

TO EAT ARCTIC MOSS.

Food for the Million Is All Around Us.

A German Scientist Tells How to Prepare a Nutritious Diet From Moss Which Abounds in the Klondike.

Among the greatest difficulties that await prospectors in the wilds of Alaska are starvation and disease. Like two grim spectres, they follow, silently and patiently, the track of the explorers, always ready to clasp new victims in deadly embrace.

But even in the desolate solitude of the far North, kind Mother Nature, the producer and preserver of life, supplies food and medicines out of her own inexhaustible bounds.

We speak of certain mosses that cover in abundance the otherwise barren uplands of Arctic latitudes—more particularly so of the Iceland moss and of the reindeer moss.

The value of their nourishing and medicinal properties seems to be better known in Europe than in our own country. For Laplander, Icelanders and Finns they are of the greatest importance and have saved many lives in times of distress among them. Sir John Franklin, the intrepid explorer, and his party existed once on the Mackenzie river for several weeks on nothing but moss. The Esquimaux know its properties, but our miners are, so far, hardly acquainted with them. Still, the knowledge of its possible use should not be underrated, as it may help to save human life in cases of emergency. The writer has been in Alaska and the Yukon territory at different times. His attention to the moss was called chiefly by experiments of Dr. Max Kriegel of Seattle and the following statements may be depended upon:

Iceland moss (*Ceraria islandica*) is somewhat better known than reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*), and has been in use for medical purposes since time immemorial. But the peculiar qualities of both are about the same, and whatever may be claimed for the former applies likewise to the latter.

Iceland moss is found almost everywhere in the northern latitudes of both hemispheres. It grows from two to four inches high, and is of a gray-green or olive-brown color. The writer noticed it, for instance, on the foothills of Mount St. Elias, on Lake Creek, a hundred miles up Stewart river, on Eldorado, Bonanza and Dominion. It contains an extremely bitter principle, which can be removed by soaking the moss for about six hours in a weak solution of common soda (one part of soda to about 375 times its weight in water). This fluid may be renewed once or twice.

Potash may be used instead of soda. Wood ashes, especially the ashes of hard wood, contain quite a percentage of potash, which can be extracted readily by addition of water.

After the moss has been freed from its bitter principle it has to be washed well in clean water, and is now ready for culinary purposes.

The moss contains about 44 parts of starch, 36 parts of vegetable albumen, besides some sugar, gum and phosphate of calcium.

It may be boiled immediately in water (about ten to fifteen times its weight) for some ten minutes. Sweetening and flavoring, if at hand, may be added to taste. The juice of the different wild berries that are so plentiful in northern latitudes at certain seasons makes an excellent flavoring extract. After cooling off, the substance thickens more or less (according to the amount of water used), and forms a kind of jelly or pudding. It tastes somewhat like sago or corn starch.

If the moss is not required for immediate use, it may be dried, powdered and used to bake bread in exactly the same way as flour. This moss powder may be mixed with even parts of flour. As the moss contains chiefly starchy and albuminous substances, occasionally some fat (game or fish may be obtainable) should be added to the dish, for the system cannot depend upon one kind of food all the time.

Some slight objection may be raised against the use of moss as food because it is not bulky. Like sago and similar mainly starchy substances it contains a considerable amount of nourishment; still, it does not satisfy for any great length of time the cravings of an empty stomach.

By the use of concentrated and easily digestible food the system may receive all its proper nourishment, but at the same time the stomach may feel empty.

On the other hand we may easily remove the feeling of hunger by filling the stomach with a substance that contains no nourishment at all, but acts simply as ballast. In some countries people use during a famine for temporary relief a sort of fine potter's clay. By such makeshifts the pangs of hunger may be removed for some time, but still the body would be starved to death if not supplied from time to time with a certain amount of real food in connection with the so-called ballast food.

For such reasons moss ought to be used, if possible, in connection with other food, which needs not to be of a very nourishing quality. In cases of actual starvation, for instance, people mixed the moss with the powdered bark of birch or spruce trees and baked out of this mixture a kind of a bread that answered the purpose well, the moss representing the nourishing part, the bark furnishing the ballast food.

The bitter principle of the moss is also a very powerful tonic and extremely effective in cases of dyspepsia, diarrhoea, pulmonary affections, general debility or weakened condition of the body and, last but not least, in cases of that dreaded disease of the far North, the terrible scurvy. If all other medicines may be out of reach and question, Iceland moss still grows beneath our feet. Whenever the moss is to be used as a tonic, it has simply to be boiled down in plenty of water to the consistency of a thick soup. After it has been strained carefully it may be used as a drink, according to requirement. Beneficial results will soon follow.

For all those reasons it seems not out of place to recommend to our boys that go North to "hunt for pastures new" the acceptable properties of Alaskan mosses.

Those Earthquakes.

The recent earthquakes at Skagway, Alaska, which have already been reported in the Times, seem to have been felt over quite an extent of territory. At Juneau, 100 miles away, the shock was distinctly felt. The shock was somewhat startling to the miners working under ground in the Treadwell and other mines on Douglas island, and there was quite a scramble among them to get out to the surface and see what was going on.

Miners coming in from the westward report that the earthquake was severely felt in that direction. At Glacier bay, where the big Muir and a number of smaller glaciers are found, the earthquake loosened up the front of the Taku Arm glacier and it tumbled into the sea with a terrific roar, creating a regular tidal wave as it toppled over. The force of the waves caused boats to capsize over a mile distant from the face of the glacier.—Seattle Times.

May and December.

An old man with money who married a young woman without any in Illinois is now mourning the loss of both bride and cash. Old men with money ought to know by this time that they must remain in close partnership with their wealth if they would retain youthful brides. When a young woman marries a bank account she usually isn't at all anxious to avoid losing the income branch that comes with it.—Seattle Times.

Adding Insult to Injury.

"Yes, sir, it is adding insult to injury," said young Mr. Homewoover warmly. "That's just what it is!" "What is adding insult to injury?" demanded young Mr. Point Breeze. "Of, rather, who is doing this thing?" Miss Murray Hill. Only a month ago she refused my offer of marriage, and today she sends me an invitation to see her wed to another. I shall be compelled to spend good, hard cash for a wedding present, too. If that isn't adding insult to injury, I don't know what it is."

A Tardy Warning.

"Look out!" he cried, for the advancing vehicle was almost upon his friend. "Look out! Here comes an au-out, an auter auto, an automo-automobile—there, hang it! I've said it at last, but of course it's too late," and he picked the bleeding form of his companion from the street as he watched the machine bowl over a policeman and crash to pieces in front of a street car. "Good thing for the doctors," he said, "unless you've got your dictionary with you."

A Dire Insult.

The Tripper—Nice boat that, captain! The Skipper—Yes, and she's for sale, too. The Tripper—For sail! Yes, course she is. Ye didn't imagine I thought she was for steam, did ye, ye salt pork eatin shrimp catcher!—Ally Sloper.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

[By Othmar.]

A Klondike mosquito bites as easily as a Klondike sucker, but he is harder to catch.

The man who is punctual in his appointments loses lots of time—waiting for the other fellow.

Won't McGinty be a love sick youth if he reads all the letters that went down to him at Selwyn?

Before coming in here, a miner fancies he will receive fair treatment, but it is a fact that he does not.

A man frequently likes to refer to himself as an idiot, but it makes him awfully mad if anyone agrees with him.

Some of the funny men on the stage are like a phonograph. They talk a great deal but never say anything original.

Nearly every mine owner in the Yukon has two objects in life. One is to become rich, and the other is to become richer.

Life insurance is no doubt a good thing, but what the average Dawsonite needs most is fire insurance. Do you catch it?

During these long nights, there are very few men who, at midnight, realize how sleepy they will be next morning at 7 o'clock.

When you see an advertisement offering a reward for a lost article, and no questions asked, you can bet the advertiser is not a woman.

Some men are like the bass drum at the Monte Carlo—make lots of noise, but there is nothing in them. Did you ever meet one?

The man who can come down town these mornings and not lie about this thermometer has a pretty fair chance of slipping through the pearly gates.

Laymen used words that had the smell of brimstone, while working on Sulphur last winter; but that creek this winter will yield equal to the best.

There are a number of men in the Klondike who, in one respect, resemble a nail. They are crooked, because they have been driven to it by a woman.

The Dawson belle, and its the same in every other city, swallows flattery just the same as baby swallows buttons—regardless of the trouble that may follow.

Many a woman on the outside, who has a sweetheart here, can realize the truth of the saying that absence makes the heart grow fonder—of some other girl.

In the spring of 1898 a girl came to Dawson, who was called long and lanky; she became a favorite, acquired wealth and now she is divinely tall and graceful.

John Gannon, the fugitive from justice for bigamy, will be punished for trying to serve two masters at once. He has a wife here and another in Victoria.

Not a pedestrian who travels First avenue can be found who would object to the police having the "Timers" clean the lumps of ice from the passenger walks on the bridge near the engine house.

She Must Have Got a C.

She confronted him at the breakfast table.

"George, I want that letter in your pocket. Please give it to me. Don't refuse."

A guilty look swept over his face, and he answers hoarsely, "W-what letter, my dear?"

"Why, a V, but if you could make it an X it would do just as well. I've got some shopping to do."

And he is so grateful at the hairbreadth escape that he makes it a XX.—Chicago News.

Prepared for Trouble.

"All I want to say," remarked the driver of the milk wagon, who had managed to spill out half a dozen bottles and scatter them with their liquid contents over the asphalt pavement at State and Jackson, "is this"—and he rolled up his sleeves and surveyed the wreckage—"that the first man that says a word to me about not crying over spilt milk is going to get his head punched!"—Chicago Tribune.

Canadian Steamship Line.

If the ambitions of Sir William Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific railway, are realized, that road will soon establish a fast Atlantic steamship service between Canada and Liverpool. It is said that the maturing plans only await the promise of an adequate subsidy from the Dominion government before they are put into execution. "I could die in peace," Sir William is quoted as saying, "if I could see a Canadian fast Atlantic line in connection with the Canadian Pacific railway an accomplished fact. My plan would be

to have the fast passenger ships run to Quebec and Halifax, while great cargo ships would carry freight to Montreal and St. John, N. B. On the Atlantic we would have the fastest steamships afloat, ships of greater speed than those that run to New York, and superior to them in every way.

"The result would be much the same on the Atlantic as it has been on the Pacific, where, since the Canadian Pacific began its line from Vancouver to the Orient, with that already controlled by the American lines we have taken practically the entire business away from San Francisco. Before this can be accomplished an arrangement must be made by which the Canadian Pacific trains can meet the ships at Halifax, and we must have such control over the railway between St. John and Halifax that we can guarantee that no delays will take place."—Victoria Colonist.

Copper From India.

A brass foundry company of New Haven has received from India a shipment of old Indian copper coins which it proposes to melt up into copper bars before using them in various copper and brass castings. The company has demonstrated that it can get copper coins in India at their face value, which are more valuable as metal alone when brought to this country. The company has received five tons of these coins and more are coming. Even after paying for their freight from India, it is found that the copper comes cheaper than Lake Superior or Western copper. The copper coins were presumably coined early in the present century, when copper was cheaper than it is now. The coins bear no English inscription, and are believed to have been issued by the native Indian government. They resemble the old large American penny. The five tons already in New Haven, says the New York Commercial, are part of a shipment of 250 tons just received by the Orford Copper Company of New York, which received 9999 bags of coins by the steamship Cevic a few days ago.

Very Much Alive.

A recent Seattle Times says: Among the passengers on the City of Seattle today are George Bowman of Bridgeport, Conn., and his partner, William Johnston. On the 21st of September last year the Associated Press sent out a story from here on the strength of a report brought down by one J. C. Sachs, that Bowman had been murdered in cold blood by his partner, Johnston, near Dawson. This story was published broadcast and got to the two men's friends and relatives, not only in America, but in Edinburgh, Scotland, where the two were raised. It created no end of worry and scores of letters were hurried to the Klondike to get further particulars. Finally the two Klondikers heard the news themselves and were not long in getting a contradiction of the story on its way to their friends. The published reports of the murder were told with much exactness and one Ed Calhoun, a partner of the man Sachs, "saw the murder committed."

Bowman or Johnston never heard of a man named J. C. Sachs and cannot account for the story at all.

Bowman was once a prominent cyclist and was superintendent of a bicycle factory at Bridgeport. His father is a prominent divine of Edinburgh and the Edinburgh Scotsman had an account of the "murder," with a picture of the "murdered" man.

A Coming Champion.

Jim Corbett, who tipped Jim Jeffries to whip Bob Fitzsimmons, has made another prognostication. After boxing with Joe Kennedy, the young California heavyweight, who is training for his fight with Peter Maher, Corbett predicts that he cannot lose. The ex-champion is even more enthusiastic over him than he was over Jeffries. "He is one of the cleverest young heavy weights I ever put the gloves on with," said Jim, and I have tried a good many out. I had no idea that he was so quick and clever and could hit so hard. He has a magnificent physique, and if nothing happens to him will make a great fighter. Whoever wins the big fight will find a dangerous opponent in Kennedy. I tip him to beat Maher easily, and if Jeffries beats Sharkey he will have his hands full when he fights Kennedy. Billy Delaney was right when he said Joe was a "comer."

Easy Assumption.

Little Helen—Boo-hoo! I don't want to take that nasty, bitter stuff, Her Mamma—But how do you know it's nasty and bitter? You haven't tasted it.

Little Helen—You said it would be good for me.

The popularity of the Cafe Royal is evidenced by the patronage it receives from the better class.