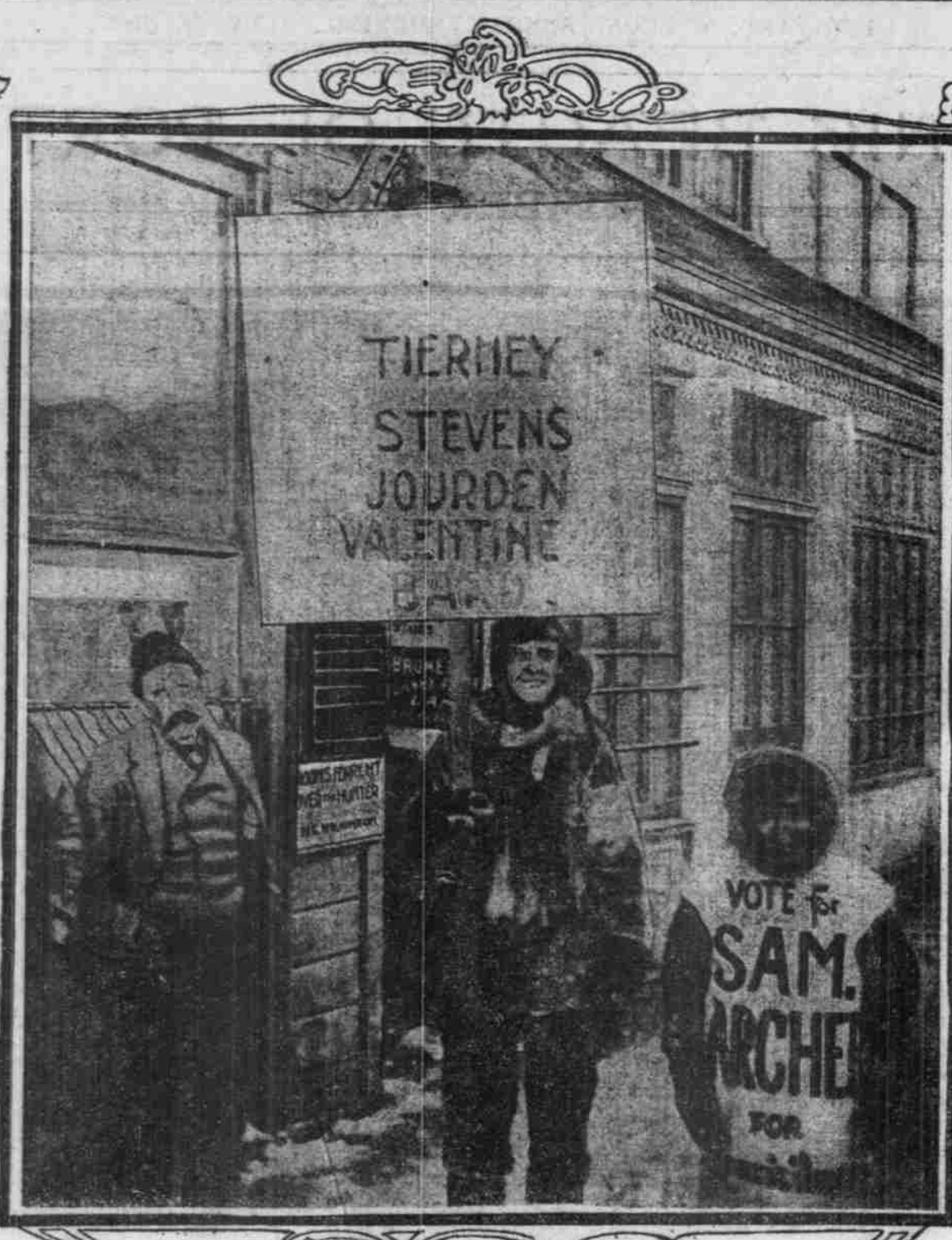


WATER SOCIAL LIFE AT NOME CITY

HOW THE PEOPLE ENTERTAINED THEMSELVES LAST WINTER & CHARITABLE SOCIETIES



SINCE my return from Nome, I have frequently been asked, "What could you possibly find to do during a six months' winter? You must have hibernated with the bears." Any one who imagines Nome has been dead during the winter months is greatly mistaken. No community of its size in the United States has been more intensely alive. From the time of the departure of the last boat in the Fall up to the arrival of the Nome City last month business was reasonably good, but pleasure held full sway. About 3000 people wintered at Nome, and their isolation naturally induced them to combine in an effort to make the long reign of cold and darkness as endurable as possible, and they succeeded to an extent that seemed wonderful to a chieftain. Entertainment, parties, balls, church socials, "grand openings," banquets and prizefights followed each other in rapid succession, and the character and extent of the entertainments were a revelation to your correspondent. The fraternal orders were the principal factor in all this work, with the churches a good second. But two orders, the Arctic Brotherhood and the Fraternal Order of Eagles, have lodges at Nome, but several others are represented by clubs, the leading institution of this kind being the Anvil Masonic Club, with a membership of nearly 500, about one-half of whom are non-contributors, being scattered throughout the country. I think it is fair to say that no fraternal organization of like numbers has done better work. The club was organized August 20, 1899, by Master Mason, "for the purpose of exemplifying the virtue and performing the duties im-

WINTER SCENES IN CAPE NOME

posed upon all Free and Accepted Masons"; also, "to dispense charity to worthy Masons and to encourage sociability and friendly intercourse among Masons in the City of Anvil" (afterward Nome). Section 14 of the by-laws reads:

"4. In case of sickness, destitution or trouble of any nature occurring with any member of the club, prompt and efficient relief or aid shall be extended. The family of a member of this club in his absence, or his widow or orphan, are likewise entitled to relief and aid."

What the Masons did.

Not only has this been complied with in letter and spirit, but it has been extended to embrace all Masons, whether members of the club or not, and I believe over four-fifths of the club's funds expended for charity has gone to aid Masons who were not members of the club, and in no single instance has the bill been sent to the member's home lodge, though it would be perfectly right to do so. In recognition of the great good accomplished by this

organization, the Masonic bodies of Seattle sent in by the first boats this year contributions to the amount of over \$300. The obligation to encourage sociability and friendly intercourse has been thoroughly exemplified, and during the seven months of non-intercourse with the outside world there have been two or three Masonic entertainments monthly, including a grand Christmas ball, attended by over 600 people. It was held in the Stand and Theater, and the decorations, electric lights, and elegant costumes of the ladies combined to make a scene worthy of a large city, and absolutely wonderful in a small community within a day's travel of the Arctic Ocean. It is the custom of the club, upon the arrival of the Spring fleet, to give a banquet to all Masons. Last year about 250 plates were set for this affair.

Other Secret Societies.

The Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and the Elks all have clubs on shore lines and all contributed their share

to the social pastimes of the season and to the cause of charity. The Knights gave a number of entertainments, the most noteworthy being a "Root Garden." I think the thermometer registered about 40 degrees below on the outside, but in the hall men and women were dressed in Summer costumes and seated around small tables drinking, smoking and listening to an excellent variety entertainment without a cent of expense to any one except the members of the K. P. Club. It was certainly hospitality on a large scale, and could scarcely be duplicated outside of Nome. Mr. George Carpenter, the newspaper correspondent, who was so terribly frozen early last January and died May 10, was a member of the K. P., but not of the Nome club, yet the club contributed very liberally to his wants and took charge of his remains, embalming them and placing them in a handsome casket to await the arrival of his relatives this Spring. From the time of his exposure until his death Carpenter was a constant charge upon the people of Nome,

his expenses being in the neighborhood of \$25 per day, and it was all contributed by a few big-hearted men.

This letter seems to illustrate that there is a strange jumble of tragedy and mirth in that northwest country, and that the two main objects in the winter time are to give aid to those who need it and amusement to those who must and will have it at any cost, and for these purposes all unite.

Herewith is a photograph of a punch bowl used by the Elks at their annual ball. The bowl is made of a block of crystal ice, absolutely flawless, and was carved by a local sculptor of great ability. It was really a beautiful work of art and it was certainly unique. It was kept full of champagne punch from early in the evening until early the next morning, and all were invited to participate free of cost, yet I did not see any one unduly under its influence. Of course a photograph cannot do justice to the original, but it will give the Oregon Elks an idea that their brothers at Nome are by no means

backward and they can bear them in their minds when they lift their glasses at the stroke of 11 and drink to their absent brothers.

The Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal Church gave a May day party that exceeded anything of a like nature that I have seen elsewhere. Of course there are no natural flowers in Nome on the 1st of May, so resort was had to artificial ones, and over \$150 worth of tissue-paper was used in the manufacture of clematis, sunflowers, lilies, apple blossoms and every imaginable variety of flora. The hall in which the party was held is 150 feet in length by about 40 feet in width, with 22 boxes and a fair-sized stage, and every box was occupied and decorated. In the center of the hall were three May poles, around which the figure dancing took place. At \$1 admission I was informed that the net receipts amounted to nearly \$200. I doubt whether the affair could have been duplicated in any city of 30,000 population in the United States.

A good work is being done in Nome and elsewhere throughout Alaska and the Yukon country by the order known as the Arctic Brotherhood. In Nome they have a lodge of about 250 members, comprising the very best of the business community. They have a fine lodge room, with the most wonderful appliances for making things interesting for the initiate, and they maintain a gymnasium, billiard and reading-room for the benefit of their members. During the past winter it was practically a home for many who without it would have been compelled to remain in their close and uncomfortable cabins or resort to the saloons and dance halls. The brotherhood expects to erect a building of its own as soon as possible, and before the close of navigation this year will have completed arrangements to greatly extend its field of usefulness. It is the custom of the order to give one ball during the winter, and the last one was certainly the greatest social success of the season. Tickets were \$5 each and boxes \$25. The big hall was crowded, and that dancing was at first impossible, yet the expense was so great that very little was left for profit.

Unique Political Campaign.

And they have a little politics in Nome, and notwithstanding the coldness of the season they get quite warm over local matters, and accuse each other of being "grifters," etc., in a manner to remind one of "home, sweet home." The election for Council and School Board occurred in April, and to a newcomer was

somewhat interesting. Tierney, whose name heads the list on the banner, was the best-known gambler in the town, and one of the proprietors of the Northern Saloon. His business integrity has never been questioned, and his generosity to destitute miners did much toward placing him at the head of the list when the polls closed. Sam Archer, who adopted the sandwich system of advertising, was one of the successful candidates, but Gus Boltz, notwithstanding he carried his own banner and advertised himself as the workingman's candidate, was badly beaten. Boltz was the "josh" candidate, and his campaign was conducted by Dr. Hill, at one time Coroner of the City of San Francisco. But the people of Nome appear to have better sense in some respects than certain communities in more favored localities, and refused to use the franchise for joshing purposes. There was but one polling-place for 1400 voters, but the arrangements were excellent, and there was no confusion or delay.

I think I have written sufficient to demonstrate that Nome in the winter season is by no means the undesirable place of residence it is generally supposed. It is an intelligent community, composed of the best brain and muscle from all parts of the world. It has fine schools for 18 months of the year, good churches, semi-weekly newspapers, electric lights, steam-heated hotels, good public halls, and many of the other conveniences of civilization, and it is an exceedingly healthful place of residence. I believe that its position as a distributing point for Northwestern Alaska insures its permanence, even if that were not secured by its deep placers and the reasonable assurance of quartz discoveries in the immediate neighborhood of the town.

I cannot refrain from adding that it is a good, but entirely neglected, field for Oregon produce and manufactures. No community of its size in the world consumes so much and produces so little of the necessities of life. Hay, when I left Nome, was \$100 per ton; apples sold to the stores for \$1.50 per box; potatoes and onions, during the winter, were as high as 25 cents per pound. Alaska should be the greatest market for the products of the Willamette Valley, but instead of that nearly everything comes from Washington and California, and in quality it is vastly inferior to Oregon's produce. The Bartlett pears put up in Oregon far exceed the California article, yet they are practically unknown in Northwestern Alaska.

E. H. FLAGG.

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT

HOW A MAN OF THE SEA BROKE A RULE OF THE
PORTLAND LIBRARY BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

FRANKLIN CASTLE was not a great reader, as the fond phrase goes. Indeed, it may be doubted if his acquaintance with literature extended beyond the very limited range furnished by the ship's library of the Alexander, of which he was the second officer. When his shipmates, or a general passenger, suggested that a certain novel was worth his reading, the young man would gaze at the man and gently characterize such things as "tommy." Wherefore his one or two intimates were certain that he had never been in love.

But there came a period when this corner of the romantic in type became an ardent bookman.

Every 18-days the Alexander ties up below the steel bridge. For two days she lies there discharging and loading, and in that period Franklin Castle had at his disposal an afternoon. What he did before the library became public was not worth reciting, even to his messmates. But after the library was made free to all he ventured in, half to explore, and half with the notion that what was free must necessarily be "taken in" by any self-respecting man.

A first visit convinced him that in this "show" there were two prominent features of unequal value. The first was an immense array of wholly uninteresting volumes; the second was a wholly interesting galaxy of young women. Being somewhat of a philosopher, he concluded that both these features offered a mystery to the explorer; and being also possessed of some wisdom, he was sure that the secretive books would yield their treasure at any hour between 9 A. M. and 9 P. M., while the feminine loveliness was quite certain to bloom at incalculable intervals. Therefore, he chose the bulkier tome on the shelves and sat down to watch the young women flying up and down the alley-way.

Four successive returns to Portland witnessed the same procedure on his part, and the bulky volumes opened at precisely the same page as at first. But he had made progress. By careful listening he had learned the names of the various young women and dreamed of them respectfully. It is true that he was, as yet, very impartial. To his mind, all these girls were but different manifestations of the same divine spirit; they were one as the innumerable books were one; they were potentially a select library of charm. Gradually he grew more eclectic and abandoned the main room for the reading-room. Here there was always one of the young women on duty at a desk, where she sat in some graceful pose all ready to

be gazed at. And he gazed quite intently and naturally, feeling that this was part of the public beneficence.

Now, as everybody knows, it is impossible to look in any direction through the magazine-room without encountering a small but assertive sign (it dangles under every lamp, which threatens dire penalties for the mutilation or defacement of books, magazines, and so forth. These notices always carried a very personal message to Franklin Castle. He felt that in some way he was just on the point of doing this horrible thing; and in pure gratitude for being saved the embarrassment of besmirching himself in the eyes of the young woman he invariably kept his weather eye lifting on the warning card. Familiarity breeds contempt. One afternoon along in the Summer he suddenly woke to a realization that this sign was an impertinence. The feeling was so strong upon him that involuntarily he spoke aloud. "What blasted tommy!" he said.

Instantly the girl at the desk beatred herself. To his horror, amazement and delight, she walked over to him. He arose in excess of politeness. "It is forbidden to talk here," was all she said. A thousand excuses came to his lips, but when he had found his tongue, she was once more seated at the desk. He cringed miserably, but a happy thought struck him. It was one way to make her speak. And undoubtedly another way would be to disobey the sign.

For a whole round trip he turned this discovery over in his mind. Once more in Portland he hastened, so soon as he could, to the library. The same young woman, unmoved and serene, was at the desk in the magazine-room. The whole sex was no longer represented to him by this one. She had differentiated herself, and he was glad of it. Recklessly he decided that he would speak to her again. There was no one else in the room, and he wondered how it could be done. With a swift inspiration he bent over Truth, fixed a ferocious glance on a fashion plate and emitted an ejaculation. There was an instant response. The lady of his dreams walked over to his table and repeated, "It is forbidden to talk here."

Franklin Castle was distinctly disappointed. The voice was low and, undeniably, sweet. But how tame the words! And he had a fond recollection of that voice having said (in a dream) words of far different import, words that did not forbid speech.

It was 15 days before he managed to reach the library again. Bad weather had delayed the Alexander, and he was cross.

Feeling utterly reckless he resolved to "wake things up."

He did. The young woman patiently explained that it was forbidden to talk there.

"Isn't this a public place?" asked Castle, boldly.

She looked over his head and paused a moment. "It is forbidden," she started to say, but he reached for his cap, and darting out into the hall, was gone.

Twenty days later he made his appearance again. He was sick and worn. Things hadn't tasted good for a long time, and he vaguely wanted some one to pet him, some one to sympathize. And the best he could do was the public library!

To his relief, she was there. He looked over the papers with dizzy eyes. Every now and then he gazed at the girl sitting serenely at the desk. A mad desire possessed him to talk with her, to have her say anything but that wretched formula. He dared not speak; his throat was too sore for him to control his voice. The only thing to do now was to deface a magazine. He felt in his pocket to make sure that he had the amount of the fine. Then he picked up the nearest journal and carefully tore out a picture. The rasp of tearing paper seemed to fill the room. He looked blankly at the crumpled sheet in his hand, and then raised his eyes to the girl's face. She stood over him with the impassiveness of Justice. He could not explain to such eyes as those. He drew out his purse and extended it to her.

"You will have to speak to the librarian," she said quietly.

"But I don't want to speak to her," he stammered blindly. "I want to speak to you."

The girl stared a minute, and then retreated rapidly. A man at the next table rose and said: "If you say so, I'll throw him out."

Franklin Castle lurched dizzily to his feet. His head was burning, and his hands resting on the table seemed miles away. He turned and caught a final glimpse of her, as she went out the swinging door. Then he flung his purse on the desk, pulled off the obtrusive sign and, clutching it in his hand, went unsteadily out.

The young woman returned with the

THE RASP OF TEARING PAPER SEEMED TO FILL THE ROOM



RECIPE FOR HARD THINKING LIE IN A BOAT ON A LAKE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS

There is an Eastern writer who has his own method of getting the plots for his stories and framing the final speech which the hero makes to the villain in the last chapter but one. This man, who lives in New York, gets on the front seat of a surface car at the Battery, crosses his legs, puts an unlighted cigar into his mouth, pulls his hat down over his eyes and rides until the conductor tells him to get off. He says that he thinks more rapidly, originally, clearly and succinctly in this way.

For the ordinary writer or thinker there is no place in the world so good as a roomy rowboat on a still inland lake. He can sit up in it or lie down in it, but in either case he is utterly alone, and there is not a sound to break his musings.

There is the soft lip-lipping of the little waves against the boat's side or, if he be anchored in the shade near the shore, the wind rustles the trees, but he gets used to these things in a little while and finds them a positive aid. The flirtation of a couple of birds down by the lake's edge or the splash of some lazy bass 30 yards away will attract his eye, but not break the train of his thought.

A man so situated is out of the world. Between him and the people on shore stretches a temporarily impassable gulf. He would not be more alone on another planet.

It is a good plan to take a 30-foot cord with a lot of old iron tied to it and anchor 50 feet from shore opposite some unfrequented part of the bank, spread a quilt down upon the boat's bottom, put a pillow under the back of the neck and stare up at the sky. So, if one can keep awake, the thoughts are bound to come.

Others noticing the boat stationary and apparently empty may row out to inquire, but they will see the rim of a hat, or the toe of a shoe sticking up at some little distance, and then row back angered within themselves.

Wherein mental processes are so swift and sure.

When tired of thought, or when the plot or essay or disputed fact in medicine or banking problem or law pleading has been shaped or settled or solved, there is always the water to turn to, the sand lights and shades, the play which the wind makes upon it, or the fish themselves.

The wise man will have his rod and reel and fish. He can philosophize while he is thinking and go to fishing or think while he is fishing and go to thinking. The principle with which two Westerners travel on one horse, or he can think and fish simultaneously.

It is no bad thing to go out at 9 o'clock in the morning and return for noon luncheon with the plot of a novel, or the details of a railway, or the details of a hat and half a dozen black hats at one's feet.

A Lonely Island.

Buffalo Commercial.

The death, in his 95th year, of Thomas Watson, the "governor" of the small island of Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean, directs attention to a little community which is practically severed from communication with the rest of the world.

Tristan d'Acunha was discovered by the Portuguese in 1505 and formal possession was taken of this small speck in the ocean in 1817 by a company of British artillery, for the purpose of keeping a watch on Napoleon, at that time a prisoner on St. Helena. On the death of Napoleon the soldiers were withdrawn, with the exception of Corporal Glass and two companions, who, with some whaling men, were the founders of the present settlement.

The colony flourished and numbered in 1879 27 souls, and in 1887 there was a population of 37. Property is held in common and there is no strong drink and no crime, while the inhabitants are healthy and long-lived. The oldest inhabitant acts as governor. A ship of war pays the island an annual visit and brings the only mail that ever reaches the inhabitants. The settlement is in a fertile part of the island and is called New Edinburgh. The population has been for some years almost stationary, and is kept down by migrations to the Cape. Watson went to Tristan d'Acunha from the Cape 55 years ago, and never afterwards left the island.