

Haber and take on board 16 Japs that had come ashore in a life boat from the wrecked steamer Kotchira Maru. The boat went on the rocks July 25 and the survivors had been in an open boat for six weeks. This order was later countermanded as another boat took them on.

Then a ship's officer, with a boy demonstrator went into every berth and showed the passengers how to apply the life belts speedily. Next the anchor was swung out ready to drop and third the crew was called out for fire practice.

And with these Nervous Approaches had the run of the boat. The anchor was about to be dropped when suddenly the fog lifted for perhaps 15 minutes. It wasn't necessary to take the nautical observations. Dead ahead of us, it did not look more than a mile, was the rocky reef, and between us and the shore the coast abounded with submerged rocks.

That fog didn't even turn around. It simply backed up and that very slowly. It was a very close call to add another to the many boats whose skeletons are strewn along the rocky coast of Unimak Pass.

But now out of danger we were turned to seasickness. The ocean was a little rough and one by one—ladies first—the passengers began to disappear from the steamer chairs.

And I began to feel like a real prize fighter—I was "staying."

"We had a wealthy auto dealer named Johnson from San Francisco, as a passenger. He was a large, powerful man and as big a joker as he was tall. And he was a raw joker. He had made many trips on many waters and had never been sick. A woman might be extended some charity, but a man never, and he added to the misery of every seasick man who dared to leave his door unblocked by regular calls.

I roomed with him and I dreaded the day when I would go down for the count. I knew Johnson would hand me a lot of that wasn't coming to me. But day after day I went down after three meals and kept my feet.

We docked at Cordova for two and a half days to take on a cargo of copper and the sick stomachs had time to square away, and the boys held a conspiracy to get even with Johnson.

We went to a policeman and told him we would give him a purse of \$50 if he would arrest Johnson that afternoon.

"The cop fell for it, but said that as it was Sunday and he was busy, a good excuse, we would have to start something when he would pull the big fellow up (disgustingly) out. This we agreed to do, but in the afternoon when we steered the victim up to the town the cop wig-wagged us and stated that the chief wouldn't stand for the team, so we had to wait and plot again.

When we got out of the sound and into the open a storm struck us broadside and in a very few hours half of the passenger list were in their berths.

The boat was only 30 feet wide, built in Glasgow 40 years ago. The big waves hitting her broadside would roll her over until the upper decks washed, and Johnson warned the first mate that there was danger of the boat going so far over that the smoke-stack would dip water.

But soon after a happy day—I found the big fellow leaning hard against the ropes, when I went to the room, and he was keeping an attendant very busy. The next morning he circulated the news that Johnson was down and soon after a dozen passengers called on him. They had a piece of fat pork on a string and they dangled it in front of his face.

"Bite it, old top, it's fat and greasy."

"How would you like a dish of cabbage?"

"Chew on a piece of raw fish liver."

And so on, each one suggested a nauseating dish, and the seasick man would gag and swear.

Then another delegation called. This bunch had one of those cartoons (or can travelers know too well what they are for, and in it was a mess of mulligan—they had got from the steerage cook, and they tried to feed this abomination to the seasick man, offering it to him in big spoonfuls. I wanted to take a hand in it, but I feared for the future. I knew what I would do if the seasickness should get me and so I laid off.

And between gags the sick man got this off—

"Go to it fellows, do your damndest. For remember that when I get up I will make you sorry."

And he did. The ship's carpenter had to follow him. He wrecked the mugs and the men in them and when I saw the favor I was glad I had stood neutral.

The storm increased and the side-boards were flat on the dining tables. Even then a cup of coffee or glass of water would slide down, hit the board and overturn into laps. One morning I was one of only five in the big dining room. And then the entire trip I never missed a meal, or lost one. I was one of the few amoupees.

Then the Unimak pass, many whales kept alongside, big black fellows, and they were tame. If I had had a hook and line no doubt I could have got a strike. The leviathans would come within a few hundred yards of the boat, put on free blowing exhibitions then hoist their big bodies three-fourths out of the water as they went down.

Every day the sporting population would play the "log," that is, throw in a dollar apiece and guess on how many miles the post would make in the next 24 hours. The nearest guesser winning the pot. What made the matter purely one of luck was the weather conditions. A head wind or a fog would vary the usual mileage.

In the interior of Alaska an old man, partially blind and in poor health, boarded the boat on his way to the territory, poor home at Sitka. In the weeks we traveled and worked together I often talked with the old fellow. He said he had always been honest and sober but misfortune and bad luck had been with him for 40 years; that he simply could not make a success of anything—not even day's work. He said he had a horror of the Sitka home, but it was not quite strong enough yet to overbalance the desire to live, and he hoped it would soon be. My last hope for a start was Alaska, the old man said, but after ten years hard trying I have lost out. If they would only commit me to a home in the States I would not mind so much, but I am a resident of Alaska and they can't do it, so I must end it all in a poor house and lie in a land I hate and dread."

He stopped off at Cordova for a water boat that would put him at Sitka, and when he shook hands with me he cried like a child. The North Land has many such finishes. It's the Last Hope land and fate deals many cold hands.

If you will look at a map of Alaska you will see that Unimak Pass is a narrow opening thru the tail of Alaska—the tail is like that of a comet's the Aleutian Islands—and it is easy to conceive that once there was a continuous roadway to Asia. And if you don't agree with the commonly accepted theory that the natives of Alaska came across the Bering strait from Siberia, then it will be a lot easier to think that in the ages ago they walked, or drove their Fords over by land, and that later on volcanic action submerged this connection, destroyed the roadway, and left a bunch of isolated Chinaman to make a new race.

This letter ends the Alaska series and I hope the letters have been in a measure as interesting to readers as the trip has been to me.

I expect to start the next series from Europe, from the battlefields of France, and am making preparations to leave early in the spring.

If my plans carry I will be able to get up where the shell holes are getting warm and see the great conflict in its operation. And I will write you what the staff men do not write—the human interest stories, the side lights.

WSS

If anything in the world should be done with foresight and insight, it is the buying of the home supplies. The task offers daily opportunities for wise economies, as well as for a wise choice of things—and the ad reader coins these opportunities into money and benefits.

WSS

What used to be called "some-times derisively—"bargain-hunting"—has evolved into the practice of intelligent buying. The advertisements make it possible.

MISS SPRING BONNET IN ANNUAL TRIUMPH!



Mr. First Robin loses again. It's an annual contest—the race between Mr. First Robin and Miss Spring Bonnet, as to which shall appear first. And in 1918, as most seasons of the past, Mr. Red Breast is not seen until days after Miss Spring Bonnet has come and conquered.

Proof that Miss Spring Bonnet has again won the early stakes may be had by gazing in the shop windows.

At the top is a poke hat of brass colored hickory straw with a twist and a bustle of peacock green silk. The second hat is a four-piece crown confecton whose black taffeta broad brim is softened by a festoon of velvet daisies, poppies, and blue cornflowers. At the base is a hmvka turban of bronze straw and a wreathlet of berries.

COUNTY COURT, COUNTY OF ALLEGANY

Granville M. Barney, Plaintiff against Levi C. Van Fleet, DeEtta A. Van Fleet, John Milliken and Carrie Milliken, being the only heirs at law and next of kin, legatees, creditors and persons interested in the estates of Walter Milliken, deceased, and Eliza J. Milliken his wife, also deceased, the names "John Milliken" and "Carrie Milliken" each being fictitious, the true names being unknown.

Defendants.

To The Above Named Defendants You Are Hereto Summoned to answer the complaint in this action and to serve a copy of your answer on the Plaintiff's Attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Trial desired in the County of Allegany.

Dated this 21st day of January, 1918.

CRAYTON L. EARLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney, Office and P. O. Address, Andover, N. Y.

To John Milliken and Carrie Milliken, being the only heirs at law and next of kin, legatees, creditors and persons interested in the estates of Walter Milliken, deceased, and Eliza J. Milliken his wife also deceased, the names "John Milliken" and "Carrie Milliken" each being fictitious, the true names being unknown.

The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication, pursuant to an order of Hon. Eliza Reynolds, Allegany County Judge dated the 8th day of February, 1918, and filed with the complaint in the office of the Clerk of the County of Allegany, at Belmont, N. Y.

CRAYTON L. EARLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney, Office and P. O. Address, Andover, N. Y.

WSS

You learn "values" thru reading the ads and thru buying advertised things. And that is business education in its truest sense.

THE BEST is never too good. The quality of our Job Printing is unsurpassed anywhere. A trial order will convince you.

NEWSPRINTING HOUSE

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substance for Cauter Oil, Paregoric, Droop and Soothing Syrup. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. For relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving Healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION SAYS:

There is no royal road to food conservation. We can only accomplish this by the voluntary action of our whole people, each element in proportion to its means. It is a matter of equality of burden; a matter of minute saving and substitution at every point in the 20,000,000 kitchens, on the 20,000,000 dinner tables, and in the 200,000,000 manufacturing, wholesale and retail establishments of the country.

Power bills to authorize the State to build hydro-electric plants capable of developing 500,000 horsepower on or near Goat Island at Naray Falls, were introduced in the legislature by Senator Leonard W. Gibbs and Assemblyman Herbert A. Zimmerman of Buffalo.

Large numbers of crows have made their appearance in forests near Dunkirk. Local weather prophets declare the unusual large number of birds so early in January indicates that the backbone of the winter is broken, and that milder weather may be looked for from now on.

PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

RISING TIME

On cold mornings, a bit of fun and the good cheery warmth of a Perfection Oil Heater make getting up easier.

The Perfection soon drives out the chill. The generous warmth encourages a feeling of fitness at the very beginning of the day.

Convenient, economical, the Perfection quickly warms any room in the house. Yields glowing warmth for eight hours on a single gallon of kerosene.

Now used in more than 3,000,000 homes.

Re-wicking is now easy with the new No. 500 Perfection Heater Wick. Comes trimmed and burned off, all ready for use.

So-CO-ny Kerosene gives best results.

STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK

New York Principal Office Albany Boston

SO-CO-ny KEROSENE

YOU COOK YOUR FOOD—WHY NOT YOUR TOBACCO?

YOU know what broiling does to steak, baking to a potato and toasting to bread. In each case flavor is brought out by cooking—by "toasting."

So you can imagine how toasting improves the flavor of the Burley tobacco used in the Lucky Strike Cigarette.

IT'S TOASTED

10¢

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

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SEE RICHMOND A YOU'LL SEE Andover, Wednesday, Feb. 14. Wellsville Every Day Except Wednesdays

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