

# THE MONTE CARLO BUILDING COMPLETED.

## A Handsome and Imposing Edifice Owned by Mr. George de Lion.

George De Lion had completed the decoration of the Monte Carlo building which was built by him last year, and it now makes a most attractive and imposing picture of handsome architecture. The erection of this building was considered by many a piece of foolhardy enterprise on the part of Mr. De Lion, but today the people who derided the progressive spirit of its builder now look with envy on the

smaller stores, one occupied by Lindeman, the jeweler, and the other by Pond & Shuman, each with large plate glass fronts, the same as used by similar outside metropolitan stores. The upper story is leased by the Zero club, and occupies all of the second floor save two front handsome office rooms. This building was made entirely with native wood and from designs sub-

mitted by local architects. It stands today a credit to the city and a source of a big income to its owner. Mr. De Lion is largely interested in Dawson realty and owns practically all of West Dawson.

The steamer Marjorie, whose shrill whistle is heard every twenty minutes as she plies from shore to shore of the swift flowing Yukon, is also the property of George De Lion and one in which he takes the greatest pride. The boat is a handsome and powerful little craft, and can compete in a test of speed with the biggest boat on the river.

After they had been thrashing around the outposts for a few months without seeing a chance to slip through the lines, Elvira decided to give a dinner and invite all the well known characters they had met, and make it a sort of opening wedge. When the regrets came pouring in, it seemed that every new acquaintance was indisposed, or had serious illness in the family, or was compelled to decline on account of a recent bereavement. Alex read all these throw downs, and said there was one consolation. If there was that much sickness and death in the local four hundred, he figured that the whole caboodle would be extinct in a couple of years, and then he would be afforded a happy relief from his troubles.

Elvira and Farina were hanging on the ropes for a few days after the proposed dinner party made a fizzle, but they did not give up. They pulled themselves together and resumed sawing wood. They slathered Alex's money on subscription lists and forced their way into all the charity dress parties, and got a large upholstered pew right in the parquette circle of the church attended by the notables, and they positively refused to be overlooked.

After three years of patient endeavor they got their wish, for all things come to him who puts up his margins and continues to look pleasant and who is so resilient that he comes back into shape every time the band wagon runs over him. Elvira and Farina and Alex were invited to break bread with Mrs. Wetherby-Glue.

"Tonight's the night," said Elvira, trembling like an aspen. "You want to be sure and laugh every time the mother superior springs one of her mirths, and remember that the little cup early in the deal contains consomme and not tea, so don't toss any loaf sugar into it, or back to the country we go."

After the triumphant event, when they were coming homeward in the carriage, there was a sound of subdued cussing. It was Alex. "I don't like to beef," he said, "but I feel like the farm hand from Muscatine that counted out his summer's wages and then picked up the wrong shell."

"Cheer up," said Elvira. "It was a tolerably punk evening, but, thank goodness, we have arrived. By the way, where were you all during the solemnities?" "They had me tucked away behind the shrubbery at the foot of the table," replied Alex. "A spare lady and I were hiding down there together. She told me all about her spitz dog, and I said, 'Yes ma'am' over 800 times. I calculate that I have put in the best years of my life and blown \$40,000 to find out about that dog. Stop the hack! I want to get something to eat."

And he got out and went into an Oyster Bay. Moral: The cheapest and best way to find out about gay society is to buy the half-dollar kind, for sale at all news stands. GEORGE ADE.

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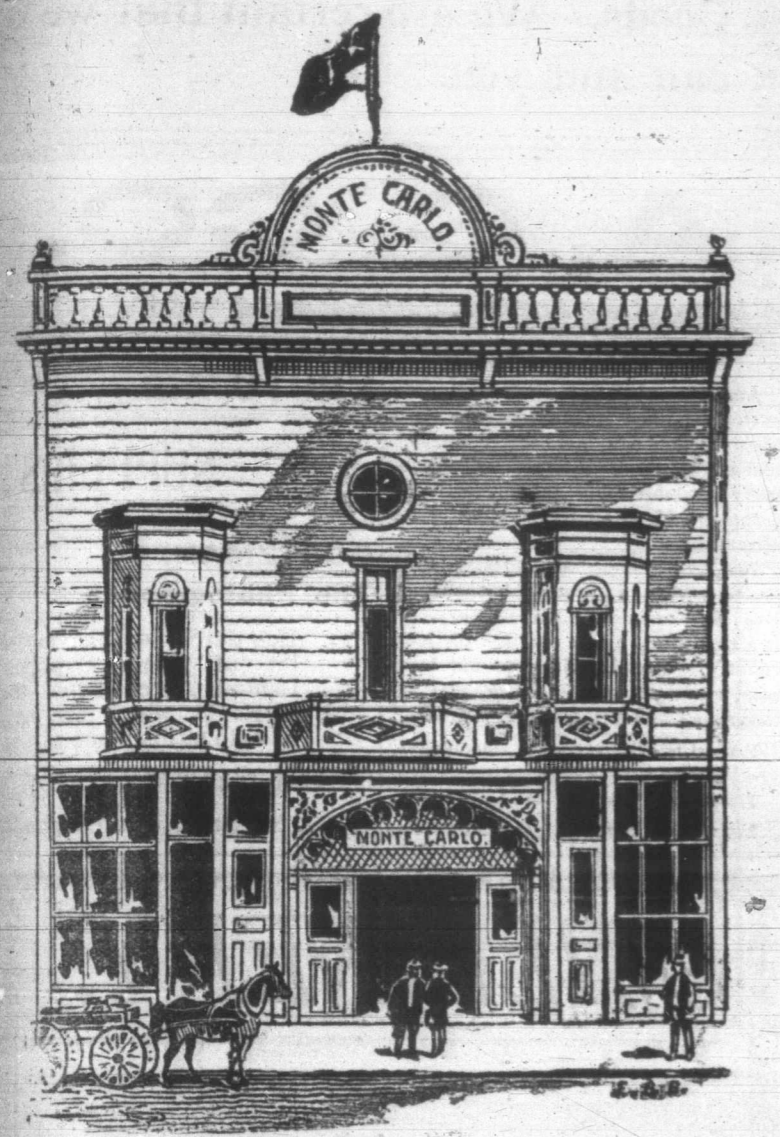
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magnificent structure and wish they had the means and foresight to do likewise. The site upon which the building rests is in all probabilities the most valuable real estate holding in Dawson with the possible exception of the neighboring corner. The first floor is occupied by the large saloon leased to Murray, O'Brien & Powell. A particularly attractive entrance adorns the place, lattice scroll work being used for ornamentation, with fancy multicolored electric lights arranged in an arch overhead. On either side of the fine saloon are

## The Modern Fable of Alexander and Society.

BY GEORGE ADE.

Once there was a man named Alexander, who lived in a town that vibrated with excitement for a full week after a donation party or a school exhibition. Most of the town seemed to be waiting for a high wind to come along and give it a fare-you-well lift, but there were two brick blocks with red galvanized iron cornices and a ginger-bread courthouse that had put the small taxpayers into the hole for 200 years to come.

When a stranger happened along every one who lived there told him it was a nice little town for fear that he wouldn't be able to find it out for himself. Alexander owned a plant in this town and by close figuring he had succeeded in getting enough of the hateful rhino to enable him to build a large pink-and-yellow house with more than \$3000 worth of jig-saw scallops tacked all over it. The wife of Alexander was Elvira, and their daughter was Farina, the name having been found in a cook book.

When the family sat on the piazza of their palatial home the sun got into their eyes so that they were unable to recognize the common run of town people who got along by delivering milk and raising their own truck.

Elvira and Farina went to Europe one summer with a personally conducted droop that had been picked up and driven in from as far west as Walla Walla. They came home with their carry-alls full of breakable junk, and began to use a little French, although Elvira had to brace herself and hold on to something when she got rid of a long one. While doing the grand tour of the hotels they had met some lovely gentlemen who wore gloves even when they were not working around horses and who hurried into real dress suits the minute the sun went down. So it was pretty tough to come back and set down among the provincials who

wore the \$8.88 kind from Eisenstein's. When they alighted at the depot it seemed to them that the town had been driven several feet into the ground. They had picked up a few points on architecture by reading the guide book, and when they came back and looked at their fancy house, they suspected that it would have given M. Ruskin a case of the fan-tods.

Alexander began to observe a new order of things. Instead of putting the entire supply of victuals out on the table so that all hands could pitch it, Elvira had the course brought in a little dab at a time. Alex put up a medium holler, but he was overruled by such a jiffy that he never came back. He had to learn to use an individual butter dish and a finger bowl with a fruit and vegetable exhibit sailing around in it.

It soon became evident that Elvira and Farina were getting too swagger to be tied down to a water tank much longer. They wanted to hie away to the city, where they could mingle with their own kind. Also, Elvira wanted to get outside the sphere of influence of a lot of spiteful old tabbies who had organized the I-knew-her-when club.

They had Elvira's record just about right, including names and dates, and they had put on their vermilion and feathers and went out ghost dancing and waving their tomahawks because Elvira had got so dratted high and lofty that she couldn't see where they came in at all. They said she seemed to forget the time when she had to give lessons on the melodeon and could have put all her duds into a hat box.

When Alex's factory went into the combine and he doubled his stake, then Elvira made the star play of her life. The trio got into a parlor car and went right up to the city to drop a few dividends into the slot and take out more or less social prominence. Alex was going sideways and trying to derail the expedition, but Elvira ordered him to take hold of her dress and keep close