

Hamiltons' Final Sale of the Season

A great many people have so far taken advantage of this sale, which will be continued until 8:30 Saturday evening of this week.

THESE ARE FEW OF THE ITEMS:

SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS

2 for 5c

10c SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS

5c

15c SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS

6 1-4c

SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS

10c

25c LINEN and LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS

slightly soiled

15c

Good quality LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, slightly soiled

25c

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS

48c

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS

89c

MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS

48c

WAISTS

59c

WAISTS

89c

WAISTS

98c

Seventeen Lots of Ladies' and Children's Shoes to be closed out this week--THE PRICES ARE LOW

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Daily Democrat by Carrier, \$4 Year

CLAIRE DAWSON WRITES FROM CAMP IN ARTIC

Interesting Trip to the Far North in Quest of Valuable Furs.

Herschell Island, Arctic Ocean, July 19, 1916.—(To the Editor Democrat)—Thinking perhaps you and my friends would like to hear from me, I am writing you a few lines in regard to my trip to the Arctic.

I left Edmonton, Alta., on May the first, traveled by steamer down the Peace river to a place they call the Chutes, where I had to make a four and a half mile portage overland. This portage has to be made on account of there being rapids in the river that are not navigable by steamboat, scows, canoes or any water conveyance.

At the foot of these rapids there was another steamboat waiting which I boarded and traveled down the Peace river until we came into Lake Athabasca. On Lake Athabasca there is located on the south side of the lake a trading post called Chippewyan, where there are living about 300 Indians.

Lake Athabasca is the feeding grounds for the ducks and geese as they migrate north and south, so in the spring and fall the geese and ducks are slaughtered in great numbers by both Indian and white man.

We unloaded a few supplies for the trading post and crossed the lake into Slave river. We traveled down Slave river for 100 miles, when we came to another trading post called First Fitz Gerald. This place is located at the head of 16 miles of rapids, so here I had to make another portage of 16 miles overland to another trading post called First Smith.

At this place I found it would be two weeks or more before the boat would leave this place, on account of the ice in Great Slave Lake, so I bought a canoe, hired an Indian guide and left for down the river to Great Slave Lake. I arrived here on the 15th of June, found the lake full of ice, so had to wait until the 26th of June, when I took a steamer and crossed the lake into the McKenzie

river.

On our way down the MacKenzie river the weather was very hot, the thermometer registering as high as 99 degree in the shade, and the mosquitoes and bull dogs were almost unbearable. (The bull dog is a large fly, similar to our horse fly.) We traveled 24 hours a day, for when you get this far north there is no night at all. When we reached the Arctic Circle on July 1, we were in the land of the midnight sun, and have been ever since.

Traveling this far north, I passed through five different tribes of Indians. The Cree, Chippewyan, Dog Ribs, Slavies, and the Truicheux. There is also another tribe that I have had dealings with that are called the Cariboo Eaters. They follow the cariboo the year around, and live on nothing but rare cariboo meat. There are only about 30 families of this tribe left. The MacKenzie River Indians are a very hard class of people to trade with, always want something for nothing, (of course they get it) and if you want anything from them they want you to pay them three times the price for it.

On my way down the river I saw quite a number of moose, cariboo, mountain sheep, deer and other wild animals.

I arrived at Ft. McPherson which is 250 or 300 miles from the Arctic Ocean, on the 2nd of July at this place I saw the first Esquimaux. There were about 100 of them dressed in their Arktik, to meet the boat. The Esquimaux are far ahead of the Indians in their dealings, also in their living. That is they are much cleaner in their houses and tents. They all live in log houses, mud houses and tents in the summer time, and in snow houses in the winter. Their houses have only one door, and one window, the window being in the roof. They will not live in tee-pees. They say no one but an Indian would live in a tee-pee.

The most of the MacKenzie River Esquimaux speak English, and are very polite and religious. They hold services two or three times a week in their own language.

Four of us left Fort McPherson on the 12th of July in a small whale boat for Herschell Island. We traveled 24 hours a day. It was a very cold and disagreeable trip on account of there being a strong north wind from ice in the Arctic. We only stopped three or four times to fire the kettle, for the mosquitoes were so thick in the Delta, that we could not stand them, even with our gloves and head nets.

Traveling in this country a person has to wear gloves and head nets to protect himself from the mosquitoes. In a few minutes after we start a fire, for several feet around the ground is covered with mosquitoes that fly in the fire and get their wings singed off.

The banks are covered with spruce, jack pine, poplar and willows within 80 miles of the Arctic Coast, then it is very bleak and barren, only grass and woods growing.

When we reached the mouth of the MacKenzie river we found about 200 Esquimaux camped, catching white whales, their winter food, for themselves and for their dogs. It is quite amusing to watch them land one of

these.

The white whale are from five to 10 feet long and weigh from 500 to 1000 pounds. As soon as they land one of them they cut it open, and the first thing they go for are its intestines. They eat them the same as you or I would eat China noodles. I have not had the nerve to sample any of them yet, but some of the white men that are in here eat them the same as the Esquimaux.

There was quite a lot of ice in the ocean between the mouth of the MacKenzie River and Herschell Island, but we started out in the ocean, and when we got within 20 miles of the island, a very strong wind came up and the ocean was very rough. I give the man that was handling the boat great credit for if he had not understood his business, well, we would never have reached the island. If we had not left the mouth of the river when we did, we would still be over there, for the wind has been blowing very strong ever since, and we arrived here on the 16th of July. The wind is blowing from the southwest and is blowing the ice onto the shore very rapidly which is making it hard for the boats to get in here this summer.

I am stopping with the R. N. W. M. Police boys here at the island. They have good quarters and plenty of grub, as the government sends them in good rations and they always aim to have two years' rations ahead. They have an organ and a billiard table in the barracks, so we find it very easy to pass away the time. At the present time there are three policemen, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, a doctor, myself, and about 49 Esquimaux on the island. We expect three whaling ships in from Seattle, Vancouver and San Francisco as soon as the ice will permit them to come, and there will also be about 200 Esquimaux in here to meet the ships, and to do some trading.

There is a grave yard here on the island where there is about 40 white men buried, most of them whalers. Up until the past five years the Esquimaux did not bury their dead, but put them in a wooden box and laid them on the top of the ground. There are about 50 laid on the top of the ground close to the barracks. But of late years the police have made them bury their dead.

The weather for the past few days has been very cold. The thermometer was as low as 25 degrees above zero last night and there is a very heavy snow falling today. The summer season is very short here. We have only two months of open water.

The Esquimaux are very busy today shooting seal from the shore. They use their skins for making boats and their flesh to eat. Wood is a very scarce article here, and hard to get as there are no trees on the island, so all the wood they get is what drift wood they can gather from the beach.

Coal is \$100 per ton here on the island. Freight rates from Fort McPherson to the island (250 or 300 miles) is \$105 per ton. Sugar at Ft. McPherson is \$50 per 100; flour \$30 per 100, etc., but much cheaper here at the island, as freight is being brought around by the way of the Behring straits.

I do not expect our boat here be-

VAMPIRING ART PERFECTED BY MISS BARA IN FOX FILMS

Actress Resents Some Things People Say of Her; Tells Just Why.

Theda Bara, who has made a high art of vampiring, is given a chance to tell what she thinks of herself after all the awful things have been said of her roles as villainess in such William Fox photodramas as "Carmen," "A Fool There Was," the "Devil's Daughter," and now the moving picture revival of an old stage favorite play, "East Lynne." In the latter picture she appears in an all-star cast in a production which excels in dramatic scope her previous triumphs as a beautiful trouble-maker in men's lives, a type true to life and thus correct in dramas of things vital.

"Would you like to be called a Love Pirate, the Ishmaelite of Femininity, a Vampire—in short, the woman with the most beautiful wicked face in all the world?" asks Miss Bara.

"Vampirism, such as I do, is the hardest kind of work. I am imbued with the character and lose myself in it. Complete exhaustion follows my day of work. When my name was displayed on the bill boards for the first time, the American people did not know whether it was a new toothpaste, soap or a malady. Now when they see it, they invariably say 'The Human Vampire.'"

"It is not pleasant to be so described. I can assure the public of that. When I first heard myself referred to as 'the vampire woman,' I was heartbroken. I went to my apartment and was in tears the greater part of the night. All my ideals were shattered, even the praise I had received, for the seductiveness with which I played my parts could not console me. I felt that I was that against which every woman's hand is raised. I was held up as one who delighted in the lure of destruction and evil doing."

"People asked what manner of woman I could be who portrayed in so lifelike a manner the sirens of the drama. One woman wrote this de-

fore the 2nd or 3rd of August. As soon as it arrives we are to go east to Carnation Gulf and out to Banks Land where we are to open up trading ports."

There is lots of fur out there, but no one there to trap it except the Blond Esquimaux and they know nothing about trapping. So we are taking in a few whites to teach the Blond Esquimaux to trap.

Steffeson and his party have not been heard of since last fall some time, but we expect to meet him at Banks Lands, and his intentions are to come out this fall.

Will write more after making my trip east. I remain

Sincerely yours

C. W. DAWSON.

scription of me:

"Her hair is like the serpent locks

A Little Vacation Talk

THE time for a vacation is now here. Vacations to many mean more work and less comfort than any other time of the year. Let this year's vacation be different. Secure a real rest. Down at Newport you can rent a comfortable bungalow near the ocean and within sound of the roaring breakers. You will be agreeably surprised at the low cost and the real benefit to be derived from this kind of a vacation. Write for booklet "Newport" or ask your local agent for copy also information regarding low round trip fares.

John M. Scott, Gen. Pass. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Portland, Oregon

of Medusa, her eyes have the cruel cunning of Lucretia Borgia, till now held up as the wickedest woman of the world; her mouth is the mouth of the sinister, scheming Delilah, and her hands are those of the blood-bathing Elizabeth Bathory, who slaughtered young girls that she might bathe in their warm life blood and so retain her beauty. Can it be that Fate has reincarnated in Theda Bara the souls of these monsters of medieval times?

"Those are pretty harsh things to say even about those ancient vampires, but hardly a day passes that the postman does not bring me letters written along similar lines. Many of them attack me most unmercifully. Some intimate that no woman could portray such characters without having had the actual experience. They ask e whether it is possible for a woman of normal disposition and temperament to portray such villainous characters? I insist that she can. It is all in getting yourself in accord with your subject."

"While some of my best parts show me as a soulless creature, I think they are susceptible to defense and I believe the 'vampire woman' can be justified as a type. I think there is a great moral lesson taught in most of the plays in which I have appeared. Anyway, in my next article, I am going to file a brief in an attempt to show this."

Killed Bob Cat—Earl McKeenan, of Brownsville, brought a bobcat hide to the county clerk's office and reclaimed a \$2 bounty.

From Bay—Mr. and Mrs. Hoevet returned yesterday from an outing at Newport, where they enjoyed themselves for a couple of weeks.

Dog Poisoned.
Anyone who will poison a poor, inoffensive dog is nothing less than a murderer and should be punished just the same as for taking a human life. I came here to nurse someone who was ill, and how anyone with any compassion at all could be so cruel as to poison a dog which was wearing a Portland license and they knew would only be here temporarily, is beyond my comprehension. I am very sure the person who did this thing, either in this life or the next will get their punishment by suffering at least in part as my poor dog did.

MRS. C. L. M., Portland, Ore.

COMING EVENTS.

August 25.—Marshfield excursion.
September 4 and 5.—Willamette Valley Firemen's tournament, Corvallis.
Oct. 12-14.—Harvest Festival, Albany.
Nov. 7.—Election.
Sept. 6, 7, 8.—Linn County Fair at Scio.
September 25 to 30.—Oregon State Fair.

WHEN answering classified ads, please mention the Democrat.

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