

SIDELIGHTS ON METHODS OF LIFE IN ALASKA

Wife of Present Governor Tells of Far Away Country.

STORIES FROM TERRITORY

Mrs. J. F. A. Strong Tells What the New Railroad Will Mean to the Section Which is Just Now Coming Into Its Own.

Washington, Alaska, for so long the stepchild of the nation, has at last come into its own. New hope, new life, a new future sprang into being with the passage of the Alaska railroad bill last March, when \$35,000,000 was appropriated for the building of a railroad.

Such was the way in which Mrs. J. F. A. Strong, wife of Governor Strong of Alaska, described the attitude of our far-off territory when interviewed a short time ago during a visit in Washington by the governor and herself, says the Washington Star.

"Nobody but those of us who know Alaska can appreciate just what that railroad bill means," she said. "It



Mrs. J. F. A. Strong.

stands for a gigantic feat in engineering, for one thing. It means that America, fresh from the wonderful task of constructing the Panama canal, will add another laurel to her wreath when she accomplishes the construction of an Alaskan railroad such as is proposed. But to us it also means new hope. It means new life, and new life at this time represents the most essential requisite of the territory. Alaska needs population, and this is what the railroad will give us.

"I have lived in Alaska 17 years and have lived the life which makes of those who go there real Alaskans. I know what it means to leave the territory intent upon never returning. I know what it means to go back to it as home. That is what Alaska is to me today—not just a place to live in, but home, with all that it stands for. And so I feel for Alaska and with Alaska in all her aims and desires and accomplishments, in all her hopes and disappointments.

"Three years ago I left the interior of the country for the coast, and as I left I watched the departure of thousands of others, only they were leaving the country. They were old miners. And where were they going? To Canada, to South America—anywhere, they said, where laws and opportunities were more favorable.

"They had stayed for years in Alaska and they loved it, but what was the use? They had given the best years of their lives to it, had loved it with the affection of strong men, but what was the use? Alaska was ignored by the government. Alaska was the stepchild of the nation.

"On every side that was the cry. Disgruntled outwardly, heart-sore inwardly, these men who were leaving were the same ones who had come into the country years before to seek gold. They knew Alaska as no one else possibly could. And Alaska needed them so badly. For such men are the backbone of a pioneer country.

"That was the condition three years ago. Our population dropped from 64,000 to 42,000. Think of a country as big as all the United States east of the Mississippi river, and then imagine but 42,000 people living in it!

"And then a few months ago the incoming tide began to grow. The old miners were coming back again. Whereas they left with nothing but heartache and disappointment, they were returning with a smile on their faces and the old spirit—that spirit which has made the men of Alaska go through hardships triumphant. And why? Oh, there wasn't any place like the old country, after all; they couldn't stay away. And, besides, the railroad was coming.

"That was it. The railroad was the keynote of the whole thing. The railroad was coming, and so they came back and new people are coming. And Alaska has new hope."

The deep love which Mrs. Strong claims for all who live in and know Alaska finds its greatest proof in the return of the old miners to Alaska. The bill authorizing the construction of railroads there passed last March and the influx began immediately. And this in spite of the fact that the accomplishment of this railroad is to be no Aladdin's trick. It is estimated that a year will be required for the selection of the routes and for surveying them. And then the actual construction of the road will necessitate another three years of labor.

But it sufficed that they knew the road will eventually be built.

This road, which is to cover more than seven hundred miles, will connect tidewater on the Pacific ocean with the two great inland waterways, the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers.

And, of these, very few have been even extensively prospected, let alone exhausted, because conditions existing at the present time make it practically impossible. And this was another point brought up by Mrs. Strong.

"Interior Alaska is already as fully developed as it is possible for it to be, minus a railroad," Mrs. Strong explained. "And lack of transportation facilities forms the sole reason. Imagine a country so vast that a man can pack upon his back all the food his physical strength can endure, and yet have it exhausted long before a real interior can even be touched, let alone developed. That is what happened to us. If Alaska remains undeveloped today, it is because the ingenuity of man has been taxed to its fullest and failed. We did everything possible for human beings. We could not build the railroads ourselves. Therefore, the interior yet holds its treasure."

It was Kipling who wrote: "If you've heard the East a-calling, you won't never 'eed naught else." But it was Robert Service who immortalized the lure of the northland. "The Lure of Little Voices," voices out of the bigness and stillness of Alaska, which, once heard and heeded, can never be forgotten—or left unanswered.

And that typifies Mrs. Strong. Seventeen years in Alaska, with the "little voices" calling, calling all the time, and nowhere else in all the world means to her just what the territory of Alaska stands for.

Californian by birth, European by education, and world cultured by travel, Mrs. Strong yet knows no love to equal that for Alaska. Pioneer women of any country possess a bigness of devotion, a steadfastness of faith in their own land, which dwarfs the "home" instinct of old communities.

The pioneer woman of California is passing, as well as the woman who helped to mold the other western states. But the pioneer woman of Alaska is "a vital factor today in the development and upbuilding of the territory, both materially and morally. So believes Mrs. Strong.

"Alaska is such a wonderful country, and we are so proud of it," she said; and, simple as was the statement, none could doubt the depth of its sincerity.

"Juneau, the capital of the territory and our home," continued Mrs. Strong, "is such a vastly different place from what the great majority of people picture it to be. To those who know naught of Alaska it seems impossible to detach from the thought of all Alaska the name given it as many years ago 'Seward's Icebox.' Yet to us that is so absurd. For when we left there last March the pussy-willows were in full bloom, while when we reached St. Paul the lakes and rivers were still frozen. Juneau simply shares the reputation which the whole of Alaska has, that of being an 'icebox.'

"Of course, Juneau is not New York. But, on the other hand, it is not a mountain fastness. Beautiful



Field of Oats at U. S. Experiment Farm, Fairbanks, Alaska.

homes, handsome buildings and things of that kind are abundant. Following the custom of the west generally, the homes are usually frame structures.

"Nor do we lack the comforts of the Eastern cities—perhaps they differ, but they yet represent comforts in the accepted sense of the word. And society, too, for Juneau has its reason, its tangoes, its bridge parties, its afternoon teas and formal evening functions, just as any other center of population has, and perhaps to a greater extent. At least, certain it is that our season is as gay as one could well desire.

"This is largely due to our Alaskan women. I do not know any other women who can equal them in resourcefulness. And they are filled with an energy which makes nothing too hard of accomplishment. If they

give an afternoon tea it is in as attractive surroundings as one could find anywhere, with the same appointments as the East affords. Flowers from Seattle will adorn the rooms, the whitest of napery covers the table, while the service is perfect, not to mention the refreshments.

"People may regard us to 'campers,' living on the outer rim of civilization, deprived of all refining influences, eking out a lifetime on the barest of necessities, but we—well, we know differently. We know that life to us represents the fullest degree of enjoyment and happiness.

"Why," and Mrs. Strong laughed in sheer good humor, "we have plenty of moving picture houses in Juneau!"

It is but natural that included in her great love for the country should be a deep interest in the natives of the country.

"I am afraid that in the case of the Alaskan natives," she said, "history is but repeating itself. With the coming of the white man, with his meat and his flour, came sickness to the Eskimo. The result is that their naturally sturdy constitution has been undermined, and to a certain extent their health impaired. They are a gentle, kindly people, but are fast passing away.

"I wish the people of the East particularly could see our Alaskan children. Bright, sturdy, healthful little



Port of Cordova, Alaska.

tots, who excel children of equal age in the East. I do not say that from prejudice, but because it is a fact. A two-year-old child born and bred in Alaska is superior, mentally and physically, to one of the same age almost anywhere else. It is, I believe, due to the splendid climate and outdoor life which they all lead out there.

"And how patriotic they are. How their little chests swell when they sing their Alaskan songs. Somehow, the things which go to make patriotism seem to mean more to them than to the majority of American children.

One point in particular which Mrs. Strong brought out is of unusual interest, whichever way you look at it. "Alaska has had its own legislature but a little over a year. And the first bill which was passed by that body gave to the women of the territory the right of suffrage. It was granted practically without being sought. No movement existed then, or does now, which could properly be termed a 'suffrage movement.' They just passed the bill, that's all. Since then several women have held offices, such as membership on the board of education and other similar places. And in every instance they have warranted the trust and responsibility reposed in them. But as for a 'movement,' it doesn't exist."

Seventeen years ago Governor and Mrs. Strong first went "prospecting."

"We were among the 40,000 who rushed to Dawson when the 'gold fever' broke out," said Mrs. Strong. "Then in 1899 we went to Nome, where we lived for several years. Once, in 1906, we left the country, determined never to return. But we were back in a few months, so strong had our love for it grown.

"In the years we have lived there we have traveled over most of Alaska. Two trips, especially, I recall. One we made when we first entered the country. It is what is known as the interior trip of the Yukon—over wild mountain passes, behind dog teams, whipsawing our lumber for rude craft when we came to the streams. It was a trip through the primitive, with obstacles on every hand. And yet, I can recall no circumstances which struck me as a big adventure at the time. One takes the days as they come, overcomes what obstacles appear and keeps on.

"The second trip we made when the governor had been in office but a short time. It was over the same trail. But, oh, what a different trip! Along the mountain passes in well-equipped trains, and on the rivers in the palatial Yukon steamers. It was a contrast I shall never forget."

Baby Drowns in Water Jar.

Vincennes, Ind.—Clarence Smith, aged one year, fell into a six-gallon jar filled with water and was drowned.

Sweater-Coats for Outing Wear



JUST the most fashionable garment for mountain and seaside resorts, where mornings and evenings bring exhilarating breezes with a snappy chill in them, is the silk sweater-coat. These smart garments are selling freely at figures which rather take one's breath away. Twenty-five to thirty dollars each seems a high price for a sweater of any sort. But there is no difficulty in finding people who are quite willing to pay it. Once let fashionables, and their imitators, get used to unusual prices and there is no telling the length to which they will go.

Besides the sweaters and sweater coats of silk—there are others. Those of wood fiber, which looks like silk, and is as strong or stronger, are much lower in price, about half as high. Then there are splendid wool sweaters in many colors and varieties of design.

A sweater-coat and cap to match, like those shown in the picture, whatever the fabric they are made of, will

fortify their wearer against a chill. The cool air, dropping down from frosty mountain tops, and breezes that have traveled from the land of ice-bergs to that of seaside hotels, are the reasons for the existence of sweaters. They stand daily use, and manufacturers are endeavoring to make them attractive, and have, in fact, succeeded in doing some very beautiful knitting. It would not do to get too far away from simplicity, and it is in new ways of knitting that the best of new attractions lie.

The sweater for a little girl, shown here, could hardly be plainer. A closely knitted border and a pocket at each side are not purely decorative figures, but they afford all the details of ornamentation except the border of fancy knitting about the bottom.

On sweater coats for grownups there are collars in several styles which add much to their finish. But aside from this they are about the same as the model shown in the picture.

Correct Dress for the Little Boy



WHEN the young princeling is dressed up in his best attire, for state occasions, such as birthday parties, Sunday school, or dress parade, he is garbed in white. And whether his lady mother has made his garments with her own hands or left that pleasant task to those who make a business of it, he looks like all his mates in the democracy of boyhood.

The little boy must be clothed in the summertime in washable fabrics. The difficult feat of teaching him to keep clean is a part of his education, exactly as essential as teaching him to read. For daily wear he romps in blouses and short pants made in washable colored fabrics, such as ginghams, linens, crash, madras and other strong weaves. Heavy linens and piques and certain specially woven cotton fabrics in white are required for his dress occasions.

These fabrics are so inexpensive and the little suits are so easily made that it is no great task to make up his short-lived summer wardrobe. But manufacturers turn out quantities of clothes for children, well designed and well made, at a cost of production so low that it is hardly worth while to make them at home.

One of their best efforts is shown in the illustration given with this article. It is a suit of white pique with plain short pants and belted blouse. The blouse opens over a small "V"-shaped vest which allows a bit of decoration in the form of a spray of little flowers and leaves embroidered in white. The sailor collar is finished with scalloped edges with buttonhole stitch, instead of a hem. This is about all the decorating that one may expect to find in even the dressiest garb for the small boy.

In order that the blouse may set well a few boxplaits run from shoulder to hem. The loose belt, of the fabric, is slipped through narrow straps, also of the pique. The belt drops toward the front and may be fastened with a buckle or clasp fasteners or preferably buttons and buttonholes. The sleeves are rather full and short enough to escape the wrist.

Short white socks and low canvas pumps finish the toilet of the young gentleman, and he will not meet another better dressed than himself. He is outfitted in correct style whether he be the son of a millionaire or a duke or just an average man.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

"I'm open for conviction," said one lady. She liked her regular soap and washing powder. She tried RUB-NO-MORE just to see. Now you ought to see how easily she keeps house dirt-free with this "workless" dirt remover.



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VOICE OF CONSCIENCE DEAD

All the Fault of Nurse That Small Girl Could Not Walk in the Straight Path.

Maria had been naughty and mother, seriously remonstrating with her, thought to press home a needed suggestion.

"I can't think why you persist in doing wrong, my dear," she said, solemnly. "It always makes us unhappy when we do wrong."

"But—but I often don't know it's wrong till I've done it," sighed the small culprit.

"But," mother urged again, "you should know, my darling. Your conscience will tell you if you listen."

"What is my conscience and how will it tell me?" wide-eyed and eager.

"Your conscience is the little voice inside you that says 'No!' when you shouldn't do things and makes you feel sorry when you've made mistakes."

"Oh, then I'll never be good!" mourned the troubled sinner. "I had a voice like that once, but nurse said it was indigestion and she gave me some medicine and it died."

False Alarm.

Truth came up out of her well one day with so merciless a look in her eye that disquieting rumors sprang into circulation. Was she about to take over the dominion of the world? A group of gentlemen made haste to bustle up. "Ma'am! Ma'am!" they protested, breathlessly.

"Well, who are you?" demanded Truth, with ominous coldness.

"Publishers, if you please, ma'am. Er—the advance notices of our books, you know—er—er. In short, ma'am, we need the money!" stammered the gentlemen, in much confusion.

It was impossible not to feel a certain compassion for them. "Well, we'll see what can be done," said Truth, not unkindly.

Conjugal Amenities.

"My dear, don't act like a fool." "How can I help it when you told me to follow your lead?"

There are people who look upon matrimony as a necessary evil.

NEW IDEA

Helped Wisconsin Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer." (Delusion.)

"Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum.

"When we made it right we liked it and were free of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc.

"These changes were not sudden, but increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee.

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they made Postum according to directions on pkg., they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change."

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The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.