

"STRENGTHEN AMERICA"

By Keeping Your Own Life

Wholesome and Strong

"They that wait the Lord shall renew their strength."

The Co-operating Churches

Invite Your Presence at the Services Next Sunday!

See News Columns of this issue for Announcements.

THE FARMERS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Nowhere in this wide world has anyone profited more from the war than the American farmer. Prices of grain, of livestock, and, in fact, of everything the farmer has to sell are now higher than he ever dreamed of—and the end is not yet.

Unlike the farmer of France, of Italy, of Russia, and of other countries in the war, the American farmer can go about his work, sowing in the Spring and feeling secure that his fields will not be overrun by the enemy before harvest; reaping in the firm knowledge that his stored grain will not be seized by a ruthless invader.

It is true the farmer has his troubles. Help is hard to get, and the cost of production goes up month by month. What the farmer has to buy also advances continually in price, but the farmer, unlike the city dweller, can, if he desires, purchase very little and still get along. His living is right on his farm. What he purchases elsewhere is largely in the line of luxuries. He can sell now, while prices are high, and buy later, if he wishes, after prices go down.

In fact it would be wisdom if he would follow this plan. Cut down the purchases of luxuries and save for the next period of depression. That is just what the United States is asking him to do in connection with the War Savings campaign. The world needs food—all that can be produced. The Government needs money—all that can be had. Let the farmer produce the food and supply a hungry world, and put his money—part, at least from every load of produce he sells—into government war savings stamps.

The security is the best in the world; the interest rate is good; the War Savings Stamps cannot decline in value. The men, women and children who own them are insured against adversity.

SAND STORM IN ALADDIN PICTURE

Have you ever been in a sand storm in the desert?

No? Then you have no idea just what it means to be far out on the sand, away from habitation, away from drinking water, and have blinding particles of sand beat relentlessly upon you. You can't conceive the effect of one of these terrible storms on the human mind and body.

William Fox gives you a realistic picture of one of these storms in his beautiful and thrilling motion picture, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," to be seen at the Curtiss Theatre, Monday, January 28th.

It shows those camels plodding slowly along when the storm breaks. Thereafter Aladdin, portrayed by that delightful little star, Francis Carpenter, gives an accurate idea of how the storm affects a person wandering alone over the sands. He gets along fairly well until his water cask runs dry. Then the throat, parched by lack of water, calls painfully for relief. The lad grips his throat, his tongue half out. He gets up. He staggers. He falls over a bank of drifted sand and lies there, still, inert, unconscious.

When you consider that this particular storm was manufactured in California you will realize to what heights the motion picture industry has gone.

This scene is not the only one that will make famous Mr. Fox's "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." There are many more in this film version of that age-old story. The genie, for instance. Have you ever pictured the genie of the fairy tale? Go see Aladdin and you will have before your eyes a big, powerful, though ugly genie that does, what the possessor of the wonderful wishing lamp commands him to do.

And, moreover, this genie does not walk into the picture. He arises from nowhere and returns to nowhere. It is a magic picture of a magic story.

ADOPTS NEW WAY TO GET SIGNATURE

A new device to extort a signature from a bashful motion picture star has been invented by an ardent admirer of George Walsh, noted William Fox star who will soon be seen at the Curtiss Theatre, in "The Book Agent." The "fan," whose name is Fanny Wagon, and who lives in Cleveland, recently sent George a check for fifty dollars, with this letter:

"I'm very anxious to have your signature, dear Mr. Walsh, and I can think of only one way to be sure of

getting it. I am enclosing a check for fifty dollars, made payable to you. After you have cashed it, the check will be returned to me, and it will bear your signature on the back, because you'll have to endorse it.

"So, if you want the fifty,—and I certainly think your signature is worth much more than that, but I haven't the money to spare—you'll have to sign the check."

A few days later Miss Wagon got the signature, on a photograph of the star, and her check was returned uncashed.

"It may not have been any good, you know," says George blushing.

NOME ONCE THE FAMOUS NOW BUT A FOND MEMORY

Unlike all Other Towns Nome is a Summer Camp—Dredges and Hydraulics all That is Left of "Golden City" — Once

(M. J. Brown)

"God goes out on the last boat and he doesn't come back until spring" is the saying in Nome. And I judged that pretty nearly everyone went outside with him this year.

In 1910 Nome had 3000 people. This winter 400 white men and 300 dogs will put in the long winter and wait for God and the first boat to come in from Seattle next spring, and I figure that in two years more there will be more dogs than men in the once famous gold city.

I was out of my stateroom at four in the morning to go a first glimpse of gold-famous Nome. Our ship was anchored about two miles out, and passengers are lighted in—that is, when the weather permits. Sometimes for days storms sweep across the Bering Sea and blow the water into such haps that it is impossible to land. Then the passengers console themselves in singing that ever popular song along the Bering Sea, "Oh why is the ocean so close to the shore?"

But the ocean was as glassy as a duck pond this summer morning and everybody could land—everybody that would come down with \$2.50.

And here was a funny thing I never did get the straight of. My passage was free both ways, while my roommate was assessed \$2.50. From a food conservation view the steamship company might better have landed the whole bunch, for it was a cinch they would not return until the leaving hour and then board on shore would more than offset the cost of launching them in and another transportation puzzle was why I was held up and frisked for excess fare on the steamer trip from Nome to Seattle, while my roommate was not. My attorney is endeavoring to solve this one for me.

But back to Nome. It was a pretty sight from the steamer to see the little gold town spread along the beach. Like all other Alaskan towns it was long and narrow-like a pile of cord wood—one string of business places along the shore, with residences further back.

I landed and started on a hike down the beach, toward the Eskimo village to start things off. A little way out I met five young fellows and I didn't need to see any saloon signs to tell me Nome was as yet an irrigated town.

They halted me and ordered me to sit by the roadside. I sat. Then one of them, with much grave ceremony and dignity, proceeded to pluck six reed stems of different lengths, these he placed in his hand and ordered me to draw. I drew. Then he went the rounds, and one of the bunch was declared "it" having drawn the longest straw. I was then enlightened I had had a perfectly good cocktail wished into me and to "fall" in.

I was too near the Eskimo town to turn back, so I flatly refused to drill, telling the one who was called "Parson," to leave me one coming, and when I bolted down the beach he threw a half dollar at me. "If you won't drink, spend the four bits for a bath" he said.

Nome is the reverse of any mining town in Alaska, having possibly ju-

neau, for its mining is all done in the summer time instead of winter.

The placer mining that made this north town a familiar name over the world has played out. No longer do gold-crazed men wash out great fortunes from the sand beach. Those days have ticked by. To-day the dredges and hydraulic outfits take care of what gold is left around Nome, and they can only operate in the summer—when there is water.

The placer diggins have been panned out, worked clean, "gone bust" A few yet rock and cradle back on the second beach but the gold is practically exhausted.

When the big rush was on at Nome there were no 20-acre claims staked—they were 20 feet. The beach was no man's land, hence there could not be any regularly registered claims, but there was an unwritten law that a claim was 20 feet front on the ocean, and ropes were the divisions. And a man who would not recognize these regulations did not have time to let his family know how he died.

The purser on the boat coming home—an old-timer on the run—told me that two waiters went ashore one afternoon and panned out \$800 apiece. The only scheme the boat companies could devise to keep the help from leaving the ships was to sign them for a return trip from Seattle and forbid any tug or row boat coming near the vessel while she was at anchor. And even then some of the crew would risk death in a two mile swim at night.

Nome was a great old camp in those days. There was no postoffice there and mail was munched in from Valdez, 1500 miles, to St. Michael, 110 miles from Nome, and Indians would bring the letters from St. Michael at \$5.00 apiece.

I was talking to an old timer and told him I was from Oregon.

"Oregon! Why this town used to be full of the web-footers. Did you ever know Ben Olcott? I hear he is some big gun down there now. I knew him in '94 when he munched from Nome to Fairbanks, over a thousand miles." And when I told him Olcott was secretary of state in Oregon he remarked: "He had sense enough to go out before his dough soured."

There is not a dollars worth of fire insurance in Nome. No company will take any. Risks too big. There is not a wooden building that is level—even the Masonic temple is not strictly level or on the square. This summer the water will run out of the kitchen sink all right, and next summer it won't, and the few bath tubs in the city have to be jacked up or down, depending on which end of the house the frost did the most heaving.

Sixteen cans of water for one dollar and Alaska going dry January 1. Do you wonder the people are leaving Alaska? Soft coal was \$25 a ton and going up a little higher every time the Nugget printed a dispatch that a submarine had sunk another boat. The average cost of heating a house at this price was \$50 a month. Party line phones were \$10 per month and electric lights \$5 apiece per month. The Pioneer Mining Company brings its water 70 miles through pipes. Some of the smaller concerns, which have rich ground but no water build fences to catch snow, which melts in the summer and can be used for sluicing. But a fellow might have to wait four or five years for the fickle winds to blow the snow into his particular trap.

Everything is a chance and a big chance in Alaska. When things come they break in big bunches, but they are a long time coming to the 90 and 9.

"Where did this beach gold come from?" I asked a miner. "Washed down from the hills" he replied. The same question to another miner got

this answer, "Washed in by the ocean." Now you guess.

There are three beaches at Nome, the present water front, one a mile or two back, and one four or five miles back, from which it is plainly evident that in the ages past glacial and volcanic actions have crowded the ocean back. Rich ground was found on all these beaches.

In 1913 a great storm or tidal wave, ruined the present beach by washing out or burying the gold-bearing sand, and since that time Nome has steadily gone down. The hydraulics and dredges will operate for years to come, but they do not employ much help and their season of operation is so short that there are not enough assets to keep Nome a live one. This mining town is following Dawson—it will soon be a dead one, a once-waser.

The life of the greater population of Nome during the long winter is sleeping days and reading nights, and the one great sport is dog racing.

For the first time on the trip of about 2200 miles down the Yukon I found my old friends, nickles and dimes, at Nome, and I went into a hip pocket depository and fished out a handful that were demoralized at Skagway. Practically "outside" prices prevail at Nome, with the exception of the "hash houses." A steak costs a dollar there.

Moving pictures are the main source of entertainment in the north city and considering how the town is cut off from the world for eight or nine months the shows are good. The reels must be ordered and delivered nine months ahead.

There may be a few horses on the job around the mining outfits, but I did not see them. The market price of hay was \$100 a ton in August and oats \$90. The price of horse board was \$1.50 per day, so you may be sure there were not many saddle ponies on the streets.

When winter sets in in Nome, in October, the "Radiator Club" is reorganized. The big hotel reduces its room rates much faster than Hoover does bread prices, in fact they go down with a jar. The hotel must stay open and the management figures that it might better have the rooms putting \$10 a month each in the cash register than to have them empty, so those who have to stay in for the winter get heated rooms at this bargain day rate and they are then members of the "Radiator Club," with full privilege to sit in the big lobby with their feet on the radiator at ten bucks per until the first ocean steamer whistles in the spring. Then the rates take a jump that would make the shoe trust get off the trail.

Raffles are a big graft in all the Alaska towns, and the tourists fall for them. Handsome furs, carved ivory and many other things are worked to a finish. The trouble is the drawings do not take place until the tourists have left, and as the numbers are only sold to the visitors, the chances are they never take place.

One fellow braced me to take a dollar chance on five partially melted \$20 gold pieces. The song he sang was a fire in his home; the five gold pieces he had saved to take his family outside; the stores would not give him only half the money value of the coins and he had not time to send them to the mint and get returns in time to take out the last boat.

The coins were genuine and had been through a fire. They had melted just enough to stick together. Afterwards a waiter in the beanery told me these coins were worn smooth in the raffle game; that the fire had happened three years before and many a man had made a nice stake selling tickets for a drawing that would take place about the time when Alaska went back into the torrid clime. I have a perfectly good lottery num-

Saturday, Jan. 26th Matinee 3:30
Mae Marsh in "The Cinderella Man"
 Burton Holmes Travel Picture—
 "Across Manchuria to Korea"
 Also a Very Good Comedy
 Matinee 3:30 Admission 9 cents to all
 Evening Two Shows: 7:30 and 9:15 Admission 9 and 13 cents
 War tax 1 and 2 cents.

Monday, Jan. 28th Special Mat. 3:30
Vivian Martin in "Molly Entangled"
 Para't Comedy "A Society Scrimmage"
 Matinee 3:30; Admission 9 cents to all.
 Evening one Big Show at 7:45; Admission 9 and 13c
THERE WILL BE NO SHOW TUESDAY

Thursday, Jan. 31st Matinee 3:30
WM. S. HART in his latest success
"The Silent Man"
 Ford weekly, Bray Pictograph, and a Roaring Comedy.
 Evening one Big Show 7:45; Admission 10 and 15c; War tax 1 and 2c.
 Special Matinee 3:30, Admission 9c to all

Dicke Theatre



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 The beauty of your home can be greatly enhanced with new gas fixtures and lamps. An easy, soft light at a very low cost will be the result.

Western United Gas and Electric Company

What the Bell System Is Doing

TELEPHONE development has called for the distribution of many millions of dollars amongst the skilled workers of the country.

In the year 1916 the Bell Telephone System expended over sixty-one and one-half million dollars for equipment and construction—an amount seldom exceeded during any year of its existence.

During the same period approximately six million dollars additional compensation was paid to the employes of the System to cover the abnormal working conditions.

Transcontinental and wireless telephony are being developed, and offering increasing scope to the scientist and electrical man.

The vast army of workers of the country are asked to realize that telephone development to-day is limited only by the factors of raw material supply and production capacity.

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY

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