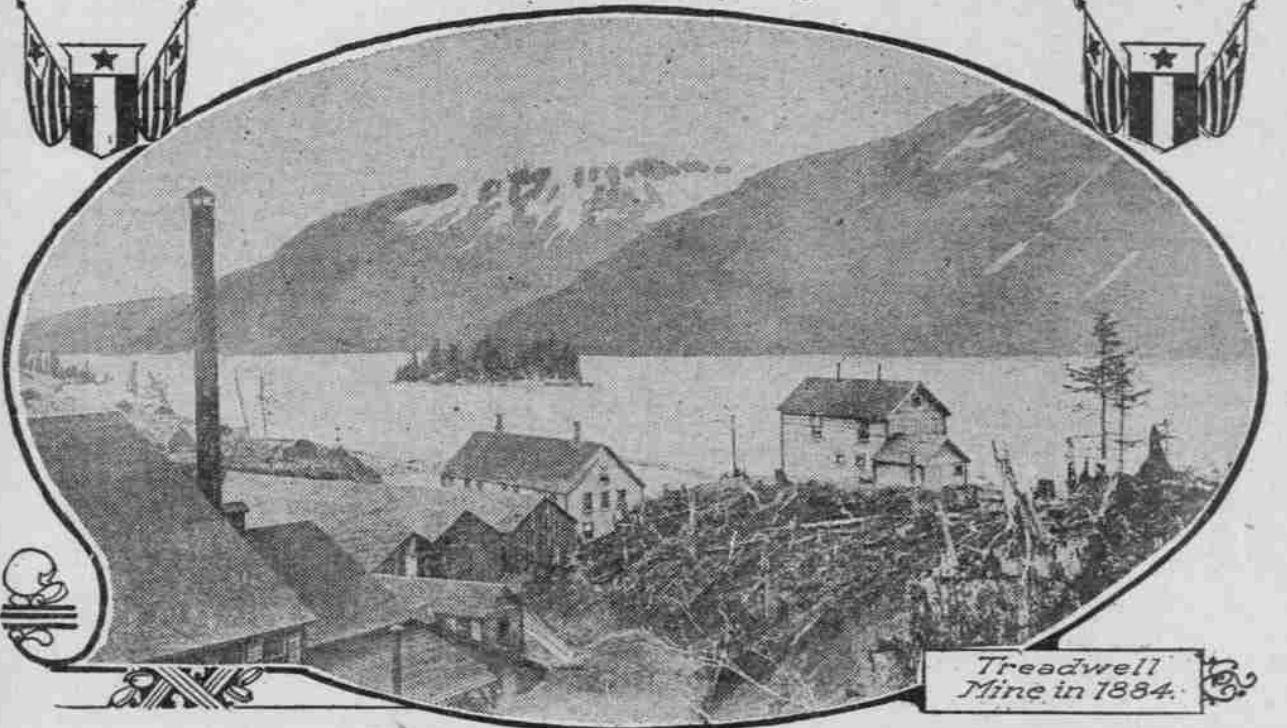


TREADWELL MINE CAVE-IN RECALLS FIRST PATENT ISSUED BY ALASKAN GOVERNMENT

Andrew T. Lewis, Portland, Then Clerk of Federal Court, Remembers Transfer of Rights to Valuable Holdings for \$500 and Shipment of Machinery for Development Work.



Men comprising the first civil government of Alaska in 1884. Left to right: E. W. Haskell, District Attorney, M. C. Hillier, U. S. Marshall, J. H. Kinkead, Governor, Ward McAllister, Judge, A. T. Lewis, Clerk of Court.



Treadwell Mine in 1884.

The Treadwell mine, for years probably the most famous mining property in Alaska, which was damaged by a surface cave-in recently after having yielded \$40,000,000 in gold, was purchased from the Government at the time Andrew T. Lewis, Portland attorney, was clerk of the District Court for the District of Alaska in 1884. Account of the recent cave-in caused Mr. Lewis to grow reminiscent yesterday.

WILHELM II CALLED ATILA BORN 1000 YEARS AFTER TIME

Ancestry of Prussian Kaiser Similar to That Which Produced Frederick the Great—Article Written 29 Years Ago Prophetic of Present Events.

In the light of developments of the past three years the following article, published in the New York Times in April, 1888, well-nigh entitles its author, Harold Frederic, to claim for himself the gift of prophecy. The headlines used over the article in the Times were as follows: Prussian Crown Prince, The Dark Figure That Frowns in the Heavens—The Prussian Kaiser, the Sixth-Hourer With Muscles of Steel and the Taste for Blood.

By Harold Frederic. Berlin, June 10.—Picture to yourself a young man in his 20th year, 5 feet in height, straight as an ash sapling, with finely formed, slender limbs, narrow hips, swelling chest, and square, broad shoulders, with a smallish head on a long, full-throated neck, held proudly upright, and an oval face, with an aquiline effect of profile, clear-cut, strong chin, bended nose prominent though not high cheekbones, and good open forehead—all as regular in ensemble as a Greek temple, and with a broad, straight, clean-cut, gray-blue eyes, light-brown hair close-cut behind, but longer on the crown, and rising from the temples to form a sort of ridge from the parting across the brow, and a yellowish mustache loosely curled up at the ends, and you have such a portrait as words can paint of William, Crown Prince of Prussia and coming German Emperor.

In the idea that the Corsican marvel was a freak of heredity—a strange posthumous birth of the medieval mercenary soldiers of Italy. It seems very probable that some future Taine, a century hence, perhaps, will desire to show that William II of Prussia, and the German empire was a mysterious belated survival of the ante-medieval Goths and Vandals of the North Sea, a thousand and more years after his time.

The young man is practically all German in blood, it is true that his mother is called English, but as a matter of fact one has to go back among her ancestors to Shakespeare's time to find a strain of something but Teutonic blood in the Guelphs.

It is true also that his great-grandmother was a daughter of the Duke of Paul. But it happens that the Romanoffs have scarcely a trace of Tartar blood in their veins, so steadily have all the males for 19 generations married German wives.

William of True Hohenzollern Type. Prince William is, in truth, a purely North German, and is a direct product of Wend and Saxon and Goth and Burgundian intermixture as can be found in one of those noble and distinguished culminating of the Hohenzollern type of soldier-statesman, reached curiously enough by the same crossing of blood which was the origin of the Hohenzollerns.

But even a second Frederick or Napoleon cannot stand Europe on its head, it may be urged, unless he has a great, compact and unanimous mass of people at his back who are willing to place their fortunes, their peace and their lives in his hands. The Kaiser and Prince Bismarck has insisted all along upon nothing more tenaciously than the fundamental principle of peace. This is all true enough.

Not only was he sincere, but he was right. Under the Kaiser who was buried last week the German army was in a state of splendid efficiency, and it was no less so today under the noble, broad and enlightened Kaiser who is so unflinchingly and manfully striving to do his duty to the German nation and the world from within his sick chamber at Charlottenburg.

But nobody with eyes in his head could have passed the week just ended in Berlin without recognizing that if a firebrand comes to the throne the materials are close-crowded upon him for a terrible conflagration. Although the great bulk of the military visitors to the Kaiser's chamber at Charlottenburg were in the center of a gigantic armed camp.

Even now, when I go downstairs to this hotel to eat my dinner, one-half past six, the elevator boy touches his cap to me with a military salute. The waiters when they receive my order for a glass of beer, salute me with the eye of a drill sergeant. The military spirit pervades everything and everywhere.

The danger in Berlin insensibly finds itself memorializing the significance of the various colors in collars. In fact, the German military has made all sorts of sacrifices, some of them difficult and repugnant, in the interest of peace. Bismarck has gone on adding to the German army year after year until today it numbers more than twice the armed host represented here in the history of victorious wars. Had I gone there to see if it was lost there. After some groveling on the floor the tailor discovered it and I was completely relieved. Had I gone there to see if I should have received a severe reprimand, I wore my veil all undetected, and in consequence arrived with a senseless nose.

FUNNY INCIDENTS RELIEVE LIFE OF NIGHT NURSE ON DUTY IN HOSPITAL IN EUROPE

Patient Dips Into Epsom Salts for Sugar—Supposedly Sleeping Men in Dark Ward Room Imitate Howling Cats to Nurse's Discomfort—Weird Thing to Be Alone With Man Who Has Fits, Says Miss Lanyon.

BY EDITH E. LANTON. THE NAVAL HOSPITAL, March 7.—We are leading a very busy life at the hospital at present, as we are under-staffed with nurses and rather overstocked with patients. I am on night duty on my pet surgical ward, and I am a constant sight to the usual four, we are not exactly "bored" because we have nothing to do. There is also a night sister and a staff nurse, but we are running about all night long.

The patients are very kind and helpful. I believe there is no limit to what they would do for me. I find a cup of hot coffee waiting for me when I go on duty at 8:30 every night; one of the patients makes it for me out of his own coffee. Afterwards he always washes up a cup and leaves things shipshape. In the morning he sets the breakfast trays for me.

Another patient, a boy of 18, helps me to make the bed of a helpless patient who cannot get up. This boy is as deft and helpful as any nurse I ever saw. We changed the sheets on a patient who had a fever. Another patient, a V. A. D. nurse who went to a hospital in France, was fast asleep and said, "Wake up, wake up, I want to give you a sleeping draught."

When I was dressed in uniform and all ready to take the train this day I came back to the hospital, to my horror I found one of the brass numerals had disappeared off the shoulder of my uniform. I had gone and left me belonging to detachment "10" instead of detachment "16." We all looked in vain. I had just had it changed at the tailor's and I was there to see if it was lost there. After some groveling on the floor the tailor discovered it and I was completely relieved. Had I gone there to see if I should have received a severe reprimand, I wore my veil all undetected, and in consequence arrived with a senseless nose.

We are of course on rations here just as usual. We seem to have enough and our appetites are exceedingly good. We live all upside down, we eat our meals at 8 P. M. and have dinner at 8 A. M. The sleeping, or rather lack of sleeping, is the worst part of the whole thing. It is so difficult to sleep in broad daylight.

I am writing this between 3 and 4 in the morning—the night nurses' tears are in my eyes. The clock is striking between half past and 5 o'clock we go down and eat bread and butter for a solid hour. Solid bread and butter.

too! We cut enough for 160 men, and feel tired and sleepy when we have finished, slippery with butter. The navy rejoices in butter, not margarine, on his bread. I believe the army hospitals use margarine. One of my patients got a second injury yesterday by gallantly going to the rescue of a comrade who could not start up the engine of her motorcar. He warmed it up for her and it unkindly back-fired and fractured his wrist. It has been frightfully painful in the night, and I have had to prop it up with pillows. His original injuries were in the leg and a frightful scalp wound.

Portland Supplies Appreciated. The hospital bags from Portland have been keenly appreciated. One of the men who got one is paralyzed and cannot write a letter of thanks, but the other man, whose trouble is in the spine, is writing himself. He has already composed and torn up three letters.

pan to think what a sell it will be for those who intend to eat it. It is a matter of course the other patients would fly to our assistance, but some of them would take a lot of walking.

I have been giving each man a sweet after his medicine, or a cup of tea after it, and now, just like children, they beg for doses of medicine so they can have a sweetie.

One ward was awfully funny tonight when I went in about an hour after the lights were turned out at 9 o'clock. All was peace and I was congratulating myself on being such good boys when a gentle "meow" came from a corner bed. I immediately a cheer, "mouws" came, one from every bed. It was like a cat show broken loose. I finally fled, with my fingers in my ears, and they did laugh.

Another favorite thing to do when you say "good night" and turn the light out is for one man to reply politely, "good night," and then another polite voice says, "good night, nurse," and you reply, "good night." They make a noise, as if you have said good night to each man in the ward separately.

Walking Patients Hard Task. Getting them up in the morning is one of the heaviest duties of a night nurse. Most people, slightly or greatly, being waked up to be washed at or before 6 A. M. in the pitchy darkness. The flare of the gas dazzles their eyes, poor dears. They really bear up well under the infliction. The ones who are well enough to get up and get washed and make their own beds, and go down stairs to breakfast are the worst. They can all sleep like tops at getting-up time. No stern threats as to "no breakfast" or "vain repetition of the latest name of the hour disturb the members. If you say emphatically: "You have only seven minutes to dress and make your bed," a cheerful voice will reply, "I always do it in four minutes, nurse." Then as a last resort you say, saddy: "Well, I shall be blamed if you are late!" They make absolutely about out of bed in a second and dresses like fury to be down in time. Under no circumstances will they see the nurse Red Cross nursing is a strenuous life, but it has its compensations.

April 26. P. S.—This letter was written weeks ago, but was stopped by the censor on its journey west. He informed me on returning it that I must get a permit from the War Office before sending any more letters for publication.

After some delay and a good deal of correspondence, the War Office has finally safe and sound and hope to send letters from time to time as I have done in the past.

During this time of waiting for the permit I have been so busy in the hospital that I should have had no time to write in my leisure. That America is now one of our allies. The Stars and Stripes is a very popular flag and is to be seen flying everywhere.

WILHELM II CALLED ATILA BORN 1000 YEARS AFTER TIME

Ancestry of Prussian Kaiser Similar to That Which Produced Frederick the Great—Article Written 29 Years Ago Prophetic of Present Events.

In the light of developments of the past three years the following article, published in the New York Times in April, 1888, well-nigh entitles its author, Harold Frederic, to claim for himself the gift of prophecy. The headlines used over the article in the Times were as follows: Prussian Crown Prince, The Dark Figure That Frowns in the Heavens—The Prussian Kaiser, the Sixth-Hourer With Muscles of Steel and the Taste for Blood.