

ALASKA HUNTER'S PARADISE

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THE ALASKA MOOSE



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SHEEP

The territory of Alaska is of vast extent and possesses a varied climate, broad rivers, innumerable lakes, deep forests, and chains of lofty mountains—in short, many of the chief attributes of a natural game resort. Its barren northern shores, frequented by the lumbering walrus and the formidable polar bear, are washed by ice-laden currents, while its southern extensions support luxuriant forests inhabited by the graceful Sitka deer. Between these extremes are great interior forests, the home of the lordly moose, broad open tundras and rolling plateaus, traversed by herds of unsuspecting caribou, and snow-clad mountain ranges, the stronghold of sharp-eyed sheep and dull-witted goats.

Among Alaska's game animals are some of the largest and finest in the world, as the giant moose and the huge brown bears. The game of the entire territory includes moose, caribou, deer, mountain sheep, mountain goat, walrus, and polar, brown, grizzly,

more to be prized and correspondingly to be guarded. Within the United States certain kinds of game may be maintained for years on their original range, but for other kinds the reserve is inevitable, as no restriction of shooting can offset the constant diminution of the natural range they require. Thus most of the winter feeding grounds of the wapiti, or elk, already have been absorbed for agricultural purposes and the animals bid fair to be reduced to semi-



Map Showing Distribution of Moose and Deer in Alaska.

black, and glacier bears, besides a variety of waterfowl, shore birds, and upland game birds. In game resources Alaska compares favorably with the western part of the United States in early days, and at the present time it is one of the most important game regions in the world.

Without entering into the general subject of the value of game to all countries possessing it, Alaska's game may be considered chiefly with reference to the features making it especially valuable.

Alaska is of particular importance as a game region because, of all American possessions, it is the one in which frontier conditions promise to last longest. Notwithstanding its wealth of mineral and other resources the territory is not likely to be thickly populated, at least not for decades to come. It is true, railroads already are beginning to penetrate its wilds and no doubt cities of considerable size will develop, but, even so, immense tracts far from populous centers will long remain in almost primeval condition. This is apparent from the great size of the territory and its climatic and physiographic conditions. Its area is almost one-fifth that of the entire United States, and although much of this is economically full of promise it must not be forgotten that nearly one-fourth lies beyond the arctic circle and that a large proportion of the remainder consists of high mountains and inhospitable wilds. In the states irrigation is reclaiming many arid tracts and drainage is making it possible to utilize swamps and waste areas which now furnish refuges for game.

From all parts of the country come reports of an increasing scarcity of game animals. Hence our remaining natural game preserves in Alaska are

domestication, being fed like cattle in winter or confined to inclosed or restricted ranges. The same experience probably would have come to the bison, but its fate was decided more peremptorily. Very different, however, are conditions in Alaska, and so far as can be seen at present, ample room for wild game will be available for years to come.

Even if bison, elk, and antelope had remained abundant in the United States, still the game of Alaska would be of special interest because it includes many fine animals quite different from those in kind and in habits. The wholesome interest in nature study and outdoor life recently awakened in the United States is likely to be permanent, and future generations, whether hunters, naturalists, animal photographers, or simply lovers of nature, will set a high value upon the possession of an undespoiled territory furnishing primitive haunts for wild game.

To the permanent inhabitants of Alaska the value of game is obvious. Indeed, although much game was killed during the early rushes of gold seekers, Alaskans generally have not been slow to appreciate the necessity of game protection and the sentiment in favor of it is growing rapidly. Prospectors and travelers in the wilderness must depend largely on game for food, and their necessities have been fully recognized in the game law. Considerable game also has been killed for consumption in small settlements where no regular supply of other fresh meat is available. However this is regarded, it is evident that restrictions must be placed upon the killing of game for sale in large towns where the demand is sufficient to endanger the very existence of the species.

A Matter of Dress Mainly.

Mrs. Phelps Stokes, in illustration of the really superficial and slight difference that exists between aristocratic and plebeian people, repeated, at a Socialist meeting in New York, a conversation between a little girl and her mother.

"The little girl," said Mrs. Phelps Stokes, "belonged to one of New York's rich patrone families, and one day she said to her mother, thoughtfully:

"Will I wear my prettiest Paris frocks when I get to heaven?"

"Oh, no, my dear!" the mother answered.

"Why not?"

"Because Paris frocks are not worn in heaven."

"How, then, will they know up there," she said, "that I belong to the best society?"

Singer Hard to Follow.

At a Yorkshire Inn there is a pianist who can render an accompaniment to any song that any singer wishes to sing. He cannot read a note of music, yet, in the local phrase, he "can play owt." Recently, however, he met with an unexpected check. A new volunteer hummed over the air, but the pianist failed to get the key. "Let's try it again," he said; and they tried it again. Still it was of no use. A third trial brought no better results. Then the pianist turned on the singer in anger and said: "Sitha, Aw've tried tha on t' white 'uns, Aw've tried tha on t' black 'uns an' Aw've tried tha on t' black an' white 'uns mixed. It's no use; th's singing between t' cracks."

Gift Pearl in the Mouth.

What luck some people have! I was eating oysters the other day next a man who suddenly made a face and uttered a cry of irritation, and then extracted a pearl from his mouth. "Confound the thing!" he said, "it nearly broke my tooth. I'm always finding them."—V. V. V., in London Sphere.

Though wan skies show no rift,
And every breeze be froze,
Both prayer and prayer let us uplift
That there is peace, that there is thrift,
And such a generous store
From shore to shore!
—Clinton Scollard, in The Sunday Magazine.

Their First Thanksgiving

By CARLOS BAYARD.

"CAN nothing be done?" asked Caroline anxiously.

Vance Greenway shook his head.

"Not yet, dear," he explained. "I have considered the matter carefully and I think it will be best to wait."

"It won't make any difference in our marriage?" she pleaded.

"We can get married to-morrow," he declared. "I want to go to town and get to work on my own hook."

"There is nothing to prevent," assented the girl. "It is not as though I had a lot of relatives to consult."

"Then let's be married and get out of the way. It will make such a lot of talk," pleaded Vance.

He found when he left the girl that he had not exaggerated. Already the news that David Greenway had disowned his son had spread through the village, and the circumstantial reports of the row which had terminated in the dismissal had gained a wealth of detail in its rapid travel.

David Greenway was the richest man in Greenvale, and Vance had already made rapid advancement in the local bank; an advancement not altogether unconnected with his father's influence as the largest stockholder.

He had resigned his position that morning, and the following day, after a quiet wedding ceremony in the parsonage of the church, he and Carol set out for the city where Vance would start anew.

It was not an easy matter to find a position, even with the recommendation which the cashier of the home bank had given him, but in time Vance found a place, and they settled down to make a home in a tiny flat whose five rooms were scarcely larger than the dining room of the Greenway mansion.

The months sped by all too fast, and even when Vance had earned a raise in salary, and had been advanced to a more responsible position, she would not move.

"We'll save the rest," she declared. "It does seem so cozy here, dear. It's our first home. We shall have much to be thankful for next week."

"That's so," agreed Vance. "By the way, I've got an invitation to Thanksgiving dinner, so don't lay in a turkey."

Vance would make no explanation other than to say that the invitation came from an old friend.

Not even when they arrived at the station did he enlighten her as to their destination, but the next morning, as the train neared the old home and she began to catch glimpses of familiar scenes through the frost-traced car windows, the tears came unbidden to her eyes.

As they encountered the curious glances of old acquaintances, she was glad that she had let Vance persuade her to purchase a set of furs. She wanted to look her best for his sake, but she did not realize the attractive picture she made as the sharp breeze brought fresh color to her cheeks and lent sparkle to the brown eyes.

Vance, sitting beside her, clasped his hands over hers.

"We shall have much to be thankful for this Thanksgiving," he said tenderly. "But most of all I am thankful that you are my wife, dear."

She smiled her answer, too close to tears to speak, but as they turned in at a driveway she found her voice.

"There is some mistake," she cried. "Surely you are not going to your father's?"

"Surely we are," he said with a happy laugh. "Do you suppose that any other Thanksgiving dinner would tempt me from our own home?"

"But—you have made up?" she asked.

"We never really quarreled," he explained. "I was dissatisfied at the bank. I wanted to be sure of myself; to know that on my own effort I could make my way. Father and I planned the dramatic scene for the benefit of the public. I did not tell you, for I wanted him to see that it was for myself and not my money that you cared. The probation ended last week."

"There is my father waiting to welcome us to our new home," he said. "The honeymoon ends with our Thanksgiving, and dad has a new daughter—the best that ever was—to make him thankful, too."

The Pumpkin

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

AH!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sets round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-worn man seeks his mother once more,
And the wail matron smiles where the girl sated before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Thanksgiving

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.—Psalm 147:7.

THANKSGIVING is one of our highest and holiest duties. There are in the Scriptures more commands and calls to praise than to prayer. Yet few duties are more frequently neglected than this. There are many people who are always coming to God with requests but who do not come to him with thanksgiving after their requests have been granted. Ten lepers once cried to Jesus for cleansing, as he was passing them at a distance. He graciously heard them and granted their plea. When they had been healed, one of the ten returned to thank the healer, but the other nine came not again with any word of recognition of the great favor they had received. So it is continually—many are blessed and helped, but few show gratitude. Our Lord felt keenly the ingratitude of the lepers who returned not. "Where are the nine?" was his pained question. God pours out his gifts and blessings every day upon his children; and whenever no voice of thanksgiving is heard in return he misses it. If one bird of the forest is silent in the glad spring day, he misses its song. If one human heart fails to utter its praise amid life's countless blessings, he is disappointed.

Many there are who think that if certain definite days are set apart for praise it is enough. For example, they will be grateful for a whole day once in a year, touching then every chord of praise in their being, thinking that this is the way God wants them to show their gratitude. But the annual Thanksgiving day is not intended to gather into itself the thanksgiving for a whole year; rather it is intended to give the keynote for all the year's life. Life's true concert pitch is praise. If we find that we are below the right pitch, we should take advantage of the particular thanksgiving seasons to get keyed up. When the strings of life begin to grow discordant thanksgiving will put us in tune.

The ideal life is one of gladness. Unthankfulness and fretfulness are discords in the song. We have no right to live gloomily or sadly. Go where we may, we hear the music of joy, unless our ears have become tone-deaf. The world is full of beauty and full of music. Yet it is strange how many people seem neither to see the loveliness nor hear the music. It were well if many of us would train ourselves to see the glory and goodness of God, as revealed in nature. It will be sad to leave this world, after staying in it three-score or four-score years without having seen any of the ten thousand beauties with which God had adorned it. "Consider the lilies," said Jesus. Every sweet flower has a message of joy to him who can read the writing. One who loves God's flowers and rivers and trees, and has learned to heed the voices which everywhere whisper their secrets to him who understands, can never be sad or

lonely. The power to hear what nature's voices have to say is in our hearts, not merely in our ears. We must have the beauty in our souls before we can see beauty anywhere. Hence there are many who are really blind to the loveliness which God has strewed everywhere, with most lavish hand, in his works. So we must have the music in our heart before we can hear the music which sings everywhere for him who has ears to hear. If we have thanksgiving within us, we will have no trouble in finding gladness wherever we go. It is a sad and cheerless heart that makes the world seem dreary to certain people; if only they will let joy enter to dwell within, a new world would be created for them. If we allow our heart to cherish unlovingness, bitterness, evil thoughts or feelings, we cannot hear the music of love which breathes everywhere, pouring out from the heart of God. But if we keep our heart gentle, patient, lowly, and kind, on our ears will fall, wherever we go, sweet strains of divine music.

Then a glad life makes a life of gladness wherever it goes. It leaves an unbroken lane of sunbeams behind it. Everybody is better as well as happier for meeting one whose Christian life radiates gladness and cheer. We can do nothing better either for ourselves or for the world in which we live than to learn the lesson of praise and of thanksgiving. "Let us learn to sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving." There are troubles in every life, but there are a thousand good things for one trial. Sometimes we have disappointments but even these are really God's appointments, as some day we shall find out. If people are unkind to us, we must go on loving just as before, our hearts full of unconquerable kindness, and it will finally win. The most deep-seated tendency to sadness can be overcome and replaced by happy cheerfulness. The gospel of Christ comes to us and tells us that we must be born again, born from above, born of God, and our very nature will be recreated. Then divine grace assures us that it is not impossible even for the most unholily life to be transformed into holiness. The being that is saturated with sin may be whiter than snow. There is no nature, therefore, however unhappy it may be because of its original quality or its early training, which cannot through divine help learn the lesson of happiness and thanksgiving. The secret of Christian joy is the peace of Christ in the heart. There is one not dependent upon circumstances or conditions. St. Paul said he had learned in whatsoever state he was therein to be content. We know well that his circumstances were not always congenial nor easy, but he sang songs in his prison with as cheerful a heart as when he was enjoying the hospitality of a loving friend. There might be hardships, sufferings, and want; but in himself he had the peace of Christ; and this sustained him. St. Paul's secret of contentment is the Christian's true secret of a happy life.

Let us be glad for snowy plain
That holds them in their winter sleep.

Give us the heart to understand
The graciousness of spreading trees;
The changing seasons, wisely planned,
The storm and sunshine—all of these.
For all the brightness of the dawn,
And cheerfulness of noon and night;
And all that joy is builded on
Give us the grace to see aright.

Let us remember each kind word
By weight of goodly feeling blest—
Each gentle thing we've said or heard—
And blot from memory the rest.
Give us the grace to see and know
The benefits along the way—
The many things that help us so.
Let us be thankful every day.
—Chicago Tribune.

Just to be alive. We sing: "I would not live away," but most of us are thankful not to have that limit too rigidly defined. Life may be a "vaporful woe," but it is fairly livable none the less.

For health if I have it; for not being any sicker if I haven't.

For what I am, if that "am" is any good; for what I can if it isn't.

That there is no law to force the wearing of the season's monstrous millinery.

That prosperity has not pushed food prices beyond Thanksgiving dinner possibility.

For that dinner in prospect, with a digestion to enjoy it.

For living in a day of predigested food if digestion is not up to the mark.

That I'm a woman in an age when woman scores.

Thanksgiving dwells in the heart, not in the stomach.

Thanksgiving and thankfulness are not the same.

The Lament of the Foolish Hen

THE times are good—they are I vow.
Such wealth of corn as we have now
I never saw; there comes an Aunt Jane
To toss us out our meal of grain.
A few months back I was so thin,
But now I have a double chin
And feel as though I was tight laced
When I put on my corset waist.

Aunt Jane comes out at early morn
With her blue apron full of corn,
And with a friendly, clucking sound
She throws it on the frosty ground.
The crops are gathered in; the days
Are soft with Indian summer haze,
And Jack, the chore boy, feeds the stock
While chips fly at the chopping block.

The city may have its delights,
But these delightful days and nights
Upon the farm are full for me
Of the serene ecstasy.
Since back there in September they
Have added to our fare each day
Until, to fullness thus inspired,
There's nothing left to be desired.

A word about Aunt Jane, that serves
To pay the tribute she deserves:
Since first I broke my shell to see
The world she has been good to me.
When foolishly in youth I strayed
In the wet grass, she then stayed
Long after dark to bring me in
And dry my wet, goose-pimpled skin.

I always had a roosting place
Secure from danger by the grace
Of her, and many days and nights
She treated me for parasites.
Her care of me, somehow, has stirred
The thought I am no common bird,
And some day I will take, I know,
A ribbon at a poultry show.

When I go strutting o'er the yard
Aunt Jane peers through her glasses hard
And I can see and not half try
The admiration in her eye.
And Jack, the choreboy, when he slips
From barn to pump, will smack his lips
To see me wax so fat—he knows
How Aunt Jane loves me, I suppose.

Old Gobbler there, so lank and lean,
Is full of jealous musings mean.
He barely eats and so he thin,
His bones are sticking through his skin.

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"I Do Not Care to Talk with Him."
He tried to whisper something once
To me, the scrawny, half-starved dunce,
But I passed on with figure trim,
'I do not care to talk with him.

Aunt Jane one morning cooped us in
The yard, the stout ones and the thin,
We are so tame, and she has made
'S love her so we're not afraid.
And then she caught us, one by one,
And petted us, and ere 'twas done,
She felt my body, my plump side,
Till I could scarce contain my pride.

Old Gobbler sat neglected quite,
So thin he was a sorry sight,
And she passed him by nor did stop
To stroke his side or feel his crop.
Again he sought to speak with me,
Again I scorned him haughtily,
And he brushed something from his eye,
A tear, I think, as I passed by.

Last night I had a horrid dream;
I thought I heard Old Gobbler scream:
'Don't eat! Don't eat!' until the words
Waked me and all the other birds.
Old Gobbler sat there like a sphinx
And watched me as a hungry lynx;
It must have been a dream, for then
I closed my eyes in sleep again.

'Tis morning now, here comes Aunt Jane,
Her apron full of corn again,
But what grim person that with her
So like an executioner?
He bears a glittering ax and bright,
In truth, a most revolting sight,
But passes by—Ah, me, the fright
Near took away my appetite.

Now stoops Aunt Jane to bid me beg
For corn. She grabs me by the leg!
'Ho, Jack!' she cries. 'Come, hurry!
Run!'
'I've got the very fattest one!'
He comes across the yard and takes
Me to the chopping block and shakes
His gleaming ax—Old Gobbler, near,
Goes "kyouck!" and wipes another tear.

How cold and treacherous is fate!
I see it all, but 'tis too late.
Old Gobbler's whisper was to warn
Me of the fate of food and corn.
He loved me! Hear his mournful
'kyouck!'

I close my eyes upon the block.
'Forgive me, Gobbler!' I plead I cry
I had heeded this gullitione,
—J. W. Foley, in Philadelphia Ledger.

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A Few Things to be thankful for

Thanksgiving does not depend on a special day; and all times are seasonable.

Thanksgiving makes a crust sweet; the want of it, a turkey bitter.

Thanksgiving begets more favors for which to be thankful.

For life and love and health and toil.
For just the chance to be myself.
For books and food and clothes to wear.
For woman's power to do and dare;
For sun and moon, for land and sea,
For what now is and what's to be.
For everything that comes my way,
I'm thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving in the Home.

It is eminently proper that there should be cultivation of the spirit of thanksgiving in every home. The home should be considered the first of all American institutions. In it are reared the future useful men and faithful women of this nation.

Mr. Hen Peck.

Says Mr. Hen Peck: "It is not surprising that troubles never come sin gles; they are all married."

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

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IT DID.

Mr. Holesale—So old Peppercot had a kick coming on that last bill of goods, eh? Wouldn't that make you sore?

Mr. Litate (the salesman)—It did me, sir. He kicked me out.

Hat as Badge of Slavery.

With the ancient Greeks the hat was simply an appurtenance of the traveler. The free citizen preferred to go go-bareheaded and only put on his broad-brimmed petasus for protection against the sun when on a long journey. The uncovered head was part of his dignity, for the slaves and workmen wore always a kind of pointed skull cap.

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When men are friends there is no need of justice.—Aristotle.

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