

WAS A SOCIAL FIZZLE

Homer Spivins Who Was a Damp Cracker

The town boys regarded him as a hot Patsy while the girls made fun of him.

There was a social fizzle named Homer Spivins. He was the damp-damp-cracker that ever tried to pop in a public place.

His parents spent \$600 on him so that he might know how to enter a ball room. At the age of 26 he could enter without walking on several occasions.

Among the town boys he was regarded as a hot Patsy, but the girls looked upon him as a fair-haired fellow who was too simple and bashful to be real interesting.

At a stag party he was a James Dandy, but when he found himself in his merry mood surrounded by the elite, he slumped down and became a mere warm and coffee-cooler.

When a rival blocked him off, Homer stood around on one foot for a while, waiting for an opening and then he did a soft-shoe snag and swore that he would forget her.

He told himself that he was a chump for continuing to worship one who could be pawed over and man-handled by anything that wore a derby hat.

But H. Spivins was hard hit. The more he tried to sponge her likeness from the blackboard of his memory, the oftener he thought of her.

He told himself that faint heart never won fair lady. From all he could gather, the society tid-bit preferred the Gally Boy to the one who sat on the other side of the room and talked about new books.

Mr. Spivins decided to turn over a new leaf. He saw that his only chance was to jump in and make a bold play. His telepatric tactics had not made the slightest impression on Lucy. The silent system was no good.

The next time I get a chance to lead I will give her a grand surprise," he said to himself. "I will tell the little lady that I am not made of wood. I can be just as loving as the next one if my nerve holds out."

So he went to a dance and there was Lucy, looking very cute and coquettish and beaming in by the gang of thirty-fivers. Mr. Spivins was about to buck the line and make a hard tackle, but he suddenly realized that he was not in condition.

What he needed was a little Dutch courage. Accordingly he slipped out and stowed away five Santiago sours, so-called because they leave you spruced on the beach. He came back a trifle squity and all set. Homer was ready to be as friendly and familiar as any girl could possibly wish. He laid hands on the surprised Lucy and led her to the dim conservatory.

"This where my stock takes a leap of 20 points," he said to himself, as he led her to the rustic bench beneath a lemon tree.

He fixed a burning gaze on her and carelessly wrapped an arm about her supple waist.

"Old girl, you are all right," he said. With a piercing shriek, she hurled him among the cacti and declared she had been insulted.

"Why do you discriminate against me?" he asked in a hurt tone. "I have been up to date and probably that is why my work is so coarse," he replied. "Was I too sudden?"

"Wretch!" she exclaimed and swept back into the ball room. For three days after that her brother was looking for Mr. Spivins with a gun.

Moral: It has to be done in a certain way. GEORGE ADE.

essential organs. He would compose a honeyed speech with which to greet his Dulcinea, but when he met her at the corner of Fifth and Main he would hit his hat with the wrong hand and gurgie a few words of stereotyped piffle and back into a lamp-post.

Oh, but he was a naughty lover! When it came time for him to go into action, his ammunition was always wet. And even when he fired, he fired, he never got the range. He would loop a few loops and dodge into a cigar store.

What made him so sore was that some Handsome Harry with vaseline on his hair and not more than two ounces of cerebrum could saunter up to the heart's dot and tap her on the back and call her "Lucy". And what was ten times worse, she seemed to like it. He saw himself done up 40 ways from the Jack by many a hell-pal who could not command \$8 a week in the open market.

When he met her he addressed her as Miss Livingstone. The other fellows called her "Sis" and linked arms with her.

When a rival blocked him off, Homer stood around on one foot for a while, waiting for an opening and then he did a soft-shoe snag and swore that he would forget her.

He told himself that he was a chump for continuing to worship one who could be pawed over and man-handled by anything that wore a derby hat.

But H. Spivins was hard hit. The more he tried to sponge her likeness from the blackboard of his memory, the oftener he thought of her.

He told himself that faint heart never won fair lady. From all he could gather, the society tid-bit preferred the Gally Boy to the one who sat on the other side of the room and talked about new books.

Mr. Spivins decided to turn over a new leaf. He saw that his only chance was to jump in and make a bold play. His telepatric tactics had not made the slightest impression on Lucy. The silent system was no good.

The next time I get a chance to lead I will give her a grand surprise," he said to himself. "I will tell the little lady that I am not made of wood. I can be just as loving as the next one if my nerve holds out."

So he went to a dance and there was Lucy, looking very cute and coquettish and beaming in by the gang of thirty-fivers. Mr. Spivins was about to buck the line and make a hard tackle, but he suddenly realized that he was not in condition.

What he needed was a little Dutch courage. Accordingly he slipped out and stowed away five Santiago sours, so-called because they leave you spruced on the beach. He came back a trifle squity and all set. Homer was ready to be as friendly and familiar as any girl could possibly wish. He laid hands on the surprised Lucy and led her to the dim conservatory.

"This where my stock takes a leap of 20 points," he said to himself, as he led her to the rustic bench beneath a lemon tree.

He fixed a burning gaze on her and carelessly wrapped an arm about her supple waist.

"Old girl, you are all right," he said. With a piercing shriek, she hurled him among the cacti and declared she had been insulted.

"Why do you discriminate against me?" he asked in a hurt tone. "I have been up to date and probably that is why my work is so coarse," he replied. "Was I too sudden?"

"Wretch!" she exclaimed and swept back into the ball room. For three days after that her brother was looking for Mr. Spivins with a gun.

Moral: It has to be done in a certain way. GEORGE ADE.

Almost Wiped Out.

Hallfax, N. S., Oct. 29.—The prosperous and thriving town of Sydney, Cape Breton, was almost swept out of existence today by a fierce conflagration, which started about 2 o'clock. The flames, which were fanned by a 45-mile gale, swept through the principal business portions of the town, causing ruin and devastation. Four blocks of the finest business buildings are in ashes. The only thing that saved the city from total destruction was a heavy rain storm, which set in after dark. The wind decreased in fury, and the firemen and hundreds of miners succeeded in getting the fire under control. Over 60 buildings are in ashes, and many more are badly scorched. The buildings were nearly all large wooden structures, and they burned so fiercely that it was impossible to save any of their contents.

The firemen were greatly handicapped at the outset by the poor supply of water. The fire started in a three-story frame building on Charlotte street, occupied by A. D. Gilles and Gordon & Keith. When the firemen arrived on the scene the building was burning fiercely, and the wind was blowing the flames over the tops of the adjoining buildings. In a very

short time the fire spread to the buildings occupied by Carr, Jeweler; Blanchard, Bentley & Co., and the Maritime Premium Company. Then it spread to some small buildings on the opposite side of the street and jumped to the large department store of Prowse, Bros. & Crowell, which was soon doomed. The whole town was then threatened.

Assistance was sent for, and the fire departments of North Sydney and Glace Bay responded, and on arrival got quickly to work, but every effort to stay the flames was of no avail. The fire swept from Charlotte to Prince street, and as far south as George street, carrying everything before it. Half an hour after the fire started, one-quarter of the business portion of the town was in flames. The town's water supply now goes out, and the engines had to be sent to the harbor to pump water.

At 4:30 two of the business blocks were destroyed, and the fire spread to Bentick street, and half an hour later Bruce, George, Bentick and Charlotte streets were a mass of fire. The miners resorted to the use of dynamite, and several buildings were blown up,

with but little effect, as the strong wind carried the burning embers to other buildings. The fine building belonging to the Union Bank of Halifax and the Baptist and Presbyterian churches were soon destroyed.

At 7 o'clock the fire had reached the east end of Charlotte street, and here its progress was stayed. The blocks on Wentworth, Prince and Pitts street, and half a block on George street, were destroyed. The flames were under control at 10 o'clock.

The fire is supposed to have been started by the bursting of an oil stove. It is impossible to estimate the loss at present, but it is roughly placed at between \$100,000 and \$5,000,000, of which not more than half is covered by insurance.

Bill Will Come Up Again. Washington, Oct. 25.—Among the bills that failed to pass during the last congress, which are to make their appearance early in the coming session, is the financial bill drawn by Representative Overstreet, of Indiana. This bill, it may be recalled, makes the silver dollar exchangeable for gold in conformity with the present parity clause of the gold standard law, and as Mr. Overstreet asserts,

clean clothes and clean face, hands and finger nails. Good clothes are not requisites. A boy's clothes may be ragged, his shoes have holes in them, yet his appearance may still give evidence of a desire to be neat. I will not employ a cigarette smoker if I know it. As for reference, a boy's teacher is the best reference he can have. The recommendation which a good boy in our employ gives a boy applying for a position always receives marked consideration.

"Good cash boys don't stay cash boys long. Some lads who came here as cash boys in 1897 are now junior salesmen. Others have good positions throughout the house.

"A cash boy's first advance is to stock boy, office boy or cadet. A stock boy attends to the boy's work in whatever stock he is in. A cadet is a general utility boy. An office boy works around some one of the offices of the house. We promote according to merit, length of service, or both combined. Wherever possible, we try to give our oldest employee the preference, but if one boy who has not been here as long as another shows greater fitness for a vacancy,

in justice to the house the boy gets it. A cash boy here gets \$2.50 a week, when he has been here three months, \$3, or, if he has shown marked ability, \$3.50.

"The great trouble with the American boy is he doesn't stick. After he has worked hard at one place for six months or a year, just as he is in line of promotion, he throws up his prospects because some other firm offers 50 cents a week more, and off he starts all over again in a new house, whose ways and business he must learn.

"We like boyish boys—full of fun, the liveliest are generally the best workers. The boy who loiters when sent on a message, the boy who smokes around the house avoiding work and the boy who is always late are the boys who lose positions." Success.

In Kentucky. Judge Catrill walked into the courtroom, pulled a brace of horse pistols from his hip-pockets, drew a knife from his boot, unsling a Winchester 45-70 from his shoulder, and proceeded to the bench.

"Balif," he said, "have you gone through the jury?"

"Yes, your honor," replied that

Choosing Office Boys. George Sexton, who has charge of 200 boys in a big department store, loves to talk about boys. "Boys are not a necessary evil to this establishment," he said. "They are the material out of which men are to be made."

"How do you choose your cash boys, Mr. Sexton?" I asked.

"My first question is, 'Where is the boy?' You see, it all depends upon the boy himself. You can judge the boy better from his appearance, his manner, his dress and the way he comes into an office than from any description of him. Character shows forth in little things—you can't hide it. I take boys by what you might almost term first impressions. I have sized a boy up before he asks me for a place. The removal or non-removal of the hat on entering the office, the respectful and self-respecting way in which a boy addresses me, the way in which he meets my look and questions, all give me an idea of his bringing up and the 'stuff' that is in him. As to appearance, I look at once for these things, polished shoes,

St. Andrew's Ball. Those desiring tickets must apply to the committee, viz.: R. P. McLennan, Dr. Thompson, D. C. McKenzie, Jas. F. McDonald, H. E. Ewart, J. N. Nicol, H. C. McDiarmid, A. D. Williams, C. Milne, J. P. McLennan, Dr. McArthur, Chas. McDonald, J. T. Bethune, C. W. MacPherson, Dr. Gillis, Wm. Thornburn, R. Lindsay, Chief McKinnon.

No tickets sold at the door. Grand march at 9 p. m. sharp.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

Shelf, the Dawson dog doctor, Pioneer drug store.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

WADE, CONGDON & AIKMAN - Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY - Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

SOCIETIES

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 78, A. F. & A. M. will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.

J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.



BENCH CLAIM AT MOUTH OF SKOOKUM CREEK.

Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. Is the Place to Buy Your Fittings. OUR LINES ARE COMPLETE IN ALL SIZES. Steam Pipe 1/2 to 8 inch. Steam Hose 1/2 to 3 inch. Giant Powder Caps and Fuse. Store, Second Ave. Phone 36. Tin Shop, 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

OLD PAPERS IN BUNDLES, FOR SALE AT THE NUGGET OFFICE FIVE CENTS A POUND.

WALL PAPER AND SIGNS ANDERSON BROS... SECOND AVENUE

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport

By Using Long Distance Telephone You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hanker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks. By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments. Yukon Telephone Syn. Ltd.

THANKSGIVING GIFT...FREIGHT RATES... To Grand Forks \$12.50 per ton To Sulphur \$30.00 per ton To Gold Bottom on Hunker 17.50 per ton To Gold Run 38.00 per ton To Dominion 30.00 per ton To Montana 60.00 per ton To Quartz 30.00 per ton To Eureka 80.00 per ton These Rates Will Be Continued Until Further Notice, and Do Not Apply in Case of Perishibles. Perishible Goods at Owner's Risk Unless Special Arrangements Are Made. HERE TO STAY AND HERE TO PAY THE ORR & TUKEY CO. Office N. C. Co. Bldg. FREIGHTERS...

WILSON, DAWSON... Pedlar... Supplies... Haw & Co., SALE AND RETAIL... Amateurs and Professionals... A COMPLETE STOCK... and Marine Glasses... men... of Goetzman's... Friends... of Klondike... stands... York Hotel... and European... excellent... New... throughout... All... Rooms... week or month... York St... CITY MARKET