

might be the same; but since it is a different life, a different language, to some extent, has been evolved; and to write or speak of the life of the Northland without a natural use of its language, would be to substitute a lexicon for simple narrative. The life of the Northland is *told*, not *made*, by authors. To add a glamour of poetry and romance would be to put a wreath of orange blossoms on a Death's head, and to twine its cross-bones with roses. A display of fine language and of rhetoric would not reveal the subject.

They're yet the same. It may be mentioned that people in the Northland are seldom known there by their right names,—as Mr. J. L. Brown, Mr. John E. Harris, etc. Unless some nick-name is applied, the most important personages become, in common conversation, "Ogilvie," "Brown," "Barnett," "Healy," "Jo Ladue," etc. As the next grade of familiarity:—"Old man Harper," "Missouri Jackson," "Colorado Eames," etc. Then follows the nick-names:—Big Alex, Nigger Jim, Pete the Kicker, Poker-chip Joe, Diamond-tooth Gertie, Dirty-faced Maud, Old By-Mighty, Muck-a-Luck Sue, Alabama Joe, Hungry Bill, Skookum Jim, The Swede, The Greek, The Dago, Shortie, Eveline, Flossie and Lillie.

Take care. If I am compelled occasionally to unveil some phase of life that I would wish did not exist, but which I know does exist, and is a menace to many, it is not to teach and preach and moralize; but to present, as its sequence, the condition that surely results, and cannot fail to discourage any who would try for an independent solution of the matter. Vice is found in life amid the cosmopolitan crowd, amid excitement, in extreme dissipation, in familiar places and in familiar language, and so is consistently written. The vice of civilization is not this extreme of vice, but this extreme of vice had its beginning, and gathered force, as it swept over civilized lands to center in the Scarlet Life of Dawson and of Nome. The result may be reported back to civilization, to forewarn as to the consequence of a concentration of the forces of greed and selfishness.

What message. Books are written for classes. Truth is for the discriminating. Wit and humor for the unwary. Myths and fables for the credulous. Sophistry and fads for the imitative, and conventional. Creeds, maxims and texts for those whose aspirations exceed their industry. Peculiar works are for peculiar people.