

# ALASKA GAME SUPPLY

## FUR-BEARING ANIMALS RECKLESSLY KILLED.

Deer Are Now Almost Extinct, Sea Otters Are Extremely Scarce, and Moose Are Vanishing with Great Rapidity.

Ten years ago Alaska was a fur country beyond all else, with a trade annually in excess of \$20,000,000. This year the fur crop, exclusive of the seals, will not exceed \$500,000. In the judgment of a prominent Chicago furrier, recently returned from a fourth trip of four months in that country, the slaughter of the fur-bearing animals, with the exception of the seals, is such as to make the life of the fur trade almost impossible. The sea otter, one of the most valuable of all animals, is practically extinct. Wolves have killed all the deer spared by the hunter or have driven them to the islands off the coast. The moose are fast going, and only the seals are more numerous than they have been for years. But these are at the mercy of a United States monopoly and of the British hunters, who come openly within three miles of the American coast and kill seals in open water. Not only are the fur-bearing animals threatened, but it is said that the canneries are raiding the salmon supply of the country in such a way that Indians receiving only five cents apiece for salmon weighing about eight pounds are making \$15 to \$20 a day at fishing. In the Columbia River country years ago the canneries worked havoc with their magnificent game fish, throwing them out of the coast rivers by machinery, taking the big fish and leaving the smaller ones to rot in the sun. With the eight-pound limit there are evidences that

range the Indians begin to take careful aim. Finally a lucky shot kills the creature, and the whole party lands. The otter is skinned at once and the shots that may have struck it are followed until the bullet is found. The rules of the hunt are that \$10 from the skin shall go to the man who sighted it; \$5 each shall go to the other nine men in the party, while the one whose marked bullet evidently killed the animal gets all the rest. There is seldom any disagreement in these parties, either.

"Sometimes an otter killed on land may have several bullet holes in his skin, but these holes are no damage to the fur, as the furrer closes them easily from the back. Ordinarily, now, when one hide has been secured, the whole party goes back to the trading post. The Indians are much shrewder traders now than they were once. They have to be. They may take the hide to every dealer in the post and still be dissatisfied. In such a case they pick up some squaw to take the post to another post—maybe even to Dawson. They would not trust a man to do it, for he would be almost certain to get drunk. The squaws are almost universally honest and dependable, and the hunters count on every penny of returns save the necessary expense incurred. Sometimes the Indians make money by this; sometimes they don't. I offered a party of hunters \$500 for a skin, but they refused to take it. They sent a woman with it to Dawson and there she got only \$500 after spending \$40 on steamer fares and incidental expenses. She was the wife of the man who had killed it, and she was quite pleased with her trip and experience.

"Near Cook's Inlet one finds the best hunting. There are moose, caribou, mountain sheep, and bears for big game. In addition there are millions of geese, ducks, brants, and water fowl of all description. Our party killed three moose, seven mountain sheep, and one caribou in the four months that we were there. We have brought back twelve moose skins and heads, seventeen mountain sheep, thirteen wolf skins, and the hides of sixty bears. The

letic figure that once might have trod the boards. To halt in her quick pace down town was something unusual for the woman, but the disappointed face, with the gray, shaggy head, appealed to her, and she asked wonderingly:

"What has caused you bad luck?" "It happened, madam," the man responded, "that the world went hard with me, among other things. I know all the stages in the descent of man, and, in fact, I know the stage itself. Things were different when I played with McCullough in the '70s." He sighed as he leaned gracefully against one of the foundation pillars of the Calumet Club building, and let his eyes wander over the ruins of the burned church opposite.

The woman was compelled to admire the beggar, whose figure was as majestic as McCullough's own, and who belonged, it was evident, to the same artistic profession.

"But what brought you to this condition?" she asked, breaking in upon his abstraction as she saw a far-off look in his eyes that might have belonged to McCullough in Bloomington.

"Oh, I found the current too swift for me. When I got into it I couldn't get out. When a man gets to going downward," he went on, addressing the charred walls, not the woman—"when a man gets to going downward, nothing can stop him—unless it is a woman—and—and the woman died. I should have been a different man if it had not been for that. I left her in a grave back there in Donegal, and I went down with the current—left her in a grave in Donegal," he continued, forgetting his listener, forgetting his hunger, as he drew his old cloak around his once proud form and walked away, the soft morning breeze brought back the words, "a grave in Donegal."

The woman called to him, but he did not heed her, and then she ran after him, and put a coin in his hand for the sake of a heart gone to dust in a grave in Donegal.

When she had parted with her money she walked on, reflecting that it might

# SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

## HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Mrs. Jinson—My dear, we must go to the seaside, and the mountain, and the springs.

Mr. Jinson—We are comfortable enough here at home.

Mrs. Jinson—Yes, we are now, but you men are so short-sighted! Just think how uncomfortable we will be when people come back and begin to tell where they've been.—New York Weekly.

### Ruin in Its Wake.

Bighead—War is a terrible curse, isn't it?

Critic—I should say so. I have noticed that every war adds a new dialect to our magazine literature.—Life.

### No Good Deeds There.

Weary Willie—Let's bunk in dat coal yard.

Tired Timothy—What fer? Dat ain't a soft-coal firm.

### Mutual Recognition.

"Bliss my soul!" exclaimed the man with the iron gray beard, cordially extending his hand. "Ain't you the tow-headed boy that used to weedy the life out of me twenty-five years ago, back in old Chemung County, by climbing my orchard fence and stealing my apples?"

"If you're the infernally mean and stingy old hunk who owned that orchard and used to set your dog on any boy who came within half a mile of it, I am," replied the younger man, grasping the proffered hand and shaking it heartily.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Sure Thing.

He—Wasn't that you on the piazza last night?

She—No.

He—Then I wonder who in the world it was I kissed?

She—You can probably tell by going there to-night at the same time.—Life.

### He Knew Him.

"I am a man with a history," began the visitor, and—

"Yes, I know. You're selling it on subscription to only the best people. Don't want it. Good day."—Philadelphia Record.

### Would Change It Himself.

"It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know," she said.

"That's right," he replied brutally, "and I don't blame her a bit. If I had the average feminine mind I'd change it myself."—Chicago Evening Post.

### Volume Implied.

"It takes a woman to find the words to say mean things about other women."

### Had Been Punished Enough.

Judge—You are charged with breaking a lamp on your wife's head.

Prisoner—That lamp cost me \$6, your honor.

### As Experience Had Taught Her.

Farmer B.—This "ere paper says they ain't nothin' fr an appetite like a long tramp.

### Getting Full Value.

"I paid an eminent artist \$15 for a criticism of my painting."

### A Careful Guardian.

Mistress—I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?

### One Way.

Husband—I don't know how much of an allowance to give you next year.

### Love Versus Housekeeping.

Enraptured Lover—And now, darling, why may we not be married at once?

### A Bad Situation.

"Travel in the Swiss Alps is dangerous." "Yes, it is; I climbed all over the whole place once, and didn't meet a who could understand the."

# WHEN TO MARRY.

## Depends Upon People, Time, Kind, Taste and Circumstances.

At what age should a man marry? That depends upon the man. Some men are more fitted for the responsibilities of matrimony at 25 than others are at 35, said a man in discussing this important subject recently. If marriage, however, be postponed after that last figure a man is likely to get into what may be called the habit of celibacy, from which as from other bad habits, it is hard to break away. In this habit of celibacy he will continue till he is about sixty years of age, when a great desire will come over him to try what matrimony is like just before he dies, and he will propose, right and left to everything in petticoats, until at last he is picked up, not for himself, but for his money or for his position, or because some one is tired of being called "Miss" and wants the novel sensation of a "Mrs." before her name.

An old man told a friend that he wanted to marry before he died if only to have some one to close his eyes. "Perhaps," suggested the friend, "you will get some one who will open them." It is not natural for a young girl to wish to marry an old man. A father said to his daughter, "Now, when it is time for you to marry I won't allow you to throw yourself away on one of the frivolous young fellows I see around. I shall select for you a staid, sensible, middle-aged man. What do you say to one of about 50 years of age?"

"Well, father," replied the girl, "if it is just the same to you, I should prefer two of twenty-five."

Perhaps the best advice one could give a young man in this matter is to say: "Wait until you cannot wait any longer." Wait, that is to say, until she—that not impossible she—comes with smiles so sweet and manners so gracious that you cannot wait any longer, then marry, and may you be happy ever after! As to the age at which women should marry, I am afraid of burning my fingers with that question. All I shall say is that if some women are not worth looking at after thirty years of age, there are quite as many not worth speaking to before it. Let a man please himself, but let him not marry either a child or an old woman.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

# HYPNOTISM BY TELEPHONE

## Successful Long-Distance Experiment by a Honolulu Amateur.

One of the queerest freaks of hypnotic influence ever recorded is reported from Honolulu, where, according to the Pacific Commercial Advertiser, a subject was put to sleep by a hypnotist who was several blocks away. J. E. Davis plays a typewriter in the office of the attorney general at Honolulu. He is an amateur musician and a prominent member of the Triangle club, which is allied with the Young Men's Christian Association. He is an ardent student of hypnotism.

One evening recently a number of persons gathered in the New England bakery to see the telephone experiment. A youth of 21 years who had been operated on by Davis several times took the telephone receiver in his hand while Davis spoke to him from an instrument in the Judd building, several blocks distant. A card over the telephone in the bakery had written on it the name of Thomas Williams. As seen and heard from the Judd building the following was the procedure. Davis called to the subject—who being well known here does not want his name mentioned—to take the card in his hand.

"What is the name on the card?" he asked.

Then he said: "It's growing dim. The letters are blurred. You can't see them well. Your eyes are closing. You are getting sleepy. You want to sit down. You are going fast. See, there you are."

Those in the bakery saw the subject take the card in his hand, heard him answer the questions, and finally fell and fall into the chair, assisted by McLaughlin, Davis' guide in the creepy science. McLaughlin telephoned to Davis that the youth was "gone" and the Davis hastened in a hack to the bakery. There he ordered the subject into the lala, where there was more room for experiment. The young man tottered along with one hand on Davis' arm and seemed glad to sit down when he reached the spot pointed out to him.

His eyes were closed, but when commanded to open them he did so slowly and stared vacantly ahead. A candle held to his eyes did not cause him to wink nor did a needle passed over the eyeballs bring any signs of feeling. He was like a man drugged. When told to hold out his arms perfectly stiff he obeyed and kept them there for four minutes without evident fatigue. So when made to believe by Davis' persuasive language that he was at a lala he laughed and clapped his hands and seemed pleased. He ambled through a cakewalk—not being a graceful dancer in his waking hours—and shuffled his feet when told that he was listening to rhapsodic music.

The most curious phenomenon of the experiment was in the startling difference between the pulses of the subject. Before he submitted to the test the subject's pulse registered 74. After fifteen minutes it was 96. Under the direction of Davis and McLaughlin the left pulse went to 99 and at the same moment the right was 112. Bringing them lower the right was 112 when the left was 91.

# RECENT INVENTIONS.

A Pennsylvanian has patented an improved coal bag and unloading arrangement, comprising a central sustaining member, surrounded by a bag, which has a gathering cord at the top, the bags being suspended by the stems on a wooden support for filling from the chute.

Dustless roads can be rapidly made by a Californian's machine, which has a plurality of dust-stirring fingers, which are adjusted to stir up the earth in the road, a series of pipes extending at the rear of the fingers to sprinkle oil from a reservoir mounted on the machine.

Shoes can be quickly laced by the use of a new attachment, comprising a pair of slotted rigs carried by the edges of the upper, with headed studs set in the slots to slide freely, with a lacet attached to the studs to draw the edges of the upper together as the studs are raised.

An improved automatic safety lock for elevators is formed of two triangular blocks pivoted on top of the car, and held in a folded position by the cable, the breaking of the latter throwing the blocks out and operating two links, which catch in the sides of the well and support the car.

In New York a man has patented a collar button which will save trouble in fastening a stiff collar, the shank of the button being telescopic, with an internal spring which prevents the shank extending too far out and also locks it in a contracted position after the collar is fastened.

A handy tablet for telephones has been patented by an Ohio man, comprising a reel suspended in two brackets at the edge of the battery box, a roll of paper being placed on the reel and held smooth across the top for writing, with a sharp metal strip to sever the sheet after use.

Mowing and reaping machines can be provided with a new whip holder, which is formed of a support attached to the tongue of the machine, carrying a whip socket with a gear wheel at the rear, which meshes with a gear shaft extending in position for the driver to turn it and operate the whip.

A handy adjustable bracket for use on painters' easels has a sleeve to fit around the upright legs of the easel, with an L-shaped arm pivoted in each sleeve to engage notches in the legs when in a lowered position, allowing the sleeve to be raised or lowered when not engaging the notches.

Runaway horses can be brought under control by a new dashboard attachment, which has a lip pivoted to clamp to rest against the base when pulled in for tightening the reins when a new hold is taken by the driver.

Explained.

Mrs. Watson—I broke one of those eggs you sold me into a cup, and the white of it was all green.

Cooper—Certainly, mum. It's all right, mum. Those eggs is laid by grass-fed hens.—Somerville Journal.

# Marie Bashkirtseff.

Another batch of Marie Bashkirtseff's private thoughts are to be published.

# Some Areas.

England consists of 37,000,000 acres, Scotland 10,000,000, and Ireland 20,500,000.

# QUER STORIES

## There are 20,000 different kinds of butterflies.

A statistician of small things figures it out that the posterity of one English sparrow amounts in ten years to something like 276,000,000,000 birds.

There are 1,200,000 miles of copper wire used in the telephone service in the United States, and 4,000,000 calls are received daily in the telephone exchanges of the country. The wire would girdle the earth at the equator forty-eight times, or reach from the earth to the moon five times.

Although Queen Victoria does not permit smoking in her immediate neighborhood, yet she keeps on hand a stock of the most superb cigars for her guests, and the consumption thereof is about three thousand a year. They are especially made for her majesty, of the most carefully collected tobacco leaves, and when finished are hermetically sealed in glass tubes in order to guard against deterioration, connoisseurs insisting that the leaf is affected by a change of climate.

A new lightship of novel design is soon to be moored in the stormy waters of the dreaded Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras. It has been found impossible to place a lighthouse there, and the lightships moored on the spot have, one after another, been torn from their fastenings. The new ship is to be propelled by steam, and furnished with electric flashlights to be displayed from her masts, fifty feet above water. She will be anchored on the shoals with strong tackles, and in case she is torn loose by a gale, can take care of herself with the aid of her powerful engine.

The ingenuity of architects and builders is sometimes severely taxed to provide for the comfort of the dwellers in lofty apartment houses. In New York City plans have been filed for a gigantic building of this kind to stand on Fifth avenue, and to be connected with a well-known restaurant across the street by a tunnel, finely fitted up and lighted, whereby the occupants of the apartment house can go out to their meals in all kinds of weather without the necessity of putting on hats. The only drawback appears to be that they are limited in their choice of a restaurant.

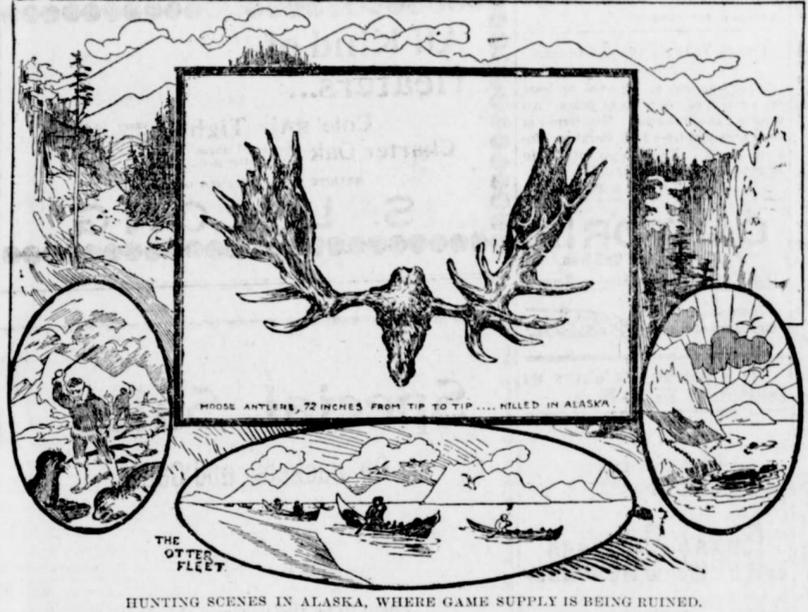
William W. Evans of Deal's Island, Delaware, has a horse which has proved a remarkable investment and has over-ridden the ideas and records of the average useful life of horses. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. Evans purchased the horse from Scott Covington, who guaranteed at that time that the animal was six years old. Mr. Evans proved to be a good master, and the horse returned the kind treatment by retaining its full activity and energy, and now, at thirty-three years, the horse works nearly every day, see and hears well, and has an excellent appetite.

# Bold and Sleepy.

The boldness of wolves and coyotes in the presence of man is well known. "It is not uncommon," says the author of "Adventures in Mexico," "for these animals to gnaw the straps of a saddle on which your head is reposing for a pillow."

One night, says Mr. Ruxton, when camped on an affluent of the Platte, a heavy snow-storm falling at the time, I lay down in my blanket, after first heaping on the fire a vast pile of wood to burn till morning.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by the excessive cold, and turning toward the fire, which was burning bright, what was my astonishment to see a large grey wolf sitting quietly before it, his eyes closed and his head nodding in sheer drowsiness. I looked at him for some moments without disturbing him, and then closed my eyes and went to sleep, leaving him to the quiet enjoyment of the blaze.



HUNTING SCENES IN ALASKA, WHERE GAME SUPPLY IS BEING RUINED.

the slaughter already has begun when it is said that one company for 1909 will pack 880,000 cases of salmon at Kodiak Island.

The seal fisheries are the greatest of this great country," says the Chicagoan. "The impression has been given out that these animals are rapidly becoming extinct. But it is not so. I have my own eyes as evidence in this statement, and anywhere along the Alaskan coast natives and those long resident there will tell you that more seals have been seen this season than ever before.

"According to law the Alaskan Indian may kill seals for food, but in selling the skins he must make affidavit that the animals were killed for food purposes and he must not kill too many for that purpose, either.

"The most valuable and most nearly extinct animal now in Alaska is the sea otter. Ten or fifteen years ago a hunting party could go out and kill perhaps twenty of these splendid animals in one hunt. Now the same party may go out and get one, or it may come back without any. Owing to the scarcity of the animals, too, the hunting of the few left is becoming more and more difficult. A skin now brings from \$300 to \$500 to the Indian hunter, and in London they sell for \$350 to \$1,200. Most of these skins are bought in London by the Russians.

# Hunting the Sea Otter.

"At least eleven canoes, each holding a hunter, are necessary in the killing of sea otters. They can be hunted only when the water is glassy smooth, as their habits are such that they are invisible on a rippling surface. They are a strangely human sort of creature. The mother otter nurses her babe in her arms, and they sleep on their backs in the water. When frightened or suspicious they keep only their noses and eyes out of the water.

"When the hunters start out each is armed with a rifle, and each man uses marked bullets, that may be identified after they are fired. When the nose of an otter is sighted the man finding it gives a signal to the nearest boatman, and in a few moments the little fleet is surrounding the creature. When the great circle is complete as may be the nose of the animal may be a thousand yards from the nearest marksman. A shot is fired at the black spot on the water and it disappears. The animal is capable of diving 3,000 feet under water, and it may not come up for many minutes, but if the circle is well formed it is not likely to break the line.

"The instant the nose appears again another shot or two is sent after it, and the boats close in on the circle. Time and again it comes up, only to be frightened down again, each time for a shorter period. As it weakens and grows short of breath the otter raises more and more of its head out of the water, until finally it is a good target for the hunters. As soon as it is in

largest of these bear hides is more than nine feet long and is eight feet in width. It came from a grizzly. Some of these grizzlies reach a length of thirteen feet.

# Deer Have Become Extinct.

"Deer in Alaska proper are now extinct, but the islands off the mainland are full of them. This is due to the fact that wolves will not take to water, while it is the deer's favorite method for escaping pursuit. A pack of wolves chases a deer to the sea and it swims out to an island. In this way the whole archipelago of the Alaskan peninsula is full of deer.

"Once the moose and caribou were in great herds, but they have thinned greatly. After Sept. 1 the mountain sheep gather in bands and even yet as many as 300 may be found in a flock. The moose and caribou, however, are seldom more than twenty-five in a herd, and they are exceedingly shy and difficult to kill.

"The territory needs a good, practical game law that could be enforced. That but enforcement would be difficult, however. Among the thousands of adventurers in the territory there are many who will kill game wantonly. The Indians, too, have no regard for the preservation of species.

"The fish supply of the country is open to the onslaught of canners and packers. Something should be done to regulate this. A fisherman may go out, and in an hour, with only hook and line, catch fifteen halibut, some of them weighing 200 pounds. These big fish, of course, have to be let go, as they cannot be taken into a boat. There are millions of codfish, herrings in myriads, and salmon in swarms, but at the present rate of canning the supply will be cut into heavily in a few years. All other kinds of shell-fish save oysters are found in these Alaskan waters. It is only a matter of time when Alaska will be supplying the United States with fish. Just how long it supplies will depend upon how the sources of supply are treated by the fishermen. There are no reptiles of any kind in Alaska, not even turtles, lizards, or frogs. There are a few toads, however."

# BEGGAR ACTOR WON A COIN.

Man Who Had Been with McCullough Played Touching Role.

"Madam, can you contribute toward the purchase of a breakfast for one who has been less fortunate than yourself?"

There was a ring of broken pride in the voice that told of better days, and awakened interest enough to stop a busy little woman hurrying down Michigan avenue to her downtown business in the early morning.

The morning was very warm, yet the speaker was wrapped in a faded coat, his mantle and half ulster, which grazed an eth-

be only a clever bit of acting, after all. "And," she finished aloud, "women are the most glib creatures on earth."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

# The Butterfly King.

The London Express, in announcing the death of William Watkins, one of the foremost entomologists of the day, gives this interesting story of his life:

Of Welsh extraction, he began collecting butterflies when he was a schoolboy of nine. At that time there were fields in the vicinity of Peckham, and the first butterfly Mr. Watkins ever caught was the "peacock." From that epoch he became an ardent entomologist; he gradually went on collecting moths, and eventually he made this the business of his life.

His parents enticed him to some ship and insurance brokers, but while out with them he devoted all his leisure time to collecting. Indeed, it was no unusual occurrence for him to stay out until midnight in pursuit of the treasures he coveted. Taking a dislike to the shipping business, and manifesting the inevitable desire to "see life," he went to India, where he had plenty of scope for his love of entomology.

After a sojourn of six years in India, he returned to England, and was able to sell a large collection to Mr. Horniman, the well-known tea merchant.

He then began business as a professional entomologist, and opened establishments in Piccadilly and in Strand. In 1881 he formed the Insect House in the Zoological Gardens.

During the past ten years he resided at Eastbourne, where he carried on the breeding of butterflies of the most diverse specimens. His success earned for him the name of "The Butterfly King."

# Largest Room in the World.

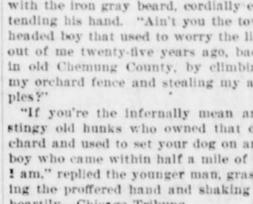
The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays and a whole battalion can completely maneuver in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

# A Japanese Auction.

A Japanese auction is a most solemn affair. The public do not call out their bids, but write their names, together with the amount they are willing to pay, on slips of paper and put them in a box. These are looked through, and the article awarded to the person who has made the biggest offer.

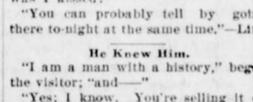
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