

# Stroller's Column.

By the last mail the Stroller replied to two letters of inquiry from the heads of municipal governments, one being from the mayor of Babylon, the other from the mayor of Jerusalem. Both had heard of Day's column, and were inquiring about it.

The mayor of Babylon wrote: "My dear Stroller—Tella me how to catch a man."

The Stroller will not give the mayor of Babylon's letter in full, but will go on to explain that ways and means must be devised for raising revenue for city improvements. He said they have just completed improving Third avenue and as they are widening some side streets in hauling material to it they must now raise money to repair the latter or be sued for depreciating the value of property.

with the requests contained therein. It would have been much more pleasant for the Stroller if these letters had never been written or had been lost in transit.

If the mayor of Babylon thinks the Stroller is going to lie awake nights and devise ways and means for replacing the broken columns and crumbling arches, his trolley is off away across land and sea in a letter information to be used in rebuilding a shattered community when the same information is needed at home.

Besides, the Stroller does not believe it would be right for him to spread broadcast among foreigners information that has emanated from local brains and local thought—information that is the result of thought as deep as lately discovered bedrock on Albert street.



Present Condition of the Stroller's Street.—Drawn From Life.

His letter says that the object of his city council in improving Third avenue is to put log-wheeled street cars on it which will be drawn by oxen. He says they have passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to navigate push carts on the street and that the fines collected will be used in providing provender for the sacred cattle. He also has information regarding a rock crusher. He says their municipal council is the heaviest thing they have rolled around and it is so big they are ashamed to parade it in public. The council is charging an export tax on macaroni and an ordinance passed its second reading which provides for licensing hand organs and tomale vendors.

The Stroller will never give away anything that should be patented and sold.

If the mayors of Babylon and Jerusalem will write to the town clerk of Houndsburg, Arkansas, or of New Denver, B.C., they can possibly get the desired information.

The only thing the Stroller will send you, gentlemen, is a pencil sketch by himself of the Dawson rock crusher and street leveler. If the sketch is somewhat top-sided it is

for "Danger," "No bottom," and other signals of warning on the Stroller's street, otherwise those who attempt to travel it will do well to carry a telephone with connections with the hook and ladder department.

As the advance guard of the Fourth of July crossed the threshold of time at twelve o'clock last Thursday night the spirit of the Stroller was vexed within him as he heard so much shooting and realized that good powder was being wasted when so many dogs in the town needed killing.

A day or two ago a man whose hair looked as though it had been combed with a sulky hay rake and whose eyes looked like two holes burned in a board with a poker, rushed into a business house in town where legal blanks are kept on sale and said:

"Gimme two bills of sale! I am about to sell a claim."

The required blanks were produced when the stranger pounced upon them and started out, saying as he went: "I'll pay fer 'em when I sell the claim."

And he turned out of the door so fast the tails of his coat popped like a cow whip.

Last night about 10 o'clock eight young men of the "They toil not neither do they spin" contingent were passing down First avenue when some fellow from the door of a saloon they had passed called:

"Say, Kid!"

And six of the eight stopped and in one voice said:

"What are you a-wantin'?"

A story of unceasing devotion and unrequited love comes from the peaceful vale of Hunker.

It seems that there is a lady cook on Hunker who one day made goo-goo eyes at one of the young men for whom she was cooking. The lady is several years the lad's senior, but that seems to be no bar to the young man's ardor. As an example, he is said to eat four times as much bread as anyone else about the house in order that he may dispose of it and knead new bread for the cook. It is really said that there has not been a day for some time, or since the making of the goo-goo eyes, that the young man has not had dough under his finger nails.

Some time ago the lady announced her intention of going to the outside, since which time the swain has been disconsolate. He is said to have written her a billetdoux in which he

most gallant attitude appeal to it with "You are My Honolulu Lady."

**Judgment Given**

In Magistrate Wroughton's court this morning judgment to the amount of \$19.60 for labor performed was awarded to Cesto Fandof and against John Maltby, to be paid on or before the 15th. The account was not disputed. No costs were attached.

**Disorder Charged**

Chas. Johnson, proprietor of the Brunswick house in South Dawson, was in police court this morning charged with conducting a riotous and disorderly house on licensed premises. Hearing of the case was postponed until Thursday morning.

**EASY MONEY FOR TAYLOR**

The event advertised to take place at Klondike City yesterday evening in the form of a twenty-mile foot-race with four or more entries did not materialize in its entirety but a good and highly interesting race was pulled off.

**Veteran Sprinter Retains Championship**

Without Apparent Fatigue He Covers 10 Miles in 53 Minutes.

The course was rather egg shaped, was 110 yards around, requiring 16 laps to make a mile.

At the end of 53 minutes Taylor had made 10 miles, 160 laps. Marion had covered 8 miles and 14 laps or 142 laps. The latter being much more fatigued than Taylor decided to throw up the sponge.

As only two men ran, the full purse subscribed was not collected, the amount received by Taylor being \$104. The latter remarked to a Nugget man this morning that, notwithstanding the smallness of the purse, he proposed that Marion should have a portion of it for the mainly way in which he stood by the original agreement. From 1500 to 2000 people witnessed the race last night.

Sam McDonald of the Bonanza has \$500 belonging to George Taylor, which says that he can defeat any man in the world in a six day race of four hours each day for \$2000, or he will run any man, Cargoneil, Hyde, the latter preferred, or anybody else from twenty miles up for the same money, \$2000.

Taylor says there are a number of alleged sprinters around Dawson who claim records and he is anxious to see them demonstrate their ability. His money, or \$500 of it, is already up and he invites some fellow to cover it in order to see if he can run as well as he can talk.

**Reopened.**

The Rainier lodging house has been reopened by Mrs. Matthews who will be pleased to meet her many friends and patrons. Second avenue and Princess.

**Assault Charged**

When Mrs. Sharks' name was called in police court this morning only echo answered. The call was repeated and echo, who has answered more calls than any ten bell boys on earth, again answered in that hollow voice that has characterized echo since before Adam had the measles.

"Issue a bench warrant for Mrs. Sharks," said Magistrate Wroughton. Before Clerk Blankman could dip a pen in the fountain of darkness to comply with the order the door of the temple of justice was darkened and Mrs. Sharks with an olive branch in each hand, a girl and a boy, entered. Mrs. Sharks will weigh about 240 in the shade and when she arrived she was very much out of breath.

When reprimanded by his honor for being 15 minutes late she flatly declared she had been unable to get her two children ready and "drag them clean from the fur end of town" and be there at 10 o'clock.

The charge was then read and it was to the effect that Mrs. Sharks had assaulted Alice Gordon.

The prosecuting witness was present but neither was ready to proceed with the case which was accordingly postponed until two o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Sharks declared she would camp right there until the case was called as she could not drag her little children back and forth from the "fur end" of town in the hot sun.

Nothing came out this morning regarding the nature of the alleged assault.

**To Boom Trade**

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Toronto, July 7.—The executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association have decided to send a representative to the Yukon to look after Canadian trade interests.

**Woman May Disagree the Same as Men**

**Offender Brings Her Family to Court and Arrives 15 Minutes Late.**

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She's My Honolulu Lady, She's My Baby.

because the water has all run to one end of it. It is impossible to sketch the lower side of the roller as it has a tendency to travel close to the ground.

Rather than assist foreign cities that would probably not hesitate to run the Stroller in if he would visit them and go asleep on their streets, he will keep his advice at home and right here he will impart a small slice of it, a sort of veal cutlet breaded, so to speak.

There is at present great necessity

essayed to sound a keynote and said: "If you'll promise not to go I'll always knead your dough."

Even this pathetic appeal did not have the effect of changing the cook's intention and her preparations for going outside are still going on. In his extremity the young miner has asked her to leave him one of her Mother Hubbard dresses. His fellow workmen have no idea what he wants with the dress but the chances are that after the cook has departed he will dress up a stump and in his

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