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# THE CONTINENT

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Nolan R. Best, Editor—156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Oliver R. Williamson, Managing Editor—509 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago  
William T. Ellis, Editor Afield—Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. Everett Sisson, Managing Director

## The Morality of Being Efficient

### "THE MAN NOT ABLE TO PAY FOR HIS KEEP—"

Half the economic problems of the times center in this pathetic and almost unhelpable figure.

Deliberate crowding down of wages by playing off one group of needy workers in competition against another is, of course, the most evident reason for underpayment of workers, and it is not right to say a word that will minimize the enormity of that injustice. It is human selfishness at its meanest.

But fair handling of all the facts in the case soon shows that employing greed is not the only reason why workers are paid less than they can live on. The other reason is the sad prevalence of inefficiency among the workers themselves.

*To the just economic ideal of a comfortable livelihood assured to every individual member of the social order, there stands one baffling obstacle in the grim fact that a multitude of persons are not prepared to render the world any service worth a livelihood.*

In many minor industries where pay is confessedly too low, the inherent trouble is that the product which the labor creates is of too slight importance to popular needs for it to stand a higher selling price. In such cases increased labor cost would simply end the industry, and in place of low-paid work there would be none at all. The same remark applies to much "common labor" elsewhere.

And unhappily, workers thus employed are usually incapable of more skilled service for which the market of the world's necessities would return a living wage.

A concrete example is the industry of shelling nuts—notoriously ill paid. Doubtless, there is selfish exploitation mixed up even in this situation, but the determining fact is that users of nuts will shell the nuts themselves rather than pay a considerable price to have the work done by others. Inevitably the wage stays at bottom.



The condition so illustrated is a complex question that could be commented on in many phases; as, for instance, the deplorable causes of inefficiency in the limited opportunities of many and the evil habits of some, or perhaps more to practical point, the duty of successful employers to provide for workers thus hampered as generously and sympathetically as resources will by any means allow.

But the purpose of referring to the subject here is to point out a thought to which parents and teachers ought to give conscientious attention in view of the trouble that the inefficient man causes in the world—the necessity, to wit, of instructing boys and girls in the absolute obligation of every human life to "pay full fare" for riding on this old planet earth.

For normal young folks in full possession of average faculties there is no possible chance of overemphasizing this principle:

*It is a fundamental dictate of decent social morality that every young person anticipating active life in the world ought to prepare himself to render his community some kind of service worth at least as much to the common well being of men as he expects to receive for his own well being.*

That is to say, efficiency is a moral duty.



As ordinary sentiment runs now, efficiency in life is commended to the young only as a condition of personal success—a means of getting ahead and achieving wealth or fame. And on that ground

it is commended only to the bright young folks; others who have little chance or show no promise of doing unusually well, are left outside the pale of the lesson.

But when it is appreciated that efficiency is the only foundation on which an equitable social order can be finally built—with comfortable earned livings for everybody—effective service becomes just as significant in the mediocre man as in the brilliant man.

"Find out what you can do. Then learn to do it. Then do it for the sake of people around you."

Under that advice, accepted with true vision, there can really not exist the contrast between brilliant and mediocre individualities. The Creator has made a wonderful distribution of abilities among his children in the world, and every man would be brilliant if he would only be loyal to the thing he is most capable of and make fine work in that one thing the goal of his ambition.

It is a totally external and largely false rating of things by which human opinion appraises some occupations to be more worthy of a youth's ambitions than others.

Intellectual professions and business pursuits are generally regarded as somehow more honorable than manual occupations, but to the man whose talents God has fitted for handwork the discrimination is totally unfair. It has misled many a young man from the course of life in which he could most usefully and therefore most honorably have "paid for his keep."



One very important deduction from all this, which the conscientious young man or woman will quickly see, is that the choice of one's occupation and manner of life in the world is by no means wholly or even mainly a question of "what one would like to do." That has bearing as an index to the bent of nature; but the question that really overrules it in the last analysis is this: "What does the world most need of me?"

To seize on an illustration close at hand, the common current remark that the nation needs more farmers ought to be to a young fellow choosing his life occupation more than an interesting note of economic conditions. He should take thought whether it may perhaps be a message of direct command to him.

If the country needs farmers more than it needs doctors, for example, there is a square-cut moral issue for him to face before he decides to be a doctor. Only a conscientious opinion that he is likely to be more efficient as doctor than as farmer can justify him in choosing the occupation for which there is less public need.



Ambition is dangerous except in one form.

*The only virtuous and wise ambition is ambition to do some service to one's fellow men just as well and effectively as it can possibly be done.*

Contrariwise, the willingness to receive good from God and the world without rendering in return the utmost measure of helpfulness within one's power, is always shame, degradation, sin.

And these broad principles apply to all work and all workers—to men of few talents and men of many. They also apply equally to men of wealth and men of poverty. Observed, they will glorify any occupation—even scavenging from the streets. Ignored, they will condemn to disgrace any personality, however favored.

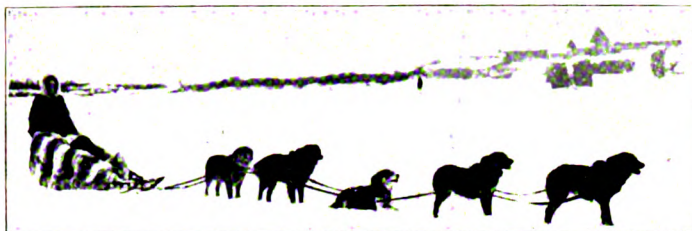
# An Alaskan "Mush" to Presbytery

NOW, IF I am to tell you this story, I hope you will rid your mind of all hardship-and-hero gush. There are fewer hardships in Alaska than in any other country I know. The people live an exuberant life there with wealth and all that goes to make up the externals of happiness. And as to the heroism, that is all nonsense. I am in Alaska as I write because I like it, because it is the most comfortable, pleasant land to live in and to work in that I know of anywhere and, however insane you may consider the statement, I would rather take a journey like that I am about to describe than go around the world or have a million dollars. I can read all about a journey around the world, and the million dollars would fill my life full of care and trouble; but I cannot read about the region I traversed last spring, and there is no anxious care in simply making your journey day by day, from roadhouse to roadhouse, or to a camp in the snow. Your blood leaps in your veins. The struggle, which Emerson says is the best thing in life, is yours, and the daily victory. Nature sings overhead and underneath and all around you. Pessimism and gloom and homesickness are impossible on the trail.

The time was last March, beginning with the 5th; the occasion was the meeting of presbytery at Cordova, on the coast. It was a very necessary meeting, for we must send a delegate to General Assembly. We must assert ourselves again as the biggest presbytery belonging to that body—in space I mean.

I was at Iditarod, 720 miles from Cordova. Dr. Koonce was at Cordova and Dr. Condit at Fairbanks, 442 miles inland from Cordova. There was no other way for me to get to presbytery but to take my dogs and "mush." To those ignorant people who do not know the meaning of that term, I will condescend to explain that the word "mush" is a corruption of the French *marchez*, which the *coureurs du bois* shout at their dogs as they urge them along. It is the word now universally used to describe a journey over the trail, and when we drive our dogs or wish to chase them out of the house, we shout "mush!"

The journey is to lead across three high ranges of mountains and two great valleys, the Kuskokwim and the Susitna. The trail has been but recently laid out by the government and is little used, but there are roadhouses here and there at irregular intervals and we will take enough provisions with us for emergencies. As to its



BY S. HALL YOUNG

being an at all formidable undertaking, why, the prospectors, miners and hunters of Alaska take far harder and longer trips constantly and break the trail for their dogs the whole way in unexplored territory. I anticipate the pleasure of that trip across new country with keen delight.

A young Scotchman from the north of Ireland, William Breeze, known far and wide as an experienced "dog musher," is to be my companion. He is bound for Susitna, 300 miles from Iditarod, on a prospecting trip, and will take care of my dogs, boil their feed at night and do the heaviest part of the work.

And now let me introduce you to my team. It is one of the finest teams in all the North. They are five pups of the same litter now 6 or 7 years old. They are a cross between the MacKenzie River husky and the shepherd dog, and have the long hair and hardy endurance of the former and the sagacity, intelligence and affection of the latter. Being brothers, they know each other and are taught to work together, although this fact does not hinder them from engaging in a general mixup now and again. However, if attacked by strange dogs, the whole five work together beautifully, centering their forces with Napoleonic strategy and beating the enemy in detail. The leader is black, white and tan, marked like a shepherd dog. He had been named "Nigger," but I have changed his name simply to "Leader." It sounds enough like the original to please him and set him going.

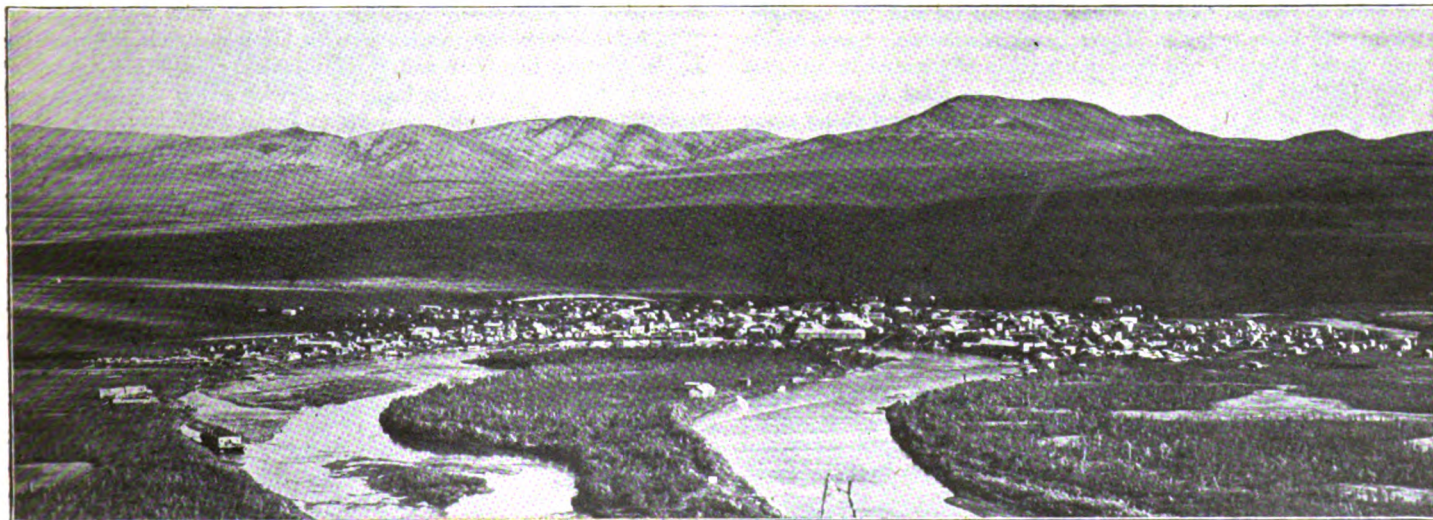
The sled is a basket sleigh with handle bars and brake at the back and a "gee-pole" in front, with an extra rope when we have to "neck it" to help the dogs. My wolf robe, given me by Third church of Pittsburg and my old church at Cedar Falls, Iowa, is spread on the floor of the sleigh for my accommodation in the brief intervals of riding. For "dog

mushing" in Alaska does not mean luxuriously riding in your sleigh wrapped up in your fur robe while the dogs haul you along the trail. When Egbert Koonce sledged 1,200 miles from Rampart to Valdez in 1902 on his way to General Assembly, I told the Assembly of his feat. A good old doctor of divinity said: "It must be, after all, a really luxurious way of traveling, wrapped up in your furs and reclining in a comfortable sleigh behind your dogs." I turned to Koonce and asked him how much of that 1,200 miles he rode. He replied, "About two miles."



Mrs. S. Hall Young

She went 1,500 miles for a five days' visit with her husband



Iditarod, Alaska, Where Dr. Young Began His Long "Mush" to Presbytery Meeting

I shall ride more than this on my way to Seward, but there will not be many places where I can ride half a mile without getting out and running behind the dogs. The beauty of dog mushing is that you are compelled to work as hard as the dogs. You are not on a beaten boulevard, but are wending your way around trees and stumps, over hummocks, up and down hill, along the sides of the mountains, and must keep your hands on the handle bars, lifting the sled on the trail where it runs off and often breaking the trail ahead with your snowshoes. When the dogs are on fairly good roads, they swing along uninterruptedly and you run your best behind. If there are two of you, one holds the handle bars and the other sprints on alone, either in front or behind the sleigh. You will get pretty tired the first two or three days, but after your muscles become hardened and you get your second wind you can run at your keenest gait two or three miles at a time.

#### *On the Trail Through the Wilderness*

But let us get started. The trail is well beaten from Iditarod to Flat City, seven and a half miles, and I get aboard, Breeze at the handle bars. My huskies leap into the harness at the word and we make a flying start. I ride perhaps half a mile, then jump off without stopping the team and run ahead of the dogs up the hill. I soon find my fur "parkie" too heavy and discard it for the lighter one made of drilling, in which I do the rest of my mushing to the end of the trail. Moccasins are on my feet, for the trail must be taken flat-footed if one is to have reasonable comfort. A brief halt at Flat to bid friends there good-by, and off we go again.

After two or three miles we leave the broad road and strike the trail through the wilderness. We soon begin to labor up the first divide. No more riding now. The trail is hard enough to dispense with snowshoes, but heavy enough to make us both walk and labor. I strike the trail ahead, leaving Breeze to the handle bars. I begin to feel the joy of it. The keen, dry air is like wine. The trail winds through the woods, along the edges of gorges and then up a steep mountain. Now the timber ceases and we have rounded wind-swept summits. I leave the little dogs far behind, for it is heavy pulling up the steep. Their bells twinkle faintly from below. I gain nearly a mile on them before they round the summit. I strike my lope down the farther side, but soon hear the bells as they charge down upon me and pass me swinging on toward the roadhouse.

We make only twenty miles the first day, for it was nearly noon when we started, and we are glad to stop at Bonanza roadhouse when dusk is coming on. How good the moose meat tastes! How sweet the beds of hard boards and blankets! The luxury of rest we enjoy to the full. The dogs are fed, our moccasins and German socks hung up to dry and we crawl into our bunks with sighs of relief. There is no floor in the roadhouse, all the lumber has been whipsawed by hand, the furniture manufactured out of boxes and stumps and the utensils are the rudest. But the luxury of splendid meat and good sour-dough bread and coffee makes us feel that we have all that goes to make life desirable.

An early start is necessary every morning. We eat our breakfast by candle light, fill up our thermos bottle with hot coffee, take a big hunk of roasted meat for lunch and "hit the trail" by daylight.

Twenty-six miles today to Moore Creek roadhouse. Snow begins falling in the morning and soon the trail is obliterated by the fast coming feathery flakes. Now the snowshoes must be unstrapped and one must break the trail ahead. We take turns and swing along at a three and a half mile gait. This is real work, and we reach the roadhouse in the middle of the afternoon, really not so tired as on the preceding day.

These are samples of the journey throughout, but, oh, the variety—no two miles alike—and the panorama of beauty that unfolds before us! Notice the beauty of the frost sparkles on the trees. The wonderful law that gives its own distinct varieties of frost crystals to each species of tree; fir, spruce, birch, cottonwood or alder, is exemplified so plainly here that after the first examination you can tell the kind of tree under the frost crystals by the shade of silver. The mountains tower above you, wind-swept, waving snow banners. The vastness of that white hush awes and thrills you. A rough sound would be blasphemy in the solemn silence. The whole landscape is a poem.

The third day we make a "long leg," as the sailors say, from Moore Creek roadhouse to Big Creek, thirty-six miles, every foot

of which we have to break trail with snowshoes. I strike ahead on my light "trailers" and Breeze wallows along behind. The fresh snow is so light and deep that it is difficult for him to keep the sled on the trail, and I often mislead by veering a little to right or left. When this occurs, down goes the sled in the deep snow beside the trail, and it has to be lifted up again and the dogs urged on. I get far in advance of him again and again. When I get weary snowshoeing, Breeze takes my place and I sit at the handle bars. But in spite of the heavy trail and the weary work for dogs and men, we make the thirty-six miles.

The coming day we have but fourteen miles and a half to make to the village of Tacotna, but it is the hardest mush so far and it takes us nearly all day. The poor little dogs burrow through the snow like gophers. Sometimes from my snowshoes ahead or alongside I can see only their ears and the stumps of their tails. It is joy indeed when on approaching the wilderness village an old friend, Dr. Green, who combines the offices of postmaster, magistrate, physician, dentist and miner, comes across the Tacotna river to guide my tottering steps to his hospitable door, and Mrs. Green's roasted wild chickens are the best viands on earth.

Another hard mush of fourteen miles brings us to another dear old friend, or a pair of them, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Smith. It is a cheering fact that on this trail through the wilderness I only stopped at one roadhouse where the people were all strangers. There is nothing so fine in all the world as the fellowship of the wilderness.

There is a bond between men who have conquered the same mountain difficulties, lain under the same blanket in the snow and helped one another over the trail, that is stronger than death. Elmer Smith used to lead the choir when I preached at Nome, and Mrs. Smith was superintendent of the Sunday school there. They are choice and refined people, fit for any society. Mrs. Smith is the only white woman in a radius of fourteen miles, but the happiest and cheeriest person you ever saw.

We are now in the valley of the Kuskokwim. The snow is deep. With Breeze double-tracking ahead, I work for four hours to get my dogs along seven miles. Then going suddenly across a divide, we strike shallow snow and hard trail and swing gayly into the Berry roadhouse, twenty-three miles from Tacotna. The Indian landlady cooks some grouse and caribou, for by this time we hardly touch bread or potatoes, eating vast quantities of wild meat. To those who have mushed along those trails and eaten this wild game it seems the most desirable food possible. The king of all the game is the ovis dalli, the white mountain sheep of Alaska. There is no other meat that compares with this.

From Berry's on, across the McKinley range of mountains 150 miles, we have pretty good roads, fine, clear, sunny weather and no fresh snow.

Through the sparkling woods, along the river beds, we hurry, and over rounded and jumbled foothills covered with scraggly trees, the range of the caribou, up deep gorges where moose tracks are plentiful. We always steer a little to the right of majestic Mount McKinley, which lifts its mighty shoulder 20,350 feet in the sky, and the nearer Mount Foraker. We bend after three days down to the South Fork of the Kuskokwim, right under the twin mountains Egypt and Pyramid. Here we stop with a typical man of the wilderness, "French Joe."

He has built his log roadhouse with his own hands, whipsawing the lumber for the floor and for his tables. He is a hunter and trapper, and his walls are hung thick with pelts, all perfect and beautiful; silver, red and cross fox; lynx, wolverine, gray wolf, marten, mink and other furs. He is king of the wilderness and independent of the whole world. Native jams, cranberries and blueberries put up in sugar, currant wine, home-grown potatoes and turnips and a great variety of choice meat were spread in profusion before us. The banks of the world might all break, and its governments go to smash and its crops fail, but Joe would live at the foot of Mount Egypt his cheery, independent, carefree life. In spite of the strenuous mushing, I am gaining in flesh, my muscles hard as nails, my spirit buoyant.

#### *Seized by Lumbago on the Trail*

The day out from Joe's I meet with my first disaster. We have nineteen miles of absolutely clear ice on the south fork of the Kuskokwim. The river is full of air holes and open ripples. The dogs swing along at a ripping pace, digging their toenails into the hard ice, the sled slipping sideways and sliding dangerously near to



*Dr. Young, Ready to Hit the Winter Trail*

open places. Breeze often has to run ahead at full speed to choose a route, for there is no trail on the ice. Half way up the river I "get gay," as Breeze says. I leave the handle bars to find a route, and fall down hard on the smooth ice. A sharp pang strikes through the small of my back as if from a spear thrust. I get up and go along, thinking the pain will cease, but soon I realize that I am in the grip of an old enemy—lumbago.

From this point on to Seward I cannot make a move without pain, sometimes so great that I gasp for breath. At night in the roadhouse I have great trouble getting into my bunk, and sometimes Breeze has to lift me out in the morning. Were I at home I would be in bed for a couple of weeks, with doctors and nurses fussing over me, but it is just as well that I cannot stop. I take the philosophy of an old fellow in the Rainy Pass roadhouse, near the summit of the range, who says the best cure for a lame back is to "keep on a-mushin'!" I think of Edmund Vance Cook's verse, and it does me more good than all the horse liniments they rub on me.

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way  
With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day,  
With a craven heart and fearful?  
Oh! A trouble's a-ton or a trouble's an ounce,  
Or a trouble is what you make it,  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,  
But only, how did you take it?"

We drop into the canon of Happy River and here we have our famous moose hunt. Soon after we enter this gorge, we come upon its track—a big bull moose. Now here comes this big, blundering beast to poke our trail full of deep holes and excite our dogs. He is running ahead of us. The snow is five or six feet deep and he goes in almost to his back every step. The walls of the canon are sheer and he cannot escape up its side. The river turns and winds and here and there are little patches of level ground thick with large spruce trees.

For three miles we do not catch sight of the moose, but our dogs show that he is close ahead. In spite of my lame back I have to struggle ahead of them and bat Leader in the face with my cap. Breeze is standing on the brake to keep them from running away. The moose tracks fill our trail for a while, smashing it all to pieces, and then veer sideways to a little patch of woods, and the dogs will go pell mell in the moose's track, burying our sled out of sight in the deep snow. Then we have to haul them around and lift the sled on the track again and try to get them along the trail.

#### Trying to Overtake a Bull Moose

Three miles down the river we catch sight of the big moose and the dogs go wild. Being from Pennsylvania, I have the kindest feeling toward this moose; I do not want to hurt him at all, but



Summit of Crow Creek Pass, "the Worst Mountain Pass of All," Over the High Alaska Range

Dr. Young and his companions struggled six hours to make five miles at this point

only, like Taft, wish he would keep out of the running, and like Woodrow Wilson, want to go by him. But our bells are jingling and our dogs barking and we are shouting at them and it is a fearful thing to the bull moose, this animated machine that is charging down the river at him. So on he struggles through the deep snow, spoiling our trail and filling my companion's mind with blasphemous thoughts that occasionally break out in spite of his self-restraint.

Four miles of this moose hunt, with the big brute growing more tired and we more anxious to pass him. Instead of our hunting the moose, he is haunting us. At last, around a little point of woods we see him lying down in the middle of the river right ahead

of us. The dogs break bounds and almost upset me as they dash down the trail, with Breeze



The End of the Journey  
—On Bare Ground  
at Seward

standing on the brake and yelling "Whoa!" The weary bull moose staggers to his feet again and makes

the edge of the woods, but there lies down again. The trail veers right up to him. I run ahead and take Leader and Ring, one in each hand, and Breeze does the same with Teddy and Sheep. Moose is more tractable and we can control him with our voices. We drag the dogs, with the sled behind, pass the big brute, his long face not a rod from us, and then, setting Leader on the trail again, we urge them down five miles farther to the Happy River roadhouse.

#### Ben Atwater and the Wilderness Brotherhood

At Halfway roadhouse we catch up with old Ben Atwater. We have been hearing of poor old Ben all along the trail. He is an old miner and prospector whom I had known thirty-four years ago at Wrangell. He had been living on the Kuskokwim river not far from Tacotna. Three months before we found him Ben did a very foolish thing. He was hunting wild chickens and got up on a log to "view the landscape o'er." He rested his double barrel shotgun on the log, put the palm of his left hand over the muzzle and rested the wrist of his right hand over that. The butt of the gun slipped on the slippery log, the hammers caught, the gun went off and blew both poor Ben's hands off. At Iditarod, a hundred miles distant, we heard the news and promptly sent \$100 to Ben's aid. Soon other streams of money began to pursue him. The Yukon pioneers at Dawson heard of it and sent an order by wireless for another hundred. Then \$200 came from the Alaska pioneers of Fairbanks. But Ben had struck the trail before any but the sum from Iditarod could reach him. He could not dress himself or feed himself. He was helpless as a baby, but these rough men of the wilderness were caring for him. At one roadhouse and another they had fed and sheltered him, sometimes for days, and then hitching up their dogs, they would haul him on to the next roadhouse, fifteen to forty miles along the trail. Then another would pass him on. When I found him he was chipper as a cricket and told me that he had gained twenty pounds since striking the trail. He had still 150 miles to go, but was in the best hands in all the world. The kindly brotherhood of these men of the wilderness excels that of all other people, I think.

At Knik we find another warm welcome. We hoped to find a boat here that would take us to Seward. Knik is on a so-called arm of Cook's inlet, but it is only an arm of the sea for two or three hours twice a day, for the tides here are tremendous. A boat is daily expected, but it disappoints us. The second night here I gather all the people of the village into the roadhouse and have "church." I do not think that I ever took greater pleasure in a service than in this one. Knik has been a town since 1895. There are a number of families here and some interesting children among them, but they have never had a school, and I preached the first sermon that has ever been heard in all that region. There are eight or nine other towns and villages scattered around the head of Cook's inlet and many mining camps, but no preacher of the gospel has ever come to bring these strong people of the wilderness the word of life. Everybody turned out to the service. There were two Christian women in attendance, one of whom has been there fifteen years and the other ten, without having a chance to hear the gospel preached.

Finding that no boat is coming and the time for presbytery approaching, I must mush on. The worst mountain pass of all is before us—Crow Creek pass over the high Alaska range. Fear-some tales are told me of this pass, but there is nothing to do but to try it. Breeze leaves me here and I hire a young prospector, Fred Taulman, to take me to Seward. Were it not for my lame back I would go alone, but they all say that the pass is too dangerous to be traveled singly even by a strong and vigorous person. So on March 21 we hitched up our eager dogs, whose three days' rest

(Continued on page 227)

the missionary society. Rev. Albert Torbet is pastor.

Bartlesville, Okla., church, Rev. C. E. Alexander pastor, received many members during 1912 as the result of quiet, steady work, no special services being held.

The flourishing Christian Endeavor society of Bainbridge, N. Y., church recently raised \$150 to repaper the interior of the church. Rev. Henry D. Smith is pastor.

The women's society of the church at Greenwich increased its gifts from \$60 last year to \$400 this year. There has been strong development of interest in missions. Rev. Frank M. Carson is pastor.

Central church, Joliet, Ill., spent \$2,200 for repairs and paid all other bills, in addition to reducing the debt \$1,000. Women raised all but \$500 of the cost of repairs. Rev. C. D. Jacobs is pastor.

## An Alaskan "Mush" to Presbytery

(Continued from page 217)

has put them in high spirits, and hit the trail again around the head of Knik Arm. Over dangerous ice, sometimes through the salt water that covers it, with now and then a stretch of good trail, we come to Old Knik. It is only a seventeen mile stretch, but my back is so bad that when I arrive at the roadhouse I am in convulsions of pain. A hot drink and hot applications soothe me, but there is little sleep for me that night.

### A Five-Mile Advance in Six Hours

Now hard climbing up a steep road to the base of the pass at Raven Creek roadhouse. A storm is blowing. The snow banners on the mountains that overlook the pass and the fast falling snow make it impossible for us to go on, so we spend a day at this fine roadhouse, kept by three men who are hunters, prospectors and hotel keepers as occasion requires. The second morning they hitch up four big dogs as large as Shetland ponies to supplement our five smaller ones, and a sturdy mountaineer with "creepers" on his feet comes to pilot us over the summit. From daylight until noon we struggle before reaching the summit, making only five miles in six hours. The descent from the summit is almost sheer for 2,000 feet.

I have vivid recollections of the trip down that steep place. We turned the dogs loose to follow after the sled. Then two men tied ropes to the back of the sled, and with their creepers hung on behind to let the sled down. They started it gingerly over the edge of the summit, and I, looking on from above, saw a confused jumble of men, dogs and sled rolling and tumbling down that path, the snow gathering around and on top of them until when they reached a more level spot they were out of sight in the body of the avalanche, not so deep but that the men emerged laughing and waving their hands.

For myself, it took me an hour to get down to them. I would take my snowshoe, strike the end into the snow ahead of me, and slide down against it, a foot at a time, repeating the operation again and again. Sometimes coming to too steep a place, I would have to edge along some distance with great care for fear of stumbling over the precipice and wrenching my poor back. But when at last I got to the sled, it was righted and we went gayly on our journey. Not long before we passed this summit two men had lost their lives there, taking chances on a stormy day. One avalanche that would have buried us under fifty feet of snow had it got us thundered into our trail an eighth of a mile behind us.

Down to the town of Glacier on Turnagain Arm we come at nightfall. Here we bargain with a boatman to set us across the next morning to the old town of Sunrise City, twelve miles away, on Kenai peninsula. Another hard day's work brings us to a roadhouse up this river, and then, a cold night hardening the crust of the snow, we swing gayly over another high summit, that of the Kenai range, and down to the Seward railroad and along it to a roadhouse twelve miles from Seward. I had telephoned from Glacier to Rev. Mr. Pederson, the Methodist pastor at Seward. At 9 o'clock in the morning of the 28th Brother Pederson, just starting out to meet us, greeted us with a shout as we swung up in front of his house.

The trip of 520 miles had taken me twenty-three days, but four of those I was lying in

camp. I had broken trail with snowshoes over a hundred miles. I had tested my mushing powers and had not found them wanting. I had seen two great valleys for the first time and had prospected them for agricultural possibilities, game, lumber, mining resources and human souls. In spite of my lame back, I never took a journey that afforded more of instruction and inspiration or more of true enjoyment than this one.

A few days' rest and I took a steamer 200 miles farther to Cordova, where Brothers Koonce and Condit were awaiting me with their wives, and we had a joyful meeting of presbytery.

Mrs. Young, whom I had left a year before at Seattle, greeted me at Cordova, having traveled 1,500 miles to have a five days' visit with me. For I must hit the trail again the Monday after my arrival and mush on to Fairbanks, 442 miles inland, holding the fort there until Dr. Condit returned from the General Assembly.

### The Joy of Service in the Big, Broad Land

If the Presbyterian ministry could see Alaska as I have seen it, and know it as I know it and the joy of service there, the Home Mission Board would be besieged by applications for that service. We are not to be commiserated but to be congratulated. With joy I again turn my steps back to—

"The great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,  
The forests where silence has lease,  
The beauty that thrills me with wonder,  
The stillness that fills me with peace."

*Dr. Young, who was general missionary of Alaska, has been named by the Board of Home Missions as its special representative in making known the needs and possibilities of that great territory to the churches of the states, as told in The Continent Jan. 23 on page 117.*

William Mather Lewis, head master at Lake Forest Academy, has resigned to take effect in June. He expects to travel and study abroad.

## Bradford Horton, Man

(Continued from page 219)

Yes, I suppose she would. Oh, women—" He stopped abruptly.

"Oh, women what, dear?"

"Nothing, Emily. Only I wish they were all like you." \* \* \* \* \*

Eleanor Elmore was at home but two days after her graduation. The house on Sunset hill was closed, and father, mother and daughter were off for a trip of two years and a half. Running across to Caroline Elmore's for a farewell visit, the girl found time to sit for an hour with her sister-in-law on the porch, where Bradford Horton encountered her as he left at the close of Charlie's lesson. Touching his hat, he was hurrying by when Mrs. Elmore stopped him.

"Let me make you and Miss Elmore acquainted, Mr. Horton," she said.

He stopped. "I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Horton," said Eleanor quickly, "but I am glad to renew the acquaintance." Their hand clasp was cordial.

"Mrs. Elmore tells me you are to start for your long tour tomorrow," said Bradford. "Let me wish you bon voyage and good-by."

"Oh, shan't I see you tomorrow?" she answered. "Joe Jickers and Jack Tappan are coming to the train to see the last of me. Couldn't you join them?"

"Thank you," he said, his face lighting. "I should enjoy that. But for fear I should be prevented, let me say bon voyage and good-by once more."

She offered her hand again. "Good-by," she said. "Don't let Charlie fail."

One month from that day the Elmores were in Yokohama, and Bradford, by invitation of young Mrs. Elmore, was settled as a member of her household for the summer.

Those were three strenuous months for Charlie Elmore, but he reached the goal. Mother and teacher helped the boy settle his room, and left him, one September day, under

# Three Daughters OF THE MANSE

Three daughters of a Presbyterian minister, in loving remembrance of their girlhood home, recently sent five hundred dollars each toward the endowment campaign of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation. If you are the son or daughter of a minister and have been prospered in this world's goods could you find a more fitting memorial for your parents than such a contribution to this fund as your gratitude prompts and your prosperity permits? If you are interested consult your pastor or address

## MINISTERIAL RELIEF AND SUSTENTATION

WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES, General Secretary, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.