

large bucket. These buckets belong to the Indian women. When the whistles blow for noon you will see the Cloutchmen lugging them home filled to the brim with tails. An ivory-ornamented smile or a glance from dark, passionate eyes has induced the nonchalant "Chinks" to take the extra trouble. Look carefully at that pail nearest the end of the row. It belongs to Yhada, the handsome young wife of Old Eagle. The tails in it are longer than need be and much good meat is attached. That is her cabin behind the big rock decorated with red patches of salmon drying in the sun for winter use. Ma Bing, the tall Chinaman there, is responsible for this petty theft. Cannery gossips told queer things of him and Yhada last year. Malevolent persons who pride themselves upon their powers of discernment hint that the eyes of Yhada's three-month babe have too much slant for the true Indian type.

Along the trough before mentioned, into which the headless, tailless fish have slipped, stands a row of Cloutchmen, silent, grotesque. A single swoop of the knife, a scoop of a clawlike hand, and the entrails of each fish falls through the cannery floor into the sea beneath. The fish passes into another trough, where running water and Cloutches armed with stiff scrubbing brushes purge it inside and out until not a scale or particle of dirt remains. The cutting machine is its next destination. This is constructed upon the plan of a threshing cylinder, with knives instead of cylinder teeth. These knives can be so adjusted as to cut the salmon to fit *talls* or *flats*, as desired. A Chinaman feeds the machine, and the rich red meat chunks splash into a great vat of brine, where they remain five minutes. This brine is made sufficiently dense to float the fish and is the means employed for salting.

With large net dippers, which resemble the insect catchers used by entomologists, two sturdy "Chinks" lift the fish from the brine, and dumping it into large buckets carry it to the filling tables. Here wait the Indian girls. Beside each is a pile of empty tins and before her a wooden tray upon which to set the tins when full. Each tray holds forty-eight tins. A Chinaman removes it when full and puts in its place an empty one. Then he punches a

ticket which hangs before every filler. Each tiny hole represents 4 cents to the Indian girl, and if she works hard she can fill ten trays per hour.

You are struck with the simplicity and adequacy of the machinery. The full cans are placed by "Chinks" upon a belt which runs horizontally. Here they ride blandly upright like ranks of red-capped soldiers until a slight elevation in the track raises each can until its head is jammed into a tin top, fed from a hopper above and held in position by a delicate mechanical device. From here the covered cans continue their course over a tiny scale. If the weight is correct they pass unmolested; if too light they are deftly sidetracked. Suddenly the belt takes a dip and at the same time a slight tilt in the track turns the can on its side and sends it rolling down an inclined metal trough, in whose bottom run two tiny rivulets of molten solder. A little brush soaked in acid circles each can as it rolls so that the tin may *take* the solder. At the other end of the solder trough the cans slip out upon the belt and ride a short distance in spraying water. Thus cooled they drop upon a table at the rate of 160 to the minute.

Mark how deftly that yellow, bewigged automaton packs the tins from the table into large iron coolers. At no time is the table crowded. One at a time the full coolers are lowered by rope and pulley into a tank of boiling water. If there is a hole in any can the expanding air sends a stream of bubbles to the surface of the water. The eagle eye of a "Chink" marks the leaky tin and his tongs snatch it from the cooler.

There is Lam Jam, the bald Chinaman, shoving truckloads of coolers full of salmon tins into those great plank boxes. Here they will be cooked one-half hour in steam at boiling temperature. As each truck load is drawn by long iron hooks from the scalding vapor Chinamen flock about like pecking fowls. They carry tiny mallets, in the ends of which are sharp spikes. Their tirade upon the tins resembles the performance of a musician upon his dulcimer.

From every punctured can a stream of greasy vapor shoots upward to the rafters. More glazy visaged "Chinks" wait for the steam to escape so that they may assail the