

OUR ALASKAN PARK

It is Classed as One of World's Colossal Spectacles.

GRANDEUR OF THE SCENERY.

Mighty Mount McKinley, Most Lofty of All Our Country's Towering Peaks, Crowns the Titanic Glory of the New-est of Uncle Sam's Reservations.

The national park in Alaska which congress created in the spring of 1917 is one of the monster spectacles of the world. To say that Mount McKinley rises 20,300 feet above sea level and that it is the loftiest peak in America is to convey no idea whatever of its grandeur. There are several mountains in the Himalayas which materially exceed its height, one which rises more than 25,000 feet above sea level, and yet Mount McKinley to the observer is loftier than any of these.

The reason is that the greatest Himalayas are seen from valleys 7,000 to 10,000 feet in altitude, while Mount McKinley rises abruptly from valleys 3,000 feet and even less in altitude. The visitor to the Mount McKinley National park will look up more than 17,000 feet to the double peak, the upper 14,000 feet of which are covered with perpetual snow.

This enormous mass is the climax of the great Alaskan range which extends roughly east and west across southeast central Alaska, separating the vast northern inland from the more populated country whose shores are the gulf of Alaska. The range parallels the mighty Yukon many miles to its mouth.

The reservation contains 2,200 square miles. Its northern slopes, which overlook the Tanana watershed with its gold mining industry, are broad valleys inhabited by enormous herds of caribou. Its southern plateau is a perpetual winter wilderness through which glaciers of great length and enormous bulk flow into the valleys of the south. In this National park, which the railroad now building by government into the Alaskan interior will open to the public, America possesses Alpine scenery upon a titanic scale.

From the stormy south Mount McKinley is wholly inaccessible. But from the plains of the north the eyes of easy grade lead one from another to its foot.

It is an awe inspiring region of massive mountains and ice capped peaks. Belmore Browne of the campsite testified before the senate committee on territories. "The Edson plateau that follows the range affords a beautiful roadway direct to Mount McKinley, and when you reach the plateau all difficulties vanish and you see a view that is unique on this earth. You see the huge mountain line of perpetual snow rising like a great wall on the southeast. You can ride a pony to where Mount McKinley rises 17,000 feet above you in a gutting wall of snow and ice. It is flanked by stupendous mountains, which make a wonderful setting for the monster."

North of the vast mountain, however, is a rolling country dotted with beautiful lakes and forests and inhabited by enormous herds of caribou. In fact, the special reason why congress separated the region at this time was to conserve the wild animal life in advance of the invasion of hunters which the new government railroad will bring into Alaska, the road as projected running within twenty miles of this great est of nature's spectacles.

Charles Sheldon of the Boone and Crockett club told the senate committee that several times he has counted as many as 500 mountain sheep in a single day of ordinary travel and that herds of caribou numbering from 1,200 to 1,500 are frequently seen.

As a game refuge and breeding ground the new National park conserves Alaskan game which elsewhere is rapidly disappearing. As in the case of the Yellowstone National park, the reservation serves as a perpetual center of game supply for large neighboring areas.

These animals do not greatly fear man, because they have never been hunted. One can approach the great herds of caribou. There are also many Alaskan bear of great size.

An extensive educational campaign has been inaugurated by the department of the interior for the information of the people concerning the hitherto unknown quality and extent of our national parks, of their scenic and recreational possessions, under which public interest in our national parks is growing with unanticipated speed, and public realization, interest and practical use is the condition as well as the object of national parks development. Public patronage of the parks has increased rapidly and steadily.

Co-operation in the public interest has been promoted between railroads and the government, between concessioners and park managements and between parks. Large private capital has been induced to enter several national parks for the enlargement and improvement of hotel and transportation service. Prices to the public have been decreased wherever possible.

Boudoir Gardening.
"How is your wife making out with those onions she is raising in a flower-pot?"
"They're drooping. Stirring the soil with a hairpin was all very well, but I don't think perfume from an atomizer is the sort of irrigation they need."
Spokane Spokesman-Review.

TRADING IN STOCKS.

Things a Man Must Know to Be a Successful Speculator.

"All those who are trading in the stock market might well ask themselves whether they are speculators or gamblers," says John K. Barnes in the World's Work. "Any one can gamble in stocks, but it is not profitable. It takes a high degree of specialized knowledge and training to speculate here are some of the complex requirements of technical knowledge that are indispensable to the successful speculator:

"He should know how to read the business barometers. Among these are the bank clearings throughout the country, which show the rapidity with which money is changing hands through the banks, and thus gives the best measure we have of the business doing; the unfilled orders on the books of the United States Steel corporation, our largest industrial company, which are reported ten days after the close of each month railroad gross earnings, which are reported weekly by some roads and monthly by all, and railroad net earnings, which show the prosperity in that important field; the production figures for coal, iron, copper, etc.; the export and import figures, which control our international credit position and have been of great importance since the war began; money rates and the elements that affect them—gold imports, foreign loans, etc., and probably, above all, he should watch carefully the crop prospects throughout the country.

"Unless a man understands the meanings of these things and has a very special and unusual temperament besides he can never succeed as a speculator."

In other words, the average man has no chance in the speculative markets.

MANSARD'S ROOF.

By It the Architect Won His Son's Life From Louis XIV.

The great hall of the Hotel de Ville of Arles, designed by Mansard, is the wonder and admiration of every one who has seen it on account of the gabled roof.

In regard to this neighboring cathedral tells a somewhat grim story. King Louis XIV. happened to be passing through the city just at the time Mansard was superintending the completion of his creation. The roof was supported by a powerful pillar. The monarch admired the work and congratulated the architect on his design. At that moment the architect was passing through great domestic tribulation. He had a son under sentence of death, so he thought it would be a good opportunity to intercede on behalf of the lad.

Mansard threw himself at the feet of the king and said: "Your majesty sees in the center that massive column? If you will spare the life of my son I will remove the unsightly pillar, and the roof shall stand without support." "Mansard," replied the king, "if you accomplish that miracle I will pardon your son, but if you fail I will hang you with him."

The architect removed the pillar without great difficulty and with the result desired. The cathedral is a philosopher, and he concludes his story with the reflection that had not Mansard's son been a scamp the hall at Arles would be just like any other hall.—London Globe.

Musicians in Army and Navy.
Each regiment of the army has a band. Men-in-the-band have no military duties to perform other than that of playing, unless the band be mounted, in which case the care of a horse follows. They have ample time to practice and are constantly under the instruction of a chief musician, who is an expert in his line. The duty of a musician in the navy is not hard. The band plays twice daily for an hour. Musicians attend no drills and do no work except keeping their quarters clean.—Kansas City Star.

Warlike Women.
The most celebrated warlike women among the ancients, apart from the fabled amazons, were the Helvetian ladies. Caesar praises highly their military achievements. In more than one instance the legions of Rome turned their backs on the fair ones of Switzerland. During the crusades women often performed the most romantic and chivalrous deeds, dying cheerfully by the sides of their lovers and husbands.

Cleaning Fluid.
An excellent homemade cleaning fluid used generally for many emergencies is made by dissolving four ounces of white castile soap in a quart of boiling rainwater. When cool add two ounces each of alcohol, ether and glycerin, four ounces of ammonia and finally one gallon of rainwater and then bottle. This will remove grease spots from clothing and spots from table covers, carpets and rugs.

A Regular Job.
Ho—Do you believe a woman should promise to the altar to love, honor and obey her husband? She—Perhaps she ought to make the promise, but it always has seemed to me that she was taking on a pretty big contract.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

His Success.
Gibbs—I sang a song at the banquet last night, and everybody shouted "Fie!"
Dibs—Did any one mention how much the fine should have been?

Her Preference.
"The doctor says he'll remove my appendix for \$1,500."
"Oh, George, I'd much rather have a touring car."—Life.

Warned?

By RICHARD MARKLEY

I started from New York with my ship, the Evelyn Colby, for Liverpool with a miscellaneous cargo on the 30th of January, 1917. The Colby was a small steamer of 2,000 tons and a slow saller. I had no wireless apparatus. Indeed, I didn't think I needed one. I had been used to joggling across oceans for many years without communicating with any other ship or the land and saw no reason to change my habits.

There had been a good deal of submarine work done in certain locations, but that had fallen off very considerably. Indeed, I took no thought for submarines for they had been doing no damage on the route on which I proposed to sail. So after leaving New York I settled down to my usual sea life, which has always been most to my taste.

I took a southern passage, which caused me to steer not far north of east for the greater part of my voyage. Being somewhat out of the line of vessels between the United States and England, I met only three or four ships going over, and they were so far away that I did not speak to any of them. Had one come nearer or had I possessed a wireless apparatus I should have learned what would have put a very different complexion on my voyage. Instead of taking things easy I should have been in a condition of exasperating apprehension.

I should have learned that the German government had laid down a zone of the ocean about the British Isles into which if any ship sailed she would be sent to the bottom by a submarine. All that was necessary was that the submarine and the ship should come within striking distance. Already a large number of vessels had braved the danger, and many had been sunk.

Years ago I took with me a young sailor, who remained with me as long as he lived. Mark Stanford was his name. He was the most reliable man in an emergency I ever knew. Once when the yards were covered with ice and our safety depended on some one going up to take in a sail I called for a volunteer to do the job. Mark Stanford alone stepped to the front. There were nine chances in ten that the pitching and rolling of the vessel would shake him off into the brine. But he did the work and got down safely.

From that time forward he was a privileged character aboard my ship. He didn't think that he had done anything very wonderful and couldn't understand why I was so grateful to him. The consequence of it all was that he formed a very sincere attachment for me. I lost him in a storm. He was on the forecastle lowering a jib when we shipped an enormous sea. It took poor Mark overboard, and it was impossible to save him.

One night on this trip I have been telling about from New York to Liverpool I woke up very suddenly, conscious of some appalling danger.

Now, I'm not going to say whether I did wake up or was dreaming or suffering from nightmare. What I'm going to tell you is that I saw Mark Stanford standing in my cabin. He had the same paleness on him as when I saw him in the water passing astern the day he was carried overboard.

"Put her off to the eastward, captain," he said.

I jumped out of my berth and reached for my clothes, and when I looked again for Mark he wasn't there. I sat for a moment on the edge of my berth wondering. Mark was dead. I had seen him in the water and I knew that in such a storm he couldn't be got out of the water. Moreover, if he had been saved I felt sure that he would have surely rejoined me. Nevertheless he had appeared in my cabin and given me what I felt sure was a warning.

The feeling that we were in grave danger held with me, and the warning I had received remained uppermost in my mind, obscuring everything else.

Stopping only to put on my trousers, I ran on deck and, taking the wheel out of the steersman's hands, put the ship off to the eastward. The man looked at me, wondering what had got into me. And I couldn't explain. If I told him that a dead man had appeared in my cabin and given me a warning I would have been considered as having lost my mind and unfit for command. I told him that he could go below and I would take his place for the rest of the watch.

I kept on the changed course for a couple of hours, when I resumed the old one. By this time day had dawned, and I was hailed by a trawler that ran close alongside and asked me if I had seen any signs of a submarine. I said I hadn't, whereupon he told me that I had had a lucky escape, for there had been one not far from the course I was on when I veered to the east. Then I learned for the first time that I had entered a prohibited war zone, on which all ships were liable to be torpedoed by a submarine.

THE FORWARD LOOK.

It is Never Too Late to Make a Fresh Start in Life.

Now and then a man pauses to take account of stock and looks back ruefully over the course of his life to note the many places where he made the wrong turn or was shoved off the track by adverse circumstances. He says to himself, believing what he says, that if he could retrace his steps and take a fresh start, knowing what he knows now, he would not make such a mess of things again.

He can put his finger down on the very spot in the map of his life where he went wrong. There was a blurred place on the trail, where there was "no trace of the footprint of any who passed that way and no mark of the woodman's ax upon a tree. It was for him alone to choose the way to take, and in his haste and fever to arrive he chose wrongly and has wandered ever since.

A man plays a game, or runs a race, or conducts a business, or marries a wife, or forms a habit, and by and by the conviction is borne in upon him, like a growth weighing on the brain, that he was in error. Now it is too late to retrieve. He must wear for the remainder of his days the millstone due to the wrong decision.

What is he to do? He strangled his chance newborn. He exchanged his birthright for pottage. It is of no avail to plead that he had had advisers, that he was misled, that he was the tool of environment, that a base heredity rose up to claim him and a latent taint in the blood broke out and wrought an irreparable mischief.

The past is there, and its legend is deeply graven on his brow or seared by the brand of the iron that has entered into his soul. Can he go back? The years and the closed doors and the vanished chapters tell him no.

But the forward-look and the futurity provide him with a better way to take. When Mrs. Peterkin, in the story, had spilt her cup of coffee by putting salt in it and was trying to redeem the error by the neutralizing action of all sorts of chemicals the lady from Philadelphia suggested that she make a fresh cup. Seeing that you can't go back, why not make a fresh start exactly where you are? Decision has a miraculous way of finding a standpoint of rock in the middle of a quicksand.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Change of Base.

"And now, Bella," said little Mary to her doll, "you must lay down for a while and go to sleep."

"You should say 'lie down,' dear," put in little Mary's mother.

"Bella," said Mary impressively, "I'm going to lie you down, so don't you cry."

"Lay you down, dear," came the second gentle correction.

Mary was much puzzled. Whatever she said, it seemed to be wrong. She declined to cope longer with the intricacies of the English language. "Bella," she announced, "I think you better sit up!"—Los Angeles Times.

Kilometers and Miles.

Wireless telegraph transmission distances are often stated in kilometers, nautical miles or statute miles. To convert the number of kilometers to nautical miles, multiply by fifty-four and point off two decimal places. To convert from kilometers to statute miles multiply by sixty-two and point off two places. If the distance is given in statute, or land, miles and you want it expressed in kilometers, multiply the number of miles by 161 and point off two decimal places.—Popular Science Monthly.

Wedding Music.

"Custom," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, "has decreed, to be sure, that the simplest and most conventional musical program for a wedding in church is, as some one has tersely expressed it, 'Lohengrin to go in on, Mendelssohn to go out on and something soft during the ceremony.' Something a bit different would be 'Tannhauser' to go in on and 'Swedish Wedding March' from 'Hochzeit zu Wuirzburg' to go out on."

Treeless City Streets.

The New York State College of Forestry says that within New York state there are 20,000 miles of street capable of sustaining a growth of 5,000,000 shade trees which can be made worth \$100,000,000 in increased property value. Besides making our cities more beautiful, trees are of definite value to health, for by absorbing poisonous gases they purify the air.—Tree Talk.

Nursing Sickly Plants.

Sickly plants, like sickly people, cannot stand extremes. Sickly pot plants may often be more quickly brought back to health by watering with very warm water only. Low vitality will not be raised through the use of chilly water or less than 110 degrees of temperature.

Answering With Another Question.

"What's become of the old fashioned servant girl who used to entertain her bean in the kitchen?"
"Slucks! What's become of the old fashioned kitchen that used to be big enough for a girl to entertain company in?"—Detroit Free Press.

Thoughtful.
"Does the new clerk observe due precaution against fire?"
"He always throws his cigarettes into some one else's wastebasket."—Pack.

Economy is half the battle of life. It is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—Spurgeon.

A Breach of Discipline

By JAMES BRAINARD.

It has been said that in the camps for the drilling of officers for the army for the great world war the obsolete in military science has been discarded and the men are drilled in trench warfare, including grenade throwing, the wearing of gas masks and all such devices of modern warfare. There is one fort where recruits were drilled which can hardly be said to have fulfilled these conditions. That is Fort A., located in the west.

Fort A. had been turned over to the army as a station for the drilling of recruits for the great world war. The commandant, Colonel Whittlesey, an officer of the regular army, who had grown gray in the service and had added with each year something to his stock of army discipline, treated newcomers and old comers alike, exacting from each the same rigid observance of attention to the army regulations.

There must be guard mounting in the morning, dress parade in the afternoon, tattoo in the evening and taps at bedtime. The soldiers were drilled to march, countermarch, load and fire, in accordance with the manual of arms, and otherwise conform to customs the colonel had learned some fifty years before at West Point.

What use the men were to make of these observances in the trenches in France probably the colonel had not considered. Soldiers had been prepared for war by being thus drilled from time immemorial, and it had never occurred to the colonel that any other way of drilling them would suffice.

He forgot, if indeed he ever knew, that General Braddock with his trained British regulars had suffered a defeat from Indians and had only been saved from annihilation by Virginia militia that had never learned the evolutions laid down in the books on tactics. He forgot that General Gibbs at New Orleans, commanding the best drilled troops in the world, had been slaughtered by General Jackson's squawker hunters from Tennessee and Kentucky.

There was one ceremony of ancient and honorable standing about the observance of which Colonel Whittlesey was very particular. The colors must be daily raised and lowered at the firing of the morning and evening gun. There was no likelihood of the men paying attention to this ceremony in the presence of an enemy occupying a parallel sized trench to themselves, but the colonel considered it one of the ways to prepare them for this warfare, and if the gun was not fired twice a day on the minute of sunrise and sunset he would betide the culprit whose duty it was to attend to the matter.

Now, it so happened that Colonel Whittlesey, who was a widower, was attentive to a widow, Mrs. Eleanor Andrews, whose son was being trained at the fort, and the lady was staying with the wife of one of the officers on duty there. Nevertheless his courtship did not prevent him from being watchful of the neglect of any of his favorite observances.

Mrs. Andrews had a tiny poodle no bigger than a large rat, and it was questionable, should she be obliged to give up either the poodle or her marital lover, which she would surrender. The colonel seemed to realize this, and it was generally admitted that Zip, the poodle, was the only living thing at the post who could violate the colonel's orders with impunity.

The only up to date arrangement on the premises was the contrivance for the firing of the morning and evening gun. A wire had been stretched from the gun to a room which contained an electrical battery, and a key had been introduced to make the current which fired the gun. No one was admitted to the room except the sinner charged with the firing of the piece at the specified time morning and evening.

One day after luncheon Mrs. Andrews, having a headache and not wishing to have her poodle, desired some place in which to shut him up. She sent word to the colonel asking permission to put Zip in the gun firing room. The colonel would not have acceded to the request had it come from any one else, but dared not deny the lady of his love. He ordered the key to the room to be sent to her, and Zip was a prisoner in the gun room.

Evening gunfire was at 7 o'clock and 5 minutes on that day, sunset occurring at that hour and minute. Zip was placed in the gun room at 2 o'clock, and at fifteen minutes past 2 a boom was heard that sent a wave of consternation through the dungeons of Fort A. The colonel was falling asleep over his after luncheon cigar. Springing to his feet, he rushed from his quarters to see who had dared fire the evening gun at the beginning of the afternoon. He met the officer charged with the observance hurrying to the gun room, and the two went there together.

There was Zip hopping about on the electrical machine, and at the very moment of their entrance he sprang off the key.

The colonel charged the officer to make no explanation of how the gun had been fired out of time, and the order was obeyed. But the women at the fort got hold of the matter, and it soon spread throughout the post. Colonel Whittlesey, seeing that on one there could meet him without giving way to a smile, asked to be relieved from the command and departed for other duty.

His match with Mrs. Andrews was broken off on her refusal to permit him to kill her poodle.

High Collars in Quito.

In an article on "Quito, the City of the Equator" Henry A. Frank describes in the Century some of the difficulties he encountered when shopping in South America.

"The line of demarcation between the gente decente and the gente del pueblo of Quito is the white collar. Naturally the tendency is to make it as wide and distinct as possible. When I had searched the entire city I found my customary brand of collar at four times its American price, but the lowest collar in stock was weirdly suggestive of some species of human giraffe.

"You misunderstood me, I protested. 'I did not ask for a cuff, but for a collar.'

"But this is a collar, señor!" cried the shopkeeper.

"Something lower, please."

"But this is a very low collar. It is so low that no one in Quito will wear it, and we are not importing any more of this brand."

Freedom.

Great is the moment when tidings of freedom reach us, when the long-enslaved soul from amid its chains and squalid stagnancy arises, wees it still only in blindness and bewilderment, and swears by him that made it that it will be free. Free? Understand that well, it is the deep commandment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being to be free. Freedom is the one passport, wisely aimed at or unwisely, of all man's struggles, tollings and sufferings in this earth. Yes, supreme in such a moment (if thou have known it); first vision as of a flame girl flung in this our waste pilgrimage, which thenceforth wants not its pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. Something it is even now, something considerable—when the chains have grown corroded, potent, to be free from oppression by our fellow man.—Carlyle.

Rhubarb Leaves.

More than one case is on record where leaves of the rhubarb plant produced fatal results when served as "greens." A survey of all the available data indicates that while the stalks of the common garden rhubarb furnish a perfectly safe article of food for most persons, the leaves of the same plant may not prudently be employed for culinary purposes. Rhubarb wine, which was once extensively used in adulterating champagne, is made from the stalks, yet Dr. William Prout, an eminent physician and chemist who died in 1850, thought it was no potent an agency in producing stone in the bladder that he wanted parliament to prohibit its manufacture.

The safe course in regard to rhubarb appears to be this: Stick to the stalks, but let the leaves alone.—New York Sun.

An Eye Opener.

Always have a glass medicine dropper and a bottle of rosewater in the medicine chest and in your traveling bag. Then when you get a foreign body in your eye you will be spared much pain and discomfort if the following very simple and harmless method is pursued: Put into the medicine dropper six drops of the rosewater. Pull down the lower lid and float the liquid on the surface of the injured eye. After the rosewater has been in the eye for a few seconds use the empty medicine dropper to suck out the liquid, and the foreign matter will come with it.

Fear Place For a Will.

"I was reading in the paper," said the fat plumber, "about a man who had his will tattooed on his back."
"Gee," the thin carpenter exclaimed, "I'd hate to have my will on my back."
"Why?"
"Because many a will is broken by the courts."—Youngstown Telegram.

Too Radiant.

Edith—Fred and I have agreed to keep our engagement secret. Her Friend—Impossible, dear. All the girls will know it as soon as they look at you.—Boston Transcript.

The Word "Yacht."

The word "yacht" is Dutch, from "jagen," to hunt, to speed, connected with our "go."

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Fainting.

First aid treatment for fainting should consist in getting the patient into an open-air space as quickly as possible, lowering the head if the face be pale and raising it if it be congested. At the same time the clothing must be loosened from the neck to the waist. It is absolutely necessary that a free circulation of air be had, so if there is noise stirring vigorous fanning helps considerably. If the patient is unconscious give nothing by the mouth, but if she is conscious the sooner fluids are given the better. Cold water, cold milk and warm beef tea are all useful, but some stronger and more quickly acting stimulants may be necessary. Ammonia in the form of sal volatile is the stimulant generally supplied in ambulance hampers. A dose of from five to thirty drops of this salt in two tablespoonfuls of water is generally effective, but a great objection to its use is that it sometimes causes vomiting, which is especially undesirable in one who is already weak and exhausted.