

THE NEW NORTH LAND

OR countless ages all peoples have looked upon the North as a cold and barren land, the home of the iceberg and the storm. In the past few years it has been given to a favored few to learn that it is a land of beauty, of sunny days and clear skies, of foaming waters and green, dome-shaped hills, of high cliffs and rugged granite peaks, snow-crowned for all time to come. Old, yet seeming to ever change and to be always new, it is a land that charms and holds those who come; sometimes they go, but only to return again, for those who have looked upon the land love it for evermore.

This vast inland empire is known to the people of the North as the Yukon, and it is the watershed of the river of that name. The Indians call it Yu-kon-ah—meaning mighty water—and it is that and more. Its length is more than 2,000 miles and it drains an area of more than half a million square miles, and discharges more water into the sea than the Mississippi or the Amazon. It is seventy-five miles wide at its mouth, and at its source—at the summit of the White Pass—a child can step across. Large steamers navigate this river for eighteen hundred miles, and if you stand on the bank, one hundred miles from the mouth, you cannot see the other bank.

European countries having same latitude as the Yukon, with soil less rich and climate more rigorous, produce annually for export, cattle, sheep and horses by the thousand, and of grain and vegetables millions of bushels.

In the not far distant future this Empire of the North will do all this and more, her dome-shaped hills will with gold enrich nations and her fertile valleys feed them. In the five years