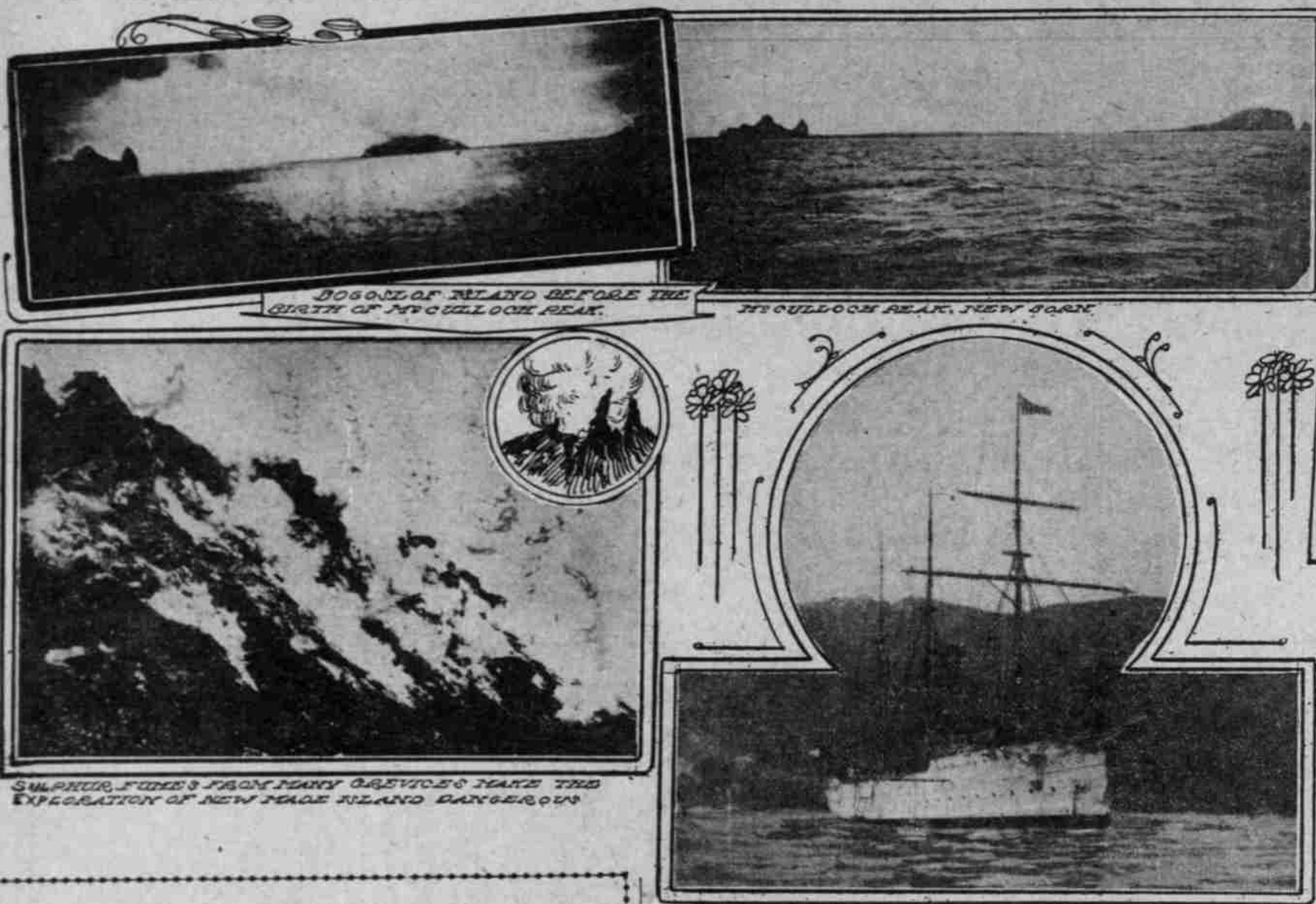


ISLANDS THAT ARE MADE OVER NIGHT.



SUPPER FUMES FROM MOUNT BERING MAKE THE EXPLORATION OF NEW PEAK ISLAND DANGEROUS



CASTLE ROCK THE MOST PERTINENT OF THE PEAKS

STEARL WHISTLES LIKE FUMES FROM THE VOLCANIC PEAKS

ALUETIC, THE NEAREST NATIVES WORKING THE VOLCANIC ISLAND

United States Is Owner of Most Volcanic Islands in World—Bogoslof May Be One Island Today, Two Tomorrow, Three Wednesday, and by the End of Week a Placid Sea May Wash Undisturbed Over Its Former Site—Its Highest Peak Has Been Hurlled High in Air and Again Sucked Beneath Waves—Constantly Emits a Cloud of Steam and Sulphurous Fumes That Make Exploration Undertaking of Great Hazard.

WHEN, each Summer, a boat of the revenue cutter service picks its way through the Bering Sea, follows the light into the Arctic Ocean, carries the mail and Government agents on their one trip a year, even to Point Barrow, where Alaska approaches most nearly to the North Pole, a call is made, coming and going, at Bogoslof. And at Bogoslof there is always a surprise awaiting the visitors, for it is like on no two visits. For in the cold waters of Bering Sea is a never ceasing demonstration of the manner in which the forces of the inner earth have worked in the building of the continents and mountain chains of the world. In fact, it may almost be said that Bogoslof will make a mountain chain for you while you wait and erase it and begin the process over again.

For Bogoslof is the most active volcano in the world. While others of its kind demonstrate their cataclysmic possibilities once in a lifetime, Bogoslof is almost a continuous performer. Its appearance in a series of a few years, or even months, is like a shifting panorama of violent disturbance. Its surface never cools. Its fires never cease. Its fumes are emitted eternally.

When the United States acquired Alaska there came with it that chain of islands that reached 3000 miles out to the westward and approaches the Asiatic coast not far distant from Japan. Underneath this string of islands is a seam in the earth's crust, and through this the forces within have pushed up this string of islands just as

they pushed up that chain of mountains that traverses the continent through all the Americas. But the inner disturbances have long been silenced with the exception of Bogoslof, which erupts unceasingly.

The Fire God of the North.

When the revenue cutters feel their way through these outstretching Aleutian Islands and pass from the Pacific Ocean into Bering Sea, there is open water to the north as far as the Pribilof Islands, where the Government's great herd of fur seals annually comes home to raise its young. That is, there is open sea with the single exception of Bogoslof. For Bogoslof is 40 miles beyond the Aleutian Islands in the Bering Sea.

To describe the appearance of these islands specifically is impossible, for they are always changing. But in general terms one expects to find the same things.

A sounding anywhere around the islands will show that it is a mile down to the floor of the sea. Then suddenly just up a sharp cone that rises above the surface. The portion of this cone that appears above water is usually about three miles long and a mile wide. There may be one or two or three peaks upon it. These peaks are but heterogeneous piles of rock of monstrous size. The forces within have torn through the crust of the earth like a bubble from under water. They have brought with them whatever intervened. There is usually much rock. One of these peaks, 600 feet high, will be little other than a mass of broken

rock, but broken in magnificent proportions. The pieces that are thus piled roughly together may be 10 or 20 or 100 feet through. They are piled together roughly, with many crevasses between. It is a loosely formed mass piled up as might be an ant hill.

This is a new-made peak. Through the many crevasses of the peak come the gases from within. It is to the power of accumulated steam that the upheaval has been due. This steam, upon occasion, comes whistling through the crevasses like a siren. It forms a mantle for the peak, and hangs about it in a monster halo. When the winds are quiet it rises high into the sky like a giant cauliflower that has grown up while you wait.

Death Traps.

But the steam from the bowels of the earth is not the only matter emitted through these crevasses. At times it appears that through Bogoslof Mother Earth were attempting to fumigate herself, for there are such fumes of sulphur emitted as are rarely encountered elsewhere. From a thousand fissures the poisonous gases come, and, unluckily, indeed, are the chance murrees or sealions or the adventurous Aleuts or Americans who are caught in an onrush of the poison fumes, for death is certain.

But if the peaks go thrown up last through a season or two they are likely to receive a padding for their bare ribs. One of the peaks will, in all likelihood, blow up and from its crater will come such a quantity of volcanic ashes as to cover the country all around with a layer that may be many feet in thickness. The fall of ashes is heavier near the crater that is emitting it, and may be 30 feet thick on the island itself.

The rains that follow make a crust upon this, and the peaks become smooth and well rounded, apparently vastly different things from what they were before the shower of ashes. Here again is a danger to the explorer. As he attempts to scale the mountain slopes he is liable at any time to break through the thin crust of the ashes and be plunged into the powdered ashes below. He is then in an even more precarious position than is the man who finds himself sinking into the grasp of quicksand, for his efforts stir the dust about him until he is stifled.

Further than this, as the explorer

ascends the mountainside he finds that the temperature of the ground under foot is gradually growing hotter. Underneath the crust is a reservoir of heat. At some point up the mountainside he is likely to find the temperature beyond the endurance of his feet and will be forced to beat a retreat. But he will have had the experience of standing over a danger with which throwing matches about in a powder mill is but child's play. For this mountain is going to erupt soon and when it does stones weighing many tons will be thrown miles high and a man in the melee would not count for much despite his vaunted superiority.

What Captain Quinn Saw.

It was but last Summer that Captain J. H. Quinn, of the revenue cutter Tahama, went ashore one day and explored the island of Bogoslof. In the center of it the year before had been a lake of water heated from within and intensely hot. Its surface had been a steaming caldron, but broken by any peak. But last Summer two peaks had just begun to appear above the surface of the water. A party from the Tahama went ashore one day and explored the island. Then they sailed over to Unalaska, 40 miles distant, and were the next day returning for more exploration. But before they reached the volcanic island it had blown up. For days it was in a constant state of eruption and the cutter observed the phenomena from a distance. So long continued was the action that it was not possible to wait for its quieting down, so the later appearance of the island will not be known until the revenue cutter returns late in the Fall.

But such an occurrence as was witnessed by the Tahama falls not to the lot of many men in a lifetime. And such an occurrence is made doubly impressive when the people witnessing it realize that a few hours before they were upon the land that is being uprooted.

It was but a little earlier that the cutter McCulloch sailed up to Bogoslof with a map that had been made the previous season. It showed Fire Island at one extreme and Castle Rock at the other. Perry Peak was between. But half of Perry Peak had been blown up and a much more imposing rock stood over and obscured it. This was named McCulloch Peak in honor

of the vessel. It was a mass of seething hot stone from the crevasses of which hissed steam and sulphur fumes. The Aleuts hunters climbed its sides and cooked their sea lion meat in this gushing steam.

"It was," said Lieutenant B. H. Camden, of the McCulloch, "a novel sensation to put foot on such virgin soil as McCulloch Peak, which had never before known the touch of man. Its sides were at the time spouting steam, discoloring the rocks with sulphur and filling the air with its disagreeable fumes. A closer examination showed that there were innumerable small openings in the sides of the rock acting as vents for the steam generated hundreds of feet below. The temperature at the opening of these vents was about 200 degrees. From the side of the peak we caught our first view of the lake enclosed by the island and which was kept heated by the steam that came up through it, and which was shrouded by vapor because it was so much warmer than the surrounding air."

"The danger in ascending the peak was very great. The sides of it were strewn with boulders of such size as to weigh from 100 to 300 pounds, and these were ready to start as an avalanche on the slightest provocation and bury the party beneath the debris. Then there was the danger of being asphyxiated by the sulphur fumes, of falling over a cliff in the haze of stepping into a steam fissure, as the escaping vapor was so dense toward the top of the peak that we would have been obliged to trust to our sense of touch and sight in proceeding along the summit. Altogether an exploration of the island was a wandering in a maze of dangers that it would be hard to conceive under any other conditions."

"Our first visit was in the month of July. On our return from the North

in October we again stopped at Bogoslof to note what changes had taken place in our absence. As we approached the islands our first surprise was the absence of the halo of steam that had formerly hung about it. I was somewhat prepared to observe many interesting changes, even to the upheaval of another peak. But imagine my surprise when it dawned upon me that McCulloch Peak had entirely disappeared, having split off half of Perry Peak and left its perpendicular wall standing in grim silence as a headstone at the grave of the departed mountain.

A Mantle of Ashes.

"However, a nearer view disclosed the fact that McCulloch Peak had not died without a struggle or without leaving some evidence of its short existence, for astonishing changes had occurred in the profile of the peaks, the rugged outlines of each of which had been softened to a general symmetry by a padding of lava dust that almost disguised them beyond recognition, while the sandpit connecting the peaks had attained a height varying from 20 to 100 feet."

"Incalculable tons of material, hundreds of feet in depth, had been deposited over the entire island. Fire Island and Perry Peak now towered into the air with a gentle incline rising from the beach to their summits. At intervals a mass of this lava dust would be hurled or blown from its bed high up among the rocks and come tearing down the cliffs and plunge upon the beach below."

"As soon as I realized that this new development was composed of lava dust my mind reverted to the fall of that material which had occurred at Unalaska, September 1, and about which the natives had told us many weird but contradictory stories. It is undoubtedly true that McCulloch Peak,

in its blowing up, had strewn the whole country with a layer of ashes. It was found impossible on this return trip of the McCulloch to make any landing upon the island, for the lava had made a footing that it would have been impossible to traverse. The only tragedies connected with any of these eruptions are those connected with the lives of the murrees and sea lions which insist on inhabiting its shores, despite the danger so incurred. Great flocks of murrees are usually to be seen on the islands. They make their nests there and breed their young beneath the shade of the volcanoes. The sea lions likewise inhabit the beaches in great numbers, and here come the natives from Unalaska, 40 miles away, to hunt these monsters of the northern sea. The great sea lion bulls, weighing as much as 3000 pounds, loll upon the beaches and give battle to all comers. It is great sport to those who know how to handle these strange animals as they pursue their tormentors, but do so with such alacrity that there is no danger to those engaging in the sport.

"God's Word" to the Natives.

Often, however, upon the visits of the revenue cutters to Bogoslof, the skeletons of murrees by the thousands are found on the island, they having died from poisoned fumes or from the fall of ashes. The sea lion, too, often suffers, and it is no uncommon sight to see these old monarchs with the hair scaled off their bodies as the result of eruptions that they have weathered.

The natives of Unalaska are the nearest residents to these volcanic islands, and to them the irregularities of Bogoslof have become a demonstration of the power of the will of God, which they attribute to the will of God, and which has much to do with the molding of their lives. According to their traditions, it was in 1798 that Bogoslof came into being. It was but a few years previous to this that Russian priests had passed from one island to another of the Aleutian chain and preached the Christian religion to the natives. It was a monster eruption that first brought the volcanic islands into being, and the priests convinced the natives that it was due to the wrath of God because of their slowness in becoming converted. So impressed were they and so frightened by the great upheaval that they embraced Christianity to a man. Bogoslof to them means "God's word." Ever since that time these Aleuts have been devoutly religious. When they show a tendency to stray from the prescribed path, an eruption of this changeable island is sure to shortly come and frighten them back into regularity.

Geologically the explanation of these upheavals is that there is a fissure in the earth's crust at this point, and that through this fissure flows to the superheated regions below. There it is converted into steam, which continues to generate until sufficient strength is gained to tear its way to the surface and hurl whatever intervenes high into the air. There are evidently great quantities of steam that continually find their way thus into the bowels of the earth and regularly cause the phenomena to repeat themselves. It is no similar set of conditions existing elsewhere in the world, and as a result there is nowhere else such vigor and frequency of eruption as at Bogoslof.

WILLIAM AHERTON DU PUY.



Ten Minutes With the Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.



Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

FASOLACCI.

Fasolacci is a youth of much elegance and little discretion. He has been spending right and left, and one day he finds himself unable to pay his hotel bill. Owing to the avarice of his father, he appeals to his uncle:

"Dear Uncle: If you could see my shame while I write you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for 100 francs and know not how to express my humble gratitude."

"No, it is impossible to tell you. I prefer to die."

"I send you this by messenger, who awaits an answer."

"Believe me, dear uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew."

"FASOLACCI."

"P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I could not catch up with him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this letter may be lost."

The uncle receives the letter, is touched by its contents, considers and replies:

"My Beloved Nephew: Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter. Good-by. Your affectionate uncle."

"ARISTIPPO."

very proud of his optimism. I have often heard him, indeed, liken himself in optimism to the man who fell from the tower of a skyscraper.

"This man was an optimist whom nothing could dishearten. He worked in a skyscraper's 28th story, and one afternoon while admiring the glorious view he lost his balance and fell from the window."

"Loud cries of horror from the street below at once filled the windows of every floor of the skyscraper with agonized spectators. To these horror-stricken people the optimist, as he dropped swiftly past story after story, shouted in cheery tones:

"All right so far!"

"And by jove, his optimism was justified," concluded the Cleveland man; "for he alighted, quite uninjured, on a mountain of excelsior piled in the street."

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

General F. D. Grant, at a dinner at West Point, once analyzed the military genius of Washington.

"Washington," he said, "gave us our independence by campaigning faultlessly. He never made mistakes. There have been more brilliant soldiers than Washington, but there has never been so sure a one."

"In warfare, you must know, the smallest mistake may lose a whole battle, a whole campaign, a whole cause. And that reminds me of poor Tom White."

"Tom White failed in business owing to the mistake of one single letter made by his stenographer. Tom's patron in business was a deaf millionaire, who was very touchy about his deaf-

ness. This millionaire turned from a good friend to a bitter enemy—he forced on Tom because the unhappy fellow's stenographer accidentally began a letter to him:

"Dear Sir,"—Washington, Star.

RECOLLECTION.

A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Bredern and sistern, Ah warn ya' against the heinous sin o' shootin' craps! Ah charges ya' against de black race o' liftin' puliticks! But, above all else, bredern and sistern, Ah demonesh yo' at disher season against de crime o' melon stealin'!"

A brother in a back seat made an odd sound, with his lips, nose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down with an ashamed look.

"Whurfo, mah frien," said the preacher sternly, "does yo' rar up an' snap yo' fingers when Ah speak o' melon stealin'?"

"To jes' reminds me, pabson," the man in the back seat answered meekly, "whar Ah let mah knife."

RETRIBUTION.

Oliver H. Curtis, the well-known sociologist of Omaha, said in a recent lecture:

"But our slums are much cleaner than the old slums of Europe. Our slum denizens are cleaner, too. Among us it is unusual to see up children in woolen underwear for the winter—not so abroad—and I once heard in Hungary of a case that you will hardly credit. A man was arrested for stealing a pig, and they told him that he must take a bath before entering his cell."

"What! Take a bath? How long is it since you've had a bath?"

"So help me," said the prisoner, solemnly, "I never was arrested before—never."—Los Angeles Times.

Quips and Flings

"Why do you put the hair of an other woman on your head?" he asked, severely.

"Put the skin of another calf on your feet?"—Suburban Life.

"Come right in, old man, and see our new baby? There isn't he great? He—Oh, yes! Fine! Well, they say homely babies grow up to be handsome—that is, you can be thankful—er, well, how much he looks like his mother, I mean!"—Toledo Blade.

"A lock of Cromwell's hair recently fetched \$200 at auction. Pretty high for hair, hey?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think I'd be willing to pay at least \$200 for my own hair I could get it back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Has she any prospects?"

"I should say she has. She knows a millionaire that she expects to marry or sue for breach of promise."—Detroit Free Press.

"And now, my son," said the loving father, "as you are about to go into business for yourself, it is well for you to remember that honesty is the best policy."

"Yes, papa," answered the high-browed young man.

"That honesty is the best policy," continued the father. "And if you will study up on the laws, you will be surprised to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Wise men hesitate—only fools are certain," he observed in the course of

a conversation with his tender spouse. "I don't know about that," she said testily.

"Well, I am certain of it!" he exclaimed. "For a long time he was puzzled to understand why she burst out laughing at him.—Smart Set.

"Look out," said the woman with the determined look, "for that dog will bite a piece out of you."

"Well," replied Plodding Pete, "rememberin' dat handout you passed me last week, I wouldn't blame de pup fur goin' in desperate fur a change of food."—Washington Star.

"I've just washed out a suit for my little boy—and now it seems too tight for him."

"He'll fit it all right if you'll wash the boy."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Doctor—Well, I hope you profited by my advice.

Patient—Yes, doctor, but not so much as you did.—Boston Transcript.

"I see that the War Department has

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

GOLD AND GRAY.

They whisper of true love,
Fair youth and bride,
They sing of their new love,
And age derides;
But I to my old love write this rhyme—
To my old love, safe from the traitor Time!

Our hair is all gray, dear,
While theirs is gold;
They dance through their May, dear,
While we are old;
They live for tomorrow, its joy—or de-
feat—
But we have our yesterdays, mellow and sweet!

They burn in the beauty
Of ardent Spring,
Nor vision the duty
Of harvesting!
To them age is failure, the breath of decay,
Yet we in December remember our May!

THE SWEETEST HOT WEATHER MUSIC.

How I love to hear the rattle of the hard coal in the chute
When it's ninety-six or seven in the shade;
What a restful, soothing feeling
As though my being seems to
By what pleasing, airy fancies I am
awayed.

In my glad imagination I behold the driver where
He's industriously shoveling the coal;
He's industriously shoveling the coal;

His ears and neck are blackened; there
Is fuel in his hair;
But there may not be a stain upon
his soul.

To his skin his shirt is sticking, here
and there a little stream
Trickles from his chest or dribbles
down his back;
From his shoulders are rising cunning
little puffs of steam;
On his visage white streaks mingle
with the black.

You may think the hurdygurdy makes
the sweetest, soothing sound
Or be gladdened by the pupil with
the flute;
But to me the sweetest music, when
the sun has parched the ground,
Is the rattle of the hard coal in the
chute.

THE BATHING GIRL.

I said she looked like Venus, rising from
the sea,
But when I told her of it, she was much
vexed at me.
Not that she was so modest, as she ob-
served, but, shoot!

It seemed I hadn't noticed her stylish
bathing suit!
—Milwaukee Daily News.

PATRIOTIC MUSIC.

I love to hear the singing bird—
The lark, the thrush, I dote on each,
The nightingale with joy is heard,
Likewise the loon upon the beach;
Yet, of them all, I love the best
Within the pocket of my vest.
To hear the double-eagle screech!

—Musical Courier.