

## AN INVITATION

The Co-operating Churches Invite  
You to Be Present at Their Services  
Next Sunday. Big Union Meeting at  
Night in the Baptist Church.

See News Columns for other Announcements.

him. This big world is small after all. Talking with a waiter in a restaurant one night I discovered he was from the east and conversation drifted to New York state, and I could hardly name a city or town that he was not fully familiar with. In the talk I mentioned a county seat town, Little Valley, south of Buffalo.

"Little Valley! Hell, I have been in jail there," and he told a story of some minor trouble years ago, and where he had to serve a 30-day sentence. That he told the truth I am convinced, for he said he remembered the name of the sheriff was the same as his own, Hughes; and W. B. Hughes was sheriff of Cattaraugus county about twenty years ago.

I became acquainted with a missionary in a town through the fact that someone had tipped him off that I was a newspaper man. Then he camped on my trail, stalked me, way-laid me. I could not go for a walk that he did not join me and he told me so much and so many times about the natives, and the great need of the missionaries that I could almost sing it.

And one day I cut loose on him by asking why his denomination did not give the natives a rest and devote a little time to the saving of the white women of Alaska, and when he expressed ignorance of my drift, I told him of the drunks, the hell holes in almost every town in Alaska, joints run by women, so vicious, so abandoned that by comparison they would make the old "Barbary Coast" of San Francisco appear like a Sunday school.

The indignant uplift disciple protested there could not be the conditions I had described in Alaska or anywhere else, and he said one should not make such statements or connect them with neglected missionary work unless fully prepared to substantiate them.

I told him to get his hat and I would show him, right in his own town, show him joints of drunkenness, robbery, and debauchery that would shame a Market street dive in San Francisco.

He didn't care to be shown. He was a missionary, not a policeman, he said, and it was not in his province to stop such conditions, if they existed.

The "redlight" places in Alaskan towns are the limit of pollution. They are hell holes of drunkenness and prostitution. Drunken men are robbed of their money night after night. They are all, or nearly all, conducted by women—prostitutes run out of the states and who have found Alaska a rich field.

These places are operated outside the towns, usually hidden in the bush and so far as I could determine if they kept their government licenses in good standing, they were not molested. The towns where marshals and jails are located were not so bad, but on the whole Alaska is a splendid field for sium missionaries, not with the Eskimos and Indians, but with the white women and negroes.

However, Alaska went dry January 1, and this will have a great influence in reducing these conditions, for booze and debauchery seldom travel alone.

"Don't talk war in this place. If you want to fight, join the army and get paid for it," was a big display card on the wall of a saloon restaurant. The bartender told me that the minute a man started war talk he was started for the door. "There is almost every nationality in the world in these river towns and the most of them are roughnecks. Once let a man start war and he is liable to start something he can't stop. So we just don't let him start."

And from my observation I concluded he was a sagacious bartender. A river tout is ever looking for an argument when he gets down a few drinks of the "fighting" booze, and war-furnishes one too soon.

But even in Alaska I noted that Uncle Sam had his ears open. At St. Michael a machinist made some derisive remark about this country's part in the war, and the next day he was summoned to appear before the post commander and explain. However, I noted general loyalty in nearly all Americans.

The next letter will close the Alaska series and it will cover the decidedly interesting 14 days' ocean voyage from St. Michael to Seattle—the little stories of dangers, jokes, fogs, seasickness, whales and the many happenings that make up an interesting chapter of a cosmopolitan bunch cooped in an ocean steamer for two weeks.

### Excuses of Little Value.

The world does not want men who offer excuses in place of accomplishment. Often it is compelled to accept excuses. Often it experiences genuine sorrow for the man who, instead of succeeding, brings back a satisfactory excuse for failure. But when the time for advancement comes, the man who is pushed forward is he who has done the work, who has not offered hard-luck stories in place of successful effort. In him confidence can be placed.

Fatty Arbuckle in "Out West"

Burton Holmes Travel Picture—  
"Around Fujiyama"

Also a Big V Comedy

Matinee 3:30 Admission 10 cents to all.

Evening one Big Show: 7:45; Admission 11 and 17c. Including tax.

Tuesday, Mar. 12th

MABLE NORMAND  
in "Dodging a Million"

Also a very good Comedy

Evening one Big Show at 7:45; Admission 10 and 15c including Tax.

Thursday, Mar. 14th Matinee 3:30

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS  
"A Modern Musketeer"

Ford weekly, Bray Pictograph, and a very good comedy  
featuring Edward Earle

Matinee 3:30, Admission 10c including Tax

Evening one Big Show 7:45; Admission 11 and 17c; including Tax

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## LONG DISTANCE GOVERNMENT IS ALASKA'S

Red Light Joints Permitted to Run  
Open in Most of Towns to Rob  
Drunken Inmates

(M. J. Brown)

Rex Beach once said that Alaska was governed by men who had \$2, a clean shirt and a friend in Washington.

He would have stated a less funny but more literal truth if he had said Alaska was misgoverned by long distance.

A deputy U. S. marshal stated to me that in the Canadian Northwest Territory not a murderer had escaped punishment since the time Dawson settled down, and then he followed with the statement that not a murderer was ever executed in Alaska.

And to my "why" he continued: "Let a killer once get into the brush in this territory and he is as good as safe. If it would cost \$10 to get him I would have to wait advise from Washington, and by that time he would be where it would cost ten times that amount."

"But they can't escape," I argued. "There are only two ways out of the interior, up or down the river, and it would seem to be an easy matter to stop a fugitive."

"Easy enough on the Columbia, but this is the Yukon," he replied.

Then instead of explaining and giving me a real good story of how justice is a farce in Alaska, and the dead inside regions for it, he corked up, side-stopped and asked me if I was up on the population statistics of the

Canadian Northwest and Alaska. And when I confessed I was a little rusty on these matters he told me that Canada had over 8,000,000 people and Alaska had about 70,000, and half of these were natives; that Canada had been getting about 150,000 people a year from the States and that Alaska had been losing what she had as fast as the boats could carry them out. And when I crowded him for reasons he hedged and told me to find them myself, but he had an opinion that government had something to do with it.

The Northwest mounted police have had a lot to do with it. While a marshal in Alaska is writing a letter to the department at Washington asking permission to use a few dollars to get a criminal, the Canadian mounted police has run the man down and put handcuffs on him.

This police organization has been a wonder and a power for good in the Klondike country, but like the Texas Rangers, they live now largely in memory, for there is little need for them around the once famous gold camps and a red coat is seldom seen now.

Like the Texas Rangers, these men were picked for the work; they were sorted out of thousands because of their courage and fearlessness, and when they once went after a man they returned with him—or they didn't return. They stopped the lawlessness and crime in the Klondike and made the territory safe for anyone to travel in anywhere.

In the Dawson rush days, and in the later stampedes along the river from White Horse to Forty-Mile, the Yukon was black with boats and it was easy picking for members of the "Soapy" Smith gang, or others of the same profession, to mix in with the prospectors, get in their boats, and at night kill and rob them.


So the mounted police hit on the effective plan of painting a number on each boat that went down the river,

taking the number of occupants and a description of them and this they telephoned to the mounted police at the next river town, who listed each boat and if a number did not show up or if it showed up short of men, then the police went after the case, and they never let up until they got their man.

There are some rather hard stories told on this organization in the early days, and some of them may be true. An old trapper in Alaska told me he had an ex-mounted police for a "bunky" one winter and that when two men are shut in by the snow for months they will tell each other almost every detail of their life, just to keep talking and pass away the hours. He said this ex-policeman told him how certain members of the force used to stand in with hold-up gangs on the pass out from Skagway and at river points above Dawson, tip them off to rich hauls and get part of the swag. But he said the same officials who "stood in" with the highwaymen until they made their haul would then hunt them to the finish and catch them if they could.

There is hardly a mining camp in Alaska but what has one or more "wanted" men, but if they get far enough from the town where wanted they are practically safe, for it is not what a man has been or what he has done that measures him, but what he is. There are many men in Alaska who have pasts they have run away from in the States, and it is unwritten law that the past is one's own business. So long as he plays a square game, every son-of-a-gun looks alike in a mining camp.

A rather curious incident worked out from my trip to Alaska. One of the newspapers to which a descriptive letter was sent was the Reporter at Whitney's Point, N. Y. A fellow passenger in the steamer was Frank H. Smith of Los Angeles, Calif., and whose former home was in the New York town. Mr. Smith wrote a letter to the paper and the publisher sent



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