

DRIVING THE JAPS OUT OF ATLIN



Some of the Japs Preparing for the March Out of Atlin.

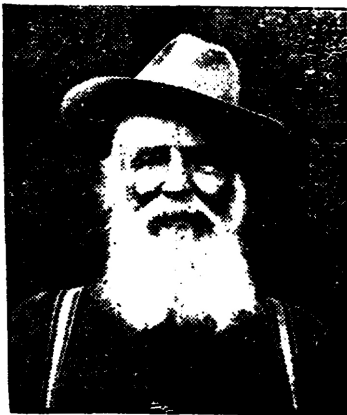
Special Correspondence.

ATLIN, B. C., July 7. — Even in the month of March, in this northern country, including Atlin, Discovery and the creeks, with Atlin as base of supplies, the weather had become quite tropical. There were hushed rumors that there was imminent danger of a great influx of Orientals which would in time turn this famous camp into what is called "China diggings," and which would prove as disastrous to us as the coming of Buller and Methuen was to Boerdom.

There were Marlboroughs and Cromwells, Martinites and Dunsuirites, all pledged as one against the common foe. The dauntless men of Atlin, backed by the brave women, en masse, assembled, passed resolutions of the strongest terms, asking for an amnesty, and willing to sacrifice their pockets and the stuff that rusts. After several futile attempts, all hope of settlement was abandoned, and each party was left to itself to maintain its own right.

Capital on one side, armed with all the good laws of Britain, sought aid from Federal and colonial police; telegraph wires were red-hot between Atlin, Victoria and London for three days. More capital sorely needed, more protection for the slant-eyed Jap, with a good official to read the riot act when danger threatened, and to take summary steps to place one hundred and fifty miners in our three-celled coop!

The news that the Japs had left Caribou had startled the mining center, and the law was aroused to protect. Guns



JAMES WARD
Leader in the Anti-Jap Movement.

and ammunition were seized and specials sworn in, when the unholly miner hove in sight from up the snowy slopes.

But behold! The Japs had outmarched their white brethren and were at the time at McKee Creek shoveling snow. On the other side the miners in their might armed with their tobacco knives, their

heads moulded in sin, protected by all the good laws of British Columbia, decided on prompt action under their old friend the patriarch, Mr. Ward, faithful to the end. Marching two deep they arrived in Atlin at 11:30 a. m. with him at their head who had weathered the storms of the frontier for some sixty years. The third attempt at settlement proving futile, a halt was made for dinner, scouts and intelligence officers were set to work to size up the enemy, his position and numerical strength.

One P. M. saw the whole force on Atlin Lake heading for the McKee Creek, fourteen miles off. At 6 in the evening they came face to face with the Japs' position, which was securely entrenched and guarded on Discovery claim.

The situation at this time looked favorable, as the Japs yielded at once and consented to go, but this was impossible, as darkness came on.

In the meantime excitement became intense here and in Discovery. Our opponents thought of striking at the miners with all their strength, aided by pressure from the police, the cold night and short rations. But those who were not in the line of march were busy at home.

Dog teams were pressed into service, likewise the double team which had been captured by the police earlier in the day, and these started about midnight with all kinds of "chuck," which raised the hopes of all.

It was not until daylight that a combat seemed imminent. The Japs, with the 60-3's and 45-3's, together with Long

Toms, showed great reluctance to coming out of their canvas post, fearing that some enraged Irishman would eat them.

Ho, soldier, Ho! A flag of truce was raised and the jig was up!

A capitulation was made, and it was promised that as an indemnity all expenses to Vancouver would be paid, the Japs agreeing to disappear forever.

By noon the First Brigade of Atlin volunteers returned with the captives.

After all had eaten and drunk their fill and cheered to their hearts' content, the Japs hit the trail, headed by our guide.

The Japs are gone; white bass rates are lowered; old and young are looking for pensions; stamp mills and refrigerators are daily promoted; subscription lists are always open to defray war expenses; conditions are getting down to their normal state and weekly dances are given as usual.

I danced with a five-foot-eleven. How she smiled when I told her I had acted as recruiting sergeant in the late unpleasantness, and was now awaiting the Victoria Cross!

Every woman wished she were a man that day, and every man wished he had something more to eat.

JOHN KIRKLAND.

The Passing of the Horse Fly.

"Some writer says he feels awfully sorry for the poor horse fly. What is he



Some of the Men Who Declared