

holes with solder and hot irons. Finally the sealed cans are loaded upon trucks and wheeled into huge iron retorts where they remain one hour in steam at a temperature of 240 degrees Fahrenheit. It is this intense heat that softens the salmon bones. There is one species of fish whose bones will not yield to this treatment and therefore it is never canned. It is the steel-head. It resembles the sockeye and its flesh is of excellent quality. The cannerymen dispose of them to the cold storage plants.

After the final cooking the fish cans are lowered, crate by crate, into a vat of boiling lye. This removes all trace of grease from the surface of the tin. The lye in its turn is washed off by a current of water from the cannery hose, and out in the warehouse a shining stack grows and grows.

Look for a moment at the *pack*. That large centre pile is sockeye. The smaller one on the left is spring, and that on the right is humpback. Humpback meat is a poorer quality. It is white or pale pink, instead of red. In outward semblance the humpback and sockeye are almost identical. The humpback comes in great shoals after the fish of other varieties have ceased to *run*. So thick do they come that the cannery boss is obliged to set a limit. This is generally 500 per day to each boat. When the fisherman pulls in his net he selects from its meshes 500 fish, for which he receives 1 cent each, and throws the rest into the sea. In due time thousands of dead humpbacks float in upon the tides and line the beach in stinking ranks. Then it is that the Indian dog exhibits his efficacy as a scavenger. But it is his undoing. So voraciously does he feed at such times of plenty that ere long he is a mangy wreck—a gruesome victim of gluttony.

The last act in the drama is nearly ended. The Indians have given up fishing. Six weeks of work is sufficient to satisfy even

the most ambitious of them. They hang about the company's store, where goods are down to *cost*, that everything may be *cleared out*. Most of the Chinamen have again donned blue flannels and white slippers. The Japs still go out and come in with the tides, but their *catch* is small. They spend much of their time about the cannery. Notice that swarthy fellow with the hip boots. That is Kashimerec. He is slyly tying a silken sash about the little brown babe that, laced to its board, dangles from a nail in the cannery wall behind its Indian mother. Alas! for the chastity of these Indian wives!

The cannery machinery runs a few hours or minutes each day. A Chinese foreman dashes about among his countrymen who are still working, crying *fie, fie* (hurry, hurry). His duties and those of the Indian foreman seem to overlap. These two individuals are continually clashing, and many a wordy battle in pigeon English or the Chinook jargon is the result.

Out in the warehouse the manager and his Chinese contractor hold counsel together. "Twenty-one thousand cases," says the former. "Not too bad—eh, Sam? I have an order for twelve thousand cases from Sydney, Australia. Can you have them ready for next boat?"

"Sulle, I tink alle lite," replies the Oriental. "I see my men." So saying he steps to the rear of the warehouse. There several smoky "Chinks" kneel before a vat of lacquer. They snatch shining tins from the mammoth stack and thrust each together with a clawlike hand and several inches of ropy arm into the brown fluid. Beside them grows a pile of stained and dripping cans, and in each, for the same reason that there was a vulnerable spot on the heel of Achilles, are the prints of a "Chink's" thumb and fingers.

