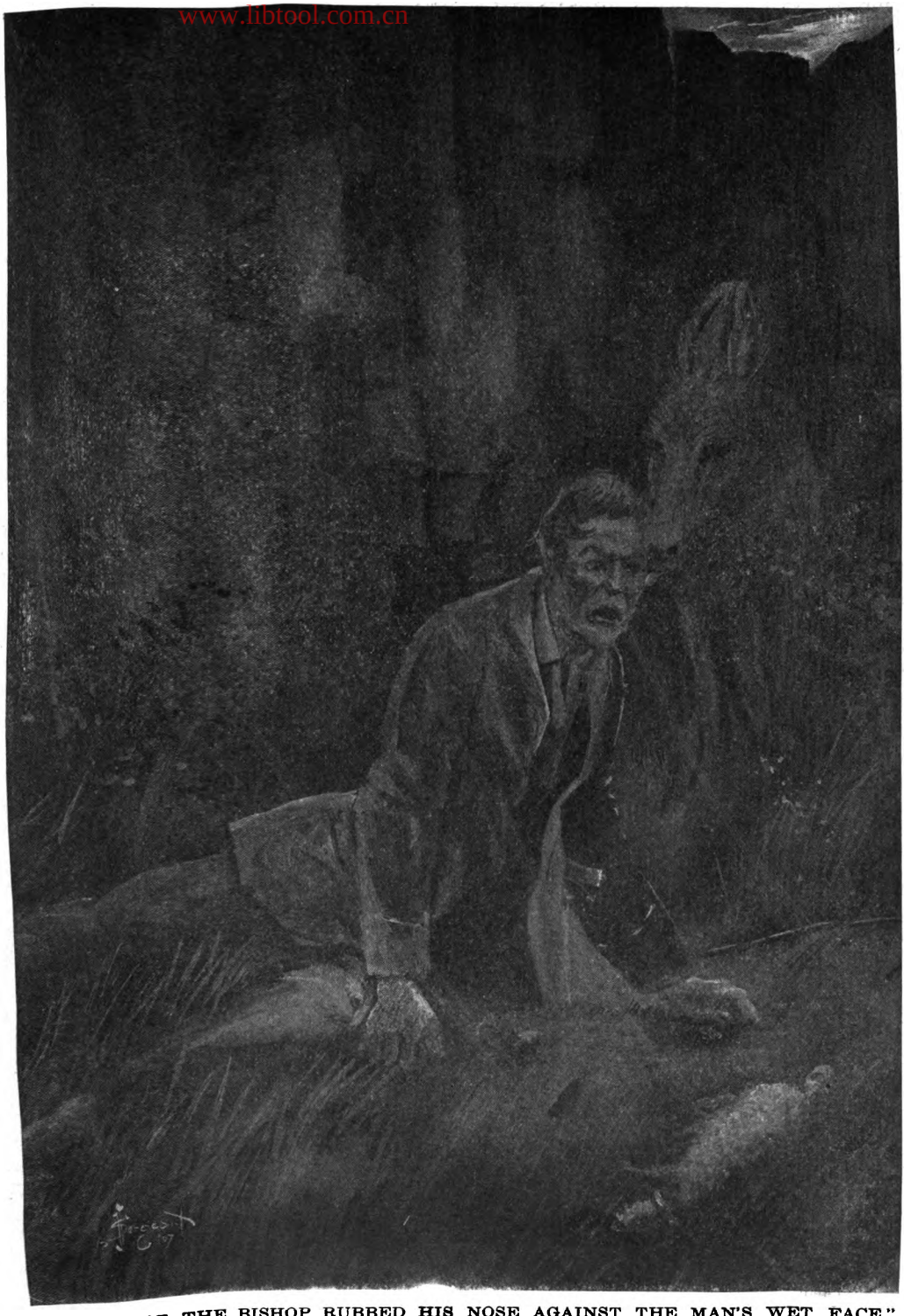
Then—

The man started. A noise had awakened him! He sat up and rubbed his tired eyes. With a sense of wordless horror he found himself, not sitting on the porch of the old home, but alone in the deathlike moonlight, in some wild, cold dreadful place. And again the noise which had so cruelly disturbed him came to his ears. It was the bleating of a lamb. The man sprang to his feet. The lambs had troubled him a good deal from the first. Their haunting human eyes touched him too nearly; the day he saw Lot Crabtree tearing the weaners from their mother's dugs had filled him with strange sorrows. But, for all this, there was a livid flash of frenzy in his eyes when he sprang up to look for this accursed lamb which had come now to rob him of sleep and home and his little girl's laugh.

The starving lamb, bleating pathetically, came stumbling through the night, and the man saw it. Muttering a deep oath through his teeth he staggered forward to meet the lamb and as it fell confiding at his feet with a last piercing bleat, he stooped and seized it by the legs and rushed to a near point of rock, swinging the quivering lamb high above his head. With a wild laugh the man began the gruesome work that he had in mind. Bringing the lamb down with the full force of his frenzy against the sharp edge of the spur of rock, he dashed it to instant death and not satisfied with that, proceeded to hurl the carcass against the rock until he had satisfied his fiendish rage.

Then he returned to his place and sat grinning and chattering with insane delight in the grey light of the morning. He was then about to stretch himself once more upon the ground, when he chanced to look up and saw the bishop standing near him. The bishop's head hung low, his ears assumed the shape of the mitre, his whole attitude was one of unspeakable sadness and pity, and he was gazing at the man with eyes which seemed to express rather profound sorrow than condemnation.

This was too much! The man jumped to his feet and sprang forward and faced the bishop with a look that must have terrified anything less credulous than his faithful companion. The bish-



"—HAD NOT THE BISHOP RUBBED HIS NOSE AGAINST THE MAN'S WET FACE."

op stood his ground and flinched not; only his ears drooped with a gentle warning to be patient. His eye held the man's eye steadily. For a moment or two the man hesitated, but then, picking up his whip he spun it round his head two or three times before bringing the stinging lash of tough rawhide down on the bishop's flank. Not until the bishop's sides were cut into long bleeding ribbons did the man desist; yet through it all the bishop submitted with silent dignity nor once took his sad eyes off from the man.

The frightful work being done, the man staggered away, blind with surfeit of rage, drunk with excess of madness, sick at the thought of all. Nor did he stagger far. Reaction—swift and sweeping—had set in. With a piteous choking cry and hands flung in the air, he fell upon his face and lay there digging his nails into the earth and writhing in a hell of remorse and shame and woe.

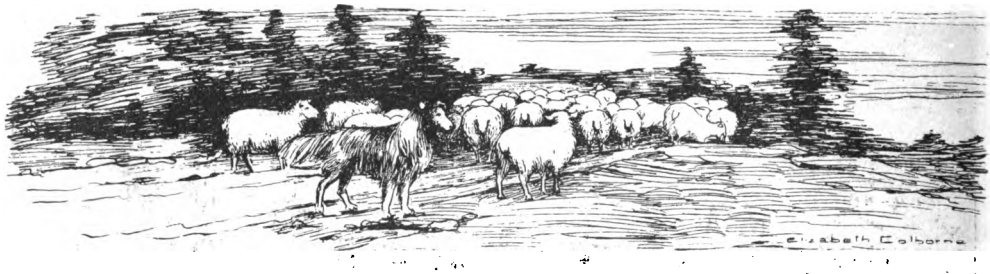
He might have lain so until the low wick of his life had flickered out in one last flare of rage, had not the bishop, after a little while, come trotting to him and rubbed his nose against the man's wet cheek, time after time, until the man observed it. He understood! Getting somehow upon his knees the man clasped the bishop's neck and, sobbing like a child, covered his face with kisses.

Forgiven! As if by the sure light of God's own revelation, the man felt the glad oil of pardon run cleansing through his soul—not pardon for himself only, but universal pardon; and with this nameless sense of absolution the black thing died. All that he was, became one measureless desire to let the man whom he had hunted know the new glad tidings—that pardon had been granted all, all, all!

And even as he knelt there thanking his confessor and striving to stay the blood that oozed from the bishop's sides, the sun came up over the eastern coronet of rock, filling the Lost Place with light and hope. And presently the distant barking of a dog gave warn- of Chop's coming, with whom came also the bell-wether and the whole flock. The sheep knew the way out—and the man followed, followed his work back past the Demon's Dyke, where he worked out in fear and trembling his salvation, until the flying of the first snow suffered him to lead his sheep down to their winter quarters.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The old home by the river in the southland is being rebuilt, the ruins of the first house having been buried and done away forever, and he who fled to the Coeur d'Alenes has heard that he need flee no longer. In the paddock behind the house browses in comfortable leisure the right reverend Obispo.



A Siwash Transaction

By Harold Jacobson

On the beautiful shores of Lake Washington the old Indian had lived for years. He was born there. His fathers had lived there before him. The woods had provided him and his ancestors with game; and for generations, had the same old canoe returned from the clear, blue lake with fish for squaw and pappoose.

His father had seen the first pale-face come to the region; and he, himself, had seen the great city grow from a few cabins on the Sound, until it now threatened to absorb his own little home across the lake.

Property had changed hands all around the old Indian. Investors had bought and sold. The forest had been cleared; and with a sorrowful heart, the old Indian watched the great trees being cut away and floated off to the mills.

His game was driven to the distant hills; and even his fish seemed to have gone from the lake.

Though against this invasion for many years, the old Indian had held his little homestead, it was now time for him to move.

He knew what money was—he had learned of its value—but not until his game and fish had gone did he decide to follow them to the more distant fields, where nature's real element reigned.

Opportunity had been his, many times, to turn his property into cash; but the transaction then advanced no charm to the contented old Indian.

To the shrewd investor, the property was daily increasing in value; but to the old Indian it was slowly depreciating as his pilgrimages for fish and game became more distant.

He decided to sell; and he soon found a purchaser. His peculiar method of appraising his land placed it at a value of $1,017.00. He was offered an even thousand; but he refused it. It required no argument, however, on the part of the owner, to extract the required amount from the purchaser, because it was a "good buy."

The old Indian came to town for the two-fold purpose of executing the deed and getting his money.

In the office of the agent he was given a check for the amount; but he only shook his head and grunted, returning the strange piece of paper, which he could not understand. A tender of currency in large denominations was made with the same result; and it appeared as though a new difficulty had confronted the manipulators, until it was suggested that the amount be paid in silver dollars. Acting accordingly, one thousand and seventeen silver dollars were procured and given in payment.

Until he had counted the money, the owner of the estate would not sign the deed before the waiting notary; and the method of counting the dollars must be his own.

Squatting on the floor, the Indian pictured an imaginary map of his homestead. Upon the spot where the landing of his canoe was located, he placed a pile of $101.00. Had the fishing now been as good as it was years ago, this spot would have been covered with twice that amount. On the imaginary site of his cabin he placed its appraised value, $221.00. He counted out 304 shining dollars and placed them on the spot representing the place

where his potatoes grew. The grave of his father was worth $289.00; this he reverently counted out and laid on the carpet. The lot where he kept his chickens and pig was valued at $102.00, which took the last coin from the bag.

The land of the Indian is now bisected by a proposed boulevard; and white stakes describe rectangles of fifty-foot fronts, with depths of two hundred feet.

Far beyond the range of town lots, on the east fork of the Sluk-le-lo, the old Indian has built a hut on a squatter's claim; and carefully buried beneath a great boulder there is a canvas bag containing ten hundred and seventeen silver dollars.

The New Zealand Arbitration Act

By A. A. Brown

New Zealand has become known throughout the world for its advanced legislation. It has been anathemitized as socialistic. However, it is none the less true that it has departed from the well worn avenues of legislation which elsewhere give special privileges to the few, granting away public franchises with a prodigality that has covered cities and states with a mantle of indelible political disgrace. New Zealand has recognized and adopted in its legislation that great principle: "All men are created equal," and that a government "for the people," and "by the people," is not a government constituted by a membership of puppets dancing to the music of vested interests. It has not only advanced the theory of democracy, but it has adopted it in its parliamentary acts that the true functions of a government is such legislation as will yield "the greatest good to the greatest number," and as the laborer, the middle man, their wives and children far outnumber the rich, its legislation therefore tends naturally to the care and comforts of the former. One of its most salutory acts —one that ensures employers a stability in labor and its correllary, labor, a certainty of employment is that known as the "Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act," "relating to the settlement of industrial disputes by conciliation and arbitration.

The influence of this act is most comprehensive, reaching out to the adjustment of industrial matters and industrial disputes of every kind arising between one or more employers or industrial unions or association of employers, and one or more industrial unions or associations of workers in relation to industrial matters." It protects as surely the privileges, rights and duties of employers of workers, as it does the rights of the workers or employees. It deals with wages, allowances, or remuneration of workers employed in any industry, or the prices paid or to be paid therein in respect of such employment.

The hours of employment, sex, age, qualification, or status of workers, and the mode, terms, and conditions of employment are incorporated within its powers.

The claim of members of an industrial union of employers to preference of service from unemployed members of an industrial union of workers.

Under this act an "employer" includes persons, firms, companies and corporations employing one or more "workers."

A "worker" means any person of any age, of either sex, employed by any employer to do any skilled or unskilled manual or clerical work for hire or reward.

The purpose of the act is to prevent strikes on the part of the "workers" and forbid lockouts on the part of "employers," that each may have a guarantee of a stability in industrial affairs that guarantees a harmony of purpose beneficial alike to both.

In the application of the act there is a tendency to the elimination of all technicalities, legal phraseology, or special pleading. Complaints on the part of either employer or worker are prepared by the parties aggrieved, and "no barrister or solicitor, whether acting under a power of attorney or oth-

erwise, shall be allowed to appear or be heard before a Board, or any committee thereof, unless all the parties to the reference expressly consent thereto." It may be argued that this is an unwarranted discrimination against a very honorable and necessary profession; perhaps it is; but experience has shown that in all litigation where the bar is prominently employed, there is a confusion of issues that challenge the wisest heads to understand; and as the Arbitration Court is constituted by two or four laymen and one judge of the Supreme Court, one or two laymen representing capital, or the employer of labor, and one or two representing the employe, it is necessary that the issues joined be as simply stated as possible, and presented to the Board or Court by the interested parties in their own way.

The purpose of the Court is to adjust "industrial disputes" without burdening either side with a bill or a possible bill of costs that would stand as a bar to labor employing the offices of the Court to correct evils it might otherwise suffer.

It may be interesting to know how the "Court of Arbitration" is constituted. It shall consist of three members, who shall be appointed by the Governor; one shall be appointed on the recommendation of the industrial unions of employers, and one on the recommendation of the industrial unions of workers, and the third shall be a Judge of the Supreme Court, and shall be the President of the Court. They shall hold office for three years, and are eligible for reappointment.

This Court shall have jurisdiction for the settlement and determination of any industrial dispute arising in the colony; and its findings or judgment is binding on both parties for any term the Court may indicate, not less than six months, and not more than three years.

It is also provided, under a very severe penalty, that "until a dispute has been finally disposed of by the Board or the Court, neither the parties to the dispute or the workers affected by the dispute shall, on account of the dispute, do or be concerned in doing, directly or indirectly, anything in the nature of a strike or lockout, or of a suspension or discontinuance of employment or work, but the relationship of employer and employed shall continue uninterrupted by the dispute, or anything arising out of the dispute, or anything preliminary to the reference of the dispute and connected therewith.

The dismissal of any worker, or the discontinuance of work by any worker, pending the final disposal of an industrial dispute, shall be deemed a dedefault, unless the party satisfies the Court that such dismissal or discontinuance was not on account of the dispute."

Such are the effects of this act and its operation, that New Zealand has become known in the industrial world as "the land of no strikes." The interests of vested capital are safeguarded in its contracts for future delivery of its product, and the stability of its labor; it is not antagonistic to the interference of an arbitration tribunal with authority to give force to its judgments. Capital is freely entering the colony and engaging in the industries the natural conditions and resources of the colony warrant. Labor is contented, prosperous and happy, and nowhere in the world do more fraternal relations exist between employer and employe.

The enforcement of a minimum wage equalizes industrial conditions throughout the colony, that there is little opportunity for indulging in what is vulgarly called "cut throat competition," which is always accomplished at the expense of labor. There is a harmony of prices for manufactured

product that is so well understood throughout the colony that the consumer is quite as well informed of real values as is the manufacturer.

It has been argued that a "minimum wage" would reduce the earning power of the superior worker to the level of the waster or idler. This contention might be supported if "minimum wage" meant the highest wage for the least amount of work, but it may be, and is, applied to "piece work," where each man earns according to his skill and speed, at the same time it does not materially affect the cost of production.

The effect of this certainty of industrial conditions is seen in the thousands of beautiful little homes and workmen's cottages found in every city and manufacturing center in New Zealand, around which there is an atmosphere of contentment and happiness.

Nature has contributed largely to the possibilities for beautifying lawns and gardens; the climate is one of the most equable in the world; flowers and roses bloom from year's end to year's end, and reward the least attention with a prolific yield of perfect display. The beautious surroundings of nature are never lost; they are an environment that lends influence to man's nature. They refine, they soften, they beautify; and such is the environment by which the worker is surrounded in New Zealand, that he yields readily to the regulations of statute, to the discipline of employer, to the end that his life is free from the irritations forced upon labor in some other lands.

This article would be incomplete did I not refer to the sanitary conditions imposed by government for both factory and home.

I do not think an argument would stand for a moment in support of unhealthful surroundings, and yet, readers know that both in America and Europe there are conditions tolerated which are festering plague spots, breeding disease and death. There is a careless disregard for human life in older lands, where there is an inhuman and unnatural fight for industrial supremacy; where the life of a workman has no other value than its earning power, or the cost of replacement; where the insane ambition for inordinate wealth completely blinds the employer to every thought save that of gain; where the workman is reduced to a level below the value of a piece of machinery that represents an actual investment. This is an industrial evil that finds no lodgement in the economical conditions of New Zealand.

The "Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Acts" demand, and employers readily and heartily consent, to the maintenance of scientific sanitation in factories, shops and mines; such conditions are conducive to encouraging labor; to instilling a desire to attain that superiority among his fellows that should animate every workingman, and will, if he knows and feels that he is more than a mere unit; if he knows and feels that he is a real part of the social organism of the country in which he finds himself domiciled.

Under the operation of this act there are no "sweat shops," Hood's "Song of the Shirt" would never have found inspiration in New Zealand; there are no "fingers weary and worn" working in garrets or crowded into loathsome dens of filth, reeking with disease; there are no hopeless mothers earning a pittance in hovels or slums to continue the hopeless life of their unfortunate offspring; there are no bargain counters in the shops and stores, where articles are offered at prices which silently testify to long hours of labor and the hopelessness of the human machine that produced them, and it is to the credit of the employers throughout the colony that they encourage and contribute their support and influence to the perpetuation of that system of gov-

ernment that maintains such social and industrial conditions.

The function of the "Special Boards of Conciliators" is quite unlike the duties resting upon the Courts, which adjudicate only upon such matters as are at issue, and disclosed in the pleadings or supported by such testimony only as counsel may see fit to introduce, limited by technical rules of evidence. In the course of all inquiries before the Board it may make any suggestions and do all such things as it deems right and proper for inducing the parties to come to a fair and amicable settlement of any dispute; it may adjourn the proceedings for any period it thinks reasonable, to allow the parties to agree upon some terms of settlement; or, if the Board think fit, it may refer the dispute to a committee of its members, consisting of an equal number of the representatives of employers and workers, in order that such committee may facilitate and promote an amicable settlement of the dispute. If a settlement of the dispute is arrived at it shall stand as the judgment of the Board, and shall be filed in the office of the clerk within such time as shall be named by the Board.

There is an elasticity provided for in the proceedings of the Board, enabling it to do all that reason, prudence and justice suggests, without being bound by the technical restriction of courts, but when the award has been made, when the settlement has been agreed upon and made the judgment of the Board, it then carries all the powers of enforcement attaching to the judgment of a court and such penalties for its violation within the period prescribed, as to forbid any variation from its mandates, and it is not only binding on the parties immediately interested in the dispute, but it shall extend to and bind every employer and worker in the colony engaged in related trades.

The penalties for violation of the awards are fixed by the Court when the finding is made, limited, however, by the act itself, to a fine not exceeding £500, carrying a term of imprisonment, until the fine may have been paid, or for such period as the Board may direct.

Let me indicate the two-fold character of the "Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Acts": The title suggests two tribunals—a "Board of Conciliation" and an "Arbitration Court." In their powers and jurisdiction there is really a distinction without a material difference. The difference, however, is in the personnel of the tribunals and the boundaries of jurisdiction. The "Boards of Conciliation" shall consist of such unequal number of persons as the Governor determines, being not more than five, one being the chairman, who shall be elected by the other members, as provided by the act; the other members shall in such manner as provided by the act, be elected by the respective industrial unions of employers and workers in the industrial district, such unions voting separately and electing an equal number of such members. These elected members shall then meet and elect some impartial person who is willing to act, not being one of their number, to be Chairman of the Board.

The jurisdiction of this Board is limited to the boundaries of an industrial district. It may rightly be termed a court of original jurisdiction, for from its findings either disputant may at will appeal to the Arbitration Court, the jurisdiction of which extends throughout the colony. The real purpose of the "Boards of Conciliation" is to enable disputants to adjudicate differences arising, before a tribunal of friends and neighbors, at the least possible expense; the findings of the Board, as indicated, carrying with them all the force of a judgment rendered by a court.

Disputants, may, if they so elect, institute proceedings in the "Arbitration Court," the judgment of which is final in either case—that of an original hearing or on an appeal.

Pursuing the influence of this legislation providing for a watchful care over the workers, we find that there are employed in factory, shop and mine every safeguard to life and limb consistent with the practical and unfettered working of the employed. Mines are carefuly and safely shored; machines are guarded; belts are encased; stairs are railed, and every precaution taken limiting the opportunities for accident. It cannot be argued that these enforced precautions work hardships upon the employer; it so limits his liability for damages arising from accidents and the disorganization of his working force by the disablement of valuable servants, that he most readily concedes to every reasonable requirement of the act. The further reason, founded on a humanitarianism as broad as the brotherhood of man, suggests the adoption and maintenance of these safeguards. In the mad rush for the "root of all evil" in the older countries, employers refrain from the initial expense involved in installing reasonable safeguards until they find themselves mulcted in a claim for damages, resulting in a judgment, the amount of which would have many times paid for such installation, after which, for self-protection, such expense must follow. How much more reasonable and economical and humane to require such precautionary measures to be a part of the upfitting of a plant, as may be required under this act.

I have said elsewhere in this article that the findings or judgment of a court "is not only binding upon the parties immediately interested in the dispute, but it shall extend to and bind every employer and worker in the colony engaged in related trades." I repeat this paragraph to give emphasis to its application to the regulation of wages paid by foreign shipping companies doing carrying from one port of the colony to another local port. It is a lamentable fact that shipping companies are most persistent sweaters of labor, especially such companies as employ lascars and coolies. These companies, while their vessels are on the coast of New Zealand, may do coastwise carrying, provided, however, that they conform fully to the wage scale of New Zealand while in New Zealand waters, otherwise they are denied all the rights of the coastal trade. This protection to local shipping industries guarantees a uniformity in charges that forever bars the crowding out of the local carriers, by the great and powerful companies doing a trans-oceanic carrying trade, who might elect to "sweat out" local industry at the expense of both local capital and labor.

In the application and enforcement of this, like all the other advanced legislation of the colony, the protection, care and paternalism extended to the working man, peculiarly works no hardship on the employer, on the contrary he profits by such care. Labor is satisfied, happy, contented; it recognizes the rights of the employer to exact "a fair day's work for a fair day's wage"—a wage sufficient to provide the worker with the reasonable comforts of a home, with the means to educate his children and participate in the pleasures of life. It guarantees to each—capital and labor—a stability of conditions that are consistent with national prosperity; it enables the worker to be thrifty and frugal, as evidenced by the savings banks' deposits of the colony which show an open account for every 3.31 persons in the colony; a showing unapproached by any other state or nation in the world.

It guarantees equal opportunities in the industries of the colony; it equal-

izes competition; it regulates values; it is but one of the many legislation units that is building up in the Southern Seas an Utopian community that is reflecting an influence over industrial and social conditions throughout the world.

It is, and it is not experimental legislation. It may be argued that it is experimental, because it is a radical departure from the beaten paths trod by legislatures and parliaments; it is not experimental because it is the enforcement of honest and uncorrupted reason incorporated into such laws as provide "the greatest good to the greatest number."

A Reminiscence of the Voyage

By Arthur Aladine

"Isn't it too stunning, mama darling; we have been assigned seats next to the chief officer?"

"Yes, dearest, the chief steward knows we are the most distinguished passengers on board. He has remarkable discrimination."

"Yes, angel mama, he has," chimed in the elder daughter.

"What are you going to eat, sweetest?"

"I think I'll take some pork and beans, and——"

"Oh, no, sister dear, dont; they're too American, don't cher know."

"So they are, my daughters; beans are only eaten by the lower classes in America."

"You're right, mama dear, and I am wrong, as you always are. No, thank you, steward, I'll just take——"

"Oh, try some steak and kidney pie, sister dear; that's what we always have at home on Thursdays for dinner, and —he, he, he."

"Chief, what's that you're eating? You do eat the most remarkable things! My daughters and me never indulge in them unnamable dishes that are on every ship's menu. Last year when we were going 'ome (I was in the Mongolia, don't cher know) I sat beside the captain; he was a classical French scholar, and he translated the menu for me, so I always knew what to order. It was real jolly to know what one was eating, don't cher know."

"Yes, Mrs. Dic-sin, it is always a very great pleasure for the officers of a vessel to lend every assistance they can to passengers, especially to those who contribute to the interest and pleasure of a voyage."

"How stunning you are, chief; mama always falls in with such agreeable people on 'er voyages; birds of a feather, you know."

"There, there; that will do; you must not flatter me, you know——"

"Oh, no, no flattery, I assure you; we are 'onored in the assignment of seats next to you. You must have had many interesting experiences at sea. How long have you been at sea?"

"Yes, Miss Dic-sin, I have had a great many interesting experiences."

"Oh, so charming! (both daughters) do tell us one; that's a good fellow; the most interesting one of all."

"It would be difficult to particularize, but I remember an incident that may interest you; it occurred off the coast of Queensland. I was on the bridge; it was just at sunset, and such a sunset! the orb of day was kissing farewell to all the world; he was painting the west-

ern horizon in tints of as many lights and shades as nature's artist would create; they played hide and seek behind the fleeting, fleecy clouds; they streaked the surface of the sea with rays of gold and bronze and blue and a thousand colors in one blend. It was an ideal Australian sunset——"

"How interesting."

"All at once, I noticed a monster cow whale asleep on the surface of the sea just forward of the ship's bow, and near her were her two calves disporting themselves in playful glee——"

"How remarkable."

"And before I could change the ship's course, we struck her and cut her entirely through——"

"How shocking."

"It simply passed as an incident, and I thought little more of the occurrence than of many other strange happenings until the following morning, when I was on the quarter-deck. I was surprised to see the two whale calves, whom we had unintentionally deprived of their maternal protector, following the ship. They indicated in every action that they were seeking food. I called the boatswain and directed him to get a tub of milk and connect it to one of the deck pumps, and we fed those two calves through the nozzle attached to our deck hose."

"What remarkable intelligence they had to be sure——"

"There are a few of the finest grenadillas we have had on board for some time, try one; I'm sure you will like it; it's my favorite fruit."

"How do you eat it, chief?"

"Just cut it entirely through, and take the seeds and gelatinous matter out of the center with a spoon."

"Thank you, chief, you're so thoughtful."

"One of the most remarkable experiences of my life at sea——"

"Oh, tell us, do tell us."

"Oh, mama dear, wait until we get to Washington. Won't it be too lovely. I think I'll like Washington; we can see Mr. Roosevelt. I wonder if he wears his decorations with the becoming modesty of Lord Northcote?"

"My dears, Lord Northcote is an English gentleman. Now why make comparisons that must be objectionable?"

"Sister, dearest, you have wounded mama's feelings; you should be more careful in what you say. You know Mr. Roosevelt and Lord Northcote are not in the same street when it comes to official dignity, so there, now."

"Tomorrow morning we will be in Honolulu; how lovely that will be. My dear husband was here during the reign of King 'Kammahama' the First (King Kamehameha the First died in 1819) he knew him so well, poor fellow, and now he is dead."

Next morning.

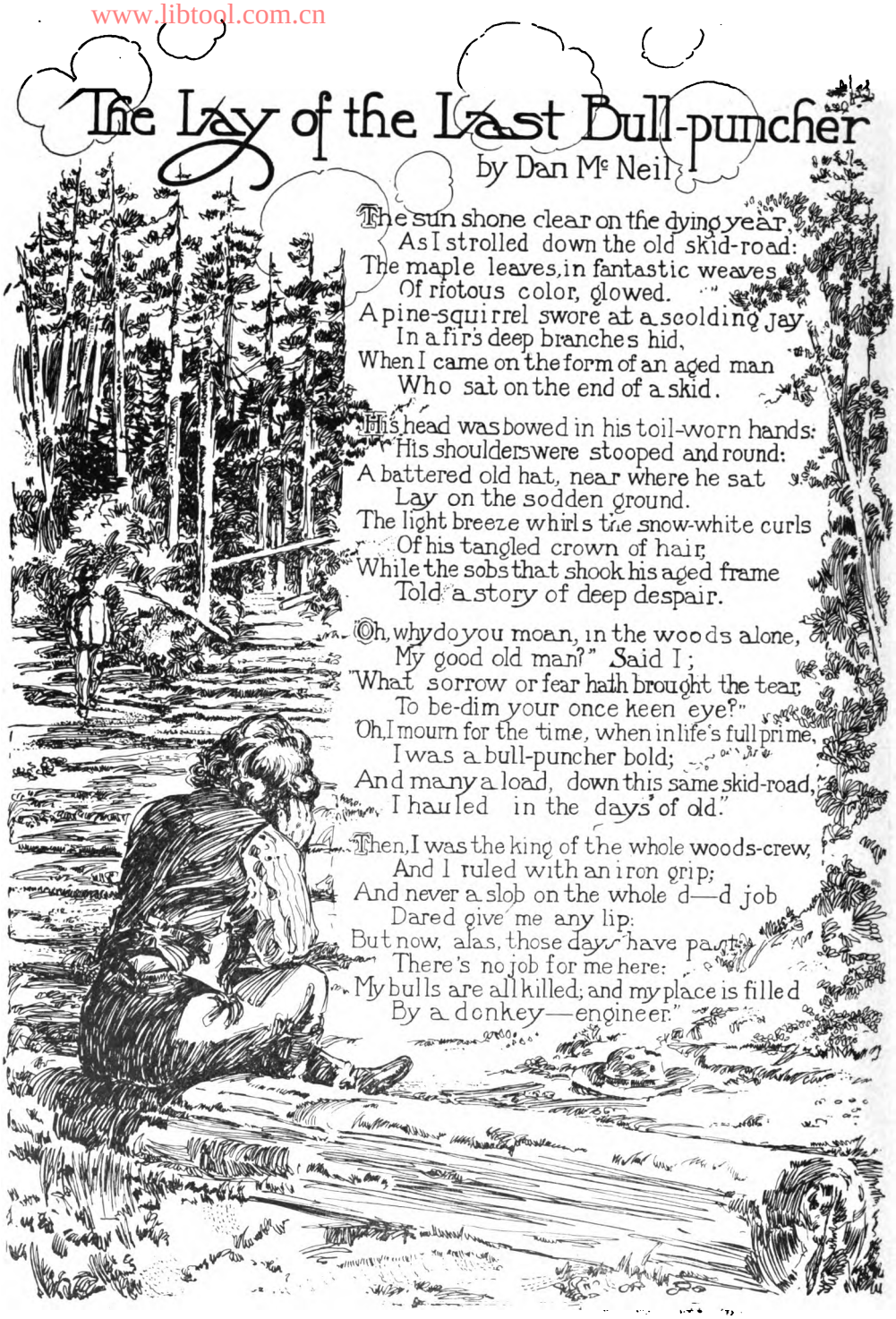
"Speaking of strange incidents at sea (continued the chief officer) there are some of the largest halibut in Burrard Inlet, near Victoria, British Columbia, that are found in any waters. Just before our last voyage one was caught that weighed 1,600 pounds; it had been a man-eating halibut. When it was cut open the fishermen found two suits of clothes and a gold watch and chain. You remember that fish, don't you, Mrs. ———?" (aside to a lady passenger, resident of Victoria).

"Oh, mama, it must have eaten two men. How dreadful; and no one knows how many more. Oh, dear, what a good thing it was to have caught it."

"It was a splendid catch. The British Columbian government awarded its captors a gold medal, and—by the way, tomorrow we will be in Vancouver, and our very delightful voyage will have come to an end. I'm so sorry, but friends must part; this life is made up principally of meetings and partings."

The Lay of the Last Bull-puncher

by Dan Mc Neil



The sun shone clear on the dying year,
As I strolled down the old skid-road:
The maple leaves, in fantastic weaves
Of riotous color, glowed.
A pine-squirrel swore at a scolding jay
In a fir's deep branches hid,
When I came on the form of an aged man
Who sat on the end of a skid.

His head was bowed in his toil-worn hands:
His shoulders were stooped and round:
A battered old hat, near where he sat
Lay on the sodden ground.
The light breeze whirls the snow-white curls
Of his tangled crown of hair,
While the sobs that shook his aged frame
Told a story of deep despair.

"Oh, why do you moan, in the woods alone,
My good old man?" Said I;
"What sorrow or fear hath brought the tear,
To be-dim your once keen eye?"
"Oh, I mourn for the time, when in life's full prime,
I was a bull-puncher bold;
And many a load, down this same skid-road,
I hauled in the days of old."

"Then, I was the king of the whole woods-crew,
And I ruled with an iron grip;
And never a slob on the whole d—d job
Dared give me any lip:
But now, alas, those days have past,
There's no job for me here:
My bulls are all killed; and my place is filled
By a donkey—engineer."

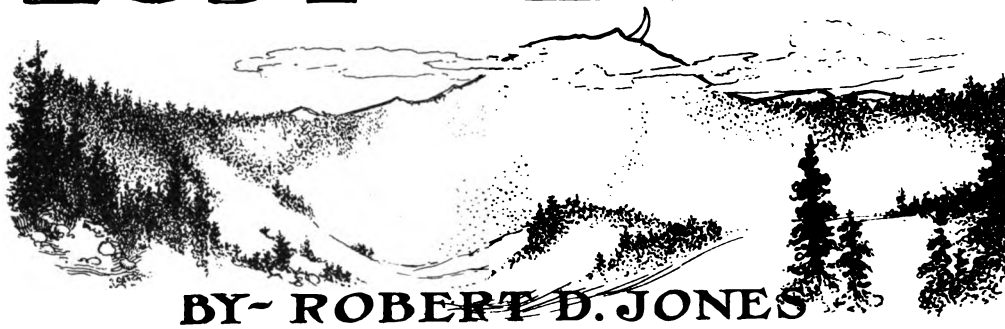
Instead of my stately team of bulls,
All stepping along so fine,
A greasy old engine toots and coughs
And hauls in the turn with a line.
So that's why I'm sad, but for you, my lad,
I'll sing of those days again--
Your heart seems true, so I'll tell to you
How we used to do it then."

His weary old form stood erect and tall,
His eye flashed as of yore;
As with tottering steps and croaking voice
He drove his bulls once more.
"Back, Buck! G-e-e, Spot! Whoa, Mose! Haw, Star!
Steady there, Red! Back, Bright!
Now! Wiggle your tails, you long-horned snails
Or we wont get in tonight."

Get into your yokes, you lazy blokes,
Old Bills on deck once more;
And every bull must scratch and pull,
As he never pulled before."
So with many strange oaths and hoarse commands
He staggered along in his dream--
Till, loud and clear, from somewhere near
Came a donkey-engine's scream:

Bill stopped: at the sight of his agonized face,
My heart with pity bled;
And e'er I could reach his side, he fell
Across the skid road, --dead.
We buried him there on the scene of his past;
His head-stone, an old fir stump,
With this epitaph scrawled:--"Old Bill has hauled
His last turn down to the dump."

LOST IN LEYTE



BY ROBERT D. JONES

CHAPTER I.

It was one of those beautiful winter days of which the state justly claims the right to boast, and in its chosen spot, too, where the artisans of nature have plied diligent hands since the Creation to build on earth a spot to vie with our vague conception of Paradise.

The air was bracing, and the coast breeze from the bleak shore of Bolinas, tamed by the sequoia-crested heights of Tamalpais, breathed freshly over the face of nature, carrying with it a keen sense of exhilaration, which moved the spirit of activity.

Fleecy clouds drifted over the deep blue face of heaven, casting, for occasional brief moments, their shadows, which served only to change the tint of the landscape to one of but a shade darker. Cattle grazed on the hillsides, where grass, luxuriant, defying the season, grew; and wading to their knees, the cattle buried their heads as they grazed.

It had rained during the morning; and the odor of the moist earth bespoke the season. Coaxed from the face of the hillsides by the sun's gentle persuasion, vapor rose from the grassy slopes, and resembling fairies gently rising, joined the clouds floating above in an etherial sea.

Birds chirped gleefully as they sought the shade of the evergreen sequoias, or hopped about the naked limbs of the deciduous trees, drying their plumage after having bathed in the pools of water which had not yet seeped away to the nourishment of the earth.

Clear and definied stood Mt. Tamalpais, every outline of the rugged peak standing in distinct silhouette against the sky; and though at a distance of many miles, the rumble of the laboring engines was perceptibly audible as they climbed the serpentine track leading to the summit.

Off from the beaten way of the county road, in toward the base of Tamalpais, nestled between the ridges which extended like huge arms from the peak protecting it, lay Baltimore Canon. "Sleepy Hollow" well named this beautiful spot, at this season of the year, then contrasted with the scene it presented in the summer, when hundreds of families, freeing themselves from the turmoil of the city, cast off restraint, and moved with camping paraphernalia to Baltimore Canon for the summer.

It was different now; and those whose homes were built there during the winter months, enjoyed that peace of nature, which sought them to locate in this secluded place.

Along the bank of a brook, the road followed its crooked course. Huge sequoias grew on either side, their

branches intertwining overhead, forming a thatch of perennial verdure which precluded the pentetration of the sun's rays. Less imposing, but claiming more immediate attention, the underbrush seemed covered with snow, as the wax-apples, gracing the dainty though leafless stem of shrub, whitened as the season advanced. The odor of laurel leaves came freshly to the nostrils from the hundreds of trees which added their quota to the beauty of Sleepy Hollow's winter verdure. Blossoms from the wild briar could be seen smiling occasionally from the tangled thicket, as fearing the invasion of the summer guests, they seemed to have postponed their season of blooming until a time when they could be greeted by those who dwelled among them. Like a network of silk lace, spider webs extended from ridge to ridge, glistening from the reflected rays of the sun. The quail, which had fled from the scene during the summer, had returned from the deeper recesses of the mountains, and now boldly crowed from the brush by the road-side.

It was here that Mrs. Price lived with her daughter, Alice, at Laurell, the family residence.

Mrs. Price was walking about the garden, which by the careful selection of plants, was kept in a state of perennial bloom. She was waiting for her daughter who had driven to the station to meet a guest.

Ralph Jordan had been acquainted with the Price boys in connection with his journalistic work; and his pleasing and affable manner, manifested at repeated visits during the summer months had won the request from Mrs. Price that he remain in Laureldell for a part of the winter. Having formed more than a passing attachment for Alice, he dreamed of the pleasant winter days in her company, when he accepted the proffered invitation. He thought of her influence on the sentences he would frame in the book he was then writing; and the natural environments of Sleepy Hollow were such as to lend inspiration to his thoughts.

On this beautiful day he arrived at Larkspur. Alice was at the station with her pony and cart when the train arrived; and, while waiting for the village storekeeper, notary public, fire and life insurance agent, Western Union operator, and postmaster to distribute the mail, they went for a short drive over the beautiful country road toward San Rafael.

By the time that they arrived at Laurelldell, Ralph had thoroughly confirmed his belief that he loved Alice; and an absorbing desire to make her his wife controlled him.

Gifted with the rare possession of common sense, Alice Price was a girl, devoid of the foolish frivolities which generally attack those of her position and sex. She possessed a pride in her health; a pride in her ability to be like herself, a standard of character she had chosen to establish, and so wholesomely contrasted with other girls, Jordan admired her for it. Raised and educated with her brothers, her ideas of life were not those formed by continuous formal social gaiety. Her nature was that of her brothers, and her work was continuously with a view of others' comfort. She was plain in her manner; yet from her way she had carefully prevented the intrusion of masculinity. Her disposition was one of affection. She was fond of her pets, and especially so of her pony, Bart.

Alice drove with her guest to the stable, where the pony stopped without command at his accustomed place. Ralph jumped from the cart; but before he could lend assistance, Alice, with the agility and grace of a gazelle, had followed him.

The stableman made no effort to receive the horse, which was quickly explained.

"If you will excuse me for a moment, Mr. Jordan," said the girl, "while I unhitch Bart, I will accompany you to the house. I am sure you don't mind waiting. It is my pride to allow no one but myself to care for my pony, and in the work I take the greatest pleasure."

"You will not forbid me the pleasure of assisting you, I trust," said Jordan; and without awaiting her consent he began to loosen the tug on the other side, following the example of his fair leader; but before he had hardly moved, Alice had finished her side, and coming under the pony's head, finished what Jordan had begun.

"If you will allow me the duty of training you, Mr. Jordan," she said, laughingly, "I think that during your visit I can make quite a horseman of you."

"Your instruction, Miss Price," replied Jordan, "would place me under a lasting obligation to you. I am fond of horses; but I am sorry to say that I have not had the opportunity of cultivating their intimate acquaintance as I would have liked."

Alice led her pony to his stall, and, removing the harness, joined Jordan, when they walked leisurely toward the house.

There were many things in the garden which attracted Jordan's admiration, especially when he learned that they were Alice's handiwork. Even the rustic seats she had built, herself, upon the stump of a huge sequoia, which had been murdered in years gone by to feed the hungry saws of the mill, and around which young trees had sprung from the parent root.

Jordan was shown to his room, where again the handiwork of his ideal made itself manifest, from the arrangement of the decorations on the wall to the draping of the curtains at the windows.

His trunks arrived; and he soon found himself settling amid pleasant environments.

The desk at which he was to write, if he wrote at all, was placed near a window which commanded an unobstructed view of the canon, at the head of which stood Mount Tamalpais, a sentinel.

To Jordan's eyes a new charm developed in his ideal, on the following morning, when he learned that it was her own hands that had prepared the morning meal.

It was still early when he sought his desk to complete a chapter which he had paraphrased during the night.

Yes, the charming influence of the one who had so thoroughly won his heart, was apparent in the sentences which he wrote. As he read, he admired what he had written from the sense of a lover, but his critical eye observed the introduction of a sentiment for which his story in its early stage was not prepared. To draw a blue line through the chapter, he argued, would mean an injustice to the one who was uppermost in his heart. To continue in the vein which he could not avoid, meant, he knew, little chance of the publishers handling his manuscript. He wrote; but realized the uselessness of his efforts to make a success of his book. His story was a good one, but he could not write it.

Not with a feeling of contempt with himself, but prompted by a far different motive, did he lay aside his incomplete manuscript, and abandon himself to the bliss of his surroundings.

The beautiful winter days came and went; and at each glorious sunset did Jordan realize that Alice Price was all that there could be to him. Daily drives with her over the beautiful roads of Marin and conversations which continually developed new charms, intensified his infatuation. He thought, too, that Alice regarded him in a light with which he flattered himself.

The long winter evenings they spent alternately reading chapters from books, the selection of which was most

harmoniously mutual. Frequently would they go far up the canon in quest of ferns; and, when holding her hand for the brief moments of assisting her across the brook, he became controlled by a feeling of happiness, an emotion which he could not disguise.

How often does a young man allow the darts of Cupid to wound him beyond the thought of things material? How often does he abandon himself to the present happiness in which he imagines he lives, and think not of the morrow?

Jordan's succes as a writer had been in the ascent since his graduation from Berkeley; but during his stay at Laureldell he had disregarded repeated requests for stories from local publications; nor did he realize the gravity of his neglect, until it suddenly dawned upon him that he needed money. Looking over his neglected mail, he decided to comply with the request of an editor of a Sunday Supplement, to write a page on a subject which was given him; and accordingly, he wrote. His subject being a familiar one, he found his manuscript ready to submit in a short time. It lay on his desk, sealed and addressed; but before he could mail it, he found that his story had been "killed" by a contemporary; and, illustrated to a sickening degree, he saw another's rendering of his own stuff. He waited; but the mail brought no further requests for "space"; and his finances gradually dwindled. To realize on his book, he must wait until he had written it, which meant financial suicide. In desperation he reviewed the work upon which he had devoted so much time, and upon which he had hoped for gigantic returns. He condensed his cherished volume into a short story and sent it to a magazine of fiction, where it was quickly accepted, and for which he soon received a respectable check, with which he could easily keep his head above water for some time; and again he abandoned himself to the present.

Jordan and Alice drove to the station to get the mail in which was a solitary letter for Jordan. He read it; and learned that his friend Atkins had resigned from his position as "Supp editor" of a leading daily to take charge of a promising monthly magazine established on the coast; and upon his recommendation, the managing editor had requested Jordan to fill the vacancy. At first Jordan quickly decided to decline the promising offer.

As they drove to Laureldell, Alice told Jordan how hard her brother had been working on one of the city dailies. She told him with unconscious feeling of pride how she admired him for his efforts, and how proud she was of him.

Jordan had always had an aversion to the magazine sections of Sunday newspapers; and, although frequently forced by depleted exchequer to write for them, he always did so with a feeling of compunction; but the idea of "running" one seemed repulsive to him; yet he felt that in the capacity of "editor" he might find more favor in the eyes of the girl he loved; and, at least, share a portion of the admiration won by her brother in the same channel.

As he retired that night, Jordan saw on the table a new magazine which had been opened to an article on "Success." Instinctively he picked it up and read it. It was about a young fellow in whose position he had little difficulty in placing himself; a young man whose ambitions were too exalted, one who had overlooked many opportunities on the lower levels of advancement in vain efforts to stride too many rungs of the ladder of fame. It was a story very similar to many others which he had read, all of which had been thrown aside with the provoked ejaculation "rubbish"; but this particular story set him to thinking. It was not so much the story, itself, as it was the manner in which it had been placed within his reach. Alice had told

him about her brother; and undoubtedly it was her own hand that placed the opened magazine under his observation.

"Yes," he said to himself, "I am a fool to believe that I can stand on a pinnacle of fame, before having first endured the attending preliminary hardships."

"After all," he thought, when he knew of hundreds who would have grabbed at the glowing prospects his offer advanced, "the position is a good one, and the salary is good"; but not for that did he decide to accept the offer. It was with the belief that it would strengthen his suit, that he had decided to accept what he knew was Alice's advice.

The last day of the old year had drawned; and with it there arose a terrific storm, before which the sequoias bent until their tough fibre seemed beyond recuperation. Lightning flashed frequently across the inky sky; and the rain poured in torrents. From the bay window in the drawing room Jordan and Alice watched the little stream which flowed at the foot of the hill, upon whose side the cultivated garden was so arranged that it did not detract from the virgin wildness. Perceptibly did the stream rise, soon becoming a rushing torrent of muddy water, as though from the roof of a house, the great downpour of rain drained from the mountain sides, down which it had washed trees unable to stand against the storm. The stream rose until it had covered the road; and as far down the canon as the density of the trees would allow a view, the muddy torrent could be seen, tearing and twisting at the trees which stood in its way, apparently defying its right to pass.

"This is the day for resolutions," said Alice; "have you made any?"

"Yes," replied Jordan, "I find that I have been allowing myself too much rest, and I have resolved to go to work. I shall, beginning with the new year, accept the position as editor of the Sunday Times."

"You must find journalism a most fascinating occupation," continued Alice.

"I do," replied Jordan, "but I find that I am absorbed in a deeper fascination than journalism."

Mrs. Price, from an adjoining room, called her daughter.

"Yes, mamma," she answered, as she lightly ran across the room in obedience.

Jordan had become as one of the family, so that no formal apology was necessary for her having left him suddenly alone. He followed her with his eyes until the portiers had fallen together behind her. Then, turning, he looked out of the window in reverie. He sat for some time, hardly thinking, for he seemed to have riveted his gaze on the swollen stream, and allowed his mind to drift into a receptive oblivion. He arose, walked over to the piano, and aimlessly played a few chords. He paced about the room for a few moments, and finally lay down on a couch among a dozen or more pillows, the handiwork of Alice; and in a few moments he was asleep.

Thus Alice found him when she returned to the room. Assuring herself that he slept, she quietly left the room, returning in a moment with a shawl which she gently threw over the sleeping man. Though gently arranged, her light touch awakened Jordan, but he neither moved nor opened his eyes.

Mrs. Price entered the room at this moment; and in a whisper Jordan heard the girl say: "Ralph must be tired."

"Alice," Jordan heard her mother whisper, "you will make some man a good wife."

The color came to her beautiful cheeks. She thought that Jordan loved

her; and she knew that by her he was loved.

Jordan slept under a charmed influence and dreamed. He dreamed of happiness, a happiness only that his ideal could bring. He awoke and went to the window, where Alice was sitting. He thanked her for her tender thought of covering him as he slept.

"Did you know it was I who covered you?" asked Alice.

Jordan admitted that he did.

Believing, too, that he had heard her mother's remark, a delicate flush of color came to the girl's face, which did not escape Jordan's observation.

The storm passed; the air was clear and cold; the new moon, a silvery crescent, seemed balanced on the peak of Tamalpais, at which Ralph and Alice both looked from the veranda.

They stood close together, silently, for some time, breathing the keen coolness of the night.

Along the serrated edge of the ridges, the Sequoia trees stood in black silhouette against the starlit sky; and the silence of Sleepy Hollow was broken only by the occasional shrill cry of a night bird.

The stream at the foot of the hill receded as quickly as it had risen, and now reflected the glimmer of the brilliant stars.

A gust of wind stirred the trees, accentuating the chill of the night.

Jordan quickly entered the house, went to the couch where he had slept in the afternoon; and, taking the shawl, returned and gently placed it about the girl's shoulders. As he carefully laid the folds about her throat, he bent and kissed her. He pressed her hand. The pressure was returned.

Together they stood; silence seeming to claim a deeper interest than conversation.

Mrs. Price, fearing the chill night air, bade them return to the room.

Realizing the wisdom of her mother's warning, Alice led Jordan to the large living room, where a bright log fire burned in the huge fireplace.

"While waiting to see the old year out," said Alice, "let us read a book. I will shut my eyes and select one from the shelf of fiction."

Closing her eyes, Alice felt her way to the book case, selected a volume, and returned to the fire.

She had Rider Haggard's "Mr. Meason's Will."

Alice handed the book to her mother, who read aloud the first chapter; and alternately the three read the book as the evening wore away.

The chapter of the storm and the shipwreck fell to Mrs. Price. The suffering of Little Dick in the open boat brought tears to Alice's eyes; tears which meant an outward visible sign of an overflow from a tender heart.

"And now Little Dick passes out of our story," Mrs. Price read, and concluded the chapter.

"It was 11 o'clock; but an hour remained of the old year.

"Considerate of Mr. Haggard to remove the character for whom he has no further use," said Mrs. Price. "I think I shall retire, children. You may see the old year out; and accept my premature wish of a Happy New Year."

Alice left the room with her mother; and, returning soon, the reading of the book was resumed.

Page followed page, read in a strange sense of oblivion to the subject. Jordan read, but realized nothing in the text. He listened, but he was conscious only that it was Alice's voice which he heard.

They were reading by the bright light from the fireplace; but as the fire burned low, the reading ceased; and mutually agreeable to both, the book occupied a neglected place on the floor.

Jordan placed a new log on the andirons, rearranged the fire; and, moving

his chair closer to Alice, he took her hand in his.

A gunshot broke the silence of Sleepy Hollow; and another quickly followed.

Jordan looked at his watch. It was midnight.

Others, too, in Sleepy Hollow, were watching the old year out; and were ushering the new year into being in a noisy fashion.

"A Happy New Year," they wished each other in the same breath.

Holding her hand, Jordan stood beside the girl he loved. He bent and kissed her.

They stood in silence for sevarl moments before the great fireplace. Each interpreted the other's thoughts. The warmth of their love was emblemized in the glow cast by the burning log, as the flickering light illuminated two happy, radiant faces.

"That I love you, Alice, you know," said Jordan. "Tell me, darling, that you will be my wife; and my New Year's resolution will be, with God's help, to make you happy."

"To make me happy," replied Alice, "will not be a difficult task for you, Ralph. I am happy now; you have made me so."

Another kiss sealed the betrothal.

"It is late," said Alice; we must retire."

(To Be Continued.)

Salty Logic

By BILL BUNTWHIP

Jack and Bill on the fo'c'stle sat,
Discussing the stormy weather.
Two staunch old friends are Jack and Bill;
And they're always seen together.
Jack's a salt from the briny deep;
And Jim's to sea been stayin',
So as they spoke, I knew, forsooth,
They knew what they were sayin'.
The wind blew a gale from the sou'-sou'-east;
And the halyards they bellied to lee;
And Jack was soaked to his salty core,
By the briny spray from the sea.
Though his Woodstock pipe was filled with brine,
He hade it burn with a glow;
And blowing out clouds of salty smoke,
He spit out this tale of woe:
"I'm sorry," says he, "for the folks on the beach,
As go flounderin' 'roun' in the wet,
When storms like this comes up and blows,
Till none of 'em knows where the're et.
They go duckin' aroun' like an albatross,
From chimnies what's carried away;
And they shakes in their boots when the houses creak,
What's built without any stay.
Them electric wires is comin' down
An' ketchin' 'em left an' right;
It makes my heart get soft to think
Of such a unfortunit sight.
They go trampin' aroun' in the mud an' slush
With a busted old umberell';
As fer bein' ashore in a storm like this,
I'd as soon as be in ——.
Here you gets the wind just fresh as she blows;
You don't get no dirt in your eye;
No bricks is agoin' to fall on your head,
Unless they falls out of the sky;
So whenever there comes a hurricane, I'm
I'm glad, clear down to my toes,
To think that I'm safe on a ship at sea
Where you needn't get skeert when she blows."

"—AS THE FLICKERING LIGHT ILLUMINATED TWO HAPPY, RADIANT FACES."

See page 48

Conveying a surety of lasting fame, and an infinitude of power, the rank of viceroy is one much coveted in China. Being, too, a position of substance, the aspirant who succeeds in elevating himself to that dignity waxes into affluence at will by the mere exercise of the prerogative.

The dean of the present-day vicereyal heads is Yuan-Shi-Kai, viceroy of Chih-Li, a former general in the Chinese army. He is intelligent, introspective, a progressionist, in a limited sense, and a second Li-Hung-Chang in policy. His seat of government is at Tientsin, close to the river Pei-ho, and not far from the conflux of that river and the famous Imperial Grand Canal.

Pao-ting-fu, a large city about one hundred miles from Peking, to the southwest, was originally the capital of the province; but the administration was moved to Tientsin by Li-Hung-Chang in order to facilitate intercourse with the foreigners, whose concessions were there located.

When Yuan-Shi-Kai assumed the viceroyalty, shortly after the Boxer uprising in 1900, his sudden ascendancy to power was not in accord with popular favor.

His promotion from a position verging on obscurity was brought about by his own devise and by the degradation of others. It was the direct result of the palace revolution of 1898, when he laid bare a plot, in which he, himself, was an accessory, to destroy the Empress Dowager. On the wings, as it were, of the expose, came the denouement.

Government, in the person of the Empress Dowager, was not slow to act in matters of such moment as a cabal of reformists, and they persons of hitherto unquestionable loyalty. The conspiracy was nipped in the bud; the Lord-High-Executioner did a little strenuous work; Kwang-Yu-Wei, the principal reformer, fled the country; and all went well. From thenceforth the star of Yuan-Shi-Kai was in the ascendant.

Kwang-Yu-Wei is now in New York on a tour of the world, in which he has been enlisting sympathisers to the ranks of the Chinese Reform Association. Disregarding the fact that there is a price of ten thousand taels on his head, he seems fearless in his aim; and now claims to have 6,000,000 followers, 3,000,000 of whom are in China.

The friends of the reform heaped opprobium on the viceroy's head for his wanton duplicity. They had forseen, in the death of the Empress Dowager, a greater possibility for the inculcation of Western learning; the suppression

of obsolete laws, and the interdiction of absolute rule. They were doomed to disappointment. That august lady had climaxed the revolution in the palace by practically deposing the young Emperor, Kwang-Hsu, and appointing herself the substantive ruler. With her reappearance on the throne came a revulsion in reform and a reversion to archaic principles.

Shi-Kai to his present vicerolty, and vested him with the order of the "Yellow Jacket," an honor which for many years before his death belonged to "the grand old man of China," Li-Hung-Chang.

The new viceroy has demonstrated by his action that he is well executing his trust; that instead of becoming a self-aspiring demagogue, he has become the mainstay of the government, and is

YUAN-SHI-KAI, CHINA'S GREAT MAN OF TODAY.

The official classes and the literati looked upon Yuan-Shi-Kai as an aspiring sycophant, morally unfit to hold any office above a military command. As much as her officials gratulated the Empress Dowager on her miraculous escape, inwardly did they execrate her savior, who then had won his way to Imperial favor. In gratitude for his signal act, the Empress appointed Yuan-

now the foremost official in the Flowery Kingdom.

Unlike his coadjutors and calumniators, Yuan-Shi-Kai entered his new career by doing that which would redound to his country's good. He took up the question of reform with a fearlessness which was admirable, and handled it with an unfeeling regard for custom and ancestral precedent.

Prominent among the many things he has done since his appointment to the viceroyalty of Shil-hi, he has transformed the Chinese army from an obsolete mob into a fighting force of great efficiency; he has organized a police system after the model of the French gendarmerie, which has proven highly efficient, and is being gradually extended to give security to the entire country. Civil and military schools have been established under his patronage, with competent European, American and Japanese instructors; railroads are under course of construction; streets of the larger cities of Chih-li are being repaired after the plans of native engineers of his appointing; mints have been fitted with the latest American machinery; arsenals provided with modern plants for turning out ordnance and small arms for the army; and he has fostered a military spirit in the youth of the province, endeavoring thereby to discourage the rooted abhorrence for the Chinese soldier. Last, but by no means least among his reforms, he has strongly supported a constitutional government, in a definate sense, at first, until the benefits of education shall have given the people a deeper penetration into the basic theories of self-government.

Thus has Yuen Shi-Kai volunteered to do what no other official dare broach under penalty of Imperial displeasure. The broad scope of his projects instances a welcome change in the Empress Dowager, so notoriously reactive was her policy, so recalcitrant her spirit to any innovation tending to the alteration of ancient law or custom. Surely the good accomplished by Yuan Shi-Kai is not found wanting when placed against his deeds of questioned virtue.

Great and beneficient though his reign has been, Yuan Shih-Kai has never won his way to popularity. The great are, the world over, the targets of the splenetic utterances of the disaffected; and China has its army of these discontented being. He is not persona grata with the official classes, because of his semi-regal prerogatives. The odium of the literati is on his head because of his predilection for modern customs. He is a subject of secret irreverence from the merchants and proletariat by reason of a too elaborate system of taxation.

However well meaning an official may be, the vacillating Chinese mind seldom sees things in their true perspective, being prone to judge more from hearsay and the inflammatory writings of agitators than from the visible sign of steady progress. The practice has been in China to have as little to do with mandarins as is compatible with personal security and wellbeing. "He who looks at the sun is dazzled; and he who hears the thunder is deafened" is an old philosopher's warning to those who would come too near to the powerful. Whence it comes that a Chinaman, be he wise, avoids a mandarin, knowing that such a personage can do him but little good, and can cause him an immense amount of trouble. The officials are therefore classed as a homogeneous set of men, their one purpose in life being the lining of their pockets at the expense of the people. The sordid practice of extortion is so universal, so deep-rooted, so free from prosecution, and so little is given to the people in return for the shekels mulcted from them, that a man of Yuan-Shi-Kai's equipment is looked upon as but a counterpart of the old official; and his reforms are regarded as an experiment to open up hitherto unexplored avenues of wealth.

Extortion is a household world. The government extorts money from the mandarins for the privilege and security in office; the mandarin extorts his pound of flesh from the merchant in conformity with the unwritten prerog-

MISS ROOSEVELT WITH U. S. CONSUL RAGSDALE, AT TIENTSIN: YUAN-SHI-KAI'S BODY-GUARD ON THE LEFT.

atives; the merchant bleeds the people to make up the deficit, and so on down to the most degraded menial in the kingdom. The practice is epidemic from the prince to the pauper, and Yuan-Shi-Kai is no exception to the prevailing rule.

The fault is not with the mandarin, but with the government and its lax execution of the laws. It may surprise us of the Western nations, where public offices are not any too free from corruption to learn that extortion in China is considered a flagrant breech of the law, punishable by death. This is simple, cold, hard, discriminating Chinese law, cloaked with technicalities, open to negotiation, and taking its course only when the case is so overtly flagatious that the issue cannot be evaded.

Yuan-Shi-Kai is not free from the contamination of office. The salary attached to his rank would barely pay the expense of his servants. Like his compeers, he is expected to make all he can out of his position. Opportunity has knocked at his door, and he is following it to fame and affluence; and along the road he is sowing the seed of education, the seed of physical energy; and he is making a way to a healthier civilization. Some of his acts are open to censorious criticism; but all Chinese officials have faults as well as virtues, the latter generally being found wanting.

We must look in vain over the long list of Chinese officials to find another of Yuan-Shi-Kai's standing, who has done so much for his country in so short a time; who openly encourages intercourse with foreigners. He stamped out a boycott against American goods in a day; and he brazenly supports a constitutional government.

A CHINESE OFFICIAL AT HOME WITH HIS FAMILY.

Viceroy Yuan is a man in the prime of life. His figure could not be called commanding, nor his face any too handsome; but his head is well shaped, and his eyes speak a vigorous mentality. He works hard. Up in the morning betimes, he transacts provincial affairs, or consults his department heads on questions of importance. Frequently he goes by private car to Peking, to attend the Council of Government Reform, being a consulting minister in that body. His relations with his patroness, the Empress Dowager, are most cordial, that lady often sending him, with much ceremony, gifts of medicine to insure his health and to prolong his life and other tokens of her esteem, in the form of presents.

His yamen, or official residence, is run with the punctilio of clockwork. This cluster of buildings is one of the most conspicuous sights of Tientsin. It embraces several acres of courts and one-story buildings, the whole being enclosed by a high wall. The "Great Gate" faces an esplanade stretching to the Pei-ho. A guard of soldiers is maintained at the gate; and entrance is forbidden to those not on important business. The viceroy seldom leaves the yamen without his body-guard of fifty soldiers, well accoutred, and mounted on German cavalry horses. His carriage is the best appointed vehicle in the north of China, the body being designed after a Chinese palanquin.

The viceroy and his retinue are often seen on the streets of the foreign concessions, where he goes to call officially on the foreign consuls, or to make purchases in the foreign stores of the settlement.

Several foreigners are employed on his staff, his chief military adviser being Colonel Menthe, a Norwegian, and his consulting physician, Dr. Peck, an American. Both of these gentlemen have lived many years in China, and speak the languages fluently. He em-

A CHINESE OFFICIAL IN COURT COSTUME.

ploys foreign instructors in the university at Tientsin; and he employs foreign officers in the Imperial railway. The leading officers in his army, and his military instructors, are foreigners; but in his other offices of trust he has given preference to educated Chinese, most of them, however, being graduates of American colleges.

Yuan-Shi-Kai has won a most enviable popularity in the eyes of the foreign residents of North China, and throughout his tenure of office he has always labored to propitiate the goodwill of all foreigners, irrespective of creed or nationality. He often holds receptions in his yamen, to which foreigners of respectability and prominence are invited. He receives his guests with extreme affability, and without that ego so often manifested by the Chinese officials of lower stations. His frank, conciliatory manner, which has gone a long way toward preserving harmonious foreign relations in the province, and his tactful diplomacy toward bringing the Peking government to acquiesce in matters of certain reforms, have won for him the plaudits of all friends of China.

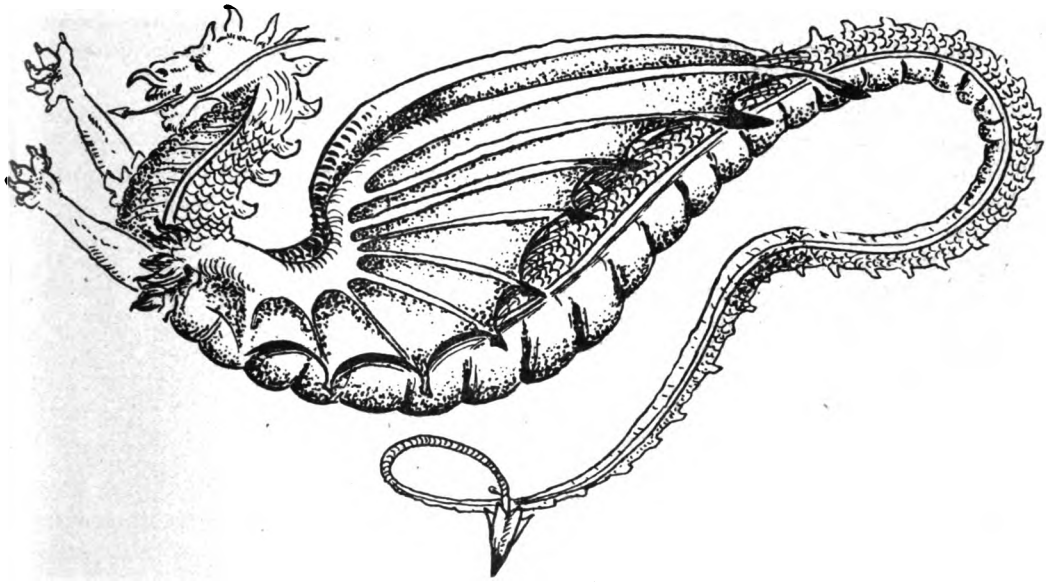
Yuan-Shi-Kai, though not a man of vindictive nature, has the reputation of being a most stern disciplinarian, both in his military and civil capacity. "Too much lenity multiplies crime," and this is peculiarly applicable to China, where leniency would soon give place to chaos and rebellion. It is said that when a general in the army, Yuan had occasion to severely reprimand certain of his soldiers for unbecoming conduct; and he restricted them to the confines of the camp. Three of the soldiers disobeyed the injunction, whereupon the general, stung to anger by such tawdry discipline, searched them out personally, and with his sword decapitated the truants where he found them.

That there is a spark of magnanimity in the character of this great official,

is apparent in the following incident which the writer personally witnessed:

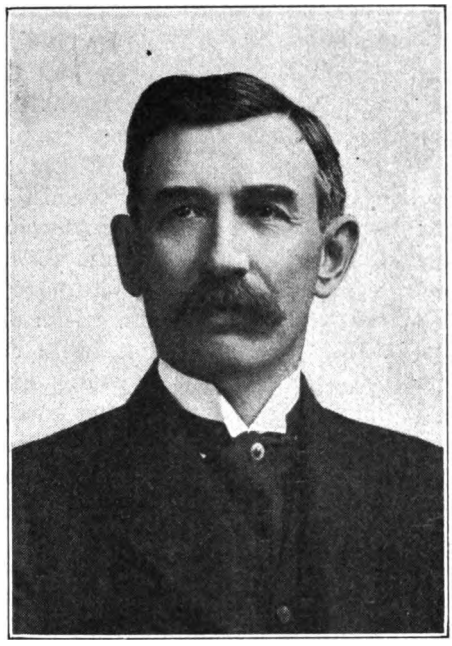
The viceroy was one day driving down Victoria Road, Tientsin, with his military outriders, intent on visiting the German consul. When nearing a crossroad, a native constable in the employ of the British municipal council struck the leading horse to force the party to take the left of the road, as is the custom in China. The viceroy took the action as an affront, particularly exasperating to his dignity as an official, because the constable was employed by foreigners, and probably acted because he thought his person secure by not being in the jurisdiction of viceregal power. Such a wanton act would have brought punishment of death elsewhere in China. The viceroy requested the municipal council to give the offender up for punishment, which, after a promise that he would not be summarily dealt with, was done. The foreigners of Tientsin interested themselves in the case, convinced that the man had acted purely upon motives of duty. He was sentenced by the magistrate to a thousand lashes and an imprisonment of six months; but through the intervention of the viceroy, his sentence was commuted to several months of confinement in the Tientsin Industrial School, in order that the dutiful but indiscrete constable be taught the trade of a shoemaker.

While now smiling in the favor of the Empress Dowager, Yuan-Shi-Kai is surrounding himself with a physical support, which will enable him to assume or usurp the position he covets at the death of the Empress. High officials refuse to discuss what might be, as the supporters of the young Emperor, Kwang-Hsu, are few and weak; and some there are who have ventured to invest in a supposition as to the possibilities when Yuan-Shi-Kai rules China.



The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition 1909

By Frank L. Merrick



I. A. NADEAU
Director General Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

HENRY E. REED
Director of Exploitation, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle, in 1909, opening June 1 and closing October 15, will be an important international exposition.

The primary purpose of the exposition is to exploit the resources of the Alaska and Yukon territories in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and to make known and foster the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific Ocean and the countries bordering on it.

In addition, it will demonstrate the marvelous progress of Western America. It is estimated that 7,500,00 persons live in the section of the country in the United States and Canada within a radius of 1,000 miles of Seattle, who are directly interested in making the exposition the true exponent of their material wealth and development.

On one day, October 2, 1906, the citizens of Seattle bought stock in the exposition corporation to the amount of $650,000, something that was never done by any other city for any purpose. An average of more than $3.00 was subscribed for every man, woman and child of Seattle's population of 200,000. The state of Washington has appropriated $1,000,000 for the exposition.

It is estimated that the exposition will have cost $10,000,000 on opening day. This total amount will be expended by the corporation, the United States government, the different states, the for-

eign nations, the individual exhibitors and the concessionaires.

An important result the exposition will accomplish will be the bringing of Alaska and Yukon into the limelight, to give the world a correct idea of the vast territories about which so little is known. The prevailing conception of Alaska is that it is nothing but a land of ice, cold and gold. The same is also true of Yukon. Few persons realize the great possibilities and advantages of these countries. Besides the gold, fur and fish resources there are others that are only beginning to be developed, and which offer unusual inducement for the employment of capital and individual effort. The exposition will demonstrate that, with railroad transportation, Alaska and Yukon can be made habitable and productive for millions of people.

To the public at large Alaska is no more or less than nearly 600,000 square miles of land occupying the northwestern part of North America with the Arctic Ocean for its northern boundary. Few people realize that Alaska, with its peninsula, if placed on top of the United States would stretch from Savannah, Georgia, to Los Angeles, California, and from Canada to Mexico; and that its range of climatic and physical conditions are even greater.

Alaska's possession by the United States is associated, historically, with the friendship of Russia for the North during the Civil War. It is known that the government paid $7,200,000 (about two cents an acre) for the territory, in 1867, but it is not generally known that the United States has received nearly $11,000,000 in revenues from Alaska in thirty-nine years. In addition to that, Alaska has produced $125,000,000 in gold, $80,000,000 in furs, and $96,000,000 in fish, and the wealth of the country has only been scratched on the surface. There are thousands of acres of land available for farming and thousands more covered with timber. All of this the United States government bought for $7,200,000. The money would not pay for two modern battleships.

It is estimated that Alaska can furnish homesteads of 320 acres each for 200,000 families and has abundant resources to support a population of 3,000,000 persons. This is borne out by the example of Finland, which lies wholly north of the 60th parallel, while Alaska reaches six degrees south of this latitude. Finland is less than one-fourth the size of Alaska, and its agricultural area is less than 50,000 square miles, yet in 1898 Finland had a population of more than 2,600,000, whereas Alaska has today only about 93,000 permanent population. Agriculture is the chief industry of Finland. Only about 300,000 persons dwell in cities. Finland exports large quantities of dairy products, live stock, flax, hemp, and considerable grain, and the population has increased 800,000 in the past thirty years in spite of large emigration.

Alaska itself will be on exhibition in 1909. The people will see the real gold, the real coal, the real timber, the real copper and the real agricultural productions. And Yukon which has similar resources, advantages and possibilities as her neighboring territory of Alaska, will receive also the same attention and the same benefits.

Another important result that will be brought about by the exposition will be the bringing of the shores of the Pacific Ocean closer together commercially. Considerably more than one-half the people of the world live in the countries which border on the Pacific. The latest available statistics, furnished by the United States Department of Commerce and Labor, give these countries, exclusive of the United States, an area of 17,096,060 square miles, and a population of 904,363,000.

Their imports aggregate $1,853,334,000 annually, and their exports $1,893,642,000, so that their total foreign trade is $3,746,976,000. Of this foreign Pacific trade the United States enjoys one-fifth, the total being $718,000,000 annually, of which $396,000,000 is represented by imports and $322,000,000 by exports.

When it is considered that the United States enjoys positional advantage over the countries of Europe, being much nearer the countries specified, and that in spite of this advantage may boast of only about one-fifth of the trade which these countries have, the possibilities of an increased trans-Pacific business may be understood in a general way.

The trade of the Pacific, in so far as the United States is concerned, may be divided into two classes, trade with the east shore and trade with the west shore. The countries which lie on the east shore make up what is known as the Orient and Oceanica, those across the sea from them, besides the United States, are the republic of Central and South America, Mexico and the Dominion of Canada. The east shore lands have nearly 900,000,000 population, and annually buy $1,500,000,000 worth of products from other countries. Of this total, two-thirds is with Occidental countries.

In the tropical Orient, by which is meant all Oriental countries south of Central China, which has half the people and two-thirds of the imports of the Oriental world, the imports aggregate $1,000,000,000 annually. Of this, Europeans supply 66 per cent, and are constantly increasing the total, while Americans supply one per cent, and their total is increasing but gradually if all. Yet practically all of the imports drawn from Europe are of a nature that the United States can readily produce. The 33 per cent not accounted for is taken up by the trade with other parts of the Orient.

This state of affairs which is caused to a great extent by the ignorance of the American manufacturer in regard to the market, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will endeavor to remedy, through the exhibits of the products of the different countries. The merchants and manufacturers of each section may learn the needs of the people of their respective markets, and how to secure and hold the business. Oriental buyer and Occidental seller, as well as Occidental buyer and Oriental seller, will be brought closer together to their mutual advantage, through the exhibits collected with that aim in view.

And the same results will be gained in regard to the countries of South and Central America and Mexico. In exploiting trade relations between these countries and the United States, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is taking up a virgin field, being the first world's fair to include such a purpose in its scope. The possibility of an increased trade between Latin-America and the United States is great. Latin-America is on the verge of a mighty boom, and the countries are bound to become important factors in the commerce of the world. The commerce of Latin-America, in 1905, reached the figures of nearly $1,800,000,000. Only nine per cent of the immense total of exports of the United States went to Latin-America in 1905, although the latter's imports exceeded $1,000,000,000, and only twenty per cent of the total imports of the United States came from Latin-America, although that part of the world's foreign export shipments exceeded $720,000,000.

The exploitation of the Pacific West will be, naturally, another result of the exposition. The resources of the Pacific West—its natural products—its industrial opportunities, in short all of its wonderful possibilities—will be placed before the people in a most impressive manner. It will bring more

capital to this section, it will stimulate every line of business, and will give a new and lasting impetus to development. Further, the exposition will bring the far-divided sections of the country closer together commercially. It will offer an opportunity for the Eastern manufacturer and producer to get into closer touch with the Western market and vice versa.

Participation by the United States government, the states of the Union, and the foreign governments will be on a large scale. It is expected that the national government will erect, besides a large general building for the exhibits of the different governmental departments, separate buildings for each of the territories of Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

Canada is expected to have, on account of the international character of the exposition, a Dominion building, and one building each for Yukon and British Columbia.

At least twenty-five states will have their own buildings to contain their exhibits.

The foreign exhibits will be confined strictly to the products of the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and the following countries will be invited to take part: Australia, Canada, Chile, China, Columbia, 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.

In addition to the foregoing, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the Netherlands will be invited to make exhibits, representative of their interest in Pacific trade development.

The Exposition grounds are located on the unused portion of the campus of the University of Washington, twenty minutes' ride by electric car from the business center of Seattle. They cover 255 acres and border for more than a mile and a half on Lake Union and Lake Washington, the latter being the largest fresh water body on the Pacific Northwest.

The snow-clad Cascade and Olympic ranges of mountains are in plain view from all points. Mount Rainier, the highest peak in the United States, proper, rises to a height of 14,526 feet, and Mount Baker, another formidable peak of the Cascades, towers 11,100 feet.

Different from former world's fairs, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will include the erection of permanent buildings in its plan. Several of the main exhibit palaces, will be substantially built, and after the Exposition will become the property of the University of Washington, to be used for educational purposes.

The plan of the grounds was drawn by John C. Olmsted, the famous landscape artist of Brookline, Massachusetts, and shows twelve large exhibit palaces, arranged in an unique manner. Around these will cluster the state, territorial and concessions buildings, foreign pavilions, the administration group and numerous pseudo exhibit structures.

Mining a Factor in the Creation of Wealth

By C. Justin Kennedy

In the upbuilding and development of any new commonwealth or state, it is natural to suppose that its citizens would do everything in their power to promote each legitimate industry that could possibly become a factor in the creation of wealth and comfort; because every new industry developed, depends, more or less, upon the products of other industries, and upon an increased labor supply. It is strange, therefore, and unfortunate, that the greatest industry in the world—the extraction from the earth of the useful and precious metals—an industry producing 50 per cent of the total tonnage of the country, and a valuation of a billion and a half dollars a year, should meet with so little encouragement in its incipient stages in a new commonwealth.

The carrying on of the business of mining, whether before the stages when dividends result, or after profits begin to accrue, involves the consumption of goods, and products, mercantile commodities, and labor, thereby creating new markets and causing the circulation of money.

There is a popular notion that when money is put into the development of a mine or prospect that fails, it is as if that money had been sunk in a worthless hole in the ground, and left there. This is absurd. People do not stop to realize that every dollar spent on the worthless property went to pay for labor and machinery, tools and supplies, and clothing, thereby keeping up the circulation of currency, which is the life of commerce, both foreign and domestic.

The opening up of one single mine that is successful adds that much new wealth to a community; wealth that has not merely changed hands, but which has never before been in circulation, having simply been taken out of its resting-place in the earth. Therefore, while no money is lost to the community through the unsuccessful mines, absolutely new wealth is produced by the successful ones, so that the assertion often heard, that more money has gone into the ground, in any district, than has come out, is absolutely illogical and childish; and while the individual often loses sight of his money, when he invests it carelessly, it necessarily comes back to him indirectly through the medium of increased demands and needs for more goods and labor, brain and sinew.

When a mine or a prospect fails in the hands of one management or owner, it is not necessarily a failure forever. It is the usual experience in all mining camps that a great many prospects change hands several times before becoming producers; each owner spending five or ten or twenty thousand dollars without results, but each time sinking the shaft a little deeper, or driving the working tunnel a little farther; and then, losing heart, when a final purchaser steps in and takes out more wealth in gold, or lead, or copper, in a single month, than was spent on the property by all the former owners. This is the history of mining in all countries, just as it will be in Washington, many abandoned prospects being certain to become producers in the future; and it should

be a beacon of encouragement for all investors to stay with their properties, as long as the indications and working facilities are good.

Another popular fallacy in this state is the claim that the geology of Washington is unfavorable to successful mining. In the first place, this is untrue; and in the second place, it is ridiculous. It is ridiculous to lay out four imaginary boundary lines for a state, and then say that everything within these lines is worthless, as far as mining goes. Geology acknowledges no such boundary lines; and it is obviously absurd to contend that a mine two miles south of the British Columbia boundary line, or ten miles west of the Idaho line, is worthless, while if it were two miles north, or ten miles east, of those lines, people would consider it all right. There is no relation between geological formations and political boundary lines; and geological conditions in one part of the state might be good, and in other parts very unfavorable. One single square mile can produce millions and millions of dollars, and the geology of the state is so different in different sections, that it may yet develop a Leadville or a Cripple Creek in unexpected localities. Butte is but a dot on the map of Montana; and the rest of the state might be barren. The Comstock lode at Virginia City is but a dot on the map of Nevada; yet they have produced their hundreds of millions of dollars, irrespective of the rest of the state. Washington has just as much reason to believe that such will be the case with Mount Baker, or the Metalline district, or the Snoqualmie country, or the Olympics. They are finding the proper treatment for the ores now; and many stock certificates that have lain dust-covered, untouched and forgotten for years, will yield fortunes for their holders. That is the record of every country as heavily mineralized as the Cascades and the Olympics; and it will be the record here, when the old prospectors will be vindicated; and mining will add her wealth to the Evergreen State—probably a greater wealth than all her other products put together. Then the old chapter of waiting and futility will be closed, and a newer story of immense success set down upon the records of state history.

The mining men know this; and they keep doggedly on, magnificently unafraid and confident, because they realize that many of their number are yet to be made rich, just as Daly, and Stratton, and Lane, and Heinze, and Mackey, and Flood, and Fair, and hundreds of others were made rich—even in the face of ridicule and despair, because they had a lead and they stuck to it. The very men who go into King and Snohomish and Skagit, and other counties, year after year, to do assessment work, will some day be recorded as heroes of industry and benefactors of their people and their state. No region has ever given such promise in the mining line as this state, with her tremendous veins of copper, and lead, and gold, antimony, tungsten and molybdenum. Even while those who have no confidence are mocking her, she is adding new properties to her list of shippers, discovering new methods to rescue values from ores that could not heretofore be worked at a profit, because they were not understood. She is putting in concentrators, smelters and stamp mills; and all this on the advice of Eastern engineers, representing Eastern capital—engineers who have made a life-work of mining, and should be expected to know a little more about it than certain local cynics who sometimes speak of things whereof they know not. They recommend the development of our mineral resources despite the temporary failures, because such failures have occurred too often in other districts, that subsequently became producers.

Disregarding the fact that mining interests are fostered by a comparative few, it seems strange that men who exercise the greatest caution in making industrial and mercantile investments, throw such precautions to the winds when placing money in a mining proposition. They seem to think that this particular investment should be able to take care of itself; and yet, despite this lack of judgment, we find it an unquestioned and statistical fact that the average profits from mining investments are far in excess of those from mercantile, industrial or other sources, and that the percentage of failures is far below that in other lines. In manufacturing, the profits range from 10 to 25 per cent, while in mining they exceed 200 per cent; and the failures in mining are less than 20 per cent, while in manufacturing they exceed 85 per cent. Similar differences apply to other industrial pursuits. Therefore, in spite of the carelessness shown in placing money in mining ventures, the profits are still enormous, and far in excess of any other industry on the face of the earth. It is this very fact, perhaps, that accounts for so little caution being exercised, because it seems so easy to make money out of a mine, which is an actual treasure-house of wealth, that the public comes to forget how all things, no matter how lucrative, must, however, be governed by common sense.

It is obvious, therefore, that if the same judgment were used in mining as in other investments, and if those who have lost money in mining would follow a precautionary policy, instead of "taking a flyer" at anything that happens along, the losses would be much fewer, and the number of those enjoying tremendous profits from the extraction of the precious and useful metals would be far greater.

Given the fact that the wealth obtained from mines is enormous, and the existence in the Western states of abundant mineral resources, it only remains for the public to apply business methods to the development of these resources, in order to enjoy the wealth which they create. Every man can share this wealth, if he will apply a few tests to the propositions in which he is interested. Of course, it is not contended that there is never any risk at all in mining, because all things entail risk; but it is proven that the risk is greater in other lines, where the promise of returns is smaller, and as a general thing the men who have consistently and constantly made money in mining are those who have analyzed the conditions surrounding the industry, and built up an income upon certain economic principles.

Articles have often appeared in various publications giving advice in these matters, but while the advice has invariably been valuable, the most essential things have frequently been left unmentioned.

It is obviously necessary to ascertain what property the company selling stock owns, how many claims, and by what title. The mere fact that they own a big group of claims is not in itself an advantage, because three or four good claims are better than fifty poor ones. It is, therefore, well to know the showing of each individual claim, as well as the entire property in a general way. After this, the men who manage the investment and the mine should be investigated, and shown to be of good standing and reliability. Sometimes a company will incorporate with several good names among the officers and trustees, but these men may have nothing to do with the actual management, and may, themselves, be the victims of unscrupulous or incompetent management. Be careful, therefore, that the good men are not simply figureheads, but have the actual management in their hands. Excellent office managers have often had too much to say in the direction of

the practical work in a mine, and thereby ruined a good property. It is necessary that practical men direct the practical work. A lesson may be drawn from the fact that the most profitable mines owe their success to the counsel and advice of competent engineers.

Many ores give a very good assay in the laboratory, but when worked in bulk in the stamp mill, the concentrator or at the smelter, the values are lost; and the mine turns out to be a failure, because the ores are of such a character as to require the training and knowledge of a mining or metallurgical engineer to find the proper treatment.

One must not think that because a foreman or superintendent knows all about sinking a shaft or driving a tunnel, all about stoping or hoisting or timbering, that he should, therefore, be able to make a dividend-payer of any favorable prospect he is put to work on. Mining and milling are entirely different things, and the problems of concentration and metallurgy are generally beyond the miner's education and experience, so that the first thing to do is to get the engineer's recommendation as to the proper treatment of ores. In this way the expense of having to alter or substitute milling equipment will be avoided, and often this professional advice will enable the operator to make greater profits out of a ten dollar ore than he could make from twenty dollar ores without it.

Perhaps the greatest allurement and exaggeration, to the general public, is the assay value of ores as given in a prospectus. It is nothing that some assays run up to a hundred or a thousand dollars to the ton. What one must know is the average of all the ore, and how much of the good ore there is indication of. The investor cannot be too careful in this particular. He must be reasonably sure that the assays represent the entire vein, as far as known, even if the property is only a prospect, with but little development done, and that the profits are figured on the removal of the entire vein-matter, and not simply a few rich pay-streaks or pockets.

If the investor applies these criterions before investing his money in the propositions that seem favorable, the chances are strongly in his favor that he will be added to those who are sharing in the wealth of this—the greatest industry in the world. Look at the figures—a billion and a half a year, and then remember that you may share in this by the exercise of a little judgment and common sense.

As long as the public persists in going about defenseless and unguarded, placing their money without any exercise of judgment, just so long will their gullibility be rewarded with disappointment; and as soon as they come to look upon mining as being controlled in great degree by common sense, and experience, and scientific investigation, just so soon will the general public come to enjoy the same returns as those who have made fortunes in gold, and silver, and copper, and lead, and the other metals.

Announcement

In bringing this, the initial number of THE NORTHWEST before the public, we wish to introduce the magazine with an announcement—a simple announcement, not an appeal.

Look through this issue. Start in at the cover and go through it to the back page; pick it to pieces; criticise it; roast it; kill it, if you will; and, if you care to put yourself to such an inconvenience, we would be pleased to have you tell us what you think about it.

Michael Angelo once thanked a beggar's child for its criticism, and Alexander accepted the advice of a slave.

THE NORTHWEST is young; but the energy of youth is to be fully employed toward a greater development.

We plead guilty to ambition, though it may not be the ambition of Caesar; even if so, we hope that there be no Brutus lurking on our trail.

Probably THE NORTHWEST does not look so "fat" as its contemporaries on the news stands. At present it is all sinew, and as much of that, too, is here, as you will find between the "fat" of other magazines.

THE NORTHWEST is a magazine—just a clean, wholesome, interesting magazine. It will be published with the view of sustaining a dignity of character which will ever interest its subscribers.

Are you one of that army of amateur photographers who produce "freaks of the camera"?

We want them. McIntosh made his **first** shot through the camera.

Have you a literary turn of mind, and do you want to find an avenue through which your genius may illumine the pages of the literature of the twentieth century? In short, can you write a good story of three to four thousand words? a story with a character, a plot, a grip, a new setting?

We want it. Rudyard Kipling had to give to the world a **first** story.

Of course you can write verse! anybody, everybody can. Short, pathetic, emotional, tragic, rugged verse, of not more than six or eight stanzas.

We want it. Longfellow poured out his soul in a **first** stanza.

Have you had an adventure, a thrilling experience, in the early days on the Pacific Coast? Have you looked down the muzzle of a Winchester; have you been "held up" and made to "disgorge"; have you had a miraculous escape from great bodily injury or death; have you an untold story of the logging camp, the mine, the trading post or an encounter with the Indians?

We want it. Fennimore Cooper's "The last of the Mohicans" made him famous.

You can do one or all of these.

Jokes, photographs, stories, verse and adventure are worth money.

THE NORTHWEST will give a substantial cash prize each month for the best joke; the most interesting "camera freak"; for the story with the best setting, the strongest grip; the most charming verse; and the most thrilling adventure or experience.

Get your thinker to thinking. Send us your very best effort. **You may win first prize.** Write today for particulars.

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Editor The Northwest,
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A great fire is often prevented by the application of a cup-full of water to an incipient blaze.

A great talent is often lost to the world for lack of opportunity to develop it.

Have you an unused talent? We offer you the opportunity to develop it.

Have you in mind now or can you dig up from the musty tomes and archives of the past a good side-splitting joke with a point to it?

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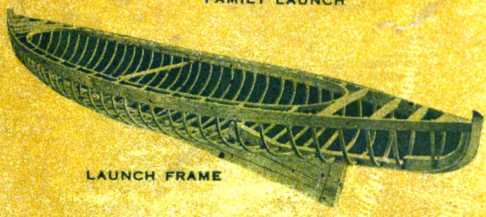
SEMI-SPEED LAUNCH

FAMILY LAUNCH



LAUNCH FRAME

SAILBOAT FRAME

The combined output of all the boat factories in the world did not equal the number of boats built by amateurs using the Brooks System last season.

Why not employ your leisure time profitably by building boats for other people? Many have established themselves in the boat building business and constructed 15 to 20 boats from the set of patterns.

We are the originators of the Pattern System of boat building. We have continually improved and perfected our system. We have the largest factory of its kind in the world (covers 20 acres of ground and nearly 10 acres of floor space). We sell frames with patterns to finish for less than it costs others to manufacture. We offer the largest and most complete line of boats of all kinds—for all purposes. We furnish every part, fastening and fitting used in the construction and finish of a boat. Sold complete or in part as you desire.

Our Big Free Catalog tells how 21,311 inexperienced people built all kinds of boats—canoes, rowboats, sailboats and launches—by the Brooks System last year. It contains testimonials from many of them, and pictures of the boats they have built. Quotes prices on patterns—knock-down frames, and complete knock-down boats ready to put together. Don't fail to send for it. Patterns absolutely free with knock-down frames.

Speed—We can give you 8 miles per hour with a 2 h. p., engine—16½ miles with a 10 h. p.—20 miles with a 15 h. p., and 28 miles with a 60 h. p. engine—all proved over measured courses last year.

Greatly Reduced Prices—Patterns of all rowboats and canoes, $1.50 to $2.00. Launches and sailboats 20 ft. and under, $4.00 to $5.00. From 21–30 ft., inclusive, $5.00 to $10.00. **16 ft. Launch Frame,** with patterns to finish, $15.00. **22 ft. Speed Launch Frame,** with patterns to finish, $20.00. Prices on other frames in proportion. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

BROOKS SYSTEM

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO.

ORIGINATORS OF THE PATTERN SYSTEM OF BOAT BUILDING.

5405 SHIP ST. SAGINAW, MICH., U.S.A.

(FORMERLY OF BAY CITY, MICH)