

ALASKA

ATLIN and the YUKON



SEGESMAN

White Pass & Yukon Route

"GO NORTH"

by

Lebelle Hiven



ALASKA...LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN



WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

“
..... *W*hen the train
takes a bend it leaves behind it
an encroaching loneliness that
was but thrust aside for a few
moments by its passage. That's
the feeling; and yet uncounted
men, even before the railroad was
built, have trudged up that valley.
Their interests were not here.
They tramped through, under
these austere peaks, intent only
on grabbing their share of the
distant gold.”





The railway ascending the steep Western slope of the Coast Range—through the famous White Pass.

SUMMER makes its puma-pounce and, to live, we think of all cool things we know: bulrushes and water-lilies, cows knee-deep in ponds overhung by ruffling shade-trees, ice-bergs, milk-shakes, the old mill-wheel. But the heat holds. Night is too short to cool the city's stone and steel. The street intersections are a weariness; the signal-lights directing our movements, with their Stop and Go, and the bells, annoy us; the honk of the automobiles is a burden and the clang of street-cars likewise. Where to go, where to escape?

If we be in a city of the Pacific Coast a hint comes to us that does not carry to the Middle-West save in imagination. For in the coastal cities we hear, at times, on certain streets, at certain fortunate crossings, a husky-throated sound richly penetrating the clash of the street-car gongs, the insistence of the motor-horns, the buzzing of the directing bells. A steamer is putting out to sea at the docks. Go north! That is the implication through the city's heat and din.

The Inside Passage

Go north to Skagway—all the way: that's the suggestion of the muffled, mellow blast. You can do it all upon one level, on the ship's deck. Take the Inside Passage up the coast of British Columbia and Alaska's pan-handle. There is an exotic quality about this coastal trip northward. Carven totem-poles at the Indian villages where we go ashore, play their part in that effect of far travel into strange lands. Ribbons of islands lie along that littoral, the steamer taking its twining way between them. But a day out from Seattle or Vancouver the magic begins. You note, in the dining-saloon, that the port-holes are discs of violet enclosed in polished brass. Forested islands drift past with their reflections painted as on watered silk. Crossing the three short openings into the Pacific—Queen Charlotte Sound, Milbank Sound, Dixon Entrance—you may see, against the horizon, the blowing of whales and the humping of them through the sea. "Sea-shouldering whales," Keats called



Skagway—Today as in the days of '98—"Voyages end—but journey's beginning."



Blanchard's Garden, Skagway—the flower city of Alaska—Mount Harding in the background.



East Fork Skagway River—"The way to Denver Glacier by a trail slipping in under the forest caves."



The railway line can be traced from near the Summit down to the Sea—the smooth surface of Lynn Canal in the right background.



The old wagon road of '98—still to be seen from the White Pass & Yukon railway line.



Sawtooth Mountain—So named because of its jagged sawtoothed peaks—soars high above White Pass.



Pack train coming up White Pass Canyon—1898.

them. On a specially clear day you may even observe a stationary cloud out there—the mountains of Queen Charlotte Islands. Flecks of white breaking the expanse of blue are of waves climbing and crumbling on rocky promontories of islets hardly to be picked out were it not for that rhythmic heliographing of the foam.

The young folks play shuffle-board and quoits on the boat-deck. The tree-draped islands rise up and loom and pass as if forever, countless, such mountainous islands as Captain James Cook, away back in 1778, made mention of in his log, "that formed a beautiful prospect, as one vast forest," and Captain Vancouver, some years later, rejoiced to see, coming in from a troubled Pacific. The notes of the dulcimer call you to meals. At the door of the dining-saloon the orchestra plays; or, in the evening, in the dance-room—for those who are not on deck watching the Pole Star draw nearer—and this or the other piece of music, heard again years after, will bring back to you the magic and the spell of that coastal voyage, its varied beauty and majesty. You will remember that first day out, all America steaming to the sun behind you, and the pulse of the engines well away upon their travel-beat. Big things and little things of beauty you will remember. Taku Glacier (on which the steamer makes a special call), filling the end of Taku Inlet, a great wall of blue-green ice there, cracking from time to time and setting adrift the small ice-bergs, the ice-calves, that, drifting past the steamer, first warn us of our approach to its immensity, you will remember; and an old lamp in the museum at Juneau where you went ashore, a lamp carved in stone, with a little age-worn figure at one end holding its crumbling hands to the place where the flame used to burn. It was found under a foot of earth near Knik, on Cook Inlet, some old Chinese talisman coins (to be seen also in that museum) lying beside it, a trinket or two, and the skeletons of those who owned these lovely things wherever, in ancient years, they came from. A piece of fine Indian basketry, or a pendant of the real ancient ivory, toned by



The face of Taku Glacier—immense but only a remnant of the glacial Ice Cap of ages ago.

ages, you may bring back with you for a souvenir—as you cannot bring either the glacier or the lamp!

There is a grand finale for the steamer-trip on the day you draw near to Skagway, yes, even if by some chance the sky should lower like a ceiling. The transport companies can do all things for us save regulate the weather. You may but see the cataracts pouring down out of the clouds, pouring down the green-gleaming slopes of mountains that are topless. Let it be so admitted, for to mislead is none of the object here. But the chances are—your trip being in summer—that overhead will be a great space of glittering blue, and that you will see whence these cataracts come: from the hanging glaciers that, one after the other, are draped along the crests. Their draining creeks pour down into the upland valleys and then appear again over the immediate precipitous slopes, falling in wavering white frills or, in an eddy of wind, at times blown out along a cliff—cobweb of silver.

Skagway Skagway is the end of the sea-voyage, of the Inside Passage, but to turn back at Skagway is like knocking at a door and running away. You will realize that for yourself when you go ashore and from the streets of Skagway look up the long fissure of White Pass. For the sake of the old wild stories of the days that were, you will perhaps want to see the grave of Soapy Smith. The original wooden memorial at the place some morbid curio-hunter carried off; a later stone one was chipped by others, filching flakes of it as souvenirs. Other souvenirs, even if intangible, you may prefer—a memory of a murmur, like that in a shell held to the ear, of a mountain torrent that gushes from a rock above the town as if Aaron had smitten it with his rod, memories also of the austere ranges that encircle the place. Blue are the shadows in the creases of the peaks. And the white glitter of high wedges of snow and glacier fronts is tinged with a drift of mauve. But the greys have their charm, running through a gamut of frail tones from that as of pumice-stone to coral. There is color here. There



Looking back from Inspiration Point, Lynn Canal gleams brightly among jagged mountains.



White Pass City during early stampede days—on the road to the Klondike—and gold.



Travellers at Inspiration Point—a majestic scene of barren snow-capped mountains and Dead Horse Gulch.



Lawton Glacier pours its river of ice down the valley in the center foreground.



Pack train on the way to the Klondike, in the last lung-bursting climb on the old White Pass trail.



Pitchfork Falls above the trail of '98—"The tumultuous hiss of a tributary torrent."

are gardens here. The long days of summer make them glorious. If figures be desired as well as the scent of the blossoms, know that in the Blanchard garden—any one in town will tell you the way to it—the pansies are three and a half inches in diameter and the nasturtium vines grow three inches in twenty-four hours. Here is summer, but here is summer that is not wilting. You can sleep o' nights. Yet—as was already noted—to go to Skagway and turn back there, is like knocking at a door and running away. Skagway is voyage's end to be sure, but as surely is it journey's beginning.

White Pass There is a sense of expectancy, tensity, sitting in the train that is to carry you onward up the White Pass. Sufficient inklings there have been already, if by no more than looking up the Pass behind the city, that you are going into another world atop the world. All aboard! She is under way. She crawls out of town into the dank freshness of the bottoms where Skagway River swerves among its pebbles and overhanging bushes bow to it incessantly, splashed by spray or in the draught of its passage. When the locomotive begins to *whoo-whoo* for the curves, in the stereotyped manner, there is excitement in the coaches. But a little way out of town, the last houses passed, we are, it seems, in wilderness. When the train takes a bend it leaves behind it an encroaching loneliness that was but thrust aside for a few moments by its passage. That's the feeling; and yet uncounted men, even before the railroad was built, have trudged up that valley. Their interests were not here. They tramped through, under these austere peaks, intent only on grabbing their share of the distant gold.

We leave the valley and begin the ascent of the slopes. The train cannot go slowly enough to please us. At the windows we crane upward, we crane downward. Not only the grandeur of the scene impresses. One cannot but be impressed as well by the engineering feat of this White Pass and Yukon Route. From Skagway to well beyond the



Broad rock plateaus pitching up to steep slopes that end in jagged snow-seamed peaks.

summit the work was all of blasting solid rock. Gravel for the ballasting had to be brought up from Skagway River below, or from a gravel pit at Fraser, getting on towards Log Cabin, over the divide. There is one mile of that road that cost two hundred thousand dollars to build. Labor troubles the builders had also: every fresh gold excitement depleted their staff. Rumor of gold found in the Atlin Country, when the grades had been made beyond the summit, left them with scarce a man—and scarce a shovel or a pick; for men rushing off to a new placer discovery need picks and shovels.

In winter, as an official of the White Pass recently described what befalls, "The North Wind comes along and says, 'Who made this scratch along the walls?' and promptly smears it over with snow." And then the locomotives, three in a string, snort up from Skagway to answer the North Wind's challenge to the intrusion, thrusting a rotary snow-plow into the drifts. But we are summer visitors, like the humming-birds up from south in the gardens of Skagway. For us the track is all clear and on the air is no driving snow, only the robustious scent of the sun-warmed firs.

We turn from these considerations of what it must be like here when the leaves fall and cold winds come, at the tumultuous hiss, under a trestle, of a tributary torrent and look up its gulch to see whence it comes. That is the way to Denver Glacier by a trail slipping in under the forest-eaves.

One has not come to the summit of White Pass before a sense of the immensity of this northern world is felt. Round that great funnel the train climbs upward, as it were in grooves on it. In the valley below there is a gleam, among the brush, of a sun-bleached roof. It marks all that remains of the old "city" of White Pass, chiefly a tent city, once with a population of ten thousand, where men rested before starting on the trudge up the trail of '98. Torrents drape the cliffs above and foam under the bridges, hurrying down. There are regions in which one makes expedition to see one mighty waterfall: here the waterfalls are on all sides. When



Cantilever Bridge—swung from the rims of White Pass Canyon—an awe-inspiring scene.



At Lake Bennett—High in the mountains—bracing atmosphere—and wonderful scenery.



Bennett, 1898—here the armada of the Gold Stampede was built.



The train coasts Lake Bennett—around bays and promontories—the clear waters of the lake reflect the girdling mountains.



Lake Bennett—High in the mountains—29 miles long—"The immensity of this Northern World."



Old log church at Bennett built by Stampeders in gold rush days of '98.



Canyon City '98—Strange craft gathered here while their owners mustered courage to "shoot" the raging waters of Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids.

the train stops that we may alight to survey the scene and taste its air for a few minutes, the sound of them fills that monstrous funnel, blending with the stirring of winds in the cotton-poplars. We alight to a subdued thunder of water and of leaves. A little way further on we see the old trail. It comes at a tangent to meet us at the summit, a foot-wide scar in a rambling crease of the range. Here and there rock-slides have wiped out parts of it, but in between these slides it shows clear from the trek, those years ago, of the uncounted feet. Here is Dead Horse Gulch where, by the hundreds, the horses used for the packing dropped and did not rise again. That was a callous trail. The stories one hears, of men whose motto was not, "Devil take the hindmost," of men who mercifully put an end with a shot to the weariness of a beast on its last legs or, seeing another gold-seeker fallen by the trail, helped him on his way, are good to hear. They atone. But those callous days, lit now and then by some piece of humanity and chivalry, though they are but of a little over three decades ago, seem far away today. White Pass City is one with Nineveh and Tyre. That scar on the hillside, which Nature tries to obliterate with rock-slide and scrub, is all that remains to tell of the doings of those days so recent, yet so far off, among the austerity and the majesty of White Pass.

Summit and Beyond

We reach the summit where the two flags, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack (Alaska and British Columbia touching there) flutter side by side, and are on a height of the world. Summer is on the little lakes into which and out of which the streams, we note, thereafter run northward. Here is the place of the strange-scrawled rocks, the lonely sky. Fragments of the old trail we glimpse again and can imagine what it must be like up there when winter is in charge. Empty—it is all empty. Even in summer it is No Man's Land and we are intruders. The strings of ptarmigan glimpsed and lost across the expanse have it all to them-



The imperishable rocks of the mountains guarding the perishable works of man.

selves now. Drawing near Lake Lindeman you can see—perhaps there may be someone on the train to give you the direction—the scar of another old trail, the Chilkoot (which started from the now untenanted city of Dyea up the next inlet to that at the end of which Skagway stands), snaking down out of its pass among the surge and splendour of the surrounding ranges.

The old trail from Log Cabin into the Atlin country, eastward, slides over a ridge of these undulating uplands that lie round you there, and dips away into that space of rocks and scrub beyond which mountains hang along the sky, mountains that are as of some strange permutation of quiet and of loneliness into rock. Cloud shadows, large as an old-country shire, drift across the space, leaping the hollows and rippling their blue up the long leisurely rolls.

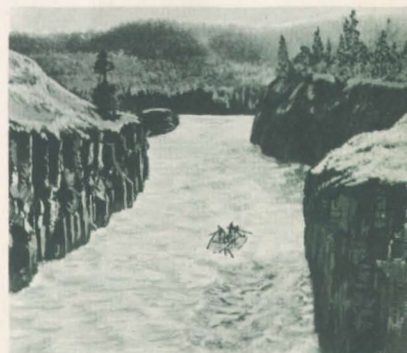
Log Cabin . . . men have stumbled to the door of the cabin, dog-tired in the August trudge under their packs. Men have shuffled to that door (those whose deeds lit with atonement the callousness of the old gold-mad trail days), blizzard whirling round them, carrying upon their backs some chilled and unconscious man they had come upon by the way.

Carcross The train coasts Lake Bennett, darkened once by the rafts of the gold-seekers, but disturbed now by no more than a ruffling wind or the spatter of water-drops behind a string of ducks rising to fly, clicks along the rails round the bays and promontories, rumbles over a bridge and stops at Carcross. The moment you alight there you know it for what it is—a jumping-off place into the great hinterlands of twisting water and thronging mountain ranges. The stern-wheel steamer lying at the Carcross wharf goes the other way, to West Taku Arm and to Taku, for Lake Atlin.

At Carcross an Indian makes a talk to travellers. He has, in the Indian way, taken a white-man name for the ease of white men talking to him, and calls himself Patsy Henderson.



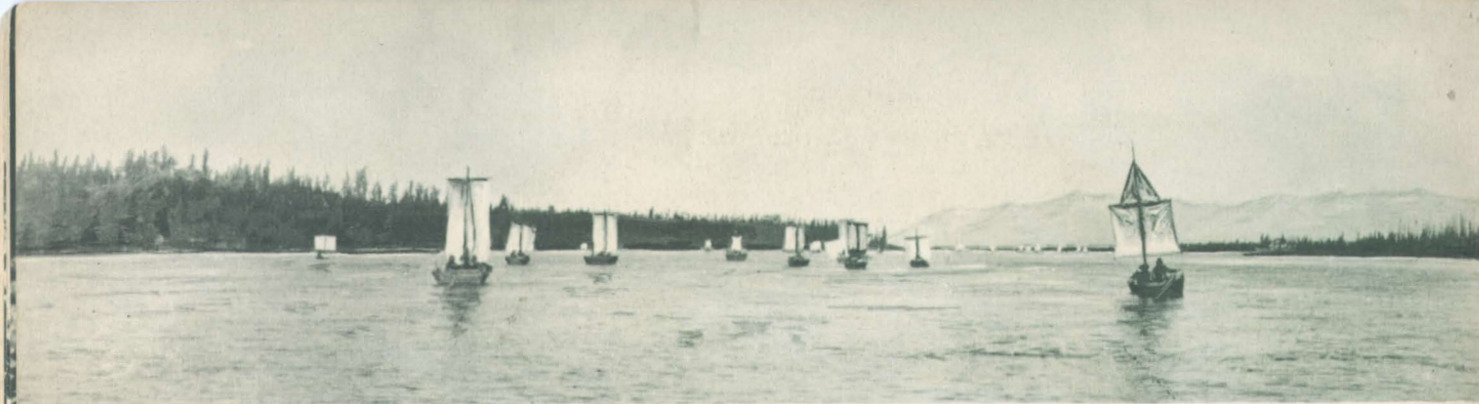
A "husky" of the Yukon trails—even today much winter transportation in Alaska depends on the sledge dog.



Riding the comb—Rafts shooting Miles Canyon—in '98 one of the dreaded places on the road to the Klondike.



Whitehorse Rapids—Rushing waters where the white horses continually play.



The Stampedeers flotilla on Lake Bennett—the last lap in the race for gold—1898.



Gold on the hoof—Silver foxes on a farm at Carcross—fox farming is a profitable Northern industry.



Whitehorse—where river steamers leave for the great interior—head of navigation on the Yukon River—where Robert Service wrote his first poem—outfitting point for big game hunters.



A breathing spell for the pack train bound for the back of beyond.

Find out when he is going to make his talk, whether going or coming your schedule allows you to hear him. Go and hear him. It is a lecture that is different. He summons us with a tom-tom, drumming at a corner across the railway-track, then leads the way into a little hall close by. On the floor, as you enter, you see a collection of traps. Along the walls are forms and when we are all seated there, "Well," says he, and begins. His talk is not stereotyped. Sensitively he is cognizant of the frame of mind of his audience. When those who sit round the hall are clearly keen upon his talk he is, as they say, *on his toes* in response. He shows you how his people catch bears in a dead-fall, salmon in a salmon-trap; how they snare the fox—the moose—and the rest. He gives you the calls that bring to the hunters rabbits and muskrats. A murmur of interest passes; there is a chuckle round the room as he lets us hear how "we fool caribou—caribou we fool him, huh." It brings a light to his eyes and stimulates him. Then he tells the story, from the Indians' angle, of the discovery of gold in the Klondike. He was intimately associated with those who saw the first color.

That Indian can play upon us when in his best form, now with a stoic pathos, now with humor, always interesting. He has also unconscious humor or quaint turns of speech, as when he mentions, perhaps, that they were seven upon some expedition—"four people and three women." When he refers to Mr. Carmacks, who was the second white man at the gold discovery—the first being Henderson, whose name he adopted—he says, "That man was called by Mr. Carmacks, Mr. Carmacks his name. He stop with us awhile, and then he go on away down wiwah. We think perhaps he drown in rapid. We think perhaps some Indian down the wiwah kill him. We go and see." He tells us of that journey, describes their finding of Mr. Carmacks alive and happy in a camp down the Yukon.

"He like that life. Mr. Carmacks like that life. He like to fish and hunt and live with Indian. He like that life."



Llewellyn Glacier, where ice, snow and water have carved a great amphitheatre.

And as he talks we see Carmacks sitting in that Indian camp down the river. He brings all the past back again, the thrill of the moment when another Indian, bending down to a creek to drink, saw something glitter on a rock and asked, " 'What you think that, George?' and Mr. Carmacks say, 'That gold!' "

He tells of the resultant change. Once, sitting there, you could look out at the door and see the wild creatures close by, but the gold brought the stampede, brought the white man, the railway, the steamboat, the policeman! He thinks, as do many white men, that anything may happen again such as happened before—the discovery of '96 that caused the rush of '98—in that great north, that it has an unpredictable future ahead of it. "This Yukon country, this big country." But he has to be heard—he cannot be fittingly reported.

There are, by the way, fox-farms and mink farms near by that you may visit. There are also here guides for big-game hunters, who know both the waterways and the wilderness trails.

Whitehorse At Whitehorse, to which the train continues from Carcross, we are at any rate introduced to The River—an impressive introduction.

There are many great rivers in the world. There is Amazon, flowing east; there is Congo, flowing west; there is Mississippi, flowing south; and there is Yukon, flowing north. The labyrinth of its headwaters makes the highways of that big country.

At Whitehorse, the end of steel, they motor us out to Miles Canyon. In the old days the rafts of the gold-seekers came down there, and the boats, and many a novice in water-transport the river took in a gurgling toll, with the suck of an eddy or the triumphant whirl of a comb badly negotiated. By the side of the canyon's end, on the western side, we still can see, lying in the grass, a rough wooden truck that was used for portaging, and along the canyon's rim are still the wooden rails on which it ran. There was,



Steamer WHITEHORSE in all its "swan-like stateliness."



Moose at the roadside—one of the charms of this close to nature land.



Indian children—speaking the universal child language—a smile.



Great mountain lakes—with "ruffling winds" upon their surface.



Wild alpine flowers gathered while the steamer loads wood.



A touch of civilization in an out of the way place.



Steaming at full power against the swift current of Five Fingers.

in fact, such a portage track on both sides of the canyon, the first town of Whitehorse being on the east bank.

In the unlimited summer days of the north you waken and look out of the hotel window in Whitehorse. No one is stirring, but all is clear. A sledge-dog or two (out of work for the season) loafs along in the void streets. The little town seems to be theirs alone. Flowers give their colors to the light round the houses, but no smoke comes from the chimneys. Then you look at your watch. It is midnight. It is midnight, and yet day. You look north and there is a radiance in the sky there, away off in infinity, that may be of sunrise or sunset—the light of the long day, the unlimited day, the queer exciting day of the north, beyond the sky-line. Yonder are the very precincts of light. Time is out of joint; you have come into a region of another dimension. A queer country, this Yukon country. Magic and mystery are here.

The note-paper of the Whitehorse Inn provides indication of the possibilities of the district. They are tabulated in the margin. It is "close to the famous Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids;" there "Robert Service wrote his first poem," and you may "view the cabin of Sam McGee;" it is "an outfitting point for big game hunting parties," goat, sheep, caribou, moose and grizzly bear the game in question. Local guides take trophy-hunters out to the White River and Kluane Lake districts, where the natural hay, in August, stands girth-high, and from which, in the words of one of the guides, "a man returns newly set-up and with such a healthy appetite that he could eat the knots off a pine tree." "Head of navigation on the famous Yukon River" is another of the comments on the margin of that note-paper. To go to Skagway and turn back without climbing White Pass and having at least some impression of the beginning of that world atop the world is (as has been said) like knocking at a door and running away. To come to Whitehorse and turn back is to do so with the knowledge that some day you will have to return and go down the



Whitehorse Rapids—a serious obstacle to the Stampeders before the railway was built and where many met defeat.

river. It invites you there, chuckling off into the Northland that has that strange light beyond its ranges, the light of the long summer days. In winter, in place of that, there are the marching searchlights and the whiplash flickerings of other lights, up to the zenith, gone, and lashing again—the Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis. Yes—sooner or later you will go down that river.

There is a feeling of metropolis about Whitehorse when the hour draws near for the boat to hoot and glide away. It is not then a place of empty homes in their gardens (gardens glowing at midnight with an eerie radiance that might be either the beginning of sunset or the first of a bright dawn), given over to the loafing sledge-dogs that have nothing to do all summer. There is the rattle of trucks on the water-front. Crowds are gathering. Why all this fuss about a bit of inland voyaging? Why all these people looking up at the boat as though here were New York and she the Mauretania? There is a reason, for this is a big country, this Yukon country, and the river puts a spell on us, and on its boats. She is getting ready for a great voyage, inland voyage though it be. Steam is up to take her down the river that flows north. Critically considered, these sternwheel vessels are but great shallow-draught barges built upon with tiers of decks and cabins, but the result is a stately craft. That there is scarcely any rake to the funnel adds, no doubt, to that marked effect of swan-like stateliness.

On the Yukon The warning whistle blows and is answered at once by all the dogs—dogs that do not bark. Throughout the town they raise their voices in a canine keening, answering the siren. By the noble look of them, these animals should bay basso-profundo, or should have bell-voices like that of the Great Dane. But no; there are even notes at end of their reply to the siren like the high shrill ululation of coyotes. The volume of it subsides and a dying fall of peevish whimpering makes an end of it.



Uncovering bed rock to sluice out gold dust—in '98 it was pan, pick and shovel—today gold is mined with modern machinery.



Ascending Five Finger Rapids—"the mate with his eye on the rope."



"All ashore that's going ashore"—caribou landing from the river.



On Tagish Lake—a continuous panorama of mountain scenes rolls by the steamer.



Yukon River steamer in a quiet reach.



Yukon Indian girl with papoose doll.



Dawson, the city of gold—in the center of the Klondike.

On the wharf the people watch those trooping up the gangway as though they were going on a long voyage into strange lands. The captain mounts up into the pilot-house and thrusts the window open, a monarch of the river, looking down on the final bustle. Ropes are cast loose. She hoots again, and away she goes, churning upstream, for she has to do so to turn. Sweeping round she faces downstream, and at once her speed increases as with a bound in the pull of the current. Back she surges past the wharf and the crowds, her siren crying a parting, "whoo-whoo!" and all the loafing dogs of Whitehorse raise their great heads and answer.

"A man comes either to love or hate this river," said one of the old pilots the other day, "and I love it. It will be a sad day for me when I step down for the last time from that high wheel-house."

The river is as a life-time's study to these men, and well they watch her, coming and going, noting her changes of mood. For always she is changing. They study the face of the waters, know the significance of every ripple, every dark boiling. She is erratic; she changes her channel from time to time as gravel from fallen banks of her head-waters and her great tributaries is swept down. One year the steamer will hug this shore, next year the other. Nothing is fixed here; this is still a land in the making, and Yukon River is the highway, the water-highway of that tremendous land. Two days she takes to go down to Dawson from Whitehorse and four to come back against the current. Often, hearing that, people remark, "It must be a bit tiresome coming up river," but it is not so. She does not come up too slowly; she goes down too quickly.

You go upon this river, as you shall find, to the gleaning of memories for life. You will never forget it, whether you be of those who say, "I want to come back," or of those who but say, "Well, I'm glad to have done it once." Those who say they would rather not have done it at all have not yet been heard of. In May, when the ice is breaking, in Octo-



The placid waters of Lake Labarge, made famous by Robert Service.

ber when the ice is forming, the pilots and captains and staffs have their excitements, and at times their ardors and endurances. A book could be written upon the piloting on Yukon and no more. Some stories of those seasons you may gather from the navigators when they are in stretches of the river where they can unbend, where it does not claim all their attention. But this is written for those whose introduction to Yukon will be in the summer months, any time from June's beginning to August's end.

What is the order of your memories you may forget unless you keep a log of the days and their doings as the skipper keeps a log up in the pilot-house. But many a stretch of the stream, many a landing-place, will be in your box of memories for good and all. You will remember mile after mile where the flood is a twisted azure ribband (not silty there), a series of linked S's. The boat takes right-about turns. Were you to stop at an Indian camp and ask how far it is to such and such a point, the answer would be not so many miles, not so many hours, but so many *looks*. That is to say, so many bends at which you can see a long reach both upstream and downstream.

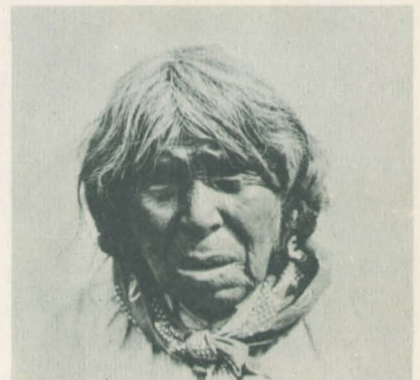
Of course in this swaying motion of the Yukon, as in that of all great rivers, islands are created. They lie like green targes or shields on the water. You look down at them. You look into them—their recesses of bush, their sanctuaries of close forest, shadowed, and spattered with lozenges of sunglow. The wake sometimes breaks upon a shingle beach, sometimes undulates along a cliff's base, sometimes goes billowing (this especially at high water, of course) into the very forests, shaking the bushes, splashing the tree-trunks. There the gulls, you note, sit in the tree-tops as if they were white crows. You will remember them, oddly perched there. You will remember walking round upon the decks, and how on the shadowed side the reflected light from the wings of convoying gulls went sweeping, sweeping, in a ghostly twinkle over the shade, and how on the sunlit side their shadows passed. You will remember



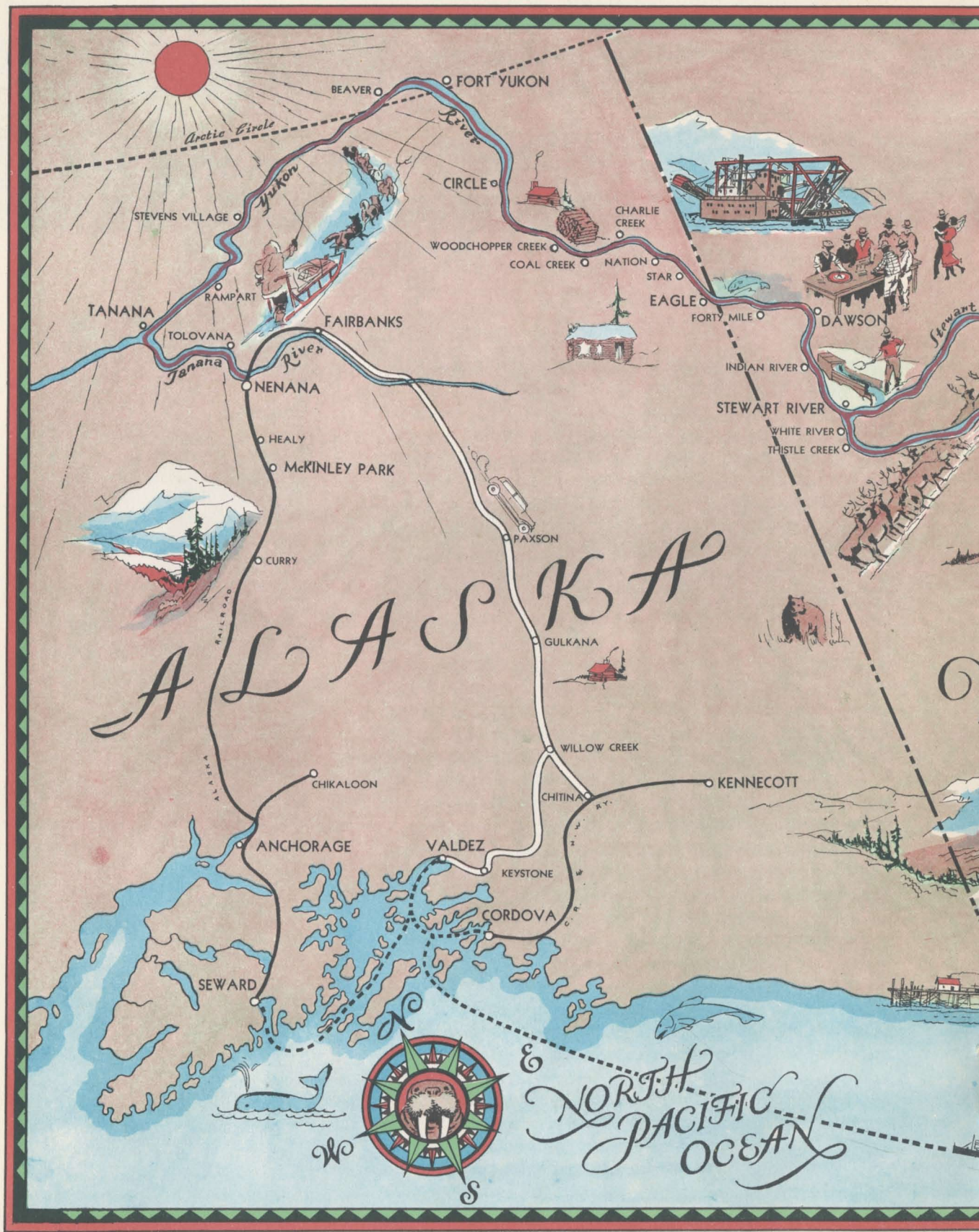
Today in Dawson—one of the hotels catering to the traveller's comfort.



In the early days—the milling throng of gold seekers on a Dawson street.



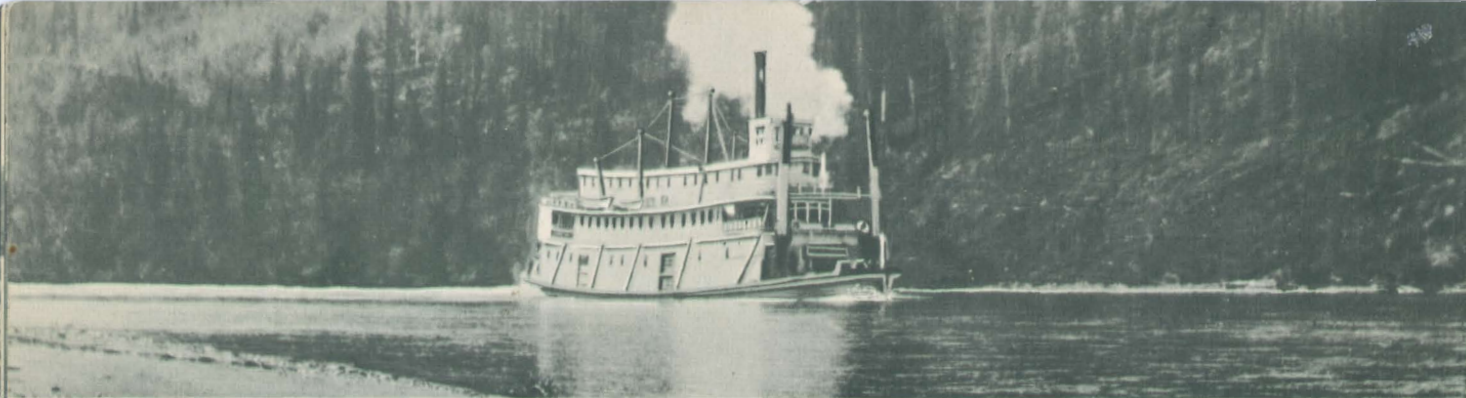
An aged Indian woman who has seen wonderful changes since the white man came.



Alaska . . . Klondike and the gold rush . . . the Arctic Circle . . . land of the Midnight Sun . . . land of the gorgeous sunsets and delicately lovely dawns . . . primeval forests abounding in big game and rivers to



Northern Lights . . . mighty rivers that run to the sea . . . lofty ice clad mountain peaks . . . eternal glaciers . . .
 coming with fish . . . now you can see Alaska . . . easily . . . comfortably . . . quickly . . . economically.



On the way down the Yukon River to explore that vast wild country to the North.



The strange serrations caused by the great gold dredges turning the gravels over in search for gold.



The teeming river front of Dawson in 1898, when thousands were arriving in small boats.



The yellow (dog) taxi at Dawson gives the present day traveller an insight into primitive modes of travel.

standing at the stern to look back on the river and the wilderness climbing skyward on either hand—a segment of rainbow, in the foam above the flying stern-wheel, pursuing the boat upon its homeward way.

In all probability you will hardly sleep all the way down to Dawson, the long daylight and your excited interest in the river upsetting the wonted routine of your hours. It is hard for anyone to believe, arriving at Dawson, that but a week ago he, or she, among the blare of the motor-cars and the clang of the street-cars sought escape and took the hint of the steamer's husky call to go north, so packed with beauty and magic has that week been, "I have lost track of the days," you hear on all sides. You will remember, in that strange light of midnight, a great slow eddy like a plaque of gleaming gun-metal embossed upon jade. You will remember, perhaps, Hootalinqua: the name catches you. From your reading of the old North you recall that it is at the mouth of the Teslin River, a tributary of the great Yukon system. During the days of the rush to the Klondike there were those who, instead of entering by the White Pass or Chilcoot Pass, went up Stikine River to its headwaters, thence portaging to the Teslin headwaters, thence passing down Teslin Lake and River, coming hither. A cluster of cabins on the river bank, a thin tall pole or two in the eerie light, the butt-ends of a wood pile, a gas boat or two nuzzling up to a jetty: Hootalinqua—somewhat thus you may recall it—is left behind.

You remember landings where there was but a home-made mail-box atop a stake, quick landings to do no more than thrust one letter and a bundle of magazines into the box; or another, it may be, where there was not so much as a soap-box atop a stake, nothing, when the steamer stopped, but the minor threeping of some bird in the empty forest. A gangway was thrust out and down it went two men leading saddle- and pack-horses, rifles slung on their shoulders. They passed from sight under the drooping branches, on a visit to that bird of the lonely cry.



Five Finger Rapids . . . Ages of water have worn down a rock dam till there are four rock islands with five "fingers" of water rushing through.

The Caribou Herds

The caribou herds, swimming the river on their great spring migration from their winter quarters westwards to their summer pasture-grounds eastward, will certainly often troop through your mind, remembering. In his high perch the pilot usually sees them first and sounds the siren as a signal to passengers that something is afoot. The blast does not trouble the caribou. Even the boat does not trouble them. You can see them, half-way across the stream, treading water to let the steamer go by, and then continuing their crossing, rising buoyant and strong over the wake. Or they may put on speed to swim across the bow, then give it up, drift alongside so close that you can note the color of their eyes and see their nostrils dilating as they swim. You will observe the fawns, when a herd crosses at a broad stretch, beginning to tire and laying their small heads on their mothers' haunches; or you will see a doe turning back to encourage a fawn that lags. You will see them at times land upon a wooded shore and all suddenly, in alarm, take to water again, scenting, perhaps, their enemy, the wolf. They prefer to land on bald and rocky places whence they can climb, with an open view, to rolling slopes of grass. The abrupt banks are in many places furrowed with their trails. You may see them sometimes, coming along just after a band has swum the river, strung out up the slopes from beach to crest. Atop the ridge, made monumental and immense there, silhouetted against the sky, a stag turns to look down, his head proudly upheld with all the glory of its antlers. Seen so, strung out in Indian file up a steep mountain side, they remind one of the old photographs of the stampedees after gold, trudging up Chilcoot or White Pass. Some, in the autumn, before the ice begins to form on the river, return the same way. Small herds, in fact, may remain in sheltered valleys inland for the winter. It's a question of fodder and, in winter, of shelter. But the major part of the migration of these herds, the migration as a whole, is, roughly, eastward in the early summer across Yukon in the neighborhood



The poet, Robert Service, at his house in Dawson which is now open to visitors.



The days of yesteryear—miners visiting at a road house in Klondike district—if walls could talk what tales they would tell of "strikes" and men and tragedy.



Inside the Arctic Circle at Fort Yukon, viewing the sun still up at midnight.



Windy Arm—Lake Tagish—The shadows of wind driven clouds chase each other across the mountain tops.



The Sentinel—a puzzle for the geologist in a great rock outcrop on the river's side below Dawson.



Calico Bluff—below Dawson—so named for the gaily colored strata of rock overlying each other.



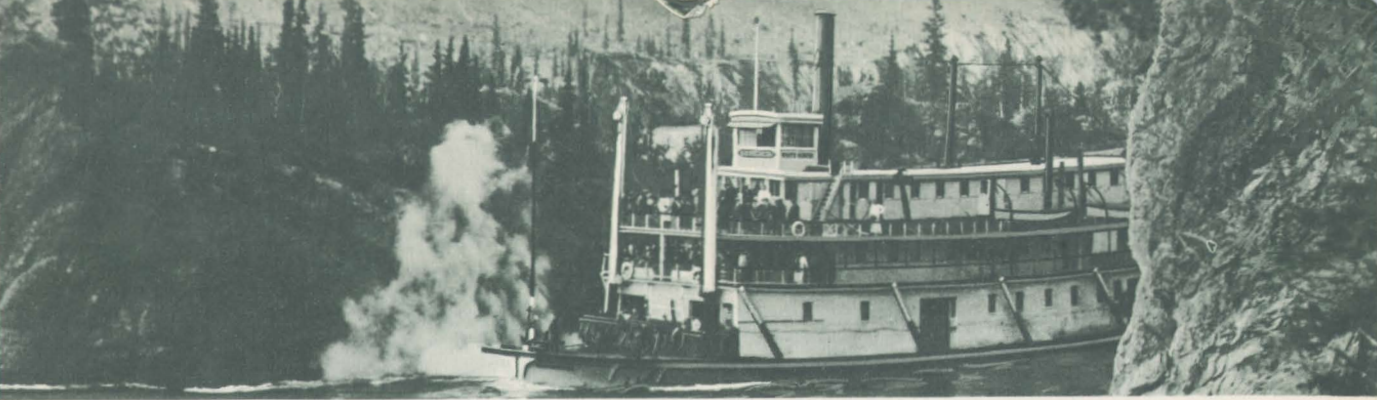
Native types present an interesting study as we meet them along the way.

of Selwyn, Selkirk, Stewart. Thence on into the Macmillan and Stewart River countries they pass, make a wide sweeping curve, feeding on the way, to north, to northwest. Then comes a crossing of Yukon below Dawson on the return, the great herd, that takes weeks to pass, heading southwest, back to winter quarters in the comparatively sheltered valleys toward the Alaskan Mountains or it may be between the St. Elias Range and the Coast Range. The only other similar spectacle on the continent was the migration, north and south, of the buffalo on the great plains before civilization and progress wiped them out and made boulevards all the way.

Five Finger Rapids

No; neither going nor coming is Yukon River tiresome. The steamer does not come back too slowly. She goes down too quickly. At Five Finger Rapids, for but one example, you realize that. Somebody comes along on the down-river trip and says, "We'll soon be at the rapids." You look ahead and see a stretch of polished water and at the end of it some natural castles of rock. They seem still a good way off; there is time, it seems, to go leisurely for your camera. But there is not. You must hurry; for these castles, by the time you have found your camera, are rushing to meet you. The steamer picks up speed. Away she goes. She is in the rush of it, she is in the roar of it, and there are whirls of water along the sprayed walls. There is a babel of the compressed flood—and she is through. It is that sort of thing, no doubt, that the old river-pilots and skippers have a dread that they may miss when the day comes for retirement. Life in a rocking-chair will seem spiritless to them.

But coming up Five Finger Rapids is not just a flying moment of adroit navigation. It is a prolonged piece of navigation—and of excitement for the tourist. Churning upstream towards these great molars of rock, speed slackens. You have the feeling from under your feet that



The excitement and gripping appeal of swift water. Navigation in large vessels make the trip to and from Dawson a never to be forgotten experience.

the vessel labors on her way, but resolutely she heads for the opening, noses into the cliff at the rapids' end and there poises, with a full head of steam on, hissing and roaring back to the bellow of the stream. The first mate and the deck-hands cluster forward with an air of tensity, as though they were going over the top and awaited the signal that zero hour has come. The steamer's bow throbs closer to the cliff where an end of wire-rope is anchored. It hangs down into the river. Where the other end is one does not yet see. That question is left in abeyance, for the tussle with the cable begins. With a pole like a boat-hook one of the men is making passes to snatch it, others standing by to aid when he has hooked it. When he does so it has at once to be wrestled with, for the river tugs at it, not wanting him to have it. They are like a group of men fighting for a strangle-hold upon a boa-constrictor. If the water be high we witness a fierce struggle. They hang on; they will not let go. They lurch to and fro, are dragged to the ship's side down there on the main deck, and wrestle back again. Stay with it is no doubt what the first mate in the bows shouts encouragingly when we see his mouth open, but the roar of the river quenches his voice and it does not reach us on the upper decks. Next moment he is down on his chest, now and then twisting his head round to shout something else. And still they wrestle with that cable. It drags them to the edge, but they will not let it go. They haul it inboard. The mate, having risen, has already slipped the fought-for slack into the chocks beside him. Now they have it over the winch. Now they have given it two turns. The donkey-engine splutters, the cable tautens, and we advance, we mount up the watery hill, our stern-wheel thrusting us, the winch hauling us, the river yelling its rage at us. The pilot swings her across toward the opposite cliff till we are a mere foot or two away from it, and between us and it is but a great swinging cushion of water. Then we see where the other end of the rope is. Several hundred yards above, it is anchored to a cliff beyond



West Bay—Lake Atlin—a scenic gem unsurpassed anywhere in the world.



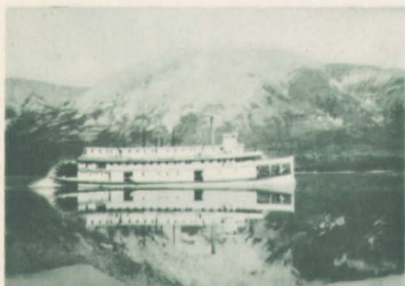
Carcross—"A jumping off place into the great hinterlands of twisting water and thronging mountain ranges."



A fisherwoman's paradise—lake trout taken from Lake Atlin.



Wild life in its own element. A herd of caribou just clearing across the bow of the steamer.



"A painted ship upon a painted ocean." Steamer Tutshi on Tagish Lake.



In '98 one fought his way on foot and dog sleds over mountains and trails—today you travel in comfort on White Pass & Yukon steamers.



Lake Atlin—High in the mountains with its beautiful reflections.

a bay, the further slack of it now rising out of the water and violently thrashing it. Standing erect, the first mate takes out a cigarette and cupping his hands to the draught of the canyon lights it, throwing the match, with a vigorous gesture of completion, into the sweep of the river, as if it were a stone. But still his eye is on the rope as it comes dripping into the chocks, and now and then he stamps upon it, or gives it a safety-tap home with a stick. We have more steam than we know what to do with, so we eject it sideways against the cliff. The hiss of it rises to a roar. A tuft of some adventurous bush, in a cranny, beckons furiously to us as we make the grade. We shall remember that—and the river contending with us, shouting at us, the wrestling of the men, the sound and the fury of it all.

But the mate has tossed away his cigarette of victory and is addressing his helpers again. They tighten their hold upon the captured cable, the slack of which, as it came from the winch, they have been but letting gently slip into its element. It has to be dropped, even as it has to be fished for, with a due sense of its power. They are all on the inboard side, and as they take fresh hold they give it malevolent looks. They know what it may do if they are not wary. Once a clumsy deck-hand got upon the wrong side and it whipped him into the river. At once the others, at a prompt order, cast off; and downstream, full speed astern, the pilot steered the boat. For no emergencies are these men unprepared. And—miracle of miracles!—the current was so swift that the man who had been flung overboard was but swept along on the surface and (believe it or not, the tale is true) the protruding branch of a fallen tree that was wallowing downstream slipped under his suspenders and picked him up. The boat came level with him and he was taken off the limb and hauled inboard none the worse for his experience but with full realization of the wisdom of remembering the order of the drill—to wrestle with that steel snake upon the inner side and never step over it. There is, however, sufficient tensity, sufficient



Toward the setting sun—On Lake Tagish going to Atlin.

excitement in the average mounting of Five Finger Rapids without hoping that another deck-hand (even if a fallen tree with a protruding branch has been espied below the rapids, lurching along) will give such an exhibition for the tourists on the decks above.

The twists of the rope round the winch are loosened and then we hear, the shouting of the river less clamant, less violent now, the worst over, "Let her go!" At once the captured snake is released in unison by all hands and falls into the water to lie there for the service of the next boat to come upstream. We have done it; we have done it! And, grouped forward on the upper decks, the voyagers suddenly and spontaneously all burst out cheering and clapping. The men go off to other duties with a sort of hop, skip, and jump manner. They have been over the top and got back safely.

No doubt about it: when people, hearing it takes thirty-six hours to go down to Dawson and ninety-six to come back, remark that it must be a little wearisome on the return trip, the answer is, "No. We don't come up too slowly. We go down too quickly."

All is over too quickly, coming up as well as going down. The river rushes; life rushes. The chances are, back in Whitehorse, that you will, ashore from your experience of the Great River, be subdued and a little sad with that most poignant of all human regrets—or one of the most poignant—the desire to live the past over again. If you stay at Whitehorse instead of going aboard the train at once for the south, your feet will carry you to the wharf when the warning whistle blows. You will have the urge to go aboard again, to pay no heed to imperative time tables or schedules you may have drawn up for the systematic direction of your life. You will hear with secret emotion, when the hour comes, the siren of departure and the dogs of Whitehorse reply. You will watch the stately steamer longingly as she churns upstream and takes the turn. And as she sweeps past, her wheel flying and the current catching her,



The picture that one sees from the Atlin Inn veranda looking across Lake Atlin.



The rugged mountain scenery to the south from Atlin Inn.



Atlin Inn at Atlin—the starting point for many interesting excursions.



Part of a herd of caribou along the Yukon River. An idea of the large number of animals in this migration can be obtained from this photograph.



Cathedral Mountain—Lake Atlin—a feature of the Lake Atlin trip.



"A forenoon's voyage along Lake Atlin among the water-mirrored mountains."



Heads of moose, caribou and mountain sheep adorn the walls of the hospitable and interesting main corridor of Atlin Inn.

and gives her fanfare of farewell, there will be a pinch of regret at your heart that she is going downstream without you.

Dawson When you see, ahead, the houses of Dawson on the right bank (and know them for Dawson beyond doubt, from many photographs you have seen, by the scarred dome behind) you are as one awakened out of a dream. It seems incredible—such has been the magic of the way, so packed with majesty and beauty have the hours been—that only a week ago you left the last city of the ordering bells and lights. Truly you have escaped. If you hear it once you hear it a dozen times, "The date? I don't know what the date is. I have lost track of the days."

To be taken as it were into the family at Dawson you have only to be seated on one of the chairs on the sidewalk before one of the hotels, or come to anchor on one of the forms beside the wharf-sheds. Something of the present activities in the region you may hear; but of the past they talk much, at the slightest jog, or with none at all. The eyes of the older men, the sourdoughs, grow bright when they turn from chatter of what to them is a tedious or vapid today, to reminiscence of that yesterday with its adventure, its weariness on the way, its close calls, its hectic, tragic gaiety, its abandon, its high hopes, its excitement.

Some aspects of the old life remain. You step into a bank and observe the usual legends over the openings in the grills—Accountant, Teller, and so forth, and then your eye alights upon Gold-dust Teller, for gold dust still comes into the banks at Dawson.

You climb the Dome. There are, by the way, two Domes—one just called the Dome behind the town, with the bald wedge of a slide down its face, and the other the Midnight Dome, or, as it is sometimes called, King Solomon's Dome, twenty miles off. It is usual to climb either of them about midnight to see the sun drop down and swing up again while you wait, but in the forenoon each



Man's friend and servant, especially in Alaska, where dogs serve both winter and summer.

is a fine vantage-point for viewing the land. You see mighty Yukon both above and below the city, swaying down from south, twisting north. You see Klondike River and Bonanza Creek (on which the great gold discovery was made in '96) above the town and the huge modern gold-dredges scarring the valleys with their rig and furrow. You look away into the northeast and see the Rocky Mountains, eighty or so miles away, in a dropping perspective toward a radiance as of infinity—the polar light.

You potter round town and see Service's cabin. You visit, perhaps, the Indian village of Moosehide. You go out by motor-car to observe the present activities of the region, very different in magnitude, though not in method, from those of the old days of shovel and sluice-box and pan. You see the gravelly devastation of the hydraulic workings and the gold dredges. The car comes to a halt where you can view—and hear—a dredge at work, see it thrusting through the land in its own pond, thirty-five feet deep, taking its pond with it to float it on its way, wearing out the lips of its buckets at the rate of—someone will tell you the rate if such statistics interest you. And ahead of the dredges the land is being thawed out by the cold-water process, much as a housewife thaws out frozen mutton.

It may befall you at night, back in Dawson from a survey of the modern hydraulic workings and the gold-dredges, to waken in your hotel bedroom and wonder what has happened to you. Has the clock turned back in this bewitched region? You hear voices upraised in riotous laughter. And the music that you hear (it sounds as of a gramophone with a loud broad-casting attachment playing records of mechanical pianos) is, "After the Ball is Over," and "Washington Post," and "See Me Dance the Polka." Yes. It is '98 in their hearts. Fain would they keep the past alive and with "Washington Post" attempt some miracle such as that which made the sun stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Or, at any rate, they



The approach to Llewellyn Glacier, across a wide moraine with the solid ice mass in the background.



An exploring party back on the ice field of Llewellyn Glacier.



The seracs or ice falls of Llewellyn Glacier—rough, rugged ice formations.



High broken mountain ranges line the lakes to West Taku Arm.



Serene lakes high up in the mountains reflect the jagged snow capped peaks in their clear cold depths—bringing memories which will last for a life-time.



Engineer Mountain—on Tagish Lake. In that mountain is the famous Engineer Gold Mine.



Ben-My-Chree—"a garden in the wilderness at the end of that great inland fiord"—West Taku Arm.

would live up to a tradition! The Floradora Dance-Hall still stands, with some of the old pictures that decorated it in its heyday (considered very naughty by some then, no doubt) still hanging there. Tourists now, for the fun of the thing, dance in that hall where once the men with the pokes of dust from the placer-discoveries took a whirl with the waiting ladies—and had to call twice round the floor a dance. Costly days. The owner of one of these places in Dawson made his fortune at the rate of a dollar a minute.

Beyond Dawson Many travellers, every year, take the river trip to Dawson and return. Comparatively few make the trip down Yukon all the way. The end is through vast tundras, the sub-Arctic tundras. At high water, away down there, the shallow-draft stern-wheel boats sometimes cut across flooded country, as a hiker takes a cut-off trail between the twists of a road. But the numbers increase of those who, with curiosity regarding the strange corners of this rolling globe, go on beyond Dawson on what is called The Yukon River Circle Tour. Another stern-wheeler carries them down the river to the tributary Tanana, up the Tanana to Nenana and thence by The Alaska Railroad to Fairbanks. From Fairbanks, again by The Alaska Railroad—vast Mt. McKinley keeping them company westward for many miles, and with a jumping-off place by the track side on the way for those who wish to visit Mt. McKinley National Park—they travel to Seward and there go aboard ship for the return voyage via Juneau. Many voyagers bound upon this further trip arrange their time table so that, at Fort Yukon (in the Arctic Circle there) they may take their own snapshot of the Midnight Sun as it touches the horizon but does not disappear.

Below Fort Yukon—between it and Beaver—looking north one can see the peaks of the Endicott range, the other

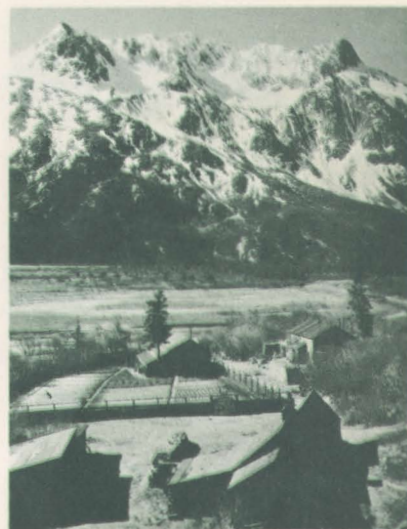


Just as the granite mountain configurations of the Rockies have their peculiar loveliness, so do the fantastically carved limestone mountains of the Lake Atlin district.

side of which stares mutely down upon the Arctic slopes. As at Dawson they show you the cabin where Service lived so, at Rampart, they show you the one in which Rex Beach wrote, when he was not cutting wood for the steamers. You go to Purgatory. "A hell of a place to live," its founder remarked on arrival: hence the name. They have erected a statue to their patron saint there. This trip may be taken, if so desired, in the opposite direction—that is to say by steamer to Seward, thence by rail to Nenana, thence down Tanana River and up Yukon to Dawson, thence to Whitehorse to connect with the south-bound trains. To take it so is indeed, perhaps preferable; for, as has already been stated, rather is the steamer-voyage down Yukon too speedy, in the urge of its current, than the voyage up-river too long.

Lake Atlin It has been commented by many that gulls, albeit called sea-gulls, and with webbed feet for evidence that they are aquatic, are less essentially sea-birds than some others: for example the great albatross and the little Mother Carey's chicken. They convoy us on our way when we go out on the oceans; they fly to meet us when we draw near land. They saw Columbus out a little way and left him. They came mewling to meet him when America discovered him, telling him he had arrived. They have a penchant for ships; and they accompany the river-steamers up and down Yukon. At Carcross they sit round with their eyes on the *Tutshi*—pronounced Too-shy, please, though that does not matter to the gulls: a ship of any name smells equally well to them, especially to lee of the galley.

To Atlin and to West Taku Arm the *Tutshi* plies on alternate days. To commence with, the route to both places is the same. On her return voyage she ties up to the edge of wilderness. That is an experience. You do not just pass through; you are given opportunity to see how mutable is



Ben-My-Chree estate in a setting of high mountains on West Taku Arm.



From the waters of Lake Atlin . . . great sport to catch and so delicious to eat fresh from the cold water.



Wherever you look the view is filled with beautiful mountains, range behind range to the end of vision.



Lake Atlin . . . so delicate in its coloring and contours that it almost seems unreal.



Gorgeous clouds and rugged mountains mirror themselves in clear, deep waters until it is hard to tell where sky and lake begin and end.



Where you lean upon the rail watching the mountains change from rock to immaterial monuments of quiet.

the face of Nature for all its seeming immutability, watch the deepening of mauve to blue, of blue to purple, in crannies of the high rocks, and the drift of the greys up there, and how night is created in the woods and flows upward. For though this is the northland it is not as at Dawson where night, in mid-summer, is only a name. There is night here, if brief. She ties up and you lean upon the rail watching the mountains change from rock to immaterial monuments of quiet. To complain if a mosquito or two sits upon you there, or if a few honk in your ear, civilly to let you know they are about to make a landing, is to behave like the sybarite who resented the crumpled rose-leaf in his bed.

The night is short. The gulls do not sleep long here in summer. At half-past ten of the evening they are still ribboning along past the high pilot-house, or perching on the spar-tops for a lift on their way. By two of the morning (with heads held high, and beaks held wide) they are impudently demanding of the ship, clamoring vociferously for a tasty dole from the galley.

There are those who would visit wilderness with tests of endurance, the toil and heat of the day. For them there are trips, at many places in the north, with saddle- and pack-horses, and nights spent on fir-bough mattresses by camp-fires. But here we rise from the table where the stewards in their white coats have attended to us as feely as the waiters of any cosmopolitan hotel, and are carried through the old original wild world sitting in a deck-chair. At times it seems really too easy.

We thrash our way along Tagish Lake. We see a surveyor's slash up the mountain-sides—the boundary of British Columbia and Yukon Territory. Upon one side of the lake it is a single scar; upon the other, because of a correction made in the original survey, a double one. The



The TARAHNE leaving Atlin, for a tour of Lake Atlin along the base of beautiful Cathedral Mountain.

skipper, Captain MacDonald, Scotia Mac (thus he is called after the first ship he navigated in that hinterland, the little Scotia on Lake Atlin) may try to tell you that it is a trail made by the moose coming down to drink; and if you ask why on one side it is single, on the other double, he will reply that, for some occult reason, upon one side the moose have made a two-way trail, one to come and one to go. There is something about the north that tends toward experiments in the thing called "folk imagination!" But the true stories of the country are wilder and stranger than any of its flights of gay fancy.

We come to the Golden Gate and turn east for Taku where, to portage us to Lake Atlin, a quaint little narrow-gauge train awaits us. The portage over, we mount the gangway to the Tarahne, the manager of the Atlin Inn awaiting us aboard to take charge of our baggage-checks and give us the numbers of our reservations or, if we have made none, "fix us up," so that when we arrive there is no cluttering up or wondering where we have to go. We take our ease at our inn, rest a while in the company of chintzes, pale green, brown and tan. Then to the fishing—or to the hiking—or the mountain-climbing—or, if that be what we have come for, to confer with the guides who are to take us out for our trophy of moose, caribou or, away back in the ranges, grizzly. We motor out to the creeks to see the gold-getters with their hydraulic outfits; or even wash a little gold for ourselves, in the miner's primitive pan.

The White Pass & Yukon Route here give a complimentary trip to all who travel to Atlin, a forenoon's voyage along Lake Atlin among the water-mirrored mountains. For more protracted trips there are motor-boats on hire. You can go on camping and fishing expeditions round these shores into little tranquil inlets, round hushed and green islands. You can go thus to the lake's end and climb upon



Back from a big game hunt out from Atlin, with moose, caribou, sheep and bear.



Exploring the crevasses on Llewellyn Glacier at the south end of Lake Atlin.



A corner of the cozy lounge of Atlin Inn.



On Lake Tagish on the way to Atlin . . . the scene as quiet and peaceful as a painting.



Where two nations live in perfect amity on either side of a very imaginary line.



The heraldic totems of the North Pacific Coast Indians. Alert Bay and Wrangell have good collections.

the Llewellyn Glacier, which drifts down here in that slow eternal way of glaciers—falling ice in place of falling water—from the great snow fields that feed also, on the Pacific side, the Taku Glacier, the Mendenhall at Juneau, and the Denver, the trail to which you saw slipping away under the forest-eaves as the train climbed White Pass, and had a glimpse of, higher up, from Inspiration Point, as a layer of icing crowning the range. You can even leave your boat and go over the portage-trail to little isolated Sloko Lake, a pot-hole of the mountain recesses, where the mountain-sheep and goats are on the high rocks, where moose and caribou are at home, and the bears shuffle through the scrub.

If you have taken a real big fish from Lake Atlin you leave your name and address with the manager lest it may be the season's record and is to bring you the silver cup that the Inn presents each year to the visitor who has made the record catch. Atlin the beautiful its inhabitants call it; Atlin the beautiful is right.

West When going to West Taku Arm the Tutshi holds straight on southward at the Golden Gate. The roofs of the houses of the old Engineer Mine twinkle at the base of Engineer Mountain. Here, in the early days, a party once landed and passed up to the bunk-house. Nobody at home. On floors and tables lay nuggets and gold-dust in pans.

"Anybody around?" they hailed; and "... around?" the echo answered them.

Cups hung on the hooks, plates gleamed in the racks, but the place seemed deserted. The ambient hush of the wilderness entered the vacant room with the callers, and the plates and cups took on that aspect as of individuality that inanimate objects, left behind by man, sometimes seem to



The moose are very strong swimmers, often being seen crossing the lakes three or four miles from shore.

wear in lonely places. Then a man came in and gave them welcome. The occasion of a visit, so far off the map, had to be celebrated. He stepped to the safe, stooped and fingered the handle, bent tense to it and toyed again, perturbed. But at last it opened—and lo, the safe was used for the storage of but a bottle of whisky. Gold could lie about anywhere.

"Where do we go from here?" passengers used to ask, when the roofs dwindled behind, only to be disengaged from the boulders by their sun-scorched gleam and rectangular shape. "Wait and see," would be the reply. For a great part of the magic of that voyage's end was its element of surprise. But those who have been there talk. News of it goes out. News of it goes far. World-travellers on both sides of the Atlantic, when they muse upon their journeys, are back at Ben-My-Chree, at the farthest end of West Taku Arm, and they speak of it to friends as a place unique.

Ben-My-Chree was once the voyage's end and surprise. Now it is a living legend and a point of pilgrimage. "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" Here one can see what sort of lodge Otto Partridge made. The White Pass & Yukon Route present to all visitors there a small souvenir booklet to carry away in memory of their visit, and that booklet tells in full the story of Ben-My-Chree. Sometimes Scotia Mac has a job upon his hands to collect the guests and tear them away. The feeling is that for all you know the bells may long since have stopped buzzing at the street intersections, the lights ceased to flash their Stop and Go. San Francisco, New York, Chicago—these seem here but fictions, imagined only. And back in your home-town this, in turn, will be as a dream, a fiction, something you have imagined only: Ben-My-Chree, a garden in the wilderness, at the end of that great inland fiord.



In the late fall the usual difficulties of navigation are increased by the ice of approaching winter, and sometimes the vessels are frozen in.



Eskimos on the lower Yukon in their great skin canoe with all their belongings—dogs, dinghy and all.

"Northern travel offers every convenience . . . more magnificent and varied scenery . . . more unique experiences . . ."

"For several years I have been urged to visit the country north of Skagway but have chosen the "comfort" of travel in the States or southern waters. You can imagine my surprise and delight, then, to find that northern travel offers not only every convenience but more magnificent and varied scenery, more unique experiences and a more friendly hospitality than I dreamed existed anywhere.

The trip from Skagway to Whitehorse was a revelation. The ever-changing landscape . . . the scarred, snow-crowned mountains, the haunted splendor of Lake Bennett, the vivid beauty of fall-tinted foliage, the glory of the Yukon—even the beached stern-wheelers so sadly reminiscent of gold-rush days . . . holds a new thrill for the most blasé traveler.

The boat trip to Atlin—the Inn itself—deserve superlative praise. It seems almost magical that so much luxurious comfort can be offered without the loss of the primitive atmosphere that makes Atlin so delightfully different. I don't know of another place where one can see placer, hydraulic and quartz gold mining, quaint Indian villages, big game and gamey fish, trapping, tremendous glaciers and mountain-girt sapphire lakes almost beside one's doorstep and yet step inside to such homelike cheer and welcome. And the genuine friendliness of every person one meets. It's unbelievable!"

Most sincerely yours,

MARION J. STIXROOD, Secretary to the Publisher,
Seattle, Washington Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"Our trip to Alaska was a great pleasure"

"Our trip to Alaska was a great pleasure and delight to us. Mrs. Hibben and I were particularly pleased by the constant courtesies which we received from the officials of your road. Their thoughtful care of us during our journeys from Skagway to Dawson, Lake Atlin and return, is deeply appreciated.

With warm regards."

Sincerely yours,

JOHN GREER HIBBEN,
Princeton, N. J. (President, Princeton University).

"We counted 980 Caribou crossing the river"

"Mrs. Tracy and myself are back again after our Alaska trip, and I cannot say too much about it all and especially the White Pass & Yukon Route end of it, the two days at Atlin and particularly the river trip from Whitehorse to Dawson and return. I got the biggest thrill of my life on the latter; we counted 980 caribou crossing the river at various points during the period of three days, four bears, one of them swimming the river and within fifty feet of our boat, also saw a fine red fox running along the mountain side where we could follow it for five or six minutes. Every one who can spare the time should not miss the Yukon River trip, for then you see a little of the inland part of the country and the real Alaska atmosphere. The beauty of the scenery is beyond description and you simply have to see it to fully appreciate it.

The service was all that we could desire and the officers of the boat most courteous and obliging. We shall live it over again many times in the years to come."

Sincerely yours,

Mansfield, Ohio. R. A. TRACY.

"Ideal weather . . . wonderful scenery"

"Our trip was a complete success from beginning to end. We had ideal weather, wonderful scenery and mighty good service wherever we went.

But most of all, we enjoyed the trip to Dawson and Atlin. We were fortunate enough to see hundreds of caribou and all the splendors of the Midnight Sun that we had heard so much about. Atlin was by far the most scenic place we saw. No matter where one looks or goes there is something beautiful to see at Atlin.

We had rather expected to have to "rough it" as we went north; however, we found the service—both boat and train and hotel—all that one could ask for anywhere.

We certainly are very thankful to you for all your assistance in helping plan our trip, and some day may have to come back for help on another Alaska trip."

Respectfully,

Duluth, Minn. LOUISE MITCHELL.

You'll be Interested in These Facts!

CLIMATE

Summer is in full swing by June 1st, the breakup of Winter occurring in late April and early May. In these northern latitudes there is only a very short Spring. Summer weather continues warm and mild till about September 10th. All of the months of June, July and August are enjoyable outdoor Summer weather.

TABLE OF DISTANCES

From SKAGWAY to	Miles	From SKAGWAY to	Miles
Seattle	1,000	Hootalinqua	201
Victoria	927	Big Salmon River	236
Vancouver	867	Little Salmon River	271
Prince Rupert	433	Five Finger Rapids	337
Summit of White Pass	21	Rink Rapids	343
Bennett	41	Yukon Crossing	347
Carcross	68	Selkirk	393
Taku	142	White River	491
Atlin	150	Stewart River	501
Whitehorse	111	Mayo Landing	680
Head of Lake LaBarge	136	Sixty-Mile River (Ogilvie)	524
Foot of Lake LaBarge	170	Dawson	571

ALTITUDE ABOVE SEA LEVEL

	Feet		Feet
Skagway (Broadway Station)	16	Atlin	2,200
Summit of White Pass	2,885		
Log Cabin	2,916	Whitehorse	2,079
Bennett	2,158	Fort Selkirk	1,555
Carcross	2,164	Dawson	1,200

BANKS

Banks are located as follows:
Skagway: Bank of Alaska. Whitehorse: Canadian Bank of Commerce. Dawson: Canadian Bank of Commerce and Bank of Montreal.

TRAVELLER'S CHECKS AND FUNDS

Either American or Canadian funds are accepted in Canadian territory.
Travellers' checks issued by banks and express companies are accepted throughout the North by merchants, hotels and the White Pass & Yukon Route.

Get in touch with the nearest office of the WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

EXECUTIVE AND ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENTS

H. WHEELER, President and General Manager 2049 Straus Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
407 Douglas Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
G. C. HANS HAMILTON, Vice-President 2049 Straus Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
C. J. ROGERS, Comptroller 407 Douglas Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
A. C. BLANCHARD, General Auditor Skagway, Alaska

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

J. G. BLANCHARD, General Passenger Agent 407 Douglas Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
and Skagway, Alaska
MISS L. ZWERGEL, Eastern Passenger Agent 2049 Straus Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

E. J. FARR, General Agent 323 Marine Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.
G. B. EDWARDS, General Agent Dawson, Y. T.
E. B. BARTEAU, General Agent Nenana, Alaska
J. H. ROGERS, Agent Skagway, Alaska
J. A. FAIRBORN, Agent Mayo, Y. T.
R. L. PELTON, Agent Atlin, B. C.

OPERATING DEPARTMENT

V. I. HAHN, Superintendent Rail Division Skagway, Alaska
W. D. GORDON, Superintendent River Division Whitehorse, Y. T.
HOWARD ASHLEY, Master Mechanic Skagway, Alaska

We gratefully acknowledge photographs that are reproduced in this book from G. M. Taylor, Atlin; Mr. Arthur H. Merritt, Boston; Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, Courtesy U. S. Forest Service; Amos Burg; Webster & Stevens, Seattle; Dr. Grafton C. Burke, Fort Yukon; H. Dedman, Skagway; B. Hillman, Atlin.



