

Stroller's Column.

It has several times recently been remarked in the presence of the Stroller that it is two or three months since one of the pretty telephone girls had been marched to the altar with the halter around one of our leading business men. One lady wondered what could be the cause of it. To satisfy this natural feminine curiosity the Stroller took down the telephone and softly said: "Give me central, please."

"The line's busy now," was the ringing response.

There could be nothing gained by talking with mere employees upon so grave a subject, so a trip was made to the office of the telephone company and the enquiry was put to the new manager, Mr. Fuller.

He ushered the visitor into his private office and closed the door. This made it impressive. He handed his visitor a cigar. This made it confidential.

"That is a part of the business with which I have not yet been able to familiarize myself. We shall have to ask Captain Olson. I will call him."

Immediately the gallant captain stood at the portal, and saluted. When the question was put to him he finished, then, smilingly, then opened the door, peeked out and softly closed it.

"It is a very mysterious thing, isn't it?" he asked, thus answering one question? Scotchman like, with another. I cannot account for it. In order to investigate the matter intelligently, let us go back into history.

When Mr. Fuller first organized the telephone company we needed a patron. It was necessary to make the business attractive. So I made it my duty to go to Seattle and secure the best telephone girls to be had.

"The best looking?"

"Best is every way, and most of our customers would prefer talking to a pretty girl to a one not so pretty, of course. That, of course, is the business. They all had sweet soft voices, and the influences of these voices influenced the receipts.

"You have never thought of the influence of a voice, have you? I mean now in a sentimental way. Of course you have. People have made love and become engaged without ever seeing each other. The voice of love can never be mistaken. Why there was one case—we will call it 'The Case'."

The Stroller was amazed at the sudden illogical remark with which Captain Olson concluded. Then he felt a presence, and knew that one of the voices had materialized and was standing behind his chair. When she had left the room again Captain Olson continued the story.

"As I was saying, these girls got married and we had to import others, and to keep up the supply. That was when we started. Now we have more business than we can handle. Besides which, the young lawyers and merchants have taken to importing their own brides. And this is more important still, there is an election on. I hope I shall be in Scotland by the time it comes off."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why Mr. Fuller does not know but that at any moment some of the unions may send a walking delegate to say that outside bello girls shall not be employed. So when I go out there will be a change of policy. No more pretty girls will be imported. When this is known there will undoubtedly be a rush to secure the few on hand."

.....

Vision of a Great Man, arms folded, deep scowl on forehead, meditating. Like Napoleon after Waterloo, upon the rushing waters at his feet roaring through Miles canyon—

Oh, for a plant!

What hell it is!

Only to think

One's vaulting hopes and swampy dreams

Come all to naught

For lack of such a trifle.

Alas! alas!

Little dirty dies
That wretched printer's devil
Eke out a blasted life with
And editors—
Ah, there's the rub!
What evil can one work
By leading fools in leash
Without a plant.

Ho for a plant—
To smite the pillows
And e'en the bolsters
Of the bed of infamy on which
Once reposed,
And still repine
With all my soul.
Oh! what a plant was there.
My brethren!

Ten Dollars per.
On many a raft I've travelled far
And oft gone under; but
One stick of Wood
Worth all the rest
Has wriggled past ice and
My plant is gone.

As well be a malaprop
And bay the moon
As utter mouthings of abuse
That no one prints.
I burn with hate
And scorn. I must give type
To all my spleen, or bust.
I am, bust.

Captain Hubrick, of the current ferry, has been wearing a shade over his right eye and is afraid he is going to lose the sight of it. The member was injured by the blowing out of the breach of a shot gun he was using, and as it is his right eye all sportsmen will feel a sympathy with his mental suffering. For some time the captain had the opinion that a grain of the powder still remained in his eye, and at length he induced Dr. Roberts, the oculist, to take the eye out. When this was done there was found at the back of the optic a long hair coiled up like a watch spring. Since this foreign substance was removed the inflammation has lessened, but the captain still sadly doubts if he will ever be able to shoot in a match again, and he was one of the most expert wing shots in the territory.

Freddy Breen was telling a new story the other night, of his friend St. Peter, at the gate. It was an old sourdough who was being shown around the heavenly domain by the kindly gate keeper, when they came to a wide dark shaft and the sourdough enquired whose claim that was and whether he was down to bedrock.

"That," said St. Peter, "belongs to His Satanic Majesty."

"Ah, and what royalty will he be charging?"

"You will see presently," was the reply.

Presently there came along a lot of English capitalists and experts and clerks who had been mining on First avenue, and to the surprise of the sourdough they were dumped in the shaft.

"What do you see?" asked St. Peter.

"A big blaze; they are all burning up."

Then came a load of Americans from Eldorado who were dumped in to the pit, and the same question was asked.

"Gone in a jiffy," was the sad response.

Next came a whole load of French from Dominion. Same thing.

This was followed by a tremendous coach crammed full of Swedes from Hunker.

"What do you see?" asked St. Peter.

"Nothing but smoke, by gosh. They were too green to burn; and have put the fire out."

.....

A good story of Captain Hulme, who has just returned from the Old Country, is going the rounds, and it is said to have been first told by Fred Wade during his recent visit. Captain Hulme was in London during the coronation and there was a colonial dinner to which he acedently desired an invitation as a distinguished representative of the Klondike.

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FIRST CLUB ORGANIZED

Civil Service Men Elect Officers

Three Other Hockey Clubs to be Formed to Complete the League.

The civil service boys are the first to organize as a hockey club, in connection with the Yukon Hockey League which was organized last Saturday. The boys met in the administration building last night and after a discussion of plans for the season elected the following permanent officers: Honorary president, the Commissioner; president, T. D. Pattullo; first vice-president, T. H. Hinton; second vice-president and manager, J. C. McLagan; third vice-president, V. G. Grant; secretary, C. V. Shannon; treasurer, W. R. Hamilton; executive committee, F. Hartman, G. T. McLean, H. Povah, C. W. McPherson, A. R. Boyes; captain, L. G. Bennett; delegates to league, T. D. Pattullo, Captain Bennett.

"The three other clubs to form the league, the Mounted Police and Dawson Rifles, the City club and the D. A. A. club, will hold meetings and organize within the next few days. A meeting of the latter is called for this evening in the new athletic building."

Preparations for starting the ice on the athletic club rink were begun this morning, and it is likely that this will be the only rink that will be constructed this season, as it is sufficiently commodious for the whole of the clubs. The athletic association, as soon as the league is completed, will arrange a programme so that there will be a hockey game once a week throughout the winter.

Liberty Bell

A ring made from a fragment of the Liberty Bell is owned by William B. Fry of Drifton, Pa. This priceless relic, says the Philadelphia Record, is made from a piece of metal that was cut away along the zigzag crack of the Liberty Bell, with the idea that it would restore the tone of the bell. It is said that Joseph Bickley, a cousin of Mrs. Aurelia S. Fry, the mother of William B. Fry, was in charge of the bell at the time the attempt was made to restore its tone. He took the clippings and had this ring constructed out of them. In the year 1856, while Mrs. Fry was on a visit to the family of Mr. Bickley in Philadelphia the latter presented her with the ring, and naturally she guarded it with jealous care until on Christmas of 1889, when she presented it to her son, William B. Fry.

The ring also has a historic resting place. It reposes in a box made from a piece of timber taken from one of the beams that supported the floor of the old Zion's Reformed church, Allentown, when that edifice was razed to the ground in 1838. As well known, it was in this church that the bell was concealed in 1777, to protect it from the hands of the British troops, who would have considered it a feather in their caps of extraordinary size and brilliancy had they succeeded in effecting its capture. The late Mrs. Martin Weiser secured a block of wood from one of the beams. After her death it passed into the family of her son, the late Nelson Weiser, where it remained intact until the visit of the Liberty Bell, last November, when a piece was taken off, incased in a neat

LINER RUNS AMUCK

The Kron Prinz Wilhelm Makes Record

Runs Down Torpedo Boat Destroyer as Well as Merchantmen.

special to the Daily-Nugget. Liverpool, Oct. 10.—Besides sinking the British steamer Robert Ingham on Wednesday off Beachy Head with the loss of two lives, the North German Lloyd liner Kron Prinz Wilhelm narrowly missed sending the British torpedo boat destroyer Wizard to the bottom. The Wizard had been docked with her bows twisted and otherwise injured. The Wizard was steaming up Southampton waters at twelve knots when she was overhauled by the Kron Prinz Wilhelm which was going at a speed of sixteen knots. The Wizard did her best to avoid the liner but found herself under the Kron Prinz Wilhelm's quarter and collided. In attempting to clear the steamer the Wizard listed and much water poured through her ports. Her officers and crew numbering 50 men were in greatest peril but the righted and cleared away from the Kron Prinz Wilhelm. It was found that her bows were badly twisted and buckled and she had sustained other injuries which necessitated immediate docking.

Chinese Statesman Dies.

Special to the Daily-Nugget. Constantinople, Oct. 10.—In connection with increased military measures taken by the Turkish government in view of the revolutionary movement in Macedonia, three battalions of Turkish troops have been dispatched to the front.

Turkish Troops Advance

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Sage Improves

Special to the Daily-Nugget. New York, Oct. 10.—Russell Sage rested well last night and is in excellent spirits this morning.

Just received, a large shipment of Gooderham & Worts 7-year-old rye whiskey. Geo. Butler, Pioneer saloon.

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