

wolf and they fight like their an- and jump away. But once at it they never quit. There is no mercy shown by beast or man in Alaska fights.

I watched the contest for several minutes before the din of the chained dogs attracted attention and the owners came and stopped the combat. The free dog would rush in, snap his jaws and blood would spurt. Once to avoid a rush he jumped too far and came within reach of the chain of another dog. Snap, and his hip would lurch open with an ugly wound, but the wounded dog never looked at his second antagonist. His mission was to kill the first dog, and they would have fought to the death if the men had not beaten them apart with clubs and stones.

Huskies are recognized as the best breeds for sledding, but the Indians want the malamutes—half wolf. I had often heard it stated that the ancestry of a dog could be determined by the way in which he howled. Let a steamboat whistle, and every dog will chorus in, according to the music he inherited. The "just dog" will bark, while the wolf breed howls out the long, lonesome howl of their forefathers.

The trail dogs of Alaska don't want any petting or familiarity. They are wonderful in their affection and fidelity, when they know who the boss is, but they won't make friends with strangers. They are supremely indifferent to any advances. They want you to leave them alone, and a wise tenderfoot will.

White men drive from seven to nine dogs on an outfit, depending on the load and the trail. They harness them fan-shape, spread out so they do not interfere with each other. The load is from 100 to 150 pounds to a dog.

Indians will drive a team of malamutes 70 miles a day. White men can't equal the Indians for speed or endurance. The natives understand dogs better, know better how to handle them and to take advantage of the trail.

The dogs are wonderful in their endurance and strength. They will pull until they die, rather than quit, yet it is a peculiar fact that very few of them will pull on a dead load—that is pull hard to start a sled. Once started it, and they will strain to the last, but they won't start.

The general impression is that dogs are fed entirely on salmon. If they were they would not live long. Salmon alone for a steady ration will kill them. With the fish is alternated oat meal, fresh bacon and mush. Raw animal food is most relished by the dogs, but it is not often this is plentiful.

The price of dogs range from \$50 up, and how far "up" depends altogether on how badly a buyer needs them. If there is a stampede they go up faster than the price of shoes since the war opened. And they rent from 50 cents per day up, the limit of

the "up" based the same as are crippled or have sore feet. The dogs are wonderful in their trail intelligence. They will follow a snow-covered trail that their driver could not, and in many ways they exhibit almost human reasoning. Like the men who mush with them, they are not all alike. Some are just curs, who have little instinct and they know little but to be hind dogs and pull. But in almost every team there are dogs who would rather die than be set back from the lead and dogs who will die in a fight to a finish if they are put behind.

New dogs are constantly being raised and broken in on the sleds, and an experienced musher will watch them as a jockey does his runner. A dog behind will snap at the heels of one who is soldiering on the job, then the dog beater begins to take an interest in that pup. If he knows dogs, he knows that this one is budding an ambition, like a politician to get up to the front, and he must encourage this ambition at the same time he must not arouse the jealousy of those ahead, for once he gets something started he is going to lose one or more dogs, for some day they are going to fight it out.

About the most dreaded calamity is a free-for-all fight in harness on an emergency trip, and these quite often occur. A good musher can smell a coming family fight days in advance. He can't understand their language, but he can sense something is wrong, and he will use every expedient known in dog training to settle the differences. However, sometimes they will stop without warning and go in for a general fight, tangling up the harness, overturning the sled and becoming a living bunch of maddened beasts, and the trail follower who can stop this fight and save all the dogs is eligible to a place on the League to enforce Democracy and Peace.

A lead dog taken out of the team is a dangerous dog. Often because of sore feet or an accident one has to be cut out, and it is an act of mercy to shoot it. They have an almost human pride and ambition to lead, and they are heartbroken when set back.

There are storms in the North Land that dogs will refuse to face. An instinct tells them they cannot make it, the whole team will refuse to go on and beating will not persuade them. Then the driver must find what shelter he can and wait until the storm is over. If he has plenty of provisions, can find wood, and can get some kind of shelter from the wind, he can live it out, but if he is short on dog food and the animals famished—well, many an Alaskan story of a musher having been found frozen to death and eaten by his dogs, doesn't tell the real story. The driver was torn to pieces by his famished wolf dogs. That is the true story.

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This country had as well wake up to the effect that Russia is definitely out of the running. The blow is a staggering one to the Allies, but should not be the cause of despair or even of undue pessimism. While her defection gives the German arms much needed relief, yet this country is ready now to step into the breach she has left. And unless all signs fail us shall be occupying that place by the time spring opens. Then again, with the acquisition of Russia Germany will acquire more liability than an asset. That country will be in the throes of civil war for years to come, and will not cease to be a menace to the Germans. Armies must be maintained to watch her closely, or even to interfere in her internal troubles. Viewed in the light of common sense, it would appear that the Allies have lost a treacherous ally and gained one of proven loyalty. It undoubtedly will require a greater effort and longer time to gain the victory than would have been the case had Russia remained true, but we will win. This country is soul and body in to win, and she has yet to taste defeat.

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Figures from examination made by Army and civilian shoe experts at Army camps show that only about 15 per cent of the men wear shoes which fit properly. Of the several groups of men examined 23 per cent wore shoes one-half size short, 26 per cent wore shoes a full size short, and 5 per cent wore shoes two sizes short.

Reports ascribe the high proportion of misfits to the inclination of men to choose shoes too small, faults of method and supervision of fitting, insufficient numbers of larger and narrower sizes, and incorrect marking of sizes by manufacturers.

Bata's people will be able to get plenty of wood to use as fuel, according to an announcement made by Fuel Administrator Pollard, who has made an arrangement with Arthur Warren, Jr., of the Williamsville Sales Company, who says his company has about 15,000 cords of wood to deliver at \$4 a cord, 95 per cent of it being hard wood.

Just another report of in Andover. Another typical kidney ailment relieved in over with Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. P. Remington, retired painter, First St., says: "I the hardships I endured in the winter of '61 affected my kidneys, and I am bothered by attacks of kidney trouble. I have been so bad I could get out of bed in the morning, sharp pain would strike me, the small of my back, I had to get up several times at night. They contain a brick-dust sediment. I use Doan's Kidney Pills at these times, which at the Brundage Drug Co., they cure me of the attack, and I am up in quick order."

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