

women and homes; and then over all each woman has that constant dread of her loved one being brought home to her, maimed or dead.

One of the sad sides of life in a mining town is that one meets many a woman in black who has lost a husband or a son, suddenly snatched away from her side; and yet the other members of the family will continue their work in the same place. So often word comes that some one has been hurt, some one killed. Perhaps they say: "It is only a Chinaman, only a Jap," but God knows that perhaps somewhere some heart is breaking over his death.

We have a splendidly equipped and managed hospital, with a competent staff of doctors and nurses, whose hands are always more than full. The feeling is so strong against the Orientals that they have a ward of their own and are never allowed to enter the other wards. The men receive their hospital care free, if injured in the mines, or sick from some disease contracted there. One dollar a month is kept off each man on the payroll, to pay for medical care and medicine, and they receive the very best of both.

After "Pay Day" and "Sunday Observance."

All of interest centres around pay day, which is the Saturday nearest the fifteenth of the month. Bills are all made out then, and presented on Monday. Concerts, dances, and anything for which money is needed are arranged to take place that week. For, like the sailor, the miner cannot keep his money long. Good-hearted, generous, and, alas, too often drunken, he soon spends his pay and must do without until another pay day comes around. And just here we have the greatest curse of our mining city—drink. Four bars, three wholesale houses and a brewery, all doing a

flourishing trade, must, of necessity, mean a lot of drinking. Many a poor woman dreads pay day on that account. Passing down the main street that night and looking in at the bar door as some poor unfortunate staggers out, one sees men lined up three or four deep, waiting their turn. God pity them; they have a hard struggle to break away from it. No one under the influence of liquor is allowed to enter the mines, as too many lives are at stake. One wonders to see these men, reeling down the street, swearing and shouting, when one thinks of the dangerous life they lead, and yet they are, generally speaking, indifferent to it, and almost regardless of God.

Sunday is spent as a day of pleasure. Football, sports of all kinds, picnics and many forms of amusement are carried on on Sunday, and yet most of these men came from homes of a religious atmosphere in the east and the old land. It truly seems as if we left our religion behind when we have crossed the Rockies.

Four churches minister to the spiritual wants of these people. The morning services are noted for the poor attendance, but at the evening service the attendance is exceedingly good; and one Adult Bible Class has a membership of seventy-three, the majority of whom are young men. This class, though only recently organized, has done good work, and is attempting to live up to its motto: "For Christ and Sociability." If we can only win these young men to Christ, what a grand lift in the right direction would be given our town.

Down the Mine.

Now let me take you on a short visit to one of the mines. You can go down one in the cage, or if you prefer to walk, go to another and walk down the slope. As we are in a hurry, we will