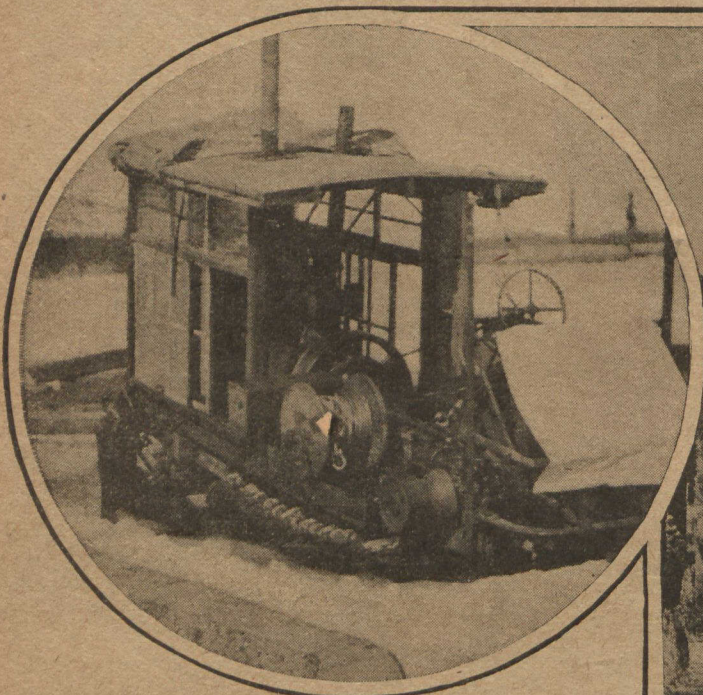
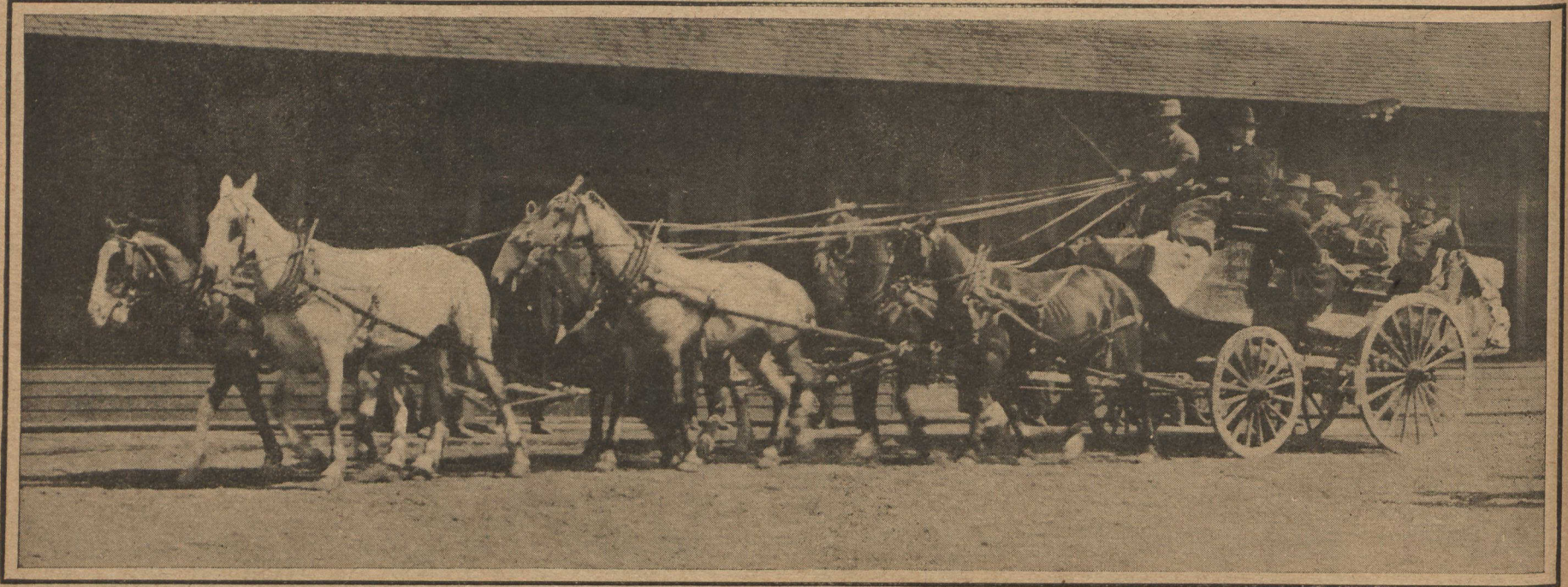


WHERE *is* WHITE HORSE ANYWAY?

On July 28th we published a letter from White Horse, and in an article written round the letter, imagined what the Editor's sensations would be aboard a Pacific liner, looking for White Horse through a pair of field glasses. Our correspondent sends the answer along with the photographs



White Horse Station, Y. T.

Dear Sir,—If you will spin your atlas around, look for the North Pacific Coast, follow it up to Skagway, then follow the W. P. & Y. Route in to White Horse, you will note that both your eyesight and your field glasses would have to be very strong to see White Horse from the deck of a Pacific steamer. You will also note, that on this occasion your vision would cross Alaska, a strip of British Columbia and a part of the Yukon Territory, travelling in all one hundred and eleven miles.

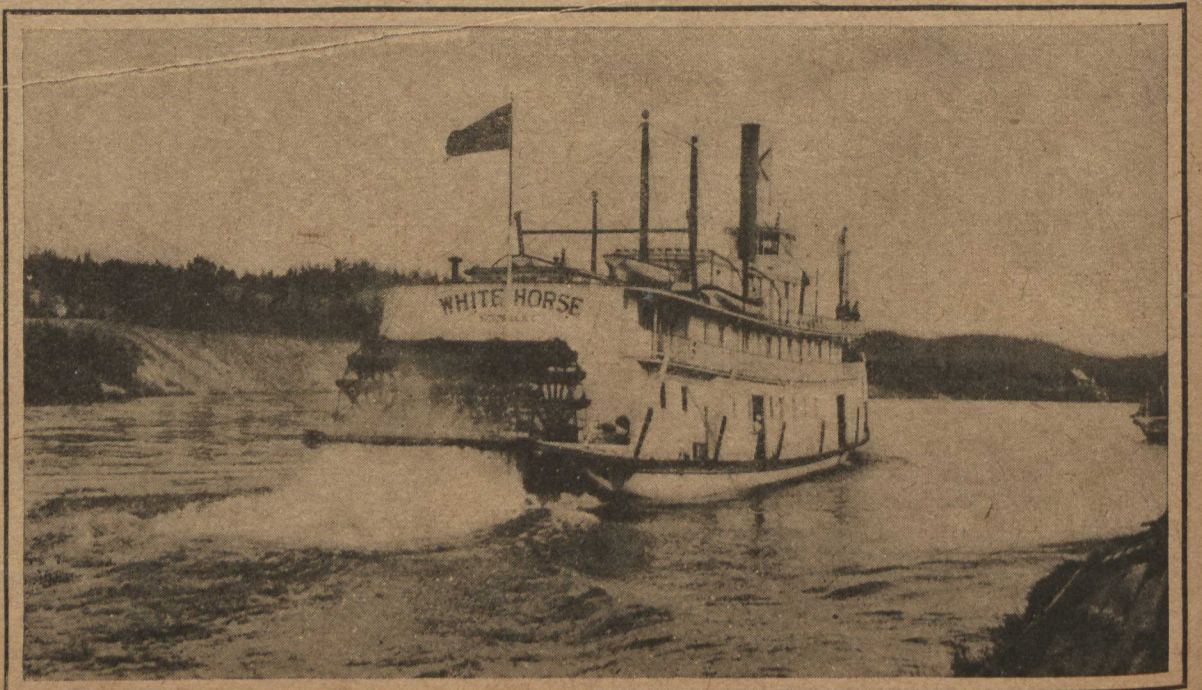
In the year 1915, White Horse had a fire which burned out a good part of the town. The "Vancouver World," then under the able pen of Louis D. Taylor, reported that the W. P. & Y. Route were sending their steamers from Skagway to White Horse to house and feed the unhappy populace of White Horse. "Louis D." was sending those steamers over that same one hundred and eleven miles of high, dry and rocky land.

Then, again, when Uncle Sam was deciding on a new capital for Alaska, the "Seattle Star" rose to remark that White Horse would be the better point, as it was situated inland and therefore more central. Whether the "Star" intended moving White Horse over the U. S. boundary, or moving the boundary "over" White Horse, is yet open to debate.

BUT for real travel sensation, beating Dickens' stage coaches all hollow, commend us to the King's six-horse mail coach leaving White Horse for Dawson, on one of the last trips of the season.

And the caterpillar tractor hauling freight on the ice of Lake Atlin, B.C., was a veteran in that line of transportation long before the "tank."

Again—just to be unusual—note that a camera used the light of the midnight sun some time in the last week of June to take the picture of the rotary plough slamming way the snowdrifts.



Also, the steamer that runs from White Horse to Dawson must be going either up or down the Yukon; which we can't say for sure till we get the next letter from our correspondent.