

TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1902.

# Stroller's Column.

Dominion Creek, May 17.

Dear Stroller,—

For some months past I have been yearning to write to you about a matter that is more dear to my heart than the scenes of my childhood when fond recollections present themselves to my view. It is this:

I feel that I possess the talent necessary to enable me to develop into a literary genius. In fact, my system is saturated with the bacteria of literary genius and it is for the purpose of learning something of the daily habits of literary people that I address you.

plying the much desired information, I will close.

Your literary friend and ardent admirer,

JEANNETTE.

This is indeed flattering, Jeannette, you are honest in asking for information and the Stroller will be just as honest in imparting it in his weak and feeble way. It is but proper that literary people should exchange ideas and so far as the Stroller is concerned you are at liberty take any idea he has and use it. Only don't leave it out over night.

The Stroller's habits are person-

During the meal he frequently converses with his family on current topics. That is one thing the Stroller likes about himself. He does not feel above being free and sociable with his family. If he felt that way he would do his best to conceal it.

A good, simple literary breakfast can be made from beefsteak, two eggs on toast, saratoga chips and four large-sized flapjacks. There is nothing, Jeannette, that will jerk the mental faculties around with a greater degree of alacrity than flapjacks eaten for breakfast. Syrup from a can labeled "Vermont Maple" although it may be made from carbolic acid and old shoes, will assist in the digestion of the "stack-of-hots."

After breakfast the Stroller devotes the greater portion of the forenoon to wishing it was lunch time. The afternoons are usually whiled away in visiting Andie, Jim O., John and others for the purpose of working up an inspiration for the exercise of the literary geni that night. But when night comes he is usually retired and his literary efforts are postponed until the following night.

And thus it goes on, Jeannette, one day after another, and when it comes time that Stroller copy must be supplied the Stroller has a friend that furnishes it at 25 cents per lineal foot and supplies his own inspiration fluid, also his own smoking tobacco.

All you need, Jeannette, is to get a reputation for writing, then hire some one else to do it. That is the way Henry Watterson and all great writers who frequently go to bed without removing their shoes do, but you have not probably reached that stage of fame.

Another thing that indicates a literary turn of mind is to get up in the morning with a nut & down taste. That is what causes people to pause a moment on the side of the bed and think.

The road to literary fame, my dear Jeannette, is a rocky one until you reach the landing where you can hire some cheap person with a large fam-

ily to support to think and write for you and then it is smooth sailing.

The man who does the Stroller's writing has a large and rapidly increasing family which he supports on scraps given him by the butchers who think he is getting them for dogs.

Such, Jeannette, is literary fame.

The Stroller realizes with no small degree of concern the fact that too many, in fact nearly all the people in Dawson, manifest a spirit of apathy in the matter of ancient history.

The manner in which Romulus and Remus pulled through was a corker, and yet too few people in Dawson in their mad rush for gain and draught beer stop to consider the fact.

The chances are that if the Stroller would rush in some day when R. P. McLennan was wrapping up a steam boiler for a customer and ask him if he fully believed the Romulus and Remus wolf story he would ask: "What creek did it happen on?"

If the same question was put to Rudy he would probably say it was the first time wolves had been reported in this locality for over a year.

If some one would inform Tom Chisholm that omnia Gaul divitet partes tres, Tom would probably ask who got the best of the divy when they struck bedrock.

Too many people now boating on the Yukon plunge madly on in quest of sandbars without seeming to care whether the river Euphrates was ever the scene of an ice jam or not.

Ancient history is full of interest and there is no more interesting or romantic chapter in it than are those found in Roman history concerning that old statesman, farmer and warrior, Cincinnatus.

For many years Cincinnatus was the muck-a-muck cabinet member of the forum. He was secretary of the interior and minister plenipotentiary to a number of foreign countries. For a long time he was the main squeeze in the forum, but hints of grafting began to be whispered around and being a proud man, Cincinnatus told his colleagues to take their old ship

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of state and run her or wreck her that he didn't care a continental which they did.

Cincinnatus then took his wife and children and went back into the same interior of which he had been minister and took up a homestead. He had a pair of steers that when he was in a good humor he called Tom and Jerry. What he called them when ploughing a piece of new ground in which roots and stones were plentiful would not look well in print.

Cincinnatus, or "Old Cin," as the neighboring farmers called him, was not a bowling success as a farmer. He sowed wheat and raised whiskers and while he planted corn in the ground he grew corn on his toes. The weeds choked his Burbank potatoes and cut worms played havoc with his Mother Hubbard squashes.

While "Old Cin" was plugging away out on the farm and trying to graduate razor-backed hogs down until he could get a variety that he could confine without keeping one of his porker's legs in a bear trap, things were going to the dogs up at the statehouse. All of Rome's neighbors were taking a fall out of her at will and county scrip was a drug at 14 cents on the dollar.

One day when "Old Cin" was subsiding for fall wheat and just after a broken root had rebounded and given him a fearful welt across the shins, he was surprised to see a crowd of his old forum cronies bearing down on him across the partly-ploughed field. He said "Whoa — — —" to Tom and Jerry and waited for the party to approach.

There was a general hand-shaking all around, Cincinnatus apologizing for his calloused palms. In a few words he was told by his visitors that Rome was putting the kibosh put all over her by her enemies and that he had been selected to lead her army against them. Just then the shin that had been struck by the root caused Cincinnatus to cringe in pain. That settled it and he said: "Gentlemen, I am your huckle-berry."

With that he started, leaving Tom and Jerry in the furrow where they stood until their owner returned, which was not for twelve years later.

Cincinnatus took charge of the Roman army and never stayed his hand or took off his boots until Rome's last enemy staggered up to the ropes and told the audience it was useless to continue the go.

Peace having been restored after twelve years of hard fighting, Cincinnatus took a run out to see his family and then in when he realized that he had made a mistake by leaving them in the country all the time instead of taking a flat or furnished room in Rome. His eldest daughter whom he had fondly hoped would marry a Lycurgus from Herculesham

had married one of the Smiths from Possum Hollow. His wife sulked around all day with a sunbonnet on her head like they do in Coffee county, Georgia, and his children ate pie with a knife and said "bet your sweet life" when their father asked if they were glad to see him. The fact that the youngest child was but eight years old when he reached home kept him guessing and caused the neighbors to give him the merry ha-ha.

Two years later Cincinnatus disappeared and it was hinted that he had purposely fallen from a stump from which he was fishing in the river Tiber. But the truth of the matter was that he had shipped before the mast on a sailing vessel loaded with macaroni for New Orleans. At the latter place he deserted and made his way in a poing boat up on the farm and trying to graduate razor-backed hogs down until he could get a variety that he could confine without keeping one of his porker's legs in a bear trap.

Some of the leading and most influential suspender peddlers in Cincinnati today are direct descendants of the old statesman, farmer, warrior, sailor and townsite proprietor.

**Strain Was Too Great**

Berlin, April 29.—Capt. A. Albers, of the Hamburg-American steamer Deutschland, fell dead of heart disease in the chart house of his vessel as she was approaching the port of Cuxhaven. He expired in the arms of his first officer, who caught him as he fell. The long hours spent by Capt. Albers on the bridge of the vessel after the loss of her rudder at sea, which occurred before the Deutschland reached Plymouth, and during the passage of the North sea, probably hastened the captain's collapse.

**Emperor Looked Bored.**

Peking, April 29.—The imperial court returned here today from the hunting park, five miles distant. The court's return to the forbidden city was a repetition of its return in January. There were noticeable signs of the supremacy of the dowager empress. All the officials prostrated themselves before her temple entrance and remained standing in the presence of the emperor. The dowager had a magnificent entourage, and the emperor was shabbily dressed and looked bored. The pilgrimage to the eastern tombs cost over a million taels.

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"THE STROLLER INSERTS HIMSELF INTO A PAIR OF MIDDLE-AGED PANTALOONS."

I believe if you so desire you can reveal to me the true inwardness of literary life. I have confidence in myself and believe the time will come when, if I can get off on the right tack, I can wear a laurel wreath all the time instead of a sailor hat.

All I desire is to learn the habits of literary people in order that I may practice them. Please tell me how you conduct yourself, what you eat and drink and give me some detail as to your daily habits.

Although I am but 19 years of age I have already written a number of articles which I have sent to the press for publication. While none of them have yet appeared, I am not surprised as my articles are in advance of the times and I take it that the publishers are holding them to give time an opportunity to catch up.

I feel that fame is beckoning to me and I know that if I could acquire literary habits I would have no difficulty in shinning up the mast that leads to literary eminence. True, I might have to "coon it" up to the first limb, metaphorically speaking, but I would get there. I know no such word as "fale."

Hoping you will oblige me by sup-

plied simplicity. If he had as much money as he has simplicity he would have visited the Pan-American exposition. His daily habits are old simplicity himself.

The first thing he does in the morning is to arise from his bed at seven o'clock, not because he is tired of it or could not sleep another hour, but that he prefers rising of his own accord to being kicked out. He then seats himself on the edge of the bed and devotes a few moments to thought. All literary people, Jeannette, should set aside a few moments for thought on essaying to arise in the morning.

The Stroller then inserts himself into a pair of middle-aged but eminently respectable pantaloons. (But this is a matter, Jeannette, in which you can not possibly be particularly interested.) Sometimes he bathes before dressing and sometimes he does not bathe at all. Bathing is not essential to literary success.

He then splits wood until his breakfast is ready and he is invariably ready before it is. The Stroller owes much of his success in life, also numerous grocery and butcher bills, to his inward craving for something to eat.



"CINCINNATUS SAID: 'GENTLEMEN, I AM YOUR HUCKLE-BERRY.'"

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