

Father's Letter to His Son

Chicago, April 10, 189—

My Pierpont: You ought to be mighty thankful today for the fact that you were born to a father who invented fractions, because while your selling cost for last week was within the limit, it took a good deal of help from the decimal system to get it there. You are in the position of the boy who was pulled by the bull—open to congratulation because he reached the tree and to condolence because a log up a tree, in the middle of a log-jam, with a disappointed log company, is in a mighty bad

ly the matter with it, and if you had been properly posted you would have looked surprised when he showed it to you and said:

"I don't quite diagnose the case your way, Mr. Smith; that's a blame sight better lard than I though Mbg-gins & Co. were making." And you'd have driven a spike right through that fellow's little joke and have nailed down his order hard and tight with the same blow.

What you know is a club for you, and what you don't know is a meat-ax for the other fellow. That is why you want to be on the lookout all the time for information about the business, and to nail a fact just as a sensible man nails a mosquito — the first time it settles near him. Of course, a fellow may get another chance, but the odds are that if he misses the first opening he will lose a good deal of blood before he gets the second.

Speaking of finishing up a subject as you go along naturally calls to mind the case of Josh Jamkinson, back in my home town. As I first remembered Josh, he was just bone and by-products. Wasn't an ounce of real meat on him. In fact he was so blamed thin that when he bought an outfit of clothes his wife used to make them over into two suits for him. — Josh would eat a little food now and then, just to be sociable, but what he really lived on was tobacco. Usually kept a chew in one cheek and a cob pipe in the other. He was a powerful hand for a joke and had one of those porous heads and moveable scalps which go with a sense of humor in a small village. Used to scare us boys by drawing on his pipe and letting the smoke sort of leak out through his eyes and ears and nose. Pretended that he was on fire inside and that he was the devil. Old Doc Hoover caught him at it once and told us that he wasn't, but allowed that he was a blood relation.

Elder Hoover was a Methodist off the tip of the siroloin. There weren't any evasions or generalities or metaphors in his religion. The lower layers of the hereafter weren't Hades or Gehenna with him, but just plain Hell, and mighty hot, too, you bet. His creed was built of sheet iron and bolted together with inch rivets. He kept the fire going under the boiler night and day, and he was so blamed busy stoking it that he didn't have much time to map out the golden streets. When he blew off it was superheated steam and you could see the sinners who were in range fairly sizzle and parboil and shrivel up. There was no give in Doc; no compromises with creditors; no fire sales. He wasn't one of those elders who would let a fellow dance the lancers if he'd swear off waltzing, or tell him it was all right to play whist in the parlor if he'd give up penny-ante at the Dutchman's; or wink at his smoking if he'd quit whisky.

Josh knew this, so kept away from the camp-meeting, though the Elder gunned from him pretty steady for a matter of five years. But one summer when the meetings were extra interesting, it got so lonesome sitting around with the whole town off in the woods that Josh sneaked out to the edge of the camp and hid behind some bushes where he could hear what was going on. The elder was carrying about two hundred and fifty pounds, by the gauge, that day, and with that pressure he naturally traveled into the sinners pretty fast. The first thing Josh knew he was out from under cover and a-hallelujahing down between the seats to the mourners' bench. When the Elder saw what was coming he turned on the forced draft. Inside of ten minutes he had Josh under conviction and had taken his pipe and plug away from him.

I am just a little inclined to think that Josh would have backslid if he hadn't been a practical joker, and a critter of that breed is about as afraid of a laugh on himself as a raw colt of a steam roller. So he stuck it out, and began to take an interest in meal time. Kicked because it didn't come eight or ten times a day. The first thing he knew he fatted up till he filled out his half suit and had to put it away in camphor. Then he bought a whole suit, living skeleton size. In ten weeks he had strained a shoulder seam and looked as if he was wearing tights. So he retired that one from circulation and moved up a size. That one was a little loose, and it took a good month to crowd it. Josh was a pretty hefty man now, but he kept right on bulging out, building on an addition here and putting out a bay window there, all the time retiring new suits, until his wife had fourteen of them laid away in the chest.

Said it didn't worry him. That he was bound to lose flesh sooner or later. That he would catch them on

the way down, and wear them out one at a time. But when he got up to three hundred and fifty pounds he just stuck. Tried exercise and dieting and foreign waters, but he couldn't budge an ounce. In she end he had to give the clothes to the Widow Doolan, who had fourteen sons in assorted sizes.

I simply mention Josh in passing as an example of the fact that a fellow can't bank on getting a chance to go back and take up a thing that he has passed over once, and call your attention to the fact that a man who knows his own business thoroughly will find an opportunity sooner or later of reaching the most hardened cuss of a buyer on his route and of getting a share of his.

I want to caution you right here against learning all there is to know about pork-packing too quick. Business is a good deal like a nigger's wool—it doesn't look very deep, but there are a heap of kinks and curves in it.

When I was a boy and the fellow in pink tights came into the ring, I used to think he was doing all that could be reasonably expected when he kept eight or ten glass balls going in the air at once. But the beautiful lady in the blue tights would keep right on handing him things — kerosene lamps and carving knives and miscellaneous cutlery and crockery, and he would get them going, too, without losing his happy smile. The great trouble with most young fellows is that they think they have learned all they need to know and given the audience its money's worth when they can keep the glass balls going, and so they balk at the kerosene lamp and the rest of the implements of light housekeeping. But there is no real limit to the amount of extras a fellow with the right stuff in him will take on without losing his grin.

I want to see you come up smiling; I want to feel you in the business, not only on pay day but every other day. I want to know that you are running yourself full time and overtime, stocking up your brain so that when the demand comes you will have the goods to offer. So far, you promise to make a fair to ordinary salesman among our retail trade. I want to see you grow into a car-lot man—so strong and big that you will force us to see that you are out of place among the little fellows. Buck up! Your affectionate father, JOHN GRAHAM.

Banquet to Funston.

Chicago, March 11.—Gen. Frederick S. Funston was the guest of honor at an elaborate banquet held tonight in the club house of the Marquette Club, members of the Lincoln Club also sharing in the occasion.

Gen. Funston arrived in the city at 3 o'clock this afternoon for a stay of two days, during which time he will be the guest of various clubs and and this city as well. He was met by a reception committee composed of members of the city council and members of the Marquette Club. He was escorted to the Auditorium hotel, where he remained until late in the afternoon, when he was driven to the club house of the Marquette Club, where an informal reception lasting for an hour, was held. It had been the original intention to hold a great reception, but Gen. Funston said that his physical condition was not equal to the strain that would be imposed by a function of that kind.

The speakers at the banquet held tonight were Gen. John C. Black, of Chicago, and Col. Henry L. Turner, of Chicago.

Tomorrow Gen. Funston will be shown the sights of Chicago and will hold two receptions, one at the Press Club and another at the Chicago Athletic Club. Thursday morning he will return to New York.

Gen. Funston in his speech said: "Had it not been for the so-called peace party in the states the insurrection would have been suppressed finally in January, 1900. Since that time 600 lives have been sacrificed and millions of dollars have been spent. Were it not for the hope of the few leaders still under arms that the United States is on the verge of a civil war in their behalf all resistance would be at an end. "Two negro soldiers deserted our army and for a time served in the insurgent army. They were caught and hanged. It would have been more of an act of justice had we hanged people who signed the recent petition to congress asking that we confer with the Philippine leaders in an effort to secure peace. "In the one case two ignorant men were executed, while in the other people more guilty than they, in full possession of their senses, were allowed to go free. "We are informed that Maj. Waller, one of the bravest officers in the navy, is to be court martialed because he shot some natives who stole

the food from his straying men. If that is true I say, bully for Waller, I am glad he did it."

Perry Quits Restaurants.

It is not the men alone but the ladies also who, after remaining a few months on the outside, are pleased to get back to Dawson even if it do necessitates the long journey over the ice from Whitehorse.

Among the passengers on Monday's stage were Mrs. W. H. Perry and little daughter Miss Fay, who went to Victoria last September. They would probably have remained until navigation opened had not W. H. hinted very strongly in his letters that restaurant board was not agreeing with his system.

Both Mrs. Perry and her daughter greatly enjoyed their visit to their former home.

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