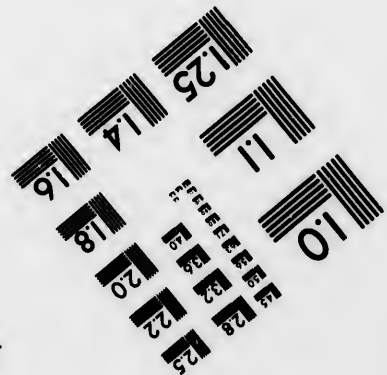
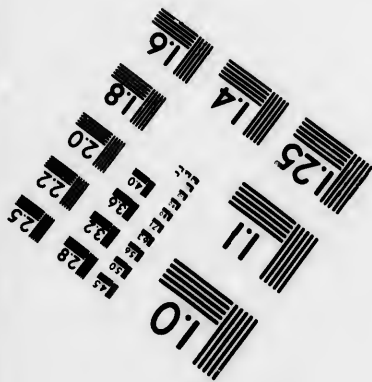
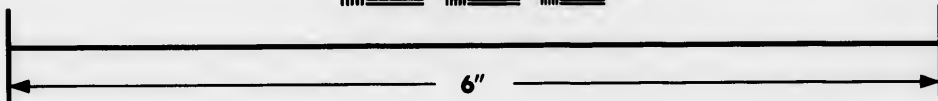
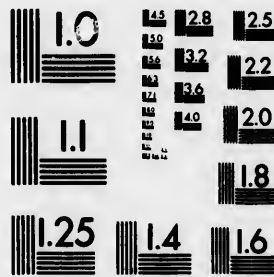


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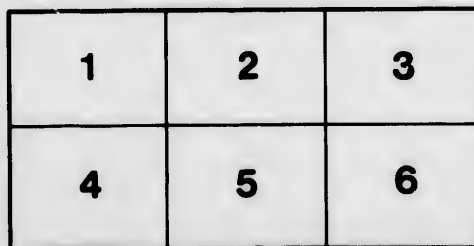
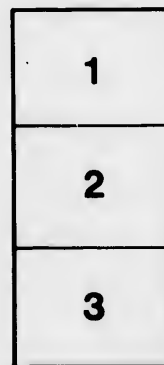
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THE  
Scarlet Life of Dawson

AND THE  
Roseate Dawn of Nome

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ILLUSTRATED

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE  
AUTHOR

LA BELLE BROOKS-VINCENT

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mg



Parka of reindeer skin with fur cap and reindeer skin fur boots as worn  
on my trip down the Yukon to Forty Mile with a dog team in January, 1899.

L. B. V.

## INTRODUCTORY.

**It can't be told.** The life of the Yukon is an untold story, and an unsolved mystery, despite the fact that some of the brightest minds and most deserving writers of the day have passed this way, and have written of this strange life. Reports have gone out differing so widely as to condemn all. Invariably the new-comer finds so much that is unlike what he has read or expected as to cause him to decide, with the aid of man's natural prejudice in favor of his own opinions, that he only has seen aright. Each sees a different phase of it, or judges from a different standpoint

**Only one scarlet life.** The life of Dawson and of Nome, from its origin and environment, is necessarily a unique development and peculiar to itself. It is different, in every detail, from other life. There are no commonplaces in this life; it is tragedy, comedy, farce and vice, varied by the fascinating and inspiring influence of single examples of a staunch fidelity and honor amid fearful temptations, or an exquisitely beautiful pathos in instances of undeserved, or unexpected, suffering and disappointment. An honest writer will, at the outset, designate his work as simply some impressions of the life of the Northland, admitting that much must be left untold, and yielding to various writers other impressions different from, but possible as true, as his own.

All who have witnessed the mighty contagion of greed which possessed men, sending thousands of them hither in the great gold stampede of '97 and '98 to a dearth of unstaked ground and to wide-open gambling houses and dance-halls, and to the long rows of red-curtained abodes of its demi-monde, which here await to absorb both Cheechargo surplus and the golden fortune of the miners, will admit the fitness of this title, "The Scarlet Life."

**Good but unavailing.** Some good men and women are here whose lives are spent in saintly devotion, and noble work of charity; and most impressive of all, is the vast, silent colony up on the mountain-side, just above the sound of revelry and the dark passes of crime.

**It's a contagion.** Yet it is true that no good man or woman can breathe this tainted atmosphere and be again quite what he was before. "The wages of sin is death," and even enough experience of this life to be called a knowledge of its sin, is a destroying influence. From a

prevalence of the life of evil a strength is accrued in an atmosphere of vice, and the magnetic forces about the good are menaced and weakened. The combined magnetic force of all the good and pure of Dawson is so weak, as compared with the combined magnetic force of all the evil, as to be almost nil. The condition is exactly contrary to that in localities outside, in which the population is largely of good moral men and women whose magnetic force for good tends to subdue, and weaken, the combined evil force of the few who seek a life of vice. Dawson affords an illustration of a large population, living under conditions of a predominating evil atmosphere, that is both aggressive and menacing.

**Sad but true.** Accept this work, kind reader, as a study in the purple scarlet shades of social life. That its chapters are facts, or the utterable parts of facts, and that its stories are founded on facts, or are easily possible as an outgrowth of this life, is pity to those who have been whirled in its vortex of passion and license, and a most solemn warning to those who are tempted to a contact with such life. The unenviable record of Paris in its extreme of vice must be yielded; but there with all the glamour of beauty, of music and of artistic surroundings, vice is softened to sweeter measures and the soul is wooed to a forgetfulness of its lost condition.

**Beware!** The scarlet life of Dawson, and of Nome, has no gilded tints from a near contact with the civilized world; no golden incense from the hidden recesses of neighbouring art galleries; no perfumed rock of vice laid bare; the pay streak located and every pan a record breaker. This life may be recounted in a light and frivolous way for the amusement of a distant public, but its reality should be dreaded and avoided. It is the part of wisdom to keep away from centers of vice, and from this worst of all centers. The combined influence of a number of persons who come here actuated by a spirit of greed, determined to scruple at nothing to satisfy that base passion, generates a life of greed to which physical and mental strength succumbs. Here the good are contaminated, the careless become vicious, the vicious mad. Selfishness and Greed guard the entering gateways. Suicide, Murder and black Despair lurk in the shadows of the exits. Justice is in mourning, and Liberty a ragged mendicant.

**It's different.** If the life of the trail, of the camp, and of the mines on the Great Yukon and the greater Behring Sea, were as are the paths of city parks and the homes of civilization, its language

might be the same; but since it is a different life, a different language, to some extent, has been evolved; and to write or speak of the life of the Northland without a natural use of its language, would be to substitute a lexicon for simple narrative. The life of the Northland is *told*, not *made*, by authors. To add a glamour of poetry and romance would be to put a wreath of orange blossoms on a Death's head, and to twine its cross-bones with roses. A display of fine language and of rhetoric would not reveal the subject.

**They're yet the same.** It may be mentioned that people in the Northland are seldom known there by their right names,—as Mr. J. L. Brown, Mr. John E. Harris, etc. Unless some nick-name is applied, the most important personages become, in common conversation, "Ogilvie," "Brown," "Barnett," "Healy," "Jo Ladue," etc. As the next grade of familiarity:—"Old man Harper," "Missouri Jackson," "Colorado Eames," etc. Then follows the nick-names:—Big Alex, Nigger Jim, Pete the Kicker, Poker-chip Joe, Diamond-tooth Gertie, Dirty-faced Maud, Old By-Mighty, Muck-a-Luck Sue, Alabama Joe, Hungry Bill, Skookum Jim, The Swede, The Greek, The Dago, Shortie, Eveline, Flossie and Lillie.

**Take care.** If I am compelled occasionally to unveil some phase of life that I would wish did not exist, but which I know does exist, and is a menace to many, it is not to teach and preach and moralize; but to present, as its sequence, the condition that surely results, and cannot fail to discourage any who would try for an independent solution of the matter. Vice is found in life amid the cosmopolitan crowd, amid excitement, in extreme dissipation, in familiar places and in familiar language, and so is consistently written. The vice of civilization is not this extreme of vice, but this extreme of vice had its beginning, and gathered force, as it swept over civilized lands to center in the Scarlet Life of Dawson and of Nome. The result may be reported back to civilization, to forewarn as to the consequence of a concentration of the forces of greed and selfishness.

**What message.** Books are written for classes. Truth is for the discriminating. Wit and humor for the unwary. Myths and fables for the credulous. Sophistry and fads for the imitative, and conventional. Creeds, maxims and texts for those whose aspirations exceed their industry. Peculiar works are for peculiar people.



## NOME.

**They stampede.** The world loves the glitter of gold, and delights in stories of treasure finds, of treasure stores, of treasure ships; in mysteries of lost or buried wealth, and of possible, undiscovered gold. The prosperous miner dreams of new discoveries. His one ambition is of the one ideal, supreme discovery of the Mother Lode, the supposed source of all gold deposits. People dream and hope, and in their dreaming and hoping, are often led to grievous sacrifice, and to woeful disappointments, from not making a just estimate of conditions, as was the case in the great gold stampede to the Klondyke of '97 and '98.

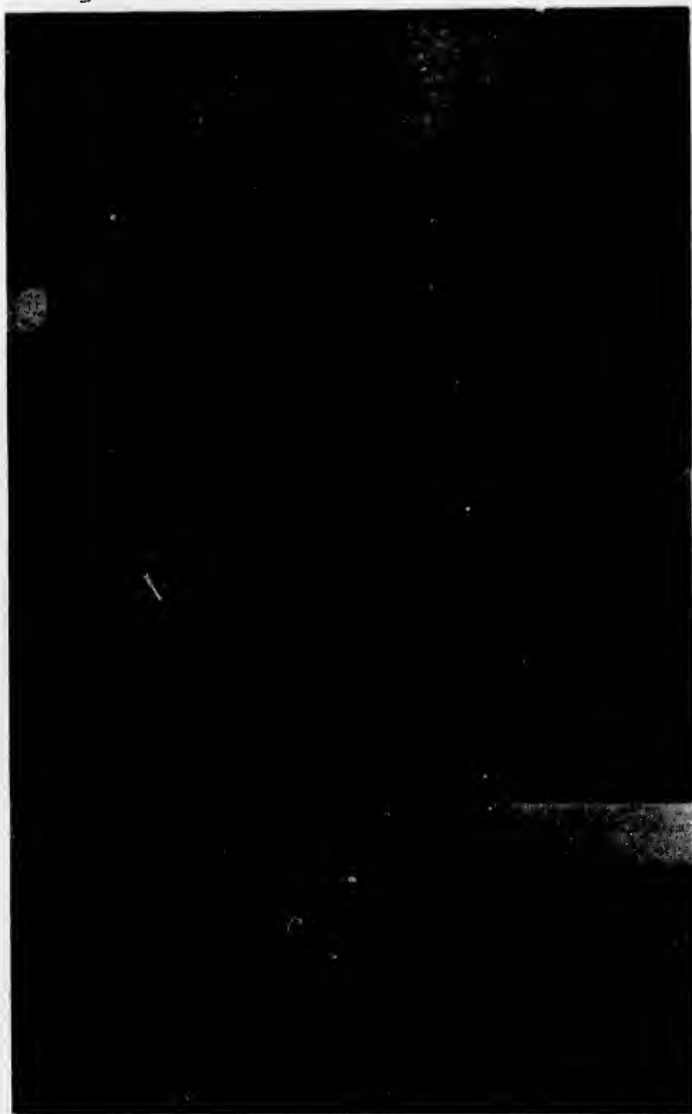
**They exaggerate.** The source of reports is first to be considered. All reports of discoveries of gold originate with the miners who are the discoverers and owners of claims. From personal investigation and observation, I would estimate that 99 per cent of those who stake claims desire to sell them rather than to work them. This often gives rise to exaggerated reports as to their value, especially in a remote region like Alaska.

**They advertise.** The coast cities of the United States are interested in creating a boom in Alaska and a stampede thither, as it brings trade and causes prosperity. The stampeder does not stop to consider the benefit it is to a city to furnish him his outfit and transportation, at a cost of several hundred dollars, but the coast towns and transportation companies are acutely conscious of the fact that a large number of stampeders will greatly benefit them. It is a well known fact that, at the time of the Klondyke boom, Seattle was in a very uncertain state financially, but she recovered, and prospered, and expanded, under the influence of the boom. It cost thirty millions dollars to outfit the Klondyke stampede, and as much more has been expended since, which is more gold than the Klondyke has yet produced. It is to be regretted that the stampede was due largely to exaggerated reports, circulated intentionally for the purpose of inducing travel. On another page is a sample of the boom articles published to induce the Kotzebue Sound stampede; two thousand men went to Kotzebue, enduring awful privations and suffering, hundreds died of scurvy, and the remnant of the party managed to get back to civilization, some were brought back at the expense of the government, broken in health and disheartened. No gold was found in Kotzebue, not even a nugget as big as a pin-head.

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1. NOME. Main street—every building a saloon, save one small shop.
2. NOME. Looking across Snake River.
3. Beach scene at Nome.





THE "JANE GRAY," WHICH SAILED FOR KOTZEBUE  
SOUND IN 1898.

When a few hundred miles out from Seattle, the ship sank and of all on board but four survived. After extensive litigation and notwithstanding the total loss of a valuable cargo and a great many lives the S. S. Company was only held responsible in the amount which they received for freight and passage.

**Unwritten horrors.** The terrible suffering and loss of property and life consequent upon the Klondyke stampede will never be told. It is written in abandoned outfits from Edmonton to the Arctic, from the Stickeen River to the Hootalinqua, and on the bed-rock of the Yukon in its entire length,— in the lonely graves along the routes and in the extensive burial places at Dawson, and the numerous graves at Nome. The Atlin boom followed the stampede to the Klondyke. I was told by a claim owner, who went there in 1899, over the ice, that the placer mines were not valuable, and that a few slightly prospected quartz ledges are the only resources of the place. The camp is deserted.

**A thrice told tale.** This year it is Cape Nome. When thirty thousand people have outfitted, have paid their fare to Nome, and have returned sadder but wiser, then there will be great discoveries in Siberia. Greed's representatives will attend to it that reports are circulated from West to East, and even to foreign lands.

**The story of one** In the winter of '97-'98 I sold my property in the Middle States, removing to the Pacific Coast. Not finding investments that suited me for my idle money, I decided to send an outfit consisting of food supplies, machinery, boilers, engines, steam pipe, steam hose fittings, hardware and tools to Dawson, via St. Michaels. With the assistance of a hired guide and a boatman, I then went to Dawson, via the Chilkoot Pass, and on down the Yukon in my own small boat.

**Scenes of beauty** The trip was accomplished safely, and proved a revelation of picturesque nature in its wonderful panorama of scenic beauty and grandeur. I continued my travels from Dawson up the Klondyke, 12 miles to Hunker Creek, 20 miles by Hunker Creek to the top of the Great Dome, and on down Dominion Creek, returning after a few days over the Great Dome and down Bonanza Creek to Eldorado, the Klondyke and to Dawson. I walked these distances with hired guides paying \$60.00 expenses for the round trip to Dominion and transportation of blankets and food necessary.

**I could not leave** It was my original intention to sell my property and return to civilization before navigation closed, but as my outfit did not reach Dawson until Sept. 12th, it was impossible to do so, and I found that to leave the country and trust to others to transact business, was impossible, owing to the chaotic condition of business and a lack of means to recognize reputable business firms.

I had a valuable salable outfit. Parts of it (fittings, condensed milk, butter, sugar, etc.) were worth 600%, 1000% and 2500% more than the original cost. Machinery was in great demand and was scarce in the market, and could not be brought in from outside before the following summer. I had invested \$25,000 in outside money, and at this time my holdings were well worth \$40,000.

I was advised, by conservative business men, to place the machinery in operation before selling it.

**My first mistake.**

I entered into an agreement with a Mining Broker, who represented himself to be the owner of one hundred valuable claims, and of abundant financial resources. He was to buy valuable claims, paying  $\frac{1}{3}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of their value down, and secure contracts from owners providing for the payment of the balance "on bedrock", or out of the proceeds of the mine. I agreed to place my mining plants in operation, and to devote the proceeds of the mines to the payment of the balance due, until all was paid, when I became owner of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of what remained of the mines. I believed that self-interest would prevent the broker from buying any but property that was really valuable, and at as low a price as possible.

By the bedrock proposition the owner was practically guaranteeing the value of the mine as to his own claim for the balance, which is never done when there is any doubt as to the extent of the pay. I retained the right to control the work and to sell my interest when opportunity occurred.

**He was not rich**

My estimate of the situation was wrong from a false promise. The broker had neither money nor valuable claims. He at once engaged in a swindling and bunko operation seldom equaled in business enterprises. It was an act of folly, prompted by vanity, on the part of the broker, but was pursued maliciously to compel an awful sacrifice and suffering to others, which the broker was finally unable to control to his own profit.

He approached mine owners, and, by inflating prices, assured them that he owned my five mining plants, and would soon own every plant in the country. He induced them to sign contracts, crediting him with a cash payment, in one case of \$5,000, in another case of \$4,000, and of various lesser amounts. To do this he had, in most cases, incorporated a clause in their contract permitting them to receive wages for themselves, or a representative, from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per hour, with no limit as to the number of hours a day, or the value of labor rendered, until they were paid.

**But he  
was vain**

Before the work was well under way, the broker demanded that I transfer my outfit to him. He attempted to compel me to do so, and tried to menace me in every way possible. I had employed as manager a machinist, A....., whom I believed to be competent. I gave orders that expenses should be limited at the outset, by allowing only necessary work. I never knew whether the broker planned with an employee, or whether a part, or all, of the men united in dishonest effort, or whether a large amount of unnecessary work was done, without my knowledge, to create a labor bill of \$6,000 in less than a month. I could see no reason for expenses to exceed \$2,500 or \$3,000 at most. I had hired the men by express agreement to take their pay at the clean-up.

I sold my outfit, but subject to amicable settlement and a transfer of my contracts to the new owner, who was engaged in litigation, involving a vast amount of property, owned by absent capitalists whom he was representing, and against whose interests a vicious attack was being made.

**And he  
knew best.**

My attorney advised me that my only safety lay in obtaining an annulment of my contract with my partner, the broker, which I did, but only when the broker became convinced that he could not obtain possession and control of my outfit by his present efforts.

I consented to lose the value of the labor performed, which I believed to be from \$2,000 to \$3,000. For some reason I could not get possession of the time book, which was retained by my employees, and I never afterwards succeeded in getting it. Other owners of valuable claims informed me that they would be glad to have me remove my machinery to their claims and work by my present plan, or by the lease system, without a cash payment on the property.

I signed the agreement of dissolution, whereby the broker took from me the result of labor performed by the men, and for which it was soon proved they claimed as wages the amount of \$6,000.

**I fondly  
hoped.**

I believed that I was free from the persecutions of the broker, but was disappointed, as I soon discovered that he had other designs. As soon as the dissolution agreement was signed, he started with a fast dog team to Dominion Creek, where my employees were in camp. He called the men together and harangued them in a most venomous attack upon me, showing what some of the men designated as a spurious contract when afterwards shown my genuine contracts. He incited the men to strike for their wages.

**But hoped  
in vain.**

When he had finished his harangue, the utmost confusion prevailed in the camp. The broker offered to champion the cause of the men — offered them his office as a meeting place, and told them to proceed at once to attach my outfit and he would buy the settlement claims. The men threatened the life of the time-keeper to compel him to work all night to give time checks, upon receiving which they stampeded to Dawson.

**He had  
their claims.**

A lawyer, whom I will call Grillem, exacted of fifteen of the men an irrevocable authority to settle their claims. Suit was brought under the Master and Servants' Act, and although the men admitted their agreement to receive their pay in the clean-up, and the new owner offered to guarantee their wages and make it a claim against his property and private income, the magistrate rendered judgment for the amounts demanded, and, if not paid in from five to fifteen days, imprisonment in jail at the rate of seven hours in prison for every hour the laborer worked without pay. There was a panic in the money market at the time, and I could not raise \$6,000 on short notice.

**He saw  
no chance**

My attorney, comprehending the almost sure chance of imprisonment for me, and the reckless destruction of my outfit by attachment and sale, advised me make a secret flight to the American side.

He believed if I escaped, and they could not put me in prison, that the men would make a reasonable settlement, and would perhaps continue their work on an adjoining claim under the new owner. They would have my outfit in their possession as security, and the claim was valuable and sure to produce large profit.

**And so I  
fled.**

At midnight, January 26th, I started with a dog team and driver, and with but \$200, on a wild ride down the Yukon. I traveled continuously twenty-two hours, when I was compelled to rest at Forty-mile Post, fifty-five miles below Dawson.

**And they  
came too**

At 4 a. m. Corporal M..... of the N. W. M. P. came to arrest me. He had a distress warrant on behalf of a labor claimant, and without demanding the money, arrested me. He afterwards said that by paying about \$300 he would release me. I did not have that amount. The reason for my lack of ready money is explained under another heading.

**They charged  
no crime.**

When the Yukon British officials issued an order for my arrest, and detailed Corporal M..... and a driver with a team of dogs to go down the Yukon with all speed and bring

me back, no crime was charged against me. The cause was a labor bill of \$100. My outfit was in Dawson; the most cursory examination of the premises about my cabin could not but have revealed valuable property—\$1,500 worth of wool was piled against one side of my cabin. Several hundred feet of iron pipe, worth \$1,000, and other machinery were there. I had nearly \$2,000 worth of food supplies in my cache, and five mining plants out on the creeks. It was not charged that I was removing my possessions, yet I was apprehended and arrested as a criminal. I was standing near the dining-table of a bunk-house near Forty-mile when the officer approached me and laid his finger upon my shoulder saying, "I arrest you in the name of Her Majesty,"

**The debtor's prison.**

I was taken to the barracks a prisoner. I was detained there one day and was then taken back to Dawson to the debtor's prison, which is the common jail. I was taken into the guard-room amid a crowd of soldiers and policemen, where I was compelled to wait six hours. Two gentlemen, at the request of my attorney, went to the Dawson jail to stand before its officials and sign necessary bonds to the amount of \$128, in order that I might be released from jail. As I walked out of the jail and along the streets of Dawson, people stared. They knew I had been arrested. It had been told upon the streets during the afternoon that I was in the jail, and now I seemed to them a different being. The mere fact of arrest and imprisonment implies a stigma. An outrage against an innocent person inspires a fear in others as to possibilities for themselves at some future time; hence people who had been my friends seemed afraid to speak to me. I had fasted fourteen hours I ate

**They were formal.**

a light supper with a friend. A gentlemen offered to escort me home, as it was night. As soon as we reached the street he asked me to go down to the lower trail on the Yukon ice. This wounded me deeply, as I perceived that he did not wish to pass along the lighted street with me, so lately released from prison. These evidences of an awful reality of the injustice of arrest and imprisonment which I had suffered, were a bitter anguish. I soon reached my cabin, to find it dismantled—every thing had been removed, leaving only empty tin cans, and broken boards and papers lying about.

**He had to go.**

My friend had "urgent business," and left hastily. My robe had been brought from the prison, and there, amid the dirt and litter of the place and in utmost desolation, I laid down on the floor upon my robe for that night. It was a chill and a horror made for me by enforcement of the British law.

With morning came hunger and a faintness and weariness. I had no food excepting a few pieces of pilot bread and some tea.

**They owned my freedom.**

I went out upon the street and tried to conciliate my former employees. These men had not been working a long season so that they needed their money. I had refused to hire any but men having outfits to last until the time of the clean-up;—the man who had me arrested, claiming the \$100, had worked but ten days.

If I had been hiring men to be paid each week their wages would have been but \$5 to \$6 per day at most

When this man demanded his wages from me, before bringing suit, he shook his fist in my face, with the words, "Say, will you pay me, will you?"

**He heeded not.**

I went to the Magistrate who had sentenced me to prison and explained that I had ample means and would soon settle the debts, even though they were unjust, and the pay roll evidently inflated. My attorney also made a statement at length, showing there were assets to pay \$7 for every dollar of debt claimed. He asked the Magistrate to avert such sacrifice, but was refused. The Magistrate would not modify the jail sentence.

The workmen were brutal in their demands. The lawyers secured more warrants for my arrest, at the same time demanding that I surrender every thing I had. I consented to do so. They refused to withdraw the order for my arrest while I went down to the A. C. Co.'s office building to sign the bills of sale.

**They glared.**

On the evening of February 18th, 1898, I went along the main street of Dawson and up to the 2nd floor of the A. C. Building. I waited on the landing. My former employees were standing about the door of a lawyer, whom I will call Mill, who was now directing the settlement. The men were grouped together and they looked at me sullenly.

Mill came out of his office and made his way through the crowd, passing to me the bill of sale. I had thought they could not possibly secure a complete list of my extensive outfit. To my dismay, I saw they had every item. I said, "Mill, how could you learn enough about my outfit to make this complete list?" He answered, "Oh we got that from your Manager A."—Here was a new treachery. My Manager, who was presenting a bill of \$1,165 for his services during a little more than a month, had used the knowledge which he had of my outfit to make it possible for these men to extort from me all that I had. It was then brought to my notice that three men had refused to join with the others in their persecutions.



**Unjust to fellow laborers.** I said to Mill that since they were taking all I had they must include the claims of the three men, amounting to \$300. Mill answered, "But the boys will not stand any more." I replied that I would not complete the settlement unless the claims of the three men were paid with the others. He returned to the office and soon came back to say they would allow 50% of the claims. I refused to complete the settlement on that basis. It was plain they intended to take from me all I had, but when I saw they would take unfair advantage of three honorable men of their number, I was incensed beyond endurance. In the excitement of the moment I said, "You have taken from me my Aeolian Grand, my food, my wood; I have only my clothing left and these *three half dollars*, but poor as I am, I am able to give to

**To make them men.** you." I threw the half dollars forcibly among them, saying, "Take these—buy yourselves honor—buy decency—buy something to make you worthy of the name of men, whose form you wear—give some to Mill—give a large amount to Grillem, and all the rest to my trusted Manager, A—." Mill went into his office and soon returned, saying they would pay the claim of the three men. I

**He had the price.** signed the bill of sale, resigning my entire possessions. A man who had \$3,000 in money received the bill of sale. He gave \$1,500, and my food supplies, to pay Grillem's fifteen men, which was nearly \$400 in excess of their claims at their own invoice price of the food supplies, and their own time list as to labor. Another \$1,500, with my Aeolian Grand and music, paid the rest of the men. (The Aeolian Grand with the music I had was worth \$1,000 at the cost price in Chicago, with freight to Dawson added.)

The five mining plants, my surplus of hardware and fittings, \$1,500 worth of wood, an Ingersoll Drill, a centrifugal pump, a blacksmith outfit with tools, an electric light plant, quicksilver, blasting powder, a patent Little Water Gold Washer, and various other articles of value, became the property of unknown persons. Sacrificed for debts that were not bona fide as to amounts. The true amounts were based upon an agreement as to price, with a privilege of time until the clean-up to pay. None of the labor debts were due and there was no sale under the attachments.

**No other way.** There were orders for my arrest as a debtor, and for the carrying out of sentences of "15 days with hard labor," "30 days with hard labor." The aggregate of the sentences of imprisonment with hard labor would have been three and one-half years and upon my release I would have owed the debts, and could yet be imprisoned under the Capias law, if I attempted to leave the country.



If I were in prison the cost of guards to look after the property, and of sale under attachment, with attorneys' fees, would amount, practically, to confiscation of the property.

I was compelled to submit to what was nothing less than legal robbery. The men took their money to the saloons and dance halls, in many cases, and paid for a few hours' dissipation.

**My awful fate.** I returned to my cabin in awful despair. I was alone, without food and without fuel, and it was midwinter. The pilot bread and tea were soon gone and I began to realize the possibility of starvation. For two weeks I had eaten little and I was becoming weak

In this emergency I received notice from my landlord that I must vacate the cabin. This seemed a pitiable solution of the matter, as a lack of shelter would soon obviate the necessity for food.

It may be inquired if there were none to aid me? My employees, of the ordinary class of laborers, had been both insistent and brutal, with the exception of three men. Various lawyers, who are of the business class, were aggressive and merciless, excepting the one who advised my trip to Forty-mile. He received no pay, and made no demands for pay, nor has he since.

**They knew.** The officials were enlightened as to the sacrifice I would be compelled to make but were alike merciless in placing me in my present situation. Some of my friends, perhaps from a superstitious fear that their effort to sustain me might strengthen their own chance of persecution in future, were inclined to avoid me. A few offered me loans; but for a woman to accept favor of men under such circumstances is often to place herself under obligations that imply sacrifice in other directions. A few offered aid from genuine good-will, but it is only justice to refuse to allow the sacrifice of others until all means of living independently are exhausted.

**Yet others aided.** For a time there seemed to be no hope for me to secure either food, fuel or a cabin; but soon Bob Lowry, a less mercenary neighbor, offered to rent me a cabin on the bank of the Yukon not far away, agreeing to wait until I could get my wardrobe from the outside and realize money from its sale. Other neighbors brought wood and made a bunk and a table for me. I asked the men why they did these kindnesses. One answered that they belonged to a brotherhood in which they were taught to assist those who were unfortunate. I afterwards learned they were Odd Fellows. I had not known previously that the good works of such orders are not exclusively reserved for widows and families of members.

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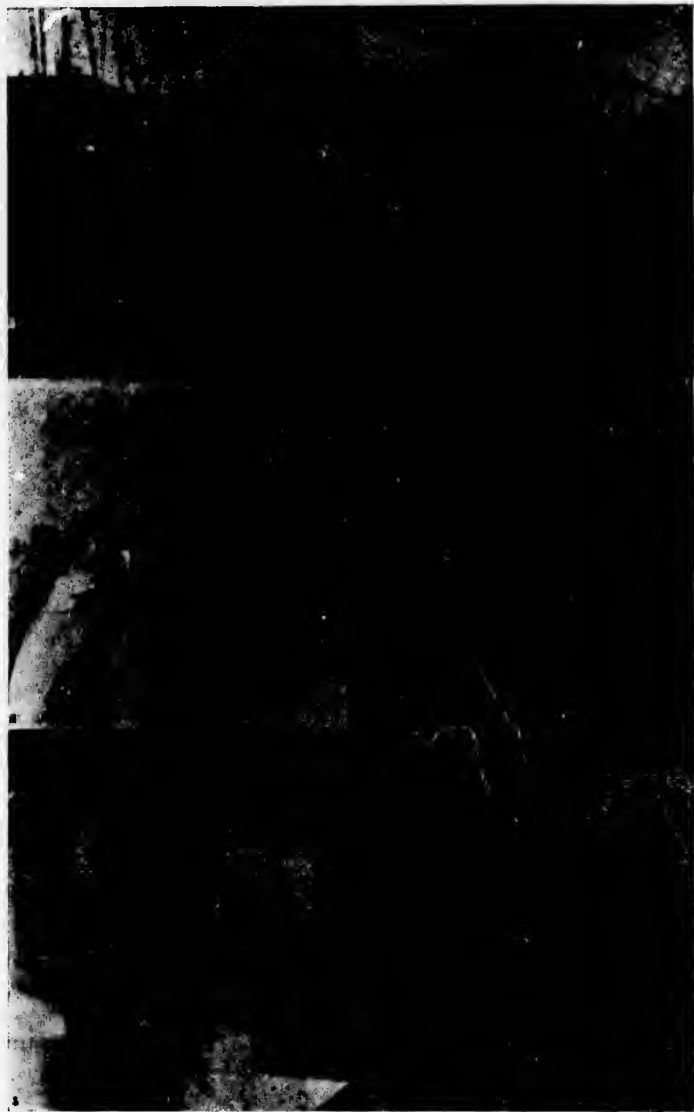
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1. View of resting place on the bank of the Klondyke.—2. A cache on the bank of Bonanza Creek under which I slept all night on one of my trips from Dawson to Dominion.—3. Odd Fellows bringing wood for me —4. \$1,500 worth of wood before my cabin as I left when I went to Forty Mile. I paid \$35 a month for this cabin.—5. Interior of the Lowery cabin.—6. The Lowery cabin, rent \$30 a month.

L. B. V.



Showing the manner of arranging my robe on my cabin floor for the night, a box for a table, a tin can for tea, with a few pieces of pilot-bread as my only means of living after my L. B. V. property was taken from me.

Before I became settled in the new cabin I discovered a small but very complete outfit which had been stolen from my cache and secreted by a former employee, who had access to the cache. So I had 200 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of sugar and a little of almost everything except butter and milk. I exchanged some of the supplies for these luxuries, and continued to live independently.

**A newer life.** In this emergency I felt impelled to try for a deeper experience of real life and independent thought. I had been freed from what, when I possessed it, I had valued highly, but which, when taken from me, had, as I discovered, been a cause of narrowing my life to fit the conditions which my prosperous circumstances made. I was left as it were, without any environment that I owned or controlled particularly. The whole world became my environment; all phases of life wore its conditions, and alike mine, as I chose to subject myself to their influences.

**I wrote a book.** In this mood I undertook a novel, entitling it, "The Strange Confessions of a Suicide." This story embodies the life of the trail, the camp and the gold diggings; and voices the impressions of the heroine, "Harriet Havelman," of that life as against the "confessions" of "Roland Amsden," the hero, as to advance of truth.

As an amusement I wrote my impressions of the most interesting and peculiar phases of life around me, in a set of squibs and short stories, in an effort to solve its hidden meaning. In my lonely cabin at night, writing by the light of a single candle, I have even laughed at some of the situations I found myself picturing. In that Northern daylight-midnight my gloomy abode has been peopled with strange fancies, and, though penniless and alone in the far Northland, I found companionship and an exhilarating sense of new life in my subject. The impressions that resulted in these squibs

and short stories have taken the form of, "The Scarlet Life of Dawson and the Roseate Dawn of Nome," and "John Bompas and other Stories of the Northland." Such books to be useful must be founded on fact. No effort has been made to flatter or condemn any person or class. Facts have here been presented in the garb of fiction. Composite characters have been employed and the truth has been "arranged" to avoid personalities. Let no lover of scandal search these pages for flings at any envied or erring one

**You cannot know.** It has been my aim to state fairly the conditions which exist in the Ynkon territory, and to portray its life as I saw it. I would suggest a reserve as to prejudice against any people or nation. I could give no valuable opinion as to the result of a comparison

L. B. V.  
Showing the manner of arranging my robe on my cabin floor for the night, a box not a tin can for tea, with a few pieces of pilot-bread as my only means of living after my property was taken from me.

of the life and actions of those whom I have designated as Yukon English, with average Continental or Canadian English. I believe the Canadian government will grant me justice when my case is properly put before them

**You cannot tell.** I would also suggest a reserve of suspicion as to individuals who have been identified with the life of the trail, and of the Northern Mining Camps. The prevalence of vice, and its aggressive and almost irresistible influence, should not cloud the reputations of any who have struggled to maintain honor with entire, or even with partial success. No small degree of honor has been maintained without a struggle that is worthy of commendation.

**'Tis better so.** It has always been a part of my creed not to pay tribute to misfortune and affliction, in tears and in acrimonious recriminations. Live superior to all life's ill, is better philosophy. The hurried, bustling world is weary, and in its few leisure hours would be amused. I have sought relief from sorrow in writing, may you forget care in reading.

LA BELLE BROOKS-VINCENT,

Dawson, Y. T., August 14, 1900.

NOTE.—Up to the time of going to press, March 20th, 1900, no variation as to the Yukon British policy of government has been reported.

**He had no fear.** The exceptional case of the broker whose high-handed dealing caused me such loss, may be cited. He afterward incurred labor debts to the extent of many thousands of dollars, securing labor upon the assurance given laborers in my case, which became his capital in guaranteeing the payment of wages at a risk of personal safety. He entangled many owners of valuable claims by his contracts, and as innocent parties in litigation with laborers. By some means he escaped imprisonment or punishment and avoided permanently the payment of his labor debts, excepting a few cases in which from six to eight per cent of the amount due was tendered.

**He paid no cash.** He obtained six thousand dollars in money from an aged German, using his contracts made in connection with his agreement with me, and which showed a credit of various amounts, \$5,000, \$4,000 and other smaller amounts, as having been paid in cash, as a means to obtain credit with his aged friend. This transaction resulted in the arrest of the broker by the German for obtaining money under false pretenses. The broker's defense in the preliminary hearing was that he never represented to the German that he had paid any cash on those contracts. He was detained in the country under bonds for trial. The outcome of the case is looked forward to with much interest.

**He said too much.** The dramatic escape from Dawson of the editor of one of the Dawson daily papers, has been the subject of much comment.

The editor, whom we will call Semple, has for some time been engaged in anti-administration literary work. He published some facts in regard to a case which was being tried, when the Yukon officials, who are rather inclined to exercise authority for profit, even though vengeance is justice, proceeded to fine Semple \$1,000 for contempt of court. Semple was taken to prison, but he didn't have his gold sack with him. The Yukon

**They locked him in.** officials courteously declined to allow Semple police escort to go out upon the trail and find some friend who did have a gold sack, and in that brief, uncertain hour the lever swung

back and Semple took all his stock of rhetoric, of logic, and of garnered Yukon facts and was escorted down the vile corridor, past 44 cell doors, through the gratings of which peered 44 criminals, or vagrants, or debtors, or others, till at the end of the promenade a second lever clanged, a cell door opened and the bright name of Semple was eclipsed and he became No. 45, a prisoner. A friend subsequently brought the thousand dollars, which was the price of Semple's contempt, and paid it to the Yukon officials for the material they furnished Semple with which to manufacture his expensive contempt, and Semple was set at liberty. Semple went back to his sanctum but his stock of contempt was not exhausted and he was soon fined \$1,000 for his next installment of contempt. By some accident the news reached Semple before the officer arrived, which caused

**Semple hid.** Semple to ascend the Moosehide Mountain and lodge for two or three days in the cabin of a friend. His friend, instead of carrying his gold sack down to the Yukon officials and paying for Semple's contempt, decided to circulate a few Yukon exaggerations as a cheap expedient. He told that Semple had gone to the American side. It seems that the Yukon officials believed these reports, for soon Semple

**Then Semple fled.** started safely with a dog team for the outside. He measured every mile of the journey with his surplus contempt, but kept very quiet during his periods of rest at the various road houses in the neighborhood of the police stations.

**Now Semple's here.** Semple is now in the States, and free. The British officials have his thousand dollars. His business interests are in Dawson, but he is obliged to transport his contempt thither by wireless telegraphy, as the Yukon telegraph line does not carry such messages.

**His money's there.**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 20TH, 1900.

L. B. V.



KLONDYKE CITY. Dawson in the distance, looking North over the mouth of the Klondyke river. The elevation over 9 is the slide and the Mooshide Mountain. Above 10 is the Midnight-Dome. The point above 8 is West Dawson.—6. My cabin shown in a preceding cut with wood piled before it.—7. Cabin occupied by a squaw man and family, shown as a group under "Indians."—8. Lower cabin standing just below the number, beyond the B. N. A. Co.'s warehouse.—9. Klondyke bridge.—10. A cache.

## A SOCIETY TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

**They chose no men.** The tale of Cinderella or the Crystal Slipper has proven a triumph in works of imagination, retaining its hold on the public through generation after generation. Writers of this and similar tales have rested satisfied with transforming poverty into affluence, only requiring that the poverty be accompanied by youth and beauty. When not inherited, wealth and power are impossible to the poor in real life, except occasionally as the result of long, patient and well directed effort. In fiction, the object of favor is usually a beautiful woman;—vide King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid;—men have not been thus transformed in the imagination of writers. No beautiful fairy ever singled out an ash-man and had him drawn to a court ball in a great brougham conjured out of a pumpkin, and drawn by spanking roadsters made from the mice that ran out of the garbage-barrel. No charming princess ever found his crystal boot after he had made his escape downstairs, five steps at a time, falling in love with its owner, when his face and actual presence during the ball had failed to impress her. Ash-men have been, and are, ash-men still, for all any high-titled ladies may care. An English queen may have been flattered at the gallantry of a Raleigh, quick-witted enough to lay his cloak upon the ground to cover a muddy pathway, to repay his gallantry by casting him a few crumbs of power and dignity from her surplus. The rash young daughter of a millionaire papa may elope with papa's coachman, but as a result she generally adapts herself to the young Jehu's environment instead of raising him to power and dignity.

looking North over the distance, above 10 is the Midnight-Dome. The point above is a squaw man and family. Beyond the B. N. A. Co.'s warehouse.—9.  
Klondyke City. Dawson in the distance, looking North over the distance, above 10 is the Midnight-Dome. The point above is a squaw man and family. Beyond the B. N. A. Co.'s warehouse.—9.  
9 is the slide and the Mooshide Mountain. Above 10 is the Midnight-Dome. The point above is a squaw man and family. Beyond the B. N. A. Co.'s warehouse.—9.  
cabin shows in a preceding cut with wood piled before it.—7. Cabin occupied by a squaw man and family. Beyond the B. N. A. Co.'s warehouse.—9.  
group under "Indians."—8. Lowery cabin standing just below the number, beyond the B. N. A. Co.'s warehouse.—9.  
Klondyke bridge.—10. A cache.



When Genius has become faint and weary, when men have cried bravo! bravo! and granted the laurel wreath to writers of imagination, and honored those who have been elevated by sudden and extraordinary good fortune, then has a mischievous Fate bestirred the stagnant pool of life to free new wonders.

It is a matter of conjecture whether this same Fate is laughing or weeping over the joke she perpetrated when she planned the great discovery of gold on the Klondyke.

**She made some kings.** The men who were to be transformed into so-called millionaires had never dreamed of the possibility of wealth and power. They left their farms, their work-tables, the saloons and gambling dens, all the wealth and comfort of civilization which they were unable to buy, and gravitated toward the Northland. They had no ideas as to a consistent use of wealth, nor of the methods by which it is usually acquired; and, as a matter of fact, they had no definite knowledge as to the extent of their own capacity for enjoyment of the advantages wealth may secure to its possessors. Bacon, beans and flour comprised their outfit of food. Log cabins, which they built at the post now called Dawson, became their homes. Most of them were trying to escape the tyranny of long hours of toil, and consequently were not seeking employment as prospectors. They all realized, however, that someone must do a little work, and there was a general feeling of unrest until three or four Swedes started up the gulch and began the actual labor of prospecting.

**They worked the bars.** For several years a few hardy miners had been rocking gold on the bars of the Stewart River, about sixty miles distant. These men were not encouraged by the fur traders whose little steamer passed

once a year up as far as Selkirk, three hundred miles above the present city of Dawson. They had been obliged to make long trips to the outside world for food supplies, which they carried over Chilkoot Pass and down the Yukon via the Canyon and White-Horse Rapids; thus consuming much valuable time in early Summer and leaving but a short season for work upon the bars. The present process of thawing frozen ground by fires, or by use of steam, was unknown, therefore Winter work was impossible, and the miners were compelled to idly wait during the long Winter months. In the early summer of '96 a few venturesome prospectors, who had been working on Quartz Creek, a branch of the Indian River, crossed over the Great Dome and went down to Gold Bottom, a gulch that enters Hunker Creek about two miles below Discovery. Here they found gold. They hastily constructed some sluice boxes and worked until their provisions were nearly gone. For some unknown reason they did not return to Stewart for a new supply of food, but went over the mountains and down to the mouth of the Klondyke, where, upon the boggy flat now occupied by the City of Dawson, they found two Indians encamped and with them a white man called "Injun George." They told of their new discovery, and Injun George, with two Indians, started up the Klondyke and thence up Bonanza Creek, intending to go to Gold Bottom.

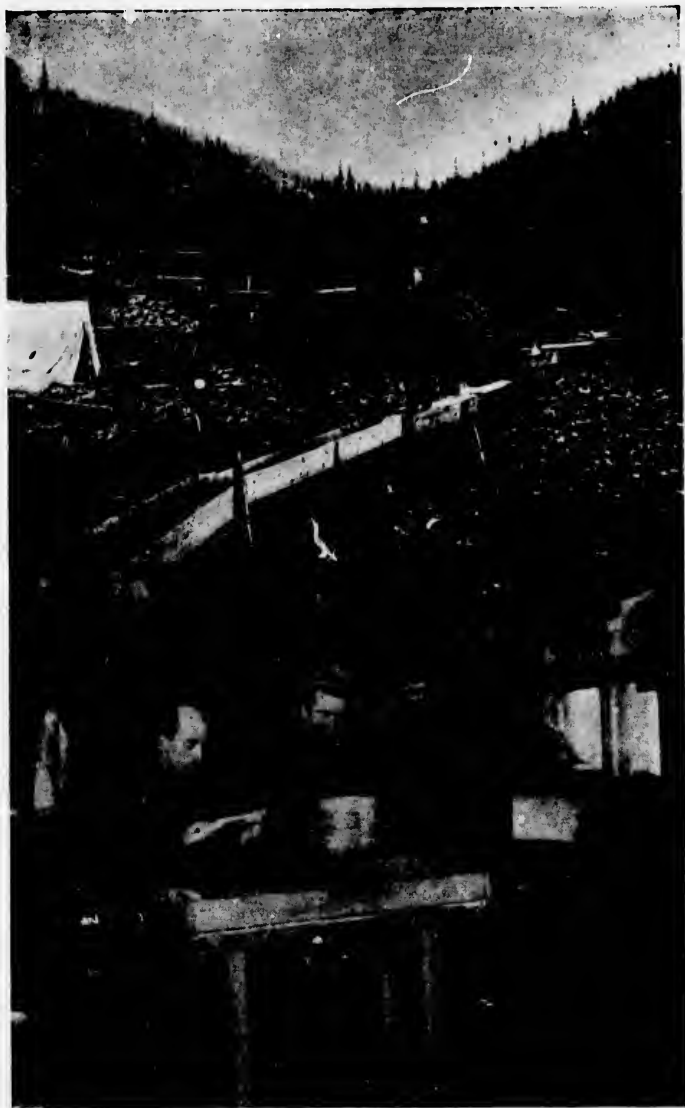
**They found** At a distance of twelve miles from the mouth of the Klondyke, they camped on Bonanza Creek. Digging down a few feet they discovered the wonderful Bonanza pay streak. It is somewhat remarkable that their discovery should have been in the richest part of the Creek. If they had prospected a few miles below they would have found nothing, and if they had gone a few miles further their efforts would also have been futile.

George, with his Indian companions, staked out claims and returned with all haste to the mouth of the Klondyke. From there they embarked in a small boat down the Yukon to Forty-mile Post, fifty-five miles below, to notify his partners and companions of the new strike. The camp at Forty-mile was soon depopulated, and the news spread to Circle and to various small camps. The steamer of the fur-trading company at Selkirk, on its way up the river, proceeded with all haste to reach Selkirk and to remove its store and a small saw-mill to the new camp at the mouth of the Klondyke. In August the first cabin in Dawson was built by this Company, and the mill machinery was placed in operation. The Forty-milers were first on the ground to stake claims on Bonanza. Circle City and Stewart River miners were not much behind them. A few essayed to do a little prospecting on El Dorado but, discovering nothing, came back down

**Their great mistake.**

the Creek and, at its junction with Bonanza, erected a sign board with this inscription,—  
 “We leave this creek to the Cheechargos and the Swedes.” A few cabins, saloons, bunk houses and tent houses were hastily constructed at the new post, and thus the approach of Winter found them. This was the condition when the before-mentioned Swedes started out on their prospecting tour. The Swedes went up Bonanza and notwithstanding the sign at the mouth of El Dorado, which was intended to convey the idea that the creek was worthless, they decided to prospect in El Dorado. They set their picks and shovels with determination and soon found colors. Faster yet they worked, until thirty feet below the surface they uncovered El Dorado's bed-rock. Not Heaven, but paved with gold. They staked their claims and the news spread like wild-fire. Soon all those who had waited so patiently stampeded to the new diggings, set their stakes and marked their claims on El Dorado.

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1. An El Dorado kingdom.
2. Miners drying and weighing the gold after the clean-up. \$8,000 in the pan by the window.



1. Prince Antoine and lady of Birch creek.
2. A group of Klondyke kings. The first man to the right in the picture with wide rim hat is Alex McDonald, beside him is Dick Lowe.

**Kings and kingdoms.** It is a solemn scene when kings are made, and when kingdoms are spoken into existence, but mischievous Fate turned her dimpled cheek and winked her eye saucily when she saw a common looking fellow set his stakes at the four corners of a claim. He could chop down the spruce tree and hew it into square posts and set them in the earth, but he could not write the words, "I, Blank Blankson, claim five hundred feet up and down this creek; measuring south from this post." A companion marked the stake and Fate said merrily, "Never mind the writing, I hereby make you a millionaire. You don't know it, but there are one million dollars in gold on the bed-rock of the claim you have staked. I'll show the world a wonder. You shall make the history of a million of dollars in gold, launched upon its mission of good or ill."

**He felt the same.** Fate then turned to another, whose muddled brain was losing to him the fourth corner of his claim, and by strenuous effort, she prevented him from staking a triangular piece of ground. She consoled him by saying, "Good luck my boy, you are a little off on geometrical figures, nevertheless I crown you an El Dorado King, and this is your kingdom. You can buy champagne in a flood to equal the freshet that tears down this gulch in springtime."

**He was the same.** She then helped another to move his stakes out so as to include a fraction. She suggested that, later, he might want to locate a friend on the fraction. She helped another to a million dollar slice of El Dorado in these words, "Good boy, you don't need a news stand or a fruit stall; you can now buy a whole menagerie and a plantation." A poor, weazened-looking fellow planted his stakes firmly, and Fate promised him he should be a great swell

**He hoped  
'twas so.**

and a sport. And so the work progressed on that eventful day. All the unclaimed wealth of El Dorado became so many little kingdoms, each within four newly-hewed posts. The Yukon country was now the checker-board of fate, and kings galore were made. Kings that could be moved, and cornered, and jumped, and ignobly cast aside when the game is played. Fate laughed merrily. The kings could see a possible few hundreds or thousands of dollars, but she could discern millions in new, shining gold. These kings assembled that night at the post, and the rose-hued dawn of their vermilion history began. They were robbed in the despised garb of poverty, they had no temperance mixtures from lack of the Klondyke water, filtering through gravel to

**And they  
were kings.**

the nearby well of the Dawson water works, to be supplied two years later at five cents a gallon. They swore, by the ace of spades, the oath of allegiance to self-made authority. They drank each other's health in over-draughts of hootch and bad whiskey.

**A crown  
for sale.**

One of these kings attempted to perpetrate a joke upon a Swede named Gunderson. He caused him to become intoxicated, and while he was in that condition, sold him his kingdom on El Dorado for eight hundred dollars. Repentance came to Gunderson with returning sense, and he tried to compel the return of his money, but he was obliged to retain the kingdom. It has since yielded him half a million in gold. One man commenced to buy kingdoms and principalities. He soon became the Prime King of the Klondyke. He had never been a money king or financier before, yet he pursued the methods of successful business men in civilization in buying, for a mere pittance, kingdoms scattered along all the creeks, as they were stamped

**King of the  
Klondyke.**

and located. Before these were prospected the kingdoms were sold at a low price. When a creek proved rich he shared largely in its wealth. When a creek proved a failure he lost little, as his original investment had been small. A few good creeks, like Hunker, Dominion and Sulphur, secured to him a profit, a small percentage of which easily replaced his losses on other worthless creeks. The "Big Moose," as this king is familiarly called, is a canny Scot. When his wealth told a million he still continued to live in a squalid log cabin in Dawson, a corner of which, enclosed by a board partition covered with cheese cloth to which some badly demoralized wall paper was clinging, constituted his private office. When I called there one day a bookkeeper sat perched upon a high stool, counting the wealth of the realm, its income, its royalties and its bills payable; for the king of the Klondyke is a plunger in speculation, and has no fear of 10% a month paper on the deals he makes. Further back in the cabin was a camp cooking stove and other not too luxurious furnishings. Just as the midnight sun was sending her crimson rays to the eastward on the previous night, this squalor had been glorified by the arrival of five men, each carrying fifty pounds of gold, and a pack train of mules, each loaded with a hundred and fifty pounds of the precious metal. The king will drink now and then with a friend, but no part of his millions passes over the bar in purchasing hilarity for a lot of followers. He wears plain clothes. A sack coat hangs loosely from his broad shoulders.

**He is  
no swell.**

His grey eyes and heavy features wear an expression of indifference as he passes along the street. It is said that he never worries or passes a restless night. He always wears a broad-brimmed, cow-boy hat, and may be seen on Sunday at 8 a. m. entering St. Mary's Church, for early Mass. He contributed twenty-



five thousand dollars toward building St. Mary's Church, which is a record no other miner has made. Once he acquired a lesser fortune in mines, in the States, but he came here without even an adequate outfit. He was packing for a living when the wealth of El Dorado came to his rescue. If he gets gloriously drunk upon occasion the fates do not record these lapses. There is no record of his ever having transferred any of his wealth to a woman. It is reported that he has married a foreign girl of good family, which is unusual in the history of these kings. The lady could not have married him for his title, as she can never become a

**She is no queen.**

Klondyke queen except by moving thither and donning a short skirt, heavy, high-laced boots and a cow-boy hat, with a dog team or pack-horse accompaniment, and by acquiring the necessary number of claims to establish her right to the title. The title only lasts during the active reign on his native soil of the one in power. If this great king removes to the environment of his lady he may be a millionaire but it will be said of him, "He *was* the king of the Klondyke." Scraps of the history of these kings, and the affairs of their realms, have reached the public through the industry of the press, whose feats of imagination surpass all records in fiction. Fate has decreed the early passing of these kings; soon they will all be cornered, or jumped, or played to a finish in some shape and cast aside as dead material. Observers of the game will turn their attention to other affairs of life and forget that these men ever did play any part at all as kings, or that Fate ever used them in such important roles.

**A Klondyke king.** The next important one in the play was a dago king. Not a king of the Dagos, but a dago Klondyke king. He had a warm, southern nature, and dreamy eyes that upon occasion bespoke passion and purpose,

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English soldiers bringing in the 10% of the gross output of the mines, which is paid to the Government. The gold sack standing upright contains \$10,000.





1. Bench claims on Bonanza, 500 feet above the creek level. The claim showing chute for pay-dirt produced \$200,000 to the interest of Asche, the owner,  
2. An El Dorado kingdom.—3. Shows the dumps before the clean-up.

and, after forty years of waiting, he proved himself equal to a most ardent romance of peculiar, vermilion hue. Back in New York, Chicago and 'Frisco, he had seen painted stage beauties singing popular songs and doing the skirt dance, but when their terpsichorean feats came within his range of vision he knew they were playing to the gallery for applause only. Their real smiles, and much worn affections, were for the boxes and the circle.

When the first news of vast wealth on the Klondyke was conveyed to civilization and it resulted in the appearance in Dawson of dancing, singing, thirsty women, he thought it due to the philanthropy of dance-hall men in risking expenditure to import all this talent for the entertainment of lonely miners. He might surmise these beauties were women of forty or forty-five, disguised as seventeen, but how could he know they were prospectors for sure wealth and for ground already staked? The miners were to work the claims but the women would work the miners. When this Dago king had fully established the wealth of his realm and had means to indulge creditably in the dissipation of Dawson, with leisure to enjoy the racy exhibitions of Dawson's theatre, he found these imported stage beauties were inclined to abbreviate their stay in the greenroom and join men about the bar as good fellows.

**She sang to him.** He had long admired the singing and dancing of Miss Bessie Yarrow and had applauded her act heartily. When she would return and give her encore with a dash of naughtiness, he, with other men, (there were no women in these audiences), would throw coins and gold nuggets upon the stage until she returned again in a graded success of abandonment, far exceeding any club relish ever enjoyed outside. When the stage was littered with an attractive debris of wealth and Bessie walked

reek level. The  
the interest of  
before the clean-up.

down among the men, there seemed to be a magnetic attraction established between the two by the coins and nuggets that he had charged with his deepest love and admiration, and had cast at her feet. When, true as a magnet to its pole, Bessie came straight toward him, throwing her thin arms as far around his great girth as was possible, and pillowing her head against the woolen shirt upon his breast, with the impassioned words, "He looks good to me," the sensation which this king experienced nearly took him off his feet. His heart pounded under his left suspender as the picks pounded upon the bedrock of his kingdom. This

was bliss! It was a wonderful experience! He was To pay a dime outside for a seat in the gallery just to watch the painted beauties from her own. afar, had seemed a seventh heaven of delight. To pay five dollars in Dawson for a nearer view he had deemed a precious privilege. A small exposed section of Bessie's painted shoulder had suggested a Venus-like perfection. The tip of her slippered foot, with its red-stockinged instep arching above a high heel set exactly in the middle, had seemed a fairy thing, but now to possess her entire personality, if only for a moment, was the quintessence of bliss. He did not need the champagne and mixed drinks that he ordered that night, costing him hundreds of dollars. Nothing could increase the happiness of being in the presence of Bessie Yarrow. What Bessie lacked in ardor and spontaneity peculiar to youth, she made up in resourceful arts accumulated by an experience of forty-five sweet summers and forty-three and a half winters of more or less severity. Bessie had a lover already, one Tom Thomas, who accompanied her into this country, and her heart, or what she called her heart, was true to him. He was back in the wings shifting the scenes, and his left suspender was in a tolerable state

of vibration, but not from jealousy or anger. Oh no, he knew Bessie too well for that. He was confident that when

**And Tom** she cashed in her checks in the morning at the bar, her twenty-five per cent of what the **was wise.**

King had ordered would be a nice little sum, and he did not know what further profit might follow. Bessie could work the king, but he was working Bessie, so it was all his gain, and the king was very much elated and very happy. He began to realize that he was a real, live king. He had but one trouble. His kingdom was away up the gulch. He must turn his back upon Bessie and go occasionally to look after his subjects. The men who were tearing up the golden bedrock might be putting great pieces of it in their pockets. They must be looked after. So the king put on his parka and mocassins and munched back to the kingdom alone; but he came to hate the trail that led away

**He cursed** from Bessie, and his log cabin royal palace **the trail.** was dingy as compared with the saloon where

Bessie caressed him as he ordered the champagne. The tin cans in which he cooked his food disgusted him. The mounds of bright yellow gravel that lay about the shafts that penetrated to the bedrock of his realm, were mountains of difficulty, and the spaces between were little valleys of discontent. All because Bessie was so far away. Irony of fate! Here was a king in full, undisputed possession of a kingdom. This kingdom was not set with beans and potatoes and corn, like those outside, but was stored with precious gold throughout its length and breadth. The king's reign was not menaced by discontented tenantry, nor warring factions, yet all of this great power and wonderful gift of wealth seemed incomplete. It was to him a source of misery and downright discontent. He would gladly exchange it for the unoccupied portion of the heart of Bessie Yarrow!

In this extremity the King appealed to Bessie herself. She was shrewdly able to see the advantage of giving personal attention to the handling and cleaning up of so much gold. Stage work was a drudgery and a bore to her, except as it served to place her in communication with kings. She feigned to demur at making the king her final choice. She feared that if she went up the gulch to his palace he might ask her to polish the palace tin-ware and to prepare the royal menu, and in the Spring she might have no checks to cash in. When the king understood her fears, he readily made out a check in advance in the form of a nineteen thousand dollar mortgage on his "dumps." So Bessie went

**She saw  
the gold.**

up the gulch to look after her interests and the king was happy. She no longer danced nor sang, she had no other accomplishments, and could neither cook nor keep the cabin clean. She really did not amount to much out of her sphere as an ordinary vaudeville singer and dance-hall girl, and she had not gone before this king in the capacity of a dancer in his palace. He sometimes pondered deeply, realizing that she was an expensive toy. He had a vague idea that she was not adapted to satisfy those needs of a king which are common to ordinary mortals. But he knew full well just why he wanted her. Other kings had seen and applauded her, and sometimes, when she caressed them in public, they had seemed just as delighted as he had been when she bestowed such favors upon him. He wanted to show them that he could capture the prize and carry her off bodily; extinguishing their stage light for ever. It was his victory. In this he was not unlike many other men. Even whole nations have fought for prizes and when acquired have not known what to do with their new possessions. Bessie conferred with Tom Thomas. In view of the king's half-a-million they con-

cluded that Bessie should become his wife. So, after the clean up, the king and Bessie were married and sailed away down the Yukon to buy diamonds and wine in such quantities as to astonish the outside world, and to travel in other lands, leaving a trail of reminiscences as to the final disposition of one Klondyke fortune. Bessie was careful to have Tom Thomas left in charge of the kingdom as prince-regent, and he proceeded to tear up the golden bedrock in a way to astonish even the king himself. When his majesty returned he found a base usurper in his place, one who had already found favor with his consort. But Bessie's heart is principally with the kingdom, and next to that, with regent Thomas.

**They live** When the dispensers of spiritous liquors, diamond merchants, hotel proprietors, transportation companies, tailors and modistes have given of their goods for the gold of this king, Bessie's experience will not count as an attraction on the vaudeville stage. A dago fruit-stall man and a dance-hall girl transformed to millionaires may be a sensation of the day, but a Klondyke king selling peanuts for a living, or his diamond-bedecked wife as waitress in a beer garden, are events to be forgotten.

**King Gonorse.** Whatever may be said of this king, he got what he paid for, and enjoyed an appearance of security in his possession. Not so with the little Swedish king, Gonorse. This was probably the fault of Miss Aster who was an important pawn the day it became the turn of King Gonorse to be used in a decisive play on the checker-board of fate.

Fate looked the kings over, and as she lifted Gonorse for a jump over a Bonanza potentate whose kingdom was short in the yellow metal pavement, she discovered that though his head was a little light, his kingdom had been increased



by conquests in various directions. So she decided to make him the victor and, incidentally, Miss Aster's conquest.

**An arctic love.**

Miss Aster had a head but she had no heart. She had a piece of bedrock firmly secured in the place where that tender organ should have been. She tried the dance-hall but she was becoming conscious of her superior worth in other directions. She was a large, fine looking woman with an abundance of nerve. She had a certain vital energy, which, if influenced by an ardent passion, would have made for her a record as a queen of love in social life; but when centered on self, and dedicated to mercenary ends, meant danger to others. She would devote only part of her time to any man and it was folly of Gonorse to attempt to claim it all. He was ambitious, and, with commendable perseverance, he sought to make up in contributions of kingdoms and interests in kingdoms, what he lacked in personal attraction. Foolish man! When Miss Aster was put in possession of two-thirds of the 'steenth kingdom on Dominion, he had not added one inch to his stature nor any new power of discernment to his brain. This heartless woman then decided her mission was no longer to cash in checks at 7 a. m. after a night in the dance-hall. She could not, for a time, decide whether she would henceforth be a female Shylock or the doorkeeper in an official house of authority in Dawson. She wanted to be something terrible, the sooner the better. While toying with possibilities the polished Mr. Maco entered upon the scene. He was versed in the art of love-making and he hated work.

**And she was wise.**

Miss Aster already had a lady lover but she confined her attentions to afternoons and occasional morning hours, and installed Maco as a means by which Gonorse could be made to pay roundly for her favor!

She showed him that a period of fickle forgetfulness on her part could be cured by a gift of an interest in a kingdom.

When the sufferings of Gonorse were past endurance he bought relief by transferring to Miss Aster an interest in a kingdom and both were very happy.

**And she was fair.** Her great, white arms about his small shoulders were a wealth of beauty sacrificed, even when his appreciation was magnified to its fullest capacity. A portion of a kingdom, or a small principality, seemed slight recompense. Poor, deluded man!

**But she was false.** To complete this record of the Scarlet Life, base downright cold-hearted treachery must be added, and Maco furnished that element. Maco abandoned all pretense of work and devoted himself to Miss Aster. She was launched upon a career of treachery that out-rivals all others in Dawson, as a cowardly use of the charm of womanhood to torment, punish, and betray a man who was unable to discern her motives, and too ignorant to protect himself from her wiles. At times she ignored Gonorse and spurned him. She took every means of showing her contempt. Gonorse would become distressed and almost insane from grief. A gift of a kingdom or two would buy a smile and a few kind words from Miss Aster, and he was restored to happiness. Miss Aster revealed her duplicity in turning to her parasite lover and openly lavishing upon him the gold of the betrayed Gonorse. Over and over again this beautiful, treacherous woman brought her powers to bear upon the

**Yet he was weak.** luckless Gonorse, and yet again would he cast wealth at her feet. Miss Aster now possesses interests worth a quarter of a million, and it is believed that she will retain the bulk of her fortune. Gonorse continues to evince a sincere infatuation for her. Maco is not a man of sensitive mould or he would not profit

by a woman's base treachery to another. The trio are a unique combination, even in the life of Dawson. A Klondyke fortune has been a curse to Gonorse in affording temptation to such a woman as Miss Aster to prolong what can be only punishment for him. His lack of judgment is to be deplored in that he does not perceive her transitory smiles can only be bought with gold.

**A Klondyke king's celebrated breakfast.**

The Checker-board of Fate was left one day in Springtime to the manipulation of an unknown force. Easter-egg rolling of civilization had just arrived. A little late, but eggs were selling up here at a dollar and a half each. It was time for a new king to be moved, and so one decided to make his own play. Violet Pease had been the favorite stage artist of this king, but she had coldly left him for another lover. As the king looked up from a six months old 'Frisco paper, with which he was beguiling his time as he awaited the appearance of the second installment of his tardy breakfast of salt ham and boiled beans with onion dressing, he chanced to detect the musk-scented aroma of Miss Violet's presence, and to hear her soft voice ordering, "*Three fried eggs, please.*" "Great Heavens!" groaned the deserted king, "three fried eggs, and for her! I swear by my kingdom, and the fraction I own besides, she shall not have them. "Here waiter!" he called. That functionary came quickly, for **No eggs for her.** he feared the king had found a bean in his dish a little off color, as he had ordered pink beans of a uniform size, shape and color, that morning. The king cleared his royal throat and said, "Bring me every egg in the house, fry them, bake them, stew them, serve them on the half shell, make them into soup, smother them with garlic, cover them with macaroni sauce, fee yourself with them, scrub the floor with them, but serve me every egg in the house." The

waiter covered the distance to the kitchen in just three bounds and was soon tearing his wool in an effort to repeat the king's order. The proprietor flopped his ears thoughtfully and started up and down the alley to the back doors of other restaurants, for more eggs. Soon the whole force of waiters were moving in a solemn procession from the kitchen to the royal table. They brought eggs on plates, on saucers, in basins, in pans and on pieces of tin cans. They served eggs rolled in napkins and strung on wires; they filled the table and the chairs. They hung them up on the hat hooks. With toothpicks they pinned great fried eggs on the king's royal robe where buttons should have been. They placed a big omelette as a plaster over his heart, and they crowned him with another. They made a miniature kingdom, the bed-rock of which was the whites of the eggs, the pay streak the yolks, and they formed the thick gravel deposit above of Lerue's crystalized hen-fruit, making a muck covering of Spanish fricassee. Violet tapped her little foot impatiently upon the floor as she waited, only to see the waiter approach her empty handed, saying, "Very sorry, Miss, but we *have-no-eggs*." In these words lay the king's triumph. The waiter placed beside the king's plate a check which read "5/20, Breakfast \$900.00"—but then had he not made the decree to Violet, "We *have-no-eggs*"? "No eggs" for Violet,—*he* had nine hundred dollars worth of eggs, but Violet could not have a single one. At last he had thwarted her, and she was punished.

**It cost a lot.** As the king poured nine hundred dollars in dust from the plethoric depths of his royal sack, into the blower on the counter, the waiter was disappearing through the kitchen door with a tray-load of the debris of the king's celebrated breakfast. As he kicked the door open he was heard to soliloquize, "By de holy smoke, if

dat fellah had tip me about ten dollars I jes done tole dat theatre woman eberv egg in dis heah house done gone rotten and spoiled. I calls dis heah a foolish piece ob business. I does."

**A royal meal.** Thus was old Aesop's dinner of tongues, and the modern Seeley spread, discounted by this Klondyke king's celebrated breakfast.

**An abdication.** Fate was looking musingly at her checker-board one day, occasionally jollying the kings, when she was surprised to hear one express a desire to abdicate. He explained that he had a chance to buy out an interest in a saloon for four thousand dollars, adding, "I think I will look nice behind a bar; that will just suit me. You know, sweet Fate, my girl wanted some money and I sold half my kingdom to raise the riffle for her, I am determined to be a bar-keeper and I will let the other half go for four thousand dollars. It is well worth twenty thousand." Fate gave the tip to another king, who readily took advantage of the bargain, and the crown was removed from the head of him who preferred to be a bar-keeper. The great pleasure of going to a bar and ordering drinks gave him an exaggerated opinion of the enjoyment to be derived from dispensing such favor; there is no record that he ever repented his choice.

**A kingly charity.** A Norwegian king was played one night, to the extent of three thousand dollars, in favor of a saloon. He saw his folly when he paid his bills the next day, and avoided such waste thereafter. He went to Norway and bought homes for his parents, his brothers and sisters, and provided for a permanent income for them. He pays his men \$1.50 per hour, and an extra one hundred dollars at the clean-up, and in many ways exercises a royal charity and consideration for others less fortunate.

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Interior view of the Monte Carlo, a gambling house and dance hall.



1. \$500,000 brought from Dawson in iron bound boxes lined with galvanized iron.
2. The same in the assay office in gold bricks.

**The charity of a king.** One king sneaked away to the outside with his quarter of a million in gold, and, by his careful investments, has become a useful citizen, a very important church member and a possible future power in politics. He assists liberally in paying heavy indebtedness of churches and societies, but a loan of a few dollars, even although well secured, to an unfortunate but obscure brother, is not in his line.

**A royal actor.** Fate was at the theatre one night when it came the turn of a great Skookum king to be played. He secured a mount, and upon his coal-black charger rode into the theatre, amid the crowd occupying the parquet chairs. The moving pictures were on, but as often happens in Dawson, living pictures in the rear of the house were more unique and exciting than stage play could possibly be.

**Dawson theatres.** Dawson theatres often furnish scenes that surprise the cast. The audience is always supplied with conditions of its own, but the cast usually follows its lines without improvisations; however, in the atmosphere of Dawson, genius blooms in a variety of surprises. The vaudeville singer never condescends to a little coon imitator in the gallery; she can create the impression she desires unaided; besides, in the place where the dress circle and gallery should be are boxes all the way around. In some theatres there are two tiers, and in others but one. These boxes have curtains for the use of occupants when they are tired of seeing the play, and prefer to attend exclusively to the consumption of wine.

**Prudence interpolated.** One night the play was Camille and the audience was becoming sympathetic and excited over the situation. Camille was on the stage doing her part in a manner wonderful even for a Bernhardt. She



goes to the window and calls, "Mistress Prudence, Mistress Prudence, Mistress Prudence!" Instead of the expected merry response from the stage distance imagine the effect made by the shrill voice of the truant actress, Prudence, as her frowzy head appears between the curtains of one of the wine boxes, her bare arms resting on the railing as she almost screams, "Call away all you want to, Mistress Prudence will not be there *to-night*." The intoxicated actress was removed by the waiters and the play continued until it was interrupted by the leading man coming before the curtain to air his personal grievances against some men about town.

The inconsistency of the Dawson theatres is that the stage is properly the audience and the audience the real, throbbing, pulsating, extreme drama, that far exceeds in interest what is attempted behind the footlights; but people do not fully realize it. Managers might well advertise, "Come to-night and see the Kings and Dance Hall Girls pose in Living Pictures. See our Prima Donna with a Prominent Society Man in a Box in an Abbott-Irwin-Worlds-Fair-but-strictly-original Dawson Episode." "Never mind Paul Revere's Ride, See a Skookum King come tearing into the theatre—Don't wait for the curtain but look at the Audience."

**A royal buffoon.** A great foreign nation has sent a Consul to Dawson whom we will call Duff. He seems to be a man without an occupation, for either there is nothing for a Consul to do, or this Consul does not prove energetic in discovering his vocation. Fate determined to transform him into something unlike the character which a Consul should display. She waited patiently and studied her subject. His arrival was commonplace. The banquet tendered him by the Yukon British was a tame affair. The British are of all people the most self-sufficient, and would prefer that foreign

nations trust them to administer their government fairly. Duff, the Consul, was a fighter and a descendent of the fighting McDuffs of history. His countrymen in Dawson were often oppressed and in trouble, nevertheless Duff did not care to fight; in fact, he ignored their appeals. Sometimes he inquired indifferently "if there was anything in it for him"? but evidently his interest lay in another direction. Duff was possessed by an unnatural appetite—due perhaps to snow eating on the trail—and he was visibly affected by the heavy odor of musk which hung about the dance-hall society. He was fat but he could dance, if only to please the girls, and he was bent on seeing the sights of Dawson. So he yielded to the prevalent contagion, and was soon going the pace of the genuine kings. Here is where Fate, with rare discernment as to the eternal fitness of things, raised her magic wand and tickled the red nose of the Consul, saying, "I hereby decree that you shall be the most distinguished buffoon of all history—Gee Whiz! Z——ip!— and away you go." The Consul did not discover any remarkable change in himself, in fact he felt quite

**He was  
the same.**

natural and unusually sober. He took several drinks to brace himself, and ordered drinks for the girls. Then he broke loose in oratory. "I say, girls, —I'm a Duff-er—a McDuff-er—anything you choose—but I can't fight—oh no—this is a truce—I surrender—I throw down my arms—help yourselves." The girls went through his pockets, they took his watch and chain, a lot of gold nuggets, his fountain pen, a horse chestnut that he carried to prevent rheumatism, a sample of quartz ore a man had given him with a tip as to the location of the Mother-Lode, some silver and gold coins, all that he had of value they took; and though they were satisfied they had all, he urged them to look again. They searched and found some matches,

a soiled letter beginning, "My dearest Duff," a U. S. postage stamp and a piece of chewing gum. They all laughed loudly and threw their arms about him, and still more girls came to hang around him, and Duff was very happy. He finally waxed patriotic and proposed to compel from each one present a tribute to the flag of his own country. He could not do that as the British flag waves over Dawson, and after some lively rebuffs on the part of a few men present, Duff decided not to undertake what might be an unequal fight. From his ancestors he had inherited the spirit of war, but in his muddled condition, he could not tell whether he was the victor or the vanquished. The ruling passion is strong in death, and Duff was losing ground in a way to invite its approach. With a last effort before the fall, he looked about him to select the most able bodied man present; assuming that it were less ignoble to pose as a vanquished warrior than as a successful dance-hall beau, he said to the bar-keeper, "Pete, kick me." He fell in a convenient position over the coun

**A royal mark.**

opportunity in his life before. He retired to the rear of the dance hall and poised himself for the effort, while one of the girls pinned the flag of Duff's country across his coat-tails. Pete ran and kicked vigorously on the flag and hard against the anatomy of Duff. The girls laughed and Duff was never so happy in all his life. "Kick me once more, Pete," and Pete repeated the operation again and again, at the request of the Consul. The Consul laughed and seemed to enjoy the fun most of all. Pete leaned against a barrel of whiskey to rest. Fate with her wand tapped the corns on his toes and said, "Ah, Peter of the Nimble Shoon, you have this day won a proud distinction. You have earned the title "Kicking Pete," which shall live in history."

Then the Consul would sing—He ponders deeply—Silence  
all—here are the lines:

TO PETE OF THE NIMBLE SHOON.

I am the last of the fighting McDuffs,  
Alone on the Yu-li-Kon  
This was my Ru-bi-con.  
I came from the States to the British domain,  
They told me "You-may-come,"  
Some say you "Arc-a-bum."

I have no chance to my honor maintain.

REFRAIN: Oh Peter, Peter kick me,  
The British ought to lick me,  
But they fear they might offend my Cousin Givadam.  
Oh Peter, Peter kick me,  
Oh Peter you're so slick! see?

So run and jump and plant your feet upon me once again.

The English have soldiers and mounted police,  
And they with Might-and-main  
Do us then Fight a-gain.

My occupation is gone in a day.  
When me they Sight-a-gain  
I just get Tight-a-gain,  
They wink their eye and toddle away.

REFRAIN: Oh Peter, Peter kick me, etc.

A COSMOPOLITAN CAMP.

There are peculiar characters among the miners. Some are men of superior mental attainments. It is not uncommon to meet men who are conversant with many languages. I employed, as a day laborer, a man who was familiar with both ancient and modern languages. Upon his complaining of the injustice and thieving propensity of a partner, a fellow countryman, a lady present suggested that he resent such treatment by threshing the fellow. He turned to her haughtily and said, "Madam, I am a Greek."

**Divine art with  
the dish water.**

An Italian boy, whom I employed to wash dishes and prepare fuel would accompany his dish-washing feats with explanations as to the effect of atmosphere about Athenian statuary, which gives them a life-like appearance, and would speak familiarly of Mascagni and Verdi, and the overtures and symphonies of classic composers; also discussing the possibilities of life to the possessor of one or of five dollars in Constantinople, Athens, Paris, Tokio or Bombay, as against New York and Chicago.

**Divine music to  
the mountains.**

One morning in Summer, as I stood in the doorway of my cabin looking eastward down Dominion Creek, noting the undulating distances and verdure clad, flower bedecked mountain sides, the clear melody of an aria rung out upon the Summer air, in a well modulated and highly cultivated, tenor voice. The rhythm was maintained true to a possible orchestral accompaniment. At the close, miners, who were shovelling on the opposite side of the creek, responded with a hearty clapping of hands. I discovered, lying upon the mossy bank, about three hundred feet down the trail, an ordinary looking man resting upon his pack. He responded with another song and then arose and passed out of sight, up toward the Great Dome, his pack upon his back.

**Divine melodies  
in a cabin.**

Down in the mines all day, working by the light of a single candle, is John the Swiss. At evening, when not too tired, he will come to my cabin with a large accordion, which he owns, and, by a most marvelous execution, will render not only the most charming Swiss Folk songs and plaintive melodies, but classic compositions and the best music of the present day.

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1. At the windlass on Gold Bottom creek.
2. Placing wood in a mine to make a fire to thaw the frozen ground.
3. Mushing wood on Gold Hill.
4. 75 feet below the surface of the ground in a mine on Gold Hill. Thawing by steam.



Clean-up on El Dorado. \$1,000 in the pan.

**Divine sentiment  
on the trail.**

One day a queer looking little old man, wearing a small, soft felt hat with a pointed crown, a canvas coat, and with trousers tucked in his boot tops, came to my cabin and leaning against the door said, "Do you know what is the cunningest thing in the world?" I hesitated a moment, thinking of babies, kittens and dogs, but finally asked, "What is the cunningest thing in the world?" He continued—"I was angry this afternoon. I was very angry, I never could fight in all my life. When I went to school the boys all licked me and some of the girls too, but to-day I was mad enough to fight. Ever since I camped here a little grey bird has come about my tent and I give her crumbs, finally she built a little nest in a space between three rocks. A woman, who lives in a tent near me, found the bird's nest, and when I was gone she carried it away. As soon as I learned where the nest was I went to the woman and told her she must bring it back. I told her the bird was flying about and chirping and that the nest was hers, the place in the rocks belonged to her and was her claim. The little bird was there before us and we had no right to disturb her. She gave me the nest with the three little white eggs, and I put it back where it belonged, and there it lies with the little mother-bird flitting about—come with me and I'll show you—the cunningest thing in the world."

**Wisdom in  
homespun.**

Conversations in miners' cabins frequently abounds in recitals of the greatest interest; of travels to remote regions, of incidents either perilous or remarkable, of history, of science, of education and of religion. I never passed an hour about the streets in Dawson, or on the trail, that I did not learn something new and valuable to me.



### ANOTHER KIND OF MINER.

**The success of assurance.** One of the most remarkable characters in the Northland, aside from its kings, is McGillygalore, a very spry little miner. His name has been given him because of a certain large way he has of doing things. When he owns wild-cat claims he buys by the hundred, and has claims galore. When he does business without money, and buys claims without making cash payment, he owns the confidence of the miners, and has friends galore. When he mines by machinery, he has steam-thawing plants galore. When he cannot pay, he has creditors galore, and law suits galore. When he does hydraulic mining he removes the dirt expensively and the pay galore is noticeably absent, but the other man has the labor bills galore to meet. He happens to be the double of a man who has a wife and children outside, so that raises a question of wives and children galore.

**The success of oratory.** When the Cheechargos in 1898 descended upon Dawson as a cloud, they discovered on a high platform at the farther end of a big tent upon the main street, and against a large map of all the creeks of the district, two figures known as Punch and Judy. It was never established whether Punch acquired his name from some separate qualification, or merely in order that the little fellow might be called Judy. Judy acquired his first literary experience in exploiting spitballs at school. He was afterward promoted to the role of bill-poster, which gave him an exaggerated opinion of his own importance. Then he met his destiny in the person of a tall, large, beautiful woman; altogether too tall and large to waste much attention on the little fellow, but, in some way or other, she became his. There is, however, a tremendous debt to nature implied in such a combination, and the two are ever trying to palliate

the disparity by the constant use of the most extreme terms of endearment. They are vegetarians; a proper nourishment for such verdant efflorescence of affection. Here is one morning scene that occurred in their Hillside cabin: She, "Oh lover, here is a garnish of condensed milk for your mush."

He: *Dearest*, why will you worry yourself in such anxiety for my welfare? *Sweetest*, when I bought those frozen eggs, laid last August, it was expressly because I knew you liked salad. It is my only pleasure, dear, to think of your happiness."

She: "Lover *dear*—and did you think of me away out in the cold when I was here at home mending your mocassins?—let me kiss you, *darling*!!" He: "Sweet star that shines for me alone in this log cabin—I cannot eat—it is food enough to behold the dainty mush that your sweet hands has prepared. I'll not devour the plate and spoon, nor long for meat at two dollars and a half a pound. Let's get the map, my love, and see where all of our wild-cat claims are lying" (the map is spread upon the table). She: "*Lover—dearest*, let me find the places on the map. Oh, here is my mansion, and my coach and pair—and here a trip to Europe—here are diamonds and fine clothes—(He), "And all for you my *dearest, sweetest, onliest* one! Now let me say good-bye, with kisses all the way down the trail—I see the Cheechargoes are out, they're going to hear me talk, so I must away" (She), "Oh *lov-er*! it was the sour dough's swear words that broke upon the fearful hollow of thine ear—believe me, dear, it was no Cheechargo, and you know the sour-dough's will not listen to your talk on mining when they know that you only recently arose from bill-poster to news reporter, and from reporter to a miner is a long way"—(He), "Ta-ta—so long"—(She—weeping), "Sweet-dear-lover-duckie-dar-ling-oh—s-w-e-e-t—t-h-i-n-g!"

This conversation is given to illustrate the pitiable struggle of romance for an existence in the atmosphere of Dawson.

Judy proceeds to the auction room and climbs upon the platform. Punch is pointing to the map and explaining the formation of the earth, Judy responds by assuring the crowd that claims on Dextrated Creek are selling at \$25.00 each. It is an unknown creek. Eldorado was unknown two years ago; this creek may be another Eldorado. It has never been prospected. No one knows what is in it.

Some buy, others go wisely away. Sometimes the little fellow guesses fairly. He loves to talk confidentially to his audience. He cultivates a familiarity in his public talks, in contrast to the over-dignity of the British officials and business men. One day he ventured to tell his hearers that Swede Creek was staked in Winter, and in Spring they found sluice boxes, left by old miners, which proved that there was pay there. A sour-dough in the back part of the audience spoke up, "Little fellow, if the old miners went off and left that creek you need not waste your time trying to convince us it is any good." This broke up the meeting and there were no sales that day.

**The success of nerve.**

Perhaps the most stupendous success in the whole Yukon country is that which came to another small miner named Joe Lee. He had big ideas and was full of big schemes, and an inordinate self-conceit. He strutted about town and people laughed at his assurance, and at his assumed wisdom in regard to mines. He made a practice of stampeding every little creek, then he would perch himself upon a stake and tell exactly how much beans and bacon, or how many yards of silk, the gold in the pay streak would buy. People did not regard this trait of Joe's seriously, but he was not discouraged. When he had been obliged to lose all of his wild-cat claims from lack of repre-

sentation, and was almost compelled to go outside for want of means to stay, he had a very peculiar experience. The following is according to a lengthy report of it in a Dawson paper. The facts were evidently obtained from Joe, and the Editor is supposed to be in the deal.

**Joe's dream.** It was Fall, the leaves were beginning to turn, the days were becoming shorter, and Joe had reached a dire emergency. In one desperate supreme effort, before despair or flight, he went up to Grand Forks, sat on Gold Hill and ruminated. Jacob's dream was a marvel but there were no immediate results. The beauty of Joe's dream was the quick action which followed. He simply dreamed that the blank claims on Hunker Creek, from 38 to 60, are not due, as is supposed by many, to the non-existence of a pay streak, but that the pay streak, in some way, got up over the mountain and became lost. Joe dreamed where it could be found. There are all sorts of hills, dry gulches, level elevations, bogs, woods and rocks between the gold-bearing creeks, but Joe and a friend were able to walk straight to the lost pay streak. They were not required to dig, they could, with the toes of their boots, kick up yellow gravel similar to that which usually lies above the pay streak. There is a superabundance of this kind of gravel in the Yukon country wherever there is a shortage of muck, and no one knows, or ever will know, how many pay streaks have not been uncovered.

This was a sure thing, but how to protect such a gigantic interest from the interference of the Yukon officials, who might sneak out and stake it, became a serious problem to Joe and his friend. The friend must now be considered, for he had the money and Joe the dream. Joe dreamed again, then went boldly to the Crown surveyor

**Dream No. 2.** and said, "I want some land surveyed for

a company that wants to get a hydraulic concession." The surveyor laughed, for he knew his bill for surveying would be \$1500 cash, in advance, and the concession a matter of delay in dickering with officials at Ottawa. But Joe had not told all of his dream. Six days were allowed for surveying and then he employed a Dawson street orator to go out, in the style of ancient Athens, and find among the motly crowd one hundred men willing to sell their rights—not their birth-rights, which were possibly to work hard for the privilege of seeing how narrowly they could escape starvation, but the right the British Government allowed them of staking one claim in each district. In this case also he used the concession mind-cure. "The syndicate wished to secure the mine without delay and preferred to stake it." Dewey's Conquest of Manila was nothing compared to Joe's valorous advance with his army upon the unstaked ground, and his triumphant return with his men, who were doing the act for the sum of \$35 each, not for glory. Joe was not safe until he had passed the official guns and looked down their muzzle, but this he did boldly, convincing the officials that he had been out after a hydraulic reserve. He might succeed in fixing up a reserve, but the watchful recorder took the \$1500 in fees for recording, unmindful of where the lost pay streak might be, or that each piece of paper at \$15 might be just 250 feet square of that pay streak. Joe paid the British Government \$4000. His army of men, who had staked and claimed the ground, received \$3000. Joe and his friend own about a hundred claims. They have seen the yellow sand, but they have not seen the pay streak. They do not even know how deep it is, or what it averages to the pan. They say they know they have one million dollars in the scheme, all as the result of a dream, backed by the expenditure of \$7000 in money. This illustrates the

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1. Gold Hill. - (1) is the Grand Forks Hotel built by Miss Mulrooney. She derived \$50,000 profit from the bar and bunks and restaurant during the Winter of '97-'98.  
 2. View of Grand Forks from Gold Hill showing (1) Grand Forks Hotel.



1. Street scene in Dawson.
2. Showing crowd about the door of the Recorder's office, waiting to be admitted, a few at a time, to record claims. Men have waited three days in line to gain admission. The next building is the Canadian Bank of Commerce.



chances of a mining camp, and shows how fortunes may be made or lost, and how the very boldness of a scheme, as the Dawson paper states, wins a sure success. It was but fourteen days from the dream on Gold Hill to the triumphal march past the official muzzles. The world can laugh no longer at Joe; he has done what neither capital nor expert ability could do, or would dare attempt.

**The only** In the early days of the Klondyke excitement  
**Casey** ment a printer's boy named Casey, in one of the coast cities outside, decided that he would not be a "devil" any longer, but would embark in business for himself. He bought a barrel of mineral water and started northward, venturing the uncertain feat of having the barrel dropped overboard opposite Juneau and of rescuing and towing it ashore, by means of a canoe, during the night, to avoid an unprofitable interview with the Custom officer. The venture succeeded, as did other similar ventures, until one day the officials became aggressive in their efforts to interview Casey, when he was compelled to drop into the water between the ship and the Treadwell Dock, at Douglas Island. Casey clung to a post until, chilled by the cold water, he was almost exhausted. He managed to attract the attention of the occupants of a passing boat, and was rescued. He then decided to change his business. It was warm Summer weather and Juneau was without ice. Casey made a trip to a glacier a few miles distant, in a small boat, bringing a few hundred pounds of ice back to the town. He carried the ice about in a wheel barrow, and transacted business under a sign bearing this inscription:—"Casey, Ice Dealer. Ice by the pound, ton or berg." Casey soon accumulated sufficient means to enable him to go to Dawson, where he succeeded in making a good living, but he did not acquire a fortune until one day a King of the Klondyke told

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him he would give ten thousand dollars for a certain claim on Dominion, commissioning Casey to act as broker in the matter. Casey bought the claim for seven thousand dollars, thus making three thousand dollars in a day. He subsequently married an estimable young lady. Casey, upon the occasion of meeting an old friend, concluded the recital of these remarkable experiences in his life as follows:—

“When I closed that deal with Mac I felt good. I had three thousand dollars. More money than I ever had before. I tell you the flame that old Nero kindled in Rome wasn't a candle-light to the illumination that I started in Dawson that night. At four o'clock the next morning I was full and hadn't a cent. However I pulled myself together and got a job at the Aurora. One day I saw the girl who is now my wife walking in company with some people whom I knew. I wanted to meet her, so I watched my chance and got an introduction, and afterwards called on her. I just did my best, but I don't see how she ever had me. She is so much better than I am, and so much above me, that words don't express it. She is pure gold and I am like pig iron. One is dear by the ounce and the other is cheap by the ton.”



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Interior view of the parlor of "Gad" Wilson, showing Gad Wilson to the right, Diamonded Toothed (Cettie (Lorejoy) to the left. The waiter is Black Prince—pugilist and waiter.



## THE DANCE HALL GIRL



Dance hall girls on the Chilkoot trail stampeding to Dawson.

**She knows  
the men.**

The habits of the Northern dance-hall girls afford a most striking study of the Scarlet Life. These girls possess a wisdom that is worthy of exercise in a better cause. In the game of living chess it may require ability to corner, to jump or to vanquish kings, but it necessitates a crude sort of finessing to secure a peaceful and undisputed possession of their kingdoms. Dance-hall girls are not necessarily entertaining in conversation. They are seldom beautiful or well-dressed, but they are thoroughly versed in all the details of their business, which is to use the secret knowledge which they possess as to the possibilities of these men, to their own advantage financially. Watch one of them in her natural environment, the saloon, the dance hall and bar room. She is all nerve as she enters a room and surveys the waiting crowd.

**She chooses him.** The elderly man leans back in his chair and displaying a heavy gold watch chain, "Looks good to her." Hootalink Hal has on new knickerbockers and plaid golf hose; as he leans against the bar she knows he is posing for her admiration. The fellow in muck-a-lucks and overalls, with a red sweater and cap, would give his last nugget if she would but go to the bar and drink with him. Texas Harry, with the blue shirt and white tie, will be lonesome and disappointed if she ignores him. There is Jim, with his brown coat and brass buttons, lounging on the balcony railing with a cigar in his mouth; but he is waiting for "Little Annie" who has not yet arrived. The dance-hall girl is always prompt to act. There is absolutely nothing to fear. She will meet no repulse. The elderly man with the watch chain need not wait long. She is soon favoring him with flattering attentions. He is seated in the middle of the room and the men who have not been marked for attention gravitate to the sides, where they stand as wall flowers and look lonesome. The M. P. now has his arm about the waist of Annie, who seems not averse to such a lover-like demonstration. The love scene of a farce is being played upon the stage, but its action pales to insignificance when compared with this real life, although Dawson's stage exhibitions are in themselves no ordinary entertainments. One large, fat girl, dressed like a French doll, in a gay-colored pinafore reaching to her knees, and with black stockings and red slippers, her hair hanging in short, knotty curls, sits on a small table swinging her feet, and claiming the attention of two admirers sitting on either side. Her bare right arm is about the neck of one, while with her left hand she pats the cheek of the other, and the two men note each shade of difference in her attentions with all the ardor of race-track fiends watching

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their favorite horses in a fairly equal race. The dance-hall girl is industrious. She is never vacillating or undecided; she is persevering. She does not flit about the room bestowing a smile here, a caress there and again a pouting neglect. When she selects her victim she stays with him. The more marked her favor the greater is his triumph. He does not admire her; he does not love her; He *needs* her to complete a spectacle of himself as a favored beau.

The play is over and the floor is cleared for dancing. The crier calls for recruits, as the salary of the musicians is accumulating. The elderly man pays a dollar for a ticket and tries one waltz with the girl who is yet in his possession. **She perseveres.** Afterwards he takes her to the bar and orders drinks amounting to two dollars; the barkeeper gives the girl a check for one-quarter of that amount. This is where her income begins, and is the sweet reward of all her labor and her care. If she has wisely selected a victim, possessing more appetite than agility, she can easily land him in a box, where the exercise of dancing will be uncalled for. The beginning of a box-experience is the most difficult for a dance-hall girl, but after a few visits of the waiter, champagne flows freely. The girl is always self-possessed, and when her victim is a little confused from wine she is all tact. She orders more wine. The waiter brings the glasses filled, also a bottle half empty, upon a tray. He places the glasses upon the table and the girl bids him take himself off without loss of time. The victim drinks, not observing the girl's glass is full of ice, and forgetting the unused wine in the bottle the waiter carried away, and which is duly charged to him at the rate of fifteen dollars a bottle. A lively conversation ensues, and the seemingly thirsty girl calls for a new bottle of wine. The same scene is re-enacted

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FIRST MARCHING BAND FOR THE REALITY  
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with the waiter. The victim is charged over and over again with the same bottle of wine, and the girl of genius has her pocket full of checks. The night passes in revelry, but the victim is the only one that revels. The waiter attends strictly to accounting the few bottles of wine really used and the many empty empty ones, or "dead men," served as new bottles. The girl, and and each and every one of her, in all the dance-halls and theatres, never overlooks the checks. As morning dawns the victim is easily transported from the box to a restaurant, where this dance-hall genius shines in a new role. The victim is lured into a private stall or box where the waiter appears to take their order. The charmed one tosses a bill of fare to the girl, saying "Order what you like, and the same for me. This is a welcome privilege, and she orders, as near as possible, the whole bill of fare. It contains scarcely an item less than one dollar in price. The man pays the bill and she gets the checks just the same at the bar. In a few instances the girls are entirely free from further complications than the public demonstrations I have described. In such cases they are not successful financially. To lead a victim into an extravagant expenditure of money usually requires promise and a very flexible compromising social etiquette. The man recovers his head in time, but he was too drunk to ever know **He's better now.** just how foolish he had been. However, if he had not been worked by the girl who was sober, he would have been with drunken companions and his money would have disappeared. The victims are, in turn, of every grade, even to men of the highest social, business and official standing. Inquiry as to why men crave to take part in such public exhibitions resulted in the statement, by the demi-monde themselves, that these men consider it a mark of distinction to be caressed by women in public. They like to have other



**They are so vain.**

men see them thus honored! A back door entrance to a saloon or a disreputable house would be unused in Dawson. Men of high standing walk upon the streets with women of easy virtue, and talk with them in public places. The ordinary crowd must give way to these women in banks, offices and stores.

**They are so lone.**

The lack these men feel of home surroundings, and of suitable female companionship, may augment the opportunities of the dance-hall girl, but her victims are seldom, if ever, influenced by a feeling of affection for her. A true solution of the problem is, without doubt, that an atmosphere of vice and of license exists in Dawson which amounts to contagion, and under its influence, men are not really themselves. Vice, in its over-power, exercises a hypnotic influence that paralyzes the judgment and neutralizes the more refined tastes. This is proven by the fact that some men do publicly in Dawson what they could not be induced to do privately outside. Steamers have stood at their wharves in Dawson, their decks disgraced by conduct on the part of departing passengers which the same persons would disavow outside.

**They sober off.**

crowd would land in Seattle with utmost decorum. No one would there be stricken by any misgiving or have any regrets to restrain, but all would be removed from the atmosphere of extreme vice that stimulated them to improper demonstrations in Dawson; entering upon the changed atmosphere of Seattle restored them in a degree to a normal condition.

Just how far reaching the effect of the Scarlet Life will be, no one has attempted to prophesy. It would not seem unreasonable to say that some taint of its effect will continue throughout the lives of those who have come under its influence. There are women of all classes in Dawson. A

few men have brought their real wives from the outside. Some are living with women who are not their wives but they acknowledge them as such. Many men

**They're sometimes mixed.**

consort with women whom they call housekeepers or cooks. Several men, living in one cabin out on the creeks, or in town, often hire one cook. Housekeepers and cooks sometimes live honorably and sometimes they do not. Girls and women are often enticed, by friendly overtures on the part of miners, to go out on the creeks as cooks and housekeepers, expecting a share of the gold cleaned up. After working hard for many months they get little or nothing and find that they have been deceived. Occasionally a girl or woman becomes a favored guest in a miner's cabin, and is waited upon carefully by the miner and rewarded reasonably at the clean up. In some cases the gain is secured by shrewd management on the part of the woman that amounts to downright robbery and treachery,

**They're grafters then.**

but there are very few women who have profited at the hands of miners after a continued relation. If a man spends ten dollars in entertaining a woman, he usually reports that he has spent fifty. The public women are poorly paid, and are at their wits end to devise means of avoiding the impositions of men who are their patrons. They are the easy prey of the trades people, and a source of great revenue to the government, as they are subject to a tax of twenty dollars a month for physicians' fees. They establish themselves in one quarter of the town, and when business houses spring up about them, the government passes a law removing them to the center of a vacant district. Landlords hasten hither to secure the lots and to build houses, which they rent them at exorbitant prices. Business houses are built in the new neighborhood and the Crown vacant property is sold. It is

estimated that the Crown realizes about a hundred thousand dollars a year from physicians' fees alone, in the service ordered to public women.

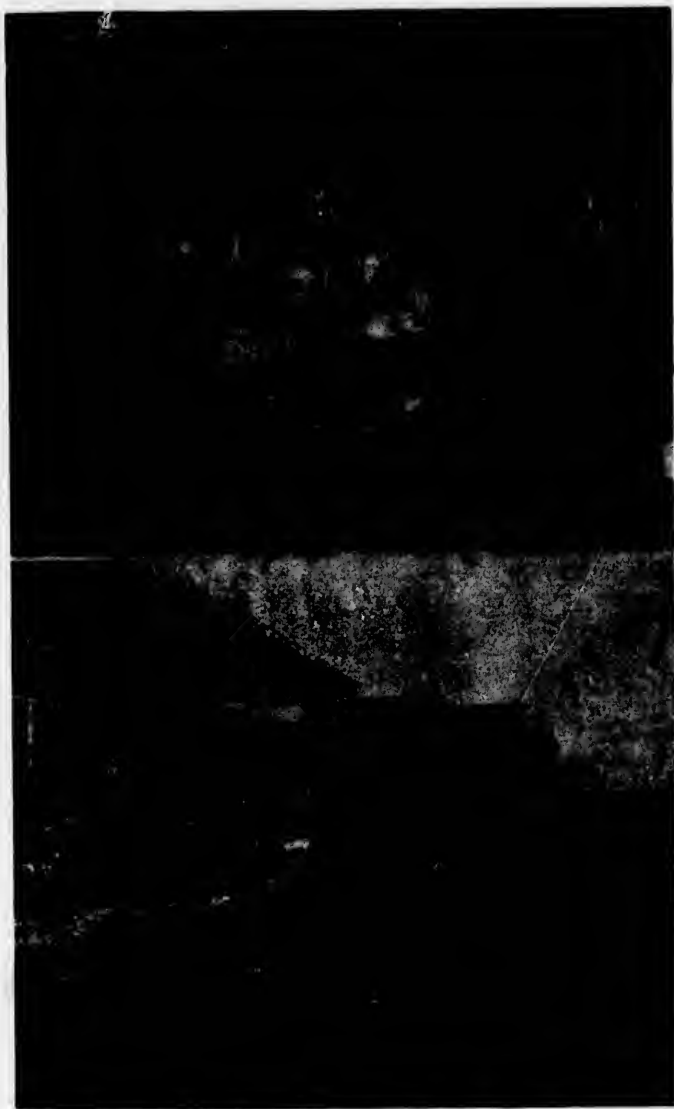
**They pay their fines.**

These women are seldom arrested, except regularly about once a month, when they are fined fifty-six dollars each. They seem to be favored by the Government officials in staking, recording and holding claims. Two sisters robbed a man of eight thousand dollars, but they escaped punishment by restoring part of the money and leaving the country. Their crime was counted less than that of an honest married pair who appropriated, on the trail, a rag from an abandoned tent. They were sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment with hard labor for that offense.

**They leave the town.**

In May and June, when the dumps are sluiced, and the gold clean-up is in progress, these women migrate to the creeks. The road houses are well supplied with whiskey, and large tents are erected in convenient places for dance-halls. On the Queen's Birthday, '99, a man who is well known, and has a family in one of the coast cities outside, brought eleven prostitutes over the Great Dome, on pack horses, to a road house near Upper Discovery on Dominion Creek, about forty miles from Dawson. That night four thousand dollars were taken in at the bar and the festivities continued during the next day and night. A girl whom I will call Flossie, alone, carried five hundred dollars in Dominion gold back to Dawson. Men are cruel in their persecutions of these women, and seem to delight in cursing and ridiculing them publicly when they have exhausted all other means of amusement. So bitter is the punishment meted out to them that the poor, degraded creatures break down and cry when scorned by men who have been parties to their ruin. They spend their money for gay apparel, seldom reserving any

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1. Weighing gold in the Aurora.
2. A. C. Co.'s department store, showing the Monte Carlo in the distance.



1. Oshiwora.—The Dawson White chapel.
2. Dawson banquet table. The first man at the right—Lee an Eldorado king, spent \$1,200 at this banquet.

part of it as a means of support in case of illness. Suicide often ends these lives so full of hard experiences and keen regret. The hillside above Dawson is dotted over with graves of these unfortunates who have died of disease and by their own hand.

When the population of Dawson was estimated at 25,000 the demi monde numbered about 400. Their red curtained cabins were upon the principal business streets. During the Winter of '98-'99 they were by official edict retired to Fourth and Fifth Avenues, back of the center of the town. Each one occupies a little house twelve feet wide on the street and extending back twenty, thirty, or forty feet. The walls of the houses are covered with cloth and papered with wall paper. Lace curtains, rugs, and pictures complete the furnishings. The houses are unpainted and are erected by the occupants at a cost of about \$800. The women are compelled to pay \$30 a month rent for each narrow lot. They are kind to each other in case of sickness or misfortune in a seeming effort to avert the chilling effect of the coldness of the world.

The district occupied by them is called Oshiwora, or the Dawson Whitechapel.

#### MACQUES

**The Macques  
are vile.**

The acme of vice in Dawson is represented by the evolution of a small army of men known as Macques. These attach themselves to disreputable woman for the purpose of acquiring an easy living from their earnings. If they are lovers they are also hard masters. When a Macque once obtains authority in the life and affairs of a woman, he takes possession of her earnings and uses them for gambling, or for his own needs. He watches his victim that she does not escape, and he chides her and restricts her in her movements to suit his

fancy. The Macque sometimes solicits patronage for her. The woman is his slave, and she seldom escapes from his persistent grasp.

The honest wife in Dawson is unnoticed and forgot. The pretended wife of a man who is otherwise married is hardly a public affair; the woman grafter is a triumph of greed; the well dressed prostitute posing as a society woman is a pitiable fraud; the public woman is usually the one who suffers most from her acts of vice. Drunkards are low in the moral scale, but the Macque stands pre-eminently the vilest emanation of the vilest essence of the vilest place on earth.

**He is the worst.**

History, both sacred and profane, has accorded to woman a capacity for lowest degredation. Partly on account of the higher elevation on which she stands, making a greater contrast to her depth of shame if she falls, and partly because it seems more vile to sin for money than from passion. But it has been demonstrated in Dawson that the level which upbore woman, in her most hopelessly submerged condition, was only the muck on the surface of vileness, and down through a depth of gravel, far, far beneath, on the solid bed-rock, and working in the pay streak, was the Macque.

Thus does crime and Scarlet vice bask in the sunlight of Dawson, the beautiful Northland Metropolis.

**Prospecting for husbands.**

A sad phase of this life is the fate of the respectable middle-aged women, who came to the Yukon expecting to marry rich miners, but only to find that rich miners seek wives either in the dance-hall society or outside. These women have struggled hard, amid great privations, to even sustain life. They have done laundry work and have become cooks in road houses, or in miners' cabins, some have been more unfortunate.



**They were false.** The saddest phase of the Scarlet life is the separations which have occurred in respectable families. In many instances men who have acquired wealth have cast aside their plain middle-aged wives, who have shared their struggles in poverty, and have married younger and more showy women. A Hunker miner went outside and secured a divorce and married a younger woman—his original wife remained and supported herself by keeping a road house. A venerable, gray-haired man, connected with one of the great companies, secured \$100,000 as his private fortune while engaged in manipulating the company's affairs. He was living in a cabin with a young girl as housekeeper, when his aged wife arrived, quite ignorant of the condition of affairs. He promptly sent his wife money and told her not to leave the steamer but to return to the outside, which she did.

**He wanted \$1200.**

An old farmer and his wife, from one of the Eastern States, came to the Klondyke in the hope of making enough money to pay off a \$1500 mortgage on their farm. The couple made \$1200 in a road house during the winter of '98-'99. In the spring the woman was enticed away by a worthless man, who gained possession of the money, which she took with her, and at once deserted her and she was abandoned to a life of vice.

**He was ashamed.**

A young couple from a city in the Eastern States came to Dawson in search of fortune. The wife was employed as housekeeper in the cabin of some prominent business men who are very near to official circles; the husband had other employment. The wife was given *carte blanche* in the affairs of the cabin as to expense. The husband soon left for the outside, broken-hearted; the wife explained that she had decided



that she would not live with him any longer—that *he* was ashamed of such things and had gone. Her reign in the cabin of the men of high social and business standing will soon be over and she will be abandoned to her fate; which may be in a descending scale toward lower grades of society.

**She was too plain.**

A respectable, middle-aged woman is seeking employment as a laundress, while her wealthy husband, who cast her out, is living in all the luxury that his newly acquired wealth can afford.

**Their prey.**

Young men of high social standing, but unfortunate financially, are open to the temptation of becoming dependants or macques of respectable women who have money.

Thus does the Scarlet Life hold for each one a possible place as the master or maker of vice, or as its victim.

**Noble lives.**

Notwithstanding this fact, out upon every trail I have met men, often bearing heavy burdens, who, as they sat upon the ground or against a tree to rest, would refer to wife and family outside, and, as they related their hard struggles and bitter disappointments, tears would fall and it was easily perceived that they were not open to the influence of vice.

Several instances of this kind so impressed me that I have written them in short stories.



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Parka of asbestos-tanned sheepskin lined with silesia, with mittens and moccasins, the costume I wore during winter in Dawson, being sufficient protection from cold ranging from  $20^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$  below zero. L. B. V.



**THE YUKON BRITISH DEBTORS' PRISON**—The Midnight Inn to the right of the flag; the Moosehead Mountain and Slide to the left. Dawson is below.

L. B. V.

## IN A YUKON BRITISH DEBTORS' PRISON.

**Free.** I was proudly free ; my freedom was the only thing of which I ever boasted. When I had wealth and every prospect of success, and I met on the street, in offices, or in places of business, friends who might inquire, "Well Mrs. V., how is everything going to-day?" it was my habit to answer, "Thank you Mr. ...., I am well, I am happy and I am *free*. I aimed to be free from selfishness and from envy, free from the power of those who would exhibit vicious tendencies. I tried to live free in the enjoyment of life's best gifts, and superior to its ills and misfortunes.

**I chose my way.** It was a pleasure for me to realize that I could choose my hour for rising, the hour and place for dining, and my every occupation. I could buy material possessions with gold, and I could sell my possessions for gold, but my sack was soon forgotten in its hiding-place. The flattering attention of friends to me, I knew would soon be merged in flattering attentions to others. The romance of my life is a sad, sweet memory. So I came to value the resources of self, in making a new life and happiness of various conditions that existed in my surroundings, and to have a realizing sense of a personal freedom that surrounded me as an atmosphere, the inspirations of which became as an elixir of life.

**They took my all.** Some months before, I had lost my all through a legal robbery. Previous to that, in the Autumn before, (September 1898,) I had laid the foundation from which new persecutions were to arise, in a business transaction, in which the only gain I expected was to transfer a few thousand dollars of outside money to my present location.

**Unfortunate.**

An unfortunate man appealed to me in great distress. Nature had permitted an awful menace to his freedom in a constantly recurring epilepsy. He had allied himself with a cruel partner, who had wronged him grievously, and creditors were out on every trail. He had a mine just prospected enough to prove it had rich pay. He implored me to take the property at any price, and upon any terms, only to give him money to go outside, as that alone would save his life. I did not care to buy the property at what I considered the high valuation of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars for a half interest, neither did I care to force the unfortunate man to what might prove a wanton sacrifice of a valuable interest, as he believed the property worth \$20,000 for a half interest. So I agreed to advance him some money on the property, taking a deed of it as security. He proposed that if I would increase the amount to four thousand dollars, and would use the proceeds of the mine, which was being worked, and which he guaranteed would amount to two or three three thousand dollars before winter, in paying the most importunate of his creditors, that he would take the four thousand dollars and go to London and would sell a list of unproved claims, which he owned, at a profit of about sixty thousand dollars, and upon his return would divide the proceeds of the transaction with me, and would take the claim and pay me all I had invested. He had spent the previous winter in London, and showed letters from responsible persons who seemed to be willing to take the unproved claims. I neither expected nor depended upon profits from so uncertain a source, but I did expect to have my money returned to me at the clean-up, and I did not anticipate any inroads upon my personal funds to satisfy his creditors. I was not legally bound to pay those debts. This man, whom I will call Lyle, can neither read nor write, ex-

cept to sign his name, and the papers and legal documents signed upon this occasion were drawn by myself, and he signed them without having them examined by any other person; which, to me, seemed an indisputable evidence of good faith, and disarmed my judgment as to necessary precautions.

**And then** Lyle magnified his need, until the four **he hoped.** thousand granted became five thousand five hundred, and then he made a lease of one hundred feet of the claim to a friend, who advanced one thousand dollars, which was paid to Lyle, making six thousand five hundred dollars, which Lyle carried outside with him, part of which, however, consisted of my personal cheques on banks outside. In order to give him credit abroad, Lyle desired to have the one-half interest in the claim appear on the record as twenty thousand dollars, its true value according to his estimate, and asked to have me make a note for fourteen thousand dollars secured by mortgage on the one-half interest, which would show the transaction consistent, in his abstracts. The mortgage was not made a claim on the dumps and was not due until July 14th, which is after the clean-up. This also disarmed suspicion on my part. Lyle's original intention was to fulfill his agreement. The five hundred dollars that he had in excess of the recorded price of twenty thousand dollars, was not credited on the mortgage note. Lyle had stated that the claim was three hundred feet in length, but, when measured to assign the ground to different laymen, the claim proved to be but two hundred and seventy feet in length, so that the price was far in excess of prevailing prices for full claims on Dominion Creek, mid-way between the discoveries, either at that time or since. Although the claim afterwards proved very rich, and worth \$20,000 for a half interest, it was not in time to avert the sacrifice to me. It was known in time to have enabled Lyle to protect me and to gain several thousand dollars to his own interest.

**'Twas better then.**

After the signing of the papers with Lyle, in this transaction, Lyle informed his creditors that he had made arrangements with me to pay the claims, and at once departed on an up river steamer for the outside. The next day a messenger came from the mines with information that work was suspended. As water had penetrated to the drift, further work was impossible until winter. Very soon Lyle's creditors came. They were men who had been doing representation work upon the unproved claims, and their demands were imperative. Legal proceedings would involve Lyle's property and would ruin him. I also discovered that if I refused to pay these men they would report upon the streets that I owed them, and could or would not pay them, not explaining that the debts were Lyle's and not mine. He had told them that he left means with me to pay. To avoid injury to my own credit and business, I paid these debts at a cost of two thousand dollars, and at a great sacrifice. This was what caused my lack of resource in meeting labor claims later, which were precipitated upon me suddenly, in violation of a direct agreement by these men to wait for their wages until the clean-up.

**They did not know.**

When my outfit and belongings had been taken away from me in February, my employees had ignored the Dominion claim and had repudiated it on account of the fourteen thousand dollar mortgage which appeared on the record. They did not learn of my conditional agreement with Lyle, and the property was left undisturbed, especially as during the winter the laymen on the claim had reported very unsatisfactory prospects. The amount necessary to provide for my expenses on a trip to Dominion, and for a stay during the clean-up, with wages necessary for a competent man to look after the work, was fully twelve hundred dollars. I was absolutely without



means. Having learned, by a severe experience, the danger of incurring labor debts, I decided not to attempt to incur debt on this account. It became a question as to either abandoning the property, or of making an attempt to sell, subject to my agreement with Lyle. I found that to be almost impossible. Business men usually assumed that Lyle would come in over the ice, as I had sent letters and telegrams to him, advising him of my business difficulties. They also believed that, as I had no adequate means of compelling Lyle to fulfil his agreement with me, Lyle would take an unfair advantage. The mortgage did not compel a transfer to Lyle of the proceeds of the dumps, and it was not due until July 14th, which was after sluicing time. It was a mortgage on the claim, but it was assumed by business men that Lyle, upon his arrival, and by the aid of a resourceful lawyer, would obtain possession of the property, by attachment, or injunction, or some other process, available in the Yukon territory when disputes arise as to property, and would refuse to pay labor bills or to make a just settlement. I finally, by representing strongly that Lyle would make a fair settlement, as I believed he would, sold the property to an honorable man, subject to my agreement with Lyle. The consideration, under the circumstances, was small, especially as the laymen reported a clean-up of possibly but six or eight thousand dollars. The new owner B incurred the expense of a trip to Dominion, and a stay of nine weeks for the clean-up. I went to represent Lyle's interest, giving my time in accounting. The amount cleaned up was, to my surprise, about thirty-two thousand dollars, one half of which was retained by the laymen, ten per cent was paid in royalties to the government, and two thousand dollars of the owner's share was returned to the laymen who had advanced that amount.

**The layman's  
wise.**



When Lyle returned after the clean-up, instead of coming to me to learn the condition of his business, he went to lawyer Grillem, the same lawyer who had acted for my former employees. What Grillem told Lyle no one will ever know, but, as a result, Lyle came to Dominion and made a very imposing entrance into my cabin in company with two witnesses. They seated themselves upon boxes, one at either side, and one directly in front of me. Lyle spoke as follows:—"I

**The words  
of Lyle.**

want you to pay me nine thousand dollars. I have sold my claims in London for seventy-five thousand dollars. The claims include a quartz claim back in Juneau, and I need nine thousand dollars to pay for the quartz claim, when I will go to Seattle and transfer the property, and get my money, and bring you back your thirty thousand dollars profit, or I want to know whether you will take wages for what you have done in looking after my business, or an interest in my profits." I was too much surprised to give a rational reply, but asked the witnesses to withdraw as I had no business with them. I then asked Lyle if he had contracts that he could show, or if his English clients had deposited money, but he replied, "No, I had to come back to see if the property was all right." I asked him to take the Dominion claim and settle with the man to whom I had transferred it, according to his agreement with me, but he left the cabin without replying.

**Now Lyle  
commands.**

Next morning he proceeded to the police station, about a mile distant, and soon I was requested by a written message from the Captain of the M. P., sent by a private messenger, to come to headquarters. Lyle was there and proposed to arrest me. I had no one to advise me, but I asked the captain to do me the justice of requiring from Lyle a statement, under oath, of some charge against me by which I

could legally be arrested. The captain asked Lyle if he could sign such a document, when Lyle answered, "I'll sign anything, go on and make out the papers." I was excused from the room, but for some reason no charge was made. I was required to wait several hours, or until about 4 p. m., after which hour I started to go to Dawson, walking thirty

miles to the mouth of Hunker Creek, and reaching my cabin in Dawson before evening the next day. Legal advice, and the efforts of friends, failed to effect any settlement or conciliation. It transpired that Grillem could only advise Lyle that my note for fourteen thousand dollars to him was an apparent evidence of debt. The *capias* law made it a crime for a debtor to leave the country. If I would but attempt to leave the country, I could be arrested and imprisoned. Bonds could be exacted which would make the bondsmen responsible for the debt. If the bonds were not forthcoming, I could be held one year in prison until the authorities were satisfied that I had no means with which to pay, and that no one would assist me.

**A crime to leave.** Their only hope was that I would attempt to leave the country, giving them the opportunity to arrest me. They watched and they waited, hoping that I would dare this pitfall on a hidden trail, but I could not go from lack of means. So intense was their desire that they concluded to forego the necessary evidence and assume that I was going. Lyle found two friends, one to whom he afterwards transferred a half interest in a Creek claim on Upper Bonanza, and another one, a man whom I will call Soy, a former layman on the property, who was soon afterwards in possession of the Dominion claim, who signed false statements that I was about to leave the country.

**And perjury.** Lyle incurred no responsibility and made no oath, but gave an "information" as to what the others said. The judge issued them their capias and assigned to their service a constable.

On a warm, sunny afternoon in June, I was sitting in my cabin writing; free, despite the misfortunes I had sustained, and thinking of home and native land, and how, from lack of means, I was powerless to take a step thitherward.

I called, "Come in," in answer to a knock at the door, when Constable S. entered. He had a warrant for my arrest. My right of freedom had been sworn away in perjury. To prison

**The quick arrest.**

I must go because a man had averred that I intended to leave the country.

**America!**

Gracious heaven! that America should be such a fossilized civilization! Why did she not invest me as a criminal for coming here? But no, I had been permitted to take my good twenty-five thousand American dollars and spend them in an outfit. I had paid duties to the Yukon British; I had paid my license and all dues and expenses; I had submitted to legal extortion and had lost all; I had lost about nine thousand dollars on the Dominion claim. Though having produced \$32,000, the claim was at that time considered by many to be but prospected, the bulk of the gold being already in the mine, the mortgage should be better security than to menace the freedom of a woman already almost dependent upon charity for a living.

**The lawyers wanted it.**

Lawyers were directing Lyle's attention to themselves for profit. Lyle could have obtained possession of the claim forcibly, by allowing the balance due me above what the new owner had received, then not over \$5,000, and he might have compromised for less. Lyle could have sold a

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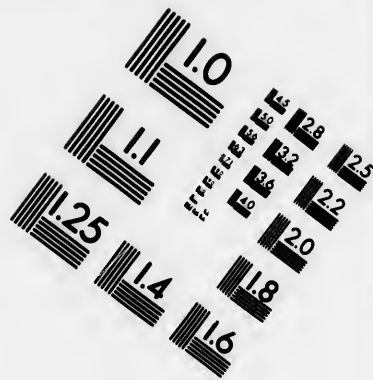
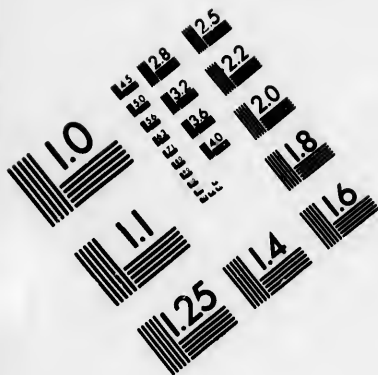
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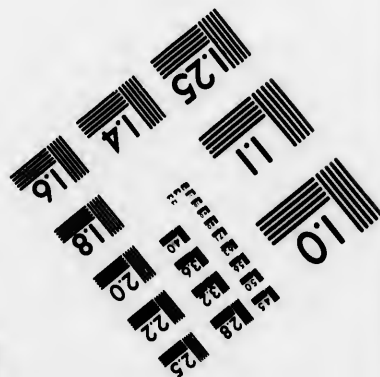
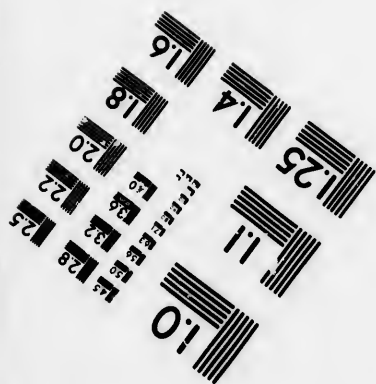
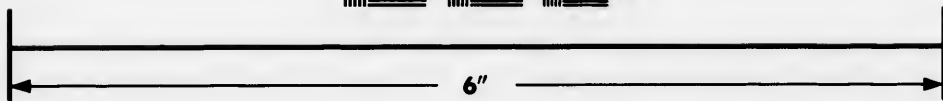
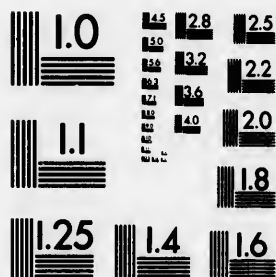
Illustrating my surroundings as I was when arrested in Dawson for being  
about to leave the country.  
L. B. V.







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

22 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

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Upper half of No. 1 shows a bank of the Klondyke where I slept without shelter; lower half, Bonanza Trail where I was thrown from a pack-horse. No. 2 shows the same pack-horse upon the Bonanza Trail near the Klondyke ferry. No. 3 was taken as I was returning from a sketching trip across a bridge over Dominion Creek. No. 4 shows ice 15 ft. thick at No. 14 Dominion caused by continual flow of water in winter from a soda spring. No. 5 is a view of a log cabin near the catholic church in Dawson, for which I paid \$80 per month rent. No. 6 was taken as I was standing upon a pile of logs in Klondyke City to obtain a view of Klondyke river and mountain beyond. V.



half interest to a former layman for \$10,000, making \$7,000 profit; or by working the claim he could have secured \$4,000 taken out by Soy and his partner lawyers, in a short time of Summer work, and a possible \$30,000 during the winter; but his attention was directed to a false demand, in which there was no equity nor profit to himself, except as someone might place bonds for me.

The lawyers must do something for Lyle, and to avoid a sensible act in obtaining possession of the claim peaceably for Lyle, they sought to arrest me and put me in prison, and exalt Lyle to the important role of accuser, in such a case. Otherwise, placing Lyle in a position where he would be jumped and out of the game, and thus my free choice was given over, in deference to British law and justice.

**The trail leads to prison.** The trail was chosen for me, and it led *promptly* across the narrow, swinging bridge, above the noisy, splashing waters of the Klondyke, *wearily* along the dusty roadway, set with shops and stalls of the Cheechargoes selling outfits, *humbly* past the Courthouse, the British TEMPLE of Justice, and *sadly* to the unwelcome entrance of the low, log building with iron gratings at its windows, that looked out like crabs' eyes, from under the edge of a flat roof covered with dirt.

**A pause in existence.** The prison! A tomb for the living! Worse than the silent tomb, the grave, for there the occupant is never conscious of imprisonment. It makes no difference to him whether his body be embalmed, frozen, petrified or mummified; whether it lie in state on exhibition, in a crematory, in a cache or in the earth. This tomb for the living is different, as I found when once within the vile enclosure.

I passed along before a row of locked cells, from the gratings of which the prisoners peered at me curiously. I

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felt that life, which had been rendered so sweet to me by freedom, was pierced through, when the lever clanged, and the grated door closed behind the guard.

Search where I would within the prison, so far as I was permitted to go, I could find no beauty, no companionship. Divine influence did not seem to penetrate to such a depth, I could find nothing to answer to my need of life. I experienced a pause in existence. Physical routine remained as a condition whereby life might be resumed at some future day. A realization of my awful situation pressed upon me in thoughts like these:—

**The soul  
to itself.**

My surroundings are indeed strange! Yonder grated door does not open at my volition. Even the guard inside has no key. He is in for two hours. He sold his freedom and consented to be locked in this corridor, for twenty-eight cents. My freedom is lost by the cruel act of one of my own countrymen, come here to take advantage of the British law, to persecute a woman who had already lost all, and is without protection in a foreign land. And now these glad summer days are only to the free. They are lost to me. Rays of the evening sun fall aslant this prison roof, which absorbs the treasured sunlight and makes the direful shade to envelop criminals. The prison roof revels in the flight of birds; in the changing colors of soft evening clouds; in the beauty of the Great Yukon waters, a brown, forceful torrent, cut by the swift, clear blue current of the Klondyke; in all the mountain barriers of this world famed river, and in all the stream of humanity passing by. All live to this prison roof, which is but a pall over me. I have had my own houses and lands, and have judged critically when contractors prepared for my abode, polished hard-wood, mosaic or brass. I have traveled on Pullman cars, on magnificently appointed steamers, and have

enjoyed the luxury of hotels, from the "Ponce de Leon" to a  
 No. 8. Klondyke road house, and now I have a

prison cell. I am number 8. I am hungry.

Ah, the kind corporal in charge gives me bread and cheese, and a cup of cold coffee, left from a lunch spread for some soldiers on duty in the guard room.

The atmosphere of this place oppresses me. What is this strange influence? Is it that a criminal sat at the table opposite my cell door where I have ventured to write? At noon time he ate his beans and bread and wiped his greasy fingers; at eve he gulped down, with his allowance, a bitter regret. To-morrow another will succeed him. The place is chill and cold. I will go to my narrow cell, where there is a bunk of some boards and blankets. Think, oh! ye free of civilized lands, of the warmth of blankets that have wrapped, not one, but many criminals. How they crawl! They writhe! They sting! until sleep is impossible and dreams are torture.

**Debt a crime.** And this is Dawson, where to be charged with debt may become a crime. Dawson with its incomparable summer climate, its crisp, ideal Northern winter, its wild waters of the Klondyke, its swift, swirling Yukon, its green, flower-bedecked mountains, and its stores of yellow gold.

I am here by the accusation of a man who came to me crying like a child, begging me to save him from the persecutions of his partner, and from the threats of his creditors. He has sown my good dollars to the winds, in London and Paris. Ignorant, but assuming, he cannot earn money, and when, by good fortune, or by the favor of men, he gains it and is able to pay his debts, he travels to far lands and his creditors must not hope. He is a devout christian and boasts his hospitality and charity. He has a good wife, and

both pledged me an undying gratitude. It was my act of good will to him that has eclipsed all life to me except the life of crime, the atmosphere of which permeates this place, and contaminates its belonging.

**The fling of fate.** The Yukon is truly a land of promise, but that promise unfulfilled leaves it a monument of despair, and a tomb of hope, permeated with the aspirations of terrible greed and selfishness. My own loss of forty thousand dollars has been accompanied by a year of hardships. I have walked hundreds of miles over awful trails. I have slept on the ground, on rocks, on stumps, on the slant mountain-side, when a lack of level space forbade reclining in a horizontal position. Once I slept on poles laid across a miniature mountain torrent, tumbling down through a crevice between two steep banks. Once on the top of the Great Dome, where I sank down exhausted after a long walk over bogs, through mud and up the mountain-side. Even in my cabin I slept, in my robe and blankets, on a bunk made of boards, without spring or mattress. One night in February I spent on the Yukon far from even a cabin, near the awful, rushing, steaming open water.

**A prison cell.** But now to sleep in a prison cell! Sandwiched in among a lot of criminals. May God never reveal to another soul the sense of awful calamity that settles over me as I sit alone and helpless in this British debtors' prison, knowing that my chance of release depends upon my ability to disprove the perjured statements of the men who sent me here.

My attorney explains this imprisonment as an attempt, on the part of those who are persecuting me, to extort bonds from some one who may, from kindness, desire to get me released. The bonds will also further secure my note. I have paid nearly nine thousand dollars and have never had

one dollar from the claim, except the small amount from the man to whom I sold. The claim has not produced, to the interest I held, but little over one-half the amount I invested. They can foreclose the mortgage and take the property; they can, at small expense, by equitable settlement, take the property, yet they exact, at this cruel extremity, a bond. But I have no friend to give a bond to the amount of twelve thousand dollars, which is demanded as my ransom. If I can succeed in convincing the Judge that I was not going away, I am yet a prisoner in Dawson. Every movement to be noticed, and upon the slightest suspicion as to departure, an arrest. That suspicion not disproved insures a permanent imprisonment. Equitably I owe no one. I have no means with which to pay. This is the penalty of a faulty business method, and of an over-confidence in the word of another. The gloom of the prison deepens.

**A nightmare of reality.** Horror of horrors! what is that? Adown the corridor a miserable wretch is constantly repeating a bellowing moan, now raised to a shriek. In the guard-room are sounds of loud talking, shuffling of feet, the click of metal, and now a rattling of chains and the iron bars are replaced; some drunken men have been placed in a cage just beyond me.

Their voices are loud. Occasionally one of them falls to the floor with a dull sound. They are cursing and railing against the authority that placed them there.

One voice, clearer than the rest, is saying in good oratorical style, "I want you to understand that I am an American. Do you hear? And I am no Cheechargo. I was in this country before Capt. Harper. I was here when Constantine was the head guy. Harper is a good fellow, but he has too much power. I don't like this place. I want to get out. If I can't pay my fine, I'll saw wood. I aint lazy but I don't like to saw wood for nothing."

(Guard), "Keep still, go to sleep." (First voice), I aint sleepy. You're a — good guy but you can't answer a square question. Gee! I wish I could lose my job. I never done no harm. I aint killed nobody—at least I don't think I have—still, there might be a whole row of them down at the morgue." "Keep still!" "I aint disturbing you. You can't vas coat fellers are pretty good guys, but Gee! I hate the soldiers. It looks like coercion, and I hate coercion. Mounted police are *necessary*, but policemen and soldiers are two *ve-ry dif-ferent* articles. Soldiers are cheap. Gee! the squeaking of that door! It sounds like fellers getting out. I aint seen one liberated since I came in here. They took my tooth brush and my lead pencil away from me. I suppose I'll have to *trust* to the honesty of the British Government to get them back."

(Third voice), "What do you expect when you come to such a place as this?"

(Firs. voice), "Did I '*come*' here? They threw me in. They knew better than I did where I belonged. I would sign anything to get out—say anything. D— the Eagle or the Stars and Stripes. The English, Irish or Welsh are a — sight better than the American native born. I *know* whereof I speak, but *I've* got it in the neck. I ought to get it. Many a good man has been thrown into this — — coop that never saw a prison before; and look at me! What laid so vilely on my stomach is now bespread upon my coat. Its a — dirty bird that befouls its own nest. Say, Guard, give me some water, I want to take a bath. Gee! I wish I had never seen the French thing that got me here, and *I've* been at the head of labor organizations. Gee! those soldiers. I don't like coercion, behind it is force, and when you show force you restrain liberty. If I don't get out to-day I'll be — — if I don't stay in until I do get

out. *I'm* no slave. I'll saw wood before I'll bow down to anybody."

(Second voice), "Oh, sit down and keep still."

(First voice), "Yes, you're the kind of man that will *lay* down when there is trouble. It is such fellers as you that break a strike. *I* would *stand*, and be a *martyr*. Here, Provost Corporal, I'd like to have a hearing. I'd like to know what I've done. *Charge* it *against* me. This reminds me of a time when I went to look for a job as longshoreman. They said, 'Do you belong to the Union?' I answered 'No,' 'Then you can't have a job,' they told me. I went to join the Union and they said, 'Have you got a job?' I said 'No,' and they said, 'Then you can't join the Union.' But still you've got to maintain the *dig-nity* of the law."

(Third voice), "Give me a drink of water."

(First voice), "D—— a man that will holler for water in a place like this. You ought to have *mud*. Here, Captain, Corporal, General or *Ma-jor-General*, whatever you are—this man wants one of your canvas coats for an alcoholic stimulant."

(Second voice), "Sit down and keep still."

(First voice), "There isn't a man in this place that can put me down. I worked last night on Gold Hill and I didn't come to town to twist the lion's tail, I came to get my mail, but I don't bow down to anybody. Gee! I don't like a slave. D—— a man that will submit to order. They can throw me in but I wont lay down. I aint no patriot, I'm just as good in Canada as anywhere. Oh you fellers keep still. We're a lot of —— law breakers or we wouldn't be here. I don't like this. I'm used to living where my *vis-ion* is not obstructed by bars. I'm not one of those patriotic fellers to whoop for the flag. To h—— with America, or any other country. It looks to me that some of these fellers



with a star have to do something to keep up their *dig-nity*, so when they find a feller a little off they just throw him in here. I wonder what I was doing anyway. I must have been *ob-struct-ing* the sidewalk. I wonder what I would have done if they had not molested me. Oh, I've had too much Dawson bad whiskey."

(Fourth voice), "Say, Guard! I want to see *Mister* Colonel Steele! I want to see him *now!* I want Colonel McCook! Send the American Consul here! I want Consul McCook!! I am an American in trouble."

(First voice), "Mush back into your corner. You can have the Consul, but you bet your life when you see Colonel Steele you will be sober. You can't have a hearing till you keep quiet. You've got to *hu-mil-iate* yourself."

(Fifth voice), "I want a glass of water."

(First voice), "Water is to wash dishes with. I believe in free speech. I asked for water and they gave me a look of scorn."

Sixth voice, new arrival in handcuffs), "Say, Soldier! Say, Sergeant! I'm an American citizen and I'm a soldier, I want you to understand, every ——— inch of me. I want the American Consul brought here at once." (Falls heavily), "I belong to the C—— family of Washington, and I'm a *brave man—lying-right-here*. I'm just naturally drunk."

(First voice), "I'm artificially drunk." (Fourth voice), "Aint it too bad that I can't see Colonel Steele." (First voice), "Yes, too bad for him." (Sixth voice), "I've never been in jail before and I don't like it. They'll never get me here again." (Third voice), "We none of us like it." (Sixth voice), "Say, Guard! here's ten dollars—get me out of this."

(Seventh voice, just in), "Hooray, for the Stars and Stripes, Begorra! Be's ony of yez masons or be yes Odd Fel-



lows? Phat's the matter? Oi'm beastly drunk—that's all." (Sixth voice), "I'm a good soldier, I want you to understand." (First voice), "Well, Canada's spoiling for a fight with Uncle Sam over the boundary."

(Seventh voice), "Be thot so? Then, be Jasus, Canada will have to be gettin out her license. Hooray! Oi'm an American!" He falls upon the floor, when follows a tirade of vile epithets, too vile for the vilest criminal to hear, and profanity self-exceeding, until the prison seemed the nucleus of a glacial hell, and I a lost spirit in torment. I retired to my bunk and indited a prayer to Colonel Steele asking, that, if womanhood must suffer loss of freedom unjustly, to spare me the awful desecration of this contact with criminals, and the vile stench from a vilest humanity in its vilest mood.

**The prison set.** And this is a Yukon debtors' prison. And this the place, surroundings and society in which a woman accused of debt in Dawson is submerged. Here are vicious men, thieves, murderers, swindlers, forgers and macques. Intermixed with them are men serving out a sentence of six or nine months hard labor, for trifling offences.

A N. W. M. P., Corporal in rank, stayed out all night and became intoxicated. He was stripped of his rank, ejected from the force, and given six months in prison. Another N. W. M. P. was serving one year for desertion which occurred eight years previous. One man was in for attempting to commit suicide, another for attempting to elope with a young girl. A N. W. M. P. may get from seven to twenty-eight days confinement in the barracks, in service without pay, for failing to report every hour when on duty, or for over staying a pass. Sometimes a fine of a month's pay is added. This, with the withdrawal of the privileges of own-

ing property by officers and employees of the Government, may eventually deplete the police force, and should disabuse the minds of any who may foolishly imagine that the laws in the Y. T. are administered in favor of Canadians. The Northwest Mounted Police are men of ability, culture and experience. They are fearless and absolutely faithful in the discharge of duty. They are the best class of men in the Yukon Territory, and deserve favor, if any.

Men were serving sentences of six months, with hard labor, for petty offences such as the theft of a bottle of catsup, a can of oysters, or a fowl.

**Reminiscences.** Oh ye dark ages, breathe again and witness English justice in the throes of labor over the theft of a bottle of catsup! Think of English dignity as an X-ray focussed on a miserable can of oysters. Is English justice ahungered, or well nigh starved, that it must be fed on such poverty of crime? or is it that crime in the Yukon country is so aggressive that it must be so enormously eaten? Have the British sent their mighty Justice out to this land widowed?—unsupported? Have they endowed their noble and trained military with a hammer and looking glass accompaniment, in according to it judicial power?

**Dressed in brief authority.** A military man is trained to duty. To be exact and thorough is his life. Give him the ponderous machinery of the law to run, and, though he may not understand thoroughly the degree of crime committed, nor its fitting punishment, and he may not consider exhaustively the exact object of the law in securing the welfare and rights of all concerned, he will enforce something. It is in his line, as a military man, to take aim, to fire and to bring down his victim. It matters not with him whether justice is tempered with mercy or stuffed with Aunt Regina's Pancake flour.

These military judges over humanity in the Yukon have no prejudice against classes, nor against nations. They have *power*. They feel a loyalty to the source of their power that makes them over-ready to act.

**The prodigal English.** The wonderful resource of the English is shown in the very existence of the N. W. M. P. In them the English command a large number of men, who are, under every possible test, gentlemen, not open to bribes and corruption but faithful and efficient in the performance of duty; they are able to endure long trips over the ice in Winter, and over awful trails in Summer, with long hours of service, and under rules that are severely exacting. They are under contract for a term of years, at a ridiculously small salary; their contracts, as a rule, were made outside, after which they were ordered to the Y. T., where the expense of living is much greater, the hardships increased and privileges diminished. No increase in salary was made when the removal was ordered, while desertion is punishable by imprisonment. Even after they were deprived of the right to stake or own claims the men remained faithful to duty, and are serving out their time.

**Some subjects rule.** The M. P. are often victims of the peculiar conditions made by the over power of English law. It would ordinarily seem fitting that a subject should be entitled to his liberty until some one is willing to make oath that he has acted unlawfully, but here it is not so. The renegade American, or the foreigner (and oftener those than the British subjects), having a malicious intent toward another, may go before a magistrate and "lay an information." He tells some suspicious circumstances, but makes no statement under oath, except that he is informed thus and so. He is usually gifted with the art of lying in all its variations, and with all the industry of the original

Klondyker, strengthened by the experience of his stay in the country. The magistrate has one side of the story, and being zealous to maintain law and order, commissions an M. P. to arrest the man, believing that he is paying tribute to justice, but really he is acting as a servant to the usually malicious complainant, who at once goes about saying, "I had so and so arrested." The M. P. marches with his victim perhaps thirty or forty miles, over horrible trails to Dawson, to find that in many instances no case is made against the accused. The malicious complainant then goes back saying, "I let him go, I didn't push the case. I didn't want to put him in prison," and so poses as the benefactor of the accused man. The injured man, now indignant and outraged, attempts to punish the one who has disgraced him by unjust arrest and imprisonment, but finds that his accuser incurred no liability according to the law, in so doing. The accuser shrewdly sees that in court he holds an advantage in being the aggressor. Strange as it may seem, the burden is upon the accused of proving himself innocent, instead of upon the complainant of proving his guilt. The accuser incurs neither cost nor liability in causing the arrest of another. Thus English justice is not required to catch a guilty man. It can arrest a man, recite a hearsay report and make him prove himself innocent. Once arrested, an escape is difficult, for Yukon Justice is tempered in rigors from its neighbor, Siberia.

If England had sent the military here armed with good muskets, and with common sense, and not as good little boys in red jackets, with a lexicon as a compendium of all knowledge, she would not have made conditions whereby the whole country is rapidly passing into the ownership and control of a set of lawyers and legal sharpers, who have but to await an opportunity to manipulate, with a master hand, the real law to their own interests.

**The prodigal English. No. 2.** The English, as exemplified in the Yukon, are prodigal. The extreme of prodigality as to individuals is the so-called Cockney Englishman. His sense of his own dignity is upon him as a disease. It is a condition of importance and of largeness. It is not known that he considers his ideas small, but as they are, he either desires that they be larger, or he sees them of more importance than would an ordinary man. He gives to his smallest ideas the orotund of grandeur and sublimity, and the deliberate, forceful measure of an oration appealing to the deepest interests of mankind. His finest rhetoric is none too good for commonplaces. He will bid a malamute dog to move on from his "pawthway" with as much dignity as a Napoleon would apostrophize the Egyptian pyramids. Accent, inflection and emphasis are poured with molasses on his pancake. He rarely uses simile or metaphor, as they savor too much of a recognition of other greatness. He never uses French words or phrases, as he believes rather in expanding the English to satisfy all needs. He uses no slang, as that also implies a poverty in the quality of genuine English. As there are no worlds for him to conquer, no battles for him to fight, his dinner table becomes his Waterloo, his belongings his army, and the shopkeepers supply the re-inforcements to make him a Commander-in-Chief, and an exemplification of a wasted dignity.

Few Yukon Englishmen are entirely free from a tinge of this over dignity.

**Quick change advocates.** The lawyers of the Y. T. are the exemplifiers of an elastic legal etiquette. An attorney defends a client one day and prosecutes him the next. His fees are enormous. He takes his client into court to-day on an assurance that the law clearly gives him his case. The Judge decides, "This is not the law but this is what I

think is right," and the case is lost. Again he goes into court with equity on his side, but the Judge may decide against him on some remote point of law. In despair, the forsaken client goes into court depending upon showing the facts of his case, and the Judge may ignore him as a man with no attorney, and so not worthy of success. The effort of an attorney, though it may be unheeded, serves as a resistant force against which the authority of the Judge may act.

**An avalanche of greed.** Any Yukon Judge is one of the most peculiarly situated persons in creation. He is like a human being buried out of sight in the debris of civilization. Some one asks him what era it is. He sends us a smothered cry, "Oh, my God! it is the time when mortals have voluntarily sought a glacial hell, to brew the liquid with which perjury is written, and to combine in a magnetic force, friendly to the growth of a horror unspeakable, to feed that force upon a vilest greed, to fan its flame with a monstrous inhumanity, to lay upon its altar all that man can voluntarily sacrifice of honor, to compel a wanton waste and desecration of all that true womanhood holds sacred. The Judge is the ruler, but he can never tell which is the blackest perjury, and Truth is a stranger in her own household. When the masses press beyond his portals, in a life of greed with no disguise, as they pray to Justice, what blame if he, in a wild delirium, rises to the occasion in a spontaneous, benevolent decision, thus: "Oh, ye diciples of Greed that ask of Justice, take the fate that here is coined for your emergency. You ask for bread—you deserve rocks—but I will give you sawdust."

**Liberty in sable.** There, in the Hall of Justice, the fates of men are decided. The guilty accuse the guilty. The guilty accuse the innocent. The innocent sometimes

venture to accuse the guilty. The guilty accuser can summon the aid of other guilty ones to whom he can in future reciprocate the service. The innocent are denied aid by competent witnesses, who fear to incur the enmity of the guilty opponents. The self-interest of attorneys may obtrude. So, in the name of Justice, the battle of greed is waged from day to day.

**Alien**                    In prison all days are days of waiting. I  
**freedom.**                was standing in the corridor near my cell door one morning, forgetful that it was America's day of freedom, when I heard the sound of a band trying to play "Marching through Georgia." A sense of my own situation, brought about by the dishonor of my countrymen, and the vileness of the prison, overpowered me for a moment in choking sobs and most bitter tears. A kind-hearted guard was sitting on a box beneath a grated window. As I came near he offered to allow me to stand upon the box where I could see what was passing without. It was the celebration, on British soil, of America's day of Freedom. The crowd was entering the courtyard, Capt. Arizona Bill, on a bay horse, in the lead. He is a poet, scout and successor to Wild Bill, he is also proprietor of "The Tepee," a tent saloon. He was gorgeous in cream white leather breeches, with leather fringe down the legs, a ruffled blouse, yellow tie, and a cow-boy hat surmounting his brown-gray hair, that lay in a kinky mass upon his shoulders. The motly crowd that followed was made up of something of respectability, something of mediocrity, and something of the scum of all creation. Alas, that many from America, forgetting to be American, were men who love license and mis-name it liberty.

**No kin**                    Within the prison the howling, bellowing  
**of ours.**                victim of vice raised his voice higher, in



an unconscious dishonor of his country. The cage was overfull of men who were not aware that they shamed America in proclaiming their loyalty to her colors. The crowd without was soon reinforced with bright costumed women, all massed there, without shelter from the hot sun, in the open court.

A young man, with able lungs, stepped upon the porch roof of Colonel Steele's office and rejoiced in his inability to speak well, or at length, upon such an inspiring occasion as when America is permitted to celebrate on British soil. It is a sincere pity that his words are noted citing us as one people and brothers. A pity for the British in that one instance, and a pity for us always, if such conditions continue to exist.

**I saw the crowd.** The singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by a few voices, followed, when Captain Bill made a stage entrance from the open window upon the little roof, a la jack-in-the-box. With a boom he shouted,—“I tell you boys, I am glad to be here.” No one doubted him, but the sentiment was not reciprocated by the crowd. He continued with an imitation wild west speech. The crowd hurrahed for the Stars and Stripes, for the English flag, for America, for the Queen, for Colonel Steele, and then scattered to witness some races and contests.

**They were not there.** The brown canvas coats of the mounted police, and the red coats of the soldiers, were conspicuous only by their absence. The English officials and social lights were busy elsewhere.

*I thought*, on this, the National Holiday of my native land, the land of Freedom, I a helpless prisoner in a British debtors' prison! but what I saw and heard were not of my homeland.



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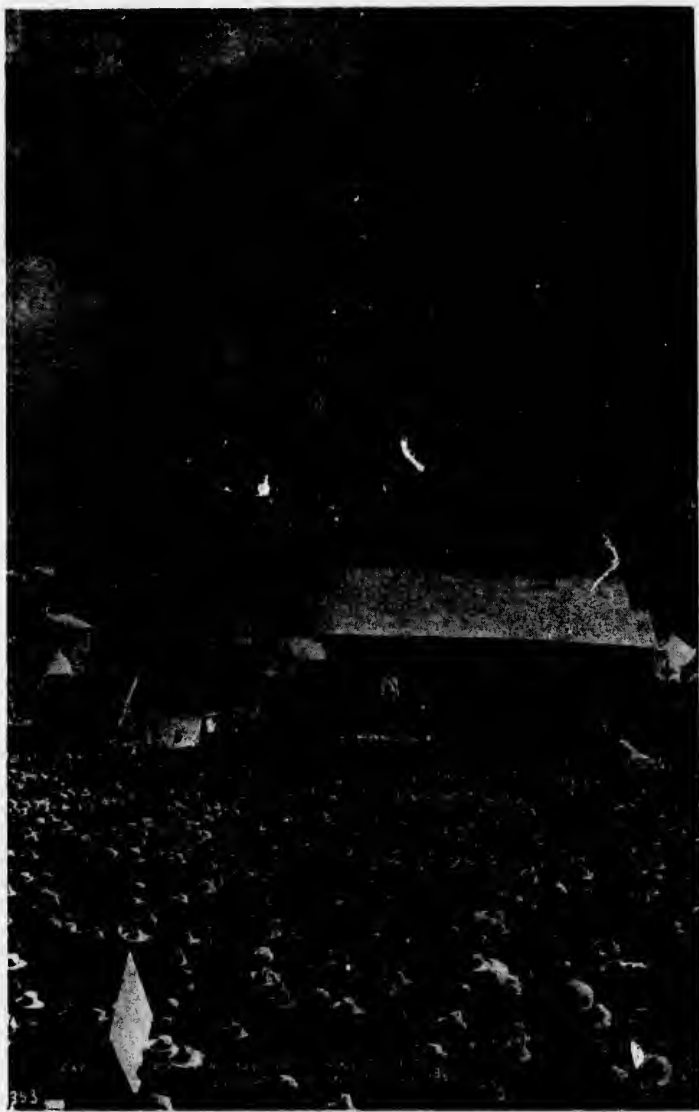
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1. A group of Canadian Northwest Mounted Police.  
2. A group of Canadian Soldiers in winter dress.



No. 1 The Quadrangle showing the barracks. The window above the middle dog is the one from which I viewed the Fourth of July celebration on British soil. There were numerous vacant places for the celebration and it is difficult to say why the prison quadrangle was chosen unless for the benefit of American prisoners.

L. B. V.

**It sounded  
strange.**

O America! That thy foster children, with their tongues yet unbroken of foreign accent, should thus dishonor thee. Dishonor thee till I could feel it better fate to be in prison than of them, who, in their traitor lives, so draped thy blood-bought colors. And why not wholesome dicipline to make these lives of some account, and fit to be American, before thy priceless boon,—a citizenship?—else are we no nation. Only conglomerate of waifs and exiles of every land on earth.

**Finale.**

Days passed and Yukon days do never end in summer. But prison days are hours, and hours, and hours, and hours of waiting. Loving yet the life that was, longing for the life that may be. Prison life is a dash in one's existance, a death except that breath and sense remain. To be imprisoned with a memory of crime, or with regrets—what punishment! To take away the experience of varied scenes and changes which obscure unwelcome memories, and by a solitary imprisonment, to leave those memories to hover o'er the bare and trembling soul, becomes its agony, even merging to insanity. Innocence takes no such punishment within the prison, suffering but a blank waiting, and a lack of varied experience and a means to an active life.

**He hears  
my case.**

At last the summons comes. The judge who holds my fate upon his open hand, will hear my case. The perjurers are not called, Lyle sits by as the guest of honor. His accusation is admitted and he is enjoying all the privileges of an accuser, but I am questioned long and critically, and all my proofs examined. The judge decided, "There is no evidence that this woman attempted to leave the country. I dismiss the case." This came as a benediction to me—I lived again, and *free!*

**from prison** I returned to my cabin after the release  
**to prison.** from prison. My brain was on fire from the excitement and horror of the experience I had undergone. It seemed that an age of awful torment had passed over me. I could not eat. Hour after hour I laid upon my bunk in a delirium of remembrances and of apprehension.

During the long hours of the daylight night, and as the following day lengthened to evening, I lay in a bewilderment of pain, until a knock at my door was followed by the entrance of a friend, who came to tell me that the sheriff wished to enter. I told him to bring the sheriff. The sheriff had a warrant for my arrest on a charge of theft.

My accuser was a former partner of Lyle, and was, by agreement, held to pay half of certain partnership debts. He fraudulently claimed a halfinterest in the Dominion Mine and was attempting to enforce his claim to a balance of \$140, advanced by a layman on the Dominion Claim, and which \$140 I had used for Lyle's interest. I was Lyle's agent, so authorized by power of attorney.

**He knew** This man D——had visited the barracks,  
**his chance.** securing the necessary permit to talk with me in the guard-room. He had used his privilege to make a brutal demand upon me, a prisoner, in a matter which was Lyle's affair. I told him that as soon as I was at liberty I would try and have Lyle adjust his business matters, and whatever rights he had would be recognized.

**He then** He had proceeded with all haste to have  
**"informed."** me arrested. The sheriff did not attempt to take me to the prison, but left my cabin, telling me to come over to the magistrate the next day, if I was able.

I had a "hearing" before the magistrate. I showed by unquestioned authority that the layman paid me a check on the outside, which I collected by my own endorsement and

guarantee—that I receipted to the layman for his check—that the check was advanced in security for his lease upon the Dominion Claim, and that the claim or the other proceeds of it, was held for the return of the \$1,000 deposited by the layman. Lyle owned the claim, at least until the time when his miners' license expired, when the claim became the property of B—, to whom I had sold a one-half interest. D— had no claim to the balance of \$140, either in law or in equity. I had neither secreted nor made misuse of the money as to Lyle's interest, as I had used a large amount of my own money to protect Lyle's business. Yet the magistrate failed to dismiss the case. I was held in bonds of \$500 for trial, but was later discharged, as no case was made against me.

**He went** D— incurred no responsibility for his  
**his way.** act. He arrested me as a thief and set the machinery of the law in motion for hearing and trial, just to dignify himself as an accuser, and to be able to go down the street saying, "I had her arrested."

**Did Hooley** This man D— figured as accuser in the  
**steal.** case of a man whom I will call Hooley, a reputable citizen of Fairhaven, Wash., who had a lease on a Dominion claim, which belonged to Lyle. Hooley found a \$50 nugget, which he was legally entitled to retain as part of his 50% of the gross output of the mine, according to his lease. D—, who claimed an interest in the property, demanded the nugget of Hooley, and upon Hooley's refusal to accede to him, he had Hooley arrested for stealing the nugget. One of the Mounted police marched Hooley forty miles, through mud and slush and over awful trails, to Dawson. The miners along the way stared at Hooley, seeing him under arrest. They wondered what crime had been committed. Hooley was well known in Dawson, and his

friends heard on the street that he had been brought down from Dominion under arrest and was in prison. D— went about the streets telling that Hooley stole a \$50 nugget, and he had him arrested for it.

**A cell for Hooley.** Two or three men made the trip from Dominion at an expense of from \$10 to \$25 each, as witnesses. Hooley was locked in a cell and D— proceeded to negotiate with Hooley's friends. He was a great man that day. He had commanded an officer to make a long trip. He had Hooley, an innocent man, locked in a cell. He had a magistrate ready to hold Hooley in prison and to await his, D—'s pleasure to listen to his accusation.

After much parlying he issued his ultimatum. If Hooley would give him the nugget he would let him out of prison. I was called into the conference as Lyle's representative. I advised Hooley to demand a hearing and to demand redress of the authorities against D—. His lawyer decided, as is usual in such cases, that the accuser had incurred no liability. In Lyle's interest I refused to consent to the demand of D— and he was compelled to withdraw his charge against Hooley.

**The nugget Hooley's.** When Hooley went back to his work D— had been busy circulating a report that he had decided to be lenient with Hooley on account of his family. He did not want to injure him. This was told with the air of an innocent man who had been injured. But there was no redress for Hooley, and there never will be. D— will always tell his story. "Hooley stole a \$50 nugget. I had him arrested but would not push the case." There are some who will say, "Ah that fellow Hooley—let me see—he was arrested for stealing a big nugget on Dominion." D— is ignorant, and unjust, and cruel, yet

Yukon British law made him a favorite, and a hero, and gave him power to safely work terrible injury to an innocent man.

**The lawyers** It was now midsummer. I was released from prison. Lyle had allowed his miner's license to lapse on June 12th, and, by the present law, the mortgage and his other half interest of the Dominion claim, lapsed to B——, the other owner. I had been arrested by Lyle charged with leaving the country on account of the \$14,000 mortgage which B—— legally owned. B—— had been compelled to pay \$550 retainer fee to his lawyer in the case. A former layman estimated that the claim contained at least \$50,000 in gold, and offered \$10,000 for one-half interest in the claim, after the clean-up of \$32,000. Soy had paid Lyle \$1200 (it is believed for my note and mortgage and his interest in the claim), but no papers were placed on record. The bill of sale executed by Lyle was to a Dawson banker, for Soy and his two lawyers. I had lost nearly \$9,000 on the claim.

**He knew.**

I went to an attorney to see what relief I could obtain as to my note given to Lyle, and so treacherously turned over to Soy and his lawyers. I was told, "Don't come to my office. Don't go on the street. Don't talk to anyone. Don't write—some one is always watching you and listening, ready to make out a new charge, or to do some new harm."

This advice, though possibly wise and needful, I did not heed. I went upon the street frequently, and talked when I felt so inclined. I *was* watched, continually.

## THE BEAR TOTEM OF THE BARRISTERS.



**Bears.** The legal fraternity of Dawson all claimed the bear totem. Grillem keeps the door of his den wide open. When a complainant enters and tells that some refractory brownie miners have been interfering with his backyard, Grillem says, "Don't allow it, give me entire authority to settle the matter as I think best — sign this." The next step is to arrest the brownies and remove them to the Yukon prison, where they must either undergo punishment or give bonds. They are usually compelled to

pay. Unjust claims may be quickly collected in this way and Grillem exacts the last penny before he will release the chance of placing his victims in prison.



**California bears.** Mill is an alien bear. The two bears in the front office are supes and are harmless. They are Canadian bears, and their business is to own the sign on the door, and to affix their names to Mill's legal documents which are to go on record. They meet strangers who come to complain, and direct them to Mill's den for Mill to eat. Mill is very sympathetic. When he has determined to eat his victim, he says, "I'm *so* sorry — I just *hate* to eat you — but I *must* do it — you know I have to do what my clients direct."

**The microbe** Kyle is a venerable, legal bear. He was in **possessed him.** the chair the night when the English debtors' prison microbe was active, and is the godfather of the *capias* law.

**Wise but in the minority.** Green is young and is the best of the lot. He knows the bear propensities of his associates, and by a remarkable resource, backs his legal ability with a string of malamutes. Plate is a bear oracle. When a complainant enters his den, he cuts short his story with this remark, "Two hundred and fifty dollars retainer, if you please. Now go home — don't come to see me again, I'll fix this all right." Plate is a competent lawyer. He knows more about law than about his client's business. These lawyers are experts in manipulating the English laws so as to turn the affairs of clients to their own profit. The property owner who is lucky enough to escape simply by turning his property over to them, is to be congratulated. They oftener prefer to take the property and hold the victim by threats of prison, in the hope of securing bonds or fees from his friends.

**Only one Soy.** When Grillem failed to secure bonds in my case, and the judge released me, he abandoned Lyle to the tender mercies of a miner named Soy. Soy is the

double of a man who claimed the distinction of being the only American citizen who has ever abandoned the flag of his country to become legally a British subject. This act occurred some years ago in British Columbia. The first thing the British did with him was to sentence him to two years in the penitentiary for committing an assault upon a young girl. He ventured back to the States to buy a gamblers' outfit to take to Dawson in '98. The atmosphere of America did not seem to agree with him, for at Skagway he ventured a second time to the parlors of one of Soapy Smith's fair ones, in an effort to secure a rebate on account of an overcharge in a previous transaction. The fair one beat the aged sinner, and staff in hand, he attempted to escape down the street. She continued to belabor him until his husky son came to the rescue. Soy is very entertaining in conversation, and delights in arguing as to his favorite religious doctrines. I learned from Soy that the Yukon mosquitos are generated independently from the Yukon moss, and not from mosquito eggs or germs.

Soy assumes to hobnob with bankers, and high class Canadian barristers. It required just six hours for Soy, with the aid of the aforesaid Canadian barristers, to secure from Lyle the Dominion claim, and my note, secured by mortgage, for fourteen thousand dollars, at the small cost of twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Soy furnished the twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and acquired a half interest in Lyle's possessions. The lawyers furnished the advice and obtained the other half interest. It is not known who furnished Lyle the incentive to depart secretly that same night for Cape Nome, leaving his other property and unsettled business matters.

As a result of this peculiar business transaction in regard to a Dominion claim, I lost nearly nine thousand dollars. Lyle received nearly ten thousand dollars, which was as

much as the half interest had been worth *on the market*. Lyle lost the other half interest, which, by Soy's report, produced several thousand dollars during a few weeks in Summer, and which was estimated would produce another \$30,000 in Winter.

**Greed in churchly garb.** It was not many days after Lyle's departure when I received a letter from Grillem, stating that Mr. Murcraft had a claim against me which he had placed in his hands for adjustment, and demanded that I bring to his office, forthwith, a certain note of two thousand dollars given by Murcraft in Seattle, as collateral security for the payment of which I held mortgage notes to the amount of four thousand dollars, and certain steamboat stock valued at five hundred dollars. I had made the loan to Murcraft for a short time, but upon his failure to pay he had offered to go with my outfit to Dawson, via St. Michaels, in a clerical capacity, for his fare, which I advanced him. I had a written agreement signed by him, that he would, under no circumstances, make a charge for wages, but would at once engage in some business by which he could secure money to repay the loan. Consequently Grillem's demand astonished me.

I went to the lawyer's office to learn what claim Murcraft had against me. Grillem referred to a paper written in pencil, a part of which only I was permitted to see, but from which I gained the information that Murcraft proposed to charge me several hundred dollars a month for his time in making the trip, and afterwards, when he was employed upon his own business, to the amount of thirty-eight hundred dollars. So that my claim against him was to be extinguished, and I was to be his debtor to the amount of eighteen hundred dollars. Debt in the Yukon territory is a means of imprisonment. To defend myself in litigation was impos-

sible, as I had no means with which to hire an attorney. Murcraft also insinuated very forcibly that, in any further prosecutions or persecutions which might occur against me, it would be to my interest to render it agreeable to him not to aid the prosecution, (by perjured testimony, I assumed, as I now comprehended that Murcraft was shrewd and daring and would scruple at nothing). I also comprehended that Murcraft had no intention of paying his note to me. I had been notified by my banker outside that the collateral notes were signed by unknown, or undiscoverable, or non-existent persons. As a result, I signed an agreement by which I was to return the notes and release all claim against Murcraft, also giving him five shares of steamboat stock worth five hundred dollars originally.

**Young but able.** A few days after this occurrence, I was passing down the main street of Dawson when I was accosted by an Italian boy who had landed on the bank of the Yukon in front of my cabin, in the fall of '98, suffering

**Authority his servant.** from lack of shelter and food. I had allowed him to sleep in my cache, giving him a stove and fuel and food. All he could do for me in return was to wash dishes and bring wood and water. By express stipulation he was to receive no pay aside from board and fuel. I gave him some valuable clothing and offered him employment at the mines when I was employing men, but he had refused such employment. He made no claim for wages when my outfit was divided. Upon the occasion of the meeting referred to, he said, "Mrs. V., I see that others have succeeded in getting money out of you, I don't see why I shouldn't do the same thing. I'd like to have you pay me some money."

I answered, "I have no money. I owe you nothing and you have taken a great many things that belonged to me which should be returned."

He answered, "Oh, you can get money in some way, and I shall sue you and make you pay."

I tried to reason with him, but he went to lawyer Mill, who at once brought suit against me, claiming two hundred dollars a month wages, besides his board, during the time he had slept in my cache, making a total amount of six hundred and eighty dollars.

Notwithstanding that he had no proof of an agreement on my part to pay, that many good men were glad to work for their board without wages, and that an action under the Master and Servants Act cannot be commenced legally after a period of sixty days from the time such labor ceases, and his suit was brought four months after, his claim was allowed and a judgment against me was rendered. This boy had been a perjured witness for Lyle, had committed various perjuries in recording claims which by his own confession he had not staked, yet he became a sleuth and an informer for Soy and for those who were holding a *capias* awaiting a time when I might be taken in the act of leaving the Yukon territory, when I could be imprisoned if bonds were not furnished for me. In this emergency some friends transferred to the boy a steam launch which had cost me outside twelve hundred dollars, and which had been left on the lower Yukon by Murcraft and an associate, and which I had already sold to these friends. Another friend paid the boy fifty dollars in money and he went down the river towards Nome, to be a not insignificant figure in its scarlet life.

**The race of greed.** Before leaving Seattle I had agreed with a man named Siller to advance him his expenses to Dawson, via St. Michaels, and he was to work for me as an engineer in Dawson. Siller abandoned the trip at St. Michaels. He went to a lower river town and engaged in business on his own account, but later came to Dawson

over the ice. I had lost all. He made no reference to his business relations with me but went about upon his own business. He finally entered into a contract with an outgoing Eldorado miner by which this miner was to advance Siller his expenses during a trip out. They left for the outside in March. Upon his arrival in Seattle, Siller proceeded at once to attach a balance which I had left in the bank owing to outstanding checks which had not been presented. Siller claimed two hundred and fifty dollars wages due, and six hundred and fifty dollars due from me for his expenses from Dawson to Seattle. An acquaintance directed an attorney to protect my interests in the case, which, after various complicated and expensive legal proceedings, resulted in a jury trial denying his claim.

**Cannot command American authority.** This verdict of a jury of my own countrymen, which saved a portion of the last two hundred and fifty dollars of my fortune, was the first relief from the oppression of greed after a long two years' endurance.

**The jury recognized Siller's calibre.** During the days and weeks of waiting that followed these exciting experiences, I appealed to the U. S. Consul and to Gov. Ogilvie in an effort to get a passport out of the country. **The Consul didn't care.** The Consul ignored my request. The Governor listened kindly and said he would see Judge Dugas. My former lawyer censured me, telling **The Governor cared but could not help it.** me that by such acts I was placing in the hands of the officials evidence that I desired to leave the country, and they might appear as witnesses against me in some new proceeding. I do not know how serious an occasion existed for the censure, but no harm came of it.

I began to feel that I was enslaved to a monster authority and a helpless prisoner in Dawson.

**The escape.** As the late summer lengthened to fall my waiting became oppressing. My food supplies were nearly gone, and I had no outfit for winter. I had no means of earning money. In this mood I became desperate and determined to escape. I would not compromise any of my friends, so on the afternoon of September 26th I placed a few necessary articles of wearing apparel in a canvas sack and asked a neighbor to carry it to the steamer Astorian and await my arrival on the lower deck. I walked slowly down the main street and mingled in the crowd upon the wharf.

**They did not see me.** There were soldiers and police on every hand, A prominent man was leaving and all eyes were directed to the upper deck. A moment before the boat started I stepped upon the lower deck and retired to a dark place, where some bundles and boxes were stored. A young man came near. I recognized him as one of the three who had refused to prosecute me previously. I said to him: "I am trying to escape. Will you see the Purser and get a berth for me." He readily assented. I intended to retire to my berth and remain there during the entire trip, but, to my dismay, I learned there was neither berth nor extension to be had.

The young man said he knew the Chief Engineer and would consult him. The Engineer had read of the persecution I had endured, and consented to do all in his power to enable me to escape.

**The chief was an American.** I was directed to a little, dark room between the engines and the wheel. The firemen loaned me two blankets and a pillow, I hid myself in the lower bunk and was soon on my way up the Yukon.

**He drank.** I was safe for the present, but, alas, a new danger was to appear. A drunken watchman



discovered my hiding place, and, crazed by liquor, his conduct soon became indecent and unbearable, even dangerous. The Engineer did not wish to proceed in any way to attract the attention of other officers of the boat, and thus disclose my presence there, and for a time I was in a desperate situation. The drunken man disappeared temporarily, and the young man before referred to bade me go above. It was midnight, and the steamer was tied up to a bank waiting for dawn, when we could proceed with our journey. I made my way around great piles of wood, forward to the stairway, and was shown to a vacant bunk in an extension fitted for about sixty men.

I had a life preserver for a pillow, but no blankets, and it was cold. I could not sleep on account of my anxiety as to the outcome of my perilous trip.

It was the last trip of the Astorian, and few boats would attempt the trip either way, as ice would soon be floating in the rivers and lakes.

**They slept.** With the dawn I looked over to the adjoining bunk, but to discover the brown canvas coat and brass buttons of an M. P. On the next bunk, in the opposite direction, I discovered a soldier. I did not wait to consider expedients, but arose at once and found my way back into the dark room below. I retired to the narrow bunk and there I lay during the long hours of the day—the mighty engines so close labored in a deafening noise until the vibration became fearful. It seemed that I would be shaken to death, as I could not change my position readily.

**A stowaway.** The fireman brought me food twice a day from the galley, but I was too ill to eat. Some one usually remembered to warn me when officers of the boat, or passengers, were in the engine room, or likely to come near my hiding place.



**The scarlet life.** One night, as we were tied to the bank, I was alarmed by the sound of a woman's voice shrieking and cursing. I learned that she had been a companion of a prominent man aboard the boat in a debauch of five days. Returning to her room at 2 a. m. she found that her room-mate had locked the door. She was kicking the door in an effort to break it in. The male passengers had left their bunks, most of them clad only in underclothes. They were running races, and were urging the woman on, incidentally. In my hiding place I moralized that there might be more freedom above, but not, necessarily, more of dignity.

**A mop as a scepter.** As dawn began to illumine the eastern sky I heard a great downpour of water upon the deck above. I learned that it was the act of an ex-Klondyke millionaire, who was mopping the deck to pay his way outside.

**The corpse in a cache.** A heated discussion in an adjoining quarter, I learned, was that caused by the wrath of an outraged miner at the scandal created by a local paper, because he had cached the body of a friend in a vacant cabin during the summer, and was bringing it out in a sealed casket.

**Melody in the hold.** Another night episode was a fine baritone voice from another room, where a deck-hand slept, in some good concert songs. He was working his way out.

**Plethora of greed.** I also, during the trip, overheard an estimate by the down-stairs society, as to the ratio of fares to the company, to those in the Purser's pocket, on one given trip. It was decided as 120 to 80.

I spent eight days in the dark room amid the terrific roar of the machinery of the Astorian.

At White Horse Rapids I made the portage of five miles via the tram road to the canyon during the night. I secured

a berth on a steamer which was to leave for Bennett at dawn. I remained in my berth thirty-six hours and upon my arrival at Bennett I wrapped a scarf about my face and took the narrow gauge road over the pass. In two hours I had the pleasure of beholding the British flag in the shadow of the American colors at the boundary and I was in America and free. During a most delightful trip of 1,000 miles via the inland route by S. S. to Seattle I received the congratulations of friends and strangers alike. A British official who was a passenger even expressed a pleasure that my persecutions were over.

#### THE DAWSON PRISON.

**The barracks.** The prison or barracks at Dawson is situated about midway between the Moosehide Mountain and Klondyke City, and is in about the center of the town on the river front. It is a low, log building with a dirt roof, about 100 feet in length on the street, with an L of nearly the same length extending eastward from the north end of the main building. Other buildings stand about a quadrangle, as shown in the accompanying design made from a pencil sketch which I drew when I was there.

**Tomb for the living.** The cells are five feet wide by eight feet long; they are supplied with bunks eighteen inches wide, and with one or two coarse grey blankets, and with a tin can for slops. At 7 a. m. there is a sound of clanking of arms as a detachment of Mounted police march down the corridor before the cell doors and take their places near the exit "A." An iron lever is swung backward in the guard-room, which unbars the cell doors in one corridor. The prisoners put their cells in order and go to the sink "b" and wash their faces, after which they take their places at the tables, c, d, e, f, g, h. The guard-room door is un-

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Chief Engineer Chas. H. Jennings of Portland, Oregon, who allowed me to occupy the dark room, as illustrated, as a stowaway during my trip of eight days from Dawson to White Horse Rapids. He was obliged to leave without his belongings and make a hasty trip over the pass to the American side upon hearing that an officer was inquiring for him—he feared arrest on account of the assistance he had given me. The young man with my sack, containing a few necessary articles, is Harry Dalton.

L. B. V.



barred and four prisoners enter, carrying large tin cans that hold fifteen gallons each. The prisoners at the table are served oatmeal mush with bread, and weak coffee in tomato cans. Laborers are served a little fried bacon extra. Breakfast over, the prisoners return to their cells and are locked in, excepting the laborers, who are taken into the guard-room, a few at a time. Murderers receive their punishment in seclusion. The man who was partner to the one who stole a fowl stands while he is searched by the Corporal. **They wear a** He then has a chain with a heavy **chain and weight.** weight attached to his leg, and goes out with the man who had no employment—the vagrant—who also has a chain and weight secured to his leg. Both are followed by the employer who hired men and could not pay, and is walking with the weight and chain attached to his leg. They take their places in the streets, or on the wood-pile, with other criminals and desperate characters, to work under guard of soldiers with guns. They must labor in continuous strenuous effort.

**A provost corporal discharges** There is no matron and no **the office of prison matron.** separate place for women in the Dawson debtor's prison. I was given a cell among men, most of whom were criminals. A few necessary articles of apparel that were left for me during my confinement in the Dawson debtor's prison, were examined by the guard. The Corporal came one day to take my penknife from me, but I promised to use it only when my pencil needed sharpening, and he did not take it. Letters by post left for me were not delivered until I was released. To see a prisoner visitors are required to have a written order signed by the Superintendent, and the interview must take place in the presence of a guard. I was not permitted to speak with my attorney except in the presence of a guard.

**They make them walk.** I was given the same food as other prisoners —at noon beans and bacon and bread was served, and at night bread and rice and beans. At 9 a. m. prisoners who are awaiting trial, and those who are serving a sentence of imprisonment without hard labor, are compelled to walk in the corridor, "i-j," a few at a time—the macque, the murderer, the would-be suicide, the young man who tried to elope with a young girl, with the M. P. deserter, were given this privilege. At noon the working prisoners come clanking into the guard-room. The guards go through certain noisy maneuvers with their arms. The chains of the prisoners rattle on the floor, and they stand for the Corporal in charge to pass his hands over them, searching for weapons or unlawful property. The lever is then swung back and a detachment of M. P. marched down the corridor, after which the prisoners are sent to the tables for dinner. The same programme is followed at 6 p. m., when supper is eaten.

**Silence reigns.** At 9 p. m. all cell doors are locked and the Corporal in charge, with a guard, visit each cell, with a lantern, making a thorough examination of the walls, floors and contents, when all is closed for the night. A guard is always stationed at "k," and another in the corridor, "l." These guards are relieved every two hours.

The prison service is all by mounted police. The prisoners who labor are guarded, in some cases by soldiers.

**For defence.** A company of soldiers is quartered at the bar-racks. Several times during the day a bugle call results in a scurrying of all soldiers in the guard-room; they seize their arms and make a dash out of doors and are at once in line, with their weapons in position. It is an exhibition of their skill in defense, in case an assault should be made by wild miners upon what remains of their cotton-

wood stockade, or in case the unemployed should be discovered in great numbers, or in the event of the peril of an unprotected can of bivalves.

Besides the preparations for defense, two soldiers march before the prison night and day, and in all kinds of weather. In summer they wear red jackets, with black pants having broad yellow stripes down the legs, and high boots, and on their heads they wear little caps the shape of bread trays. In winter they wear fur caps and overcoats. I never saw one with a parka on. The P. O. is guarded by a soldier at night, also other places. There is a police station at Upper Discovery on Dominion Creek, and a detachment of soldiers near Lower Discovery; also a police station on Hunker Creek.

**Nothing** There have been no riots in Dawson—no labor  
**but greed.** strikes and no election excitements. Vice is individualized in the mining camps of the Northland.

#### YUKON PRISONS AND COURTS.



FOUR INDIAN MURDERERS.—This picture was taken when the Indian boys were confined at Tagish in charge of the officer at the right. L.B.V.

**Mum.** The affairs of the Yukon Government are under a military discipline that guards every opening whereby knowledge may be obtained, except as to the routine and rules which are apparent to all. Officials and employees of the Government are not communicative. Guards are as silent as the prisoners under them are compelled to be. Long and patient inquiry as to details proved fruitless, until I was confined for a time on a false charge in the English debtors' prison, and was able to acquire some knowledge of the hidden side of Dawson life after English power had spent its force.

There is an awful grief and humiliation to a real criminal when Power is just in enforcing upon him punishment that he too well deserves. But when Power becomes the criminal, in an unjust attack, using its superior advantage in a cowardly menace to the innocent accused, how is that Power degraded, and the helpless sufferer martyred in his waiting behind the prison bars. Here is Dawson's Scarlet Judicial Life; Justice in crimson robes and flaunting a red rag to the public.

**Execute children.** Two young Indian boys monopolized one corridor. They were awaiting execution, in the near future, for the murder of a stamper on a lake just below Tagish Post. Two stampers, with their outfits in their boat, drew up to the shore and camped for the night, as thousands of others had done whenever and wherever fancy or necessity dictated. These Indian boys, Jim and Dawson Nantuck, with two others, stole upon them as they were about to leave the shore and shot both men. One man was killed and his body fell into the lake, the other, though severely wounded, managed to row away and gave the alarm to the M. P., who succeeded in capturing the four boys. One turned State's evidence and was freed; one died, leaving



but two to be executed. If their aim had been more true the outfits of the men would have been secreted, the boat confiscated and the names of the men would now be posted in Dawson, with those of hundreds of others missing, after inquiries had been made by anxious friends outside. These Nantucks were dull and stupid, they had no sense of responsibility, and no comprehension of the meaning of the terrible crime committed. They were employed at the kindergarten work of making designs on cards, in colored worsteds. They explained that some white men killed an Indian once, and they had a right to kill a white man. If the Government must punish them, they hold that it is unfair to take two lives for one. They were careless, native children, even in the shadow of the gallows. To the casual observer these Indian boys seemed more suitable subjects for humane care and guidance on the part of a civilized Government, than of execution. The free Indian boy, who was equally guilty with the others, may have learned the lesson that to embark in criminal undertaking with others leaves an easy means of *escape for one*.

**They** Some men were in prison for dishonest business **punish.** transactions. One young man, evidently unbalanced mentally, was awaiting trial for the murder of his partner. He was afterwards adjudged insane by a jury, but the Yukon authorities refused to turn him over to his father. They preferred to incur the expense of caring for him in an insane asylum, possibly during long years, in order to retain the privilege of *trying him and hanging him if he should ever regain his reason*.

**Petty** One young man was serving six months, with **larceny.** hard labor, for being partner to the man who stole a fowl. One man was serving six months, with hard labor, for stealing a bottle of catsup, another served six

months, with hard labor, for the theft of a can of oysters. It is said this last occurred on the upper river, on a scow. The man's life was in danger from floating ice in the river. He was compelled to remove the goods from the scow to the river bank, in order to save the property of the absent owner, and he came on to Dawson with other men on a raft. The can of oysters was taken from a case that was broken apart in order to remove it from the scow.

The victim of vice, who was howling and bellowing twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, received no medical attention or special care.

**Insane.** In a cell just around the corner from him an insane patient was said to have practically starved to death. He was given food in his cell, but, not being rational, he was unable to sustain life by taking nourishment properly. He became reduced in strength, and death came to his relief. His lack of the services of a nurse was probably due to the fact that the sentence of "hard labor" means continuous strenuous efforts, and nursing would be merely a light employment.

**Degrees** A macque was serving two months, without hard of crime. labor. The personnel of the prison, as I saw it, furnished material for much subsequent reflection. The macque, although properly convicted of being a macque, was in for but two months, and without hard labor, while the Corporal was in for six months, with hard labor. Yukon justice esteems a macque as requiring but one-third of the punishment given to a Corporal for some trifling offense, or to a laboring man guilty of petty larceny.

**Pirates** A dozen well-dressed men were locked two in a bold. cell. They were the captain and crew of a high-class river steamer. They were charged with piracy. Some trouble had arisen by which a former captain had been dis-

charged by the company. Complications with patrons of the boat arose, and it was rumored that these same river men were arrested and charged with being pirates bold and a sacrifice of a dozen men was planned to save the dollars of the company. The prison is easy of access in Dawson.

**Cheap labor.** I was informed that when wood was needed in winter for fifty stoves, men having no employment were picked up by the police, tried and sentenced to six or nine months' imprisonment, with hard labor, and placed on the Dominion wood pile as cheap labor. Streets are cleaned and graded, and all the Government buildings are cared for by prisoners under guard.

A former employee of one of the large commercial companies was in for two months, with hard labor, for taking forcibly from his partner two hundred dollars, which was all that remained from the sale of joint property sold by the partner for six hundred dollars, and which balance the partner refused to turn over to the rightful owner.

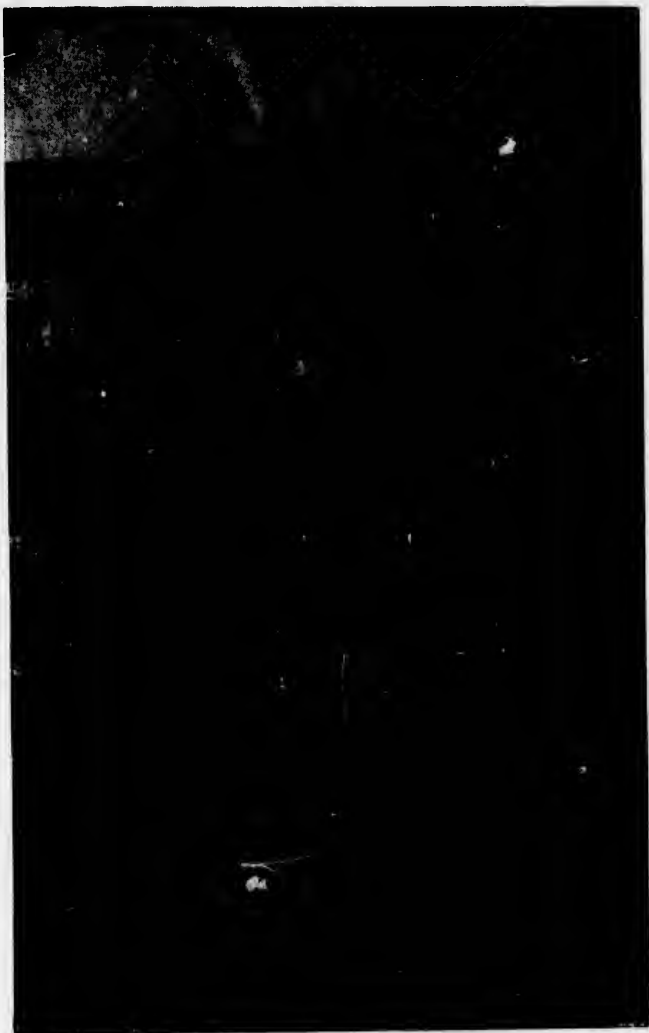
A young man was in prison for attempting to commit suicide. He had followed his young wife in from the outside, only to find her in a Dawson resort of vice. The hours of anguish and despair that nerved him to an attempt upon his life may be pictured, but the vice which the young wife found upon her arrival in Dawson, and which had been the cause of her downfall, went unheeded. The prison doors did not open to receive any who lured her on in her wayward course. No authority of law interposed while the young husband's life was being thus despoiled of its honor and of its happiness, making for him a degradation and torture beyond endurance; but when life became unendurable the authority of the law interposed a late punishment, the only result of which was to cast the young man into prison among criminals, and thus add to his wretchedness.

**Protect dogs.** Malamute dogs are expert thieves. They will steal canned goods, opening the cans with their teeth. They will steal from a hot stove food that is boiling, by taking the bail of a pail or a kettle between their teeth, taking it away and watching it until it becomes cool. They will crawl under the edge of a tent, or through a tent door, and are sure to find their way into caches unless securely locked. A man caught a malamute dog stealing bacon from his cache. He shot the dog and recovered the bacon, but was fined and sent to prison for killing the dog. Another man was in for attempting to commit suicide, another for attempting to elope with a young girl.

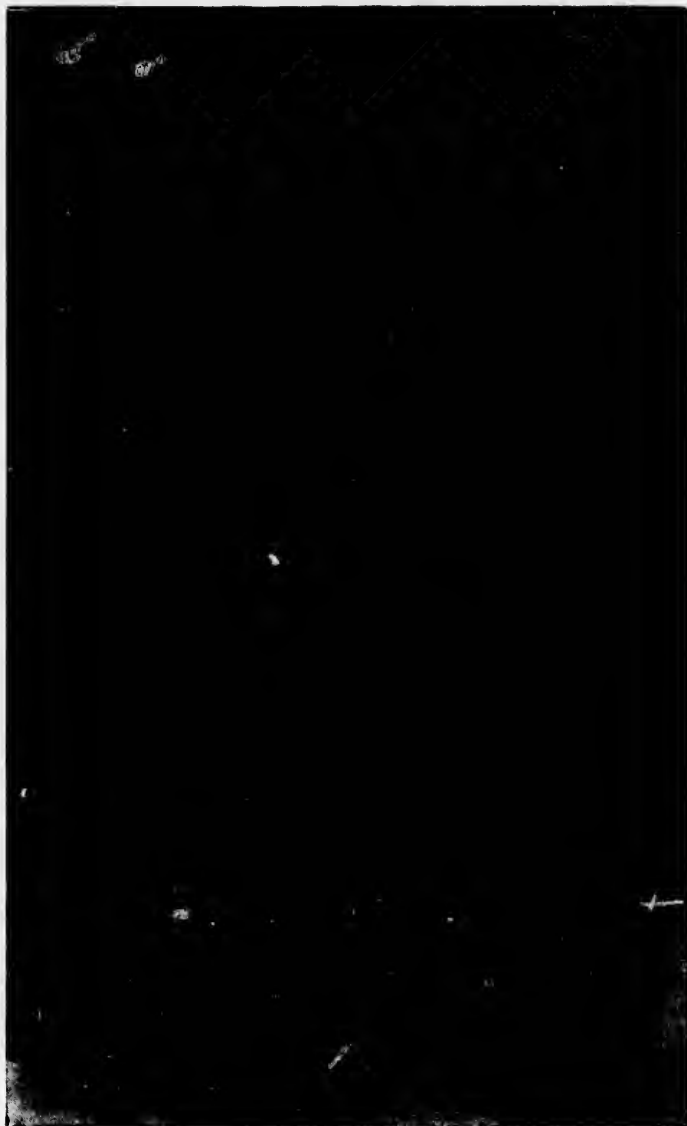
**Sleuths.** Another prodigal use of loyalty and of power is the commissioning of the M. P. as "sleuths," and of using them to discover petty offences and inform the officials. A well-known proprietor of probably the most orderly resort on the Yukon was visited one Sunday by a detachment of police. He called them aside and gave them wine and whatever drinks they preferred. They were succeeded by two M. P.'s in citizen's clothes who ordered drinks, paying therefore, whereupon they arrested the man, and he was subsequently fined one hundred dollars for the offence. They had induced him to do an unlawful act, and paid him for it, and then appeared as witnesses against him. Such an effort to secure evidence proves that no open or flagrant violation of the law occurred. Is it possible British authority is induced, in any degree, to such acts by the paltry amounts which the offenders pay as fines? Is Yukon royalty so poor? It is nevertheless a fact that the man who stole the catsup worked six long months for the Yukon Government, earning \$1,440; deducting \$540, for board, leaves \$900 net profit.

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1. Dawson street scene.
2. Steamer leaving Dawson for Nome overcrowded with passengers.



1. View of rear of the cabin of Alex McDonald—a Klondyke king.
2. A Dawson street orator.
- 3 and 4. Soldiers with arms on guard at the barracks in Dawson.
5. Policeman ordering Cheechagoes to move.
6. E. Leroy Pelletier and wife. Miner.

**Profitable business.** The man who stole the can of oysters did the same amount of work, also the two who stole the fowl, making \$3,600 net profit to the Yukon Government as the result of the theft of one fowl, value \$5, one bottle of catsup, value \$1, and one can of oysters, value \$1, or a total of \$7. Several vagrants served six and nine months each, so that, altogether, the Scarlet Life of "hard labor" in the Yukon prison is one of the most profitable institutions of the realm. The Government may not be mercenary, but it creates an unpleasant anxiety on the part of the public, to know that these small offences are a source of such great profit to the Government. A man and wife on the trail near Bennett took a piece of an abandoned tent and were fined eighteen months imprisonment, with hard labor. From two different sources it was told, as coming from the officials, that they excused the excessive fine by stating they needed a cook at one of the police stations en route. Whatever may have been the cause, the Government will profit \$4,000 by the labor of the man and woman during the eighteen months' imprisonment, for the theft of a miserable rag picked up by the wayside.

**The wages of crime are appropriated.** Fines are imposed for everything. A man is fined from \$25 to \$50 for drinking; \$5 for committing a nuisance, \$2,000 for a license to manufacture liquor, \$100 for each offence in manufacturing it. Dawson will be built in one place at one period, in two months whole blocks may be removed by order of the Government, and the people fined for failure to obey promptly. Another decree moves the town, or a part of it, in another direction.

The mine owner is fined and imprisoned for employing labor beyond his ability to pay. The laborer is arrested as a vagrant, and compelled to do hard labor, for not having

employment. American steamboats pay the duty levied by authority, then they are taxed from \$1,500 to \$2,500 additional, and are fined for using the boat without license.

**The debtors' prison.** Not the most insignificant feature, by any means, of The Scarlet Life of Dawson is its debtors' prison. In the beginning this referred only to debts for labor performed, but, by later local enactments, it has been made a sweeping measure and applicable to all debts. Under a law called "The Master and Servants' Act," an employee may bring an action in a police court against his employer, with but a few dollars expense to himself, and without an attorney. He may cause his summons to be served immediately, compelling the appearance of his employer in Court the following day, where judgment is rendered for the amount demanded, to be paid in from five to fifteen days. If not paid the employer is sentenced to imprisonment, with hard labor—seven hours for every hour the employee worked without pay. Owing to peculiar conditions this law has wrought hardships to innocent people, even to laborers themselves.

**A boomerang.** The Yukon Territory has no agricultural resources, and no easily accessible adjacent territory to which the laborer may resort in case of need. So that labor is utterly dependent upon the mining industry. Mining, at its best, is uncertain. No miner will undertake to open his ground without a reasonable hope of success, as the expenses, aside from labor, are great. The laborer is usually hired by an agreement to take his pay on bedrock, or out of the proceeds of the mine. He has the same advantage as the miner, of knowing his prospects, and as the work progresses, he is fully aware of the condition of the mine. Work is necessarily done in this way, as each Summer the miners who have cleaned up enough gold to enable



them to pay cash for labor the ensuing Winter, elect to go outside and leave other miners who have claims, but no money, to be the workers. There is never enough money in the country in Winter to pay the labor bills.

The best paying mines, those producing from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars in gold, require fully half the amount mined to pay labor and royalty, and sometimes more, as pay dirt in the Klondyke region is from 25 to 100 feet below the surface of the ground, which is frozen to an unknown depth. Claims that yield less, and in which there may be trouble in locating the pay, require sometimes all the gold mined, and more, to pay for the labor required. The cost of labor, at one dollar per hour, amounts to three hundred dollars per month per man. Where several men are employed in a mine, to detract from the pay streak, to suffer from the inflow of water, or from gas in the mine, so as to require extra work and delay, will, in a short time, precipitate financial ruin upon the owner. The owner takes the greater risk and endangers even his right to liberty, while the laborer demands a sure one-half of the gold mined, if not all, retaining the sublime privilege of placing his employer on the Government wood pile in case of misfortune.

**The favored** The law is administered broadly in favor of  
**of authority.** the laborer. The courts have refused to recognize the admitted agreement of the laborers to receive their pay in the clean-up, and have rendered judgment several months before wages were due in a case where the employer had abundant assets, thus causing a ruinous sacrifice of property to get money quickly.

Men who, from charity, have been given their board when in need, have gone into court and collected high wages where no labor of value was performed. One man collected wages of another who directed him to a certain man as a

possible employer. He obtained employment but afterward failed to receive his wages; he then brought action against the man who directed him to the delinquent employer, and obtained judgment, which was paid.

The laborer may go to a poor widow and incur a debt for board, when she needs the money for fuel, or for supplies, and asks relief of Yukon justice, she finds that the laborer may laugh at her and say he has nothing that is attachable. The small dealer, too weak and ill to work and just able to attend to his little store, is induced to let his goods go on credit to the laborer whom the Yukon law favors, and when unable to collect the poor invalid may starve or become a charge upon charity. He has no means whereby he can compel payment or punish the offender, unless he attempts to leave the country. Thus is this brawny, strong, healthy laborer permitted to become the possible bully and beat; to prey upon the helpless, and yet be the darling of Yukon justice.

**A relic of a bad past.** The debtors' prison is a microbe that lingers long in the English anatomy, to develop spontaneously and blossom into new life upon the slightest occasion.

Innocent people, who are not well known, and have no influential friends, and no way of establishing their identity as respectable persons, may be cast into prison upon a false charge of debt. The fact of arrest as a criminal may be the only thing that is widely known of such a person. He is reported as a criminal, but after proving his innocence he has no means of redress against those who have wronged him.

I have spent many hours in the criminal court, listening to cases in which persons accused of crime had been held in prison, or released upon bonds awaiting trials, when absolutely no case was made out against the majority of them.

**He had no case.** In one instance a man had deposited a gold sack, containing a few thousand dollars in gold dust, in the safe of a well-known gambling house. Several persons had access to the safe. The man took the sack away, used several ounces of dust from it and placed several ounces of other dust in the sack, the sack being in the possession of others, and handled by others, in the meantime. He claimed to have discovered that he had lost thirty ounces of gold from the sack. He had the cashier of the gambling house arrested. The cashier was tried at great expense. Expert testimony was introduced as to the possibility of a sack containing so much dust becoming enlarged from the pressure of the dust, which the accuser urged as an evidence that a theft had been committed. The cashier was finally discharged.

**His friend "informed."** Another young man had been in prison nearly three months. A laborer, living in a tent on Eldorado, had left a sack containing six ounces of gold, value ninety dollars, under his pillow. He left the tent for a number of hours, upon two occasions, and, after eighteen hours, discovered his loss. The accused was an acquaintance living in another tent not far away. About two weeks after the loss of the gold another man "informed" the loser that he thought the accused took the gold, whereupon the loser had the accused man arrested and confined in prison. Upon the occasion of the trial, his Worship, the Judge, sat for an hour listening to the testimony of the loser as to affairs of minor importance, and to the very conclusive defense of the accused as to where he got the sixty dollars found in his possession when he was arrested, and which was not claimed to be the gold of the loser, nor that it was in the gold sack of the loser, nor that the sack of gold even resembled that of the loser.

The accused brought witnesses to show where he had acquired his money to clear himself from the possibility of guilt, if it should be charged as a crime that he had sixty dollars in gold dust. Finally the Crown attorney arose, in his long black robe, and said, "Your Worship, *I don't see any way of connecting this evidence with this prisoner.*"

Here was a situation. There was an accusation, and evidence, and a prisoner, with a Judge, a Crown prosecutor and an attorney, but there was "*no way of connecting the evidence with the prisoner*" as against his right to liberty. The loser had not been asked to prove that he ever had a gold sack and six ounces of dust, or that he was liable to tell the truth upon any occasion. The accused had spent nearly three months in prison, which was a definite wrong.

The gravity of the situation became oppressive to the hearers, until his Worship spoke in these words, "You are discharged, but DON'T do so any more." I have many times pondered as to the meaning of these words addressed to a prisoner under such circumstances.

**The prosecutor** Earlier in the day, my attorney had asked the Crown prosecutor if he would call the case of D. vs. V., as the prosecution had failed to make a case, and the accused was a woman, and he would like to render it possible for her to leave the court-room. I was anxiously awaiting the result of my attorney's request but to hear these words, spoken so distinctly by his Honor that they could be heard by all present, "Oh, d—— the woman."

A man whose debt is not legally due may become a criminal, under bonds, or imprisoned. Thus the Yukon debtors' prison grinds out injustice and inhumanity, and is oftener a servant for the vicious than a protector of the innocent. The law practically protects the guilty when he is the accuser. This may not be from intention on the part of the Yukon British, but from a lack of perspicuity.

**The ordinary man the imperial bully.** A reasonable conclusion, after an experience and study of conditions under monarchical government, is that the dread and hatred Americans entertain of imperialism as a menace to personal liberty, is entirely without foundation. The ordinary man, by allowing the imperialist the garb of authority and the appearance of power, can make that power his servant and his tool, even in acts of inhumanity and of oppression to others.

It requires neither wisdom nor art to possess the privilege of doing great injustice to others. Officials are not open to bribes, so it is a much cheaper process than in the States, where the free use of money is said to be a condition to the owning of official power by outsiders.

When will English power, in the Yukon country, exchange its debtors' prisons for the real advancement of a superb civilization, as the maker and arbiter of justice, and not as the dupe and servant of designing men.

The variable business conditions of mining camps are sufficient warning to creditors to protect their interests suitably, or to prepare them to expect loss. Circumstances which require the arrest of a fleeing debtor also expose an equal criminal carelessness and neglect on the part of the injured creditor.

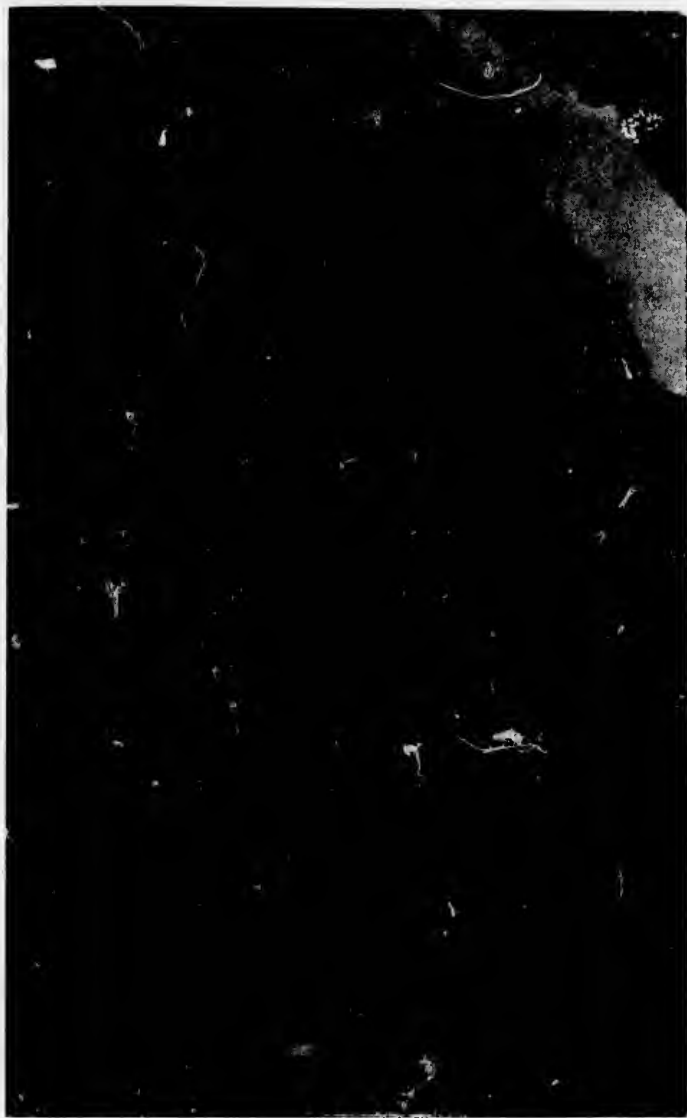
**Too difficult for them.** The Yukon officials have not always succeeded in capturing real criminals. Some miners found the skeleton of a man in a burned cabin on Last Chance Gulch. The man was known to have had gold, and evidence of crime existed, but the authorities never found the murderer. Various robberies of caches and of individuals have occurred in the City of Dawson, but the police have not captured the robbers. Some daring swindling operations and legal robberies have been perpetrated in

Dawson and the guilty ones have escaped arrest, and have never been called upon to give an account for their misdeeds. Men have disappeared from the trail and evidence of crime has been reported, but no arrests were made.

If this were a recital of single isolated experience it might pass as a subject for a peculiar tale of the Northland. I was the only woman so persecuted, but hundreds of men suffered similar experiences, and quite as flagrant injustice. **To ask relief in my own case.** I hope to ask redress of the Canadian Government. If I were permitted to seek relief for all, I would ask that the man who would arrest or accuse another of crime, or would attach property or institute litigation that might prove expensive, should be required to make oath that sufficient cause existed to warrant such prosecution, and should be held in bonds to substantiate his claim. The witnesses should be found and examined, and placed under bond to appear at the trial. This alone would correct the evil practices of the Northland. Next, the punishment inflicted should bear a natural relation to the crime, and should be reasonable.

**For equal rights.** In the case of the arrest of a debtor, the one who accuses should show, by an exhaustive examination, and by creditable witnesses, that he has a just claim—also that due precaution was expressed in taking security and protecting his own interest, and that the departing debtor is guilty of fraud—the accuser should be held on bonds to prove his charge by suitable documents or by reliable witnesses.

The reliability of witnesses should be questioned—an ex-States prison convict, and an admitted perjurer, and a known thief should not be permitted to swear away a respectable person's fortune and deprive him of liberty.



1. Miner's Camp during the steam-up.
2. "Girl wanted."



Stamper on the bank of the Klondyke resting with his pack on his back.

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## MINERS' MEETINGS.

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**Authority.** Authority is the quintessence of civilization since Eve was made from the rib of man to be his helpmate, and since Adam assumed that an item of existence cannot be greater than its source, and therefore is not entitled to an independent life as a lesser light. Also since the descendants of this pair have been tribes and peoples, and nations warring against each other for supremacy, but with no reliable decision as which was best fitted to rule; the strong, conquering host, or the possible wiser, but weaker vanquished victims.

Those who made a long flight up the Yukon from preference, if from no more serious reason, left the authority of civilization behind, but the life of authority has sufficiently penetrating vital force to grow spontaneously. The isolated miners soon discovered that while it was not pleasant, in times past, to be under authority, to exercise authority was a very different proposition. Miners' meetings of the Yukon came into history as a result. Of these meetings it may be said that disorder, or violence, or wrong doing, would at once characterize the miners as outlaws and bandits, subjecting them to punishment, and extinguishing their authority. It became a matter of serious moment to maintain a good degree of justice in the doings of the meetings. The decrees of the meetings were easily enforced, as the meeting was composed of the entire camp, and they did not meet until they were ready to condemn and accuse.

**The judge was slow.** Miners' meetings have been called to stimulate a too tardy administration of justice; as in the case of a man arrested at Circle City, and confined unreasonably in jail, on suspicion of having robbed some one

at Fort Yukon. Judge Crane did not call him for trial. The miners demanded a hearing for him without avail. The miners finally, under the leadership of four prominent men, released the man from jail and set him at liberty. The regular court resented this offense to its authority, and committed two of the leaders to Sitka for trial, for their interference.

**They make the Hootch.** In Alaska a truce exists between real and bogus authority in the sale of whiskey, by means of bribery and a regular tax of a dollar per gallon. This is usually admitted. The manufacture of "Hootch," an intoxicating beverage, is also a hidden spring of the Scarlet Life. Some men of high social standing have made practical use of their knowledge of alchemy in this direction. The magical properties of Hootch are unique, and are sufficient to transform a poor miner into a millionaire for the time being, and also to make a millionaire miner a poor man. It is the "claim" of the knowing saloon-keeper, who prefers not to work, but to linger near a warm fire in winter while the miners work. He knows that at the clean-up the miners will salt his claim with genuine gold, and the precious metal which shone with promise between the riffles in the sluice-box, will lie darkly under cover in his capacious sack. Miners' meetings are sometimes dry when the favored contestant is privileged to furnish to the judge and jury the liquid stimulant necessary to a decision in his favor.

**She would'nt tell.** An Alaska miners' meeting was called in the case of an industrious colored woman who had a business, or means of acquiring wealth, which was a mystery to all. A prominent society man was charged with indebtedness to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars, to this colored woman. An actor, not unknown to fame, was counsel for the complainant, and his brother took up the

cause of the defendant. A prominent Chicago physician was elected judge. The oath of office was regularly administered by a notary public, who was the Government agent. The first sparring was done to obtain an itemized bill, and a proving of the charge. An effort was made to secure her account books, giving the names of other customers and amounts due. The woman, with the loquacity of her race, was entrapped into making damaging admissions. It finally transpired that one hundred dollars of the amount was for food for the defendant's dog, which she had recently captured and was holding for ransom in her cabin. The defendant had cruelly tempted the dog to a jump for life through the cabin window. This was one case where the accused was acquitted by a miners' meeting. The poor woman was unable to recover what may have been a just debt, from a lack of knowing how to make her claim in fitting terms. Truth was obscured and its force weakened in an atmosphere of ridicule.

**For every ill.** The miners' meeting has been a panacea for all the ills of the miner, hence it happens that the record of those meetings is as varied as is the highly wrought need and lurid experience of settlements so remote from civilization.

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#### THE TRIAL OF SIGH WARNEM.

It was a warm August evening and the Moosehide mountain was all aglow with yellow sunset color, while the gray clouds that trailed above the midnight dome were blushing a beautiful rose-hued pink. The hurrying Yukon reflected a golden color that looked quite real; as if fine gold from its frozen bedrock had been released and floated on its surface.

**And they were black.** Three ravens were sailing along above the river, and the steam ferry was just arriving from West Dawson with one passenger. 200 restless spirits had just sailed for Cape Nome as steerage passengers on a down river steamer, and Dawson was in a sort of paralyzed condition, awaiting events. The hanging of two Indians and a white man for murder, one murder and suicide combined, and one suicide, with the discovery of the charred remains of a murdered man in a partly burned cabin on Last Chance Gulch; several deaths from typhoid, the continuance of the long continued stampede for the outside, of its inhabitants, and a few drowned, was all the month had afforded to interest those who were waiting to be entertained. A crowd of miners had gathered around a faro game at the Casino to see the little Jewess Mariette play high stakes and lose \$3,500. As Mariette retired, Taklaheena Bob, who was reading a brand new "P. I.," called the attention of the crowd to a report on Alaska, by Sigh Warnem. "There it is," said Bob. "Another one of those writers has been in here, and since our law was passed that no reporter, story writer, or book maker should be allowed to come further than Lake Bennett on the up-river route, or Rampart on the lower river route." Listen to what he says:—

"All men ar liars, everybody knows, but for cheerful, innocent, stupendous, monumental, colossal liars of the first water. the people of Alaska take the cake.

It seems to be a part of the country that you soon become an enormous, mastodontic liar. But the people are good, whole-souled, kind fellows, with hearts as big as their lies, who will put on a new bonnet and choker and come down to the boat and bid you good-by, even if you haven't known them more that a couple of days. The scenery, the country, it's impossible to tell about it. Even the liars have

to stop when trying to tell about it, for they can't think big enough. If I was going to be banished, I should like to be banished to Dawson.

I wouldn't believe my own father if he told me a thing about Alaska, even if he had lived there for years; for I know he couldn't tell the truth about that country; nobody can. They told me about mosquitos, and that I would have to go coated in a thick immersion of pennyroyal to save my life; but I didn't see a single mosquito all the while I was gone, and I don't believe one ever saw the country. Such marvelous scenery that passed us on our way down and up the river defies the world to equal. The Dardanelles don't touch it; nothing on earth is in comparison. It surpasses anything I ever dreamed of. The whole trip was a panorama of beauty, except the voyage down, when I had to sleep with an African.

The most heroic men in Alaska are the women. They are so enthusiastic that they take your breath away, and make you like the country whether you want to or not. They don't care for the hardships. Nobody will ever say a word against the country. Even the hard-luckers have nothing to say for Alaska but good.

While I was there, two cases, involving the ownership of claims, came up. They were both between Canadians and Yankees, and the Yankees won, because they were right. One was about a woman who had staked a claim, but couldn't get it recorded, and when she went back the next day found somebody else had recorded it. She proved this to the satisfaction of the judge and got her claim, which was worth \$200,000, and the Canadian was told he could appeal to Ottawa if he wanted to."

**And Sigh  
had gone.**

"I propose that we go over to the Olympic, as there is no play on there this week, and send Old Handy, the Dawson Demosthenes, out with his 40-horse power voice to announce a miners' meeting to try Warnem for this offense. Nine o'clock sharp. Boys, what do you say?"

**The classic act.**

"Aye, aye" was the answer that went up from the crowd. Handy was soon out in true Athenian style. At every street corner he paused, and delivered a short oration thus—"Now boys, I've got something better for you to-night than the dear little Klondyke Sand-paper, and something more delightful than wine. Cecilia's grand operatic concert, and the balloon ascension ain't in it with this and the Paris Exposition—Klondyke moving pictures don't compare. It's a miners' meeting at the Olympic theater, at nine o'clock sharp. Go and do your duty, every one of you—get all the girls to go—we'll try the son of a gun that has dared to come here and stay two days and out again, to write our history. I tell you, boys, we've been robbed—that fellow gathered up enough lies in two days to last him all winter, and he got himself inoculated so he can tell lies of his own; he has skipped out without paying royalty, and, if the truth was known, I bet you ten dollars he never took out a miners' license, nor done a blamed thing that was legal while he was in here.

**It is a fact.**

He's robbed us—he owes us—get out a capias—the prison yawns for him—you go on boys to the meeting—I'll be there myself as soon as I make the Grand view—the Post-office block—Nigger Jim's Pavilion and the Monte Carlo. I won't stop to orate long on such a subject as this—everybody will go easy enough."

Promptly at nine the meeting was called to order by Taklaheena Bob; a new curtain by Brown, the Klondyke artist, was let down. It was a garden scene. Adkin's yard, about two miles up the Klondyke river, on the right limit, about half a mile up the slant bank from the river, and about a mile and a half down from the top of the bank, which is broken in domes and divides. From its peculiar location, the garden is tipped up on edge, which, tho' inconvenient for

the purpose of agriculture, is handy for the artist. The curtain shows the residence of the gardener as two stories high and built of boards, with a lot of gables, and a rustic porch built of little poles. The garden is mostly a turnip ranch. In this country turnips are 25c each, and the leaves grow large, and tender, and juicy. The bugs do not eat them, but whether on account of the high price, or in deference to the elite of the town, who use them for salad, is not known. The asters and marigolds look very beautiful, as they peep through the picket fence, and the people standing about are of the upper ten. Mrs. Judge Dothis and members of the A. E. Co., the B. N. A. Co., the N. A. T. Co., the A. C. Co. and some other companies which may not be mentioned—they have presumed to appropriate claims on the face of bluffs about Dawson as a place for their advertisements, and the miners propose to show them that they are off from the pay-streak, by boycotting such firms. Dawson was pretty well represented at the meeting between the curtain and the audience on the ground floor, and some girls in the boxes, (who had proved an attraction to some of the bank and company employees, thinking it was to be an occasion like the foregoing week, when they had, in those same boxes, with the same or similar girls, run up wine bills to the amount of \$100 or more each.)

**They all** Judge O'Flannigan was elected to the bench, **were there.** and the oath of office was administered. O'Flannigan was an American lawyer and had been repressed so effectually by the British rule, which forbids Americans to practice law in Dawson, that he was almost overcome with emotion to find himself elected judge of a miner's meeting. Several moments were required for him to collect his scattered thoughts and prepare for speaking. But, finally he arose in response to calls for "A speech, a speech," and said—



"Friends and Miners—The honor you have conferred upon me well nigh breaks my heart. I was judge in Chicago for years, and learned the laws of many lands. I came to the Yukon, but I find that to bask in the sunlight of so much British dignity and authority just withers and dries the marrow in one's bones, The British will have no law except as

**No aliens  
there.**

told by British students, no medicine except as prescribed by British pill-makers; they even demand that no school shall be established unless a competent British teacher can be found. They have no confidence in law, unless it is strained through the brain of some barrister and polished by his logic—and drugs, through grown in other lands, must be fed to them by British hands, and knowledge must be nursed as British pap. Such conceit and over-dignity, so nourished, should grow and thrive, and all the fees and profits go to British sons. That is well, for when I go to court and see the little barristers so weakly tugging at their heavy cases, all at sea for what a wise experience would give, I say, 'Tis well to thus protect the barrister—he needs it—let the client fare as best he may—he beards the British lion in his den—he must be eaten. The British curb our wills and suffer with us in their greed of power and high authority, to make the terms as hard as possible for us to live. They give no titles to our mines, and only lease from year to year to menace us, and then the wiser English withhold, with others, all the capital that they else might invest here. They send the soldiers and police out over awful trails to collect a royalty of 1/10 of the gross output of the mines, which is more than the net profit to owners on the whole, and capital again withdraws. They reserve one-half of every creek that is staked, for the Crown, and labor declines to prospect and take so many chances of failing to record even



the one small claim that is prospected. They license saloons \$1,000 and \$2,000, and then refuse the importation of liquors, and pile up thousands of dollars in value, of the stock already ordered at the boundary line.

And so the Yukon English play goes on—mistakes of prejudice and injustice of experience.

**She is so good.**

The Queen, good woman that she is, sends us a member of Parliament to see that we have no roads, that business is all gone wrong. This M. P. makes a public speech to say that the government is in sympathy with the people, and their grievances will be attended to; while he naively confesses that the people made a mistake in sending their complaints to Ottawa.

They should have sent a set of resolutions commending the Yukon government for its brilliant policy, and for its dignity and power. They ought to have known better than to complain, or to even suggest improvements. They should have taken our taxes with our compliments.

**He wants to know.**

The British will be brought to the point of sympathy with us, but the miner will yet wonder what his royalty of from \$500 to \$5,000 is for. The M. P. thinks the people do not tell the truth about the amount mined, and he would remove half the royalty as an inducement to the miners to be honest. The M. P. does not know the Yukon royalty collectors, nor the police patrol up and down the creeks, nor the sleuths in plain clothes out on the trails. If there was any reason for such a statement, some one's claim would be confiscated.

**The Yankee tricks.**

One surprising utterance of the M. P. is a compliment to the shrewdness and acumen of American business men, and an admission that Canadian business men might profit by their example. I would never have dared to say such a thing publicly, but here is an open

admission from a man of exalted position, of the cause that underlies all our trouble—a lack of shrewdness and acumen—otherwise, and said directly, a stupidity and a dull, blundering, slow, mistaken policy. Power without ability. Authority without tact and skill.

Our case has been diagnosed and we know what ails us, but tho' an M. P. may admit the advisability of a Yukoner as a teacher of Yankee shrewdness—the Yukon Britisher may not see the need of it and may refuse to learn, and may be paralyzed, or fossilized, in his present condition, and as long as he retains power and authority we may suffer as of old.

**So far away.** As to the case in hand, since Warnem is not present I will not place his interests in the hands of an amateur, but will appoint barrister Black, whom I see present, to take charge of his interests. Taklaheena Bob may open the prosecution." The Judge sat down amid an amused titter, which had arisen in the audience at the appointment of barrister Black. Black was a young advocate, whose knowledge of law and keen insight into the meaning of written documents, made him very competent to advise in complicated litigation, but, so great was his sense of his own dignity and ability, he would scarcely give a client time to state what his claim really might be. He would usually shut him off in the middle of his recital, take his \$250 or \$500 retainer fee, and dismiss him with the injunction,—“Now go home and stay there—do not ask me questions—do not talk nor write to me, say nothing when you meet me, and I will fix this matter all right.” Black aspired to the reputation of an oracle. He permitted his client's presence at the trial, but never inquired after witnesses that might be called. Black and the law, and as little of the client as possible, were all sufficient. Yukon

Judges sometimes ignore the law, but Black would never learn to fortify all sides of his case, and often lost his case as a result of his dependence upon his own oracular wisdom, and his neglect of weaker means of defense, so his appointment to defend a client whom he had never seen, or possibly heard of, appeared to the crowd as a bit of sly humor on the part of the Judge. Bob and Black took two orchestra chairs just below the center of the stage, and Bob arose to speak, while Black tried to look bored, Bob said :

**It's best for them.**

"Friends,—as you know, our motives in making the regulation that reporters and story-book writers should not be permitted to come farther into the country than Lake Bennett on the south and Rampart on the north, was not devoid of philanthropy, as it is a useless expense for literary people, who, as a class, have no money to waste. Think of two women who recently

**The dog was here.**

made this trip with a great Dane dog, making the entire distance from the mouth of the Yukon to its source, and all the way up stream. What the dog endured eating Yukon river steam-boat fare for weeks and weeks, no one will ever know. I doubt if he even learned the first octave of the malamute howl, or became versed in the art of opening tin cans with his teeth, or of handling a granite-ware pail full of steaming hot food, without being discovered by the owner and without getting burnt. That dog never wore dog moccasins, nor carried a pack saddle filled with 50 pounds of tin can stuff in summer, nor pulled a load of cordwood in winter. He does not know all of the slang and profanity in the English, Indian and Creede languages, like the commonest, scrubbiest malamute in the pound, and, I venture to say, it is nothing less than cruelty to animals to bring such a dog on a trip up the Yukon and out over the pass. The women could get

some ideas of some things by landing at Dawson and stopping at a \$10 a day hotel, but the life of Dawson is deeper, and more far-reaching, and more complex and terrible than to give up its secrets in such a way as that, and the dog-life of the Yukon is not phased one particle by a visit from a literary great Dane dog reporter.

**In just two days.** As to Warnem, there are two mitigating circumstances—one is, that owing to his brief stay of but two days, his visit may have been accidental, and judging from his published statement, it is probable that he was lost. It is best for us to determine the nature and extent of his offence, then we can fix upon a penalty. That Warnem came here cannot be denied, and while here, during a part of two days, he did these things,—He walked up Bonanza to No. 76 and sat on one of the rustic seats, and drank of the mineral water that some say is lithia and some seltzer, —in fact he discovered the mineral properties of that spring, for while we have all been guessing, he has demonstrated the effect of its waters. The remainder of his visit—his call on the Governor and a sitting at the Cold Commissioners' office to absorb the spirit of official life—does not signify. He drank of the free waters of the first and only genuine Klondyke mineral spring; and though he did not seek such fame, all the world will know the consequences of the drinks he drank. That was probably the cause of his hasty departure; he was full and his mission was accomplished. Ponce de Leon dared malaria of the Coast of Florida in search of the fountain which would make possible to him a perpetual youth. Brown-Sequard proposed a toast to nations in his so-called Elixir of Life, but since the mistake of Eve in eating of the tree of knowledge, people have been wary of a search for wisdom at first hand, preferring hearsay, and to profit by



1. Mineral spring at No. 76—Bonanza.  
2. View of Bonanza creek from the trail at No. 79.

the dearly bought experience of the few. But here among the waste bedrock of our mines have we neglected a wonderful spring, and judging from the experience of Warnem, it is a wellspring of knowledge, and we are chagrined at our own neglect. Think of the tram road, with no tram, running by this spring and collecting 50 cents a trip from a man mushing his sled, and 25 cents extra for the sled, over the snow that fell freely from heaven to make a trail, and think of all the fellows that pass with their pockets lined with miners' licenses—licenses to cut house logs, to cut wood or to sell what grub they have to spare, and yet no license to drink of this valuable water—no royalty on the overflow, and this book-maker has had all this benefit free of expense, and without contributing a cent to the wealth of the realm.

**He paid** This Yankee story writer will now sell at a **no dues.** a high price to the Yankees what he so cheaply obtained.

The situation is worse than I expected."

Bill sat down dejectedly, and Black looked very tired.

Peder, the Swede, next came forward and spoke excitedly as follows: "I tell you, boys, it hurts my indignity to have a Yankee reporter get the best of us in that way. I say it is out-diculous, and what does he do—he don't look for no job with a pick and a shoffle. I read that article. I know what he does. He just sit down by dose spring and make a geography of the country. He discovers himself just two miles up Bonanza from the mouth. He pats himself on the back and says, 'you're a good boy, Sigh'—take anodder drink of the water and go back to Dawson—you've done enough.' By Jemmeny Christmas! I give that fellow pointers on the Gold Commissioners' office when he said that the Yankee got the claim away from the Britisher. Couldn't he

tell that the Yankee was a *woman*? I wonder if he called that sizing up our officials; and to think he did not know that old crowd down at the steamboat landing—he thought they were big-hearted citizens of Dawson down there to see him off. That old crowd was left back from last winter—then they kept moving to save mushing wood, but this summer they just stay round the landin' to see the steamers come and go, and to wait next time for something non-reasonable to happen. They're a cultus lot.

Dose mineral water must be hot stuff, to find so many 48-hour old friends in that crowd. I know that fellow Sigh was lost. He thought he saw Alaska, and after a few mountains along the coast from Skagway to the White Pass he went down miles and miles of British America and the Yukon Territory and never even dreamed it. He heard of mosquitos in Alaska. Why didn't he go down to Alaska to dose Yukon flats and see about it? no one ever told anybody we have mosquitos in the Yukon Territory. If this is the intoxicashun effect of the water, I say it is dangerous stuff—a man would not know what he is talking about."

Peder retired, and Prof. Linkus Cadder came forward, took a careless position before the audience, and began an address.

**He learned the news.** "Friends and Miners. This man Warnem seems to evince peculiar ability in discovering liars, or, rather, in admitting all men liars. There is one good thing, he did not talk to any of us while he was here; so whether it was the spring water or the officials, or the contesting parties, or the crowd on the dock that convinced him we are such prize liars, is hard to tell.

As to a law-suit over a claim, it would not be surprising if some one lied—the decision was a fact as to the crowd on the wharf; a sensible man would not expect much of friends



of 48 hours picked up in such a country as this. It is a mystery to me how a man can acquire such an understanding of the truth as to be able to distinguish lies reliably in so short a time; it must be due to the mineral water. He is only another one who failed to comprehend that this life of the Yukon has many pleasures and infinite variety, and that two people may each tell a true story of his or her experience, and yet the stories may differ so widely as to appear to be false. Comparisons are difficult to conjure that will be apt in discussing the life of the Northland and its environment, and if Warnem has given us a sample of his future sketches when he cites the Dardenelles, he surely promises something new and fresh in literature. He admits of our Yukon scenery that the Dardenelles don't touch it. Here is a mystery. What in all the panorama of the upper lakes and rivers, could have suggested the Dardenelles to Sigh Warnem, even as a contrast? He must have been thinking of 'Sweet Marie' and how Leander swam the Hellespont all for to kiss his beloved, and he got mixed with Yukon scenery.

Mr. Warnem should know that we do not deign comparisons. We are individual, unique, and no frivolous appearance, but a severe test for his English, as well as for his discrimination and judgment.

**The arctic belles.** The mineral water gets in its work again when this book-maker writes about the women that take his breath away, and make him like the country whether he will or not—just like a veritable sourdough, for all the world, and to come here from civilization and not know that we have the most insinuating, tootsy-wootsy darling lot of women grafters in Dawson that can be found anywhere on earth, and that they just take possession of every man, especially if he has a well-filled poke. Sigh



was only one of many, for even the two days he was here. They have owned the U. S. Consul—the business men, the miners, the soldiers and police, and why not the innocent book-writer? And this is the record of two days. What may we expect during the winter? I am more than ever convinced of the justice of our act to prevent such trips to the Yukon. Give them Ogilvie's book on the Edmonton trail, and a set of Commercial Co.'s guide books with illustrations and a map, and then let them write us up. Let them call the Yukon Territory 'Alaska,' and the people 'liars.' Let them read each other's books, and discover more lies and more liars. Let them talk about 'The Dardenelles' and the Suez Canal, if they wish; we will remain undiscovered and virgin territory for literature when they have passed away, and the world knows what a lot of fair-weather tourists have written, and thinks it has learned of the life of the Great Yukon—the tragedy of nations—the high tide of human life." The Professor retired and Black arose and said:

**He did** "Gentlemen,—I cannot deny that my client **no harm.** was here, but by your own admissions, he has written nothing about you nor about the Yukon Territory. His writing is of Alaska, a country that we have nothing to do with. As to the mineral spring—if he proves it a well-spring of knowledge, we may well concede to him the benefit he derived from the use of its waters. I move that the case be dismissed, and a judgment rendered accordingly." Black sat down and the Judge arose, and said:

**We are** "As to Warnem and all other writers—we are **too deep.** the same and undiscovered. They can make up their books to suit themselves. Do as a recent writer did. Move the Indian River from its place 20 miles above Dawson and put it about 40 miles below Dawson. That is not much of a feat. Follow the example of another who wrote of a

terrible experience from thirst, of prospectors up one of the gulches, where sand and hot sun prevented the 'water-carts' from going—never mind the inconsistency—let the real people toil up the boggy real gulches, wet to their knees, and then write them as dying of thirst; let them climb the mountains, and follow the ridges, and get mired in bog, and drowned in springs up there while they cry, 'Water, water, or I die!' Another may write of the snow-eating habit of winter, from the same cause. The poor victim becomes fascinated with the habit. It is his manna in the desert—it gladdens his heart and intoxicates his senses—he wastes away and dies, and with his last breath calls for 'snow.' He has not deigned to drink the open water of the rivers or the ubiquitous, perpetual springs of the creeks that flow on and on forever; wasting water enough to form a glacier 30 feet thick in a season. The snow eater could always get water by melting snow in a tin can over a little camp fire. But let him die in an opium dream after snow eating.

Think of the childlike innocence of the author who wrote a long account of Nigger Jim, the white singer of coon songs, so affectionately nicknamed by his friends, but by this wise author described as an aged negro cook discharged from a river steamer and left penniless in Dawson, but, through, staking a rich Eldorado claim, now a king rolling in wealth. The origin of Yukon shrewdness and guessing is as a defense against the Yukon inaccuracy of speech.

**It was his dream.** I wish to read you a clipping from a Dawson paper, which consists of twenty-five metered lines, and signed by

Sigh Warnem,

On board the S. S. Astorian, Yukon river.

## TO THE DAWSON SANDPAPER.

In your sanctum sanctorum  
 There are many gems of art,  
 O'er which the bright electric glimmer gleams.  
 And among them there's a picture  
 That almost breaks my heart—  
 A picture of a woman dressed in dreams.  
 There's a hint of hope half hidden,  
 There are dreams of fruits forbidden,  
 There's the winsome wahabaya  
 Where the tangled tresses fall;  
 And I'll own there's nothing, Peter,  
 Nothing sweeter or completer—  
     But you'll have to  
         turn that picture  
             to the wall.

I had fancied in this heart of mine  
 All passion long deceased.  
 I've been virtuous from the springtime to the fall,  
 All this sultry, sunny summer I have lived just like a priest—  
     But you'll have to  
         turn that picture  
             to the wall.

There are hands that seem to draw me,  
 And my pulses throb and thaw me.  
 There's an unseen something tells me  
     That I'm just about to fall.  
 Nothing's dearer, and you know it,  
 Than his virtue to a poet—  
     So you want to  
         turn that picture  
             to the wall.

In these lines, my friends, is much food for philosophical reflection. It has been charged that the very atmosphere of Dawson is a contagion that makes men what they were not before, even if it does not insure that they will be what they are. This man came here after ideas, and after lies

gathered on their native soil; but witness his experience as told by himself. I give this as an evidence of a peculiar life about the place that is possibly a contagion. He has completed his tour of two days, has passed the wharf crowd of 48-hour friends, and is on the up-river steamer. He is not troubled with blisters on his feet, nor with rheumatic pains, and does not long for home. He used to write 'Sweet Marie,' but witness the change, and see what he writes after 48 hours in Dawson. And what does he see? A woman—not a nude picture, but dressed, and dressed in dreams. This must be a new kind of dream that is even more unique than Jo's dream which covered the pay streak, or blank ground, but we are left in doubt as to whether Sigh's dream covered or revealed. Popular literature has had its dresses that were "dreams," but this modern poet makes a sky-rocket ascent and sees a woman dressed in dreams—leaving us in doubt as to the rest of her costume. There is one saving expression—the "hints of hope half hidden."

**What can it be.** But the "winsome wahabaya" is another mystery—what can it be? It surely is not a parka, for parkas are not winsome. It is not a bodice, nor a cloak, for while those may be 'where the tangled tresses fall,' they are not winsome. We must ever remain in ignorance of what the "wahabaya" is, although we know *where* it is. But whether opaque or scanty as to dress, the picture is complete. It is in the Editor's sanctorum, and while Sigh's heart is almost broken he writes the lines hastily; not to beg and plead, but just to state the fact bluntly—"You'll 'have to' turn that picture to the wall." "Have to" are pretty big words to leave in Dawson, if only as a prophesy of the fatal power of a picture. But, then, the Editor is an old timer, and is acclimated to dream-clad

pictures, while Sign is a Cheechargo. Sigh then takes occasion to indulge in reminiscences. He "*was*" a passionless, no-good sort of a fellow, and boasts virtue. I do not know whether this is a sample Alaska lie which he is trying on us, or what he really does mean.

**What does he mean?** Passion aroused and sweeping over the dead past like a Dakota prairie fire—his pulses "throb and thaw him." How can these wandering pen artists deny that there is something spontaneously warm about Dawson—our record is made, and henceforth we may not permit allusions to the "glacial hell," or to the "blue moon," or to the "chill Northland"—we are a warm, tropical climate all the year round, and our warmth has hands to draw a fellow like Sigh, and an unseen spirit to send an electric message chasing up and down his spinal vertebrae. Lucky Sigh, that the Astorian sailed that day, and did not permit another twenty-four hours on shore, and another period of basking in the Dawson warmth that "thaws" and makes a fellow in danger of falling. How near did the world come to having a record of a fallen man. But Sigh did not fall—he went home.

**He did not fall.** We may not decide hastily of the cause as to whether it was the atmosphere of Dawson or the spring water. He has given us the picture as a companion piece to the woman dressed in dreams, and both must be turned to the wall.

You have all heard the arguments. I propose that we vote Sigh Warnem guilty of entering the territory, and that his sentence be to prove himself a consistent writer of all that he gathered while here."

An overwhelming affirmative vote was carried, amid applause, followed by dancing until morning.

## INDIANS OF THE NORTHLAND.

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**They're fat and short.** The original Indian inhabitants of the Yukon are low of stature and are rather disgusting looking. From their appearance they might be wild Japanese. The fierce northern winters have tamed their native wildness. The moss-grown mountains and boggy valleys do not tempt their short legs to roam as heirs of all creation, so they squat along the rivers in miserable tents, in houses made

of hides, in snow houses, in sod houses, in caves or small log cabins, and await the annual tour of King Salmon, when they build their traps and put out long rows of the demortalized fishes like rags a drying, as sweet perfume to quell the natural or acquired odor of their habitations in winter, while furnishing a means of sustaining life. Sometimes a resourceful one among them, in a moment of inspiration, conceives a viler odor and a more exquisite degree of filth, and proceeds to prepare a pit, into which are cast the basely-captured fish, there to rot with worms and awful stench until the cover is occasionally removed and the glad Indians dip therein, with eager fingers, to regale a healthy appetite.

**And lazy, too.** The Indian is a lax hunter, he kills a moose or caribou occasionally for food; or a bear, wolf, fox, beaver or muskrat for fur. He builds a birch-

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bark canoe, or kyak, and skims over the surface of the mighty, rushing river, unmindful of its swift current and dangerous rapids.

Indians may fish in the waters of the Great Yukon, and they may eat fish, and smoke tobacco when they can get it, and live on and on in a tame, spiritless existence, but their squaws were born to ultimately eat white man's muck-a-muck, if not to a better fate.

**The trader** White men, ten or fifteen years ago, imagined **came.** that Indians of the interior would enjoy the privilege of buying tea, tobacco, jewelry and gay clothing, but they would hardly have taken steps to gratify them in that respect if they had not anticipated the Indians' generous bargains in furs. So they journeyed hither, these knowing white men, to profit by the ignorance and inexperience of the aborigine.

**And sold them** These fur traders had no music, no books **guns.** and no theatre. They had but one amusement—to place a gun, with an exceedingly long barrel, upright on the floor, and watch the poor Indian pile up skins beside it to the height of the muzzle. The gun then became the Indian's property; the skins belonged to the white man. Other amusing exchanges were effected, exercising the generosity of the Indian to the white man's profit. It was interesting to exchange a single bead for a skin, and a small quantity of tea for a number of skins. This was the poor Indian's first lesson in civilization, and to this day he is pondering deeply over whether or not he paid too dearly for it. Wrinkles have been added to his face, and his spirit has been quelled in this mental struggle, and he wears his green pants and yellow Mackinaw coat, with red bandana handkerchief, sadly. The steamboat whistle, unable to awaken the torpor of centuries, may sound a requiem over savage life, lost in a useless imitation of civilization.

## SQUAW-MEN.

About the scattered trading posts in early days were gathered men from the overflow of a too-full civilization, and search was made in the earth for gold. The gold was found and was the honest reward of honest toil.

**And took their squaws.** It has never been discovered what cause led the miner to smirch this fair record. Possibly the trader, not content with the Indians' generous contribution of furs, had essayed to take his squaw, and thus set the pace for the unsophisticated miner. However that may be, the miner was not content with the golden gift of nature, and ventured to prey upon humankind, and, having nought he cared to trade for furs, he took a squaw. She was often neither ornamental nor particularly useful, but the white man was inclined to make the best of the situation in a long and patient effort to teach her habits of cleanliness and of usefulness—at least up to his own ideas of neatness and of domestic arrangement, which are not necessarily fastidious. He would endure much for the proud distinction of being known as a squaw-man. He might have a wife and family outside—some of them did—but this was life! To dig in the earth and pan out little grains of yellow gold, then to come up out of the mine and seek the low door of his smoky, dingy log cabin, and within its shadow, by the one pane of glass that answered for a window, to espy the dusky face of his squaw companion—to study if the fire-light made the copper-tinted glow on her cheek, or if 'twere nature's carmine blighted by a northern chill—to ponder if her glossy braids were carressed by the well-nigh toothless comb, today, or if 'twere yesterday, and did she bathe last week, or when it rained? and to regret the rainless Yukon days. Again, her muck-a-muck—and would she ever learn to cook? And then, somehow, by some way and means—the gods wot



not—came the little half-breed mite, amalgam of the miner's domestic prospects—and others yet of later date.

**And now they know.** The church essayed to train the Indians for a higher life, and took the girls into its missions and taught them English and how to live on white man's fare, and, incidentally, to despise the tepee of their fathers; thus affording, in a noble, well-meant charity an easy temptation to these girls to become the unlawful prey of white men. Very young Indian girls have been appropriated by white men, which they termed "taking a chicken." Squaws are regarded as property when in the possession of white men, who occasionally have fought to the death upon interference with their squaws. White men often beat these poor creatures cruelly; and, upon leaving the country, usually desert them, when they are forced to go back to their tribe, with their half-breed progeny. The squaws are inclined to join the Indians once a year, when they assemble on some favorite fishing grounds, to fish and participate in a season of dissipation, when the utmost license is practiced.

At the present time the squaws are deteriorating in health from association with white people. In some localities the Indians are rapidly becoming exterminated from the ravages of loathsome diseases, and from a lack of care and proper medical treatment.

**'Tis bad for them.** Whiskey is the ruin of the squaws; white men give them this intoxicant, and thus they become easy victims to their vilest moods.

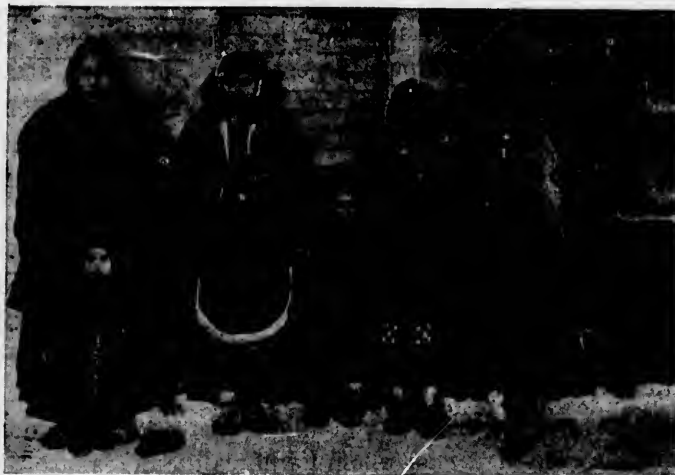
In the suburb of Dawson are a number of squaw-men living with their squaw or half-breed companions. A few are respectable families, but some half-breed squaws present, through their association with white men, most disgusting spectacles. A fairly good looking half-breed girl was seen in Dawson one Sunday morning in company

with a white man. He had his arm about her waist and was attempting to drag her to a near-by saloon. She wore no head covering, and her face wore an expression of abject misery, as she struggled to escape from him, all the while pleading, "Let me go; I feel sick, and I want to go home." He persuaded, "Come along with me." "No, I can't," she answered. He replied angrily, "Then you want to go with someone else, I see it, you want to get away with someone else." He finally succeeded in pulling her into the saloon in the hope of giving her whiskey to stimulate her to the indulgence in whatever dissipation his brutal instinct might suggest. His failure to perceive that her pathetic appeal was from pain and weakness, and from no other cause, certainly betokened in him a most vile and brutal nature.

**The stage-** It is a matter of history that just over on the **struck set.** American side some men, of well-known reputation, joined others less reputable in a most peculiar proceeding, the details of which are not obtainable. Two Indian girls, named Nette and Gola, were made drunk and were taken to a sand pile, where a stage was improvised, but without dressing-room or curtain. A vaudeville show was extemporized, in which the audience were performers and the performers were audience interchangeably. There were athletics, there was comedy tinged with reality, and tragedy tempered by misgiving, and living pictures that the sun stayed awake all night to blush over. Although there was no curtain to fall when the actors yielded up the appearance of life, the play was merged into a sombre tableau. Emblems of the church were improvised and the unconscious bodies were decorated with funeral lights. So delighted were these actor-miners with the result of their own resourceful daring, they aspired to live it all over again, and a miners' meeting was called for a mock trial. A well-

known M. D., whose name decorates the records of a great institution in one of our largest cities, presided, and the mock trial was undertaken for the further amusement of these men, who had dared an original attempt at theatricals on the Mighty Yukon; an event which marked an era in its dramatic history.

**He ponders**      The squaw-man has made himself a squaw-  
**yet.**                      man, and usually retrogrades by such influence. While the little he teaches his squaw of neatness and usefulness may be good, he also thus prepares her to suffer from the cruelty of his ultimate desertion. Upon the whole, his record is not creditable. There are exceptions—as in the case of a man whom I will call San Sangson, who has accumulated a fortune by freighting with dog-teams and horses, which, as a business, is surer and more profitable than mining. In winter, I visited his low, dingy log cabin, standing against a picturesque bluff, around which the Yukon sweeps in a majestic curve in summer, and against which its broken, icy barriers are piled, in its last struggle for freedom, at the approach of winter. The one room, kitchen, bed-room and living-room for the whole family, was in a state of disorder. One child lay dead in the house of a neighbor. A girl of fourteen was lying in a bunk in one corner, ill with typhoid fever; the other children were jumping and playing noisily. The freighter and his squaw sat weeping upon a roll of bedding on the floor. The front of the cabin was decorated with great masses of harness, hung upon pegs. Dogs howled about the door. In a tent, close against the cabin, a dozen horses were stabled. It was easy to understand why the whole family had been stricken with typhoid fever during the summer.



SQUAW-MAN AND HIS FAMILY.

**And this one knows.** Sangson knows something of law, and though a Dane or a Russian, can read and write English. When asked as to prices for freighting, he will not answer verbally but goes home and writes a letter, which he delivers personally. When business differences arise, he seeks his adversary at his home or on the street, and will question and cross-examine him. A man at his elbow is his "witness."

Mrs. H., widow of Capt. H. of early days, a fur-trader of prominence, is a half-breed, and a woman of wealth and culture. Her business ability and distinguished bearing are remarked by all who know her. Her sister, Mrs. W., is also a woman of culture and fine presence. The Indian women are unassuming and gentle in their manners, and have low well modulated voices.

**They're modest, too.** The problem of the squaw-man presents one phase which the new woman would do well to consider thoughtfully. A few squaw-men have

openly avowed their preference for the Indian women over white women. Not at all on account of beauty, or charm, or intelligence, but because they are obedient and serve them faithfully. I interviewed an Indian girl, Tatto, who answered my inquiry as to whether she occupied her cabin alone, by saying—"Oh, no, I live with my man. He has gone to Forty-mile to look after his claim there. I have a little baby nine months old, see him in his hammock." I went to the tiny hammock swung across one corner of the cabin, to which my attention had been directed, and saw the little half-breed baby. I said, "Tatto, are you married to your man?" She answered, "No, my father will not allow me to marry a white man. He thinks when they get money they will leave the Indian girl. I was out to the coast to Chilkat to see my people this summer. My man told me to come back so I did. I used to be in the mission at Sitka, but as soon as I came out I went to live with my man. He used to be around Juneau seven years, but he said he never knew any Indian girl but me." "Tatto, do you love your man and would you like to stay with him?" I asked. "Oh yes," she answered earnestly. "Does your man love you, Tatto?" I continued, "I dont know" she answered, hesitatingly, "he never says." Tatto is twenty years old. Her cabin is neat, though containing few articles for either use or ornament.

**We know  
too much.**

Thus is presented an object lesson for the new woman. Man in his necessity turns to the savage tribes for the obedience and unobtrusiveness of our grandmothers. This may be the dawning of an era when the pale-face woman will be left alone to coldly nourish her bicycle and her typewriter, while the Indian girl becomes the mother of statesmen and of financiers.

The white men who like squaws dislike the affectation and

pretense of white women, and the inclination some evince to take unfair advantage of the favor of men. Indians despise the selfish and vain ways of white people, and call them "pale trash." It devolves upon the new woman either to educate man to relinquish somewhat of his authority, or to lose some of him. The Yukon country affords pitiable illustrations of the desire for authority over others on the part of some men, who as a rule, are not especially able to govern themselves. First, in the intermarriage, or co-mingling, with squaws, and again in the free use of money to command, and in a sense own, a certain authority over disreputable women. If the dissipations of men were limited to the single item of sensual pleasure, it would be reduced 75% at once. The great and ruling passion with men in the Northland is the display of wealth and power.

**They're found in spots.** Indians are found in spots throughout the Northland. As the Indians are migratory, those spots are difficult to locate permanently. Their history is not easy to discover and record. The Indian village of to-day may be the primitive forest, or deserted shore of next year, with never a sign of human life. The Indian has gone to new fishing or hunting grounds, and carried his history with him. Upon discovery of an Indian village it is difficult to learn whence its inhabitants came, or whither they will go. Much more difficult is it to guess where the Indians of several generations ago migrated from, or where they went upon disappearing. The Innuits, on the Eastern coast of Siberia, have something of the appearance of Japanese, and may have found their way northward from the Pacific Islands. At present they frequently cross Behring Strait in boats, and camp on the western shore of Alaska. Yukon Indians appear much like the Innuits, and are found in various camps the entire length of the Yukon and its trib-

utaries. A small tribe is encamped on Lake Labarge, a few on Lake Marsh, and a few near the north end of Tagish Lake. The Aleuts are found along the southwesterly coast of Alaska on the Aleutian Islands. About Pyramid Harbor, Sitka, Fort Wrangel, from Kodiak to Vancouver Island, are found, besides the Aleuts, the Sitkas, Heonas, Chilkats, Stikines, Fort Wrangels, Thlinkets and Hydah Indians. All similar in appearance to the Innuits or Siberian Esquimaux. They are short, fat, have broad, good-natured faces, greasy skin and shiny black hair. They eat blubber, fish oil, dried fish, and flour, tea and sugar as they can get them from the white traders. The home of the Inuit is called a topek. The winter topek is made by setting walrus ribs upright for the sides, about a circular base; other walrus ribs are placed above against the center which forms the support for a roof. Sods or dirt are banked against the sides and upon the roof, supplemented by a heavy coating of snow in winter. The topek is heated by means of an improvised oil lamp. No cooking is required, as the food of the Esquimaux has been previously prepared. The Esquimaux has no regular hours for eating or sleeping, but follows his inclinations in these matters. The summer topek of the Innuits is made by placing walrus skins stretched upon frames so as to form a kind of tent or house. Occasionally a piece of canvas or or a tent is used.

**Of boards and sods.** The home of the Aleuts is called a barabara, and is built of dirt or of pieces of wood, with the walrus skins stretched on the frame, or of any odd pieces of boards they may be able to obtain. The Aleuts, as do also the tribes further south, have what is called a sweat-house, adjoining their homes. To this sweat-house the Indian repairs for his bath, which is taken by means of throwing heated rocks into a small pool of water in the





YUKON INDIAN GIRLS—Grass for baskets drying, also gashed pieces of salmon. Behind the tallest girl is the door of their barabara or sod-house.

sweat-house. The compartment is nearly air-tight and a dense steam is generated, which causes profuse perspiration. After this steaming the Indian at once repairs to a stream or sea near by and applies cold water, or snow, to his body, rubbing briskly. This is considered proper treatment in either acute sickness or chronic ill-health. In cases of pneumonia, they die about four hours after the treatment. The life of the Indian is passed in a monotonous effort to secure necessary food, and the furs to protect him from winter's cold. His life is peaceful; he has neither politics nor religion. His social life may remain in a state of desuetude for years, but when he has social aspirations history is made. Occasionally it becomes tragedy, as in the case of the Hall Islanders who traded their furs to some whalers

**They drank  
to starve.**

for whiskey. The whole tribe got drunk and spent the remainder of the summer in debauchery and revelry, neglecting to pro-



vide the necessary dried fish and oil as food for winter. When the whalers returned the following summer the entire tribe had perished from starvation. This, however, is not the usual society event among these Indians.

The Alaska Indians have been completely isolated from civilization until quite recently. It is hardly possible that any of them ever heard an account of the Bradley-Martin ball, or of any of the "affairs" of the Vanderbilts or Astors; hence the unique and elaborate social triumph called the "potlatch" must be original with them. A potlatch is of rare occurrence, but in this entertainment the Indian may fairly claim a superiority over the white man in social entertainment.

**He does not care.** The Indian does not care for political honors or to be a spiritual leader and adviser of his tribe. He doesn't care for bonds, or mortgages, or incomes, or estates. All creation is his, anyway. His future food supply is swimming around in near by waters, taking care of itself, and his future wardrobe is roaming about in the forest, or up in the mountains, and he has only to appropriate what he needs to his own use; which places him, in a way, on a level with royalty. His one ambition is to be able to give a potlatch. To do that he must possess wealth equivalent to from two to five thousand dollars. He may, by a laborious process, carve a totem pole, stain it in gaudy colors, and have it ready to be erected upon the occasion of the potlatch, as a monument which will distinguish him as the giver of that function and the owner of the pole.

**He entertains.** Preparations for a potlatch consist in invitations which are sent some months in advance to the neighboring tribes, by heralds. A council house, or large hall, is erected, and the royal host proceeds to invest his entire wealth in blankets, beads and ornaments.

A huge pit has been previously filled with fish heads and portions of fish and blubber and, by a natural process, the oil, with the concentrated essence and aroma of the fish, rises to the surface in a "salmon-scented" tribute to the occasion. The day before a potlatch, squaws and Indian maidens prepare the banquet, upon which occasion the guests are permitted to dip their food in the oil as a salad, relish, confection or bouquet. The toilet of the Indians, upon the occasion of the potlatch, consists of bright-colored blankets, feathers, beads, necklaces of walrus teeth and turbans of brilliant feathers; their faces are smeared with bright-colored paints, large rings are suspended from their noses and ears. Scalps and tomahawks do not figure in these entertainments. Members of the tribe of him who entertains greet the neighboring tribes as they arrive in their canoes, or by land, with a dance of welcome. Then all proceed to the council house or hall, where some special dances occur. These are not skirt dances, nor clog dances, nor even the cake walk, but consist of a variety of contortions which are said to recur in definite order.

**He's introduced.** The giver of the potlatch makes a dramatic stage entrance, wrapped in a huge bearskin, or in white drapery, according as his fancy may direct a disguise. After a season of acting or performing by the host, a speech or toast is offered by an attendant. The host then nerves himself for the occasion, and expands in a dearly-bought pride, and in a glorious sense of his own importance, as he proceeds to give his entire wealth away to the guests assembled; disposing of all the blankets, beads, red cotton cloth and gew-gaws that he has impoverished himself to purchase. The guests, after receiving the presents in silence, go away. If they are not pleased with the gifts, they will not return. Hence the giver of a

potlatch may part with his all and yet not be honored; if his guests return the potlatch is a success, and a general rejoicing follows. The Indians join in a wild revelry and with various contortions, moaning, groaning, jumping and kicking, this is continued, with almost superhuman effort, for a great length of time, or until the dancers fall down exhausted.

**'Tis over now.** The next day a feast is given, and the potlatch is over. The visiting tribes return to their homes, the entertainers lay aside their best clothes, remove the rings from their noses, wash off the war paint with a rag saturated in the same fish oil they had for salad, and every-day life is resumed.

The giver of the potlatch is now a poor Indian and may become a dependent upon his tribe, but he has gained a certain caste by having given a successful potlatch. It is not known if this acquisition of caste benefits the Indian particularly, or increases his credit or authority. It does not aid him in borrowing a dollar when he has no prospect of paying, and his word in locating a boundary line, or in dividing the season's catch of fish or furs, is of no more value than any other Indian's. His condition is similar to that of the giver of a civilized entertainment, only the Indian sacrificed his all to give the potlatch, and he made his guests useful presents. His guests received a substantial compensation for their sacrifice of time and effort in honoring their host. The white man's entertainment is given from his abundant means, and without sacrifice to himself. His guests assemble to do him honor and are required to pay their own carriage hire, while their refreshments and favors are of comparatively small value.

**He has no creed.** The Indians usually have a vague idea of a future life and of a great Spirit, but, with

the exception of one idol, which was erected by the Hydahs against a tree in a forest at Klakwan, and before which human beings were sacrificed, no Indian religious or pagan ceremonies have been widely advertised.

#### TOTEMISM.

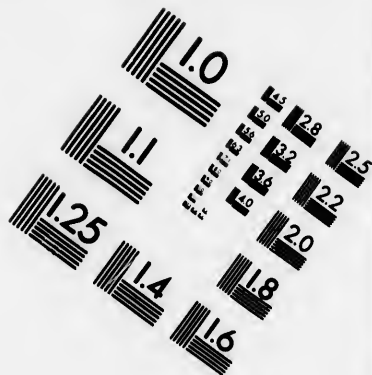
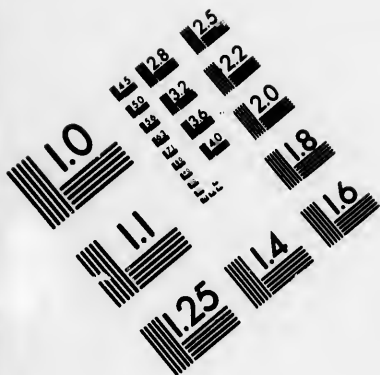
Indians are somewhat deficient in sentiment, and their imaginations are not active in the direction of spiritual things. They have not the civilized man's reverence for authority, either with or without adequate reason. Hence religion fits them as a parasitic growth rather than as a natural development. The Indian's one mental resource and unique accomplishment is in a peculiar habit of mind, known as totemism.

**The swellest set.** The Indian four-hundred is represented by the tribe of the Hydahs. The Newport of the Hydahs is situated on Queen Charlotte's Island. The earliest voyagers in Northern waters were astonished upon discovering, at this place, the homes of these aristocratic Hydahs. Their cottages and mansions are solid structures, built of heavy, hewn logs and planks neatly mortised. The roofs are supported by rafters and covered with shakes. In front of these buildings stand immense totem poles, forty and fifty feet high, covered from top to bottom with curious carved figures. Queen Charlotte's Island produces a black slate, sections of which are beautifully carved in unique designs, closely resembling ancient Egyptian sculptures. The Sheldon-Jackson Museum in Sitka contains a complete collection of these slate carvings; scientists who have seen it express a belief that the makers of these curios emigrated to Alaska from another section of the globe. It is not stated what part of the world is favorable to the development of skill in slate carving. The Egyptian and Central

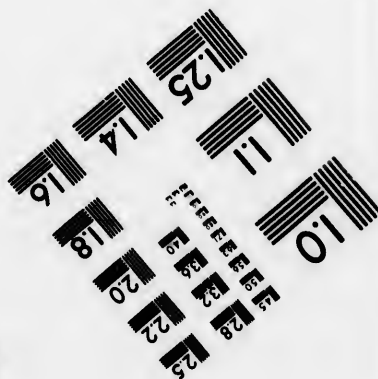
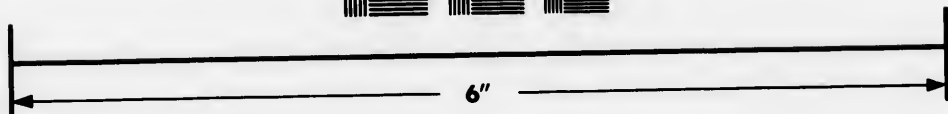
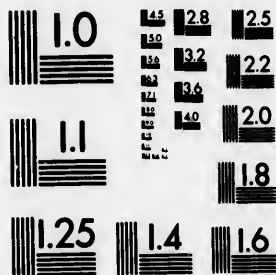


1. Potlatch of the Klakwan Indians. The dance of welcome.
2. The arrival of visiting tribes in canoes.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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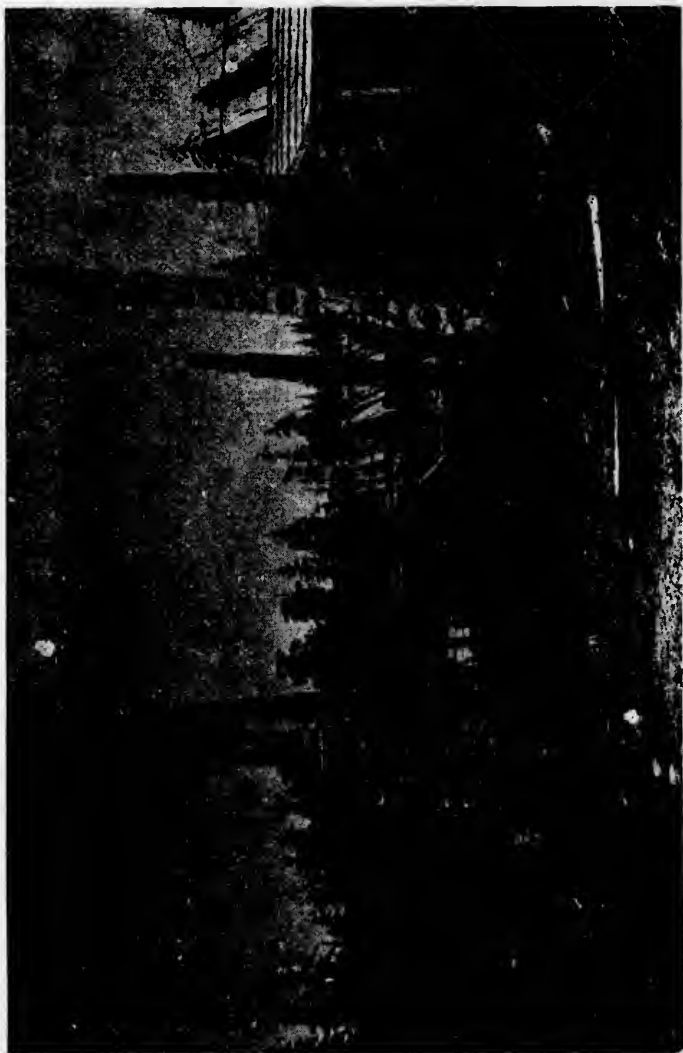
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**KASA-AM**—A deserted Indian village of the Hydahs on Queen Charlotte's Island, B. C., showing houses with opening at the top for smoke. Totem poles in the foreground.

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American carvers may have emigrated from Alaska. Totem poles are found at Queen Charlotte's Island, Prince of Wales' Island, Sitka, Wrangel and at various other places, but are not common north of Prince of Wales' Island. The rigorous climate of the north does not admit of leisure and of out-of-door employment in carving the poles, and there is also a lack of timber for such use.

**We do not know.** There are various theories as to the origin and meaning of totem poles; the Indians themselves do not know, as a totem pole means one thing to one Indian and another thing to another. In one instance it stands for tribal or social alliances, again it may represent a death, an accident or other remarkable event. The figures upon a totem pole are neither of humankind, nor of animals, nor of birds, but are most remarkable combinations. Occasionally the form of an animal is fairly well defined, or a human face or head is outlined, but the figures are more frequently combinations of bird, beast and human features. It is evident from a study of many poles, that the totems are a result of the Indian's recognition of a certain affinity he bears to the animal kind; sometimes amounting to the deifying of a certain animal, as his ancestor. His son-in-law, whom he disliked, he might designate on his totem pole as a frog; his old maid neighbor, as a raven; while his ally and good friend would be a mallard. The man whose potlatch he had attended would be a whale.

**They are so queer.** No one, who has ever seen these totems on their native soil, can deny that they have a weird, uncanny influence that amounts to a spell.

## CAPE NOME.

The first news of the Cape Nome gold discoveries reached Dawson in the spring of 1899, and was hailed with delight by the disappointed miners who had struggled unsuccessfully against fearful odds in the Yukon territory.

With the opening of navigation little parties of these unfortunate men embarked in scows and in small boats for the long trip of 2,000 miles, from Dawson down the Yukon to Nome. Varying reports continued during the summer, until August the news of the beach diggings caused a stampede to Nome. It was too late to attempt the journey in small boats, hence every ticket that steamboat companies would issue was sold long before river boats arrived from below. These boats, upon their arrival, were quickly unloaded and were off with such crowds of human freight as never before ventured upon frail river boats. Beds were impossible and men slept on floors, on benches, upon the wood pile and about the engine room.

When a boat was to leave for Nome thousands of people crowded the river bank. There was no cheering, and no merry good-byes. The departing crowd left silently, and the remaining crowd looked silently at the disappearing boat, only regretting that they were not of the fortunate ones who were going. For hours after the departure of a steamer for Nome the crowd would remain about the streets in little groups, talking in subdued tones of Nome. There was a suppressed excitement until the atmosphere seemed to be charged with a magnetism of unrest, as in times of war. Men who had neither money nor outfit were willing to risk health and comfort, and even life itself, to go to Nome. Men who had cabins, and claims, and outfits, were ready to leave all to go to Nome. The gamblers and saloon men,

with the dance-hall girls and women grafters, scented the news of gold and a new camp, and promptly stampeded to Nome. Others planned to remove business and buildings to Nome. Dawson will be depopulated. The Scarlet Life of Dawson has already dawned in Nome in a roseate promise, and will soon be a lurid reality. I have spent several months in Seattle and in San Francisco, studying the Nome problem, as to future prospects, from the miners' standpoint and from the steamship company's standpoint, and from the standpoint of the coast outfitting cities. My conclusions are these:

Nome stands on a treeless, barren, inhospitable shore. Fogs and rains, with high winds, prevail in summer, usually cold, but with periods of intense heat. The climate is extremely unpleasant in winter from severe cold and winds. Ships anchor opposite Nome and unload by slow process of transferring freight to scows, when the waves are not running high to make it dangerous. Nome is built near the beach, on what is called the tundra. The beach sands merge into the tundra, where the limit of the high tide renders vegetation possible; the tundra usually extends several miles back to the hills, and is a miry bog of moss and nigger heads, and of cesspools of stagnant water. It is a mass of filth and decaying vegetation in its natural state, and when dug up it emits a horrible smell; this, with the addition of the garbage and filth of a town, quickly affords the conditions for epidemic, malignant typhoid. The filth from the tundra seeps into the Snake River and contaminates the Nome water supply. The moisture from the tundra is very likely to seep through the beach gravel into any wells that may be dug, so that escape from its influence is well nigh impossible. The tundra is similar to, but worse than, the bog flat upon which Dawson is built, and which caused the

awful epidemic of typhoid there, the extent of which has never been estimated. I camped on the bench just below the Catholic Hospital in Dawson for two months, and it was a surfeit of horror to see the litters pass with the sick and dying, and to see the black boxes carried up to the burial ground in about the same proportion. Pure water is scarcely possible to Nome. A company is organized to bring water by means of a wooden conduit from Moonlight Creek, but time will be required to complete such a work, and it will not be likely to operate in cold weather.

The stampede to Dawson was a calamity, but Dawson has ideal places on the mountain sides and up the gulches for cabin homes. There is abundance of wood for cabins and for fuel. The climate of the Yukon is incomparably delightful at all seasons, and its landscape a panorama of beauty. In winter the Yukon water is pure, in summer the Klondyke water may be used by boiling thoroughly. People may escape from Dawson by poling up the rivers in summer, if unable to pay steamboat fare, or by a trip over the ice in winter. There are blueberries, currants, cranberries, fresh vegetables in small quantities, if one will raise them, moose, caribou, ptarmigan, ducks and fish as game; but at Nome there is little possibility of either comfort or safety at any time, and no reasonable chance of escape except in mid-summer. Work is only possible from July 1st to September 15th, and there will never be transportation for a large population to leave Nome after September 15th. Nome gold lies on or above the so-called bedrock in creek claims, which lies from three to four feet below the surface. The gravel and rock from the surface to the bedrock is usually thrown into the sluice boxes and washed. The labor of mining the Nome creek claims is about equal to sluicing the dumps in the Klondyke region, except from lack of sufficient

water at Nome. The Klondyke miner labors all winter to thaw and elevate his pay dirt to the surface of the ground, as the bedrock is from twelve to fifty and a hundred feet below the surface. The dumps freeze solid. The Nome miner is enabled to rest all the winter, while the Klondyke miner must work. The Klondyke miner sluices his dump, while the Nome miner sluices his pay dirt directly.

By industrious inquiry, and exhaustive clippings from papers, I have found upon authority that ought to be reliable:—That the original discovery of gold on Anvil Creek was by twelve different men. That gold is found on a great number of creeks, also that gold has only been discovered on Anvil, Snow and Dexter Creeks, these being short gulches almost devoid of water and affording but few claims. That the pay streak is very rich, also that the pay streak does not compare with Eldorado in the Y. T. but, from the fact that the pay streak is near the surface, a large quantity of dirt can be handled at small expense, yielding a larger net return in a given time by a given number of men. That the beach diggings were discovered by Indians, also that they were discovered at various times by different white people. That the coarse gold is near the water's edge. That the coarse gold is near the tundra. That the pay streak on the beach is twenty-five feet wide. That the pay streak on the beach is five hundred feet wide. That gold is found on the beach for a distance of several hundred miles. That gold is only found on the beach between Nome and a point opposite Sledge Island, about fifteen miles to the westward, with several barren spaces within that limit. That thousands of men cannot exhaust the beach gold in a lifetime. That the beach diggings are now practically exhausted. That the beach diggings are the the poor man's diggings. That the poor man who digs on the beach can only

make wages. That two men have rocked seven thousand dollars in thirty days. That two men averaged two hundred dollars a day each for a month. That all the beach diggers made at least fifteen hundred dollars. That many beach diggers made little. That some beach diggers made nothing. That J. H. Lewis reports from Washington, over his own signature, that he cannot secure for the miners the right to control the beach. That he cannot resist the pressure brought to bear to place the beach in charge of the military. That the military last summer arrested the miners and attempted to prevent them from working on the beach. That the military had no means of sheltering and confining the army of beach diggers after they arrested them. That the military underwent the humiliation of being compelled to discharge the beach diggers. That the military haven't forgot what happened last summer. That when the military have authority to make their acts effective they may ask commerce to go around by another route to accommodate the miners. Also that the military may clear the beach for the benefit of commerce. That Nome gold was really gold from the Klondyke. That no gold was shipped from Nome. That three million dollars in gold was shipped from Nome. That Nome is so easily accessible from civilization by ships as to make the cost of living very low. That fresh meat in Nome was \$2.50 a pound in summer, lodging \$3.00, pancakes 50c a piece, coal \$100 a ton, and lumber \$200 a thousand.

From averaging reports, and from the careful, detailed report of an exceptionally reliable man, whose name I cannot give, as he was to go to New York in the employ of transportation companies to manage a Cape Nome information bureau, I believe the conclusion may be assumed:—

That some work was done on Anvil Creek resulting in a

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profit to Lane, Price, Linderburg, Lindebloom, Bostrum and others, of from twenty-five thousand to two hundred thousand dollars each. That three million dollars was taken from the beach. That the value of the tundra and of creeks other than those mentioned above is unknown, but that the tundra will prove as good as the beach. That every square foot of ground from the beach to the mountains, and probably to the Arctic Coast, beach, creek, tundra, mountains and plain is staked. That the stamperder will sail to the Northland on one of the ships that are advertised to land at Nome, but which land in Behring Sea, opposite Nome. When he, with his outfit has been lightered ashore, he may find the military guarding that shore in the interests of commerce. That the tundra has been platted in town lots, which are owned by individuals. If he would set his tent, which the outfitters have advised him to travel with, he will find these boggy lots are valued at from one to ten thousand dollars each. He may rent a little square of the great golden Northland, large enough for his tent, at from five to ten dollars a month, as he did when he stampered to Dawson in 1898. He may, for a consideration, induce the military to include him in the interests of commerce sufficiently to admit of his camping on the beach. When he raises his tent the overhead conditions will be agreeable except for rain, but underneath will be an oversupply of moisture. His blankets will soon be wet, his clothing will be wet, his food supplies will be wet, and the wind will blow against the tent, and salt spray from the sea will mingle with the mist from above in a damp condition that will prepare him for an attempt at prospecting or rocking all day while standing in water to his knees—if he is fortunate enough to find that the interests of commerce admit of his working on the beach, or if he succeeds in getting a lay on some other man's claim.



The outfitters advise men not to go north to work for wages. If they would prospect they will soon be found calculating how far they can travel over the tundra and hills, and exist upon the amount of food they can carry with them from Nome, and how they can safely store their outfits left behind. A man can carry thirty-five pounds on such a trip, possibly fifty pounds. He requires a blanket, a pick and a shovel. He requires at least three pounds of food a day, hence what he can carry will provide for a trip of about ten days. He is three, four or more days distant from unstaked ground, and his prospecting tours are not apt to be a success, as he will be compelled to spend from six to eight days on the trail, to provide food at the scene of the prospecting for from two to four days work; water is scarce and he will be delayed in carrying water with which to pan the dirt he is prospecting.

The outfitter advises a certain list of articles as food. It is easier for the stamper in civilization to rise from a dinner of roast beef and potatoes and go to an outfitting company and buy beans and bacon for breakfasts, dinners and suppers during a stay of long months in the Northland. But to eat such food without fresh meat, vegetables, milk, fish and fresh fruits month after month, is very different, especially as cooking is done under unfavorable circumstances, and often by those who are incompetent to do such work. To maintain health under those circumstances in any climate is practically impossible. It may be well for the stamper to take one-twentieth of the year's food and with his tent and camp outfit, go out upon some boggy swamp and remain two weeks; drinking the swamp water and endeavoring to sustain life with food prepared by his own hands. Let him see how the experiment agrees with his constitution. Such an experiment would be likely to result in a change of plans

by the stamper, as to his outfit. The bacon and beans are cheap and may be taken. Beans are easily destroyed by dampness and it would be useless to transport beans to the Alaska seacoast in canvas sacks. The same may be said of other foods. The miner's outfit should include a liberal supply of the best brands of canned meats. Evaporated potatoes may be cooked in a hash with canned sausage, as a staple to alternate with beans and bacon. Canned roast mutton in small cans, and boned chicken and turkey are very valuable. The miner should provide two pounds of butter, four pounds of sugar, three or four cans of condensed milk, and two cans of best-grade tomatoes for each man per week, Lima beans are valuable. A can of best grade of canned corn added to two quarts of Lima beans cooked but not broken, with one-fourth can of condensed milk and a little sugar, makes a palatable food to alternate with beans and bacon, and is easily prepared. Evaporated green peas are valuable if used properly. To one quart of the green peas add three pints of cold water and salt to taste, add half a milk can of cubes of sliced bacon, the same quantity of cubes of bologna or summer sausage, one teaspoonful of beef extract, one-fourth milk can evaporated celery. Evaporated leeks or onions may be added in small quantity, and a few evaporated parsnips. Stew until the peas are cooked but not broken, keep the peas well covered with water, the soup should be clear when served. This soup may be warmed over, and will keep several days in cold weather. Beef extract should be included in a miner's outfit, also malted milk tablets for use in case of sickness. Plenty of summer sausage but no dried beef, except in cans. Summer sausage in cans is best for all use excepting pea soup. Pilot bread is useless except in case of threatened starvation. Edam cheese is a good investment, also tin boxes of good crackers. Canned

oysters and clams should be avoided but canned clam juice is very useful. Canned fruits are indispensable. The best brands are cheapest. Peaches that cost at the outfitters twelve and fifteen cents a can are usually worth seventy-five cents and a dollar a can in Northern camps and require the addition of one-half pound of sugar at thirty cents, but when served in the miner's cabin have not one-tenth the value of peaches put up in sugar syrup that cost twenty-five and thirty cents outside. All brands of canned goods should be tested by opening one can; great precaution in their selection should be exercised. Outfitters, as a rule, sell very inferior brands of canned goods to miners. Canned pineapple is the most satisfactory of the outfitters' canned fruit. It is possible to buy canned peaches, apricots, greengages and other fruits in sugar syrup, that are valuable. Only the best brands of butter, baking powder, yeast and soap should be taken. Beware of the outfitters' unknown brands that are "just as good." If the stamper does not know the difference between cane sugar and beet sugar, he should seek enlightenment. Also as to varieties of tea and coffee. A full and complete list of medicine and of useful drugs is indispensable as a part of a miner's outfit. These articles and the luxuries mentioned are a source of vast profits to local dealers, as many items which are considered luxuries here become positive necessities before the miner has progressed for any considerable time in his life remote from civilization. His stomach will refuse the beans and bacon, and baking powder or sour-dough bread, and his system will rebel in a true scurvy, and the miner will spend his last dollar for fresh meat, or for canned tomatoes or fruits.

The packages comprising a miscellaneous outfit should be properly packed for shipment, under the supervision of the owner, and should be identified as the articles he bought,

which will prevent the great disappointment and possible loss occasioned by substituting inferior grades of goods, lesser quantities, or by a failure to send part of the goods which sometimes occurs in the case of careless or dishonest outfitters. Boxes should be bound with wire.

Three hundred gallons of distilled water would be valuable, and would afford the miner two gallons each day for five months. Six hundred gallons as a year's supply would be better, as the water from Moonlight Creek may be impure and may be too expensive by the gallon. The company may also fail to convey that water to Nome by means of a wooden conduit.

Another accessory to a Nome outfit, is a metallic burial casket. It may be needed for the return trip, if not needed it can readily be sold at a large profit to some one who does need it.

If the stamperder takes with him a complete outfit of food supplies, clothing, fuel, house, drugs and medicines, tools and machinery, he will provide for himself economically. By his neglect he will enrich the Nome dealer.

If he buys stocks in syndicates and in companies, he will have prospects and a costly experience. When corporations and mines are known to be rich the stock is not sold cheap to strangers. There is no case on record of a poor stockholder being raised to affluence by sudden expansion of his Northern mining stock. The promoters of such schemes sell prospects for money.

Even when all is said the prospects at Nome will prove sufficiently alluring to tempt the venturesome stamperder to leave civilization, and to dare even death, in a search for gold! He will try to make his way across the tundra. He will sink into the mud and water to his knees, pulling one foot out by a strenuous effort then struggle to get the other

foot free, falling over bogs, and with no place to sit down and rest. When some man, with a concession or an exclusive right, builds a road across the tundra, he will pay his toll of from one to five dollars, and will roam beyond the hills looking at the claims of other men. He will be cold and wet, and tired and hungry, and on every hand will find that means to relieve his discomfort are only obtained by a sacrifice of a large amount of money. When he turns to the transportation company that painted the trip to him in such glowing colors, inducing him to go to Nome, he will find these companies have been working a clever scheme. When they have a large number of people at Nome they have them in a trap. If they would get out they must pay what the company demands. Last year in Dawson there was no fixed price as fare to Lake Bennett. If two or three boats were loading, or large numbers going down the river, the fare was forty dollars and fifty dollars. If there was but one boat, and many passengers, the fare was ninety dollars and a hundred and twenty dollars. The fare from Seattle to St. Michaels by S. S. is usually forty and fifty dollars, but last fall the ships charged one hundred and two hundred dollars for bringing people from Nome. Passengers who came down in October on what is considered the best ship on the route, report they were charged two hundred dollars fare. The ship was crowded with passengers, so that even halls and passages were occupied. The ship sailed from Nome without ballast, and a most dreadful sanitary condition prevailed. Once at sea a system of grafting was inaugurated by the crew. Passengers were required to pay exorbitant rates for attention, and even for necessities. It was estimated that the steward made seven thousand dollars on the trip, by his successful grafting.

The schooner Hera left Nome overcrowded with pas-

sengers, and with an inadequate supply of food, which was soon gone, and the water supply exhausted. Several passengers died from starvation and exposure, and all suffered untold agony from hunger and thirst. The Laurada, with a valuable cargo, went to pieces on a rock off Dutch Harbor; it is said that she was unseaworthy when she started. Other unseaworthy boats will sail for Nome. The men who want the fares of the stampedes will risk loss of life and property.

An outfitting firm in one of the coast cities equipped the Jane Grey during the Kotzebue Sound stampede. This boat proceeded several hundred miles on her journey, when, without warning, without stress of storm or tide, she rolled over and sank; but four of all those who were on board survived. Relatives of those who perished entered into extensive and long-continued litigation, in an effort to obtain justice, but, by a recent Supreme Court decision, the outfitters were held liable only to the amount they received for fares and freight, which they succeeded in having estimated at about \$6,000.

The majority of people, who have some knowledge of mining and of stampedes, are going to Nome to sell whiskey, or to manage dance halls and gambling houses; to build cheap buildings and sell them, and to run restaurants and bunk houses. One man will build a bridge over Snake River and charge 50 cents toll. These people go with schemes to get money from the stampedes and from the miners, but not to mine. An army of bunco men will go to Nome. The bunco man, the saloon man, the gambler and the dance-hall girls did not need to mine in Dawson. As soon as the clean-up was over the gold all found its way to them. If similar conditions prevail at Nome they will be alike successful.

The laws of the Yukon territory are notoriously inadequate. The strict administration of those laws only tends



to exaggerate their bad qualities. A large number of lawyers aim to get people into litigation, and then manage to take what they have. Bad as is the business outlook in Dawson, Nome does not promise an improved condition. The act of the military at Nome in arresting the beach diggers, was a Siberian-Canadian-American episode that bespeaks more a display of power than of reason. The Canadian officials are very careful not to steal or rob, or do any unlawful act. The Indian boys were hung legally. The labor of prisoners is acquired by process of law. Out of spirituous and malt liquors are confiscated or removed from active use in business by a manipulation of the majesty of the law. All is done with dignity, and in order, and effectively. At Nome the Americans are more crude in their efforts, it would seem, as was evidenced by a circumstance recently reported from that camp, by which all the official lights were extinguished at once, and by a supreme folly of those same officials, who, like the foolish virgins, were barred from the glory of Nome, and were led ignominiously to St. Michaels by their outraged but unofficial accusers. The Chief of Police and his attaches are reported to have been caught in the act of stealing whiskey, and were apprehended and arrested by the miners. This proves a great lack of resource on the part of the authorities, as they could easily have spoken into existence a Sunday closing act, or a debtors' prison, with a clause enabling them to confiscate the property upon any appearance of violation of the law.

A prominent Judge has resigned a very important position to practice law in Nome. It is said that a prominent lawyer refused the office of High Commissioner of Alaska to practice law in Nome. The lawyers will be at Nome with the bunco men, the sharpers and the grafters, and woe be to the unsuspecting stamper.



## GLOSSARY OF YUKON TERMS.

**Accuser**, the man who has made no statement under oath and sits by serenely watching the operation of the machinery of English law at his command in prosecuting, or in persecuting, one whom he desires to injure.

**Advocate**, an English lawyer, a Barrister.

**Allens**, Ninety per cent. of the population of the Yukon Territory. The ones who do the work and pay the royalties and fees.

**A Bonanza King**, worth \$20,000 to \$50,000.

**A Klondyke King**, worth \$500,000 gross.

**A King of the Klondyke**, worth \$100,000 to \$300,000.

**A Long Poke**, a well-filled gold sack. These sacks vary in size from two inches wide by eight inches long to four inches wide by fourteen inches long, and are made of deerskin.

**An Eldorado King**, worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

**Arrest**, when an accused person is taken to prison.

**A Poke**, a sack containing gold dust.

**A Grub-Stake**, food sufficient to last a season. A "stake" is money made or saved.

**Barracks**, the Dawson Prison with a guard-room attachment, and a quadrangle, around which are log buildings, the quarters of soldiers and mounted police.

**Barrister**, a Canadian lawyer,

**Bateau**, a boat pointed at both ends.

**Bed Rock**, a stratum of solid or shaly rock, upon which the gold in mines is found, and which lies at a depth of from five to one hundred feet below the surface.

**Bench Claim**, ground the pay streak of which is on a higher level than the creek.

**Bunk**, a narrow bed made of poles or boards, upon which may be laid spruce boughs or blankets.

**Canadians**, ten per cent. of the population of the Yukon Territory who rule and punish the 90 per cent. who are aliens.

**Cash In**, is when dance-hall girls collect their commissions at 7 a. m.

**Cache**, a small platform, on four posts to be above the reach of animals. Food supplies are placed upon the platform, and are covered by a tent or tarpaulin. Sometimes a small house of logs, with a dirt roof, is erected on the platform, and sometimes a Cheechargo boat is sawed apart crosswise at the middle, and is elevated upon four posts, one section forming the floor and the other turned upon it for a roof. A door with a lock closes the open end. The food supplies thus stored become the "cache," as well as the structure itself. All cabins have a cache attachment, which is an out-of-door cellar. The prospector "caches" his provisions when he goes on a trip, and returns to his "cache" for new supplies.

**Cheechargo**, an Indian word meaning new comer.

**Checks**, tickets given the dance-hall girls, good for 25 per cent. of what their partner pays for at the bar.

**Clean-up**, when the water is shut off, the riffles removed, and the gold separated from the remaining sand.

**Claim**, 250 feet in the Yukon Territory, and 1,000 or more feet in Alaska, up and down the creek.

- Colors**, small particles of gold found upon prospecting.
- Court**, the Yukon British rocking proposition; fines and penalties are its clean-up.
- Criminal**, the man who plans his crime and seizes upon one of the many means at hand to escape detection, hobnobs with the police and watches them catch the fellows guilty of such petty offences that they did not realize their danger of arrest.
- Cullus**, worthless.
- Dead Men**, empty or partly filled bottles of liquor, served and charged to patrons a second time, after having been paid for once.
- Dome**, a rounded mountain top higher than others near by.
- Dog Team**, a string of from two to nine dogs harnessed one before the other, and pulling a sled, or cart, or other load.
- Dust**, gold in small pieces, varying in size of a grain of sand to grains weighing several tenths of an ounce is taken at about \$100 per ounce at the banks, and at stores in trade for about sixteen dollars.
- Dump**, a pile or mound of pay dirt.
- Dyea Trail**, from Dyea to Canyon City over the Chilkoot Pass, down Crater, Long and Deep Lakes to Lindemann, through the One-Mile Canyon to Bennett, down Lake Bennett, Caribou Crossing, Tagish Lake, Six-Mile River, Marsh Lake, Fifty-mile River, (in the Middle of which is Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids), Lake Labarge, Thirty-Mile River, Lewis River, Five Finger Rapids, Rink Rapids and the Yukon River to Dawson City, Eagle City, Circle, Rampart, Anvil, and via Behring Sea to St. Michaels, Cape Nome, Cape York and Siberia.
- Edmonton Trail**, across British Columbia via the Great Slave Lake, Mackenzie River, and down the Porcupine to the Yukon.
- God's Country**, the Homeland to which aliens flee to escape trials and persecutions.
- Grafters**, people who induce a kind of voluntary blackmail, to their own profit.
- Grub**, food.
- Gulch or Pup**, a branch of a creek, usually a deep gulch in a mountain side a mile or two in length.
- Grant**, what the Canadian Government gives the miner, a lease or permit to hold a claim one year under certain conditions.
- Judge**, the man who administers British law to suit himself.
- Klondyke**, or Klondike, a popular name applied to the Troandyke, a river emptying into the Yukon at Dawson.
- Kyak**, a small Indian boat or canoe of birch bark.
- Laying an Information**, going before a Yukon Magistrate, and by a recital of either suspicions or prejudice causing him to believe that someone is committing an illegal act.
- Lining a Boat**, letting a boat slowly down a canyon by means of ropes attached to trees or rocks, the ropes being loosened gradually.
- Macque**, common name for a maquerau, a man who derives his support from the earnings of a prostitute.
- Magistrate**, a soldier who hears law cases and issues orders to arrest people.
- Malamute**, a cross between a wolf and a dog.

**Moccasins**, shoes made of dressed sheepskin, or deerskin, and having no solid soles; insoles of several thicknesses of felt are required, also two or more pairs of extra heavy socks or stockings to protect the feet from cold and from bruises.

**Muck-a-Muck**, an Indian word meaning food.

**Muck-a-Luck**, a boot with a foot like a moccasin, made of undressed seal skin, and fairly waterproof.

**Mush**, to go wet on; mushing, going or to do.

**N. W. M. P.**, Northwest Mounted Police.

**Official Routine**, the Yukon British sluicing proposition; licenses, grants, taxes, fees and royalties are its clean-up.

**Outside**, the civilized world.

**Outfit**, the belongings of an individual taken into the country from outside.

**Packing**, carrying by means of a pack taken upon the back by use of pack straps; also means carrying or conveying.

**Parka**, a coat of fur or canvas, with a hood that comes well over the face as a protection from wind and cold, worn by both men and women.

**Parlor House Girls**, girls who live in so-called hotels, and, by favoritism, escape the liability to fines which the public women incur.

**Pay Dirt or Pay Gravel**, dirt above the bed rock that carries gold.

**Pay Streak**, the width upon bed rock at which pay may be found. It is generally from twenty to two hundred feet across.

**Poling Boat**, a long narrow boat for going up stream by poling along the shore.

**Proposition**, any transaction from a dog fight or an underdone pancake to a mining deal.

**P. I.**, an outside newspaper.

**Pup**, a gulch or branch of a creek.

**Representing**, work required of the claim owner by the Government.

**Robe**, a fur robe eight feet square, of lynx, fox, or other fur, costs \$100 to \$200, and is used by miners as a wrap while sleeping.

**Rocker**, a cradle-like box having little riffles in which the pay dirt is washed by means of rocking while water is poured on the dirt.

**Royalty**, Ten per cent. of the gross output of mines paid to the Canadian Government.

**Scow** rectangular flat bottom boat.

**Sinking a Shaft**, digging a hole in the ground about the size of a hole dug for a grave in the States.

**Siwash**, a native Indian; Siwash dogs are inferior or small malamutes.

**Skagway Trail**, from Skagway and the White Pass to it.

**Sluicing**, washing pay dirt with a lock closes of a line of sluice boxes having riffles or bars in the bottom and through which water runs with considerable force.

**Sour Dough**, an old timer who has been in the country two years or more.

**Squaw Man**, a white man living with an Indian woman.

**Stikine Trail**, from Fort Wrangell up the Stikine River and Telegraph Creek, 200 miles portage to Lake Teslin, and down Hootalinqua River to Lewis River.

**To "Salt" a Mine**, to place gold in the dirt, either by use of a gun and powder, or by mixing the gold with dirt and pasting it upon the face of the drift, allowing it to freeze, or by throwing gold dust

into the burning fires in the drift to be found by panning, or by secretly dropping gold into the pan when tests are made.

**The Hearing**, when a suspected person is called upon to prove his innocence.

**The Post**, the town; formerly a trading post.

**Timber Grant**, extending from Dawson up the Klondike fourteen miles is the exclusive right of Boyle & Slavin to cut all the timber in that territory, and it is more valuable than a champion's belt. Timber grants up the Yukon sixty miles are the exclusive rights of a few other men, and enable them to control the wood market and bring the N. A. T. Company's coal into demand.

**Trail**, where men travel, not necessarily a path or roadway.

**The Woodpile**, the Government woodpile in Dawson where prisoners are made to work out their

**Whitechapel or Oshiwera**, Dawson's Fifth Avenue, built of long rows of red-curtained homes of the demimonde.

**Winning Her Out**, inducing a public woman to become the property of one man.

**Weedslide**, a groove on the mountain side down which logs are projected to the mines, or down which the miner brings his sled, load of wood, in a mad slide, using his feet braced forward against the snow.

**Yukon English**, the English in Dawson, the chanta and the English recognized by the officials as citizens. The Yukon "English" are often French, and sometimes Canadians, and are a distinct people from the English as met in the States, and from Australians and British Columbia English as met on the Yukon or elsewhere. The mounted Police may be said to be subjectively Yukon English rather than aggressively so.



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