

Dooley on Poet Kipling

"Who was it said he didn't care who made the laws in a country if he could only write the pomes?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I never heard," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, 'twas some frind iv Hogan's," said Mr. Dooley. "An' th' man was wrong. He was wrong, Hinnessy. I don't want to make th' laws iv th' country. I'm doin' pretty well to keep th' ar-re made now. An' as fr th' poetry, I'd as lave 'twas wrote be other hands thin mine. I was r-readin' in th' pa-aper th' other day iv a la-and down in th' midway that says Long-fellow that I used to think was a rale good pote—he wrote life is rale, life is earnest, d'ye mind, an' I believed th' same mesll—Longfellow ought niver to 've left th' plumbin' business, an' Milton was about as much iv a pote as Edward Atkisson, an' Shakespeare ought to be took up fr obtainin' money be false pretences.

"Jivrybody has a crack at a pote whin he gets a chanst. There's me frind, Roodyard Kipling. I don't mind tellin' ye he ain't my kind iv a pote. Hogan is more to me taste. Did ye iver r-read his pomes 'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon'? Well, that's as far as he iver went. He goes home at night an' takes off his coat an' sets down with a pencil in his mouth an' writes: 'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon,' an' th' in he can't think iv anything that wud do justice to thim, so he says, 'Oh, th' divvie,' an' comes over here fr a drink.

"Roodyard Kipling is a diff'rnt kind iv a pote. He don't keep poetry fr style so that he can turn out behind it an' say, 'Boys, what d'ye think iv that fr high sheppin' poetry?' Comfort an' not display is his motto. Whin he asks what Hogan calls th' Muse fr to come up an' spind a week with him, he doesn't expect her to set all day in th' hammock on th' front stoop singin' about th' bur'ds. She's got to do the week's washin', clane th' windows, cook th' meals, chune th' pianny, dust th' furniture, mend th' socks, an' milk th' cow be day an' be night she's got to set up an' balance th' books iv an empire. Whin this Muse has thrown up her job at Kipling's, she'll be as good a second girl as anny pote wud want to hire. Sa Roodyard Kipling's pomes is in gr't demand. They're warranted not to tear or shrink or r-run in th' wash an' he'll guarantee to fit all sizes an' ages.

"Will ye have war or two hip pockets in ye'r pome, Mr. Rhodes?" he says. "Boy, wrap up this package iv sell-rising poetry fr th' Canajeon market. I can do this kind iv a war poem fr ye fr eight an' six."

"An' so it goes. He's got orders to put th' annul rapport iv th' Bank iv England, th' crop statistics iv th' Agariocolchraf Department an' th' quotations iv th' stock exchange in poetry. His poetry will be listed nex' year an' ye can r-read it on a ticker in a saloon. He had a pome th' other day showin' that th' English army ought to buy more horses an' mules, fr as he panted out, a horse can r-run faster thin anny man, no matter what his record may be. 'Twas a good wurrukin' pome. I didn't like it as much as th' 'Oh, Star' kind but, sure, live an' let live is me motto, an' if a man wants to instruct his country what it ought to do be playin' his advice on a harp or doin' a jig, 'tis not fr me to criticize him.

"I don't want to hang Roodyard Kipling because he had a pome that sounds like a speech be Lyman J. Gage on th' legal tinder act. But 'tis diff'rnt with me, fellow-citizens and fellow lithy joynts. A few years ago Roodyard Kipling come over here an' got poomony iv th' lungs an' it looked fr a long time as though th' nex' pome he figured in wud be wrote with a stone mason's chisel. Well, sir, it leaked out that he had a bad chest an' th' kind-hearted American public begun to weep into its beer. They was a line iv tilygrat boys a block long at th' hotel with messages iv condolence fr'm frinds iv his he niver see or heard iv, copies iv th' same havin' been sint to th' local newspapers. Th' pa-apers was full iv tinder remarks to th' gin'al effect that if Kipling died, Lithrachoor wud count th' cash raygister, put up th' shutters an' go out into th' night. Th' articles was accompanied be selictions fr'm his copyright pomes. Conductors on th' street cars sobbed at th' mention iv his name, fatal cocktails was named after him, niver ivry clergyman in th' country side-thracked th' sermon on vice an' bracketed Kipling with Martin Luther an' Rockefeller. Down on th' stock exchange, strong men cried as they said: 'Poor Kipling! What did he write?' Th' Amalgamated

Browning, Omar Khayyam an' Walt Whitman Association iv tin workers iv Baraboo, Wis., held a meetin' an' raysolved that Civilization wud lose an eye if Kipling went, an' it was th' sense iv th' meetin' that th' threasurer be instructed to hire a copy iv his book an' see if it was as good as they said. Th' sicker he got, th' bigger man he was. Ivry time his timprachoor wint up, his repytation as a pote advanced tin degrees. Bets was offered in th' pool rooms five to wan an' no takers that he cud give Homer an' Shakespere twenty pounds an' a bating. If he'd gone out, they were goin' to put spectacles an' a fur coat on th' goddess iv liberty an' call it Kipling.

"Thin he made th' mistake iv his life. He lived. If ye iver get to be a pote, Hinnessy, don't take any chances on fame. Clinch it. Jump into th' river. But Roodyard Kipling didn't know. He went away an' settled down an' begun to hammer out a few lengths iv jinted poetry to send over to his kind frinds in America.

"An' what did his kind frinds do? I picked up a pa-aper th' other day. I rymimber 'twas wan that had confused to me that if annything happened to Kipling, th' iditor wud feel that he cudden't go on with his wurk without a substantial increase in salary. Well, they was an article about a man that had killed his wife, an' it says: 'Mister So-an'-so, a well-known an' pop'lar burglar on th' west side, yisterday was so unforchnit as to sink an axe into Mrs. So-an'-so. It is believed he acted under gr'treat provocation.' Nex' to this piece iv society news was a scholarly article on Roodyard Kipling. 'We have just been r-readin' a pome be that confidence op'rator, Roodyard Kipling, an' if there is a pressman in this buildin' that cudden't write a bather wan, we'd feed him to his own press. We do see who buys th' wurruks iv this frind in human form, but annybody that does ought to be put in a place where th' green goods men can't get at him. Whin we recall th' tears we shed whin this miscreant was pretendin' to be sick, we feel like complainin' to th' polis. If he iver comes to this country again, we will be wan iv tin thousand to go out an' lynch him. To think iv th' way this imposter has been threated an' thin see that young swan iv Main street, our own townsman, Higbie L. Duff clerkin' in a shoe store, makes us ashamed iv our country.'

"An' there ye ar'te. That's what happens to a pote whin he's found out an' no pote can escape. Th' Amalgamated Association iv Baraboo has become th' Society fr th' Prevention iv Kipling, th' Stock Exchange is r-readin' th' Polis Gazette, an' ye won't anny more hear Kipling mentioned in th' pulpit thin ye will th' Bible."

"I don't suppose he cares," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, maybe he don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "But it ought to be a lesson fr anny young man who thinks iv goin' into poetry. They're on'y wan thing fr a pote to do: Just as they're about to hang th' loris on his brow before they begin to throw th' bricks, he ought to pass away. Th' nex' best thing is to write his poetry where no wan can see him, an' lock it up in th' cellar till he's gone. Thin they may blame it on some wan else."

The Despot of veinna.

The citizen of Vienna who does not wish to be out of pocket must keep early hours, for after ten o'clock he is taxed on entering his own house, or, for the matter of that, any house. The sperrgeid, or door-opening tax, is peculiar to Vienna, as the London Express explains. The entire population of that city, numbering nearly two millions, are practically imprisoned in their houses from ten o'clock in the evening until six the next morning. They can go in or out only by paying at least four cents to the janitor or "house-master," as he is called.

Vienna is built on the "flat" or apartment-house plan. Millionaires and working people alike live in houses of this description. The houses are large, having five or six floors, with four flats on a floor, so that it is not unusual to find a hundred persons living under one roof. There is one common entrance from the street, and after ten o'clock at night this door is bolted and barred. From ten until twelve all who go in or out must pay four cents. After twelve the charge is doubled.

The tax must be paid every time one passes through the doorway, without exception. If a man has occasion to go in and out half a dozen times, he must pay every time. One who has dined with a friend must, if he stay late, pay four cents to get out of his friend's house, and four more to get

into his own. A telegram in the night necessitates the payment of the tax before the boy can enter.

The house-master also collects and keeps duplicate copies of the forms on which every individual in the house must report to the police his age, birthplace and religion, his exact occupation, and other personal details which the Austrian authorities insist upon knowing. Nor does the power of this important personage end even here. From the little guard-room which he occupies at the foot of the stairs he sees every one who goes in or out. He ascertains with amazing accuracy the amount of each tenant's income, the events of his family life, and the character of his visitors. His far-reaching power enables him to terrorize every servant in the house into entering his intelligence department, and thus he spies on the innermost life of the subjects in his five-story kingdom.

In some cases the house-master is more powerful than in others. An English resident was obliged to move from an apartment that he particularly liked because he could not venture to speak with and degree of sharpness to the man at the door, even when the man was remiss in his duties. The flat was owned by a railway belonging to the state. This made the house-master a state official, an insult to whom is a very serious offense in Vienna. A reprimand for delaying letters would be construed into an insult, and the Englishman deemed it wise to move to other quarters.

Thousands of people in Vienna live in such terror of the house-master that, it is said, they never make an apple-tart without giving him half.

She Could Not Forget.

The case certainly looks very black for me, Miss Blanchard. I don't see how you can help believing that I stole that essay, but I didn't. I have no more idea than you have how it happens that mine is so much like the one by Ik Marvel."

The speaker was a sophomore in a woman's college, and was as pretty and frank-looking a girl as one would wish to see. The teacher paused a full minute before she spoke. Finally she said:

"That settles the matter, Charlotte. Your word is the ultimate appeal in the case. I shall never mention the matter to any one else, nor to you again. Destroy the essay and forget it—if you can."

So the long and painful interview came to an end. Miss Blanchard registered in her thought another failure. The "deadly parallel column" had proved to her beyond a doubt that the theme had been stolen, and the girl had added to the theft a persistent lie.

Miss Blanchard was tempted to doubt for the moment the wisdom of her theory—that, for a girl, conviction without confession is of no effect in the creation of character.

Two and a half years went by. Commencement and Charlotte Hubbard's graduation were but a week away. Her course had been creditably finished. She had won honors. She was respected and admired by her classmates. Her future seemed assured.

Yet unclouded as her present and future seemed to be, she knocked one Sunday afternoon at Miss Blanchard's door, and her face told her story before she could command her voice.

"I have been trying to tell you the truth every day for more than two years, Miss Blanchard. I lied to you. That essay was not mine. What shall I do?"

So conscience conquered. Time and the one inexorable judge had wrought their saving work. At last the tortured girl was ready to brave any penalty, face any shame, to escape the one intolerable pain, the accusing inner voice—which yet had saved her and made her from a reckless girl into a truth-loving woman.—Ex.

The Wages of Sin

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Orofino, Idaho, May 13.—Dr. J. F. Leadbrook and Miss Minnie Boothe suicided together after spending the night at a hotel here. Miss Boothe was the daughter of a Methodist minister of Moscow, Idaho, and Leadbrook was a wealthy married man and physician for the girl's family. He became acquainted with the girl in church work.

J. A. Bradley Dead

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Vancouver, May 13.—John A. Bradley, a well known mining expert died at Ketchikan as the result of exposure and injuries sustained by the capsizing of a row boat last fall at Loring, Alaska. Bradley has been operating in southeastern Alaska for several years and it is said he represented John D. Rockefeller in that section.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

SIDEWALKS DEMANDED

Residents of Princess, King and Queen

Streets Must Build Their Walks at Once or They Will be Built for Them.

If Alderman Vachon has any influence with the city council Dawson will have good sidewalks, they will be established at the proper grade and will be uniform in width. At the council meeting last night he asked what had been done by the city engineer in reference to furnishing levels for sidewalks about to be put in and also made other inquiries that show he will vigorously oppose anything being done in a slipshod manner. King, Queen and Princess street, it was pointed out during the course of the conversation, are the principal streets running east and west, are well settled from the water front to the foot of the hill and should have walks of a uniform width of eight feet. Alderman Wilson thought such width unnecessary beyond Fourth or Fifth avenue and would be content with a dinky little walk but four feet wide, he using the argument that it would be a hardship to compel property owners to build walks of such width when narrower ones would suffice. His worship stated that an ordinance passed by the Yukon council provided for a certain width of walks on certain streets and that on such the owners of lots could be compelled to construct them, otherwise they would be built by order of the city and become a charge against the lot. The street committee was asked to declare the uniform width it was desired for Fourth and Fifth avenues and the city clerk was instructed to notify at once the residents of King, Queen and Princess streets to proceed immediately to lay down sidewalks in front of their premises where such were not already in existence.

Spills and the Victor.

The defeat of Tammany and the fusion victory in New York whereby an able and upright man was made mayor has been followed by many congratulatory meetings. At one such meeting, where the dispute as to the proper distribution of credit for the victory ran rather high, a story was told by a speaker, and since printed in the New York Tribune, which is capable of wider application.

A young fellow who was making his first shooting trip in the Maine woods had taken with him an old guide whose marksmanship was well known. In the course of a morning's ramble a partridge went up suddenly ahead of them. Both men raised their guns and fired, the guide at the bird, the young sportsman at the atmosphere generally.

The bird fell and both rushed to get it. The guide got to it first, and picking it up, presented it to the young hunter, and said, good-naturedly:

"It don't make any difference which one of us hit him, as long as we bagged him."

Cholly—been shooting for a week, old chap! Had great good luck! Algy—What did you bring back? Cholly (proudly)—The dogs—Detroit Free Press.

WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.

Time Table of Rail Division.

North Bound	Stations	South Bound
1st Class		1st Class
Daily Except Sunday		Daily Except Sunday
7:30 a. m.	SKAGWAY	4:30 p. m.
9:15	Shovel	2:45
10:30	Clifton	1:30
12:00	Claxton	1:00
1:15	Tonsil	1:00
2:30	Swainback	1:00
3:45	WHITE PASS	1:00
5:00	Medora	1:00
6:15	Fraser	1:00
7:30	Log Cabin	1:00
8:45	HENKETT	1:00
10:00	Ferry	1:00
11:15	Penningsburg	1:00
12:30	Dundalk	1:00
1:45	Waton	1:00
3:00	CHARING	1:00
4:15	Lampdown	1:00
5:30	Lorne	1:00
6:45	Minto	1:00
8:00	DeWatto	1:00
9:15	Robinson	1:00
10:30	Cowley	1:00
11:45	Dingle	1:00
1:00	Yukon	1:00
2:15	WHITE PASS	1:00

*Alaska Time—1 hr. slower than Pacific Time.
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