

The Beaver--Pioneer Steamship of the North Pacific

Probably somewhere in the currents of Neptune's Pacific home is a timber, waterlogged and worm eaten, with the quarters of a century of buffeting by the waves of two oceans, silently clinging to the affinity which exists between the seas and the stanch ships of the pioneer mariners.

Probably some spot of paint, sun-bled ere western America was more than a myth, still adheres to it; probably it even bears the name of "Beaver," testifying to its intimate relationship with one of the most historic vessels that ever plowed its way from the Horn to the Puget Sound.

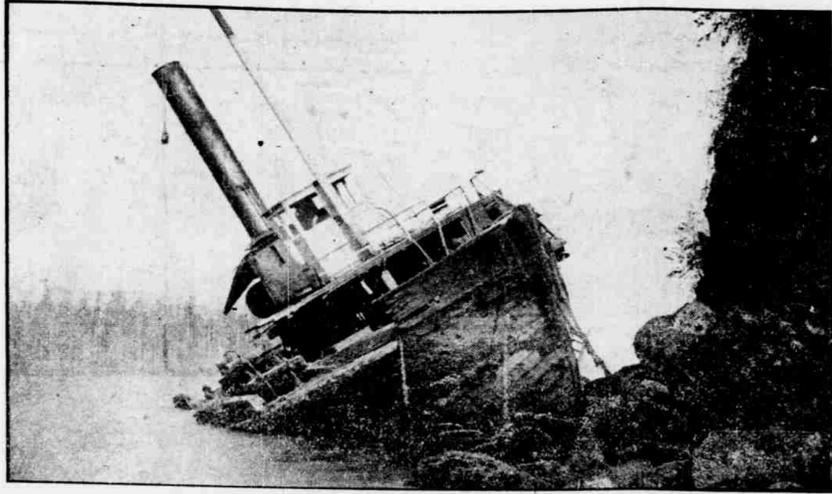
Some twenty years ago in The Narrows in Puget Sound the frame of a vessel marked the last resting place of a ship. Since that time, its last timbers have gone the way whence its crew had long since gone, into the land of the forgotten.

The keel of this ship was laid in 1833 on the banks of the River Thames in England. None of its builders knew where it was to lay its bones, but the unusual purpose for which it was intended attracted to it the attention of the whole Thames countryside. The ability, no less than the comeliness, of its progress, and where as warships, men-of-war and broad-bottomed East Indian passed into the water with but a passing excitement, the "Beaver" slid from the ways cheered by multitudes and hastened by the fair hand of a goddess.

A hundred or so days later under heavy sky it rounded into the tumultuous waters of the Horn, the first steam vessel that ever touched the waters of the great Pacific Ocean.

Its boilers and engines were constructed and installed by Bolton & Watt, the latter the son of the great James Watt, master of steam and transportation. Her owners were the Hudson Bay Company, the empiric organization which reduced half a wild continent to its purposes.

In 1833, the same year in which the vessel was built, she sailed over the horizon out of the mouth of Father



LAST OF THE S. S. BEAVER--THE PIONEER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

Thames and disappeared from the ken of the Old World to amaze and be amazed by the newer.

Her master and crew were afraid to use the engines out of sight of land and made the run entirely under canvas outsailing her convoy by twenty-two days. This latter accompanied her to prevent or repair accidents, but was soon figuratively and literally out of its sphere of usefulness.

The trip to Astoria, then the chief trading port of the Hudson company on the Pacific, was made in 163 days without accident. On the trip the Beaver carried six seven-pounders and was otherwise well armed according to the custom and means of the day and time.

Her first commander, Captain Horne, started his engines after arriving at Astoria, and steaming up and down the Columbia and the coast, greatly astonished the natives by her performances. Captain McNeil took command of the pioneer steamer shortly after its arrival on the Pacific Coast and Captain Horne was retired to one of the company's posts on the Columbia, perishing in Death's Rapids in 1837.

For some time the duties of the vessel were similar to that of all the Hudson Bay Company's trading ships, carrying to and fro the gleanings of the wilderness and its payment in food and goods.

After awhile the vessel passed into the hands of the Royal Hydrographers

and was engaged for many years in charting work on the Northwest coast and Puget Sound. Captains Dools, Brodie, Scarborough and Sangster walked her bridge in turn as commander of the historic craft until in time she declined into the old age that comes to the ships of the deep water. Her trips became less frequent, her duties less severe. Far greater exemplifications of the theory she illustrated in its infancy were built up around her, until finally in a newer New World, an ancient among moderns, she piled up her bones on the rocks of The Narrows and left the world to greater ships and men, but no greater than those who sailed her into the old Pacific.

AGAINST HAT TIPPING IN PHILADELPHIA

League Is Formed Opposing the Custom and Reasons Are Given for the Position.

PHILADELPHIA, October 2.—The City of Brotherly Love has an anti-hat-tipping league forming among men to do away with the practice of tipping the hat.

They say this form of bowing has many disadvantages, and it has been urged, belongs properly only to the days when it was invented. To raise the hat, drop the head, arch the back and sweep the ground with one's long feather was a pretty custom and went well with the graceful cape, the sword, the sword and the swashbuckling top boots. But what style is there in sweeping a stone pavement with a derby hat or with a skimmer or a stove-pipe?

Obviously, say the enemies, it is but survival, and a useless one, since it serves the purpose neither of pleasure nor of art. With the former style of dress the bow was a subject for the wonder of brush and chisel. But who would ever dare waste enough marble to make a statue of a modern man bowing?

Besides, no one who has not even seen them can realize the many difficulties and dangers of raising these soft, unmanageable modern hats.

Take a man wearing a fine panama, for instance. Along comes a woman whom he knows and immediately must he hand fly to his head and the wobbly rimmed creation somehow must be snatched off. The brim of a panama is very little more control over the crown than if it were on some one else's head, and it usually takes two hands to get the thing on again. If your other hand is carrying a large or precious bundle, what are you to do?

Of course you can grasp the hat around the crown, in the first place, and lift it bodily from your head, in which case you have the situation well in hand for putting it back again. But very likely you have left the imprint

of your moist, hot and probably dusty fingers on its immaculate whiteness.

If, however, the panama is a disposition destroyer when it comes to the bow, what words will describe the antics of the outing cap? Easy enough to pull it off always, no matter that it leaves your hair tumbled about as if you had been in a pillow fight. But getting it back again when it is all curled up at the back and flopping like a torn sail in the wind is another story. No, bowing gracefully with a soft cap is an absolutely impracticable thing.

As for the fedora, no Gainsborough hat is more difficult of adjustment than this limp affair, and to look its best it must be put on with the aid of a mirror.

As a pleasant relief from the burdens and complications of the hat tipping system it is suggested that we substitute the military salute in hot weather. This has possibilities and especially so if women also adopted it in place of the smile.

An essay might be written on the smile in vogue at the present time as a salute, and many things might be said against its too great evanescence and its many dubious qualities. As a form of recognition it is almost as unsatisfactory to women as the manipulation of the soft hat is to men.

ALEWA HEIGHTS

(Continued from Page 4.)

cool air from the hills, and then look back at that wonderful view, you will wonder why in time you did not buy a lot on Alewa Heights.

This is not a real estate advertisement. There are no more lots for sale on Alewa. They were all taken long ago, and you could not pry an Alewa man loose from his lot with a crowbar.

LOCATED.

In Zanesville, Ohio, they tell of a young widow who, in consulting a tombstonemaker with reference to a monument for the deceased, ended the discussion with:

"Now, Mr. Jones, all I want to say is, 'To My Husband,' in an appropriate place."

"Very well, ma'am," said the stone-cutter.

When the tombstone was put up the widow discovered, to her amazement, that upon it were inscribed these words: "To My Husband. In an Appropriate Place."—Harper's.

Husband—Does that new novel turn out happily? Wife—It doesn't say. It only says they were married.—St. Louis Star.

Mr. Peek—I tell you I'm nobody's fool! Mrs. Peek—What's that? Mr. Peek—Except yours, my love—only yours.—Zion's Advocate.

"How rich is he?" "Immensely wealthy. He's had every operation the doctors could think of."—New York America.

"What is the name of your new novel?" "The Dungeon." Good, gloomy title, eh?" "Yes. That name alone ought to get the book among the six best cellars."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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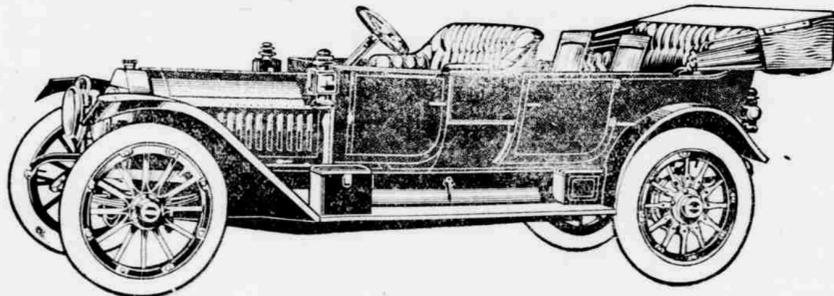


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