

DOUGLAS ISLAND NEWS.

VOL. I.

DOUGLAS CITY AND TREADWELL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1899.

NO. 26.

B. M. Behrends
BANKER AND MERCHANT

MINERS' OUTFITS
SOLD AT
WHOLESALE PRICES



Let us figure on your Outfits.

A General Banking Business Transacted.
If you want to make Investments consult with us.
Juneau, Alaska.

NEW MANAGEMENT

The New York Exchange
Has Changed Hands
and
MAYS & NAPOLEON
are now in charge

A Gentlemen's Resort

Finest grade of Liquors and Cigars
always on hand
Come and See Us. JUNEAU.

FAMILY RESTAURANT.....

It has recently been
opened by

Mrs. Frances Baker, of Seattle,

Heid's Hall, on Seward Street,
bet. 3d and 4th Sts.

BOARD BY THE DAY OR WEEK
RATES REASONABLE

Spoooner Shack..... HAINES

Terms \$2.00 per Day

This is where the N. W. M. Police stop.

ALASKA FURNITURE COMPANY

Seward Street, next to Opera House, JUNEAU.

BEFORE PURCHASING, drop in and see our stock and
get prices on

BED ROOM SUITS, BUREAUS, CHIFFONNIERS,
CHAIRS, ROCKERS, TABLES, BEDSTEPS,
SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, COOK STOVES,
COAL HEATERS, AIR TIGHT HEAT-
ERS, GRANITEWARE, CROCKERY,
TINWARE, and all Kinds of
HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

We will give you good goods and good values.

G. A. KNIGHT, MGR.

Alaska Meat Market

D. MCKAY, PROPRIETOR.

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A FULL LINE OF
Fresh, Salt, and Smoked Meats
CONSTANTLY ON HAND



Poultry and Game
in Season.

Hunter Block,

Douglas City, Alaska.

TELEPHONE NO. 8.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CATHOLIC CHURCH:

Mass with Sermon - 10:00 A. M.
Sunday School - 3:00 P. M.
Rosary, Lecture and Benediction - 7:00 P. M.
Priest, Rev. Father P. C. Bougis, S. J.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. Loyal
L. Wirt, pastor. Services will be held every
Sunday at 7:45 p. m. Sunday School meets at
2:30 p. m. Society of Christian Endeavor
Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Ladies League
every alternate Thursday afternoon.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Services held at Odd
Fellows Hall every Monday evening, excepting
last in month, when the service will be
held on Sunday evening. Rev. H. J. Gurr.

FRIENDS CHURCH—Regular services at the
Mission School house. 10 a. m.
Sabbath School - 11 a. m.
Native Services - 7:45
Evening Services - 7:45
Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:45
Teachers' meeting every Friday evening at
8 o'clock at private houses.
Any and all are cordially invited and wel-
comed at all of these services.
Rev. C. N. REFLOGLE, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—At
Peniel Mission, Tuesday evenings at 7:45
o'clock. Scandinavian services at the Peniel
Mission Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.
A cordial invitation extended to all. Rev. C.
J. Larsen, Pastor.

I. O. O. F.

Alaska Lodge, No. 1,
meets at Odd Fellows'
Hall, Douglas, on Wednesday evenings at 8
o'clock.
Visiting brothers are cordially invited to
attend.
J. G. McDONALD, N. G.
C. A. WECK, Secretary.

DR. W. L. HARRISON,

.....DENTIST.....

Hunter Block, between Front
and 2nd Sts. Douglas City.

FRED PAGE-TUSTIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in the District Court of Alaska.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

A. G. MCBRIDE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office with News Douglas City, Alaska.

T. J. DONOHUE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Alaska.

Post Office Building, JUNEAU, ALASKA.

JNO. R. WINN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Juneau, Alaska.

F. D. KELSEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Juneau, Alaska.

C. S. BLACKETT,

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Juneau, Alaska.

Does Quality Count with You?

We want to tell you about our Drug Store.
We have the largest line of Drugs and
Druggist Sundries in Alaska. The
best that money can buy, and we sell
them at RIGHT prices.
Come and see us and be convinced.

THE ALASKA DRUG CO.,
Front & Seward Sts., JUNEAU.

BANDS AND REMINISCENCES

Riley and the Band. How
They Got a Band in Doug-
las Last Fourth.

ANOTHER 4TH COMING

The following story from the Atlanta
Constitution illustrates the wonderful
effectiveness of some village bands:

RILEY RILES THE BAND.—This story of
the poet, Riley, now published for the
first time, originated in a little town
where the poet was stopping over night.

The leader of the village band, know-
ing that Riley had written a poem in
which he expressed a preference for
hearing "the old band play," thought it
would be a good idea to serenade him
with "such tunes as 'Swanny River'
and 'John Anderson, My Jo,'" and ac-
cordingly the band surrounded his
house in full force.

The poet was tired and had been sleep-
ing soundly for some time; but, being
awakened by the jarring discords with-
out, took in the situation, thanked them
in a neat speech for the midnight com-
pliment, retired and addressed himself
to sleep again. But it was no use. The
band kept on playing. Finally there
was a lull in the music and the poet con-
gratulated himself that the worst was
over. In this he was mistaken. The
band had only stopped for a breathing
spell and a chew of tobacco. In a few
minutes it was "making night hideous"
again.

Riley stood it for two mortal hours.
Then rendered desperate he raised the
window sash and shouted:

"Boys, I like to hear the old band
play; but, God bless you! I don't want
to hear it play all night long!"

"Less go, boys," said the indignant
leader. "That feller don't appreciate
music!"

Speaking of bands reminds us of the
way a band was created for the Fourth
of July celebration on Douglas Island
last year, as told us by one of the prin-
cipal actors in the comedy, which came
near being a farce, or perhaps a tragedy.

Douglas Island always celebrates the
Fourth with much vigor. The great
Treadwell mines are closed down on
that day—the only holiday in the year,
except Christmas—and the men who
have not had a holiday for six months
or more celebrate from early morning
till late at night.

Last Fourth was no exception, and
weeks before preparations and arrange-
ments were begun and committees ap-
pointed. Now, the committee on mu-
sic decided that, in order to make the
celebration a success, a brass band was
needed. There was a set of instruments
in Juneau, and a strong effort was made
to secure them, but as that would have
left Juneau entirely without music, it
was a failure and the energetic com-
mitteeman was only laughed at for his
pains.

In the agony of despair, Mr. R. D.
Taylor (now postmaster), a member of
the music committee, said that if he

had the money he would go to the Sound
and buy a set of instruments and bring
them up on the first boat. Well, Jack
McDonald—everybody knows Jack,
who has gone to the Atlin gold fields,
and we all hope he will get more gold
than he can carry—this same Jack
heard the remark and he "never said a
word," but started out to hustle the
cash. In a little while he came to Mr.
Taylor, and, placing the necessary
funds in his hand, said: "There's the
money, now go buy the horns."

The Cottage City was at Juneau and
had blown her half-hour whistle. Mr.
Taylor grabbed his overcoat, poked a
pair of clean cuffs in one pocket and a
collar in the other, and started for the
wharf, but before he could get a ferry
the boat had left Juneau. She stopped
for a few minutes at Treadwell, and
that few minutes saved the day. The
conductor of the steambath had cried
aloud, when a boat near the
Treadwell slip, with Jack McDonald
pulling at the oars like a fiend and Mr.
Taylor crying out in his clear tenor
voice, "wait a minute, please."

Mr. Taylor got aboard and in a few
days was in Seattle, but there he was
again disappointed, for he found only
four band instruments at the various
music stores in the city. A trip to Ta-
coma only produced two more. What
was he to do? He visited pawn shops,
second-hand stores, and saloons, and
interviewed musical men of every kind
and caliber, and finally had his list of
instruments complete, but the Cottage
City had sailed away to the North with-
out him and he could only wait for the
Seattle which was to sail in a few days.

When the Cottage City reached the
wharf at Douglas, many were the anx-
ious eyes eagerly watching for Mr. Tay-
lor, but he was not there; and the spirit
of hope in the breasts of the Douglas-
ites fell to the lowest ebb.

For two hours before the Seattle
sailed for Alaska on her last trip be-
fore that memorable Fourth of July,
Mr. Taylor was busily engaged in car-
rying musical instruments of every
conceivable shape into his stateroom,
and when on the trip North fellow pas-
sengers would catch a chance glimpse
of the assortment, they would close
their eyes and silently pray for the sal-
vation of Alaska.

The Seattle did not land at Douglas,
but went on to Juneau, where a few ex-
ulting spirits were crowing over the
thought that they had the only brass
band in Alaska. They were dumb with
amazement to see unloaded upon the
dock such a collection of band instru-
ments as they had never seen before.
There were big horns and little horns,
bass horns and tenor horns, trombones
and cornets, bass drums and tenor
drums, claronets and cymbals. Mr.
Taylor immediately placed them in a
row boat and brought them to Douglas
City. A band practice was held that
night, which developed the fact that
there was plenty of talent on the Island
and all that they needed was horns, and
they had the horns.

They had a band here last Fourth
that was first-class and we still have it.
That reminds us that another Fourth
will soon be here, but from the bustling
character of our citizens, as exhibited
in the above, we don't think any ob-
stacle can present itself that will not
be overcome.

A Lay Sermon.

As the sermon will be short we will
take three texts. The first is from
Josh Billings: "If you would have
your children go in the road which
they should travel you should walk in
it a few times yourself."

These words contain a great truth:
—"Example is better than precept."
"Do as I tell you, not as I do," is very
poor instruction, the lowest specimens
of fallen manhood and womanhood can
and do tell us that. An army will fol-
low a single brave leader, and children
are not supposed to be wiser than men.

My second text is from this month's
Cosmopolitan, and while applicable to
both parents is especially addressed to
the mothers:

"It is a great pity for her (the moth-
er) to become so much absorbed in the
practical details of the household that
she has no time for reading, thinking
and mental development. It is a seri-
ous mistake to allow herself to grow
rusty in the things she used to know,
which her children are now studying.
No woman can afford to lose prestige
in the eyes of her children. Too much
emphasis cannot be laid on the fact
that it is far more important for a
woman to be the alert and congenial
intellectual companion of her husband
and children than for the stockings to
be mended always by Saturday night."

These words, when you think of them
seriously, express one of the saddest
conditions in human experience.
When a child discovers that the mother
is ignorant, no matter how strong the
love and attachment may be the moth-
er has lost a certain prestige. The
woman who has had the advantage of a
college education should never stop in
her pursuit of knowledge or suffer her-
self to grow rusty in her school studies
if she has children to rear. She should
be intellectually superior to her son and
daughter when they return as college
graduates, and if she is, her superior
advantages of age and experience will
enable her to wield an influence which
no uneducated woman possesses, other
things being equal.

Bishop Vincent tells a little story of
a mother who studied her children's
school books so as to be able to help
them, and how they looked up to her
with a certain admiration as the source
of superior wisdom, but the time came
when her two sons went away to col-
lege. She had never taken a college
course and when they would come back
in four years they would be so far
ahead and see how ignorant she was,
and she sat down and cried. No, it
must not be, she couldn't bear it, they
should never be ashamed of her on
that score, and she commenced read-
ing—not the dry text books of the col-
lege, but history, the poets, biography,
the great novels, criticisms on art and
literature, and kept herself posted on
the new discoveries in science and the
progress of the busy world. She read
along the lines the world was discuss-
ing and as her sons returned during
their school vacations they still found
her better posted in general informa-
tion and history than they were and
often able to help them. When they
graduated and the mother expressed
her pleasure through tears of joy they
still found her a critical companion,
and sometimes more than an equal in

intellectual discussions. If it was the
Bacon-Shakespeare controversy she
was familiar with it; if it was Darwin-
ism she could discuss evolution from
both the scientific and theological
standpoint; if the un-Americanism
of Lowell's criticisms, she had definite
ideas; she could not measure the dis-
tances or weigh the stars, but she could
point out the constellations and tell
many interesting stories of the heavens.
She had the true idea of a practical,
general education which is very clearly
stated in the following words from the
current number of Self Culture:

"The idea that education is a thing
to be concluded definitely within a few
of the earlier years of life, then to be
regarded as forever over and done, and
that it consists of some disagreeable
preliminaries of syntax, Latin gram-
mar, and rhetoric, to be gotten out of
the way as speedily as possible,—this
idea of education we understand to be
thoroughly obsolete. Rather do we
understand that education, if it means
anything, means the continual enrich-
ment of the resources of the individual;
that, as such, it is by no means con-
fined to those who are found within
the schools, nor to youth, but that it is
just as much for the adult as for the
young; that in fact, just so long as we
have our faculties and the world is
about us, we are to add to our re-
sources and to strengthen our facul-
ties for the enrichment of life and the
improvement of citizenship. Educa-
tion, therefore, for the individual, is
never finished. It is one of the great
abiding, permanent interests of life,
aliving with politics and religion."

My third and last text is a little
story which we will entitle "Where Do You
Live?" A young man expressed his
surprise that the great Mr. Blank
should live in so poor a house amid
such mean surroundings, little in a
valley where he could see so little of
the world he so well understood and
had so graphically pictured with his pen.
The young man's companion was
something of a philosopher, and he re-
plied with a little laugh: "Oh, Mr.
Blank don't live there; financial condi-
tions may render it necessary for him
to eat and sleep there, but he lives
with the master minds of the world.
He sits down with the artist and the
poet; he walks the streets of Paris and
ancient Athens, laughs with Sappho,
talks with Plato, sings with Aristoph-
anes. He lives over again his rambles
through the old cathedrals and picture
galleries; he communes with Shake-
speare, Milton, Dickens, and the great
and good of every age. It matters
little where such a man eats and sleeps.
Live there! No, he don't live there."

My friends, where do you expect to
live in old age?

Jack Johnson the popular and enter-
prising saloon man of Douglas took his
departure on the Cottage City for a
summer vacation in his Eastern home.
Jack is a fine fellow, aside from being
the best all around sport in Alaska, and
while east, pleasure bound, nothing too
good can befall him. He goes from
here to Chicago, thence to all the prin-
cipal cities east. While in New York
he expects to witness the fight between
"Fitz" and "Jeff" and will return to tell
the boys "Why he sawed the wood."