

# NEW CURTISS THEATRE

THIS SATURDAY, JUNE 2nd

## Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree

IN

### "The Old Folks at Home"

This is the first production from the pen of Rupert Hughes and was written expressly for the purpose of displaying the great talent of that wonderful actor Beerbohm Tree.

**SPECIAL NOTICE!**

We announce that this is your only chance to see this play and actor in Downers Grove as it is the only picture that he has appeared in. Do not fail to see it Saturday at the Curtiss the most distinguished of contemporary stage personalities, Beerbohm Tree.

ALSO A

**FUNNY KEYSTONE COMEDY**

AND A

**VAUDEVILLE** that you will like.

NO MATINEE DURING THE SUMMER.

## New Curtiss Theatre, Tuesday, June 5th

### Shirley Mason in "PASSION"

Next of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Do handsome men make good husbands? Did you ever fall in love at first sight, that's what Eve Leslie did. See *Passion*, and

**MRS. VERNON CASTLE** in "Patria," the Picture Serial supreme, and

**CURTISS VAUDEVILLE**

All for 10 and 15c, Tuesday.

## New Curtiss Theatre, this Thursday, June 7th

Matinee at 3 o'clock. Two shows at night.

### Beautiful Little Mary Pickford,

in her greatest of all pictures

### A Poor Little Rich Girl.

The management has purposely postponed the showing of this picture until vacation in order that every child in Downers Grove and surrounding territory may enjoy seeing Little Mary in her best play. The Matinee will start promptly at 3 o'clock, Thursday, June 7th and the price to all will be 10 cents. Shows start at night at 7:30 and 9:00 o'clock. Seats 10 and 15 cents. No parents should deny themselves nor their children the opportunity of seeing Mary Pickford in *The Poor Little Rich Girl*.

We take pleasure in announcing for the New Curtiss, Thursday, June 21, "CIVILIZATION." Matinee and night, all seats for this big picture, 15 cents.



MARY PICKFORD IN "A POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" ARTCRAFT PICTURES

## LOCAL YOUNG MAN WRITES FROM NORTH

### Dan Diener Tells Experiences on Mine Hunt in Far Alaska

The following letter was written by Dan Diener, who with his brother, Eruben, left Downers Grove last summer "to see what Alaska looked like."

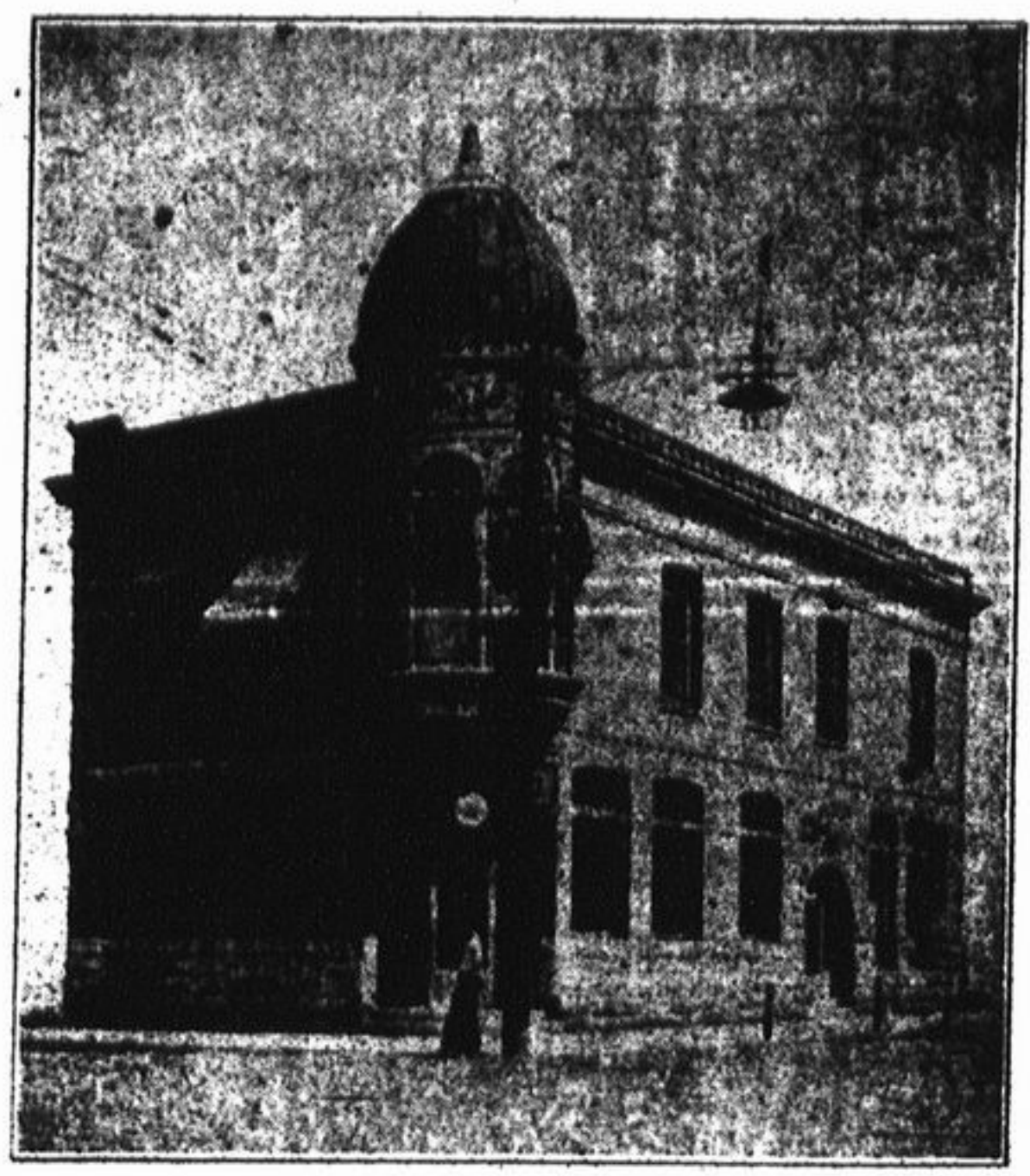
Seward, Alaska, April 2, 1917.  
Dear Home Town Folks:  
Being unable to write a few lines to everyone to whom we would like to, and to whom we feel obligated, we take this means of a common letter to all, that you may obtain a faint glimpse of our activities in this strange and beautiful Northland.  
After a beautiful voyage of nine days through the famous "Inside Passage" along the western coast of

Canada and through the beautiful inland waters of South Eastern Alaska, we arrived at Seward, the finest situated city in Alaska, and the coast terminus of the Government Railroad. It lies on the shores of Resurrection Bay, huddled in the bosom of the great surrounding mountains, that wall it in like a gigantic amphitheatre, and forms one of the best natural harbors in the world, and one of the most beautiful as well.

Here we worked in a tin shop, for one of the large commercial houses of Alaska, and batched in a small cabin for nearly three months, when I was confronted with an opportunity to accompany an old prospector on an extended trip back into the wild mountainous country of Alaska. I was elated with the opportunity and heeded not the solemn warning that there were many hard and trying experiences to withstand, but on the contrary pictured myself exploring the, to me, wild and unknown country. I unhesitatingly accepted the proposition and vowed to get the adventurous experiences for which we came to this country, and immediately made plans to leave Seward. Rube would have liked to go also, but we both were unable to do so, and he sacrificially gave me the privilege.

We left Seward on the 27th of October, on the steamship "Mariposa." After waving farewell to Rube and several friends, who stood on the dock, we steamed out of Resurrection bay, and sailed around the Kenai peninsula and up Cook Inlet, to the mushroom town of Anchorage. We arrived there at 6:30, and next morning were landed by means of a tug. Anchorage has a very poor harbor, and the gradual slop of shore, gives the tide which rises and falls forty-two feet, the second highest in the world, a great stretch of land to rise and recede upon, causing a very dangerous current in its rise and fall.

Every thing brought to Anchorage by the steamers must be transferred from them to the town by means of tugs and lighters. The city of Anchorage with a present population of 5,200 people has practically been built up in one year, being the distributing station for the government railroad now under construction. Here in Anchorage we gathered some of our outfit and that evening we left for Knik, by means of a small launch called the "Swan", upon which we had our dog team, sled, and a portion of our outfit. We chugged up Knik Arm in the dying sunlight that spread a blanket of gold over the rolling waters. It was dark when



## The "Liberty Loan"

The United States is now a party to the World's Greatest War. It is of vital interest to every man, woman and child in America that this war be won.

To provide the money to successfully prosecute this war and bring us to an early peace the Government is now offering the people through every bank in the country—United States Government Liberty Loan Bonds.

These bonds will be issued in \$50.00, \$100.00, \$500.00 and \$1,000.00 denominations and will bear interest at 3 1-2%.

This bank considers it its patriotic duty to co-operate with the people and the Government to the fullest extent and we will therefore be glad to—

**ENTER YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITHOUT ANY COMMISSION OR PROFIT TO OURSELVES**

**DO YOUR BIT! SUBSCRIBE NOW!**

### Farmers and Merchants Bank

The Oldest Bank in Downers Grove.

## REMOVAL NOTICE

To gain facilities to properly care for my rapidly increasing business, I have moved to a larger suite of offices, 1106-8, in the same building.

Come to see the new office.

**C. A. DURKEE, Optometrist**

Thursday Afternoon: 78 E. Curtiss St., Phone 114-W Downers Grove

Until 2:00 P. M. 14 W. Wash. St., Phone Cent. 7073 Chicago

## Color

That is what puts beauty in a roof.

And most beautiful of all—the rich moss green you can now get in

### SAL-MO

#### Sectional Asphalt SHINGLES

The "last word" in artistic roof covering. Also the most durable and economical. Guaranteed 10 years.

Cost less to lay than ordinary shingles because they have five shingles in one strip, and are self-spacing. Put on more quickly and better.

See these shingles and get our estimate

For asphalt roll roofing, see Reliance Also guaranteed by the makers.

**LORD LUMBER COMPANY**  
Phone 20

we arrived at Knik and I was very much surprised, when I stepped on the dock to see about four inches of snow, that had fallen the day before. We hurriedly hitched the dogs to the sled and drove up to the old "Pioneer Inn", where we created quite a stir for we came in with the first dog team of the season.

one wall was a table upon which were many ancient magazines, Seward and Anchorage papers. Around about the stove sat a throng of rough, shaggy men eagerly cussing and discussing Alaska of the future. They all lifted their eyes and raised their eyebrows, when we entered, and with a look of askance upon their deep lined faces, wondered where we hiked from. One recognized my partner, Mr. C.P. Richardson, whom I called "Dick" and their conversation explained to the through our intended trip to the vicinity of Mt. McKinley. We were then warmly received, and I spent a very enjoyable evening.

We stayed here in Knik, a small Indian village, for four days waiting for favorable weather to improve the trail that we might travel over it.

It was then on the first of November when we left Knik going over the trail to Susitna, thirty miles across the Susitna low lands. The snow being shallow, and the trail blocked in many places from fallen trees, we had a very difficult time dragging the sled over, under and around them. The faithful dogs commanded my admiration, for the wonderful way they endeavored to help us through. I was rather soft, and it taxed my strength severely, half the time helping the dogs pull the load. It was my first experience on a "gee" pole, (steering pole of the sled).

At 4:30 we arrived at the "Little Susitna Roadhouse," situated on the bank of the Little Susitna river, half way from Knik to Susitnastation. We were all tired out, and the little log cabin, crude as it was, with its little chimney pouring forth volumes of smoke, in the secluded spot of the heavily timbered basin of the Little Susitna river, looked like a palace to me. We put up here for the night, and a good meal and sleep were never so welcome.

The next morning we left for Susitna Station. It was a beautiful day and the sun shone with all its radiance brightly illuminating the dismal forest, through which we were passing. We arrived there at 2 o'clock, less fatigued than on the previous day and the atmosphere of this life in the open seemed to be gripping me strongly.

ned by white people who make their living from the patronage of trail travellers and prospectors. It is situated on the high banks of the Susitna river overlooking the lower Susitna basin, which is heavily wooded with spruce and birch. To the west Mt. Susitna, and her chain of hills rise like a gigantic wall stretching far to the westward. Looking to the North the far distant Talkeena range seems like a bluish cloud floating in the sky.

Here in Susitna we stayed for a week, living in a large log cabin, and assembled the rest of our outfit and supplies, which weighed a little over a thousand pounds, necessitating relaying it in two loads, of over 500 pounds each. Our personal equipment weighed considerable also, on account of the heavy clothing needed to withstand the severe cold weather.

While waiting here in Susitna, I had the opportunity to witness an Indian funeral, and it proved very interesting. The corpse was drawn on a sled at the head of the procession by several stalwart Indians. It was followed by the quaint and ugly attired medicine man, who was dancing around like a chicken with his head off. He was followed by the mourning family and then came a disorderly throng of the populace, moaning and howling so that they might be heard for nearly a mile. One fat squaw had a chew of tobacco in her face that would choke a mule and she certainly proved proficient in the art of chewing and spitting. It presented a very strange sight and I watched it with very keen interest.

On the 9th of November we left the last village, Susitna, and relayed our outfit up the Government mail trail, through dense forests, over monotonous flats, rivers hills, through pleasant and stormy weather, until we reached Happy river eighty miles from Susitna. It seemed like a thousand to me but in reality only several hundred, for we had to cover the distance three times on account of relaying, making a total of 240 miles.

During all this time we lived in a tent. It seemed like a lark for a while but soon got wearisome, making and breaking camp almost every other day, after one is completely tired out from mashing all day on the trail. There is a great deal of work in pitching a camp, for when one has the snow packed down for the tent, a tree chopped down for a ridge-pole, several others for boughs to sleep on, and a dry one for firewood, the dogs unhitched and a bed unloaded and things made comfy in the tent, there is water to get by chopping a hole in the ice, and supper to cook.

While traveling over some of the large flats, on our way to Happy river, we were afforded several good glimpses of Mt. McKinley. One instance in particular I remember; it was late in the afternoon, and rather dusky, about us was stretched the monotonous expanse and far before us a narrow dark line stretched across the horizon representing the timber we

were using all efforts to reach. The sky above us was a dark and cloudy mass, but looking far to the northward we could see the gigantic peak of Mt. McKinley revealed and gleaming in the crimson light of the sinking sun that broke through a large opening in the cloudy sky. I was in the darkened auditorium of Gods natural theatre, beholding and admiring the natural well lighted stage exhibiting his glorious handiwork. 'Twas then I thought, as I did many times:

Far across the rolling sea,  
There's a land you'd love to see,  
Where great mountains rise and gleam,  
In majestic power supreme.  
Crowned with golden clouds that come,  
In the glowing, fading sun,  
Thrilled you'd stand and fondly gaze  
Swelled your heart, would solemnly praise.

Hewho paints the glowing skies,  
When the day so sweetly dies,  
This is one of the charms of the Northland, and attracts like a powerful magnet the hidden soul of the shaggy, rough frontiersman.

It was a bleak cold, December day when we left the Government trail at the forks of the Skwentna and Happy rivers, and continued our journey up the Skwentna river. The wind was blowing a gale and blew the loose snow over the frozen crusts. The mercury dropped to 47 degrees below and we were making all haste, urging on the dogs, that we might get to a camp ground and pitch camp early. When we got to the mouth of Portage creek, nine miles from Happy river, I broke through the ice and the water leaked in the tops of my shoe packs and wet my socks and insoles. A shiver ran down my back as I felt the cold water wetting my skin. We then made all haste to pitch camp immediately. When all was done and the fire crackling in the small sheet iron stove, I set about to change my gear and when I got it off I found the bottoms of my feet frozen to my insoles. "Dick," my partner, then rubbed them with melting snow, saving them, but oh, how they pained when the blood again circulated in them. Fortunately they were not frozen and I was soon able to walk on them.

Four days after this we found ourselves at the mouth of a large creek, twenty miles from the Happy river junction. We had to break fifteen miles of this trail by snowshoeing over it the day before we took the dogs and load. One day we snowshoed up this creek, which we called "Diener" creek to its source in the mountains and looked over the divide into the basin of the Styx river and returned to camp that evening rather tired out.

After supper we planned a moose hunt for the following day for we had seen many moose tracks in this vicinity.  
(To be continued next week)

REPORTER CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS PAY BIG DIVIDENDS.—TRY ONE—