

# Mr. Dooley and Methuen

"Another British victory," said Mr. Dooley.

"I thought 'twas a defeat," said Mr. Hennessy.

"How d'ye figure that out?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Why, they lost wan iv their gin'ral an' near a thousan' men. 'Twas a glorious victory. Th' surrinder iv Lord Mechoon is wan iv th' mos' successful feats iv British arms since this crool war begun.

"Up to this time they've niver gained anny important advantage. They've surrinderd ninety or a hundreth thousan' private sojery, thirty or forty colonels, near all th' officers iv th' guards, th' Northumberland Fusiliers over an' over again, an' Winston Churchill; they've hurled gre'at masses of the Impeerial Yeomanry into th' prison camps iv th' Boers; they've surrinderd rifles, an' ammunition an' pompoms an' mules, but nary a British gin'ral among them. Although a smaller force, Hinnessy, th' Boers have th' advantage iv knowin' ivry foot iv th' ground they ar'e fightin' on. Many iv them have just gone there, while th' British have been on th' ground fr' three years with an opporchunity to fr'get something ivry hour. Th' crafty Dutch, marchin' almost as well as bright moonlight as in th' day time, proceedin' without rest fr' hours at a time, always placin' th' cartridge in th' gun before frin' hardy vigorous an' accustomed to th' veldt, has eluded all attempts to hand thim th' roast beef iv Merry England in th' shape iv a gin'ral.

"But whin Gin'ral, me Lord Kitchener, th' great coon conqueror, went to South Africa, like th' stern an' remorseless warrior that he is, he determined to niver rest till he had destroyed th' inimy. In less than two years, he had evolved his s'hrategy. I will tell ye what it was, because ye're interested in military plans. He spread his magnificent army iv gallant Britons out in a long line that stretched clane across th' country, wan yeoman deep. Thin accompanied by his sub-gin'ral, he moved out in the followin' ordher. I'll draw it fr' ye as I see it in th' pa-per. Here ye ar'e:

The Band.  
Gin'ral Lord Kitchener, K. C. B., K. N., K. L. K. G. K. R. (with medals).  
The other gin'ral's.  
Pianos, pianolas, Cottage organs, ping-pong sets, tennis bats, bridge scores, cricket stumps, war correspondents.  
Th' avingin' line.  
Their horses.  
Their ammunition.  
Their food.  
and  
Their rifles.

"As th' d'head formation moved off in th' bright sunlight iv that fair day in March, with th' band playin' a quickstep an' th' colors flyin' in th' air, it was a sight to make ivry Englishman proud iv th' fact that he had to be an Englishman. Determination was written in ivry face—th' determination to go on at anny risk till tea time. No flinchin', no hesitation; ivry man with his head erect an' th' feelin' in his heart that on him rested th' security iv th' empire if so. On an' iver on they march'd, fr'm Spimfontain, past th' gleamin' spires iv Wa-aberneck, till they saw in th' distance th' long, low line iv purple light that marked th' walls iv Boenastofein. It was thin 4 o'clock p. m.; an' th' column halted while th' bugles blew th' cheery call to tea. Eager hands unshipped th' marmalade an' opened th' caddies, bread was toasted in th' small stoves carried by ivry officer's valet, th' pickets an' scouts were dispatched fr' plum cake, an' fr'gettin' fr' a moment th' thriles iv th' campaign, th' rough warriors indulged in that repast that has done so much to make Englishmen what they are. At sivin, havin' taken all precautions, havin' placed th' powder in a cool runnin' brook an' tethered th' mules to th' rifles, th' vast army slept. It was breakfast time whin th' god of slumber was driven off by th' other British god iv appetite. Such, Hinnessy, is th' brief story iv Gin'ral Kitchener's cillybrated drive, as I read it in th' pa-pers.

"To some extint it was successful, an' to some other extints not. Th' bands were good: Th' tea was fine, though some prefer Oolong. Rifles, pompoms, mules, fusiliers, etcoethry, had been lost. But not wan British gin'ral had been captured. Not wan. They were all at breakfast an' th' great heart iv th' British nation was sad. Th' great heart begun to grumble, which is a way th' great heart iv a nation has. It ast what was th' use iv this costly manoeover, if they was as many gin'ral's left after it as before. While in this mood it was ditchryd by a piece

iv startin' intilligence. Th' whisper ran round, grew to be a murmur, increased to a roar, mounted to a shriek, that Mechoon was captured. "It seemed too good to be thrue. No wan cud believe it at frst. But fin'ly it was officially announced in parlymint"—be that 'hot-headed ol' pathrite, Lord Salsberry himself. In a voice choked by emotion he arose an' give three cheers. After which he read Gin'ral Kitchener's dispatch: 'I have th' pleasure to rayport that yisterday at 9 o'clock Lord Mechoon be a superb s'hrategy had himself surrounded by an intecroyor force iv Boers unnder Gin'ral Delaney or ... 2 Dooley.

some such name. Our cust'mary pre-emption iv dhravin' in th' pickets after nightfall an' buryin' our rifles, which had repeatedly failed in th' past, owing to th' caution iv th' Boers, wurruked admirably. Gin'ral Delaney was completely taken by surprise an' before he cud recover Lord Mechoon had thrown himself around his neck an' given him his cigareet case in token iv submission. Th' command behaved with gre'at gallantry. In wan case, a whole comp'ny surrinderd to wan Boer. I an' sardin' r'commendation fr' th' Victoria cross be freight. Unfortunately, our casualties were very heavy. Mesif an' nearly all th' other gin'ral's escaped capture. But betther luck next time. Gin'ral Dewet is about a mile fr'm here, if in Africa at all, or indeed livin'. Gin'ral Botha is said to be in foway, though ye can't believe ivrything ye see in th' pa-pers. Wan or th' other may be enthrapped to kidnappin' me. In th' manetime I am plannin' right along. I sleep constantly in clothes becomin' me station, an' th' impire may rely on me not makin' a show iv mesif whin I'm took. Ye'ers hopefully, Kitchener.

"So there ye ar'e. Th' raysistance iv th' Boers is in its dyn' throes, although iv coorse, they're an adroit race an' they may give him back. Look out some mornin' fr' a dispatch readin': 'Crushin' reverse fr' th' British. Night attack. Mechoon rayturn'd.'"  
"Don't ye think th' Boers will keep on fightin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy.  
"They have gre'at resoorce," said Mr. Dooley. "There ar'e many British gin'ral's."

## Fable of the Three Sons

A Man and Wife had three Sons. The first, named Abraham Lincoln Tibbets, was born in 1862. His name was promptly abbreviated to Link. The second, who arrived in 1872, was christened Ulysses Simpson Grant Tibbets. This was too long so people called him Chub. The third was of the Vintage of 1882 and his name went into the Register as Chester A. Arthur Tibbets, but, in the interest of Euphony he was dubbed Art, because Art is Long.

The Tibbets Family lived in the City and Link, the first-born, enjoyed all the Advantages of Life in an Apartment Building. He went to a Graded School and picked up so much knowledge that at the age of 12, he could set his Parents down in front of him and tell them Things they did not know. At 14 he was so far along that he knew how to lie in Bed and have his Mother bring his Breakfast up to him. He went to Dancing School and learned to play all the "Pinafore" music on the Upright Agony Box. Sometimes he chided Mr. and Mrs. Tibbets for not having as much Money as many of the People he met at Dancing Parties. He had about as much Application as a used-up Porous Plaster and he worried more About his Complexion than he did about his Business Prospects.

Mr. Tibbets gave him a Desk at the Office and called him Assistant Something. His Duties consisted of looking at the Clock and writing Notes to the Gazelles he had met the Night before. If he had been set out on the Pavement and told to Root for himself, it would have broken him of the Habit of Eating.

Link was whatever they called a Lobster in 1880. Mr. Tibbets realized that City Life had an enervating Effect on Boys and made them Superficial and Wise in their own Conceit.

Chub was eight years old and not yet succumbed to the Matinee Habit, so his Parents decided to ship him out to the Green Fields and keep him there until he developed a Character. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbets knew that all the Men of Sterling Worth, mentioned in Political Biographies, had been raised on the Farm. They figured that if Chub could be left in the Country to run with the Live Stock, he would grow up to be a

Sturdy and self-reliant Character, with no hankering for Soda Water and the Military Schottische. Therefore Chub was sent out to live with Uncle Jabez Quackenbush, an Agriculturalist, who owned 480 Acres and was still wearing the Army Overcoat that the Government had given him when the War broke out. Chub slept on a Feather Tick up in a Room where they had the Seed Corn hung on the Rafters. Uncle Jabe would yank him out at 4:30 G.M. and keep him in the Field until the early Candle-Lighting, so that usually he had two Meals in the Dark. On Sunday he and the Hired Hand would sit in the Hay-Mow and read Almanacs. In the Winter he attended a District School and learned to bound Patagonia, but he did not go to any demoralizing Shows or learn to pick up flip Slang.

When he was eighteen he seemed to be past the Danger Period, so Uncle Jabe took him to the Train and told the Conductor where to put him off. On the way back to the City he bought an oval Box of Figs from the Train Boy and lost his Hat out of the Window. When he arrived at Home and entered the House, it sounded like a Crowd coming in. His Mother took one Look and fell backward. There was a Neutral Zone between his Vest and Trousers. Also he had been raising Warts on himself.

For two Months after he arrived they kept him under Cover for fear the Neighbors would see him. He gave way at the Knees every time he stepped. If a member of the Opposite Sex spoke to him he usually backed into something Breakable. At the Table he did a Sword-Swallowing Act and drank out of the Saucer.

"We made a mistake in leaving him so long in Tall Grass," said Mr. Tibbets. "But now that we have tried the two Extremes we know just what to do with Art. We shall send him to a small Town, where he may associate with bright Youth of his own age and yet be away from the distracting and corrupting influences of the Big City."

Accordingly Art was farmed out to a Cousin residing in a drowsy Corporation of about 1,500 Souls, figuratively speaking. He went to the Grammar School, and what he didn't learn at School he learned in Back Alleys and Box Cars. However, his Parents were happy in the Know-

ledge that he was beyond the influence of the gaudy Play House, the gilded Buffet and the seductive Dancing Academy. He was out where nothing happened unless the Boys started it themselves. So they started it.

When he was twenty he was sent to the City, an extra fine Specimen of what the Small Town can produce. He had his Hair combed down into his eyes. He wore a punky little Derby, about two sizes too small. The turn-down Collar was four inches high, and he wore a copper Butterfly for a Scarf-pin. Furthermore, he wore a Suit of Clothes that was intended for a gentle Brakeman. On his Lapel he had a Button Photograph of the Girl who worked in the Millinery Store.

"Are you made up for a Masquerade or is this the regular Regalia?" asked his Father.  
"Go 'Way Back and Sit Down," replied Art, for he knew his Village Repartee and was on to all of last year's Gags.

"What do you propose to do for yourself?" asked Mr. Tibbets.  
"I want to travel with a Circus or Minstrel Troupe and I don't much care which," replied Art.

As the Boy appeared to be somewhat Lumpy about the Pockets, his Father threw him down and searched him, finding on his Person a \$2 Revolver, a Package of Cigaroots; a 1-lb. Plug of Tobacco, a Deck of Playing Cards, a Copy of "Old Sleuth" and a pair of Brass Knucks.

"I have underrated the Educational Facilities of the Jay Town," said Mr. Tibbets. "Link is door-keeper in a Dime Museum and Chub is putting in Coal for an old and well-known Firm, but I can see that you are going to outshine your Brothers. You are going to develop into a first class Burglar."  
MORAL: Keep him in a Barrel—George Ade.

Jude Was Sorry.  
James McFetridge, known also as "Captain Jim Baker," but best known as "Oyster Jimmy," was a prisoner before Magistrate Cunningham this morning on a larceny charge, having been brought from Harrisburg last night. "Oyster Jimmy" is a man with a long criminal record, and he has been arrested in this city scores of times. He is a venerable looking man, with keen black eyes and a flowing white beard.

He is said to be highly educated and a charming conversationalist. Last December Jimmy met ex-Judge Francis B. Lloyd, of Atlanta, Ga., who has been engaged in the law book business in this city for a year or more. The former judge was delighted with the interesting reminiscences of "Oyster Jimmy." The varied experiences of the old man, told in a polished manner, were so charmingly interesting that Judge Lloyd, with an eye to business thought that they would make a splendid addition to literature if put out in book form. He invited Jimmy to share the hospitality of his room at Sixth and Noble streets, and there the work on the autobiography of a criminal was begun.

"We were leading an ideal bachelor existence," said Judge Lloyd. "James was a splendid companion. Sometimes he cooked the meals and

sometimes I did. We lived together were making grand progress. As Judge Lloyd was leaving the court room turned to the magistrate and said: "I regret exceedingly that I had had to have Jimmy arrested. He is a nice, entertaining old man. I believe that he is a monarch of a city and ought to be in jail."

Then, stepping over to the printer's dock, Judge Lloyd grasped Jimmy's hand, and said: "A wonderful old man, indeed I am; but it had to be done." — Philadelphia Telegraph.

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