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Church Programs

These columns are for the use of all churches, without charge and the co-operation of the pastors and church people in the way of making this department of interest.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Pastor Freeman Jenness, Minister. Public Worship 10:30 a. m. Sunday School 12m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m.

ST. ANDREWS EPISCOPAL CHURCH. REV. Hugh M. MacWhorter, Priest-in-charge. Sunday Services 7:30 a. m., Holy Communion. 9:45 a. m., Sunday School. 11:00 a. m., Morning Prayer and Sermon.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Rev. Ira Milton Gray, Pastor. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. This is Sunday School convention day and all members should make a special effort to be present.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Norman Gould Oliver, Minister. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock. Sermon by the Pastor. Subject: "Spirituality, the Soul of Worship."

Morning Worship at 11:00 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Lesson "Esra's Return from Babylon." Read Ezra 8:15-36.

ST. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL CHURCH. Grove St. Paul Crusius, Pastor. Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. Eneas B. Goodwin, Pastor. Sunday—8 a. m., Mass, reading of the Gospel and Epistle of the day, sermons; 10 a. m., High Mass, reading of the Gospel and Epistle of the day, sermons; 3:30 p. m., vespers, benediction, sermon; baptisms, 2:30 p. m.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST. Sunday service, 11 a. m.; Wednesday, 8 p. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m. The reading room is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays from 2 to 4 p. m.

FIRST EVANGELICAL CHURCH. Sunday service, 11 a. m.; Wednesday, 8 p. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m. The reading room is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays from 2 to 4 p. m.

9:45 a. m., Sunday School. 11 a. m., Father and Mother Day, a special service is being arranged by the young people. 6:45 p. m., Young People's Meeting. 7:30 p. m., Closing exercises of the S. S. convention at the M. E. church.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO IN THE REPORTER

(From the issue of Oct. 24, 1895.) Earnest Gallup has secured a position as stenographer in the Joliet offices of the E. J. & E.

Walter E. Wells took a trip to St. Paul, last Friday, to visit his brother, W. R. Wells, returning Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Converse of Polo, this state, are visiting Mrs. Josephine Austin here. Last Sunday evening Mr. Converse met with a serious accident in a fall wherein he is confined to his bed with a lame knee.

While Mr. C. B. Lyon of LaGrange, was here visiting his daughter, Mrs. E. J. Lovell, his residence was broken into and the house rifled of everything that could be carried off conveniently.

Mrs. Belding and grand-daughter, Mrs. F. S. Root, made a two weeks visit with relatives in Oak Park.

Thos. Atwood and family left this week for their new home at Vandalia, this state. Born to Rev. and Mrs. Henry W. Dowding, Tuesday, October 22nd, a fine baby boy.

LIBRARY NOTES

A "TOUGH TOWN" ON THE YUKON (Continued from page 4)

speed. In the midnight twilight we soon found the author's cabin, just like all the other log houses with the exception of the distinguishing mark of a pair of moose horns over the door.

And it was here the lady told me that Rex Beech wrote "The Barrier." I don't know how he could have done it. Of all the lonesome places on the Yukon Rampart was "Exhibit 1."

I brushed away the mosquitoes, looked into the window of the cabin and mentally told Rex he had not a thing to fear from me. The herd instinct grabbed me—we bolted for the boat. I had seen the celebrated cabin and was thoroughly satisfied. It seemed to me inspiration framed a cold hand for Rex Beech when it dented him Rampart.

Day's later, at St. Michael, I was speaking of seeing Beech's cabin, when a man laughed. I asked where was the funny place. He said Beech's cabin burned down a long time ago, and now the people took turns in putting a pair of moose horns on the different cabins in town and slipping over the counterfeit. "The last trip I made the author's cabin was at the extreme east end of town. Now they tell me it is the west end's turn for this season."

Then I concluded Alaska was about as full of deceit as the outside. At two o'clock in the morning the steamer pulled into Tananna (pro-

nounce the last syllable "ough.") I couldn't sleep as I took my grip and went ashore. This fort town is at the junction of the Yukon and Tananna rivers, where they told us we would have to wait "about five days" for a steamer down, as our boat went on to Fairbanks.

As some writer has written, the town was about a mile long and eight-tenths wide, with Fort Gibbon at one end, an Indian village at the other and a bunch of "red light" cabins in the rear. I was told that Tananna was a "tough town."

I walked up the one street in the semi-darkness until I saw a hotel sign, "The Tower House—Rooms," and I went in. It was a saloon and hotel combined—but mostly saloon.

The proprietor awoke, shoved out a book for me to register and showed me to a little dump of a room on the second floor. It was just large enough for a bed, and I was agreeably surprised to find it clean. It was cold and rainy so I went down stairs and sat by the big stove.

On the boat I had formed a warm friendship with a young fellow named Wilson from Dawson, on his way to Nome. He was a machinist by trade and a prospector by profession. He had been eleven years in Alaska. He told me if I wanted to find a "character" to stop at the Tower house and get on the good side of "Austrian Joe," the owner. But I had forgotten about this and it was only by chance that I put up at his place.

In a little while a big drunken stevedore came in. He had on board an ugly jag. He looked over the big empty bar room, then came over to me and said, "Let's have a little drink." I refused; he insisted. I told him he had enough and I did not want any.

"You're a liar," he told me, "and you can talk it any way you want to."

With that whiskey-crazed man there was only one way to take it. I didn't care to open any week's enforced stay in this river town with a bar-room fight with a plug-ugly, so I told him I would take it any way he put it until he got sober, so he declared I was a Siwash and he went to the bar alone.

"Austrian Joe" had sat in his chair and made no remarks while the bully tried to provoke me to a fight, and I concluded that what "service" a guest got in this dump he would have to fight for.

Joe refused the man a drink, told him he had had enough. "You're a liar," said the longshoreman. Like a cat Joe sprang from his chair, there was a quick, over hand blow on the temple and over went the "bad man," falling backwards with a crash. For a minute he lay dazed, then arose. Joe held open the door and told him to beat it before he got it again. He ambled. Then Joe came over to me and remarked, "That's the way to hand it to 'em, my boy. Don't let any man call you a liar."

And I wished mother was there to advise me.

"Austrian Joe" was a man 65 years old—a "square man." He was one of the early comers in Alaska and had a string of saloons along the river towns. In my long stay in the town I got to know him well, and I passed many hours of the early mornings with him, listening to his stories of the early days.

But back to the first morning. At about four o'clock the saloon began to fill up. One after another they came in—and they were the toughest looking bunch of men I ever saw. The most of them were boat hands, the toughs who follow the river. There were Swedes, Frenchmen, Greeks, Russians, and one giant negro "nigger Green." Then there were the miners and prospectors from Nenana and the Fairbanks districts, who were going outside. Some had "made it," and were joyously celebrating, some had been working for wages, and were spending cautiously, but all were drinking, or waiting to be asked to a drink.

A big Greek started something. He was drunk, dry and busted. Joe refused to let him open a bar account, when he grabbed a water pitcher and declared he would leave it through the bar mirror. Joe, on the opposite side of the bar, struck him in the face with his hat, and before the Greek could recover from his astonishment, Joe had jumped over the bar and made a strike for his temple. The Greek ducked and took the blow on top of his head, and then begged. The door was opened and he followed the first tough.

I wondered what manner of a town and hotel I had gotten into, and I went out for a walk to think things over. I went up to the post where a couple of small government boats were unloading at the wharf, and sat down to watch them and kill time until

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