



SALMON ON THE CANNERY FLOOR IN THE MORNING

but most of them, as a somewhat disgruntled foreman said to me one day, "are so d——n lazy it hurts."

Hark! what is that honking noise? The Chinese look up and ki-yi excitedly. The Indian maidens leave off flirting, and the Japs slip quickly down to the boats. It is the horn blown by the cannery watchman. News has come in that the salmon has started to *run*, and now every fisherman hears the call to be off on the out-going tide. Soon the inlet is dotted with fishing craft. All the boats are of uniform size and shape, being some 27 ft. long and 7½ ft. wide at the middle. It is said that each boat costs the cannery about \$120 to build. But notice the various hues—there are green boats, gray boats, blue boats, red boats. Each cannery knows its boats by the color. All sweep together into the tide—Japanese alert and rowing eagerly; Indians sailing, indolent, skillful. Somewhere beyond the river's mouth the boatmen stretch their nets and await the turn of the tide.

The fishermen out, the village sinks into a state of quiet expectancy. The Indian women cluster about the corners, toss pebbles and make eyes at the Chinamen or

lounge about the company stores pricing shawls and trinkets.

As the tide sets again toward the shore everybody hurries to the wharves and gazes towards the river's mouth. Presently a boat appears, sailing gracefully toward the cannery, then another and another. Mark the sparkle in the cannerymen's eyes. Even at that distance they note how low in the water ride the boats.

A large scow is chained to the piles at the cannery's rear, and toward this each boat steers with its glistening load. A *tally-man* stands on the scow. "Hello, Crow!" he calls to the Indian in the first boat, "how are the fish running?"

"Hi yoo, skukum," answers the aborigine, laconically.

"Springs first," is the tallyman's next speech, and Crow, seizing his one tined tork, commences to drop the great fish one by one into the scow. The perspiration rains from his charred visage, for spring salmon range from 30 to 90 lbs. in weight. In each fish the tallyman cuts a slit. Suddenly he seizes one and throws it back into the Indian's boat. With an inexpressive grunt the dusky fisherman heaves the fish into the