

# TOUGH TOWN ON THE YUKON

Drinking, Carousing, Fighting. City a Mile Long and Eighteen Inches Wide and as Tough as it is Long

By M. J. Brown

I was up and dressed when my call came for Rampart. I had not slept. The room was stifling hot, so I opened the door wide, pulled the sheets over my head, leaving a place for breath, and told the mosquitoes to go to it. And they did. Wherever the sheet touched my body they would stake a claim and sink a shaft, and they had a way of sneaking under the sheet and jumping a claim. The Yukon mosquito is wise to the game. He knows his season is short and he takes a bunch of long chances.

One lady passenger was up. She was from Los Angeles. Her father was a steamboat captain on the lower river and she was on a visit to him. She had made the trip before and she knew where Rex Beech's cabin was. So we climbed to the high bank and started out to "see Rampart."

It didn't take long. The town was the typical river bunch of log houses and stores, one street facing the river. There were no traffic restrictions or sidewalk congestions, and we made speed. In the mid-night twilight we soon found the author's cabin, just like all the other log houses with the exception of the distinguishing mark of a pair of moose horns over the door.

And it was here, the lady told me, that Rex Beach wrote "The Barrier." I don't know how he could have done it. Of all the lonesome places on the Yukon Rampart was "Exhibit 1." I brushed away the mosquitoes, looked into the window of the cabin and mentally told Rex he had nothing to fear from me. The herd instinct grabbed me—we bolted for the boat. I had seen the celebrated cabin and was thoroughly satisfied. It seemed to me inspiration framed a cold hand for Rex Beach when it dealt him Rampart.

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

Then I concluded Alaska was about as full of deceit as the outside. At two o'clock in the morning the steamer pulled into Tananana pronouncing the last syllable "naugh." I couldn't sleep so I took my grip and went ashore. This fort town is at the junction of the Yukon and Tanna rivers, where they told us we would have to wait "about five days" for a steamer down, as our boat went on to Fairbanks.

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

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

The proprietor awoke, shoved out a book for me to register and showed me to a little dump of a room on the second floor. It was just large enough for a bed, and I was agreeably surprised to find it clean. It was cold and rainy so I went down stairs and sat by the big stove. On the boat I had formed a warm friendship with a young fellow named Wilson from Dawson on his way to Nome. He was a machinist by trade and a prospector by profession. He had been eleven years in Alaska. He told me if I wanted to find a "tough town" I should go to the Tower House and get on the good side of "Austrian Joe," the owner.

But I had forgotten about this and it was only by chance that I put up at his place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I wondered what manner of a town and hotel I had gotten into, and I went out for a walk to think things over. I went up to the post where a couple of small government boats were unloading at the wharf, and sat down to watch them and kill time until the breakfast hour. Soon a man with a boat cap on came up and began an argument with the mate. "Come ashore you sneak," he said, "and I'll make you look more like a baboon."

The mate ran up the gang plank and the two brutes went at it, fighting like dogs, while the soldiers gathered around and enjoyed the set-to. Down in the mud they rolled, grasping at each other's throats like malumettes, and striking each other in the face. Finally the mate went under and he said he had enough, and the victor let him up. And when he stooped over to get his cap from the mud the cowardly boatman struck him in the temple. He fell like a log, and then the mate kicked him in the face with his heavy shoes until the dock hands rushed in and stopped him. It was a horrible spectacle of brutality.

Then there was a scattering. I got the hunch and faded. Two days later the post commander was searching the town for witnesses, as the injured man had said that not a single witness demanded an investigation. It could be found, except the dock hands. The soldiers were too far away to see the details, and I didn't see it at all.

It developed that both men had worked on the boat, and having had trouble the mate had got the other fellow fired. So he went up to get square. Two days later he was on the street with a terrible blackened and swollen face, and declaring he would "get that Siwash."

And all these strenuous incidents happened within five hours and that night I had a nightmare. The government's orders had just come in to Tananana forbidding the sale or giving of liquor to any soldier in uniform—and what a roar went up. The soldiers were crazy mad—that is many of them were. A big fellow came into the hotel, followed by a dozen or more and started his howl.

"What do you know about it?" he yelled, "We soldiers of Uncle Sam are 'Siwashed'—we're in the same class with the fish-eating Indians, posted at the bars, and forbidden a drink, just because the W. C. T. U. in the States is afraid some little Willie boy might get hold of a glass of beer in some mobilization or training camp. Don't Wilson know that Alaska is a country by itself?"

And then he declared that he would count the days until his time expired and he could be a white man again. And the other soldiers backed his play to the grandstand. And in the small hours of the next night I was told the soldiers went on a mass drunk, as a protest against the restraining order and as a demonstration that they could get plenty of booze bottled and bootlegged.

"Austrian Joe," whose sympathies I surmised might be with Germany, told me that for weeks

the soldiers had been "just a raring" to go to the front; that they wanted active service and declared that it was "more than hell" to be shut in this winter, while Pershing and his boys were smelling powder in France.

Then he said an order came permitting all the soldiers who wished to leave to go to the front, and he said only 12 in Fort Gibbon signed up. "Noise is one thing, fighting is another," Joe observed. "Alaska in the winter time looks bad to the soldiers, but the trenches look worse."

Not having slept much the night before I went to bed early that night, but sleep was early that night, but sleep was impossible on account of the noise of carousing in the barroom below. It was a din of pool balls, songs and cursing. From long force of habit night is day in Alaska, and even during the summer months there is far more action at night than in day. Very few, except the river hands, arise before noon.

As I lay in bed I wondered if the towns kept getting tougher on the lower river, and it so about what would I find at St. Michael.

## HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?

Do colds settle on your chest or in your bronchial tubes? Do coughs hang on, or are you subject to throat troubles? Such troubles should have immediate treatment with the strengthening powers of Scott's Emulsion to guard against consumption which so easily follows. Scott's Emulsion contains pure cod liver oil which peculiarly strengthens the respiratory tract and improves the quality of the blood; the glycerine in it soothes and heals the tender membranes of the throat. Scott's is prescribed by the best specialists. You can get it at any drug store. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Want Ad Readers come to know unerringly, when an ad is worth answering—and they rarely fail to find from one to a dozen such in any issue of this paper. They thus keep in close touch with life as it is lived in this town—and with this town's opportunities for money-making.

Read our classified ads.

## HIS HEART WAS AFFECTED

### "Fruit-a-lives" Soon Relieved This Dangerous Condition

682 GERHARD ST. EAST, TOSCONO.  
"For two years, I was a victim of Acute Indigestion and Gas In The Stomach. It afterwards attacked my Heart and I had pains all over my body, so that I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of Medicine but none of them did me any good. At last, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, after using only three boxes. I recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' to anyone suffering from Indigestion."  
FRED J. CAVEEN.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all Dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ogdenburg, N. Y.

To know What It Ought to Cost—and to save a worthwhile portion of that sum when you buy it, is the privilege of the ad-reader.

## NOTICE TO GAS CONSUMERS

The cold nights and mornings remind us all that winter is coming and some provision must be made for fuel.

Each year it becomes more difficult to supply sufficient gas during the very cold weather, especially during the latter part of the winter, and altho we have drilled a large number of wells and are still drilling, the new production will probably not make up for the shrinkage in the old wells and the increasing demands made upon us by the high cost of other fuel.

Therefore we take this opportunity to remind our consumers that it will be advisable to have some coal or wood and a stove to use it in for emergencies, as it is not advisable to depend entirely upon the natural gas supply at all times. Extra fuel of some kind bought now may save considerable inconvenience later.  
43 Empire Gas & Fuel Co. Ltd.



## For Stiff Neck, Spore Muscle, Rupture Pain

Recognized all over the World as the Best, honored by its use in Soldiers' Home, - Bath, Firemen's Home, Hudson, Masonic Home, - Union, L.O.O.F. Home, Lockport, N. Y.  
And other great institutions including many Nurses, we have grateful testimonials from. Praising the wonderful healing qualities of this old Remedy for Man and

25c Bottle

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of John M. Green, late of the County of Independence, N. Y., to present the same with vouchers therefor to the signed Administrator, at the Office of Crayton L. Earley, the Village of Andover, on or before the 19th January, 1918.  
Dated July 9, 1917.  
CLAYTON C. GREEN, Administrator

If it can be bought for less than you would like to know and all about it—as do!

## MILES per GALLON

When you figure miles per gallon, there is no gasoline as cheap and efficient as SOCONY. Because SOCONY is not only pure and powerful, but *uniform*.

Every gallon is like every other gallon, no matter where you buy it—quick starting and chock full of energy. The SOCONY seal means that the gasoline it marks is the best that extensive sources of supply and highly scientific refining can produce.

SOCONY is so different from the inert mixtures that are often sold as gasoline that it pays to be particular what goes into your tank. Say "So-CO-ny" and look for the Red, White and Blue SOCONY sign.

Standard Oil Co. of New York

## WE SELL SOCONY MOTOR GASOLINE

STANDARD OIL CO. OF N.Y.

The Sign of a Reliable Dealer and the World's Best Gasoline

DEALERS WHO SELL SOCONY MOTOR GASOLINE

**ANDOVER**  
J. J. Dougherty  
Andover Garage

**WELLSVILLE**  
W. F. Benedict  
E. E. Keller  
G. S. Hubbard  
Royce Hardware  
Wellsville Garage  
J. W. Gellman  
Beady Bros.  
G. Friedrichs  
Brady Bros.  
F. C. Richard  
Weinbauer & Harnes  
Harder & Son  
Halle Drug Store  
Scoville Brown & Co.  
Farker Shoe Co.  
Carpenter Bros.

ALTER J. GREN...  
Office Main and Center  
Andover, N. Y.

W. O'DONNELL, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon  
and Residence, Church  
ANDOVER, N. Y.

LOUGHLIN, M. D.  
GENERAL PRACTITIONER  
and Residence, Center St.  
Andover, N. Y.

DR. DANIEL LEWIS  
ALFRED, NEW YORK  
Hours 2-4 and by Appointment

MARY STEPHENS,  
FIRE INSURANCE  
LIFE  
at residence, 61 Main St.  
Andover, N. Y.

VTON L. EARLEY,  
TORNOR AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW  
Estate Security  
LEGAL BUSINESS RECEIVED  
PROMPT ATTENTION.  
Andover, N. Y.

ELO O. TUCKER  
GENERAL INSURANCE  
Notary Public with Seal  
Health and Accident  
and Village Property, Auto  
and all kinds of Casualty  
Absolute Security Guar...

SANFORD HOUSE  
39 Main St., Hornell, N. Y.  
Rooms by day or week. New  
Modern conveniences. Reservation  
Mrs. Sanford-Burdick, Prop.

BEN IN HORNELL  
STOP AT  
Hotel York  
A. York & Son, Prop.  
Everything First Class

RICHMOND TH...  
TOMETRIST  
AND SEE BEST  
Hotel, Andover, the fourth  
Tuesday each month.  
le, Mondays and Satur  
days.

BROWN  
ertaker and Embalmer  
Equipment  
Skilled Services  
tended to day or night  
Street, Andover, N. Y.

ERS  
LL  
ONS  
Distances  
A SPECIALTY

TLIN, The Florist,  
Hornell, N. Y.

TYPENRITERS!  
No. 512. SMITH-PRIMERS  
Learn to Type-write at Home.  
Instruction Book Free. Just  
7c. POSTAGE. BUFFALO, N. Y.

BEST is never too  
ood. The quality of  
ob Printing is unstru-  
d anywhere. A trial  
will convince you.  
YS PRINTING HOUSE

WS Ed